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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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The Haverfordian is published on the first of each month during College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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For the Undergraduate

MR. DOUGLAS WAPLES, under whose leadership and foresight The Haverfordian has reached a higher level than it has ever attained, has so admirably stated the policy of this magazine that it will be unnecessary to do so again. It is for us, as Lincoln expressed it, "to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly advanced."

The first and most important step in the furtherance of the new policy is the support of the men now at college. What can you do to help your magazine? The answer is simple: contribute at least one manuscript.

The Haverfordian publishes any article of general interest that is clearly written. Clear writing necessitates clear thinking, and anyone can think clearly on a subject which he knows thoroughly. Every one of you is steeped in at least one subject. Write us a paper on that subject, whatever it may be.

Some at college think that The Haverfordian is only for short stories and imaginative writing. We want short stories and imaginative efforts, but we also want thoughts and facts.

The Haverfordian is not for the literati, it is for every one of you. There is something which you know, which the others do not know but

wish to know. Write it clearly and it will be interesting and therefore published.

Those who read THE HAVERFORDIAN prefer to read thoughts and facts amateurishly written rather than sentimentalities and imagination crudely expressed. In the one they at least get an idea, in the other they get nothing at all.

Finally, bear in mind that this is your magazine and the forum for the expression of your ideas. THE HAVERFORDIAN is one of your big opportunities at college. Are you taking advantage of it?

Innovations

THE HAVERFORDIAN has started the innovation of short introductory notes to guide the casual reader, hoping that these notes, though perhaps detracting from the "dignity" of the magazine's make-up, may add interest to its pages.

THE HAVERFORDIAN with this issue starts a section devoted to drama. We would like if possible to review new plays, but on account of our situation and the time it takes for the magazine to be printed this is impossible. Therefore our policy is to write comments on actors, playwrights and plays rather than the criticism of staged productions themselves.

When there is a publication of special interest to Haverfordians, there will be a book review. At other times we hardly think it will be of sufficient interest to continue this department. The undergraduate criticism is of interest to editors alone; THE HAVERFORDIAN is for the college.

The editorial is with this number moved to the front. We would not feel justified in this change excepting for the fact that henceforth the editorials will be as brief as is consistent with good writing.

All these innovations are in the form of experiments, and we ask your indulgence until we get fully under way.

Nationalism in Art

By William Henry Chamberlin, '17

This article is the first piece of work appearing in the Haverfordian *by a member of the Class of* 1917.

THE general tendency at the present time is to depreciate all purely national influences as narrowing in an artistic sense. We hear a great deal about "the international mind"; and the impression is given that the truly great genius rises above all racial and patriotic influences and creates art which appeals to the whole world as much as to his own particular country. While there is a great deal of truth in these contentions, the importance of the debt which art owes to race sympathy and feeling cannot be underrated. It is the purpose of this article to investigate the nature and extent of this debt.

Let us first turn to the Scandinavian peninsula. The climate of Norway and Sweden, through its very bleakness and ruggedness, encourages a strong and vigorous life, mentally and physically, among the natives; and these two countries have exerted an influence upon Europe which is quite disproportionate to their scanty population and meagre material resources. Passing over writers of less fame, we come to Henryk Isben and August Strindberg, two of the foremost of the modern European dramatists. The most distinctive features of the Norwegian landscape, the sea, the fiords, the glaciers, the tiny farms crouched on the mountain sides, appear in very many of Ibsen's works, notably "Brand," "Peer Gynt'' and "The Lady from the Sea." Certainly the omission of this rich coloring would rob these works of much of their charm. Strindberg is chiefly known for the savage pessimism which fills his later works. But some of his finest creations, such as "Easter," "Midsummertide" and "The Stone Man," are little more than folk stories in their plots. The psychological influence of the northern climate is harder to analyze, but it may safely be said that the combination of virility and sadness which inspired the Berserkr outbursts of the old Vikings finds its modern vent in the scathing satire of Ibsen and the abysmal gloom of Strindberg.

Italy is, of all countries, the most removed from Norway and Sweden, both in its scenery and in the character of its inhabitants, but here, too, the influence of nationalism is unmistakable, although it finds expression in a very different way. The soft and melodious verse of Tasso and the florid arias of Verdi are well suited to the sunny skies and mild climate which every one associates with Italy. Nor is the enthusiasm for this typically national poetry and music confined to the cultured and educated clsses. Franz Liszt, the great composer, describes his emotion at hear-

ing the gondoliers of Venice, three centuries after the ill-fated Tasso's death, sing the opening verses of the poet's masterpiece, "Jerusalem Delivered." The enthusiasm of the whole Italian nation for Verdi's romantic operas is too well known to need further comment. The deeper and more serious side of the Italian character is found in the stately measures of "The Divine Comedy," while southern malice and gayety sparkle through every page of Boccaccio's "Decamerone."

We now come to Spain, the country of Toledo blades, rich vineyards, "Carmen" and the Cid. As yet this country has not produced any recognized masterpieces of classic music. But the spirit of the people has found a most effective means of expression in their numerous and richly colored provincial dances, which have been a source of inspiration to many composers of different nationalities. The Russian, Rimsky-Korsakow, is especially fond of Spanish themes. These dances present a truly Moorish combination of fire and grace.

Hungary and the Balkan States resemble Spain in the character of their music. Liszt has used many of the spirited Hungarian dance themes in his famous rhapsodies, and Brahms is more widely known through his Hungarian dances than through his more serious symphonic works. The Hungarian airs are typical of the nation in their spirited and martial gayety.

The music of the great German composers, Beethoven, Bach, Schumann and Wagner, like the literature of Goethe and Schiller, is too universal in its message to be called genuinely national. We should rather look for the voice of the German people in their patriotic songs, such as "The Watch on the Rhine." But it cannot be gainsaid that the depth, sincerity and restrained power which are so apparent in the music of Beethoven and Schumann are extremely representative of the character of the German nation.

French literature and music are decidedly less national than those of any other European country. This is probably due to the fact that French intellectual life is largely centered in Paris, the most cosmopolitan city in the world. There is nothing in the novels of Flaubert and the music of Saint-Saens which could not have been written just as well if the artist had been a citizen of any other civilized country. And yet, even in the art work of cosmopolitan France, there would be serious gaps if the national element were completely eliminated. Who would wish to miss the indescribably Parisian flavor which Balzac infuses into so many of his novels? And there is a peculiar form of wit, subtle and delicate, but sharp and deadly as a rapier thrust, which no other nation possesses and which may well be called pre-eminently Gallic.

By far the richest field for an investigation of this sort is presented in the great Russian Empire. Ivan Turgeniev, probably the most distinguished of the Russian writers of the last century, voiced the spirit of the majority of his countrymen in two sweeping sentences: "Without nationalism there is neither art, nor truth, nor life; there is nothing. The man who has no fatherland is a cipher, is worse than a cipher." Of course this is a greatly exaggerated estimate of the necessity of nationalism. Turgeniev's own works would never have attained their worldwide celebrity if their appeal had not been more than national. But his opinion is none the less significant in its revelation of the intensely patriotic feeling which pervades almost every phase of Russian art. And we shall not have to seek far for the reasons for this feeling. From time immemorial the Russian has been denied an active voice in the government of his country. Only in recent years has even a semblance of constitutional monarchy been established in the great icebound empire. The knout, the prison, Siberia, the gallows have hitherto effectively repressed all movements which tended to give the country a larger share of political and industrial freedom. And this stern tyranny has been so effective in crushing all independence of thought, that, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, Russia had contributed practically nothing to the world's store of music and literature. But the great forward movement which swept over all of Europe during the last century had a very marked effect upon Russia. A group of exceptionally gifted authors and musicians sprang up; and these men, denied all political expression, were forced to confine their patriotic feelings to their art. So we find Tschaikowsky, the most famous of the Russian composers, eagerly using folk melodies in his most important compositions, and Tolstoy and Turgeniev dwelling with indescribable fondness upon the minutest details of everyday Russian life. This expression of patriotism in art is very common in despotic monarchies, and finds a close analogy in the so-called "Golden Age" of Roman poetry, which, as every one knows, followed immediately upon the transformation of the Roman republic into an empire. But the influence of Russian character upon Russian art has a far deeper and more important side.

The long period of Tartar conquest and the succeeding centuries of domestic tyranny have helped to form in the Slavonic mind an irresistible tendency towards gloom and pessimism. In no country in the world is suicide so common, not only among the ignorant and oppressed peasants, but also among the educated classes. Many of Turgeniev's novels lead up to suicide, not as to a tragedy, but as to a logical and natural ending. The deep-seated national gloom appears in every page of Vostevo-

sky's sombre novel, "Crime and Punishment." Even in Tolstoy, the most optimistic of the Russian writers, there is a morbid tendency to enlarge upon the tragic side of life. This tendency is especially noticeable in his two famous problem novels, "War and Peace" and "Resurrection."

In music Russia holds a very high place among the nations of the world. Tschaikowsky, Rubinstein, Glinka, Raschmaninoff and Arensky, to mention only a few of the more distinguished names, form a group of composers unsurpassed by those of any other country except Germany. And the Russian music is peculiar in its personal quality. It is almost always subjective and emotional; very seldom objective and intellectual. This intense emotionalism is one of the most important elements in the popularity of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony. Needless to say, this emotionalism is almost invariably of a bitterly pessimistic character. The last movement of the "Pathetique" has been appropriately called "suicide music." And the same composer, in writing to his closest friend about his Fourth Symphony, says: "In this work I have attempted to convey my impression of the absolutely hopeless struggle of man with fate." This sentence may well be called the keynote of the Russian national character and philosophy.

Poland, the most romantic and ill-fated country in Europe, has produced only one artistic genius of the first renown, the piano composer, Frederic Chopin. But in his numerous, rich and widely diverse creations we find the poetic expression of almost all the leading Polish racial characteristics. All the pride and sadness, the strength and weakness, the past glory and present misery of Poland are expressed with the utmost feeling and beauty in the music of the most gifted of her sons. Of course so large and talented a nation as Poland has produced other artists of more or less ability: the poets Mickiewicz, Slowacki and Krasinski, and the modern novelist Sienkiewicz are, perhaps, the most distinguished of the Polish writers. Overdeveloped individualism has been the cause of Poland's downfall as a nation; the people, although above the general average of courage and mentality individually, have always been incapable of vigorous collective action. The same trait has operated no less powerfully, although less unfavorably, upon their music and literature. It has given richness, color and variety at the expense, perhaps, of genuine power and classic simplicity.

Even the frigid climate of remote Finland has given birth to one of the foremost modern composers in Sibelius. While some of the works of this northern genius are really worldwide in their spirit, others are richly and

strongly colored by the associations and influences of his entire life in the little Russian province.

Having thus briefly glanced at the influence of nationalism upon the art work of the different European countries, we naturally become interested in the probable effect of this same influence upon American literature and music. It is utterly impossible, however, to forecast the nature and extent of this influence until we gain some idea of the shape which our national character is destined to assume. At present we are undergoing an immense process of flux and change. Millions of immigrants, widely different in character, ideals and customs, are pouring into our shoers. Even a superficial investigation of the population of any of our great cities would reveal the most opposed racial traits: the solid strength of the Teuton, the vivacity of the Latin, the patience and tenacity of the Hebrew, the melancholy and introspection of the Slav. This great heterogeneous mass has yet to be welded into a compact whole. The future must reveal what sort of a civilization will be forged out of such diverse materials.

A less favorable omen for the future of American art is the mad wave of materialism which is now sweeping over the country and threatening to engulf its higher and nobler ideals in the abyss of commercialism. This materialism finds its most tangible expression in the general demand that the schools and colleges shall abandon the old ideas of classical education and substitute courses in plumbing and bricklaying for the study of Greek and Latin. The evil effects of such a substitution upon the literary and artistic future of the nation cannot be overestimated. It may be said, without any fear of exaggeration, that, if the study of Latin should be generally abolished, the writing of correct English would, within twenty years, become the exception rather than the rule. But let us hope that this craze for industrial education will prove to be only a passing fad, and that the old classical ideals of truth and beauty will soon regain their former pre-eminence. Certainly the works of Poe, Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne and Thoreau demonstrate the great possibilities of American literature; and we have every reason to believe that, when our national life has adjusted itself to saner and more natural conditions, they will find worthy successors.

As yet there is no genuine American folk music. The negro and Indian melodies, which the Bohemian Dvorak introduces into his famous "New World" symphony, while beautiful in themselves, have no significance in revealing the American national characteristics. But we must remember that this country is still very young, and that a national folk music takes centuries to develop.

Among the American composers of orchestral and piano music, MacDowell, who died a few years ago in New York, is the only one who has attained more than a local reputation. His rich, sombre music closely resembles that of the Norwegian Grieg, and gives every prospect of a future school of genuinely American music.

In conclusion, a few words concerning the value and importance of distinctively national art will not be out of place. Between the radical assertion of Schopenhauer, that patriotism has no place in art and the equally radical assertion of Turgeniev that virility in art is dependent upon nationalism, there is clearly a middle ground of truth and moderation. Let us grant that the greatest in philosophy, literature, painting and music is beyond and above national limitations; let us admit that race friendship and hostility can have no beneficial effect upon art; even so the influence of race characteristics and traditions has been a valuable factor in the artistic development of every nation. Bacon, one of the greatest English philosophers, said on one occasion: "The human mind is not a dry light." No, the mind of man is not a colorless calculating machine; and it is well for art that it is not. Even the noblest creations of the human intellect derive a part of their charm from their emotional shading; and national feeling is neither the least noble nor the least important of the emotions.

The White Rose

By Eugene M. Pharo, '15

A white rose shone, oh pure and dear
White rose that called from afar!
My soul bowed low in tremuluous fear
And named the rose for its star.

A red rose rustled, so warm and near
[My soul and what of thy star?]
My soul laughed once, and withered and sere,
The white rose wept from afar.

The Awakening

By Leonard Blackledge Lippmann, '14

Mr. Lippmann, who is one of our oldest contributors, has here favored us with one of the strangest stories ever printed in these pages.

VERY gradually the blackness cleared away and out of the confusion came a voice, as if from a great distance:

"I am afraid that I can hold out no hope. She has been sinking rapidly and it can only be a question of hours."

What did it mean? Who was ill? Where was I? Hesitatingly my hand moved along the rumpled coverlet until it was arrested by contact with a smooth cold surface. Slowly I opened my eyes and attempted to realize my surroundings. All about me was whiteness; the glazed whiteness of polished enamel, and heavy in the air was the antiseptic odor of a drug. Wearily I closed my eyes and tried to think, and even as I did so the phantoms of memories crowded in upon me in a mad, unreasoning confusion. Only one thing I grasped clearly—I had been sick, very sick. And then came again the memory of those words, "I can hold out no hope........it can only be a question of hours." That sentence, then, must have been spoken about me: I was to die here in an hour, perhaps in a minute! Once more my weary eyes strained through the whiteness until, miles and miles away, at the other side of the room they found what they sought. Infinitesimally small was the group there in the distance. A nurse (was she?......I half remembered)—if she was, then the man beside her, stooping over the little table, must be the doctor. And he had said that I must die. A fierce wave of blinding hatred had its origin deep in my being and swept on to my brain. I was to die, to die. At some time I would simply cease to be; my heart would stop—that very heart that even at the time seemed to fill the universe with the thunder of its beating. I would have screamed aloud in my horror, but that my voice came only as the very shadow of a whisper, and the very effort made me relax into the pillows with sharp pains searing paths of fire through my eyeballs, and tearing at my head. I was helpless and must meet this final terror alone.

And with the realization of my impotency came a new mood. Gradually the pain vanished and I became calm. I must look this thing the face. Far, far away I saw my hand lying idle upon the coverlet. It seemed strangely thin, and bone and vein stood out in bas-relief. Was the other the same? Slowly I dragged them together and was startled. When had I done this very thing before; or was it that the act called to

life a memory? Then I remembered and was strangely pleased. It was Gustave Doré's "Praying Hands" that I had brought to mind; an old engraving, that I had seen years before and then forgotten. Where had it been, where was it now?—The idea trailed away to nothingness as bit by bit the bedclothes began to seem more and more familiar. There were mounds and depressions, and whiteness above all. Mountains, mountains, snow........A new noise came to my ears, other than the swish of the nurse's skirt. It was the crackle of a fire, a fire that was burning at a great distance from me. And as the fact crowded itself into my consciousness an odor came to me through the drugged air, an odor clear and pungent, of burning leaves. They were burning leaves in the street, and if so I had been sick a long time, for my last distinct memory was of cloudless blue skies and summer waters. I could think more easily now. Still could be heard the crackle of the blaze, and very, very faintly came the far-off rumble of traffic in the street below. A gong rang jarringly and I could almost see the tram that even now must be disappearing far down the street. Cabs must be hurrying past, and women, and men—boys too, perhaps. Did they know, I wondered, that on the other side of the window with the white curtain another boy was dying? Would they look up, half fearful, and hasten on? Would they, perhaps, have pity? Some day they too..........

A great surge of self-compassion filled my being and tears rose to my eyes. I was so young, so cruelly, helplessly young. Were there not others, old, weak, who had lived their lives? And now they would live mine. Borrowed time. They were wilfully robbing me of my life, and I—I was too weak to stop them.

Once more came the odor of leaves and brought with it a sense of peace. Burning leaves meant barren trees and the death of Summer. And now I, too, must die, die with the leaves and become ashes with them. I did not care, for I was very tired and it would be rest, sleep, darkness. Sooner or later I would have gone the way that all of us must go. Darkness, but in that darkness perhaps a hand.

I ceased to feel all sorrow for myself, but a great pity came over me for my mother. She would be quite alone now and she would miss me so. No more would my head rest in her lap, no longer could her fingers linger lovingly through my hair. Once more they might, but then I would not know. We had been very happy together, she and I, but it would be all over very soon. Would she remember me most as I was now, or when as a baby I lay against her bosom? The words of an old lullaby came to me across the years:

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
The shepherd watches the sheep,
The big round moon is the shepherdess,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
Sleep, baby, sleep."

Thousands of memories came crowding in upon me; memories that had lain dormant since early childhood; and amongst them were words that I wished unspoken; deeds that I wished undone. It was too late now; the past was already long beyond recall, and there was never to be a future. Each speech and act, whether good or bad, must remain to stand or fall by itself, but even as I lay there I knew that in the years to come the evil would be erased by time and only happy memories would remain. For she would know that I had loved her, and she would understand.

From far down the street came the strains of a barrel-organ playing the Barcarolle. I could imagine the children grouped about it on the curb. Years ago I would have joined them and even now I found my fingers feebly moving in time to the rhythm. Then gradually, gradually my eyelids drooped as a soft drowsiness stole over me and I passed into a peaceful sleep. But even as I did so I was conscious of the faint crackle and aroma of burning leaves.

It seemed hardly a minute ere I was again awake, but my eyes were scarcely open before I was aware of a change. No longer was I groping for memory; my brain was clear and all pain had ceased. Things about me had regained their normal perspectives, and had it not been that across the length of the room my nurse and doctor were still in view, leaning together over a chart, I might have believed myself the victim of some hideous dream. With a long sigh of relief I sank back into the pillows and drank in the glorious air with deep breaths. I felt strangely strong, in contrast, I told myself, to my long period of ill health. Truly, my sleep had done me good, for I felt invigorated in every way. Even my senses seemed more acute. The noise of the paper as the doctor turned the page before him, came to me with a great distinctness, and even the outlines of a chair that was partially obscured by the fast falling shadows, was visible to me in clear-cut outline. Inaction became impossible.

The room was delightfully warm and the glory of the sunset beckoned me. Noiselessly thrusting my feet from under the bedclothes that encumbered them, I slipped quietly to the floor and made my way on tip-toe to the window. Outside the evening light was gilding the housetops with vivid splashes of scarlet and of gold. Here and there along the street, as far as my eye could reach, an occasional light shone forth from windows.

Just opposite a child stood smiling and I smiled back and waved my hand. On the street was the hurry of homebound crowds and the whistle of two lads came to me with shrill distinctness. It was wonderful to think that before long I, too, would be able to walk shoulder to shoulder with these others of my kind. A slight breeze caught a few burning leaves and whirled them hither and yon along the street. I laughed aloud for the very joy of the blood that was hurrying through my veins. A hundred odors of Autumn and of the street were borne to me and I filled my lungs greedily.

Then as I stood there I felt, even before I heard, the door open and my mother entered. At the threshold she paused fearfully, and as she did so I saw that upon her face were the traces of sleepless watches and of tears. The nurse and doctor had moved since I had last noticed them, for they were both leaning over my vacated bed as I turned. And even as I looked the nurse straightened herself and stepped towards my mother.

"Be strong," she said, and there was pity in her voice.

"For God's sake, tell me," cried that other, and with the words her face became strained and haggard and her body swayed.

It was the doctor who broke the silence.

"It was quite without pain," he said gently, "and while he slept. You must try to be calm."

With a low moan my mother sprang forward.

"Mother, mother," I cried in alarm, "I am well! See, I am here, here! Mother, for God's sake look at me! Come to me, mother, I am well!"

But she did not heed me; only she flung herself upon her knees beside my bed, her slender arms outstretched across the piled bedclothes. On either side of her stood the doctor and the nurse, and only their backs were visible as they stooped over her to soothe the long, dry sobs that wracked her poor, wasted form. It was more than I could stand.

"Mother!" I cried again, and stepped behind her. And doing so I saw across her shoulder and was stunned. For there, upon the bed beneath her arms, there was a body shrouded by the sheets, and on the pillow lay a face and— it was my own.

The Haverford-Swarthmore Games, 1879-1904

By J. Henry Scattergood, '96

(*Continued from February Issue*)]

Mr. Scattergood is covering the Haverford-Swarthmore games in three instalments, of which this is the second. These articles will prove to form a most valuable addition to Haverford annals.

WITH the coming of the '90's there began a sequence ot five defeats of Haverford by Swarthmore. It was a period when Swarthmore developed George Brooke, the Bonds, Green, Cocks, the Lippincotts, Murray, Firth, Palmer, Sims, Hodge and others of her stars, George Brooke of course being then, and later at Pennsylvania, one of the greatest of all football players. Only two of Haverford's winning team of 1889 were left in college the next year; the Senior class was the smallest in our history; and football started at a low ebb. Not a game was won and our light team sustained injuries which forced a change of captain in mid-season and a fresh start with almost a completely reorganized team. E. J. Haley, '90, then P. G., who with Estes, '93, had played the previous year, was selected to captain the reorganized team and on him was placed the responsibility of the selection of the team. Prior to that time the "Ground Committee" had picked the teams. C. G. Hoag, '93, coming from a leading Boston school, had brought down some New England "wrinkles" to Haverford, and introduced a new system of signals. Haverford had no coach, although by this time a flood of coaches from the few big teams had spread far and wide over the country and were revealing the long-guarded secrets of expert play, and scientific football was developing as never before. The year 1890 was noted especially for the most perfect system of interference for end running the game ever knew, led as it often was by heavy linemen such as Heffelfinger of Yale. But Haverford had no such expert knowledge or coaching until 1892, and was outplayed and outwitted by her old rival, which under "Doc" Schell's instruction was developing some of her strongest teams.

The 1890 game was played at Haverford on November 22, the first of the Swarthmore games to be played on "Walton Field," and was won by Swarthmore, 30 to 14. Our team was: W. W. Handy, '91, l. e., W. H. Detwiler, '92, l. t., H. A. Beale, Jr., '94, l. g., E. J. Haley, P. G., c. and Captain, D. P. Hibberd, P. G. (A. Wood, '94) r. g., N. B. Warden, '94, (J. H. Wood, '93), r. t., W. N. L. West, '92, r. e., C. G. Hoag, '93, q. b., H. W. Warden, '94 (J. S. Morris, '91), h. b., W. A. Estes, '93, h. b., E. Woolman, '93, f. b. The game was really much closer than the score indicates, for no fewer than four of Swarthmore's touchdowns came to-

gether, the first from a fumble, and the other three were directly due to Swarthmore's strategic application of a rule existing at that time by which if a try at goal after touchdown failed the ball was not dead (as now) if it did not go as far as the line, while if it did cross the line but was no goal, play was started at the 25-yard line with the ball in possession of the same side. The first of these four touchdowns had been made after a 90-yard run by Green, who had picked up the ball close to Swarthmore's goal-line on a fatal fumble by Haverford. The touchdown was far out on one side, and the try at goal did not reach the line on account of a strong wind blowing from the goal, so that the ball fell on the ground a few yards from our line and was recovered by Swarthmore because of our end's ignorance of the rule and failure to try to get it. It was then rushed over for a second touchdown. The try at goal again failed and play started at the 25-yard line, Swarthmore still having the ball. Haverford was demoralized for a few minutes and another touchdown resulted, followed by another missed goal and a repetition of the start from the 25-yard line and another touchdown, from which the goal was this time kicked—a total of 18 points all scored in a few minutes, our men being outwitted and rattled rather than outplayed. Swarthmore could not score any more that half, but Haverford made 10, Hoag making a 60-yard run on a fake kick for the first touchdown, from which he kicked the goal, and Estes and N. Warden, aided by Woolman's interfering, making the second. In the second half, after an even struggle and many interchanges of kicks between Hoag and Bond, good runs by Bond and Green brought the score to 24 to 10. Then Hoag made two 25-yard runs on the quarterback delayed-pass trick, and made a touchdown, the goal being missed. Score 24 to 14. Haverford was playing strongly after that, but another fumble gave the ball to Lippincott of Swarthmore, who ran for the last touchdown, making the final score 30 to 14.

In the Sophomore match, Haverford, '93 was defeated by Swarthmore, '93, 0 to 36, George Brooke then first revealing his wonderful kicking and running abilities.

In 1891 the game with Swarthmore was played at the old U. of Pa. grounds at 37th and Spruce Sts. on November 21 at 11 A.M. An ambitious management had aspired to be of more importance with the game played in town! But alas for Haverford, it was the worst showing of the whole series and we were defeated 62 to 0. This was not wholly due to poor playing, for no Haverford team was ever more seriously crippled with injuries than was the team of that year, most of our leading players being out of condition. Swarthmore, on the other hand, had a magnificent team, with George Brooke as its chief star, and outplayed us at every

point. The Haverford team that played that day was: N. B. Warden, '94, l. e., W. H. Detwiler, '92, l. t. and captain, G. K. Wright, '93, l. g., J. T. Male, '95, c., C. L. Carter, '95, r. g., C. H. Johnson, '95, r. t., G. Lancaster, '94, r. e., G. J. Palen, Jr., '92 (C. G. Hoag, '93), q. b., G. Wood, '95, l. h. b., W. A. Estes, '93 (C. G. Hoag, '93, J. S. Morris, P. G.), r. h. b., E. Woolman, '93 (E. B. Hay, '95), f. b. The team had been greatly shifted around the whole season, and the backfield from this game was in sad physical condition. Then, too, the catching of Brooke's great punts was fatally weak, and of course we were completely outkicked. Haverford stemmed the tide for twenty minutes, but after that two goals from the field by Brooke, and three touchdowns and goals were made in the first half, while in the second six more touchdowns and five goals were added. Brooke, Cocks and Bond made many fine runs. Our rush-line could not hold their opponents long enough for our backs to start, and only by an occasional short run or by the "V" could Haverford gain at all. The features of the game were the kicking of Brooke and the long runs by Cocks. For Haverford, Warden, Woolman, Estes and Palen did the best individual work.

In the Sophomore game of 1891, Haverford, '94 was defeated by Swarthmore, '94, 0 to 40.

In 1892 the game was played at Swarthmore on November 21. It was a hard struggle, Swarthmore winning 22 to 6, as she deserved to do. All of her points were scored in the first half, however, "before the Haverford team had collected their thoughts"; in the second half, Haverford not only held Swarthmore, but made one touchdown and goal. George Brooke, then a Senior, was Captain of Swarthmore and was again at his best. Naturally, with such a punter as he, there was a great deal of kicking in the game, and in the exchange of kicks Swarthmore generally gained 20 yards. Our team, except for Woolman, who could not play, was the best we had in college, and much hard training had been done during the season. Some interested Alumni had secured the services of the first real coach Haverford ever had,—Haskell of Yale. The previous year Bickford, a member of the Faculty who had played on the Wesleyan team, had tried to help, but Haskell was the first coach really to teach the game. He worked very hard and faithfully, yea *noisily*, for the quiet shades of the campus echoed and re-echoed with his exhortations all the season, and in such language that (rumor has it) the President's office windows had to be kept closed during football hours! It was the first meeting of a typical Yale "bulldog" with the Quaker youth, a type quite new to him, and all who played that year will recall Haskell's determination to rouse especially in the breast of one strong but mild Westonian, new at the game, some

spirit of evil, revenge, or whatever could be roused, so as to force him to "tear 'em up." Day after day Haskell faced him in the line, teasing him and battering him; day after day Anson was non-resistant, returning good for evil, and only in moments of greatest trial saying, "Haskell, *thee dunce!*" But at last the strain was too great, and bristling with righteous indignation, he rose to his full height, and shaking his fist in his tormentor's face, said, "*Damn thee*, Haskell, if thee does that again, I'll *hit* thee." But whatever the ethics of this Yale method, Anson was coached into a good, even if not a vicious, lineman, and made the team. In the last few days of the season, Woodruff of Pennsylvania came out a few times and taught our backs the low-bunched-hold-together plays characteristic of that time.

But we must return to the game. Swarthmore's first score came in two rapid rushes by Brooke and Palmer, and before our fellows realized they were playing, a touchdown had been scored against them and a goal kicked. Constant gains in exchanges of kicks, good centre bucking, some long runs by Brooke, Hodge and Palmer, and a fatal fumble by Haverford, enabled Swarthmore to make three more touchdowns. Once Haverford held Swarthmore for downs on our 3-yard line, but all this half our men were outplayed. The second half was very even, Haverford playing with much more spirit. The rushes of Hoag, Estes and Wright counterbalanced the kicking of Brooke and the running of Palmer. The finish was most exciting, for with only two minutes of play remaining, the ball was ours on Swarthmore's 25-yard line, when Hoag by pretty dodging, went through the Swarthmore team and scored a touchdown and kicked the goal. The feeling in this game was tense, especially over the Swarthmore captain's frequent disputing of the official's decisions—an action Haverfordians, trained as they are in the sporting ethics of cricket, particularly resent. Haverford's team was as follows: N. B. Warden, '94, l. e. and captain, A. B. Harvey, '94, l. t., W. K. Alsop, '96, l. g., J. T. Male, '95, c., G. K. Wright, '93, r. g., L. H. Wood, '96, r. t., W. J. Strawbridge, '94, r. e., C. J. Rhoads, '93, q. b., W. A. Estes, '93, l. h. b., J. A. Lester, '96 (E. Blanchard, '95), r. h. b., C. G. Hoag, '93, f. b. E. Woolman, '93, one of Haverford's best players, could not play on account of injuries.

In the Sophomore game of 1892, Haverford, '95 defeated Swarthmore '95, 14 to 4. This was the last class game played between the two colleges.

The season of 1893 was another very disastrous one for Haverford. Hamlin, another Yale man, had been employed as coach, but the winning stride of Swarthmore was in full swing and we were defeated 50 to 0. The game was played at Haverford on November 25. Our team was as fol-

lows:—W. J. Strawbridge, '94, l. e. and captain, A. P. Morris, '95, l. t., W. W. Hastings, P. G. l. g., M. Z. Kirk, P. G., c., L. H. Wood, '96, r. g., S. W. Morris, '94, r. t., E. Field, '97, r. e., J. S. Evans, Jr., '95, q. b., A. C. Thomas, '95, l. h. b., E. Blanchard, '95 (C. A. Towle, '98), r. h. b., W. C. Webster, '95 (E. Blanchard, '95), f. b. W. K. Alsop, '96, J. A. Lester, '96, F. H. Conklin, '95 and G. Lippincott, '95 had been injured and could not play, and E. B. Hay, '95 was not allowed by his family to play. Swarthmore was decidedly heavier than Haverford and played with admirable team work. Their interference around the ends was almost invulnerable, and time after time Sims, Palmer, Firth or "Young" Brooke went around the ends for long gains. Only once in the game, about the middle of the second half, did Haverford have a chance to score. She had forced the play to the Swarthmore 15-yard line, only there to lose the ball on downs. Swarthmore made four touchdowns and three goals in the first half, 22 points, and five touchdowns and 4 goals in the second half. Webster's splendid backfield tackling saved several more scores. The great brunt of the defence came on the backs, so much so that in an especially hard tackle, Webster was knocked unconscious and was carried off the field; while Blanchard, who played a most plucky game, received a broken nose, but refused to retire. All of our men played a desperate uphill game, and kept Swarthmore working for every point, but the latter's greater knowledge of the game and perfect mass interference were too much for them.

During 1892 and 1893 football science developed to a great extent. The famous "Flying Wedge," the invention of Deland of Harvard, was sprung against Yale in 1892, and various elaborate developments of the "flying" principle were worked out the following years. Woodruff, who coached Pennsylvania, especially used it in his noted "guards back" formatious, which brought heavy linemen to the backfield and sent them in a crashing tandem against various selected points in the line, fully under way with a flying start before the ball was snapped, and this latter was timed to come just as this human battering-ram smashed the opposing line—an almost irresistible attack. Yale developed also in 1893 her "turtleback," a play executed by forming the eleven men in the shape of a solid oval against a selected point in the rush-line, usually the tackle, and at the snap of the ball into the interior of the oval, rolling the mass out around the end, thus unwinding the runner into a clear field. One modification of this literally lifted the runner on top of the mass and hurled him over the opposing rush-line. So furious were these momentum mass-plays, that at times all of a team except the centre and guards would rush fifteen yards in wedge-shape formation before the ball was snapped just as this "V" struck the line. Other new arrangements using the same

principle, were to have ends and backs in tandems behind the tackles. This really was the beginning of the tandem tackle play, which with or without the flying principle, has been a leading feature in offensive tactics in one way or another ever since. All these terrible momentum mass-plays resulted in so many broken bones and other injuries as shortly to raise a universal outcry against the game itself and to force the elimination not only of all plays of this class, but eventually even of any direct helping of the runner.

Haverford had not known any of these flying or mass plays in 1893, but like other small colleges, soon copied what she could in the play of the big ones. Thus in 1894 she tried some simple mass-plays, but not with the expected success, for they were dependent on weight such as our teams never possessed. It was the day of the big man in the game, and as Swarthmore generally fared better than Haverford in this respect, she became much more proficient in such plays, and especially in the use of a very clever and deceptive "split" or "trick V," which was a kind of "turtle-back" which hid the ball wonderfully and worked many a surprise against us.

It was this well-executed "trick V," the defence against which Haverford did not then solve, that enabled Swarthmore to defeat Haverford in the game of 1894. This game was played at Swarthmore on November 24, and the score was 32 to 0, a great disappointment to us all. Haverford was ably captained by Walter Webster, '95, and had been coached by "Pop" Bliss of Yale. She lost the match not through general ignorance of the game or inability to develop team play, but through her inability to solve the workings of this Swarthmore "V" and the consequent lack of physical endurance of a team in bad condition to withstand its repeated attacks. 1894 and 1899 are the most marked years when Haverford's poor physical condition lost her the games through sheer lack of endurance. In this game of 1894, the score at the end of the first half was only 4 to 0 against us, while Haverford had threatened Swarthmore's goal-line no less than four times, only to lose the ball—twice on fumbles, once on downs, and lastly by the call of time at Swarthmore's 10-yard line. But in the second half Swarthmore baffled and wore out our team with her admirable use of this trick V, which resulted in steady gains against a defence which became weaker and weaker. Four touchdowns were scored thus by Swarthmore in this sad second half. Haverford's team was:—G. Lippincott, '95, l. e., W. K. Alsop, '96, l. t., W. W. Hastings, P. G., l. g., L. H. Wood, '96, c., W. Goodman, '95, r. g., J. A. Lester, '96, r. t., F. H. Conklin, '95, r. e., C. A. Varney, '98, q. b., A. C. Thomas, '95, l. h. b., E. Blanchard, '95, r. h. b., W. C. Webster, '95, f. b. and captain. E. B.

Hay, '95, had a sprained ankle and could not play, although family objections had been overcome; but the latter reason prevented some others from playing on the team and the college from putting out its best side. For Haverford, the best work was done by Alsop, whose tackling was brilliant, while on offence, Webster, Blanchard, Thomas and Alsop all did well, especially in the first half. For Swarthmore, Palmer, Brooke, Sims and Hodge played finely.

During 1894, the outcry against football continued to increase. The halves had been reduced to thirty-five minutes for the 1894 season, *flying* V's had been prohibited, and the old-fashioned kick-off re-established, but this had not satisfied the public, which insisted on much more drastic changes in the dangerous mass-plays. Princeton and Yale responded to public opinion by ruling them out, while Harvard, Pennsylvania and Cornell continued to retain them. The result was two sets of rules in 1895 and great confusion. However, this did not affect the Haverford-Swarthmore game of that year, for Haverford had never used the flying principle to any great extent, and the successful Swarthmore "V" which had worked so well against Haverford in 1894, was a revolving "turtle-back," not dependent on the flying principle of starting before the ball was snapped, so that their style of play was not legislated out of existence, and therefore the general character of the 1895 game was much the same as the year before. But a great change had quietly happened at Haverford, which completely surprised Swarthmore, as well as almost all of Haverford's supporters. For this was the year of the turn of the tide from five years of defeats to four years of victories, and with it came excitement and enthusiasm greater than at any other game of Haverford history. The Haverford team, captained by "Holly" Wood, '96, one of the most popular of all Haverfordians as well as a type of her best product, developed an unexpected strength, especially at the close of the season. Not only was it the best team in the college—the first time that this had happened for some years—but it was in perfect physical condition and unrestrainedly keen. Not a man on the team had a scratch or a sprain and it went through the game with no semblance of an injury. Parental objections, which for some years had kept a number of players out of our teams, were also removed in every case for this game. So far as this applied to two brothers, it was only gained after the strongest assurances that the game would be "cleanly played by both sides as befitted gentlemen and good sportsmen," and on condition that every man in college would sign an agreement that he would not bet on the game. And this was literally carried out, for no cleaner or fairer game of football ever was played than this, and not the slightest incident of an unpleasant character or of rough-

ness occurred on either side to mar the best of feeling between the teams and the colleges. It was the kind of game—and there have been a good many others in this series—that for *good feeling* between *friendly rivals* we would like to see made a type for the games to come.

The Haverford team of 1895 was coached entirely by Haverford Alumni, aided by Dr. Babbitt, this being the first of several years of this system. It was most successful, and it may here be noted in passing that Haverford has never defeated Swarthmore in a year when a professional coach has trained the team except once, and then it was George Woodruff who came out only once a week in an advisory capacity. Dr. Branson, '89, was the one to start this system and to make it possible, and too great thanks cannot be given to him not only for the great amount of his own time that he gave in 1895 to 1898, as well as in later years, but also for his stimulating example in inspiring similar service on the part of others. In 1895 he was aided especially by Joe Johnson, '88, whose unvarying exhortations, "You're better than you ever were before, but you're still ROTTEN," can never be forgotten by those of us who were roused by them. The game in 1895 was played at Haverford on November 23 before a crowd of "fully a thousand people." It was won by Haverford, 24 to 0. Haverford's team: was A. G. Scattergood, '98, l. e., E. B. Conklin, '99, l. t., K. M. Hay, '99, l. g., F. A. Swan, '98, c., J. A. Lester, '96, r. g., L. H. Wood, '96, r. t. and captain, J. E. Butler, then '99, r. e., C. A. Varney, '98, q. b., J. H. Scattergood, '96, l. h. b., A. Haines, '99, r. h. b., W. K. Alsop, '96, f. b. Arthur Knipe, ex-'93, and one of Pennsylvania's stars, had come out on two Saturday mornings and shown the team a few variations of tackleback tandem plays which proved to be exceedingly well suited to our team and were good ground-gainers against Swarthmore, especially in the early part of the game. By their help Haverford started off with a rush, and when we found that gains could be made even against Swarthmore, which had been beating us for five long years, we felt a confidence that put us in the lead from the beginning. Haverford had a very well balanced team in offence and defence, and never had a better kicker than "Kite" Alsop or a better pair of ends than Alf Scattergood and Butler. Alsop's punts were high and long and "twisty," and never a yard were they run back after being caught, for those ends were always "there." Swan at centre passed the ball directly to Alsop for kicks instead of having the quarterback make the old underhand pass to the fullback as prevailed before that time. It was the first time this was ever done at Haverford, and among the first anywhere. On the very first kick Alsop made—a great high twister for 50 yards—so hard was "Little Scot's" tackle of the Swarthmore back that he dropped the ball and it

rolled over the goal-line, where the fleet-footed Lester fell on it and scored the first touchdown within the first five minutes. Lester kicked the goal, as he did all the others of the game. If he *ever* missed one, no one remembers it! For some time the game appeared almost even, but the several variations of the new tandem kept gaining ground, Wood, Haines and H. Scattergood carrying the ball on straight or cross bricks into the line, always catapulted by the powerful Alsop behind. Now and again our backs got away for good end runs. Twice the ball was advanced to the 5-yard line only to be lost on offside play at the critical moment. Fi ally A. Scattergood got the ball on a fumble and Alsop with a terrific plunge carried it 15 yards and over the line for the second touchdown. Haverford now was in the spirit of winning, and when Varney returned the kick-off for 40 yards, Hay's heavy tackle caused the Swarthmore back to drop the ball, and A. Scattergood, who was on hand to help, scooped it up (instead of falling on it) and with three men interfering but not needed, made a run of 50 yards for the third touchdown. Score 18 to 0. The second half was an anxious one. Haverford's defence was tested much more than in the first half, Swarthmore showing the effects of "Doc" Schell's vigorous coaching. Both sides remembered the ebbing away of Haverford's endurance in the games the year before, and Swarthmore started out to use again the same old effective "trick V." We had been expecting it, however, and had been preparing for it all season. "Grab all the legs you can'' was the order for the line, while the secondary defence was ready for the runner if he got free. One can see Butler now—braced at an angle of thirty degrees, forcing the whole Swarthmore "turtleback" to revolve past him, for it could not make him *bend!* But in spite of our splendid defence, the "V'' at times gained ground, and once a Swarthmore runner, emerging from the mass no one knows how, had a clear field but was overtaken after 30 yards by one of our backs who at that time was not so handicapped with avoirdupois as at present. On defence, too, Swarthmore was struggling with all her might and our tandems could not make the ground they did at first. Then Varney, who had run the signals with excellent judgment, varied the play and some good end-runs resulted, H. Scattergood making one of 40 yards and towards the close of the game another one for 65 yards for a touchdown. This was the only score in the second half, and as the Haverford crowd realized that the game was surely won intense enthusiasm prevailed, and even old grads hugged each other and rushed madly about. The game closed thus with the score 24 to 0, the laurels once more with Haverford. The whole team had played splendidly; the HAVERFORDIAN account says, "On the Haverford team, the backs together with Conklin, Lester and

Captain Wood perhaps played the best, the tackles of Butler and Hay were superb, and A. Scattergood thoroughly understood his position at end, while Swan at centre played a fine game. The team to a man seemed to be in superb condition and played with the utmost dash and keenness." For Swarthmore, Captain Hodge and Verlenden played especially well. Although others of these Swarthmore games have had closer scores, none exceeded this one for excitement and unexpected pleasure and satisfaction, and so, after a tremendous celebration of bonfire and speeches, it has passed down among Haverfordians as one of the historic games of the series. Dr. Branson has often said, as have others, that the team of 1895 was the best team individually that Haverford ever had, but perhaps this is too strong a statement to make.

The season of 1896 saw several further changes in the rules, aimed to satisfy the continued public criticism of the dangerous plays. The flying principle was met by a new rule, that no offensive player might take more than one step *towards* the opponents' goal-line before the ball was put in play. Mass-plays were modified by prohibiting more than six men from grouping behind the line, and two of these had to be at least five yards back or outside the end men on the line. Under these rules there developed Princeton's famous "revolving tandem," as it was called, which enabled her to beat Yale that year. It was worked by swinging across one tackle from position before the snap of the ball against the other side of the line, thereby forming a tandem wedge with the halfbacks which proved very successful. Another play which was revived and much used that year was the long-forgotten place kick instead of the historic drop kick for field-goals. At this our own John Lester was as good as anyone in the country, and it was extremely dangerous for any side to let Haverford have a free kick anywhere within 50 yards of the goal when Lester was on our team. In every kick-off of 1896 that he made, he sent the ball from the middle of the field not only over the goal-line, but over the heads of the opposing players standing on the goal-line. The accuracy of the toe of his great boot in football was surpassed only by that of his wonderful hand in cricket.

The game of 1896 was played at Swarthmore on November 18, and is famous in our records as being the highest score Haverford ever made against Swarthmore—42 to 6. It was the second of the series of four victories. Swarthmore had strong hopes of winning, but Haverford had a very fine team and was far superior in every feature of the game. The team had been coached by Dr. Branson, '89, assisted by Dr. Babbitt, and was in fine physical condition. It was as follows: A. G. Scattergood, '98,

l. e., F. H. Detwiler, '97, l. t., F.W. Else, P. G., l. g., F. A. Swan, '98, c., J. A. Lester, P. G., r. g., F. Stadelman, '98, r. t., J. E. Butler, then '99, r. e., C. A. Varney, '98, q. b. and captain, E. B. Conklin, '99 (W. V. Holloway, '98), l. h. b., A. Haines, '99, r. h. b., R. C. McCrea, '97, f. b. Conklin did the punting and we had the same famous pair of ends as the year before. Lester was in wonderful form on kick-offs, place kicks and goals, and as a guard he developed in his last two years of play into a marvelously quick lineman. Many a time his hand, darting like a serpent's tongue, deflected the pass from the opposing centre to quarterback and caused a mysterious fumble for which the unfortunate quarter was usually blamed. Both teams first used a new play—the quarterback kick invented by Pennsylvania, and for Haverford it resulted in one touchdown. Haverford scored first on a criss-cross trick, Haines making a splendid run down the side line for a touchdown. The second touchdown was made after good runs by Haines, Conklin and McCrea had brought the ball to Swarthmore's 30-yard line, when Swarthmore fumbled our quarterback kick and Lester, picking up the ball, carried it over the line. The first half closed with the score 12 to 0 in our favor. In the second half Haverford's superiority soon began to tell and five more touchdowns were scored and a sixth just missed by a fumble as the ball was crossing the line. All the seven goals were kicked by Lester. Much use was again made of the tandem plays learned the year before. Our whole backfield also made many large gains, Conklin making one especially fine run for 40 yards, Varney another for 35 yards and McCrea another for 35 yards. Haines was a continual ground-gainer and scored four of the seven touchdowns, McCrea making two and Lester one. The last touchdown was made by Haines on a magnificent run of 70 yards, the longest of the day. It was in these famous end runs that "Art" Haines excelled, it being a pleasure to see the way tackler after tackler was foiled by his skilful use of the straight arm. Captain Varney ran the team beautifully, and all Haverfordians felt extremely happy over the showing of the day.

Only slight changes in the rules were made for several years after 1896, in fact until the revolution in the game in 1906 which was brought about by the introduction of the forward pass and the change to ten yards instead of five in the three downs. Even college politics and the intermittent bickering over eligibility rules that had been going on pretty nearly everywhere since 1890 largely subsided, and attention was mostly directed to the perfection of existing plays rather than to inventing new ones. Fortunately for Haverford and her peace of mind she was never worried over eligibility rules or the need of them in her contests, nor did

she enter into the discussion of them with others. Although realizing that conditions in universities and large colleges were quite different, and that a code of strict rules no doubt is necessary to cover their cases—such as a one-year residence rule for Freshmen as well as those coming from other colleges—she has never had for herself anything but the one sound rule of allowing every student in college the same rights and privileges of eligibility as every other, provided only he comes up to the standard in studies set by the Faculty for those playing on any of the college teams. Such a thing as a "ringer" or a man brought to or kept at Haverford for the sake of his athletic ability is not only unknown and unthought of, but such a man would be driven out of college by the spirit of the fellows themselves. Fortunately our position in the educational world and our ability to attract the kind of students we want have never had to depend on athletic victories. We have never considered athletic contests as anything but incidents in the college life, and far less the winning of them as an excuse for lowering of ideals or practices built up through three-quarters of a century in the atmosphere of cricket. "Athletic scholarships" have never been dreamed of, and every student is, *because* of the character of the college and, let me add, of President Sharpless, a bona fide one, eligible in every way for any of the activities of the college. And to none should this apply more than to our very welcome new Seniors (formerly Postgraduates) who come each year from the other American Friends' colleges on scholarships which they have won on merit only. A small college is in quite a different position from a large one in its ability to know everything about every student, and there is no reason unless its management wishes it for any but bona fide students to be allowed to stay. If therefore a small college lives in the *spirit* of honor and of clean sport, there is no reason for it to bind itself to the *letter* of artificial eligibility rules made to cover others' cases, and just because others may need them. The one needed test is the word of the President as to the bona fide character of any student. And so at Haverford we have fortunately not only been free from any of these eligibility troubles within our own ranks, but we have never inclined to tell others what rules they must have in order to play with us. If we do not like or trust others' methods, we simply drop them from our schedule and go on with our "sport for sports' sake." Not that we *criticize* any opponents for playing any game in any way they like, even with a group of "induced" players or "athletic scholarship" holders if that seems to them worth while; nor do we even care to discuss any rules with them; but we simply let them go their way, and we go ours. So may our policy continue, putting all sports where they belong,

always keeping to the highest standards of honor, and playing all games in the simple spirit of

"Always do your best,
Never mind the rest,
The game's the thing."

But we must return to our history. The game of 1897 with Swarthmore was played at Haverford on November 13, and was won by Haverford, 8 to 6. It was a very close and intensely exciting game, attended by some 1400 people. Arthur Haines, '99, was Haverford's captain and the team was a very strong one, but it did not do justice to its ability in this game on account of poor physical condition and overconfidence. A mistake had been made in sending the team on a long gruelling cross-country run the day before which took all the snap out of the men, so that in the second half they did not seem like the same team that had played so well all season. We had had an especially successful season, and for once all Haverford felt very confident about the Swarthmore game. Dr. Branson had again been the chief coach, assisted by Dr. Babbitt. Swarthmore also had a good team led by her star of those days, CaptainFarquhar. She played a splendid up-hill game, stronger toward the close as Haverford grew weaker. Our team was: J. E. Butler, then '99, l. c., F. Stadelman, '98, l. t., E. D. Freeman, '00 (A. C. Maule, '99), l. g., F. A. Swan, '98, c., J. G. Embree, '98, r. g., A. G. Scattergood, '98 (R. N. Wilson, '98), r. t., H. M. Hallett, '00 (A. G. Scattergood, '98), r. e., H. H. Lowry, '99, q. b., F. S. Chase, '01, l. h. b., A. Haines, '99, r. h. b. and captain, S. W. Mifflin, '00, f. b. Haverford did all her scoring the first half, making two touchdowns, both goals being missed. The first was made on an end run by Chase, following a beautiful end run of 30 yards by Haines. The second was scored by Haines on a series of brilliant dashes through the opposite tackle. Haverford also used the run by the ends around the opposite ends. Swarthmore from this point came up very strongly, and had the ball on Haverford's 20-yard line when the half closed. In the second half Swarthmore used Princeton's revolving tandem play directed against the tackles, carrying the ball to our 5-yard line. There she fumbled, but recovered the ball. Haverford held well for three downs, but on the third play Farquhar was pushed over the line for a touchdown, and he also kicked the goal. From then on Haverford failed to gain, while Swarthmore pressed us hard, but twice lost the ball by fumbling. There was also considerable kicking, Haines doing it for our team. Haverford had just lost the ball on downs at her 25-yard line when the referee called the game on account of darkness, with ten minutes still to play. The light had been fading rapidly for some time, and it was then impossible for

players or officials to distinguish clearly between the opposing elevens. Although Haverford had won the game, she was lucky in not losing it. If it had not been for Captain Haines' superb all-round playing, Haverford would certainly have been defeated.

Next month we shall complete the narrative of the remaining seven games, the first of which was our last victory against our old rivals.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

Waves

BY EDGAR C. BYE, '16

For centuries, for centuries,
Roll on and in primeval seas,
For centuries,—

O billow swells, and curves, and falls,—
The deepening emerald of its walls
A cataract of marble-spray,—
Its harried fragments surging up
To brim the beach-child's sandy cup.
Finis it writes, and slips away,
And slinks away, and slides away, and sleeps—

In storm and calm, in tide and ebb,
The sea beats in,—
The sands increase and fail.
Each pounding billow writes its *finis* farther in or out,
Until the grim northwest fulfills the fearful sail.

And then the Baresarks ride the wind,
The weird Valkyries shriek;
The ragged sea-birds, torn and spent,
Secluded eyries seek.

The beach-child's playground, scarred and marred,
Beneath the crash and din,
Receives the sea's deep *finis*
Farther and farthest in.

For centuries, for centuries,
Roll on and in primeval seas,
In storm and calm, in tide and ebb,
For centuries,—

A day of stress, an hour of fear;
A sea-wall shattered, a crumbled pier;
A mountain of water, a ruined town;
And the weeping of friends when the wave went down.

A wall rebuilded, a pier re-set;
Faith raiseth a city more beautiful yet.
The beach-child plays on the hard white sand,
And the yearning waves kiss the sunburnt hand,
And the billows curve and break in spray,
And write a *finis*, and slip away, and sleep—

For centuries, for centuries,
Roll on and in primeval seas,
For centuries.

Dramatic Comment

Since dramatic literature and performance is becoming a constantly increasing activity among students, The Haverfordian *in its attempt to be representative will henceforth contain a page or so of dramatic comment.*

ROBERT WHITTIER IN IBSEN'S "GHOSTS"

By G. C. Theis, '15

THERE are a few of us everywhere who have true dramatic art at heart, and who wander almost aimlessly from one current production to another with the futile hope of finding an artist in a popular cast. We are grateful when we find sincerely artistic acting, but we usually feel sorry for the artist that the part was so superficial, and we pray that sometime he may find a part in which to really let himself out. What a true artist can do with a part that gives an opportunity was shown by Robert Whittier's interpretation of the part of Oswald in "Ghosts," recently performed at the Broad Street Theatre. Profoundly as Mr. Whittier has studied that part during the last eight years, he always finds more in it. He makes Oswald live—he lives Oswald—to such an extent that he himself is fairly exhausted after the performance. His work is from the inside outward, not from the outside inward. So many of us have read "Ghosts," but how small was its significance until after we had seen it acted! For reading purposes the same thing might have been said much better in a treatise. The last scene, from where Oswald begs his mother to give him the poison and end his suffering, when acted is before us so vividly that it becomes almost painful. Women in the audiences have become hysterical at the nearly unintelligible words of Oswald, uttered by a mouth over which muscular control has been lost, and at that weirdly vacant and weak stare in his eyes, hardly supplied by the nerves from his softened brain. Scarcely aware of light and vaguely groping for the words, Oswald murmurs "The Sun, The Sun" . . . . The intense tragedy of death at the hands of a destructive disease that overcomes the higher mental and spiritual ambitions cuts into us like a jagged rusty knife. After such an experience, for acting as Mr. Whittier's is almost a personal experience for anyone that can appreciate it, to come out into Broad Street, with its bustle of taxis, smooth-gliding limousines, chattering, hurrying people, and rattling wagons is—

ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "TANTE"

By Leonard B. Lippmann, '14

WHEN this season the theatre-going public of New York and Philadelphia were given the opportunity to see Ethel Barrymore in a dramatization of Anna Douglas Sedgewick's novel, "Tante," they had a double treat. In the first place Mr. Haddon Chambers has succeeded in creating a play which in itself is a joy, and secondly he has been so fortunate as to secure for his stellar role an actress whose long experience and innate artistry are in themselves an assurance of success. The role of Tante is long and exacting, yet Miss Barrymore throughout the entire performance retains the same high level of histrionic art that has always distinguished her. For purposes of dramatization it has been necessary to read the part of Mercedes Okraska in rather more vivid tones than the original novel indicates, yet so delicate were the methods employed by Ethel Barrymore that never did the part lapse for even a moment into the melodramatic vulgarity that might have been easy.

Nor did the radiance of the stellar lustre dim the brilliance of the others of the cast. Miss Eileen Van Biene, who interpreted the somewhat ingenue part of Karen Woodruff, was, within the limits of her role, exceptionally clever. Charles Cherry is of course too well known to require much notice. It was so recently that we had the pleasure of seeing him at the head of his own company that any commendation is almost superfluous. William Ingersoll, who interpreted the part of the violinist, "Franz Lippheim," is particularly well known to Philadelphians through his long connection with the Orpheum Stock Company. While never impressive while playing leads, the character bit that has now fallen to Mr. Ingersoll displays his particular talent to advantage. Other comparatively minor parts were acceptably filled by Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Mabel Archdall and others, while the "Miss Scrotton" of Haidee Wright was a triumph of mimetic skill.

If any criticism may be given, it should be directed at Mr. E. Henry Edwards, whose over-acting of his part (that of a minor fashionable poet) was the one blot on an otherwise perfect performance. Had the whole play been acted in a spirit of obvious burlesque Mr. Edwards would have been in his element. As it was he was out of harmony entirely and acted as a distinctly jarring note to the sense of fitness of the audience.

The play itself is built upon the lines that have become so popular of late years under the treatment of the late Laurence Housman, Granville Barker and Mr. Chambers himself. It is clever, even, and very often

epigrammatic. The scene in which Madam Okraska throws her mask to the winds and appears in her true character—that of a selfish, sensation seeking poseur, is admirably handled, and another highly effective moment is achieved in the second act when she stands listening at the closed door and then, when the moment arrives when she can make a telling entry, flings back the folding doors and meets her admirers with outstretched arms. The delineation of this character is subtle, and Miss Barrymore has taken full advantage of her opportunities. Never, I venture to say, since she appeared in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," has she been more in her element. "Tante" should be assured of a long run finally as all good things must end at last, the memory of Mr. Chambers' wit and Miss Barrymore's skill will remain gratefully with a faithful public.

IN THE GREEN ROOM

By G. C. Theis, '15

THERE is still one theatre in Philadelphia that maintains a little room off-stage that resembles somewhat the old Green Room. Not long ago there were gathered there what might be called seven stages of the theatre. These were a playgoer, a dramatic critic, an *ingenue*, a "star," a manager, an actor of genuinely interpretative and creative ability, and in the background several stage-hands. The following is the substance of their conversation:

Said the Playgoer to the Actor...... "Let me repeat my thanks for your performance here several weeks ago; I have not yet forgotten your work."

Said the Manager *a propos* to this expression of appreciation.... "You playgoers are always talking about *real art* on the stage: I'd like to see it myself, but why don't more of you respond when such plays are given? Anyhow the kind of plays you call art don't make anyone feel too good. I like to have people leave my theatre feeling good."

Said the "Star" to all whom it may concern.... "I like to appeal to the heart and not the cold mind. I know that I don't play 'highbrow' plays or parts, I am just myself and the people like me. I read all of the 'true-art' modern work, but it gives me the 'wuzzles.'" (Stage Direction; exit "Star" peeved).

Said the Critic after the "Star" had departed.... "She's not an artist and is totally lacking in the necessary imagination to be one. In hort, she's a 'Star.'"

Said the Playwright.... "You can't expect the American public to understand the *real plays* of today, because they are all from the Continent. Wait until the real American play is written and then things will be different."

Said the Ingenue.... "I haven't had enough experience to prescribe anything, but I must say that I prefer to do a bright play with maybe a little sentiment and pathos—a play that appeals like 'Peg Of My Heart.' Sometime I would like to do the part of a street gamin...... I would dress in rags and have my hair down. I like a play that leaves a good taste in your mouth. I played 'Prudence' in the London production of 'The Quaker Girl,' and I enjoyed that the most of any part I have played."

The stage-hands were seen only occasionally, but could be heard whistling "The International Rag," or reproducing the wails from "Bella Donna" as they struck the scene.

The Actor, the only one present of real creative and interpretative ability, was the only one who did not declare his attitude.

Of course these comments did not occur detached as here given, but are a more or less verbatim summary of what was said during the course of the conversation. As they stand they represent seven points of view, all of which are vitally operative in the theatre today.

Haverford College Library

BY JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

Swarthmore and Haverford are resuming relations in many ways. We appreciate this tribute from Mr. Hayes, Librarian of Swarthmore College.

Immured among old memory-haunted trees
　And wrapt around with quiet Quaker spell,
How it hath ministered to chosen youth,
　How waked their hearts to wisdom,—who may tell!

Alumni Department

It is with great regret that we chronicle the loss to Haverford of two of her oldest alumni; on January 14th Edward Starr, '62, and on February 16th Richard Morris Gummere, '66.

EDWARD STARR, '62

Mr. Starr's death occurred in his seventieth year at his residence, The Lilacs, Wyncote, Pa. He entered Haverford in 1858 at the early age of fourteen and left during the Junior year. From here he went to the University of Pennsylvania, where he studied in 1861–62, receiving the degree of S. B. in 1862, and afterwards taking up the profession of stockbroker for his life, work.

R. MORRIS GUMMERE, '66

Mr. Gummere was born in Philadelphia on February 8th, 1846, the son of William Gummere, of the class of '36, and number twelve of the twenty-one who were present on the opening day of Haverford. Mr. Gummere entered Haverford in 1862 and left at the close of Sophomore year. Lately he had been identified with a number of successful enterprises, among them the Jefferson Coal Company, of which he was secretary and treasurer. He was a member of the University Club of Philadelphia, and the Buffalo Club of Buffalo, New York. At the time of his death Mr. Gummere was secretary of the Board of Trustees, and treasurer of Lehigh University.

Every Haverfordian should be at least interested in *Present Day Papers*, which made its initial appearance in the literary field this January. Not only is the magazine published within the confines of the college, but Haverford alumni constitute a large proportion of the editorial staff. Rufus Jones, '85, is Editor-in-Chief; Henry J. Cadbury, '02, is Business Manager; and Dr. George Barton, '82, Professor Augustus T. Murray, '85, and President Sharpless are all on the editorial board. To quote briefly from the prospectus:

"A feeling has arisen in the minds of a group of English and American Friends that the time is ripe for the creation of a religious periodical of somewhat wider scope and more cosmopolitan character than any hitherto produced........

"The new journal will bear an undenominational title and will be without sectarian marks or badges, but it will be devoted, in fact dedicated, to the propagation of the message, the ideals and the spirit of the Society of Friends..... It will be an attempt to carry the vital and spiritual type of Chris-

tianity into the thought and life of the world."

The February issue of *Present Day Papers* contained a second article on "The Problem of Christianity," by Rufus Jones; an article on Alfred Noyes by Francis B. Gummere, '76, and a review by Henry J. Cadbury of "Apocryphal Literature," published by the Clarendon Press at Oxford.

The twenty-seventh annual alumni banquet took place at the Bellevue-Stratford hotel, Philadelphia, on Saturday, January 31st. Henry Cope, '69, who is chairman of the Alumni Association, acted as toastmaster, and President Sharpless, Mr. David Wallerstein, Dr. Jones and Dr. Richard Gummere delivered the addresses. Charles Baily, '85, rendered two solos after the President's speech, and the College Glee Club also gave a musical program. Nearly two hundred and fifty Haverfordians were present at the banquet, which shares with Commencement day the honor of being the best represented of all Haverford reunions.

The first number of the *Alumni Quarterly* will appear soon after March 1st. It will be sent free of charge to all alumni. R. M. Gummere, '02, is managing editor and the editorial board consists of: J. W. Sharp, '88; P. S. Williams, '94; J. H. Scattergood, '96; J. H. Haines, '98; E. R. Tatnall, '07; W. Sargent, Jr., '08; C. D. Morley, '10; and K. P. A. Taylor, '15.

The New England Alumni Association of Haverford College announce that the annual meeting and dinner will be held at Copley-Plaza Hotel, Boston, Mass., on Saturday evening, March 7, 1914, at seven o'clock. For information apply to M. H. March, Secretary of the Executive Committee, 141 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

The Feburary *Westonian* contains two interesting articl s by Haverfordians; one upon "Orcharding Experiences in Northeastern Pennsylvania," by Francis R. Cope, Jr., '00; while Joshua A. Cope, '12, fresh from the ordeal, has written upon "Learning to be a Forester."

An alumnus who wishes his name to remain anonymous has donated a fund of $20,000 to the Haverford College library. The annual income of this sum, amounting to over nine hundred dollars, will be devoted to the purchase of books of five general classes; History, Poetry, Art, and French and English Liter ature.

'65

In a recent number of the *Public Ledger* C. Cresson Wistar had some very interesting information on the naming and spelling of Wistaria, the plant named after Dr. Caspar

Wistar, and on the origin of the family name itself.

'69

Edward B. Taylor, third vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was elected second vice-president of the Pennsylvania Company at a recent special meeting of the Board of Directors. Mr. Taylor has the degrees of A. B. (Haverford, 1869) B. C. E. and M. C. E. (Polytechnic College of Pennsylvania 1870 and 1873). He has been in the service of the Pennsylvania since July 25, 1870, beginning as a rodman and clerk and rising through successive steps to his present high office. Mr. Taylor is a member of several industrial and social societies, and is an ex-president of the Engineers' Society of Western Pennsylvania.

'76

Dr. Francis G. Allinson, of Brown University, read a paper on "Certain Doubtful Passages in Menander" at the last American Philological Association meeting, held at Cambridge, Mass.

'82

The sixth volume of Hastings' Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics, recently issued by Scribners, contains an article on Hierodouloi (Semitic and Egyptian) by Dr. George A. Barton and an article on Flagellants by Dr. Rufus M. Jones, '85.

'85

The Harvard University Press, Cambridge, announces the publication of *The Scientific Work of Morris Loeb.* Dr. Theodore W. Richards, of Harvard University, is the editor.

Dr. Rufus M. Jones spent two weeks at the beginning of February as a University minister at Harvard University. Besides the more or less routine intercourse with the students, Dr. Jones twice preached in the Appleton Chapel at Cambridge.

'89

Macmillan and Company announce the publication of a revised, up-to-date edition of the "Modern Trust Company," the joint work of F. B. Kirkbride, '89, and Sterrett.

'94

Professor W. W. Comfort, of Cornell University, has in press for Everyman's Library (J. M. Dent and Sons, London) "Four Romances of Chrétien de Troyes." The volume will consist of a prose translation of the four earliest Arthurian romances extant: *Erec et Enide, Cliges, Yvain,* and *Launcelot.* An introduction, a bibliography, and notes accompany the text.

'96

A fourth child, Ellen Morris Scattergood, was born to J. Henry and Anne T. Scattergood on January 24th, 1914.

Dr. Arthur F. Coca is doing research work at the University of Cornell Medical College, New York City.

'97

Dr. Francis N. Maxfield has been conducting Dr. Jones' course in Psychology at Haverford during the latter's absence as a University Minister at Harvard. Dr. Maxfield is Instructor of Psychology and Assistant Director of the Psychological Clinic at the University of Pennsylvania. The Psychological Clinic was started by Professor Witmer in 1896 and makes a specialty of the examination of backward and defective children.

'99

Malcolm A. Shipley, Jr., is Rector of Trinity Church, 707 Washington St., Hoboken, New Jersey.

Ex-'01

H. S. Langfield has an article in the January *Psychological Bulletin* on "Text-Books and General Treatises."

'02

C. Linn Seiler and family moved to New York during February. Seiler's new address is 12 Gramercy Park, New York.

A. G. H. Spiers was elected to the Executive Council of the Modern Language Association of the Middle States and Maryland at their last annual meeting.

Charles Wharton Stork read a paper at the last meeting of the Modern Language Association, upon "The Influence of the Popular Ballad on Wordsworth and Coleridge."

'03

Rev. Enoch F. Hoffman, pastor of the Norris Square Methodist Episcopal Church in Kensington, has been taking a prominent part in the recent agitation against prevalent conditions in Moyamensing prison. Mr. Hoffman also served as a Grand Juror for the January term of the Criminal Courts.

'05

Sigmund Spaeth has an interesting article in the February issue of the new magazine *Vanity Fair*, entitled, "New Operas with New Themes." The subject is treated with the impartiality of an active musical experience. Operas which have already had their premieres this season are Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," and Itali Montenezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Rey," while those to come are Victor Herbert's "Madeleine," Charpentier's "Julien," and Wolf-Ferrari's "L' Amore Medico." Mr. Spaeth finds the outlook hopeful, especially in so far as tragedy seems to be giving way to a comic motif. Only the last two of the operas named are tragedies. Mr. Spaeth has also been contributing to recent issues of *Life*.

Leslie B. Seely is giving a course of lectures on Physics at the Wagner Free Institute, Philadelphia.

'06

The 1906 class reunion was held at college the 23rd of December. Roderick Scott sent in his resignation as Secretary-Treasurer and W. H. Haines was elected in his place. T. K. Brown, Jr. continued as President. Those present were: Bainbridge, Brown, Carson, Dickson, Ewing, Haines, Hopper, Lindsay, Morris, Mott, Pleasants, Smiley, Stratton, Taylor and Tunney.

'07

Charles C. Terrell, having completed a graduate course in Agriculture at Ohio State University, is now farming at New Vienna, Ohio.

Ernest Fuller Jones is a Forest Ranger in the U. S. Forestry Service, with headquarters at Sheridan, Montana. He expects, however, to be transferred from this post shortly. Jones was in Philadelphia for a day or two the latter part of January, on his way West after a vacation at his home in Maine.

M. H. March has announced his engagement to Miss Susan B. Richards of Pottstown, Pa.

The following members of the class were present at the Alumni Dinner: A. E. Brown, P. W. Brown, H. Evans, F. D. Godley, S. J. Gummere, W. H. Haines, J. P. Magill, J. W. Nicholson, Jr., W. R. Rossmaessler, E. R. Tatnall and W. B. Windle.

'08

The youthful Progressive Party can number several Haverford men among its most ardent supporters. J. Passmore Elkinton has been elected chairman of the recently organized Progressive League of Delaware County. Gifford Pinchot addressed a public meeting held under the auspices of the League at Media on January 22d.

Charles L. Miller has been elected President of the Lancaster County Humane Society, an institution which is carrying on fine work dealing with the prevention of child and animal cruelty in that district.

Miller has also been recently elected a director of the Lancaster Chamber of Commerce.

T. Morris Longstreth is acting as Musical Critic, in Philadelphia, of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, for the *Musical Courier* of New York.

Carroll T. Brown has been elected editor of the *Westonian*.

'08 will hold its annual dinner at Haverford on Friday, March 6th, 1914.

'09

Percival B. Fay has accepted an offer to teach at the University of California next year.

Burritt M. Hiatt has accepted the position of Advertising Manager for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and will move shortly to New York from his present residence at Swarthmore.

'10

The engagement of Miss Mary Pynchon Cleave and George Allen Kerbaugh has been announced. Miss Cleave is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest J. Cleave of Crescent, Pennsylvania.

C. D. Morley, with Doubleday Page and Co. since last October, is editing for them the *Bookseller's Blue Book*, a little handbook of interest to booksellers. Morley had an article on "Kipling" in the February number of the *Book News Monthly*.

Ex-'10

Announcement has recently been made of the appointment of P. J. Baker as vice-principal of Ruskin College at Oxford. Baker, besides being one of the most famous of English track athletes, won many friends on this side of the water by his admirably fair defense of American track methods against the free criticism which was made of them

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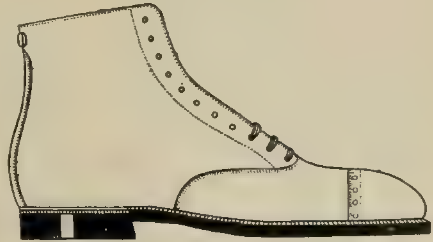

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in England after the Stockholm Olympic games. Baker holds the Haverford record for the mile run and Haverfordians will congratulate him upon the attainment of this marked scholastic distinction.

'12

On Friday, February 13th, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sangree, of 108 South 42nd St., Philadelphia, announced the engagement of their daughter Joyce to Hans Froelicher, Jr. Hans is teaching at the Gilman Country School, Roland Park, Md. To quote from the columns of a recent number of the *Gilman News:* "On January 10th the faculty was humbled by the Varsity Soccer team to the tune of 7 to 1......Mr. H. Froelicher shot the Faculty's goal."

On February 4th, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Vollrath, 1512 Pine St., Phila., announced the engagement of their daughter Mildred to Herbert M. ("Bert") Lowry, 60th and Elmwood Sts., West Phila. "Bert" is with the Lowry Coffee Co., while Miss Vollrath is a student at Vassar College.

In his capacity of Assistant Secretary and Acting Sales Manager of the Hamilton Watch Company, Robert E. ("Bob") Miller has just returned from an extended business trip to practically all the larger cities of the East, Middle West, and Canada. During the trip Miller delivered an address on "Advertising" as the guest of the Cleveland Advertisers' Club, one of the largest and most prominent of American business men's clubs.

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ger of the Hamilton Watch Company, and in this capacity it is interesting to note an article by him on "Advertising" in the January issue of *Printer's Ink*.

Kenneth A. ("Dusty") Rhoad was the presenter of the "Haverford Cup," a trophy recently given to the Swarthmore Prep. School by Haverford men who are interested in the school. It is to be an annual award and, so far as possible, to correspond to the award of the Class Spoon at Haverford.

"Bill" Roberts is recovering from an operation for appendicitis recently performed at the Jefferson Hospital. Walter H. ("Buck") Steere is also out and about after a recent operation likewise performed in Philadelphia.

S. K. Beebe will move to Cincinnati shortly. It is reported that Stace is intending a change of business.

C. T. Moon is now in the employ of J. E. Rhoads & Son, Leather Belting, Phila., Wilmington and Chicago.

'13

1913 was represented at the Alumni Banquet by Crosman, Curtis, Diament, Maule, Tatnall, Webb, E. F. Winslow, Young.

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SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER
Edward R. Moon, 1916

Price, per year....................$1.00 Single Copies.......................$0.15

The Haverfordian is published on the first of each month during College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

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Editorial Comment

WHERE is Ulster, Kikiyu or Zabern, and how have they figured in recent events? Who is your Senator at Washington? Of the 176 men at Haverford we doubt if there are ten who could take part at a dinner conversation—not intelligently—but passably well on these topics. Yet the papers are filled with Home Rule and Mexico, while pictures of the Bishops of Mombasa, Uganda and Zanzibar along with popular accounts of the Conference at Kikiyu and its aftermath filled pages of the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*.

If college men show such indifference to current events, we may judge the apathy of the country at large. That the effect of this apathy is disastrous no one can doubt who has seen how easily the populace fall prey to the jingo press, how uncertain municipal and local politics are, and how strained are the relations between America and the foreign powers.

For instance, if the public had kept themselves informed as to conditions in California and the Far East, the trouble with Japan would have never taken place. But since the public, who in the last analysis determine local and foreign politics, are so indifferent to informing themselves,

they can scarcely be expected to form a sane judgment when called upon in a crisis.

This state of ignorance is natural on the part of the populace, but that college men should be making no effort is inexcusable.

Some of you will say you have no time to spend on such questions. What you do at Haverford is a matter of choice; if you choose things less worth while it is not only your loss but Haverford's also. In the end, however, it is not a question of time; it is an attitude of mind.

For instance, you spend ten minutes a day perusing the sporting, society and joke columns of a newspaper. Just start in by spending one minute out of the ten, reading the headlines, if nothing more, of foreign dispatches, political articles, and editorials. Soon you will be going to the library to pore over the *London Times*, the *Nation* or the *Contemporary Review* with as much avidity as you read *McClure's* and *Harper's Weekly*. Then there are the Mission Study Classes, Civic Club and public lectures at College and in town.

The benefits of following current events are manifold. Life will be more interesting; life will hold more for you because you will be a bigger man yourself. By widened interests you join the ranks of cosmopolitan, world-citizenship: a man who thinks in terms of world import. You will be equipped to take an intelligent part in the humanitarian and intellectual movements of the day. In whatever circle you enter, you will be able to feel at home; you will have lost the stigma of provincialism.

Finally this broadened attitude will raise Haverford to an unique position. It will be the institution of America which to the advantages of a small college will add the vigor and breadth of interest and vision which are supposed to be the heritage of the large universities.

We at Haverford have received much from the past; let us add something now for the future. Surely Haverford has not stopped growing? It is for us to answer.

Genius and Pathology

By William H. Chamberlin, '17.

MANY centuries ago the Roman poet Juvenal expressed an ideal of the ancient world in the epigrammatic phrase: "Mens sana in sano corpore," "the sound mind in the sound body." The implied connection between mental and physical health and strength was one of the fundamental principles of Greek and Roman civilization. The physical deformity of Socrates undoubtedly did much to prejudice the Athenians against his teachings. And this belief that a healthy body is a most necessary basis for a powerful mind is very prevalent at the present time. Nor is it possible to deny that, in the case of the ordinary man, success in life is largely dependent upon good physical condition. But when we apply this rule to that small and aristocratic group of men known as geniuses we are confronted by some very different considerations.

In the first place, what are the emotions which physical disease and pain produce in the human mind? Obviously they are all passions of sombre hue, such as rage, grief, disgust, and irritation. But is it not the distinguishing mark of genius to be able to portray and preserve, whether in literature, music, painting or sculpture, as many of the human emotions as possible? And, if this is the function of genius, is not the world indirectly enriched by every novel experience, however bitter and painful, which befalls the great poet or artist? Certainly the spiritual gifts which suffering brings to a strong and noble mind are many and manifest. It inspires a certain subtle delicacy of thought and feeling, it prevents the soul from sinking into smug and petty self-complacency and, above all, it brings the sufferer into closer sympathy with the millions of his fellow-beings who are laboring under the burden of some great affliction. Moreover, intense physical pain develops the latent heroism in a genuinely noble soul; the strong man, in meeting and overcoming his affliction, reaches heights of courage and exaltation which he would otherwise never have dreamed of attaining. A few illustrations may help to make these points clear.

Early in life, at the very zenith of his career, the composer Beethoven was stricken with complete deafness. This misfortune, which might have crushed a weaker man, only developed the sturdy Teutonic resolution in Beethoven; and his last works, composed under the double handicap of physical infirmity and very insufficient means of technical expression (for the pianos of that day were far more limited in range than they are

at present), show an almost prophetic vision of the music of the future. Perhaps his affliction, cruel and terrible as it was, helped materially in bringing out the tremendous strength and dignity of his character.

In 1857 Wagner's physical condition, according to the extreme advocates of Juvenal's theory, should have prevented him from producing anything of consequence. The stomach trouble which had always troubled him more or less had reached an acute stage, giving him constant pain, and even affecting his eyes. But this intense physical suffering, instead of causing him to succumb and retire to a sanatorium, only served to bring out the highest creations of his mighty genius, the opera, "Siegfried," and the immortal last act of "Tristan and Isolde." And, in the case of Wagner, it is noticeable that, when the sufferings of this period were largely terminated by the patronage and favor of the King of Bavaria, his work lost materially in power and vigor. "Parsifal," his last opera, despite its mystical and religious exaltation, certainly does not possess the bold sweep and magnificent freedom of "Tristan and Isolde" and the Nibelungen Ring.

But the examples of Beethoven and Wagner are not, perhaps, the most illuminative in the present question. Both these composers had certain theories of art, to which they rigidly conformed, and which were not in the least altered by the vicissitudes of their private lives. For instance, when Wagner pictured the bright, joyous, beautiful character of his hero, Siegfried, no personal misfortune, however grievous, would have led him to change the picture to a darker hue. So, passing from Beethoven and Wagner, let us consider two men whose artistic ideals were founded upon a very different basis. It is generally admitted that, among all the masterpieces of music, those of Frederic Chopin are notable for their intensely intimate and personal character. And the philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche has been referred to by a hostile critic as "sickening with subjectivity." Both the composer and the poet-philosopher suffered physical anguish far beyond the lot of the average man; both show this pathological influence very clearly in their works. According to the ordinary and conventional viewpoint, this influence should be altogether for the worse. A close examination will help to show how well this assumption is verified in fact.

The life of Frederic Chopin was as pathetic as one of his own nocturnes. Always frail and delicate, he soon developed consumptive symptoms and died before the age of forty. Probably this circumstance has been largely responsible for the general misconception of the nature of Chopin's music. The average concert-goer hears, perhaps, a few of the lighter preludes, nocturnes and valses, reads about the composer's physical weakness and

debility and jumps to the conclusion that Chopin's compositions, while pleasing and melodious, are entirely devoid of masculine and virile elements. No more serious mistake could possibly be made. Within Chopin's sick and pain-racked body was enclosed the soul of a hero and a poet; and the acuteness of his suffering only served to bring out these heroic and poetic qualities in stronger relief. This statement is evident from the most superficial glance at the masculine side of Chopin's music.

The most obviously martial of the Polish composer's works are those which bear the title of polonaises. The polonaise was originally a stately dance peculiar to the Polish nobility, but in Chopin's compositions this significance is almost entirely lost, except in the rhythm. The polonaises of Chopin are works written on a tremendous scale, almost invariably of a martial and heroic character. One would have to seek long to find any traces of effeminacy in the terrific octaves of the A Flat Polonaise or in the sullen, defiant, reverberating chord masses which herald the opening and close of the Polonaise in F Sharp Minor. Still it may be plausibly argued that these mighty works were created not because of, but in spite of Chopin's physical weakness; that, if the composer had been a man in normal health, he would have been able to achieve still greater triumphs. Personally I do not agree with this view. It seems to me that the very sickness of the composer drove him to seek consolation for his weakness and respite from his pain in musical pictures of extraordinary power and heroism. But, conceding this point, granting that the virile side of Chopin's music could have been written as well, or better, by a man overflowing with health and animal vitality, there still remains a very important phase of Chopin's art, whose very existence is so dependent upon his sickness that it may fairly be called pathological. Two of the most conspicuous examples of this phase are the B Minor Scherzo and the Polonaise-Fantaisie.

Without going into technical details, the B Minor Scherzo may be described as a hurricane of wild, unrestrained, savage passion, broken in the middle by a melody of surpassing beauty, but closing in its original mood of hopeless despair. The dynamic power of the composition is immense, and, as a vivid image of every maleficent passion, it has few rivals in the literature of music. Certainly this masterpiece of tragic art would have lost much of its irresistible power but for the elements of physical pain and grief which undeniably entered into its composition. It is customary for faint-hearted and narrow-minded critics to attack this kind of music as morbid and abnormal. They forget, or fail to understand, that the same stupid and meaningless adjectives would apply with equal force to the creations of the two great tragic dramatists of all time,

Shakespeare and Aeschylus, to say nothing of such modern geniuses as Schopenhauer, Flaubert and Tschaikowsky.

But the world owes a still greater debt to the pathological side of Chopin's art in the Polonaise-Fantaisie. Opening in a mystical and abstruse spirit, filled, at the start, with sharp cries of uncontrollable anguish, the composition gradually rises to a climax of heroic, defiant optimism, which has few parallels in music. In this inspired climax we see the true optimism; the optimism which rises above pessimism as much as pessimism rises above the vulgar satisfaction of material ease and comfort; an optimism only possible to a great soul wholly consecrated to a great ideal.

The name of Friedrich Nietzsche conjures up to the average man a vague disturbing vision of a German philosopher who promulgated various theories subversive of religion and morality and ended his days in an insane asylum. It is not my intention to attack or to defend Nietzsche's peculiar and original philosophical and aesthetic ideas; I only wish to show the strong, almost determining influence of physical suffering upon his lifework.

In his early years Nietzsche seems to have possessed a very good physique, his only weakness being a tendency to shortsightedness. But he inherited from his father liability to chronic and violent headaches; and, while serving in the Franco-Prussian War, he contracted an attack of dysentery which had serious and permanent consequences. In his later, creative period his health altered for the worse; his eyes gave him a great deal of trouble, and he was driven to take chloral and other drugs to deaden the excruciating pain of his headaches. Disease is sometimes considered the chief factor in his final breakdown; but the causes of this catastrophe seem to have been mental and psychological rather than physical. With this brief sketch of Nietzsche's successive physical conditions let us compare a more detailed outline of his philosophical development, and see the influence of the former upon the latter.

Nietzsche, in his early and impressionable period, fell under the magic spell of Wagner's music and wrote several brilliant essays in defense of the composer's novel and original theories of dramatic art. Like Wagner he was, at this period, an ardent admirer of Schopenhauer, the most powerful and convincing advocate of the theory of absolute pessimism. So his philosophical outlook upon life at this time was distinctly negative. His first serious illness, which prostrated him shortly after the first Wagner festival at Bayreuth, might reasonably have been expected to intensify this pessimistic and negative viewpoint. Pessimism, or a faith which renounces this life in the hope of a happier

future existence, is the logical and ordinary mental effect of disease. But to Nietzsche, whose nature was fundamentally proud and aristocratic, both these alternatives seemed a cowardly surrender in the face of danger. His mental attitude under suffering is splendidly exemplified in the noble sentence: "No invalid has the *right* to be a pessimist." And, translating his proud thought into action, he turned away from the melancholy teachings of Schopenhauer and found the solution of his problems in the fresh and joyous spirit of the early Greek creative period. Boldly breaking away from what he considered the decadent ideals of Schopenhauer and Wagner, he devoted all his powers to the development of a philosophical system whose essential characteristic was its virile and defiant optimism. True, it may be urged that the wild gayety that pervades the later works of Nietzsche is often only a cloak for secret and incurable sadness; but the very assumption of this cloak shows a spirit not, perhaps, strictly logical and accurate, but always noble and heroic. And, in the dark days before the tragic collapse of his mental faculties, although the mechanical part of his intellect gave warning of the impending cataclysm, although his style becomes more violent and obscure, his reasoning less keen and lucid, although his sense of value and proportion is often blurred and distorted, yet his unconquered soul still chants its heroic hymn of affirmation in response to the eternal question of the sceptic: "Is life worth while?"

There can be little reasonable doubt that disease was the primary element in Nietzsche's intellectual metamorphosis. He himself says: "It was while I was sick that I became an optimist." As in the case of Chopin, physical pain was the harsh teacher which developed his moral and intellectual qualities to their fullest extent. And surely those who are most adverse to Nietzsche's philosophical teachings may draw both profit and inspiration from the contemplation of his life. Surely one may consider his vision of the Superman a mere lyrical fantasy; one may look upon his theory of the Eternal Recurrence as a vague and shadowy hypothesis, without any apparent scientific foundation, and, at the same time, grant the full meed of praise and glory to the brave soul, which, in the midst of mental and physical torture, could cry out: "Was *that* life? Well, again!"

It is hardly necessary to say that intense suffering is a blessing only to men who are endowed with a strong and unbending will The weak and faint-hearted are overwhelmed by it; and to them Juvenal's maxim offers the safe haven of sane mediocrity. But to him upon whom the spark of genius has descended every new pain only offers a new opportunity of enriching the art work of humanity. The old Greeks, in a myth

which is a favorite theme both of ancient and of modern poetry tell of Prometheus, a divinity who disobeys the express commands of Zeus by stealing fire from heaven and bestowing it upon the weak and suffering races of mankind. The angry Olympian deity punishes the fearless Prometheus by chaining him to a rock and making his liver the perpetual prey of a vulture. Is not the story of Prometheus reproduced in every soaring genius who dares much and suffers much; but, bearing all his sufferings with Stoic firmness, laughs boldly and defiantly at the impotence of hostile fate as he sees humanity, supported by his strength and courage, ever progressing—upward.

A Sunset

BY DONALD H. PAINTER, '17.

The shadows fall; the twilight slowly fades;
The crimson sunlight softly leaves the clouds;
And peaceful night the wearied earth enshrouds.

How fit an ending for the passing day!
If filled with joy, it brings a sweet repose;
If filled with sadness, how comforting a close!

Chronicles for the Curious

Being Odd Bits About Philadelphia Not Generally Known

By 1915

INTRODUCTION

"BOHEMIA!"—what a magic word! Productive of visions and glamorous dreams. Epitome of our fondest and most intimately cherished ambitions. When we see the word in a book we go back several pages to make certain that no connection or clue has been lost; when we hear it spoken we prick up our ears and ingenuously or diplomatically ask questions. How susceptible Youth is to the exotic phrase! How much time is spent in looking for the ever elusive place—"Bohemia"! Tradition has it that it is to be found in Paris; vainly we hope against hope to find it here in America. Some even follow up advertisements, which announce that a certain place has "a true Bohemian atmosphere," and finding that place, also find that it consists of artificiality and vulgar people. As poor Ponce de Leon deluded himself into believing that he would find the fountain of eternal youth in a place called Florida, scores delude themselves into believing that they will find the eternal fountain of artistic inspiration in a place called "Bohemia." Let it be understood once for all that "Bohemia" *is not a place but a state of mind.* Be not deceived by the tradition that "Bohemia" exists in some out-of-the-way place and accordingly look for it in the out-of-the-way places casually recorded in these chronicles. Remember always, 'twill bear repetition, that "Bohemia" is not a place but a state of mind. Nor do flowing hair, eccentric garments, jabbering idiots, smoking females, and so on, constitute it. There used to be a "Bohemia" (its members have scattered to the four winds) in a Childs' restaurant. Blasted dreams! Exploded illusions! "Bohemia" in Childs'! Childs' never got any nearer to art or artists than as a setting for the epilogue appended to "The Governor's Lady." But, if your heart still palpitates at the magic word, may the gods bless your innocence! To satisfy your hungry soul turn to Murger's "Bohemia," or William Dean Howell's "The Coast of Bohemia." At all events be not misled by references to places and people in these Chronicles For The Curious.

FIRST ITINERARY

Just out of the pale of Hell's Half-Acre there is a modest Greek restaurant, the chief charm of which is that it is little known. Food pre-

pared by the proprietor and served by him is, like this admirable gentleman, one of its few absolutely Greek aspects, to which may be added a few Greeks that dine there and a lurid lithograph of the King of Greece. A very interesting group, consisting of an editor, an instructor from the Baldwin School for Girls, a young Greek sculptor, a student, a musician, and a ballet dancer, gathers at this place every now and then. Yanni, the proprietor, is overjoyed when they congregate, and is almost wounded if less than three hours is spent over the meal. He stands at a respectful distance ready to serve the next course, and listens to the comment and mirth with that gracious smile of one who does not understand what is being said. The young Greek sculptor translates the orders into Greek, and then Yanni bustles away to execute them, coming back at his leisure. Meanwhile the antipodes are being discussed with many a sudden turn and bathos. The ballet dancer cries for a good ballet; the musician suggests Schumann's "Carnival" as the theme and music; the sculptor outlines the poses.

A few solitary Greeks have come in, silently eaten their meal, and departed in the same marble-like silence.

The language flows—Greek, French, German, English, and even Bulgarian is being used as the vehicle of expression. Eventually Yanni returns, and dexterously sets the strange-looking dishes before the group, which is least of all interested in food. Sudden flights of enthusiasm are followed by subdued conversation. Into one of these half-silences a strange song sounds from upstairs. It is Yanni's daughter accompanying herself on the piano as she sings her native Greek songs. Aroused to enthusiasm again the group applauds. Dimitri, the young Greek sculptor, rushes upstairs to urge another song in which he joins..........

Thus and otherwise several hours are passed without interruption or any conventional restraint. When Yanni knows you well enough he serves forbidden delicacies, and all drink to his health, to that of his daughter, and that of the King of Greece. Never does the hilarity of the evening exceed a discussion of the nature of God, or its sobriety, suggestions for "Cerebralist" sonnets.

The various members of this unnamed club upon bidding Yanni good-night separate to go their own way, refreshed to take up routine again in office, studio, or private room.

Perhaps two are tempted by the picturesque streets to take a walk. They find themselves in the center of the foreign quarter, with its fantastic houses and strange people. Display stands, packed with motley wares, crowd the narrow sidewalks; it seems they have been pushed out of the tiny unkempt shops like bunches of rags protruding from a torn

bag. The proprietors, or their wives and children, are always ready to serve, and may even solicit custom from the passerby. Here is a bric-a-brac shop; here an old clothing store; there is a window stuffed with tawdry plaster casts representing our Lord, and cheap, vividly colored pictures of Biblical stories; along side of this is a herb shop, in charge of which is a wizened old woman who practices charms and spreads superstitions worthy of the Middle Ages. Each one of these is a storehouse of odd information. The people that fill the street are still more picturesque. All of them are of foreign origin, and talk in a foreign tongue, so that one cannot tell where they are going or what their thoughts are. The arc-lights make their skin appear strangely white and smooth. Their expressive dark eyes are almost weird. The spontaneity of movement and grace of the women is astonishing. Children scream, yell, and laugh as they run about playing in the street. Louise Norton's line, "They never were young and they never will be old," is forcibly brought home to even the most casual observer; the faces of the parents and their children are strangely alike . . . .

Suddenly one finds oneself in a different atmosphere. The Radical Library is not far away, and one sees Jewish and Russian students going to or returning from their self-imposed studies. Within a square is the cafe haunt of the "radicals." Climbing up a narrow flight of stairs to the second floor you find yourself in a smoke-filled, people-filled room. Your entry is not observed. Everybody is devoutly listening to Emma Goldman, who at last has gotten permission to speak in Philadelphia on Sunday. Yiddish and Russian are the languages you hear—ascetic enthusiasm is the mood.

Aside from being the present rendezvous of anarchists, this place is sacred to the memory of Voltairine De Clere, who not many years ago led an army of unemployed to City Hall, which expedition, although ineffectual, was the most fantastic demonstration ever made in Philadelphia. Voltairine De Clere was more than merely a wild anarchist leader; as yet unpublished are a number of poems and short stories by her, which with natural art express the struggle and effort of the modern laboring class. She is, moreover, the underlying character in a book by Hutchins Hapgood. It is only a year ago that Voltairine De Clere died in Detroit, of a fever which it seems spread from her mind to her body.

Now, however, Emma Goldman constructs her mental bombshells, where Voltairine De Clere used to explain her philosophy. Let it be observed that if a red rag symbolizes anarchism, the bull that becomes enraged at the red rag must be the "present order." Emma Goldman, model for Mrs. Pankhurst, is the least interesting although the best known

visitor. In one corner you see Lurie, the famous Russian editor, who after prisons in Russia and exile in Siberia, sought refuge in America. No English-writing editor can equal Lurie in keenness or resource. Many others as interesting could be mentioned, but you become almost hypnotized as you listen to the ascetic crowd, even if you cannot understand the language they speak—if, indeed, language is what they express themselves with! 'Tis well to set foot on solid pavement, and to hurry back to Chestnut Street. There, at least, mental balance is never in danger, although morals may be.

Tears of God

By E. C. Bye, '16.

The city's lamps are lit,
The pavements gleam with the tears of God;
Life flows with incessant stream
From east to west and west to east,
And under restless feet those tears are trod.

The stars come after storm,
The moon looks down from the silent deep;
The cross on a yearning spire,
A-drip with crystal drops of light,
Shall through the night its lonely vigil keep.

And sleep shall come to eyes,
And rest to hands in the silent time;
And sin to the craft adrift;
But tears of God in nights like this
Shall purge each hopeless derelict of grime.

The Haverford-Swarthmore Games, 1879-1901

By J. Henry Scattergood, '96.

(*Continued from April Issue*)

THE season of 1898 brought the fourth successive defeat of Swarthmore by Haverford, but this proved to be our last victory over our old rivals. Between then and the close of the series in 1904, there was one tie, but in the other five games we were defeated, two of them being very close contests. Only four of the previous year's team were left in college in 1898, and practically a new start had to be made. Dr. Branson's inability longer to continue as head coach forced a change of system back to a professional. George W. Woodruff, one of Pennsylvania's stars and head coaches as well as the inventor of the famous "guards back'' plays, was secured. But as he could only give one day a week most of the real burden fell on Captain Howard Lowry, '99, and a great amount of conscientious work was done by him and the whole squad, especially after a mid-season slump. But by the day of the Swarthmore game, Nov. 19, the team that went out to Swarthmore was in splendid condition and form, and played one of the best games ever put up by Haverford. Swarthmore had more veterans on her team, and was almost as good, but the slight balance in favor of Haverford developed throughout the game, and was well represented by the final score of 12 to 0. Much of the contest was so even and the defence of both teams so strong that no great consecutive gains could be made by either side. Haverford's two touchdowns were due to good generalship in the use of two perfectly executed trick-plays at the psychological moments of the game. The inability to make gains caused an unusual amount of kicking; and although Farquhar, who was again captaining Swarthmore, could slightly outkick Fox, yet the latter was wonderfully regular, and our ends, Sharpless and Drinker, distinguished themselves in getting down the field and tackling the Swarthmore backs before they could get started. On the other hand the backfield work of Captain Lowry and Fox in catching Farquhar's punts and running them back was faultless—probably the best ever seen on a Haverford team—and many yards were made up in this way. On offence Haverford made most of her gains on line-bucking plays made possible by the "steady concerted push and pull" of the whole team. This same "every man in every play" also kept Swarthmore from ever looking dangerous except once, when at the opening of the second half she carried the ball from the kick-off to our 50-yard line. Not being able to gain much through our steadfast

line, she tried numerous end rushes and delayed passes only to find that our ends, too, were very well looked after. Haverford's first score came just before the first half closed. Play had been mostly in Swarthmore territory, Fox had kicked, and the ball was Swarthmore's at her 15-yard line when it was given to Haverford for foul interference. Before the game Captain Lowry had arranged with his team that the first time they had the ball inside Swarthmore's 25-yard line, no signals were to be given, but two successive plays were to be put through as quickly as possible, namely, a trick by Mifflin through the right of the line followed by a fake buck by him through the left side, but he was to "double pass" the ball back to Lowry for a quarterback run around right end. This whole plan came off perfectly; first Mifflin made 3 yards, and then was apparently again ploughing his way through toward the goal-line with the Swarthmore team piling on him, when suddenly Lowry appeared with the ball tucked under his arm beautifully skirting the right end on a clear run for a touchdown. Never was this old, but very useful, trick more perfectly planned and executed or better timed. Lowry also kicked the goal and the half closed with the score 6 to 0 in our favor. The second half was more to Haverford's advantage, but once our spectators had a bad scare when they saw Jackson of Swarthmore on recovering a quarter-back kick at the side line sprinting down the field to our goal line, only to be called back for having stepped out of bounds as he got the ball. About the middle of the half, Mifflin on a delayed pass ran 40 yards, Farquhar alone saving the Swarthmore goal. Later Mifflin tried a goal from placement from the 35-yard line; the ball rolled to Swarthmore's 5-yard line where it was fumbled and Sharpless recovered it. But Swarthmore defended magnificently and Haverford was held for downs. However, after Swarthmore's kick out of danger and a 5-yard gain by Wood, with the ball near the side line, another delayed pass trick was quickly worked, Mifflin shooting down the boundary on a fine 40-yard run for the second touchdown, from which Lowry again kicked the goal. Although defeat was staring them in the face, Swarthmore continued to fight hard in the remaining time, but could not get the ball out of their territory. The best work for Swarthmore was done by Verlenden, Bell, Seaman and Farquhar, while for Haverford the whole team played finely. Our team was as follows:—F. C. Sharpless, '00, l. e., W. H. Wood, '01, l. t., E. D. Freeman, '00, l. g., W. A. Battey, '99, c., W. W. Chambers, '02, r. g., H. C. Petty, '99, r. t., H. S. Drinker, Jr., '00, r. e., H. H. Lowry, '99, q. b., and Captain, E. R. Richie, '99, l. h. b., J. S. Fox, '02, r. h. b., S. W. Mifflin, '00, f. b. W. H. Wood, '01, was absent on account of a death in his family.

It should be noted that for 1898 the scoring values of touchdowns and goals had been made 5 and 1 respectively, instead of 4 and 2 as they had been since 1884.

Before the 1899 season, the coaching question was again under discussion, many feeling that Haverford should if possible return to the volunteer Alumni coaching system. Fortunately Captain Mifflin was able to secure "Ed" Conklin, '99, one of Haverford's old players and famous track athletes, as head coach, and more loyal work no man could have rendered than he. By this coaching, as well as in every other way he could, he always was at the service of his college, and so endeared himself to all that when he died the next year he was universally mourned.

The season of 1899 opened with the best of prospects. Not only did Haverford have the prestige of the four straight victories over Swarthmore, but the material of that year was the best we ever had. As never happened before or since, a number of heavy men were in college who were available for both line and back field. And besides that, seven of the 1898 team were playing again. The team against Swarthmore on Nov. 18 was:—F. C. Sharpless, '00, l. e., R. L. Simkin, '03 (J. E. Lloyd, '00), l. t., E. D. Freeman, '00 (J. E. Lloyd, '00, R. L. Simkin, '03), l. g., J. E. Lloyd, '00 (H. Sensenig, '00), c., W. W. Chambers, '02, r. g., J. K. Worthington, '03, r. t., J. L. Winslow, '01 (H. M. Hallett, '00), r. e., H. S. Drinker, Jr., '00 (A. J. Phillips, '03), q. b., W. W. Hall, '02, l. h. b., J. S. Fox, '02 (J. L. Stone, '02), r. h. b., S. W. Mifflin, '00, f. b. and Captain. Taken as a whole the players of that year when playing in form and in good physical condition were thought to constitute probably the strongest team of Haverford's history. And yet it was a year of one of our saddest defeats by Swarthmore. For most of the season a splendid record had been made, but unfortunately a schedule had been arranged to include a Franklin and Marshall game the Saturday before and a Trinity game the Monday before the Swarthmore game! Further, most of our best players were nursing injuries and all were a full week overtrained, so that when they went into the Swarthmore game they were totally unfit for the stress and strain of a struggle against one of the best teams Swarthmore ever had before the days of her new dispensation. The kind of work that our men could do showed itself in the first few minutes of the game, when by superb defence, they stopped Swarthmore's steady advances only one foot away from the goal line, and winning the ball on downs kicked safely out of danger. A little later they also made the first two scores of the day, and although both of these were by lucky combinations, yet it was only by brilliant work that advantage was taken of these opportunities. The first came about when "Bill Hall" seized the ball on a

Swarthmore fumble and ran 85 yards for a touchdown. Hall had had a great career at the Providence Friends' School, and while in health was a brilliant halfback for Haverford, but a weak stomach frequently laid him up and lessened his staying powers. The other touchdown came from a brilliant individual play by John Lloyd, then playing centre; first he blocked a Swarthmore kick about the middle of the field, and then finding the ball ahead of him, instead of conventionally falling on it, he quick-wittedly kicked it on ahead of him, soccer fashion, until he got clear of tacklers, and then, picking it up on the full run, carried it on for a touchdown. Thus the first twelve minutes of the game showed the score 12 to 0 in favor of Haverford. But our team had "shot its bolt" thus early. Only two of its offensive plays were able to make much gain—Freeman on a "guardsback" crossbuck, and Bill Hall around the right end. And these gave out when the weak ankles of Freeman and Fox were hurt again, the former so that he could not run at all and later had to stop altogether, the latter so that he kept back all the interference. From then on Haverford's attack was powerless and she could do little but kick—at first by Fox and later by Mifflin, and many of these were run back. Swarthmore, on the other hand, played magnificently, the clockwork thoroughness and compact interference of all the plays showing the master hand of George Brooke's coaching. The veteran Farquhar, captaining for his third successive year, was again at fullback and kicked better than ever, the light-haired quarterback Hall seemed to be everywhere and ran his team admirably, the halfbacks Beard and Jackson ran very well, while W. J. Clothier, Stewart and Downing in the line especially were towers of strength. Another feature that was fatal to Haverford's defence was the all too frequent muffing of Swarthmore's punts in our back field. Over and over again our desperate defence forced Swarthmore to kick and the catch was missed, the ball often being recovered by Swarthmore. There is nothing that can take the heart out of a team like this, and especially in the overwrought condition of our 1899 team this factor alone was enough to lose the game. In justice to Fox, on whom the backfield work largely rested, it must be said that his ankle was so weak that he really could hardly hobble into position to get to the kicks. He ought to have been replaced long before he was by Stone—who, by the way, played very well and made one 20-yard run—but his work had been such a mainstay the year before and during the whole of the season, that it seemed as if all must be over if he were taken out. Captain Mifflin, Drinker (while his bad knee lasted), Sharpless and Hall all played gallantly, the latter's tackling being especially notable. Swarthmore's scoring began with a beautiful 40-yard drop-kick by Farquhar for a field goal.

Then after several punts on each side and a fumble in our backfield, Hall of Swarthmore made a touchdown. Another touchdown was only saved by the calling back of the teams because of Haverford's off-side play. The score at the end of the first half was 12 to 11 in Haverford's favor, but the play had been mostly to the advantage of Swarthmore. In the second half, as in the 1894 game, our slaughter took place. Three more touchdowns, one by Jackson and two by Farquhar, and a placement field-goal by Farquhar were made, and the score was taken to 12 to 34. It was only a question of how much the superior Swarthmore team could make in the time with its splendid brush-tackle plays and kicks aided by our continued muffing. The memory of that last half is: to Haverford, a hazy mist of crippled players changing places, of hopes becoming forlorn, of gains and kicks and fumbles all bringing the ball nearer and nearer to our goal, a score, and then all over again; to Swarthmore, the splendid playing of her fine team, the glorious triumph over her old rival, the returning of victory after four long years, and a mighty celebration. The very feelings we had had on that same field in 1895! Such are the turns of Fortune's wheel that ever make sport exciting.

Change was again made to a professional coach for training the Haverford teams of 1900 and 1901, the choice being John H. Minds, who had captained Pennsylvania's team of 1897. He understood the Haverford spirit well and gave faithful and efficient service. Following the example of the big colleges, the team of 1900 began practising a few days before College opened in the effort to make an improvement in the fundamentals of kicking, catching and handling the ball. Unfortunately no goal-kicker developed, and the whole season was rife with expensive missed goals and failures at placement field-goals which made the heart sick and which should serve as a lesson to all Haverford teams to develop a goal-kicker. An ambitious management of 1900 altered the previous policy of playing only eight games, and scheduled ten for the season, including an opening game against Pennsylvania (the first time there had been a game with the University since 1887), and two midweek games. This mania for playing big colleges, and many of them, reached its height, however, the following year, 1901, when no less than twelve games were played, including Princeton, Indians, Columbia, Lehigh, Dickinson, Ursinus, and F. & M.! Two games a week was the regular program and of course there was no rest and very little fun in the season. Injuries were necessarily numerous and Haverford won only two games. The following year, 1902, the number was reduced again to ten games, but both Princeton and Pennsylvania were again played. In 1903 we returned to the eight-game schedule, but Pennsylvania was again included,

this being the last time Haverford has played the University. Fortunately in these seasons Haverford learned her lesson to stick to her own class and the short-lived craze of the "big" schedule disappeared, let us hope, *for ever.* But every few years some especially ambitious manager is likely to crop up who may think that "Haverford is making progress in football as well as in other departments of the College, and that the time has now come to show the Alumni our advancement in this direction by playing games with several larger institutions than heretofore scheduled."* If such ever appears, turn him loose on football history and let him learn the lessons of the past. A small college pursuing the policy of playing big colleges and those out of its class must either endure being beaten and often maimed and "used as a good thing generally" for the big fellow's practice, or it can "collect" a team of such a quality as to make a fight and perhaps even win against the big college, and if successful, gain wondrous newspaper glory. But such does not appeal to Haverford, and may she ever realize her class and stick to it, and play the game under conditions where there can be some fun in it. And to do this she has found that no more than seven or eight games at the most should be scheduled. The most important consideration is *good physical condition,* the fundamental cause of keenness, enjoyment of the game and good playing, and this is not possible for a small college squad with a heavy schedule.

But we must come to the Swarthmore game of 1900. It was played at Swarthmore on Nov. 24 before a crowd of 3,500 people (in spite of cold, drizzly weather), and was won by Swarthmore 10 to 17, in one of the closest games of the whole series. Haverford's team was as follows:— W. H. Grant, '02, l. e., W. H. Wood, '01 (L. M. Perkins, '04), l. t., W. W. Chambers, '02, l. g., R. J. Ross, '02, c., R. L. Simkin, '03, r. g., J. K. Worthington, '03, r. t., S. A. Warrington '03, r. e., A. J. Phillips, '03, q. b., J. L. Stone, '02, l. h. b., H. N. Thorn, '04 (C. O. Carey, '01), r. h. b., J. S. Fox, '02, f. b. and Captain. The Pennsylvania "guards-back" play had already been firmly implanted at Haverford, especially the year before with Freeman and "Buck" Chambers carrying the ball. Naturally Minds made no change, and our attack consisted largely of variations of these plays with fullback Fox and Chambers, Simkin, Wood and Worthington of the line running with the ball, while Stone, Fox and Thorn made end runs. Stone was especially fast at this and made many splendid runs throughout the season. Swarthmore's most important ground-gaining play was when Downing her captain and very heavy left guard carried the ball also on "guards back." He kept his

*Haverfordian Editorial.

feet wonderfully well and the whole Swarthmore team seemed to get behind him and push. Our men would not play low enough to upset him and Battersby, as they came through the line on these plays. Although not in bad physical condition, Haverford was not as strong as the heavier Swarthmore team and gradually was worn down by these line-pushes in the second half. Haverford had all the best of the game for the first half and the early part of the second, but lost out in the last thirty minutes when Swarthmore found out how high our tall line was playing. The first touchdown was made by Stone on a fine end run for 25 yards. Fox missed the goal. There was much exchanging of punts between Fox and Battersby. During this half Stone, Chambers, Simkin and Fox were our chief ground-gainers, while Swarthmore could do very little but kick. The score at the end of the first half was: Haverford 5, Swarthmore 0. Early in the second half the most spectacular play of the game occurred: Swarthmore by successive gains had carried the ball to Haverford's 20-yard line, when Walter Wood got the ball on a Swarthmore fumble and made a pretty run of 35 yards, but being unable to keep his lead and seeing Battersby of Swarthmore rapidly overtaking him, passed the ball to Fox, who carried it 40 yards further, being downed on Swarthmore's 15-yard line. Worthington and Fox then advanced the ball 12 yards and Stone skirted the right end for a second touchdown. Fox again missed the goal. Score: Haverford 10, Swarthmore 0. From this point on a complete change came over the game, Swarthmore keeping possession of the ball most of the time. Downing, Battersby and Stewart steadily advanced the ball on mass pushes through the line with an occasional gain around the ends. Three touchdowns were made in less than thirty minutes, from which two of the goals were kicked. Haverford made a spurt in the last five minutes, winning the ball on downs, on her 25-yard line, and Carey, who substituted for Thorn, made two good end runs. It was heartrending to lose this game toward its close after it had been so well in hand, but Haverford had to thank for it Downing's ability to keep his feet while he was pushed for one small gain after another, and her own lack of a sufficiently low defence, and the requisite "ginger" to win. Each team in fact was stronger in offence than defence, and when given the ball was nearly sure to gain. The result, therefore, depended greatly on the possession of the ball, and in the second half Swarthmore was strong enough to keep it almost all the time. The game was not only one of the closest of the series, but was played with fine feeling on both sides.

As a matter of history it may be of interest to note here that Associa-

tion or "Soccer" football was introduced into Haverford in the winter of 1900-1901.

The season of 1901, as already stated, was the most ambitous one Haverford ever undertook. Twelve games were played, including several big colleges. Into most of them Haverford could not put her regular team on account of the numerous injuries received, and as a result only two games were won. But in spite of this the season ended strongly with a magnificently played game against Swarthmore which resulted in a tie 6 to 6. It was played at Haverford on Nov. 23, and rain fell almost without cessation during the entire game. Notwithstanding the weather some 3,000 persons saw the game, and the grand stands, erected for the first time on Walton Field, were full. It may be of interest to note here that the wooden stand which has stood on the west side of the field until this year was the chief one of those erected for the Swarthmore game of 1901. It has now given way to the imposing new permanent stand just erected through the generosity of Horace E. Smith, '86 in memory of his brother, and which will be first used next autumn in connection with the newly laid out field. This use of grandstands, although advisable from a manager's financial point of view, removed in part at least one of the happiest features of the old Swarthmore games. For there used to be no better opportunity during the year for a general mixing of Haverford Alumni than through the surging up and down the ropes during that game. Everybody met everybody else, and many an old friend was seen, who would have been missed if all had had regular ticketed seats. Another innovation in recent seasons to interfere with this intermingling of those who still prefer to walk around rather than go to the stands, is the permitting of automobiles to go right up against the ropes, so that no one can go in front of them. For the sake of the "good old times," and to make the future Swarthmore game as much like the old as possible the present writer strongly urges that provision be made, if possible, for Alumni to move up and down the side ropes if they wish. This could still be possible in a limited way even if the crowds should be so much greater than ever before that it may be necessary to erect temporary slopes for those who stand, so that the many back rows can see over the heads of those in front. But such problems are for the future managers to solve, and we must return to our game of 1901. The Haverford team was as follows:—J. L. Stone, '02, l. e. and Captain, W. E. Cadbury, P. G., l. t., J. K. Worthington, '03, l. g., R. J. Ross, '02, c., W. W. Chambers, '02, r. g., R. L. Simkin, '03, r. t., W. H. Grant, '02, r. e., A. J. Phillips, '03, q. b., H. W. Jones, '05, l. h. b., H. N. Thorn, '04, r. h. b., J. S. Fox, '02, f. b. The team was coached by John H. Minds—

his second year—and played the same style of game as the year before. Swarthmore had as her captain the veteran quarterback Hall, with Stewart again at full back and an excellent line, although mostly of new men. The game could not have been closer or more thrilling. In the first half neither side scored, although three attempts at field goals failed, the first by Haverford on Swarthmore's 15-yard line after terrific playing soon after the start of the game, and two by Swarthmore on Haverford's 30- and 20-yard lines, the latter one being blocked by Worthington who recovered the ball for Haverford. During this half the ball was well advanced for Haverford by Grant, Chambers and Fox, and for Swarthmore Marter made several gains, and on one occasion got through our team for 25 yards, being finally tackled by Thorn in the backfield on our 20-yard line. There was much exchanging of kicks between Fox and Smith. In the second half for a time the play was much the same, the two teams alternately gaining and being held for downs or kicking. Then with the ball on Haverford's 45-yard line came the most spectacular play of the game when Thorn made one of the great historic runs in Haverford football history. For some time before that our attack had been mostly against the line with guardsback formations, when suddenly Thorn was given the ball for an old-fashioned run around right end. At the start he circled very widely and seemed about to be thrown for a loss, but turning abruptly inside the end he ran for 65 yards, dodging through the very midst of the opposing team for a touchdown, amidst tremendous excitement. Fox kicked the goal. Almost at the end of the half Swarthmore got the ball on Haverford's 40-yard line. Hall made 15 yards on a trick play. A quarterback kick brought them 10 yards nearer Haverford's goal. Then they received 10 yards more for Haverford's offside play. Then Stewart plunged through the line the remaining 5 yards for a touchdown and Hall kicked the goal, saving the game for Swarthmore. In the few minutes that remained, neither side scored and the game was a tie, 6 to 6. The whole Haverford team played splendidly individually and as a team. The best of good feeling prevailed, as is reflected in an interesting editorial in the HAVERFORDIAN of that time:—"But scores become less significant in the face of truer results. When Swarthmore applauds the rise of a fallen opponent; when Haverford permits no cheering to interfere with Swarthmore's signals; when President Birdsall is so thoughtful as to telegraph 'Thanks for courteous treatment and congratulations for Haverford's plucky game'; and when Haverford winds up the season that has meant so much of personal exertion and sacrifice with a 'long and fast for Swarthmore and Captain Hall,' failure to win is not half so keen a disappointment."

Between the seasons of 1901 and 1902 much discussion took place as to Haverford's football policy. There were a number of keen and loyal Haverfordians who had caught the fever that "we must win." They did not advocate trying to collect a good team, but they did urge strenuously the policy of hiring even at a very high price the *best* obtainable coaching talent. Those who so argued believed also in the "big game" policy which reached its height at that time. It was the same tendency to exaggerate the importance of football that has broken out at one time or another at almost every educational institution, and has been responsible for the athletic excesses which many of them have been led into. Fortunately for Haverford, after a thorough weighing of the whole subject, a sound conclusion was reached that "the game was not worth the candle" if it involved paying more for the two months' services of a football coach than most of the members of the Faculty received for a whole year's work, who had spent many years in study in preparation for their positions; and that it was not on a healthy basis or in keeping with Haverford's ideals and her measure of the worth of things, if we could not play it for the sport and the fine training there is in it without overestimating the mere winning or losing. The outcome of the final conference of the Alumni, Faculty and College Athletic Committees, therefore, was that it would be healthy for Haverford to moderate her schedule, to go back to the Alumni Coaching System, and to keep the game in the subordinate position in the College life in which it always had been. To make possible the readoption of the Alumni Coaching System, J. Henry Scattergood,'96, accepted the responsibilities of head coach for 1902, and in this work was loyally assisted by no less than twenty different Alumni at various times in the season.

(*To be concluded next month*)

Smokes

BY DONALD BEAUCHAMP VAN HOLLEN, '15.

THE room was alone; the furniture and all the objects had been soothed into sleep by the dying log fire on the hearth. Not a sound was heard except when a gust of the cold night wind set the windows to chattering furiously or when the logs turned, snuggled closer together for warmth and settled themselves for the night. By the faint red glow of the fire most of the objects in the room could be distinguished. All the ornaments, books and pictures were in their places, and were breathing regularly, for they had been sleeping soundly for several hours. Over by the window-seat, however, everything was topsy-turvy. There was no noise, but great disorder. A derby was resting uncomfortably on the floor after trying in vain to hang himself on the leg of a chair so that he might snatch a few hours' sleep. A suit of clothes was scattered wildly over the window-seat and a shirt and pair of socks clung desperately to the morris chair. All were in most awkward positions for sleeping. On the floor the undershirt was sleepily asking the garter if he had seen anything of his better half. But the garter—a descendant of the old Boston family of Bull Dog Grip—growled back a very impolite reply. From under the window-seat came the sound of sobbing—it was the dirty-faced collar weeping large starchy tears and vainly asking the Left-Shoe to step off his neck.

Suddenly a loud oath sounded on the night air: "Damn you, what do you think you are doing anyway?" The voice was loud and angry and woke up everything in the room. Over on the smoking table in the corner, on the brass ash tray the Cigarette glowed mischievously, just long enough to enjoy the disturbance he had caused, and then winked and went quickly out. In a thin, weak voice he began to tactfully apologize to the Cigar.

"I beg your pardon, old top, but I really couldn't help it. You see it wasn't my fault: Jack threw me down here and I burnt you."

"Don't you think I know you burnt me, you skinny two-for-a-center!" said the Cigar as he held his hand carefully over his side.

The Cigarette coughed nervously. He resented the insult of the Cigar.

"I'll have you understand," he said, his voice trembling with pride, "that I am the utmost a Cigarette can be and that I am a descendant of an old Egyptian family. In the first place I told you that Jack threw me down here beside you."

The Cigar was about to continue his slanderous remarks when he was interrupted by the Pipe. The latter had been roused from a smoky slumber by the loud yell of the Cigar and had heard the above conversation.

"But what were you doing out so late with Jack? Don't you know it's 'way after one?"

There was a fatherly tone in the voice of the Pipe. He spoke in such a sympathetic way that it made the Cigar and Cigarette forget their anger and enter seriously into the following conversation.

The Cigarette tried to make an explanation: "Oh, Jack and I were out together for a good time; he met some old classmates and I met my friend Rameses."

"Judging from your breath you had a very good time," remarked the Cigar in his calculating manner of speech. "The Raths, I'll wager."

"Yes, we did go to the Raths after the show, and I'd like to know what harm there is in that. It is just the place for friends to meet; there is a spirit of good-fellowship about the place."

"Bet you went to the Cas——" began the Cigar, but the Pipe interrupted him and said thoughtfully: "I agree with you, my friend, there is no harm in going to the Rathskeller, if you can drink without making a fool of yourself. I have always had the greatest admiration for the man who can drink and still remain a gentleman. Jack was drunk this evening, wasn't he?"

The Cigarette was peeved at the question and answered hotly.

"Yes, he was drunk, but I tell you he behaves like a gentleman even when his feet are lighter than his head. Coming out on the train he was quiet and didn't disturb anyone. Jack is a gentleman, I tell you, and knows how to have a good time like a gentleman. If we want to see a little of life and enjoy ourselves instead of sitting around all evening with our noses in a book as you do—why, that's our business."

"What business of mine? Why, just this: Jack is as much my friend as he is yours. I am a friend of the Jack who has ideals, dreams dreams and loves his books."

"Rats!" burst out the Cigar, "dreaming dreams! What good's that going to do a fellow? Is that going to help him in business and help him make money? That's what a young fellow has got to know these days; without money he might as well be a deader. Money equals power and power equals life. That's my formula. When Jack is with me his mind is clear and active; he is progressive and ambitious. No pipe-dreams about Jack and me; we do things. I know the real Jack—you fellows only know his two weak sides—and speaking of sides, believe me, mine hurts."

"You fellows are mighty long-winded about the Jack that you know," hiccoughed the Cigarette. "He and I are friends for friendship's sake—none of your ideals and money-getting about us. We're above all that."

As the Cigarette finished speaking, unmistakable sounds of someone violently sick came from the adjoining bedroom. The three friends gathered around the ash-tray and listened smokelessly.

"A lot Jack thinks of your friendship now!" said the Cigar. "If he caught sight of you he'd crush your sickly life out with his heel. That's good-fellowship, is it?"

"Well, Jack will soon forget his sickness," feebly retorted the Cigarette. His head was aching painfully. The fire had gone out and the room was chilly. Nervously he shivered through his whole frame and giving a consumptive cough, he fell into a broken sleep. The Cigar and the Pipe continued to discuss first place in Jack's friendship.

"It is quite evident," began the Pipe, "that this puny little friend of ours is not going to live much longer, and for Jack's sake I am very glad. This side of his nature which appeals to the Cigarette is weak and will in time die a natural death. I think Jack has sown his last wild oats, don't you?"

"I am sure of it," answered the Cigar, "but seriously, old pal, don't you think Jack and you ought to cut out this pipe-dream business; it's a waste of time and can't help Jack get along in the world. This bookish, fireside business makes a fellow dull. Don't you really think so?"

"Yes, I will have to admit that too much of this 'bookish, fireside business' is a bad thing for a young fellow and I have to fight against it. Ideals and dreams amount to nothing if they don't move a fellow past his morris chair. That's where your work comes in, it's carrying out the ideals and dreams."

"I begin to see now," said the Cigar, "that it is possible for both of us to be staunch friends of Jack's. In fact it is most necessary that we be friends and work in double harness. How stupid of me not to have realized it sooner........Let's shake on it, old man."

"Gladly," said the Pipe as he shook hands. "I feel we've done a good night's work. I'm ready for some sleep."

"Same here. Good night." The Cigar, holding his hand over his burnt side, rolled over to sleep.

* * * * * * *

Jack awoke that morning with the splitting headache and other attendant evils of a night of dissipation. With an effort—before he could think what he was doing—he hurried himself into a cold shower,

which greatly cleared his head. He had missed breakfast, but his thoughtful roommate had "snitched" some rolls from the Dining Hall. Clad in his bath-robe, with a roll in either hand, he entered the sitting-room. As he walked towards the fire-place the first object to attract his attention was the pale little cigarette on the ash-tray. Jack crammed one of the rolls into his mouth and with portentous but inaudible words he hurled the unfortunate little imp into the fire-place. He stood eyeing the pipe and cigar approvingly for a moment and then, seizing a Math. book from the table, he dropped into a chair and began "boning" for the first hour.

Snowflakes

By Robert Gibson, '17.

Faintly first without a warning
Fall from out the leaden sky,
Faintly strike and striking melt,
Scarcely seen and scarcely felt.
Thicken, thicken, as they quicken,
Ermine robe on sable sky.
Mutely clinging, mutely mounting,
As they downward, downward ply.
Silence! silence undisturbed,
All the noise and turmoil curbed,
By the falling, gentle falling of the snow.
Quiet! quiet has uprisen,
Mother Earth has stopped to listen,
Nature trembling hears.
For above in regions airy,
Weeps a sad and lonely fairy,—
These her tears.

"On with the Dance"

By G. C. Theis, '15.

THERE are still those who maintain that all forms of the dance are immoral. To many of us who never come in contact with such this seems almost incredible...... Where does the idea of immorality come from? It is said that all the ideas of the Puritans are colored by, if not derived from, the seething hell fires conceived by John Milton, but this one Puritan idea cannot be derived from our grim portrayer of the rewards of sin, for the very same Milton admonishes us joyously,

> "Come, and trip it as you go
> On the light fantastic toe."

Yet, the idea that the dance is immoral most surely had its origin in that sternly religious period of Praise God Barebones and his kind, when all earthly and natural pleasures were renounced. The very thing that formerly had been an essential element of religion was then condemned by religion itself. And why? One wonders! Ye gods! (especially Bacchus and Dionysus) the inconsistency of moral codes cries out loud.

What is the immorality of the dance? Why should it be worse that people should enjoy the sensation of motion in a colorful ballroom or on the stage than that they should enjoy the sensation of motion in walking or in swinging? And if the dance is not immoral, need it be moral? Is it moral? Suffice it, it is an art—neither moral nor immoral. The dance is primitive—it is the expression of sensation and of emotion. Watch the palpitating, breathless bodies give themselves up in abandonment to sensation. Perhaps it is a violent expression of sensuality: perhaps it is a flowing, graceful rhythm. Withal it is beautiful, actual, alive. To see youth and physical beauty in a wild riot or constrained into even rhythm calls forth sensations as true as those of exhilaration in skating on a cold day, of those of lassitude in relaxing on a bed of moss in the woods.

The dance is temporary. The motion has been made and is forever lost—but it has had its beauty and its joy. So often Art is defined (how futile) as the representation of reality and beauty. Why a representation? Why not a reality and a beauty in itself? That is what the dance is. It is doubly art; it creates and interprets at the same time. It is life itself—the bodies are alive, their beauty is real, the motions are real. They express real and beautiful things: pure abandon, love—ideal or sensual, animal fierceness, simple grace, joy, or grief. No one objects to so natural

a sensation as simultaneous rhythm between bodies; no one denies the thrill of physical contact. And what is the dance but these? It exists as life does—for the moment; it consists, as life does, of emotion and sensation. If it is immoral, so is life.

What does not the dance underlie?—drama, music, poetry. Motion is *the* play of man. Wagner says: "The ground of all human art is motion. Into bodily motion comes rhythm, which is the mind of dance and skeleton of tone." The very name of a form of poetry, the ballad, comes from the Italian word, "ballare," meaning "to dance." But the dance needs no proof of its reality or of its art. Not all the preachments of moralists have abolished it. It exists now as it always has. At present the best composers of Russia are composing ballet music. The form has changed but not the fact.

But neither has the fact of Puritanism changed, indeed, scarcely its forms, either. Puritanism is now attacking the changed forms of the dance; even Catholicism, through its head, the Pope, sends out an edict condemning one form of the dance. On all sides the "modern" dances are being assailed as immoral. A recent convention, representing the "learned ladies" of the land, solemnly and at great length have placed a ban upon them. Yea! friendships are broken over them. England is laying itself open to Bernard Shaw through them—or can it be, that for once Bernard Shaw and Merrie England agree?..................

In 1812, Lady Elisabeth Spencer Stanhope writes in a letter: "Last night at a ball the Polka was danced in public for the first time and people stood on chairs and rout seats to watch it...... Mr. Theodore Hook declared that the 'obnoxious dance was calculated to lead to the most licentious consequences'...... The Sporting Magazine subsequently denounced the dance which, 'to the disgrace of sense and taste has protruded itself upon the whole circle of the fashionable world......a will-corrupting dance......A compound of immodest gestures and infectious poison'"........

Who would apply such terms to the Polka now?

But be all of this as it may, the present decade remains dance mad, and in two cases misdirectedly mad. The Greek Dance revival and the Folk Dance revival are these two cases. Both of these belong to the past and cannot be brought to life again. Both belong distinctly to what they arose from and it is idiotic fadism to try to transplant them.

The Greek dances! What are they? The Greek tragedies! What are they? Can we write Greek tragedies now? We! who can't even act them! No more than that Greek tragedies can be written now can Greek dances be danced now. Reverse the ages. Who can imagine the Greeks

dancing a Russian ballet? Is it not just as impossible to dance Greek dances now? Imagine Pavlowa going back twenty centuries and dancing a Rubinstein Waltz on Mars Hill. Is it not as incongruous for Isadora Duncan to dance the Greek dances behind *electric* lights? True, she can wear tunics and pose like the figures on Greek vases, but what does it mean? She gives the outer atmosphere and does not create the inner. She might as well wear a Greek letter fraternity pin and say that it added a Greek touch.

But why talk of Isadora Duncan and the Greek dances? Their day is over—except for the "Tea Kettle Tango," which is copied from Hellenic vases.

The Folk Dance revival is not yet over. However, here again we will soon hear the tedious refrain, "I told you so." Naturally the folk dances are by no means as dead as the Greek dances. Nevertheless, even Luther H. Gulick, prime mover of the revival, is compelled to say in his book on "The Healthful Art of Dancing": "The search for traditional dances of European peoples is a curiously disappointing one. Cities and villages on the well-established lines of travel sometimes indeed have these dances, but in these cases they are preserved mainly of exhibition to travellers for financial considerations....but the dances themselves have long since been dropped and forgotten. When one leaves the beaten track and pursues his search in communities where the traveller is well-nigh unknown, the search is almost as hopeless."

The rural life out of which the folk dance sprang is evidently changing and where it has changed the dance has changed, too. Yet, serious effort is being made to revive these folk dances of foreign countries in the female college gymnasiums and the public school yards and roofs here in America where they never were native, when it is impossible ever to dissociate them from the districts and nationalities from which they come. Obviously the folk dances are declining throughout the European rural districts. Instead, the children, who have gone to the cities, bring back with them the songs and dances from the music halls.

There has been this change and it may be regrettable. The dances now are almost exclusively to ragtime and waltz music......

Please remember that the morality of these "modern" dances has been disposed of....even as far back as 1812....

Now, what are these new dances? That the blasphemy be over with, let it be said quickly that these new dances are nothing but a form of Folk Dance.

Just as the "modern" dances are considered vulgar and devoid of grace by prudes and pedants now, so were the at present acclaimed "artis-

tic Folk Dances" considered vulgar and devoid of grace by the corresponding class of prudes and pedants, years ago (to wit the Polka in 1812). Was there so much grace in the Folk Dances of years ago? Probably, on the whole, as much as there is in the "modern" dances. A country yokel doing a "quaint and simple" folk dance rarely has more grace than a cow. Were the folk dances carried on with the simplicity and sobriety attributed to them? 'Tis almost too trite to say that all this is a relative matter depending upon the performer.

Many of the new dances are but variations of the graceful waltz, the permanence of which is unquestionable. The "Boston" is as pure as its name; the "Tango" is only impure through its name. The other class, including the "Turkey Trot," the "Bunny Hug," the "Banana Glide," the "Grizzly Bear," etc., it would seem, come from the folk dances of Brittany, Spain, and Portugal, via the West Indies, to the United States. Their origin is undeniably negroid, but the greatest stamp on them is that of the music hall and vaudeville theater.

They are the dances of the great American cities—originally the underworld—and the point is they are expressive of the tenseness and compression of this life. Their syncopation, so singularly insinuating, has in it the rhythm of the underworld of the city. These "rags" are heard daily by hundreds; they belong to the cabaret, they belong to the night life of the big cities. They are indoor dances, danced where there is little room. The music is that of tin-pan pianos, of hurdy-gurdies, of phonographs. Whereas previous ballroom and stage dances have approximated the sentiments and romance of love, the new dances approximate the acts of love.

Were a symphony written now in which the struggling and effort of our great cities was expressed would the rhythm be that of Greek dances or of Swedish folk dances? Would not the rhythm be that of the "rag" which is the music half the city folk dance to, half the night? Is not the "syncopation" of the "rags" as peculiar to ragtime as the "sharply accented air, with bagpipe drone, imitated in the bass" is to the Highland Fling? The tunes come and go, but the rhythm and the dances it suggests are constant. Play a Highland Fling to any given hundred people and see how nearly correctly they dance a Highland Fling, but play a "rag" to any given hundred people and see how immediate the response is. Groups of children no longer gather around the village fiddler on the village green and dance to "folk music," but they do gather around the hurdy-gurdy in the city square and dance "rags."

"Oh Fiddlesticks! all the composers of ragtime do is to steal a tune from the classics and make a rag out of it." If that be the case, and it

frequently is, the result is merely this: the people are sifting out the dance from the classic music, which is built upon folk music, and we have a double proof that ragtime is merely a form of folk music. From the people it came and to the people it went again. But, whether by so sophistical a proof as the above or whether by general analogy, "ragtime" music and "rag" dances amount, after all, to a form of Folk Music and Folk Dance.

So, "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

The Ballet remains—an art—a double art. The Waltz remains, with its many variations, keeping ever that essentially Viennese atmosphere of inborn gaiety. The new dances of negroid origin have found their way into the general social circles from the underworld and are the rage of the day. The tunes are vulgar and jingly, the words are inane, the dances are sensual and ungraceful, all of which accusations can be made against many other forms of the folk dance. The Greek dance revival has seen its day and even its day of revival. The Folk dance is still being revived, but throughout the efforts to graft upon American cities these foreign rural dances, these very cities have been evolving, in their own way, a folk dance distinctly peculiar to themselves and, primarily, peculiar to America.

Youth

By EUGENE M. PHARO, '15.

A flower blooming fresh and fair,
  Called Youth, and oh! so debonair.
A sombre man with sombre frown,
  In passing crushed the flower down.

A poet radiant came that way,
  And stooped to where the flower lay.
It bloomed within his heart ere long;
  Its fragrance sweet, the poet's song.

Dramatic Comment

Miss Annie Russell at the Little Theatre

G. C. Theis, '15.

AFTER a year of fruitless and aimless experiment Mrs. Beulah E. Jay has turned her Little Theatre into other hands, and in these new hands this playhouse promises to become an institution that will have a claim to a unique place among American theaters. Miss Annie Russell, under whose admirable direction the Little Theater now is, comes with a definite and commendable policy. It is her purpose to establish a genuine repertory theater. Mrs. Jay said she would do this, but ranged from imitation to insipidity. Her most recent turn to "thrillers" supposed to make the theater an emotional bombshell succeeded only in making it an emotional tea room. However, we are now rid of Mrs. Jay for a while and instead of fooling around there is a definite policy, with a basis of substantial plays.

Miss Russell is not proposing to upset any canons of art or shoot off new ones, but in her own words, "proposes to give classical and modern comedies which have a just claim to the intelligent playgoer." Previous productions have already demonstrated her ability to do this. Being familiar with Miss Russell's work the disappointments associated with the Little Theater were forgotten, and on the opening night everybody entered the quaintly decorated lobby in a receptive and kindly mood. The feeling of intimacy and comfort was predominating in the theater. When the curtain went up on "The School For Scandal" it was evident that play, spirit, and theater were congruous. Seeing Sheridan's satirical comedy so well presented, was like getting a glimpse into the 18th century. One almost expected to find that one's neighbor was a fox-hunting squire or other character of the period; the spirit was so vivid on the stage that it spread out into the audience. Everyone upon leaving the theater felt that at last this playhouse had found its proper level.

The Little Theater is now worthy of support. Relative to this from student playgoers Miss Russell said: "I am not going to follow a highbrow policy, but hope to draw support from the intelligent playgoer. Among these the students ought to be; they of all are in a position to appreciate the classical comedies." This is borne out by the endorsement of Clayton Hamilton and Brander Matthews, who have both recommended students to see Miss Russell's performances. The English speaking theater public is hardly aware of the fact that there are any English classics besides

Shakespeare. All productions out of the way of the current are devoted to the presentation of "modern" drama, meaning by that something "advanced" or highstrung. Miss Russell's venture is not concerned with any such studies in pathology and unrest. Instead it is based upon the sane, wholesome English classic comedies, and hers is the only company that produces them today. The Germans and the French keep their classics alive; why shouldn't it be possible for the English to do the same? Miss Russell has all the critical and academic approval in her attempt.

W. P. Eaton writes: "If you want future good things at your local theater patronize present worth. When she comes to your city see Annie Russell." Miss Russell has not alone come to our city, but if adequate support is given she will stay there, and Philadelphia will have a theater on a par with the Kammerspiel of Berlin, the Burg Theater of Vienna, the Antoine of Paris, the Gayety of Manchester, the Abbey of Dublin, and the Little Theater of London. Unless defeated by a lack of support Miss Russell will establish in Philadelphia a playhouse that is not alone unique for this country, but also a playhouse devoted to the best ideals of dramatic art. Louis Sherwin, keenest and usually the most rancorous critic in New York, says: "Miss Russell is rendering a real service as well as giving performances that give genuine pleasure to lovers of high comedy." Nor need we go as far as New York or even Philadelphia for authoritative and laudatory recommendation of Miss Russell's work.

Alumni Department

It is our painful duty to record in this number the death on March the second of Stuart Wood, a member of the Class of 1870. Mr. Wood was born in Philadelphia, May 30th, 1853 and entered Haverford in 1866. After his graduation he studied at Harvard University, and was the first man to take a Ph.D. in Political Economy at that institution. Mr. Wood was a member of the well-known firm of R. D. Wood and Son, Iron Manufacturers. He belonged to several economic societies, and was the author of the "New Theory of Wages." By his death Haverford loses a true friend and staunch supporter.

An affair of considerable interest to Haverfordians, both because of the attitude taken by the College and because of the number of Alumni present, was the meeting held at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, on March 14th, for the purpose

of organizing the *Society for the Promotion of Liberal Studies.* Henry V. Gummere, '88, Dean of the Drexel Institute, served as presiding officer and delivered the address of welcome on behalf of the Institute. At the afternoon session President Sharpless gave an address on "The Liberal Studies and Vocational Training in American Education." F. A. Dakin (A. M. '94) presented the Constitution of the new-born society.

Other Haverfordians, both actively engaged and present by invitation, were S. R. Yarnall, '92; W. W. Haviland, '94; R. C. Brown, '97; R. M. Gummere, '02; H. A. Domincovich, '03; F. W. Ohl, '05; E. C. Bye, '16, and Dr. W. W. Baker, professor of Greek at Haverford.

The New York Haverford Alumni will hold their annual banquet at the Manhattan Club, Madison Square, on April the twenty-eighth. All members of the New York Association, as well as any others who can be present, are requested to hold open this date pending further notification from the Committee. E. C. Rossmaessler, 440 4th Ave., N.Y., is chairman.

In "The Nation" for March 12th appears a page review of Alden Sampson's ('73) *Studies in Milton and an Essay on Poetry,* published in New York by Moffat Yard and Company. It is neither adequate nor politic to attempt a rehash of a review and doubtless Haverfordians will investigate the article for themselves, from whence it will be a matter of a short time until they obtain a personal acquaintance with Mr. Sampson's book. As the reviewer remarks: "Fulness of reading and depth of loving meditation are evident on almost every page. . . . . it is a book which we have read with much interest and profit."

'76

David Bispham is at present touring Canada, doing concert work. He reaches California in April and will then work back East, ending his tour in June.

'85

Dr. Augustus T. Murray of Leland Stanford Jr. University is editing Homer's "Odyssey" for the Loeb Classical Library. This library of Greek and Latin authors contains the original text with an English translation on the opposite page.

Dr. Murray, who is at present having a sabbatical year, spent a week at Haverford during March, giving several informal talks to the undergraduates and delivering a lecture in Roberts Hall on the "Spiritual Message of Whittier."

'87

"The Kallikak Family," by Dr. Henry H. Goddard, has gone into a second edition. This is published

by the Macmillan Company, who will bring out in May a larger book by Dr. Goddard, relating to the heredity of feeble-mindedness.

'88

William Draper Lewis, Dean of the Pennsylvania Law School, has been selected by the nominating committee of the Washington party in Pennsylvania as their candidate in the coming primary gubernatorial elections.

'89

Dr. William R. Dunton, head of the Shepherd and Pratt Hospital at Towson, Md., is chairman of the Committee of Diversional Occupation of the American Medico-Psychological Association. Dr. Dunton also manages the drum in a doctors' orchestra—the only one of its kind in America.

Ex-'89

William H. Evans is spending the winter in Pasadena, California.

'92

Christian Brinton recently lectured at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, and Columbia University, New York, on the life and art of the Belgian sculptor, Constantin Meunier, for the exhibition of whose works in America he prepares the official catalogue. In the February *Cosmopolitan* also, Mr. Brinton has an interesting article about the Swedish artist, Anders Zorn. In it he traces the career and achievements of this "painter of strength and beauty" and in closing likens his work to that of the great Spanish artist Sorolla. Mr. Brinton's text is accompanied by copious illustrations of the painter's work which verify more clearly than any words his epitome of Zorn's canvases as "harking back to days when the world was younger and freer than it now is."

S. R. Yarnall has been named in the will of Wm. H. Dunwoody as a trustee for the new Dunwoody Free Home for Convalescents at Newtown Square, Pa.

'93

A volume of interest to a number of Alumni, as well as to a great many not connected with the College is, "A Theory of Interest" by Clarence G. Hoag, '93, which has just been released from publication by the Macmillan Company. In the preface Mr. Hoag states that the purpose of his book "is not to give a history of the problem of interest or to discuss in detail all the supposed solutions of it, but to try to solve it correctly." The root of the whole misunderstanding between Capital and Labor, he continues, is a difference in accounting for the surplus called interest. Wage-earners and capitalists can work together for the common good—a thing now impossible—"just as soon as they

agree on the interest problem." This of course will be as soon as both sides see the truth.

Mr. Hoag concludes his preface by defining his theory as *the nominal value theory*, for the keystone of it is his conception of nominal value.

The list of obligations includes the names of Professors Barrett and Wilson, of the Haverford faculty.

'96

Homer J. Webster has been elected an Honorary Fellow in History at the University of Wisconsin for the second semester of the college year. Mr. Webster is writing a thesis on the "Democratic Party Organization in the Northwest, 1828-1840." In collecting material for this he has traveled over much of the "Old Northwest"—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and southern Michigan.

J. Henry Scattergood, who is very much interested in a negro industrial school at Christiansburg, Virginia, has been making an inspection trip of similar institutions in the South.

'97

At the January meeting of the Philadelphia Booksellers' Association, held at the Franklin Inn Club, Richard C. Brown read a paper in which he discussed various plans for improving the book trade, as seen from the bookseller's standpoint. This paper has been printed in the *Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer*.

On March 1st George M. Palmer accepted the position of General Sales Manager of the White Adding Machine Company with headquarters at New Haven, Connecticut. Mr. Palmer was formerly District Manager in Newark, N. J., for the Wales Adding Machine Company.

'98

Robert N. Wilson is teaching in the Department of Chemistry at Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

'01

Walter Mellor, of the architectural firm of Mellor and Meigs, has been commissioned to be the architect of the new bird house at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens. The Princeton Charter Club—the largest upper class club house at Princeton University—has just been completed from plans of Mr. Mellor's.

William S. Baltz is studying at the Princeton Theological Seminary.

G. J. Walenta has been elected President of the Interscholastic Cricket League.

'02

C. Linn Seiler, who has long enjoyed a considerable reputation as an amateur composer, has taken

up music as a profession. The marked success of his operetta, "The O. C. Punch," written for the Orpheus Club this spring, has been largely instrumental in bringing Seiler to this important step. He moved to New York early in February and now has a studio at 12 Gramercy Park. G. Schirmer is publishing four of Seiler's songs, *The Spirit of Summer*, *Till I Wake*, *Nocturne*, and *Springtime*, while a number of others are under consideration. A concert is to be given at the Art Club of Philadelphia, April 14th, with a program consisting entirely of Seiler's compositions and including his choral work, "The Palace of the King."

At present Seiler is working on a new operetta, which is to be finished before the end of April. The words of his songs are taken largely from the poems of C. Wharton Stork, '02.

'03

Modern Language Notes for March contains an interesting letter from H. A. Domincovich referring to the interpretation of the lines in Macbeth, V, ii, 3–5; which read:

"their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man."

Mr. Domincovich first refers to the discussion which has raged around the phrase "*the mortified man*" without satisfactory interpretation, and then proceeds to attack the situation from a different angle. The Clarendon Editors point the way by their method of rendering *mortified;* to them the word appears in its primary meaning of "dead." Reasoning in this same fashion Mr. Domincovich includes the "seemingly innocuous" *excite* which has hitherto escaped the commentator's grasp. Originally excite, the Latin *excito*, showed the meaning of "call up from the dead"; vide Cicero: "S*ulla ab inferis excitandus*." Other more modern passages show that this sense was known in the English form of the word as well.

Mr. Domincovich would then paraphrase the clause so as to read:

"The justice of their cause should rouse even the dead to an interest in the bloodshed and din of the battle."

Joseph K. Worthington is practising medicine at Roslyn, Long Island. A third daughter was born to Dr. Worthington last October.

I. S. Tilney is acting as secretary of the United States Drainage and Irrigation Company. He has offices in the Whitehall Building, 17 Battery Place, New York. Mr. Tilney has recently had a son born.

James B. Drinker is now in the employ of the Seaboard Steel Casting Company, of Chester, Pa.

This work is in addition to Mr. Drinker's regular work with the Mercer Rubber Company, of Philadelphia.

Franklin E. Barr has recently been appointed as Assistant District Attorney of Philadelphia.

'04

A 1904 class letter, now in course of preparation, will be published some time in April or May. We hope to be able to print a summary of the contents in an early issue.

P. D. Folwell is on a fishing trip along the west coast of Florida.

W. S. Bradley and family are visiting southern California.

'05

Chester J. Teller, who has been actively identified with the work of the New York Bureau of Education, is this summer starting a series of boys' camps,—the Arcadia camps—with the ultimate purpose of organizing them into a school system to be located in the neighborhood of New York.

E. C. Murray has settled down as a farmer at Chappauqua, New York.

'06

Francis B. Morris is now on a trip to the Panama Canal. Columbia and the West Indies are also included in his itinerary.

Richard L. Cary has been appointed head of the bureau of

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'07

George Hallock Wood is manager of the Commercial Vehicle Department of the Waverly Company at Indianapolis, Indiana. His marriage with Miss Hazel Bessie Oler was celebrated the fourth of last October.

'08

The class held its annual dinner at Haverford on Friday the sixth of March. Thirteen members were present: Messrs. Brown, Burtt, Edwards, Elkinton, Emlen, Guenther, Hill, Linton, Longstreth, Morriss, Sargent, Strode and Thomas. The most important business passed was the resolution to join with classes 1903–1909 in a reunion on the night before the Swarthmore game next fall.

'09

Clarence C. Killen has just accepted a position with the Wilmington Chamber of Commerce.

The engagement of Miss Mary Wetherhill to Richard H. Mott has been announced.

'10

Harrison S. Hires wrote one of the four poems awarded prizes at the annual members' contest of the Philadelphia Arts and Letters Society. Mrs. H. S. Hires was also the author of a prize-winning poem.

Ex-'10

H. Earlham Bryant has returned from the West and is now enrolled in the Civil Engineering Department at Penn. His address is Windermere Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.

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W. C. Greene has a splendid article on "The Sea in the Greek Poets" in the *North American Review* for March. This essay was awarded the Charles Oldham Prize at Oxford in 1913.

'11

1911 is preparing to get out a class letter. On account of the absence of the President, L. Arnold Post, who is now a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, communications on this score should be addressed to the secretary, E. H. Spencer, 55 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Lucius R. Shero, the fourth graduate of Haverford and the second member of 1911 to obtain a Rhodes scholarship, will take up his residence in Oxford with senior standing next October. Shero has been admitted to New College, where Post, '11, is now, and where Morley, '10, received his degree last July. Williams, '10, the fourth Haverfordian, studied at Merton College.

'12

"Albert" Baily will be married to Miss Helen Smedley of Bala, Pa., on April 14th. "Joshua" Baily, who is at present at La Jolla, California, will come East for his brother's wedding.

'13

P. H. Brown is now settled at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind. He is an assistant in the Chemistry Department and also has charge of the woodworking in Manual Training. "Mr. Brown" chief work, however, is in the line of athletics. He supervises the gymnasium classes and is also coaching the basketball and track teams. Under his tuition Earlham expects to turn out a winning track team this spring.

Whitman's LATEST

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Price, per year....................$1.00 Single Copies......................$0.15

The Haverfordian is published on the first of each month during College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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Editorial Comment

"What is so sweet and dear
As a prosperous morn in May,
The confident prime of the day,
And the dauntless youth of the year,
When nothing that asks for bliss,
Asking aright, is denied,
And half of the world a bridegroom is,
And half of the world a bride?"

—William Watson.

NO, we are not going to oppress you with the usual Spring ravings. The robins will chirp, the grass will shoot, and you will loaf and be merry whether we describe to you the ecstasies of Spring or not.

To Haverfordians the incarnation of festive Spring is Junior Night, and this occasion is made possible by the Cap and Bells. This organization, started only five years ago, has been a most wonderful success.

Formerly the Junior Night entertainment, the Glee Club and the Mandolin Club were like mushrooms that started up each year only to die

away. Now, systematized under the Cap and Bells, these clubs roll along year after year accumulating experience, music, scenery, money and support.

The Cap and Bells handles more money than any other organization at Haverford, has a patroness' list of over a thousand names, and perhaps binds the Alumni to the undergraduates more intimately than any other organization.

The Cap and Bells has produced two musical comedies, while "Engaged" is their fourth classical piece. Under their auspices Roberts Hall has a real stage, while a velour curtain will henceforth enrich morning collection.

We hope that the undergraduates will more and more come to regard the Cap and Bells as their club rather than an institution separate from the college body. We bear in mind a certain dress rehearsal attended by some thirty undergraduates whose support of the Cap and Bells was to ridicule the actors. The Cap and Bells success is our success, her failures will be due to our lack of support.

When we think of conservative old Haverford twenty years ago and the Haverford of today graced with the Cap and Bells, a thought that has been in our mind again arises.

It is that the college authorities; the Board of Managers, the Faculty and the Alumni have always been on our side. No such thing as the undergraduates versus the authorities exists. It were foolish to mention this were it not for the fallacy we sometimes fall into, when we regard the instructor, who has given us a "D," as against us rather than for us.

Therefore let one of the evidences of our spring spirit be an appreciation of the fact that as far as the authorities go,

> "......nothing that asks for bliss,
> Asking aright, is denied."

Josiah's Jubilee

KEMPTON P. A. TAYLOR, '15.

AND this bounteous prosperity we may attribute to the management of the Society of Friends, which, in a century and a half, has brought upon us the unanimous verdict of these United States,—namely, that the greatest educational institution of the country is Haverford College."

Thus ended the golden words of Governor Francis Polk of Massachusetts, '35, as reprinted in the February issue of *Old Haverford* from the oration delivered at the celebration of the Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of Haverford College in the year 1983.

The Rev. Josiah Quimby, Pastor of the Seventeenth Presbyterian Church of Joliet, Wis., let the gray-covered number of *Old Haverford* slip to the floor unnoticed. From the battered *Moody and Sankey* and *Concordance* on his desk his dim eyes wandered to the time-honored maxim calendar done in red and blue ink, and distributed annually by the persuasion in Philadelphia, which hung from an unpretentious pin on the bare wall of his study.

The Rev. Josiah Quimby sighed as he read the legend printed between a waxing and a waning moon: "*Do it now!*" A smile played over his worn features as he recalled the old, old story,—"the office boy blew the safe and went West, and the head clerk eloped with the stenographer." This indiscretion on the part of the head clerk seemed to bring with it a train of sombre reflection, for the Rev. Josiah bowed his silvery head in his hands and remained for some minutes in deep thought.

In imagination the year was 1924 and the month April. The moon that shone on the rustic arbor of the Smith Memorial Garden was no less fair than that moon which was destined some six hours later to cast a bright beam on the lions of St. Mark's, nor to the shadowy form of the two lovers the scent of the red rose less sweet than the spiced aroma of the cherry blossom to little Yoshio as he wooed Hanako in far Nippon. It was Junior Night, and the gaily-clad crowd that had just witnessed a snappy revival of that old favorite "Bought and Paid For" was firmly imbedded in ice-cream and cake (a custom that still retained its popularity). The campus was decorated with a species of beanpole which were annually exhumed from the cellar in the sidewalk in front of Founders' Hall, and which someone whispered had seen duty since '03. Josiah, however, who had pilgrimaged all the way to 52nd St. in West Philadelphia in the uncomfortable blunt-toed shoes and ruffed shirts then so

much in vogue, to snatch the fair Elizabeth Wales from the bosom of her Quaker family, had eschewed the haunts of men and led the blushing creature to the mysterious Garden. There, on the white bench beneath the fir tree, he told her of his love.

Up to this point the Rev. Josiah Quimby found his meditation quite entertaining. He smiled comprehendingly and beat a youthful rat-tat on the *Moody and Sankey* at the recollection of what a brave figure he must have cut in the moonlight. Suddenly, however, his features contracted with pain as he thought of the elopement so carefully planned and so ingloriously thwarted by the inability of a step-ladder to bridge the gap between 52nd Street and Elizabeth's bedroom window.

For a bachelor, and a divine at that, the chain of thought from the "Do it now!" to the frustrated elopement and baek again to the motto had been concluded with remarkable speed. A glance at the calendar confirmed his suspicion that the month was April. The Rev. Josiah bowed his head, and one might have been led to suppose that he was seeking Divine blessing upon the undertaking outlined in his mind had not an emphatic and reiterated "Do it now!" escaped his lips.

Then he rose, packed his grip, and caught the nine o'clock Transcontinental Air Line Express—first stop Philadelphia.

* * * * * * *

As Founders' Bell tolled noon, Merriman, Usher No. 4, moved up to the place at the head of the bench just vacated by Tustell, Usher No. 3, composed his Senior gown about his trim young figure, and set to work with renewed energy at his "History of Twentieth Century Eugenics." In so doing, Merriman showed unquestioned zeal, for seldom had April crowned Haverford's campus with a more glorious day. But he must be pardoned when we take into account the number of inquisitive visitors the young Senior had piloted about the place during the forenoon. The double lure of Spring and Junior Day had brought such a throng of strangers eager to investigate the highly-renowned College that Merriman was glad to snatch a few moments' rest in the shade of that same tree where, seventy odd years before, the Sons of Israel were wont to stand guard over their precious store.

Rest, however, was not for the weary, for at the Founders' Hall Hangar there appeared a small 'plane of the station bus type (mosquito-hawk, Merriman called it), from which descended an elderly man in possession of a grip. Seeing that the man was in some bewilderment, Merriman closed the "History" with a bang and advanced to greet the stranger, who, as you may have surmised, was none other than the Rev. Josiah Quimby, of Joliet, Wis.

"Good morning, sir. Can I be of assistance?" he asked in his most affable tone.

The stranger, ignoring the young man's offer, adjusted his spectacles on the tip of his nose and surveyed his surroundings with evident emotion.

"Changed! How changed it all is!" he said at length, groping for Merriman's gown and clinging to it desperately.

"Ah! Then you are a Haverford man!" cried Merriman, pumping his hand vigorously, "what class?"

"Twenty-four," replied the Rev. Josiah with a little prayer-quaver.

For a moment Merriman's sky blackened. Twenty-four! Heavens, here was an antediluvian curiosity! Regarding him with the awe due to a relic of bygone days, he asked in what particular the Rev. Josiah noticed the greatest change.

"Ah, my young friend, so many buildings! We thought we were complete when the L of Lloyd Hall was finished. That was during my Freshman year. But now—why, it looks almost as old as Barclay! I suppose Barclay is still—er—inhabited?"

"Oh yes, that is, by the help, you understand. It's a substantial old rock, you know, and when renovated made quite decent quarters," this last with a slightly patronizing tone.

The Rev. Josiah stiffened a little. He remembered with some sentiment the pleasant hours he had whiled away with tennis ball and cricket bat within those dark confines while he was yet a foolish little Freshman. Somehow it seemed a shame to turn over that splendid recreation-hall to unhallowed feet.

"You see," continued Merriman, passing his arm through that of the older man and leading him slowly along Route A (for visiting alumni), "it was soon found that the ideal unit for grouping students was eight. All the new dormitories are built on this plan. Each section has accommodations for eight men, and a professor, with his wife if he is fortunate, presides over the section. It's quite a humanizing influence, to have a Christian man and his wife in such close touch. I fancy," with modesty, "we fellows are a good deal more careful what we run around our rooms in than the old-timers, and we shave quite regularly. Then, too, with the new dormitories there is very little choice as regards location, so the fellows try for the section kept by their favorite prof. Of course there are a great many more profs. than formerly,—fifty, in fact, for three hundred men. This enables greater specialization in courses, lightens the burden on the professors, and gives them a little spare time which they can spend with their individual wards."

"But the expense," protested the Rev. Josiah, whose financial instinct had not been dulled by a life-time of meditative celibacy, "must be tremendous."

"As for that," said Merriman, "we owe our success to our liberal endowment. With the support of a generous and able Society, Haverford has been able to experiment during the last twenty years. We think we have hit upon the ideal scheme, and you have only to pick up a daily paper to read of the kind of men we are turning out. We teach general culture still, but we *specialize* in it. We have, in the first place, quite a select body of undergraduates—seventy-five chosen yearly with reference to mental, physical and social fitness from several hundred applicants. This is not revolutionary. A hundred years ago competition was keen for admission to Annapolis and West Point. These men come to college with the serious intention of getting what they need to build successful careers. Our Freshmen," he smiled apologetically, "are quite different from what they once were. But it is lunch-time, and here is a hall which you must surely remember."

"Why, bless me!" said the Rev. Josiah, "it is Founders', and as yellow as ever! May I enter by the Upper-Class door—but I suppose that sort of nonsense has gone long ago?"

"On the contrary," corrected Merriman, "we are openly sentimental when it comes to Founders'. Of course it had to be enlarged to accommodate our increase, but you'll find it the same old hall."

To this last assertion the Rev. Josiah could not agree, for, although the same grim founders stared down from the walls, and although he had tea in a cup closely resembling the one whose rim he had nicked seven times to celebrate the great victory over Swarthmore in 1922, the food was served by mechanical appliances, and from behind a bank of palms in a balcony an orchestra discoursed sweet music. Pre-digested brain-foods, served in measured quantities, he found tame in comparison with the porkchops-fried bread-baked beans-mince pie-lunches he had pitted himself against in his palmy days. So it was with a sense of relief that he escaped the politely inquisitive eyes of the fletcherizing undergraduates and found himself at Merriman's elbow on the stone steps.

A breeze from the south blew on the Rev. Josiah's wrinkled face, and lifted the gray locks clustering at the back of his head. Breathing deeply, he was unable to detect any of the wide-world aroma which he, from his room in old Lloyd, had been wont to associate with Tuesday's lunch. Across the campus was Roberts, vine-covered and hoary, and farther along, the Union, weather-stained and ravaged by time. Here and there in unexpected corners strange buildings raised their gray-stone

heights. Where once had stood the tranquil waters of the College Pond a magnificent structure spoken of by Merriman as the "Hall of Language." sprawled luxuriously in the spring sunshine. Changed it might be, none the less the Rev. Josiah felt a thrill of pride for this, his Alma Mater.

"We were talking," Merriman's business-like voice interrupted his thought, "of the Freshman's education. The first month of the college year is given over almost entirely to a series of lectures on vocation-choosing, delivered by men who have been conspicuously successful in the line they represent. Ninety per cent of the Freshmen decide at this time what their life-work is to be. Then come courses in philosophy which strengthen their newly-made resolves and make of the Freshman what the average Senior of fifty years ago might have been. After this preliminary training they are willing to specialize to a degree repellent to the ordinary student. With the intimate help of professors the safety of this measure is assured."

"But who," said the Rev. Josiah with horror, "ever heard of teaching Freshmen philosophy?"

"Oh come, sir, you hardly do them justice. Freshmen are more intelligent creatures now than they were sixty years ago. Healthy and boyish, to be sure, but with little instinct to patronize the theatres in Ardmore. The management of the *Olympic* cancelled all his bookings for the past winter and attempted to revive moving-pictures. Even then he couldn't lure our undergraduates. The social life of the college, although it does not touch the high-water mark set by the influx of moneyed-sons in the late sixties, is still well enough established to satisfy the average student. One custom in particular has retained all of its former popularity,—that of having a dance one night every week. This, as you may know, was started on invitation from Bryn Mawr in the forties, when their Board of Directors made bold to live down a years-old popular prejudice. They were stiff affairs and unsuccessful in any direction save that of putting the two institutions on a more friendly footing,—and initiating the weekly dance at Haverford. Swarthmore has had them for almost a hundred years."

"Scandalous!" was all the Rev. Josiah could say.

"Not at all," returned Merriman, "they bring the world to the student instead of making the student go out to meet the world. But don't think we are coddled. We have no organized athletics. When Haverford first began to seek prominence she did so through her baseball and basketball teams, but we make it our boast that of all American colleges Haverford was the first to actually make athletics secondary. We did it by giving up intercollegiate relations and playing our games

among ourselves for the joy and good there was in them. The physically unfit and unadventuresome are required to play games regularly, while those who have made athletics their end in life are urged to turn their talents to ends more directly worth while."

"Ah," said the Rev. Josiah, who was thinking of the year he was captain of his class Wogglebug cricket team, "how sad!"

During this conversation the old man and the young boy had made the rounds of the campus and now brought up before the gymnasium. They had seen the two hundred thousand volume library, the hundred and fifty foot swimming-pool, and the radium laboratory. The old man had also been delighted to watch tennis and a game that was undeniably cricket.

"The gym," recited Merriman, ushering the Rev. Josiah into the place hallowed by associations with the Freshman Cakewalk and compulsory gymnastics, "is used only in stormy weather by those desirous of cramming a maximum of exercise into a minimum of time. This instrument determines the ratio of the fatigue-poisons in the blood and indicates just how much and what kind of exercise should be taken, whereas all those machines,"—indicating a score of wicked-looking mechanical appliances,—"exercise the body as required without any effort on the part of the patient. Very convenient in the winter."

"Then," said the Rev. Josiah, with a sigh, as they turned to go, "the day of Swedish gymnastics is past."

Twilight was falling fast on the Haverford campus. The Rev. Josiah noted with secret satisfaction that the evening mist still crept up over the brown field back of the Observatory. In the dark shadow under Lloyd two crouched figures were engaged in dingle-ball, while from behind Barclay came the crack of a bat that was "knocking high ones."

In company with the faithful Merriman the Rev. Josiah enjoyed dinner and the Cap and Bells production of "The Fourth Dimension." When the great crowd had surged out of the enlarged auditorium of Roberts, the Rev. Josiah owned to an overwhelming desire to sit in the seat he had graced during his Senior year. This satisfied, the pair found themselves once more on the gaily decorated campus. From the direction of Founders' came a great clatter as of forks and spoons.

"Do they—I suppose it's ridiculous—still have ice-cream and cake?" inquired the Rev. Josiah tentatively.

"They do," said Merriman simply.

"Do they still spend large sums of money for decorations?"

"No. They limit themselves, and the Cap and Bells Club has made enough money to endow an annual scholarship."

"I don't suppose the Juniors ever gave a dance?"

"Oh, yes, they got permission once, but gave it up in favor of the Seniors, who give a Commencement Ball in June. But then, that's hardly revolutionary."

For several minutes the two walked on in silence. The old man had had a long day full of surprises, and he was beginning to tire.

Midway between Barclay and the gymnasium there was a great crowd gathered under a blaze of lights, and a swarm of white-flannelled youths were seen in the measures of a wild and inconsequential dance.

"My boy," said the Rev. Josiah, stopping to lean on his cane, "what is that bacchanalian orgy?"

"The Junior Maypole Dance,—a trifle ahead of time, to be sure," said Merriman. "It's been a tradition for some years. The pole is said to be one of the original ones used on Junior Day for Japanese lanterns. They've embalmed it and expect it to last forever."

"Changed! Changed!" muttered the old man as he stared wistfully at the gay scene. "Tell me, do they still serve ice-cream Thursday nights?"

"They do."

"Ah,—and do you still go to Collection every morning?"

"Yes."

"And doze for ten minutes?"

"Yes."

"Do you have examinations, and are your grades averaged up and made public concern?"

"We are examined thoroughly in our courses for the sake of review, but there is no grading of students. We have no intellectual or athletic castes, few cliques, and no politics."

"Do you still sing 'Comrades'?"

"Given up in '38, but singing in the showers is more popular than ever."

"Does the college still support two papers?"

"Three: news, alumni, and literary, but all under one management. This economy saved so much that advertising rates have been cut fairly in half and subscription prices lowered."

"Do lights go out at 12.15?"

"Invariably."

"And are candles still in vogue?"

"Most of us have our own lighting."

"My boy," said the Rev. Josiah with some emotion, "you have done yourself proud. I can never begin to express my gratitude. There is,

however, one more question I would put to you. Is there,—oh, of course there isn't,—is there—er—a Smith Memorial Garden?"

The old man bent forward trembling with eagerness to catch Merriman's answer.

"Why yes, in the Library Court."

"Could we go to see it? When I was young I—I—er—you—"

"Of course, most of us do," smiled Merriman; "if we hurry we may avoid the rush."

Together they threaded their way through the gathering crowd, crossed the campus, and entering through a rustic gate found themselves in the same moonlit Paradise that had been witness of the Rev. Josiah's tender romance of sixty years before. The hedge, the fir, the bench—all just as they had been. Memories, tender, scented memories surged through the Rev. Josiah's mind. Quickly he crossed the garden and stood with head bowed before a blooming red rose. The moon, the listening sod, the flowers—all were hushed by the spell of Love. Silence, —and the Rev. Josiah snuffling in his handkerchief.........

"This is, of course, the original rose," he ventured at last in throaty tones.

"No, that died. This one is identically the same. It's quite celebrated,—has a history. When the old one died this was planted in the exact spot by our dear old matron,—why, as I live, this is she now!"

In the rustic arch, shrined by twisting vines, stood the bent form of an old lady. Close about her thin shoulders was a silk shawl; in her hand a groping cane; on her smooth white hair the sparkle of moonbeams. Hesitating, uncertain, she seemed a creature close to another world.

Merriman took a step towards the newcomer.

"She has been here many years," he whispered to the Rev. Josiah, "you will like to talk to her." Then aloud, "Dr. Quimby, it gives me great pleasure to present you to Miss Elizabeth Wales, our matron. Miss Wales, Dr. Quimby is an alumnus, class of '24," (turning) "he—......"

But the Rev. Josiah, his coat-tails stiffened in the breeze, had turned his back to romance and his eager nose to the Phila. and Western Air Line.

The Wind

By Donald H. Painter, '17.

A call from out the moaning wind
Unto my soul and me.
A charming wildness speaks aloud,
As from a stormy sea.

Far off from some vague shadow-land
It comes like one astray;
Far off from some sweet loneliness
It comes and flees away.

A moan as from the darkening pines
Of the Northland's forest-sea;
A call unto the quickened heart
To listen, and be free.

The Haverford-Swarthmore Games, 1902-1904

By J. Henry Scattergood, '96.

(*Continued from April Issue*)

In 1902 the Swarthmore game was played at Swarthmore on Nov. 22, and was won by Swarthmore 22 to 0. Haverford had had a hard schedule of ten games, including the rough Pennsylvania and Princeton games, and had suffered greatly with injuries all season, besides having several new and inexperienced men on the team. Swarthmore, on the other hand, had played together almost without change and for the most part was the same team as had played the year before. With the change of coaching Haverford changed her offence that year from the Pennsylvania guardsback to the tackleback tandems (with fullback and one halfback lined up behind the tackle), which had been so well worked out at Harvard the previous year. Swarthmore's style of play was unchanged but much improved, and she had much force and variety in her attack, and was stronger than Haverford throughout. The game was lacking in spectacular features. There was a good deal of punting

by Lowry and Smith, and an unusual amount of fumbling on both sides. Haverford was unable to make continuous gains; although at various times good runs were made by Thorn, Lowry, Harold Jones, Eshleman and Worthington, yet the Swarthmore goal was never threatened. Swarthmore, on the other hand, was strong enough to make many more first downs than Haverford, although she had to work hard for them against the unwavering Haverford defence. H. W. Jones and Simkin played especially well on defence in the line, while Captain Phillips and Thorn tackled very hard in the backfield. For Swarthmore Lippincott at guard played a very strong game, as did also fullback Stewart, who was Captain that year, quarterback Hall, the halfbacks Smith and Sinclair, and Hurley, end. Hurley was especially good at hurdling. The score of the first half was Swarthmore 10, Haverford 0, and consisted of a touchdown by Sinclair and a field goal by Smith from our 25-yard line. In the second half Swarthmore made two touchdowns and goals, one by Stewart, the other by Lippincott, after good gains by Smith, Sinclair and Hurley. Haverford's team was as follows:—B. Eshleman, '05 (D. J. Reid, '06), l. e., H.W. Jones, '05, l. t., P. D. Folwell, '04 (A. G. Priestman, '05), l. g., L. M. Perkins, Jr., '04, c., R. L. Simkin, '03, r. g., J. K. Worthington, '03, r. t., R. L. Pearson, '05, r. e., A. J. Phillips, '03, q. b. and Captain, H. N. Thorn, '04, l. h. b., E. F. Jones, '06 (F. R. Winslow, '06), r. h. b., A. T. Lowry, '06, f. b. This was the year that President Swain came to Swarthmore.

In 1902 the rule was introduced which provided for the change of goals after a touchdown or field goal. In 1903 renewed criticism of the game broke out which finally led in 1906 to its radical revision into modern football. The changes in 1903 and 1904, however, were not fundamental, except that the one who kicked was thereafter prohibited from putting the ball "on side," and the player receiving the ball directly from the snapper back, usually the quarterback, was permitted to run forward with the ball in the territory between the 25-yard lines, provided also he did not cross the line less than 5 yards distant from the point where the ball was put in play. This led to the lengthwise marking of the field which lasted until 1910. The desired effect of immediately making the game more "open" was not sufficient, however, to quell the criticism, which went on growing until the famous Conference Committee of 1906 introduced the forward pass and the 10-yard gain, and afterwards in 1910 prohibited all assistance to the runner.

The season of 1903 was opened with a game against Pennsylvania, the last of Haverford's "big" games, and our schedule was reduced once more to the normal eight games. Haverford's team was captained by

Norman Thorn, '04, and again J. H. Scattergood, '96, was the head coach, and eleven other Alumni assisted. The Swarthmore game was played at Haverford on November 21, and was won by Swarthmore 16 to 6 in a very close and exciting match. Although Haverford had an unusually light and "green" team, yet except for the early part of the game when she seemed "asleep," she made a splendid fight against the heavier Swarthmore team and really proved herself fully equal to it except for the extraordinary work of quarterback Crowell, whose punting and wonderful field goals alone won the game for Swarthmore. Haverford's team was as follows:—J. L. Scull, '05, l. e., L. Lindley, '04, l. t., A. G. Priestman, '05, l. g., T. K. Brown, Jr., '06, c., G. H. Wood, '07, r. g., A. H. Hopkins, '05, r. t., R. L. Pearson, '05 (R. P. Lowry, '04), r. e., H N. Thorn, '04, q. b. and Captain, W. H. Haines, '07, l. h. b., H. W. Jones, '05, r. h. b., A. T. Lowry, '06, f. b. Swarthmore began with a literal flying start, for Captain Smith, her veteran halfback, ran the kick-off back 70 yards through a beautiful, long funnel formed by the Swarthmore team in the centre of the field that effectively shut off our tacklers. Only by fast sprinting by "Buck" Haines was a score prevented on the first play. The score soon followed, however, for after two strong line plunges, Lamb made a 15-yard run around the end for a touchdown. Score: Swarthmore 6, Haverford 0. This was the only touchdown Swarthmore could make in the game and it came before our fellows had even "found themselves." In the face of this bad opening, Haverford started to gain, and made 60 yards before losing the ball on downs. Most of this was in a splendid run by Harold Jones, who broke through guard and tackle and ran 40 yards before being stopped by Crowell in the backfield. Swarthmore could not gain and kicked, but soon recovered the ball on a Haverford fumble, and in a few moments Crowell astonished everyone by dropping back to the 40-yard line and kicking a magnificent field goal squarely between the posts. Swarthmore 11, Haverford 0. On the kick-off Crowell ran the ball back 35 yards through the same long funnel formed by the whole Swarthmore team. Bell made 20 yards and others worked the ball down the field until Crowell drop-kicked another fine field-goal, this time from the 35-yard line. Swarthmore 16, Haverford 0. Swarthmore then carried the ball by two good tricks and some good running to our 10-yard line, where Haverford braced strongly and got the ball on downs. For the rest of the half the ball see-sawed back and forth. In the second half Haverford came out determined to live down the tradition of some years of weakening toward the last of the game, and right well did she do it, playing the game with indomitable spirit that everyone was proud of, and outplaying Swarthmore the rest of the match. From the

kick-off she never lost the ball until she had scored a touchdown, displaying some of the best team-play ever put up by a Haverford eleven. A long series of fine gains by Haines, Jones, Hopkins and Priestman brought the ball right down the field to the line. Twice Swarthmore held for three downs, but Haverford made her distance on the fourth, and the last time Haines went over for a touchdown. Lowry kicked the goal. Swarthmore 16, Haverford 6. Haverford continued the same aggressive tactics, using the variations of the tandems with excellent effect, and worked the ball again to Swarthmore's 5-yard line where we were held for downs. Crowell punted out of danger and again Haverford brought the ball within striking distance only to lose it on downs once more. Haverford kept pushing the play all through this half, but Swarthmore's fine defence at critical times prevented further scoring. Captain Thorn ran the team very well from quarterback and once made 20 yards on a well-executed trick play. Jones, Haines, Hopkins and Lowry ran strongly and T. K. Brown followed the ball well at centre. Pearson played well at end until he was hurt and carried off the field. For Swarthmore, Crowell's playing was the great feature, not alone in his wonderful drop-kicking and punting but in his guiding of the team at quarter and his back-field tackling and running. Lippincott, Jackson and Bell played well in the line, and Captain Smith and Sinclair ran well. This game was the last of those with Swarthmore played on the Haverford grounds, and goes down in memory as one of Haverford's pluckiest fights in the whole series.

The season of 1904 was one of the most successful in Haverford football history, notwithstanding that it culminated in another defeat by Swarthmore. Not only was every other game won and all the teams in our own class decisively defeated, but none were able even to score. This was not because the schedule was an easy one, for it included such rivals as Lehigh, New York University, F. & M., Rutgers and Ursinus. Haverford had only a medium-weight team, but what it lacked in weight, it made up in fine spirit and team play. It was well captained by Arthur Hopkins and splendidly coached by Norman Thorn, the previous year's captain. The Alumni Coaching System was well established by this time, and too much praise cannot be given to Thorn for his untiring and loyal work not only in 1904 and 1905, when he was actively in charge as head coach, but also for the many years of assistance that he has given ever since. The Swarthmore game was played at Swarthmore on Nov. 19 and the score was: Haverford 6, Swarthmore 27. Swarthmore was well under way in her new football dispensation and had gathered together a wonderful collection of players. Her line from tackle to tackle averaged about 200 pounds, and included the giant Maxwell; the backfield was

tremendously strengthened by Wightman, another very heavy man, who with Maxwell had enjoyed a great reputation on the University of Chicago team. Crowell must again be mentioned as one of the best punters and drop-kickers any college ever produced, a worthy pupil of George Brooke himself. And let me add he was always a fine sportsman, of the best type of the old times. Swarthmore had made a wonderful record for the season, even against the several big college teams that she was playing in those days. It was the general expectation, therefore, that she would defeat Haverford without much effort by a record score. Anyone who knew the circumstances—and almost everyone did—and saw the magnificent fight put up by our team against the overwhelming odds faced that day knows full well that they showed the true Haverford spirit. Swarthmore had the better team because she had the heavier team. The game put up by Haverford would have won against any team of equal weight. And even against this giant Swarthmore team Haverford actually marched down the entire length of the field for a touchdown, giving Swarthmore a real scare for a time. This splendid effort, however, could not last, and after that Swarthmore's superior weight gradually bore us down. Haverford's team was as follows:—E. T. Snipes, '04 (M. B. Seevers, '05), l. e., H. W. Jones, '05, l. t., G. H. Wood, '07 (J. C. Birdsall, '07), l. g., M. W. Fleming, '05, c., A. G. Priestman, '05, r. g., A. H. Hopkins, '05, r. t. and Captain, T. K. Brown, Jr., '06, r. e., W. H. Haines, '07, q. b., C. T. Brown, '08 (C. C. Morris, P. G.), l. h. b., E. F. Jones, '07, r. h. b., A. T. Lowry, '06, f. b. Swarthmore was the first to score, never losing the ball from the kick-off; although at first she met with stubborn defence, yet Maxwelll, Wightman and Pritchard crashed through for good gains and finally on a beautiful fake cross-buck Wightman made a 40-yard run for a touchdown, from which Crowell failed (for once) to kick the goal. When she got the ball again, Swarthmore started in to repeat the process, and by some hard playing and a good trick worked down to Haverford's 3-yard line. There Haverford showed her mettle and held Swarthmore for downs, and then started on her historic march down the field. Instead of punting Art Lowry took the ball in a tandem play at right tackle; he broke away from the crowd and ran 25 yards before being downed. Captain Hopkins made 4 yards and Lowry added 5. Haines then skirted left end for a 30-yard run. E. Jones and Lowry made another first down between them. Then Lowry hurdled the Swarthmore line for 10 yards. Hopkins made 3 and then Ernest Jones slid past tackle on a split tandem and ran 35 yards for a touchdown. The goal was kicked by Haines and the score stood: Haverford 6, Swarthmore 5. The making of this score

had been wholly unexpected and was one of the finest exhibitions of fighting spirit and perfect team play that we have in Haverford annals. Soon after the kick-off Haverford got the ball again on a Swarthmore fumble and by good gains by Lowry and Haines brought it to Swarthmore's 35-yard line. There Swarthmore held like a wall and we lost the ball on downs. Swarthmore battered away with her big men for a while and then Crowell worked a sensational 30-yard quarterback run on a fake line plunge, after which Wightman crossed the line for a second touchdown. Score: Swarthmore 11, Haverford 6. In the second half Lowry ran the kick-off back 40 yards and Carroll Brown made 25 yards, but the ball was then lost on downs. By heavy line hammering, Swarthmore then worked it back to our 25-yard line where Haverford held, but Crowell kicked a pretty goal from the field. This only added 4 points instead of 5 as theretofore, the value having been reduced that year. From then on Swarthmore simply crushed us down with steady advances by her heavy men, Maxwell making one touchdown, and later Wightman making a magnificent 65-yard run down the side line for another, which ended the scoring at 27 to 6 in Swarthmore's favor. Occasionally Haverford got the ball and held it a little while, Lowry and Hopkins making some fine gains. But the great display of grit against overwhelming odds was in the desperate defence of the Haverford team in which every man did his share. Hopkins and H. W. Jones played brilliantly. Once Christy Morris, who took C. Brown's place toward the close, made a beautiful backfield tackle of Maxwell at full speed, bringing him down with a thud that stopped one touchdown at least! Art Lowry played the best game of his life, while E. Jones and Haines also deserve special mention. For Swarthmore, Maxwell, Wightman and Crowell shone conspicuously and were good enough for any team. Although the score of this game added another defeat for Haverford, yet it was one that we were all proud of.

And with this game the series closed. Twenty-three games in all were played, of which Swarthmore won 12, Haverford 10, and one was a tie. Swarthmore's ambitious athletic policy of branching out into the big college field, with all that it meant for her, led her on a way with which Haverford had nothing in common, so the game was quietly dropped from the Haverford schedule. Ten years have now rolled on since then, and many changes have taken place at Swarthmore. Among these is an altered attitude as to football. All Haverfordians therefore rejoiced when President Sharpless assured us of this, and stated that he felt that Haverford might now once more extend an invitation to Swarthmore to

play. This has been done, the invitation has been accepted, and again both colleges are looking forward to the match as their great game. That the best of *good sport* and *good feeling* in *friendly rivalry* may mark the contests of the future is the wish of every sport-loving Haverfordian.

SUMMARY OF HAVERFORD-SWARTHMORE GAMES

DATE	PLACE	HAVERFORD CAPTAIN	WON BY	H.'s SCORE	S.'s SCORE
1879	Haverford	R. S. Rhodes, '83	Haverford	1 goal 1 t'ch'dn 1 safety	13 sfts.
1883 Sp'g.	Swarthmore	S. B. Shoemaker, '83	Haverford	1 goal 2 s'ft's.	1 tchd. 6 sfts.
1883 Fall	Haverford	W. S. Hilles, '85	Swarthmore	9	12
1884	Swarthmore	W. S. Hilles, '85 S. Bettle, '85, acting	Haverford	10	6
1885	Haverford	A. C. Garrett, '87	Haverford	40	10
1887	Swarthmore	J. T. Hilles, '88	Swarthmore	16	32
1888	Haverford	T. F. Branson, '89	Haverford	6	0
1889	Swarthmore	H. P. Baily, '90	Haverford	10	4
1890	Haverford	E. J. Haley, '90 & P.G.	Swarthmore	14	20
1891	U. of Pa.	W. H. Detwiler, '92	Swarthmore	0	62
1892	Swarthmore	N. B. Warden, '94	Swarthmore	6	22
1893	Haverford	W. J. Strawbridge, '94	Swarthmore	0	50
1894	Swarthmore	W. C. Webster, '95	Swarthmore	0	32
1895	Haverford	L. H. Wood, '96	Haverford	24	0
1896	Swarthmore	C. A. Varney, '98	Haverford	42	6
1897	Haverford	A. Haines, '99	Haverford	8	6
1898	Swarthmore	H. H. Lowry, '99	Haverford	12	0
1899	Haverford	S. W. Mifflin, '00	Swarthmore	12	34
1900	Swarthmore	J. S. Fox, '02	Swarthmore	10	17
1901	Haverford	J. L. Stone, '02	Tie	6	6
1902	Swarthmore	A. J. Phillips, '03	Swarthmore	0	22
1903	Haverford	H. N. Thorn, '04	Swarthmore	6	16
1904	Swarthmore	A. H. Hopkins, '05	Swarthmore	6	27

No games were played in 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1886.

Won by Haverford.............................10
Won by Swarthmore..........................12
Tie.. 1

Total 23

RESULTS OF HAVERFORD-SWARTHMORE CLASS GAMES

DATE	GAME	CLASSES	WON BY	H.'s SCORE	S,'s SCORE
1882	Freshman	'86 v. '86	Swarthmore	0	{1 goal 10tch
1883	Freshman	'87 v. '87	Swarthmore	0	16
1884	Sophomore	'87 v. '87	Haverford	25 (?)	0
1885	Freshman	'89 v. '89	Swarthmore	0	35
	Sophomore	'88 v. '88	Haverford	16	12
1886	Sophomore	'89 v. '89	Swarthmore	6	28
1887	Sophomore	'90 v. '90	Swarthmore	16	18
1888	No game				
1889	Sophomore	'92 v. '92	Swarthmore	0	4
1890	Sophomore	'93 v. '93	Swarthmore	0	36
1891	Sophomore	'94 v. '94	Swarthmore	0	40
1892	Sophomore	'95 v. '95	Haverford	14	4

Democracy

BY EUGENE M. PHARO, '15.

These the hot and beaten faces
  Lurid from the fire of work,
Gleaming eyes with grim intention
  Piercing god-like through the dark,
Surging heart and surging muscle,
  Iron engines at their back;
These the wakened sons of labour,
  Gone their spirit's deathly lack.
Equally of God's creation
  With the poet and the sage,
Purpose roused from dumb inertion;
  Masters of an iron age!

The Bills of Phaeton

By L. Blackledge Lippmann, '14.

Now I can accord precedence
  To my tailor, for I do
Want to know if he gives credence—
An unwarrantable credence—
  To my proffered I. O. U.

Bills for carriages and horses,
  Bills for wines and light cigar,
Matters that concern the Forces—
News that may affect the Forces—
News affecting my resources,
    Now unquestioned take the "pas."

W. S. Gilbert.

YESTERDAY I looked over the diary of Phaeton. It had lain for years in the old box where I had placed it on that day when, in all the lustre of a long past Spring, we whispered farewell and bade him rest. Reader, have you too kept a diary? Have you at the New Year bought for yourself a little book, brave in golden blazening and faintly pungent with the subtle aroma of morocco? If so, peradventure you were faithful for a space—with ardent pen you scrawled its virgin pages with the manifold doings of your day. Yes, you were faithful for a space, and then was there not one night when you returned tired from the dance and put off the record of the day until tomorrow? And tomorrow was there not so much or so little to be done that another day escaped immortality and then another?—until a month later, while reaching for a pen, your hand came upon the little dusty volume and as your fingers ran over the neglected pages you sighed and said, "Oh, well—next year!" Such was the diary of Phaeton, a scant record of a life that had been crowded with joy, and love, and laughter; a life, too, that had known sorrow and shed tears. Yet, as I gently turned the pages I knew that not here would I find again the youth of Phaeton, for in its pathetic incompleteness, in its simple statements of past days, it is more of a skeleton than those few slender bones that are slowly crumbling beneath the sod.

But there is a more complete, a truer record that lies before me even as I write; a little sheaf of yellowed papers, true memoirs of that young life—the bills of Phaeton. See, here they lie, creased and torn, yet these

old statements throb with the life of him I loved. Across some are scrawled, "Payment received, with thanks"; at the foot of others are written little importunate notes. I am afraid, Phaeton, that there are more of these latter, but peace, long since you have settled that last and greatest score. You were beautiful, Phaeton, and proud, and gentle, but whom the gods love—come, let me read once more these eloquent testaments. Here is one, Phaeton: it is written on a torn fragment of paper, and on the back is a much thumbed and penciled exercise:

Arma virumque cano

How we hated our Vergil in those days, Phaeton, but ah! if we could but go back! Yes, here is the bill, written in your own round, uncertain, schoolboy hand: "To Smith, minimus, I. O. U. 3 shillings for the spotted puppy. I'll pay you after Michaelmas." Many a Michaelmas has come and gone since then, and the spotted puppy became a dog, grew old, and toothless, and died; Smith, minimus, is across the other side of the world, but this faded paper brings us together again as some talisman of old Merlin. And here is an old bill owed "to Messrs. Springes of the High Street; 20 shillings for one cricket bat." They do not make such bats nowadays, Phaeton, and the crease is not so green and smooth, or is it that I have changed with the hastening years? Those were long, happy afternoons, and they come back to me now as I read, "20 shillings for one cricket bat." How drowsy was the air, how soft the slow humming of the bees as we lay side by side in the shade, our heads pillowed on our blazers, and idly watched the leaves and thought of nothing at all! Idlers, both, if you will, but we were happy and the spring was young. There were nights, too, when as the moon floated lily-like on the tranquil surface of the heavens, we half-shamedly told each other of our dreams. They were brave dreams, Phaeton, and beautiful as the mystery that gave them birth, but that was long, long ago, and like all dreams they have had their waking.

And now come bills for gloves and ties and scents. A maiden claimed you, perhaps, and you would make yourself fair in her eyes. There were many maidens, Phaeton, and you loved them all. Do you remember that evening in summer when a laughing face appeared above the vicarage wall, gloriously foreshortened in the fading twilight? And the next Sunday found you in church, although you were ever a young pagan and burned acrid incense to a marble Pan. Phaeton, Phaeton, I am afraid that you knew not the text, but I am sure that you could tell every light that glinted on a certain head beneath the organ loft, could number every smile that bent two roselike lips. Shame on you, you were inconstant, for the very next week were you not sighing at the

feet of a dainty divinity who acted as female Ganymede at the Golden Hind?

Then, too, are many accounts rendered by Mr. Fumer of the Haymarket; here is five shillings for a briar, the very briar perhaps that you would pull at for hours at a time in that shocking old jacket that you clung to so fondly. Also come reminders from Abdul,—Abdul, whose cigarettes were ever in that jade and golden case of yours. Records also of unnumbered boxes of mild Havanas, all gone in twisting wreaths of blue-grey smoke. There are some who will shake their heads at these bills, but who can truly point to money wasted? Pipes, cigars, and cigarettes, each had their place; the pipe for those hours that beget thought; the cigar for hours post-prandial, and the cigarette for the lighter moments of life. Through that ever shifting veil of smoke I can even now see your chambers—a Whistler nocturne hanging by the door and a Durer's "Melancholia" peering out from the shadows. There was much to talk of in those days, and much to see. How we dabbled in the pastel subtleties of Japan like true disciples of the Sunflower, how ardent in our advocacy of the cult of the Lily, until the gentle mockery of "Patience" caused us, half shamefaced, half laughingly, to recant.

And your books! Here before me lie accounts, mute witnesses to the catholicity of your taste. Yours was not the mind that falls easily into a rut. It is your book bills, Phaeton, that I love best of all, for in them is sketched a chart of the deeps and shallows of your mind and soul. Here is "Vanity Fair," and the "Newcomes," and here is mention of "Hudibras"; an old copy of Lovelace has cost you a guinea; and Izaak Walton appears on the same account as does "Madame de Marlpin." How you loved them all, Phaeton, and how I loved you for it! The quaint old Jacobean volume with its scrolled bookplate and sonorously verbose title page was no dearer to you than your bound edition of the "Yellow Book," strangely sinister with the weird grotesques of Beardsly. Do you remember those hours by the roadside when first we read "Trilby"? How we planned plans and dreamed dreams; we too should live that mad, free life of the Quartier Latin, we too should work, and suffer, and attain. Dreams, Phaeton, dreams, but a yellowed bill remains to conjure once more for me those brave days when we were twenty-one. Books, too, there were that had survived on your shelves since those days long since when the nursery was your world and the world your nursery. "Eric," "St. Winifred's," and "Tom Brown" (wasn't the fight wonderful, the fags' rebellion an epic in itself? but were you not always rather sorry that Tom reformed?).

There are among these documents no records of those vulgarities that are termed "edition de luxe." No, you were never one to gormandize in print; a dainty titbit here, a solid joint there, with now and again a thin deckel-edged savoury, was more to your taste. Your shelves were never cursed with that deadly glare of gold and morocco uniformity that is the mark of your true Philistine. Your library was like yourself, somewhat shabby but cosmopolitan. It was a library of moods, tuned to each changing phase of mind and spirit. How you loved those uneven shelves, how you would revel in your dreams! I am sure that Mr. Midshipman Easy was more real to you than Captain Hawkins, with whom you talked daily in the club; that for you the lover of Beatrix Esmond and Di Vernon were more vital than the languishings of Lady Mary Golding, with whom you dined thrice in the month.

Ah yes! You dined, and right well, for here on the table before me lie the souvenirs of many jolly dinners, here is enshrined the memory of many dusty bottles that in the days gone by poured forth their soul to enter into yours. How great a joy when you returning triumphant from some urban argosy could lead us to some quaint harbor off the beaten track. You were ever a favorite in these old hostelries. Where we would but get the accustomed "vin ordinaire" did not Giovanni bring for you long cherished Toquay that seemed to blink in the unwonted light of day? Was not the little table by the leaded window always yours at Simpson's raftered alehouse; did not old Heïnrich bustle forward smiling with napkin on arm at your approach? Happy were those dinners and happy were the walks home along the crowded Strand. A great, ever flooding, ever ebbing tide of traffic, the thunder of hoofs, and the heavy rumble of the lumbering busses. Hansoms slinking past or standing in sullen ranks, black birds of prey; the raucous yelling of newsboys as they darted in and out, small shuttles in that great web of humanity. The crimson blaze of windows in the dying sunlight, the faint nocturnes of approaching dusk. All these we saw, and beyond was Pall Mall, while pedestalled high above us in the Circus, Cupid pointed his brazen arrow towards the east.

The arrow still points, Phaeton, but other hearts are pierced; the city still speaks, but there is a menace in her voice. The club remains the same, but many chairs are vacant. There has been change, but you have known it not, for you have slept these many years agone. Backs that were straight, heads that were proud, are stooped and bent, for the high gods have robbed us of the precious staff of youth. Only you remain the same, your spirit vivid in these yellowed, crumpled sheets. You had your

day; we that are left shall have soon had ours. Other stars shall rise, and flare, and fade from view, even as the last ember dies here on the hearth before me. There shall be other men and other manners, but their ways are not our ways nor their gods ours. Old friends, old books, old wines, and then the darkness of a candle that goes out. Ah well, we have loved much, and have been little loved. Peace ho!

Storm

BY A. C. INMAN, '17.

Down from the north the sea birds swept,
As the winds with a whining anguish wept;
Far from their wind-lashed homes they flew,
By the tempest's fury urged anew.

And on the ocean's heaving breast,
Whirling along from crest to crest,
Fleeing from cold and wind and snow,
Like masses of great grey ghosts they go.

And many a ship with masts made bare
By the fury and wrath of the wind-god's blare,
Came scudding along with tight-strung stays,
Made lurid and dusk by the sun's last rays.

The Cabaret Singer

By 1915

IT IS three A.M. by my Ingersoll watch, and my Ingersoll is worth one American silver dollar—which, as all economists will tell you, has been a trustworthy creation since 1792. It is also Saturday night, or rather, I should say, Sunday morning.

Midnight is a time when I am unusually stupid, or when not in that state—sound asleep. But tonight I assure you I am not asleep, and as for stupidity—three cups of "Lotos Seed" tea, 25 cents a pot at the Far East, 59th and Broadway, fixed that.

I have just locked the door to my apartment and placed a chair in front of it. I have also put up the blind and closed my window to Lexington Avenue. Someone might enter unnoticed while an Avenue car went clanging by; but the great spluttering arc light from outside affords me some respite from my anxiety. I have faced my table to the door and slipped my automatic in my pocket. But even then my hand quakes as it writes, for I confess I am terrified.

Tonight I have had an adventure so gruesome that, though it is a sultry August night, my body is shivering with chills. Furthermore, not only my muscular and tactile sense is so affected: I can scarce breathe, though my chest is laboring, for the putrescent odor that lies about me. Yet surely there is no odor excepting for a faint pungency of my hands.

We are all children of something—at least we say we are. It is just another way of saying: "It's not my fault, blame the other fellow!" Adam was the child of dust, Eve the daughter of a rib. And since then there have been children of destiny, environment, slums, fortune, greed, etc., *ad infinitum*. Therefore I will follow this ancient custom and style myself the child of adventure—very prosy and flat-footed, but as good as any other.

Now I think I can find adventure anywhere—even in a New England church; therefore I can find adventure in New York. Finding adventure is not found by mining deep in the ground of society; adventure lies in surface veins where anybody can stumble across it. But to be a child of adventure one must recognize a vein at first sight and follow it to a climax.

I have been in New York about a month and have had four episodes. The first three struck such chords as sentimentality, amusement and excitement,—therefore I will quickly forget them. Tonight the chord of

love was struck, and of horror, therefore I will remember this last adventure perhaps a few days longer.

* * * * *

The Peking is a Chinese and American cafe located at the conflux of two great streets. There are tables loaded with awe-inspiring silver; panels and draperies too rich to be tawdry; waiters, nineteen of them, who move silently—and always, always a bill. But we will not speak of the bill tonight.

Last Wednesday night I was seated in the Peking, a dish of celestial origin and a glass of Sauterne before me. My eyes were half closed; through the jingle of ice in fragile glass, the soft animation of conversation, the gentle laughter of women, I felt the whole scene. Someone was twiddling a piano, a long-haired individual with dirty fingernails was ecstatically swaying a Venetian boat song on his violin. As soon as the *barcarolle* ceased, the pianist started to drum. A stocky, deep-voiced man, with a wrinkled neck, started a jolly ballad of the sea. He sang it so well that when I wasn't looking at his East Side Jewish face I was sure he was bow-legged. After him followed three women—a cabaret team who sang cute songs of men and love, who swung their dimpled elbows and shuffled their feet—whose eyes snapped over the tables with the go and the swing of the "rag song." They ended up by winding in and out of the tables singing, "Just see those Pullman porters, dolled up in—"

Finally, after they were through, a fourth woman stepped to the piano. I hadn't noticed her before, but I certainly paid attention now. She was—well, I'm not going to rave. She was just an attractive girl. She had a saucily tilted nose, a chin curving softly upward, quick little eyes, dimpled cheeks, and lips that were firm and yet yielding—little jelly lips that longed to be kissed.

And she sang a song of—,but what does that matter? I looked at her and all that I could think of was a little lass from the meadows who sang songs of flowers and birds and trees. Then she finished and went tripping off the dais. The whole room broke out into applause.

Then she came down the aisle and past me. Just as if I had known her all her life I got up and bowed, just as naturally she thanked me and sat down opposite. I saw that her dress was in one place mended—a simple white wash dress girdled with a bright Turkish scarf. The only ornaments she wore were a bracelet and a locket, such as any country girl might have worn.

All this happened so quickly, so naturally, that I scarce realize now from what an insignificant and chance occurrence, so horrible an ending came!

"You are a stranger? How do you like this little village? I rather like you." What a bold statement! Yet from her nothing could be bold.

"I adore New York—after having seen you."

She blushed, then laughed a silvery little tinkle of a laugh. And then we talked a little while and I found that she was a hard-working, level-headed girl.

"Yes, I do get tired of this life. But I love to sing: I wish I could sing something fine, something beautiful. But that wouldn't pay and there's my little sister—yes, I have a sister in a convent school—she shan't have to go through what I have. Yes, it pays well—seven hours a day from 6 P.M. until 1 A.M. and thirty dollars a week. No, I've never been on the stage and I wouldn't go if I could. I used to sing in a choir. But why do you ask me these questions? Most of the men call me fluffy or cuty, want me to drink, which I never do, and flirt so foolishly. But you—you are so different!"

"Oh," I said, "I must find out what people are—not what they play at. You see I have a passion for knowing just how this old world looks through the eyes of others—whom I rarely have a chance to meet."

"Then you think I'm a new specimen on your bug hunt," she said saucily.

"No, no—but still I think you are right. You are by far the most beautiful and charming butterfly I have ever found—and, what's more, you're a bear! Shake, old pal! Some day you shan't have to work so hard—some day you will be singing the beautiful songs you love to sing, and there will be a man whose eyes will be damp with tears when you—"

"Oh, cut it out, Mr. Stranger. Oh, you slushy!"

But I saw her wipe away a tear.

Then the pianist struck up and she jumped up to sing another song—to earn her daily bread. She snapped her little fingers and tilted her saucy head and the crowd went mad. They clapped and cried, "More! more!" She bowed to right and to left, her face flashing with smiles. Then for a moment she caught my eye—over the crowded tables—and I saw the smile vanish and that tired, patient look came for a second and was gone. Then she smiled again, bowed to me and sang another song.

About me were men—or rather, pigs—hooked nose, coarse-lipped, guzzling beer and gulping their Chinese messes. With them were women, harsh and hard of feature, ruby-lipped and powder-faced. And I thought of the pearl before the swine.

Then I heard a foolish drunken laugh behind me. Somehow that laugh sounded familiar. I turned around. To my utter amazement

there stood Gus Pouter. Pouter, a pudgy, oily specimen, with bright eyes and a sharp wit, had been expelled from Harvard during our Sophomore year. He had been thoroughly disliked on account of his meanness, and despised as a man who had indulged his every appetite. I pretended not to see him, but it was too late. I had been the object of his cackle.

"Well, I'll be shot," said Pouter as he extended a soft white hand, "if it isn't Parmalee Jones!"

I couldn't do anything else, so I asked him to sit down. He continued,

"Well, Jones, it's good to see you. I've changed a lot since college days; yes, I look at life more seriously now—have to, you know," and Pouter rubbed his rum-soaked neck reflectively.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well, ever since I had to leave college on account of my heart disease—" he was lying already, but I kept still—"I've been kind of scared. I spent two years in a sanitarium—"

"Well, you certainly don't look like an invalid now," I remarked as he drank off another cocktail. And then I suddenly remembered the fits he used to fall in at college, especially during the hazing of Freshman year and I wondered whether he'd been telling the truth after all.

"Pretty lively little place," Gus remarked, "but the show isn't anygood."

"The devil you say!" I answered, nodding towards my new acquaintance, "you don't often see a coozie like her."

"Ha, ha! So you've got your eye on her, have you? Why, Jennie's a good friend of mine, I'll call her over."

I could have shot Gus for the familiar way he talked of her. The girl came towards us.

"Hello, Jennie," said Pouter, "this is a friend of mine—Mr. Jones."

"Mr. Jones and I are acquainted, *Mister* Pouter," said the girl quietly, smiling at me.

For a while we chatted together over our drinks, but I noticed that she disliked Pouter's familiarity. Every once in a while, while Gus was talking away—for the drink had gone to his head—I'd catch her eye. I could almost *hear* them say, "You understand!"

At last the singing stopped, and at one sharp the lights began to go out and everybody started to leave.

Gus and I were on the pavement.

"Where are you going now?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm taking Jennie home." Just then Jennie came out and the

two said a hurried good-bye to me and started down towards Times Square. Jennie looked over her shoulder once and waved to me. For a moment I thought she was beckoning, then I lost her in the crowd. I hated to leave her to Pouter, but he knew her better than I did. It was none of my business.

* * * * * *

Three nights later, that is tonight, or Saturday night, I went to the Peking again. I just couldn't keep away from Jennie's fascination. She was as pretty as ever, but I was startled to see her so pale—in fact she was ghastly. And tonight she did not smile. At the end of her song she came down the aisle. I expected her to at least nod to me, but instead she glided past, her eyes sunken and her face blanched.

Just as she passed, however, she let drop a little wad of paper. Something was evidently the matter. I held the menu in front of me and unrolled it. I read:

"I am in trouble. Help me. Meet me after the show."

It was then 11.45, but it seemed hours before 1 A.M. came around. I was again on the pavement. She came up to me quickly.

"Call a taxi."

We were soon going up Broadway.

"Do you trust me?" she asked.

"Why, of course," I answered.

"Then if ever you loved your mother, if ever you believed in God, help me now. By all that's sacred promise me, promise me that you will not forsake me—" She had clutched my lapels and in her eyes was such a gleam of terror and hopelessness that I, too, was becoming terrified, thinking her insane.

"Come now, Miss Jennie," I said, trying to control my nervousness, "I promise to help you out. What has happened? You must tell me everything. Where are we going?"

"Wait! I will tell you later, only do as I say now," and she lapsed into an hysterical silence.

The taxi finally stopped. The chauffeur looked in.

"Is this the street, mum?"

She nodded. We got out. It was somewhere on 7th Avenue. We walked for a couple of blocks. She led me into an eight-story, inexpensive apartment house. It had started to drizzle, and the streets were deserted. No one was downstairs in the lobby; she took me up two flights of stairs to a little narrow door. For a time she hesitated, then suddenly making up her mind she unlocked and shoved open the door.

It was pitch dark within; a peculiar odor reached my nostrils. She

closed the door, listened awhile in the dark. I struck a match. Somebody else was in the room, sitting on a chair in the corner, watching us. She lit the gas jet. I started with surprise. It was Gus Pouter sitting there in the chair. I was disgusted.

"What are you doing in here?" I said menacingly, though my knees were shaking. He was asleep. I shook him. He rolled his head up in funny way, his mouth was agape. He was dead.

Terrified, I sprang for the door. Jennie was in front of it; she shoved a nickel revolver into my ribs.

"You coward!" she hissed, "keep quiet."

"Let me out of here—"

"Now you listen to me.— Last Wednesday Gus insisted on coming up to the apartment with me. I tried to keep him out, but I couldn't—he was drunk. He then tried to embrace me; I struck him with all my might. He went into a fit and died—there he is—"

"Last Wednesday! Why, it's Sunday morning now!"

"I know. I couldn't get rid of him and I was afraid to call the police. I have been waiting for you. Now you are here. Take his body away, or I will scream and we'll all hang together." She was unusually calm now.

I don't know what happened next—it's too horrible to think of. The only thing I remember is saying to a cab driver, "Oh, he's only drunk," as I carried that frightful corpse away.

* * * * * *

Now it is four a.m., wagons are rattling outside, dawn is lightening the city. The pavements, all aglitter with rain, reflect the now dimming arc light most uncannily. In spite of the roar of the traffic, I have to throw up my window.

The corpse of Mr. Gus Pouter is crammed beneath my bed.

Book Review

CROWDS

Gerald Stanley Lee, *Doubleday, Page and Co, 1913.*

THAT art and poetry are being bruised unto death by this age of commercialism is a platitude to which, a little less than a week ago I would have added my feeble second. But in that week I have read *Crowds* and have learned something of Machines and the still potential mightiness of the Dollar.

Crowds is not a new book, its last chapters were written a year ago. It is a long book, its pages number five hundred and sixty-one, and at the end "Finis" is not written, but "The Beginning." Its sub-title is, "A moving-picture of Democracy," and its spirit, an American spirit, is prophetic.

Let the poets read the first division, "Crowds and Machinery," and if they can conceive anything more sublimely poetic than Mr. Lee's conception of our "sordid" industrial life, let them do it. They can do it. *Crowds* is a "Beginning." But poetry is not to be commercialized: commerce is to be poetized. It is being poetized by the gods of the "Almighty Dollar" when news such as that from the Ford factory is spread broadcast upon the nation, and when such a store as Wanamaker's graces Market Street.

Crowds is a picture of Democracy, American Democracy, as it is, as it is beginning to be, and as it will be. But what it will be depends upon us. It would be a great shame to let such help as Mr. Lee is offering us go by unheeded. If we are to be business men, engineers, journalists, preachers, artists, poets, anything, here in one book, the living utterance of one man who believes with all his poet's soul in our souls, is the spirit which will make *us* poets. Here is the spirit which will make every hard, milled dollar a lyric; every bank, factory, mine, or department store a temple to a God of men—of men who face a mighty age fearlessly, and instead of bewailing the death of art, make of all living, all barter and grinding toil, an art, a religion.

Although Mr. Lee's book is on crowds, he himself is an individualist and looks to the individual in the crowd for the salvation of the crowd. He frequently quarrels with Socialism for its omission of the individual. All men are not created alike or equal. There are "inventors" and "hewers," and the man who makes them co-operate, the "artist." Society consists of individuals with individual capacities. The artist is the man who makes the individuals efficient in their places. Socialism would

do away with capitalists, inventors and such men as A. G. Bell, Marconi, Shakespeare, and Hill.

In a section devoted to "News and Crowds" Mr. Lee demonstrates that if capitalists and laborers knew each other—had the news about each other—the labor problem would take care of itself. In this section there is much inspiration for the journalist.

If the capitalists studied the laborers had faith in them, and created faith in capitalists upon the part of laborers, by a careful and efficient study and ministration to their needs many problems would be obviated. Let the man who is going into business read this section. I have only hinted at the contents of one page of it.

Crowds is not purely visionary. Specific cases of "inspired millionaires" who have had the vision and joyously worked it out, stand behind Mr. Lee's message.

The book is big, its ideas are many and big, and cannot be transcribed here. Many of us have "heard about" the book. Let many of us *read* it! It has a broader vision of life to give us, a bigger purpose.

—E. M. PHARO, '15.

LYRICS AND DRAMAS

Stephen Phillips. *John Lane & Co.*

STEPHEN PHILLIPS' latest volume of poems, *Lyrics and Dramas*, is somewhat disappointing to ardent admirers of this popular poet. Each of his previous volumes has included at least one long poem of singular beauty and poetic expression, such as Marpessa, Endymion or Orestes, magnificent poems dealing with episodes from Greek mythology. But the present volume contains no such work; with the exception of three short dramas, the poet has confined his genius to lyrics on varied subjects.

There are, however, several beautiful songs in the present volume which are impressive both on account of their exquisite poetry and the deep feelings which they contain. Lyrics are generally subjective and come from the poet's real inner consciousness. One of them is entitled, "Ay, but to die" and it expresses weariness with the affairs of life, and a desire to be rid of,—

> This ignoble war of "how" and "whence,"
> The unglorious fight for necessary pence.

Is the poet thinking of himself when he writes that? Perhaps. Death,

however, has often been treated in his poems previously. He seems fascinated by it, and loves to dwell on it. A knowledge of his philosophy shows why he continually writes on sad, gloomy subjects. He often pictures the dead as returning to the earth in dreams, as, for example, in "My Dead Love" and "The Miser Mother." He believes in life after death, a life full of work to make up for sins committed on earth.

Poems of a more pleasant nature in the volume are those dealing with the different seasons, such as "An October Day," "Winter Dawn," "A Winter's Night." Also the author has a few realistic poems describing phases of life in the poverty-stricken parts of the city. These are clever, in that they present vivid pictures in a few well-chosen words, but he has excelled them himself in his earlier volumes by such masterpieces as "The Woman with a Dead Soul" and "The Wife."

Humor seems to have no scope in Mr. Phillips' plan of poetry, but for the first time, in the present volume, we find him indulging in light, airy sketches. Thus he has an elaborate poem on cricket, modeled after Walt Whitman and called "Cricket, I Sing." Again, he whimsically describes an up-to-date suitor in "The Modern Lover." There are also several poems on literary subjects, notably a sonnet on Keats, and a vivid poem describing Beatrice Cenci's murder of her old father.

In the second part of his book, Stephen Phillips has inserted three short dramas written in his beautiful blank verse. The first, "Nero's Mother," in one act, deals with the murder of Agrippina by order of her royal son. This was to have been appended to the author's play of "Nero," but was omitted on account of the length of the drama as it was. It undoubtedly would make a good one-act play, as Mr. Phillips suggests, but it seems too short, and its theme is one which would meet with a sympathetic response only from the more educated class of society.

"The Adversary," another one-act drama, is not so good; its theme is old and lacks interest. The third play, "The King," is a tragedy in the Greek style; that is, it is not divided into acts, as the Elizabethan plays are, but it is constructed in a continuous series of scenes. The portrayal of the character of the King is excellent, and the other personages in the play are also well drawn. The scenes remind us somewhat of "Herod," especially the lively court scenes. "The King" will conclusively answer the critics who assert that the work of Stephen Phillips is deteriorating, for here he exhibits all his former power.

By the many references to Keats in his poetry, we suspect that Mr. Phillips is a devotee of that poet. In fact, his poetry resembles that of Keats, especially in its Grecian touches and in its profuse word-painting. His poems do not abound in music and melody like Swinburne's, and, in

more recent days, Alfred Noyes'. On the other hand, they are surfeited with beautiful and unusual thoughts, expressive of all emotions, from the most joyful to the most tragic. Stephen Phillips, as a poet, is a worthy although perhaps humble successor to the great Victorians, Tennyson and Browning. As a poet-dramatist, he easily excels them, for his "Herod" and "Nero" attained greater success than anything ever staged by them, or indeed, by any of the modern poets.—G. A. DUNLAP, '16.

Eternity

By FELIX M. MORLEY, '15.

Amid soft, rosy clouds breaks forth the dawn,
The golden sands run out to meet the foam,
Above the sun-kissed blue the seagulls roam;
Another day is born.

Dark, rain-presaging clouds obscure the sun,
Gray, sullen waves roll dully in to land,
The wind blows chill across the barren strand;
Another day is done.

Alumni Department

Colonel Norwood Penrose Hallowell, ex-'57, and one of the last of the group of Haverfordians who put the tenets of their faith behind the country's need during the Civil War, died suddenly, April 11th, at his home in West Medford, Mass. Colonel Hallowell, while a Harvard graduate of '61, had always maintained a keen interest in the affairs of his first Alma Mater and one of his last public appearances was at the New England Alumni Association dinner held in Boston on March 7th. Here, as president of the Association, he was the first speaker of the evening, discussing the modern revival of Quaker ideals in a way which those present will long remember.

Mr. Hallowell was born in Philadelphia April 13th, 1839, entered the Introductory Department at Haverford in 1851, leaving two years later. In 1857 he entered Harvard University, from which he enlisted as a private in the Union Army in the Spring of 1861. Being stationed in Boston he was able to take the final examinations with his class that June, and besides graduating with honor was the deliverer of the Class Day oration. In September of that year he was ordered to the front with the rank of first lieutenant, and remained in active service till severe wounds received at the Battle of Antietam ultimately forced his retirement from fighting, though not from active service in the cause of abolition. Perhaps the most noteworthy incident of Mr. Hallowell's wartime experiences was his appointment as colonel of the second cclored regiment ever enlisted under the American flag. This was in every way a fitting honor to one of the most high-minded and devoted upholders of universal freedom this country has ever seen, and it is told of him that his men "loved him like a father."

After the war he entered the wool commission business in New York with his brother, Richard Price Hallowell, '55, and later became a member of the New York firm of Hallowell, Prescott and Co. In 1869 he moved to Boston, where he practised the profession of wool broker, together with many important offices in and around Boston. At the time of his death he was president of the Boston National Bank of Commerce, president of the Middlesex School, and a trustee and member of numerous other organizations.

By his sudden death Haverford loses a most distinguished and loyal alumnus, the nation a citizen worthy of being ranked with any of the high-minded patriots produced by the Civil War.

Present Day Papers for April contains several articles by Haverfordians. George A. Barton, '82, has written an epitome of the great religious experience of "The Burning Bush," which is narrated in Exodus 3: 1–15.

President Sharpless has written on "The Japanese Question" with the strength and authority of one who has not only been over the ground and made a careful external study of the problem, but also with the insight which frank converse with some of Japan's public men has given him.

Allen C. Thomas, '65, has contributed a scholarly criticism of Professor Henry C. Vedder's "The Reformation in Germany," published by the MacMillan Company of New York.

Also the April *Westonian*. A number largely devoted to a discussion of the place various types of literature should occupy in the minds of Friends, both young and old, contains, among several others, an article on "Friends' Attitude toward Fiction," by Alfred C. Garrett, '87, and an editorial on "Reading Habits of Children," by President Sharpless.

A matter of considerable interest to all interested in the Haverford Campus is the report of C. Cresson Wistar, '65, a member of the College Campus Club, that the Penn Treaty Elm slips will be ready for planting out next year. In the meantime the Campus Club will select suitable locations for the slips on the college lawn.

The Haverford luncheon of the New York Alumni Association was held on Tuesday, April 7th, at the Machinery Club, New York City. All present voted it a most successful affair.

Camp Tunkhannock is the attractive name which Messrs. C. M. and Hans Froelicher, Jr., have given to the summer camp for boys which they have founded in the Pocono Lake Preserve, Pocono, Pa. A delightful prospectus describing the aims and attributes of the camp may be had upon application to the business manager, Hans Froelicher, Jr., '12.

'65

Benjamin A. Vail retired from the office of Circuit Court Judge of the State of New Jersey at the expiration of his term, January 8th, 1914. Since then he has returned to the practice of law with the firm of Vail and McLean, Elizabeth, N. J.

'75

Chas. E. Tebbetts has been General Secretary of the American Friends' Board of Foreign Missions for the last six years, having his headquarters at Richmond, Ind

During the past winter he has been leader of the Indiana State team in the United Mission campaign, holding conferences throughout the State.

'79

Francis Henderson returned on April first to his home at 3033 Queen Lane, Philadelphia, after a short trip to Europe.

'97

Edward Thomas has recently been elected a member of the Local School Board for the 12th District in New York, where for several years he has been actively engaged as an expert in patent law.

Ex-'97

W. H. Macafee on January first of this year obtained a desirable position as Sales Manager for the firm of Knaush, Nachod & Kuhne, international bankers, at 15 William Street, New York.

'99

A. Clement Wild, who is in the legal department of the Chicago City Railway Co., has moved his offices to 600 Borland Building, 105 South LaSalle St., Chicago.

His home address is, 1363 East 50th St., Chicago.

'01

E. Marshall Scull has recently announced his engagement to Miss Anne Price Johnson, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

'02

Arthur S. Cookman is now a member of the firm of Ayres, Bridges & Co., wool merchants, of Boston and New York. Mr. Cookman is in the New York office.

'03

We are in receipt of an advance number of a carefully prepared class letter, from which the following are excerpts:

Cary V. Hodgson, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, left for the West on April 16th, where he will perform a season's work of latitude observations. Hodgson will outfit at Denver and employ a motor truck in his operations. Starting from Denver he will run to western Texas, thence through the arid districts of New Mexico, Arizona and California to San Diego; then over the Colorado river and up the state boundary line of California and Nevada to Lake Tahoe.

The work of Robert L. Simkin has assumed such commanding proportions in West China during

the last two years that a pamphlet has been issued giving a brief but comprehensive account of his missionary life. Besides a description of his work at the Chengtu Union University, is included Simkin's own narration of the thrilling experiences he went through in the recent revolution, known to more sedentary Americans merely from fragmentary newspaper reports.

Mr. Simkin is now returning to this country via Europe, and his address during next year will be, 4 Everett Ave., Ossining, N. Y., or after September 25th, the Union Theological Seminary, Broadway and 120th St., N. Y., at which institution he will spend a year of study.

J. E. Hollingsworth, of Greencastle, Ind., is temporarily managing the Greek Department at De Pauw University, owing to the illness of Professor Swahlen, head of the department.

Dr. George Peirce will be in charge of the Chemical Research Laboratory of the Brady Urological Clinic when it opens next October.

'06

Francis R. Taylor, '06, and Louis W. Robey announce that they have formed a partnership for the general practice of law under the firm name of Taylor and Robey, with offices in the Stephen Girard Building, Phila.

Ex-'06

Donald Evans, resident in New York, has admitted to the classification of a real "futurist poet," although he decries the label. Mr. Evans has evolved a new "philosophy of inversion" in which he declares that dilemmas are not to be solved. One should always act in contradiction to the natural in order to experience impressions unknown by the ordinary person. As is the case in art, the chief mission of poetry is to make an indelible picture. In order to bring about the desired effect, words which appeal not merely to one, but rather to all the senses should be used. For instance, Mr. Evans thinks the most expressive adjective for a scream is "scarlet":—

And then the scarlet screams stood forth revealed.

Another line, considered by its author as worthy of attentive analysis, is the following:

A noise was in her eyes that sang of scorn.

As Mr. Evans says, he endeavors to make his phrases unforgettable.

'07

Alexander N. Warner is now President and General Manager of the Warner Oil Co., with offices

in the Second National Bank Building of Titusville, Pa.

Wilbur H. Haines is Senior Resident Physician at the German Hospital, Philadelphia.

'08

Carl F. Scott will marry Miss Dorothea Faullsig at Yonkers, N. Y., on April the twenty-fifth.

'09

The Class will celebrate the fifth anniversary of its graduation, with a banquet on Class Day night.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Louise Smith, of Harlan, Iowa, to Joseph Warrington Stokes, of Holmesburg, Pa.

James W. Crowell, who took his M. A. in Romance Languages at Haverford in 1911, has been appointed to a Teaching Fellowship at the University of Pennsylvania.

'10

Mr. and Mrs. James Whitall are sailing, May 9th, for England, where they expect to stay for an indefinite period. Whitall will continue his study of English at the London University.

The April *Book News Monthly* contains an article on *Joseph Conrad* by C. D. Morley, '10. Andrew McGill, a well-known member of the same class, is conducting a fortnightly literary "causerie" in the *Toledo* (Ohio) *Times*.

'11

Henry S. Bernard is now returning from a three-year government appointment in the Philippines as supervisor of a department of the scholastic system.

Frederick O. Tostenson, who has been studying in Europe lately, is now at Heidelberg University.

V. F. Schoepperle has bought a house in Maplewood, N. J.

'12

James M. Carpenter shares a Teaching Fellowship at Cornell

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which involves considerable instructive duty. Carpenter took his M. A. in Romance Languages at College last June.

'13

Frederick A. Curtis has left the employ of the Jessop and More Company of Wilmington, Delaware, and is now in the Chemical Laboratory of the American Writing Paper Company at Mount Holyoke, Mass. His address is, 171 Cabot Street.

Norris F. Hall has been appointed an assistant in the Chemistry Department at Harvard for the year 1914–15.

John V. Van Sickle has won the Henry Lee Memorial Fellowship in Economics at Harvard for next year. This fellowship for resident study is worth five hundred and fifty dollars and is the most valuable award of the department.

Joseph M. Beatty, Jr., will spend next year as a teacher in the Pomfret School of Pomfret, Connecticut.

Norman H. Taylor will study medicine, probably at Harvard.

Ex–'15

The Lothrop, Lee and Shephard Co. of Boston have just published a book by Mousa J. Kaleel, entitled, "When I Was a Boy in Palestine." It is one of this firm's "Children of Other Lands" series, about which the publishers say, "There are

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// THE HAVERFORDIAN

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Editorial Comment

DO WE?

WE want baseball! Do not be alarmed. This is not a universal cry. But it is undeniable that it really is the echo of a more or less intermittent voice that sounds in our dining-room, on our campus and in our halls. This cry also implies, we do not want cricket, for it is an obvious fact that cricket and baseball cannot both have a vigorous existence at the same time in such a small institution as Haverford. Let us turn for a moment to the game of cricket and see if it seems unworthy to retain its high place at Haverford.

To prove that we are not going to idealize in regard to this sport we state at the outset that cricket has never had a very impressive vitality in the United States. There are very few clubs throughout the country and the games at those places are in truth few. This by some is accepted straightway as a proof that cricket as a sport is quite unworthy of consideration by the real American. The group who make these hasty conclusions also point out that their belief is a growing belief. They point at the abandonment of cricket at Harvard and Cornell. They point at the closing of such a club as Belmont. They call to our attention the condition of cricket in the schools as compared to former times. But you who feel your cricket-loving hearts torn by the pain of their

revelations we implore not to lament. There is a bright path before you that has been overlooked.

To disclose this path to best advantage a short narrative will suffice. Some two or three weeks ago the third cricket eleven had a match with one of the well-known city schools, a school which is fighting to have cricket instated as a major sport. The boys from this school, as good a crowd as Philadelphia boasts, arrived at College at 10.30 A. M. and the match was on by eleven. The day was a beautiful one. The big trees that line College Lane waved their fresh, green foliage with a faint, hushed whisper. The sky was perfectly blue, as it had been for days, and the crease was hard. On the cricket pavilion in the midst of this wonderful scene which every Haverfordian knows so well, the schoolboys, except their two batters in action, in company with some of the first eleven men and other College cricket enthusiasts had taken comfortable places. Others chose to walk in the shade of the maples and view the game from a different angle. Nowhere was there the raucous sound of the nervous screams of ecstatic or fearful "rooters." There was no band playing. No flags were waving, I should say, but one, the stars and stripes on the pole by the pavilion, but it was not over a frenzied mob. It was over a group of American schoolboys actually sitting quietly and talking seriously.

From this little incident above, two or three important truths may be drawn. One is the fact that school cricket is a growing and not a dying thing. Many schools in Philadelphia have recognized the value of the sport within a few years. Many of the players of these schools we will find are also getting education in the sport in the neighboring cricket clubs. Then we may state without fear of presumption that when the "baseballers" object to cricket they are objecting to a sport which nevertheless is at present rapidly growing.

In face of the persistent baseball plea, some definite form of cricket campaign should be planned. It is not possible here to outline any such thing in detail. However, the fundamental truth on which the distinction between right and wrong campaigning is to be based can be concretely stated. The game of cricket must either be altered to suit the Americans or the Americans must be altered to suit the game. The first method has been the unfortunate method which much American cricket has tried to use. The result was a sad decline in the sport. The nervous "bottled-lightning" individuals of the last age turned from it more or less in disgust. It did not fit them and they would go no further. At last the latter method is having a trial. The effect is remarkable. Prejudice being cast aside, the true value of the game is being seen.

The Americans are actually condescending to alter themselves to suit the game. That is why many schools are willing to play under such difficulties in order to be able to play at all. That is why the Philadelphia Cricket Club is the scene each year of a gathering of more than forty Junior players. In fact it is the reason for the whole recent uplift of the game.

What the Americans see in the game that is winning their favor is another question. They see first of all a sport which requires a healthy amount of physical exercise, without endangering the heart or other part of the body. Then they see the social side of it—the pleasant chatting beneath great trees, while the moderate tension of the game is ever active. But the great result, the result that both players and spectators are bound to feel, is the inspiration of quiet, gentlemanly demeanor. Every man appearing on the cricket field is a gentleman. That is a truth which the whole history of the game has upheld. Furthermore, it is a truth which is happily making its appeal to more and more Americans. In the first ecstasy of freedom it seems that the United States, revelling in its new energy, ran along completely unbridled forgetting, or not taking time to remember in many cases, the essentiality of being a gentleman. Now she is waking up and is grasping for everything conducive to this quality. Cricket has happily begun to have its just share in this awakening. That is why we urge every one who possibly can to attend our games on Cope Field. It will not take long, we feel sure, to discover and desire the "cricket" atmosphere and when there echoes across the campus the cry, "We want baseball!" you will straightway answer with a decided tinge of sarcasm in your voice, "Do we?"

JOHN K. GARRIGUES, Capt., '14.

In Memory of Hibbard Garrett

No gift actuated by a more beautiful spirit has ever been presented to Haverford students than the endowment lately donated by Mrs. Cornelia Garrett in memory of her son Hibbard. This endowment is dedicated to the fostering and encouraging of literary merit among the undergraduates. It seems to us especially appropriate that the memory of Hibbard should in this wise be recorded. Yet in another sense to those of us who knew him no memorial seems necessary other than his own words:

O Sailor, weary of your watch,
Be not discouraged by night's pall.
In truth, we cannot ever match
The canvas with some Grecian wall.
A mooring wall paved thick with vines
That, reaching wide, the chain entwines,
And crowning all, the brilliant flowers—
Dream-urging, to impede the hours.

'Tis work, not dreams, before you now,—
Strength's greatest test in labor lies!
So keep your gaze beyond the prow,
And bravely straining salt-filled eyes,
However scorned the part you play,
Bear up, spray-dashed, until the day.
Keep well the trust your mates invested
Your only task, tho' sorely tested.

[TO A SHIPMATE.]

Commencement

BY DOUGLAS WAPLES, '14

'Tis dawn; upon a housetop stands the youth,
Viewing the busy mart of trade below,
Where beggars, gentlefolk and men uncouth
Finger the wares, pass gravely to and fro.
Intent he gazes, as each worthy man
Makes estimation of his property;
When these are many, low he breathes: "I can,"
When few, though brave, he sighs despondently.
Thus in the agony of silent hope
Youth beholds Manhood in its imminence,
With Faith, like David's sling, prepared to cope
The armored Giant of Experience.
The Patron; fancies he what is to sell?
The Future; yields it thorns or asphodel?

Cricket at Haverford College

By A. C. Wood, Jr.

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CRICKET!" exclaimed Thomas Hughes in his immortal "Tom Brown at Rugby," "Cricket! it's more than a game, it's an institution!"—and there are many men, some of them Haverfordians, some of them not, some of them still keen for the game through the long summer afternoons, some of them content now to sit in the shade of the pavilion porch and applaud the slashing drive past cover or the quick catch in the slips, who in echoing Mr. Hughes' words will realize that they are applicable in a striking degree to Haverford College athletic history. From that little institution came the first incentive to the introduction of the game of cricket in America; from her playing fields have come a goodly number of the ablest cricketers America has known, and, with the cricketing atmosphere which she has always fostered and given to her sons, she has also given them ideals of high, clean sportsmanship which they can never forget.

Early Days of the Game

The game was introduced at Haverford by one William Carvill, an Englishman who served at the institution in the capacity of gardener. This was in 1840-41, when the college was in a precarious condition and its actual existence was threatened. The crisis was passed, however, and new life began. The game was re-introduced and played by a few of the undergraduates during the next ten or eleven years, when it began to assume goodly proportions and command an enthusiastic following. There was a zeal and vigor about this early cricket which sets one's blood a-tingle. Back in the days of the Fall Term of 1857 there were two cricket clubs at the college composed of the older boys, which bore the classic names of Delian and Lycean. The miserable Freshman was in no way permitted to enter into this sport with the higher gods, but was given the privilege of watching at a respectful distance, while his superiors slogged and rushed 'round to their hearts' content. It was a condition not to be borne. They determined that they too would have a cricket club and play the game. Behold them then collecting bats made by a carpenter out of American willow, the handles wrapped with tarred twine, a set of stumps made of hickory, and an india rubber ball approximating the size of a cricket ball, the whole outfit costing one dollar and fifty cents. Thus they were ready to play. It was during mid-winter vacation that

these preparations were made, and when college convened again the ground was covered with snow, on which, however, there was a rigid crust. Can you imagine it, gentlemen, you who play year after year on your beautiful fields with their perfect turf and accurate wickets, these boys began their cricket career on the crust of the snow! An historian remarks that the india rubber ball came in well at this time on account of its waterproof qualities. They called their club the Dorian, and continued to play with much zeal through the winter, and with redoubled enthusiasm when the warm weather came. With all these absurd conditions they were developing a quick eye and a steady hand, and the year had not passed before, out in the meadow where the grass was unmown and the pitch was smoothed only by the batsmen's feet, they crushed both their rivals, and so became in time the focal point of cricket activity at Haverford, finally changing their name to The Haverford College Cricket Club. Those were the times when boys sold old books and clothes for cricket appliances, sodded and rolled the creases themselves, made nets, lived in the thought of the game and the chance of victory, but always in the love of the sport of it all.

They were great days, those of the Dorian Club. The grass beyond the actual pitch being uncut offered a decided obstacle to the progress of the ball, and the scoring strokes were, therefore, those which lifted the ball above the grass and the fielders' reaching hands. Absolutely unorthodox many of them must have been. Witness the fact that the most responsible field position was quite deep on the leg side about midway between the wickets. This position was called "cover point over," and history records that he had much work to do. On the treacherous, bumpy wickets there were few of the niceties of play, few of the brilliant repertoire of strokes which are now at the command of a reasonably good batsman. But oh, the joy of those long-handled, mowing swipes when a good pitch was pulled off the middle stump and sent soaring away to leg! and oh, the delight of the swiper when he saw "cover point over," in a vain attempt to stop the ball, leap bodily into the brook which flowed below the old playing field, in order to save its loss! Good old times, indeed! Many an eye kindles at the memory.

Development of Players

From strong beginnings such as these, mighty results must naturally follow. And follow they did. The standard of play was steadily raised, until in Johns H. Congdon, of the class of '69, there was developed a cricketer of the first grade. A most skillful bowler, a sound bat and an excellent fielder, he stood at the head of the college players and developed

such ability that he was selected to play against All-England in 1871. He was, without question, one of the very best cricketers Haverford ever produced. Joseph H. Fox, '73, looms large on the pages of the college cricket history and was considered the finest player of his time. Then Henry Cope, '69, beloved by all the younger generation of Haverford cricketers, and F. H. Taylor and George Ashbridge, and many another one who to us now are but names, graced the Haverford elevens.

Little by little a body of active cricketing alumni grew about the college, and in 1879 over one hundred of her loyal sons gave her the present beautiful playing field beyond the line of maples and just within the shadow of Barclay Hall. Ten years later the services of a regular professional coach were procured, that the boys might have skilled instruction, and shortly after that, the cricket shed for winter practice, at the time of its building the only contrivance of its kind in the world, was given. The old days of toil and play with imperfect appliances were no more. Yet they had borne ample fruit. Now, however, there was the opportunity for the development of first-class players, and these rapidly began to make their appearance.

> "Some speak of Alexander,
> And some of Hercules,
> And others of Lysander,
> And such great names as these"—

but it is for me to speak of the great men of the wicket who wore scarlet and black and brought victory again and again to their colors. George S. Patterson played for the college through two seasons, captaining the team of 1886, and set a new standard for Haverford cricket. Who does not remember the performances of this great player? His splendid patience, his fierce, timely aggressiveness, his fine qualities of leadership and field captaincy. It is pleasant to think that his training was in part at least given under the maples on the old field at Haverford. Then in the class of '90 came H. P. Baily, who proved conclusively that a bowler can be born and then made. Many hours, history tells us, were spent by Baily bowling at a spot, experimenting with different types of breaking ball and working for perfect control. The results: victory after victory gained for Haverford through his heady attack and later an assured place on any international side representing Philadelphia. In him, also, was developed, and has lived, an enthusiasm for the game which has been an inspiration to many a young player. John Muir, '92, Charles Rhoads, '93, S. W. Morris, '94—all were good men, though Muir's is the best known name in cricketdom. But one likes to think of Charles Rhoads batting

his side to victory against heavy odds in a crucial inter-collegiate match, coming off with a fine 63.

In John Lester, Haverford undoubtedly turned out one of the most finished batsmen this country has seen. One of his seasons at the college resulted in the amazing average of 100½. The bowling of all the Philadelphia clubs was treated by him with quite sublime contempt. Henry Scattergood has, too, made himself known as one of the most excellent of Philadelphia's wicket-keepers.

Tours to England

In the year of Lester's captaincy, 1896, a new era dawned for Haverford cricket. It had been thought for some time that a trip to England, where the elevens of the best public schools, Eton, Harrow, Winchester and the like, could be met, would do great good to the development of the game, and at the same time offer a very rare opportunity for our youngsters to meet their over-sea relatives in friendly rivalry. Lester's eleven was quite strong and set forth upon its journey into foreign parts with great expectations. Nor were the expectations ill-founded. A most commendable number of victories is recorded, and, beyond all the games won or lost, there was established a firm feeling of friendly interest between the English and American lads. Lester's innings at Rugby, when he carried his bat through for 135, and Henry Scattergood's utterly disrespectful treatment of Maud at Lords, when he beat him to all parts of the ground in an innings of 88, are incidents which must be mentioned as we pass.

The idea of the English trip having been thus well established, it was decided to make an effort to send a team over once every four years, thus enabling each undergraduate to have a chance of making the coveted position on the eleven. The stimulus this gave the game at the college was gratifying.

In 1900 another team was sent abroad, ably captained by Walter S. Hinchman. The writer was favored in being a member of this side, and memories come flocking as the words are written: The great reception tendered us at Malvern, where the gray school building stands on the Malvern Hills; the torchlight procession in our honor; the tremendous singing and cheering of those six hundred boys drawn up on the cricket field below the school; the delightful hospitality of the masters; the match and our victory—Allen with 109 and Patton with 88, his first forty-eight runs on successive boundary hits; the long outing and inning at Eton, Roberts saving the day by playing out time and compelling a draw, there in that wonderful field, with Windsor Castle staring down at

us over the trees; the dinner at Winchester in the great hall, with William of Wykeham's portrait looking solemnly down upon our merriment, wondering at our levity in so venerable a spot; the match at Lords, P. F. Warner and Stoddart against us—wonderful memories, all of them, and he is rich who may at will recall them.

Again, in 1904, Haverford cricketers visited England. This was, in many respects, the best side the college has turned out. C. C. Morris captained it, and his men right down to the eleventh were experienced players. Morris himself batted magnificently through the trip, but many others of the side came home with fat averages. One, however, likes most to think of the match at Winchester, when defeat seemed certain, and of how "Christy" Morris, with the help of two faithful stickers at the end, played through Haverford's second innings to the call of time for 147 not out, compelling a draw and saving the match for the college.

In 1910 England was again invaded by a friendly Haverfordian force, this time under the captaincy of Harold A. Furness, without doubt one of the ablest cricketers who ever played for the college. What is it to speak of victories or defeats? The side did well—broke a little better than even in their matches and earned golden opinions. Furness three times passed the century mark and came home with an average of about fifty. Any one who knows the game knows what these figures mean.

IN RETROSPECT

What a change is all this from those early days of the Dorian Club, when, for the sake of the game, the boys used clumsy wooden clubs and a rubber ball on the snow crust! But is not all this later finished performance a fitting heritage from that early effort and enthusiasm? Certainly we believe that it is.

And to those of us who, each in our own time, in the last favored years have played the game for the college, memories come thronging as the spring opens. Who can ever forget the lights and shadows across the campus as he came out from last recitation and hurried to his room for the change to his cricket flannels; or the peace and beauty of the picture as he ran to the cricket field beyond the great maples, where the white figures were moving to and fro and the click of ball on bat rang from the nets through the still afternoon? Who can ever forget the time when his turn came to go in for a knock on an afternoon before a critical match, when it was an even toss between him and another fellow for a place on the eleven, and the nervous thrill as the captain and the coach, walking along behind the bowlers, stopped to watch him as he batted,

commenting quietly on his play before they moved to the next net? Who can ever forget the close-fought match when runs were needed and the shadows were creeping out toward the wicket and the bowlers and fielders of the enemy were working like well-oiled machines; how he went in at the fall of the sixth and patiently playing himself into confidence, stayed with the first batsman who was playing a grand innings and only needed a partner to help him save the day; how the score crept up and up in spite of the bowling changes, and how the line of spectators under the maples greeted each run with a little burst of applause, instantly hushed; how the heaven-sent opportunity came to him with a ball pitched up and to the off and how he sent it tearing past cover point to the boundary for the winning runs—and the captain's triumphant call, "Played indeed, played indeed!" Later, the delicious lassitude which follows successful effort strong upon him, who can forget the summer night, the moon over the trees and the shadows across the lawns, the tinkle of the mandolins from a portico of Lloyd Hall, the peace and quiet and contentment and beauty of it all?

Bright college days, indeed, and pervading them all, surrounding them all in a veritable atmosphere, is the memory of the game so many of us have played and learned to love there.

"'Arms and the man,'
Virgil began,
Let us proceed in the Mantuan plan!
Arms and the bat,
Sing we of that;
The war of the wicket knocks other wars flat!
Swish! whack! hit her a crack,
Thirty times three for the Scarlet and Black!

"Oh let us praise
Glorious days
When *our* brows were crowned with victorious bays!
Who else can be
Gladder than we,
Scarlet and Black in the foremost to see?
Swish! whack! hit her a crack,
Thirty times three for the Scarlet and Black!"

It Happened at Kugler's

(*Dedicated with humblest apologies to the Class of 1914 by a member of the Class of 1915*)

FOREWORD

Fellow Classmates:

This little book, done in purple and yellow at the advice of Leonard, our budding art critic, I have prepared to serve a double purpose. The first of these is to give to the world Vol. 3 of our Class Letters, and the second to keep alive the memory of our Tenth Anniversary Banquet. To this end, I have set down my impressions of the Class as it gathered on that immortal night, and I beg to state that I may not be wholly accountable, for the exhilaration of drinking a cocktail with Em on one side and Howard on the other proved irresistible.

THE BANQUET

Nineteen-fourteen—ten years old! Bowse, with an eye to his watch, assured me that we had still ninety-three days, fourteen hours and thirty-odd minutes to go (he couldn't be positive), but I'm sure we all considered ourselves ten from the time when Champ pounded Polly with the mallet to direct our attention from goblets to table-places.

One empty chair out of thirty-six? Who was the absentee? Speculation ran rife. Not Capt. Kelly, for everyone knew Theodore, Jr., was at that moment employing his M.D. and D.D. to convince a Chinaman of the sanitary and ethical disadvantage of the pig-tail. Not MacKinley, who, still under the influence of the other Mac and Champ's famous class classification, was showing the Bushman how religion and business could be combined for satisfaction as well as profit. We gave it up.

Champ, from his position at the head of the table, told us how hard it had been for him to break away from the Iowa State Legislature just when he was hoping to come to blows with a gentleman who objected to his quotation from Wordsworth as applied to the Six Hour Day Bill. He confessed somewhat reluctantly that the woman's vote had brought him to his post of honor. Champ has grown a very precise little mustache, and confesses he no longer weighs in as a Middle-weight.

Meanwhile Malc illustrated with Joe's cutlery just how his new wireless receiver worked. Not to be outdone, Joe retaliated with a description of a device he had just patented for keeping the President's

pencil-point continually moist. "Just look at me," he was saying, "I can't seem to get over 115 lbs., and I never knew it was the pencils gave me lead-poisoning. I have always marveled at St. Martin's younger set, and it's high time I put my feet in the matrimonial straight-jacket" (loud laughter). "Anyhow, I'm as tall as Doug and no thinner than Bill, so I'll ride along some day."

At this thrust, Bill, our first-married, removed his nose from the gardenia in his buttonhole, held Bob Smith and Bob Locke with the grape in his eye, and said, "Well, it *is* fine to have someone to bowl home to at night after you've spent all the afternoon with a gold pen and a mahogany desk. Even then, life would be a hollow mockery without gardenias and Bock Panatelas. But don't think I'm on easy street because Tommy says I'm a menace to society. All social workers get that way after they've made a fair collection of jimmies and sand-bags. Something that would interest him is my new cocktail parlor—made out of glass, with a grape-juice fountain in the middle. But," he went on, taking in the two Bobs again, "I'm continually thankful for my *quiet* wife!"

A chuckle, broken only by Bennie's rhythmical snort, went round the table.

Bob Smith blushed as modestly as ever through his silken whiskers and muttered to himself before deigning to speak:

"*I* had trouble picking a *good* woman who was my *opposite*,"—Bill looks crushed,—"and she talks mostly to the little ones now—coons—I should say *croons* to them! Moreover, I'm very happy, because I'm up on machine design and the ambition of my life has been realized. I've invented a furnace that rakes and coals itself!"

Pop Locke waited uneasily for his turn. He has aged more than most of us. There is a small bald spot on the back of his head about the size of a soccer-ball.

"I am also an engineer," he said simply, "still living in Titusville and interested in sound-producing instruments. In that line I have, as referred to, a wife, and (though perhaps unsuspected) children. As a compeer, I respect Edison, but firmly believe that complete control over the human voice can never be obtained. During my hours at home a phonograph, mandolin and cornet, played loudly, are my solace. But Pat is *married*."

Until now, many of us had hardly dared look at Pat. It was so brave of him to come, prison pallor and all, that we were determined to make him feel easy. With all his old good-nature, however, he responded:

"I still share with Edge," suiting the action to the word, "the

distinction of being able to remove my front teeth at will. Regular Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. This trick and the grass story always take best at our Pen-Yan Minstrels. In fact, it may have led to my downfall, for I found that I was just as effective with the ladies at night when they were removed, and my identity was also concealed. I'm not hiding the truth; no man, no matter how well-intentioned, can practise bigamy out of Utah. I'm getting back the respect of the world through my mail-order business. I never believed that old Potato-Bug-Exterminator game could *really* be worked!"

Pat was interrupted by the crash of an overturned chair at the far end of the table. Polly was up in arms. "No waiter," he snarled, "can spill soup down *my* neck."

"Well," came the slow drawl from the prostrate waiter, "be sure it *is* a waiter first!"

Up from the floor rose the soup-drenched form of Kelsey. Hell-Kelsey, Burns' only rival, the greatest sleuth of the century, stood in a state of dripping pacification, the waiter's livery—his only disguise—a majestic ruin.

"I came," he said in solemn tones, "all the way from 'Frisco to collect that thirty-five cents."

Polly paid with good grace, and after Hell was seated in the vacant chair, undertook to explain:

"When I got my ice-rink going well," he said, "Hell came in disguised as a South African after one of my regular patrons. The ice was oh! just fine and fresh-made, so every time he fell I charged him a nickel. Seven folk saw him on his way. Ice-rinks are better than coaching football at De Pauw and writing sporting columns. But Hell isn't our only defective," continued Pol with a wicked leer as he flicked a ripe olive at Rich's bald pate.

"Ah'm *not* a detective," protested Rich with his broadest grin, "ah'm only city *Comp*troller and sheriff of Lord, Texas. Of c'ose ah do a little detectin' on the side, and ah owe my presence here to Hell, who saved mah life once when ah was doin' a little disguise-shaderin' in the culud quahtahs. They almost lynched me foh a nigger!"

A high-pitched, infectious cackle broke the dramatic tension. None other than Herb was enjoying this gruesome recital.

"That reminds me," he said, cooling his brow in Harold's tumbler, "of the time Jimmie Babbitt and I cut down the suicide at Chautauqua. Desperate case,—man had poison ivy from playing ball on Sunday and hung himself with his own red necktie. Of course we couldn't touch him till the coroner came and he died from cerebral hemorrhage after

we got the tip of his skull off. Rather a pity for a good football official to die out of harness."

"It all goes to show," said Harold evenly as he fingered his dog-collar and gazed at the wasted terrapin before him with all his old wistfulness, "what breaking the Sabbath day can bring a fellah to. Still, round the manse there's only ivy, and the tennis court can't be seen from the street."

"What *I* object to," came a bored voice from a three-foot cigarette tube, "is not the baseball." Leonard settled himself comfortably to withstand critical inspection. Berty and Cecil luxurious growths, and —true to his word—Augustus, the size of a dime, on his chin. "Baseball is rather nice in its way. (I see Connie Mack fanned thirty-one yesterday). It gives nice old Italians the chance to sell peanuts and cones. But I think the arbitrator-chap showed such poor taste in selecting a red necktie. Why, it's *positively rude* to wear anything red at a funeral. Shoulder braces would have been so much more appropriate. Some day I'm going to write a book called "Red Necktie," with the scene laid in England and—"

"Then let me publish it. It's just what the Pelican Publishing Co. (that's Grover and me) wants," shouted Willie. "We'll make Fifth Ave. and Donald Evans sit up and take notice."

"Leonard," warned Howard, with his eye on the diamond shirt-studs, "if you'll take *my* advice you'll let the Pelican have none of your work. Every day is Friday to the Pelican. The Elkinton Cousins, as you may know, are manufacturers of soda fountains, I am supplying marble slats, Fritz—an invalid for five years with chronic motorcycle diseases—furnishing machinery, and I gas." (Loud laugh from Benny). "I also keep up the literary end of the house, write trade-magazines, directions for using milk-shaker, etc. Well, we let the Pelican have our 1924 catalog and they published it with three lines and a Envoi on every page—nine volumes in all! Willie should have been business manager of the *Record*."

"Better still, he ought to attend our New York Y. M. C. A. services," added Mac, with crispness. "I guess you all know I'm director of our Eastern Circuit (that is when I'm not in the coat-room), and making a howling success of it too, aided by Jessie P., who answered the call from Romania High School just when he'd found his way to the principal's office, and later established the rep. of being the most forceful speaker that ever preached on Blackwell's. Tommy, too, has complete supervision over all the gyms. He can do a front 'most any old time."

"Which, as the tutored mind might observe, is better than letting the front do you," "Tomlinson, J. K.," said a low-pitched but insinuating voice from a very little man with large shoes and a shock of iron-gray hair who swept the table with a furtive glance before continuing: "Since

it seems incumbent upon every soul gathered herein to render an account of him or herself, I hereby take it upon myself to state that after my conspicuous success at flogging overgrown 12-year-olds at the Gilman School, I received a most flattering offer from Ohio State U. to teach the world the art of living. 'Twas then that I wrote my book, and then that I took unto myself a child-wife of surpassing beauty and wisdom who keeps all of my three sweaters in repair. Affiliated with me at this institution of learning are Trubey, who graces the Grecian chair, and Bowse, who, weary of managing insurance companies, one day 'experienced the incomparable thrill of bursting into the knowledge of higher math.' But times have changed: the society man and the philosopher can live in the same house, in proof of which I have to confess that I have learned all my dancing steps from Lane, 'the Vernon Castle of the Middle West.' And, unlike some members of the class"—indicating Stecker—"I dance in my own home town. What-ho!" (Thump).

Ducking below the table, Doug emptied his glass in Ern's ample lap.

"Living on the Delaware as I do," said that worthy, resting his hands on his 46 in. waistband in the professional attitude, "and having a well of pure water in the back yard, I have no need of this christening. Reminds me of the time that Bud and I had to spend the night on our own tables in the dissecting room at the U. of P., and old John laid us to rest in the brine-box with the rest of the corpses. Bud said he didn't mind the stiffs, but it was awful to get wet on such a cold night with the pigeons flying around and everything. I, as you know, am the seventh generation in Moorestown. When I pass the cemetery I almost weep to think of what has passed before me! Bud, at John's advice, has opened his sanitarium at Kennett for Seniors suffering from the new trade disease,—Conjunctivitis Thesis."

"Yes, crock the suckers," came in throaty tones from the graceful proprietor of Haverford Township, "I now have a very high grade article of schoolings, which yearly snaps out very fine Seniors, only they have pink-eye from over-workings. I am the originator of that Cricket Infliction. I also keep my eye on the College, and have very fine tenementings at Preston with lily ponds and hayfields laid out by Ted Jones and supervised by Stew."

"Gentlemen," said Stew, rising with the alacrity of an after-dinner speaker who likes it, "let me hasten to correct the false impression that the President of the Main Line Commuters' Association is a landed aristocrat of wealth and leisure. My only hope for riches,—a simple device for folding 'Newses,'—was promptly stolen by that ungrateful sheet. I still retain great interest in the *Cap and Bells*, attending the annual banquet regularly and speaking whenever possible. Since it is time the class began to think of her gift to the College, I would suggest upholstering

the seats in Roberts Hall with softest plush and candy boxes, and painting on the ceiling a vista of Heaven with banjo-playing philosophers, births of Venuses and a fair scattering of pink angels.

In concluding, let me put a question to you: Who is 1914's most famous? Not Rog, the bear of the cotton exchange; not Edge, the man who drove Cyclecars out of the automobile field; not Jules, who has just succeeded Stotesbury; not Bennie, the owner of lumber yards and Rosa Bonheur horses with China Leghorn fluff on their hoofs; not Frog Parker, the greatest "get away" artist the Feature Film Co. ever released; not Eddie Rice, six-time candidate for the Rhodes and authority on international law; not Ernie, the first man to take pictures of the peach in growth. Who then? I see amazement on every face; there still remains one unnamed, Pivot of course, Pivot,—he who introduced leather into the ice-cream cone industry, blackmailed by the Bootblacks' Union for his shoes that need no polish,—the man who, in ten minutes' time, converts cowhides into buggy-tops."

Stew paused for effect and looked around him. If any had caught the import of his last words they failed to betray it. Slid down in their chairs, sprawled out on the table, the class of 1914 slept the sleep of children. Long hours before, the last waiter had swept away the last crumb and tip-toed silently from the room. The candles were gutted and smoking; scarlet and black shades clung in ashes to their frames. Even Pivot, unmindful of his encomium, breathed heavily. Only Doug, making bread pills, raised his head and said, "Very good, Stewart, old king, but somewhat florid."

Then, rising to his feet, he pounded the table till the fingerbowls sang, and screamed, "We'll jes' jolly-d—n-well have to sing 'em a song! Are you with me, Stew? Sing!

"In this world of strife and striving
All our joys grow cold—'"

Here and there a protesting head was raised. "Cut him down," mumbled Polly.

Stew, rising and tiptoeing to the window with all the naive deference that was "Parker's," raised the curtain, and, putting his hand to his eyes, gazed down on Chestnut Street.

"Gee!" he said solemnly, "it's morning."

L'Envoi

An Adaptation of the Meter of R. Tagore

BY JESSIE PAUL GREENE, '14

Farewell, brother, our time has come to part.
Four years, in the daily round of duty, have we toiled and rejoiced.
The Past has been beautiful; we feel its force.
The Present we hold but as a drop of dew struck by the morning sun.
The Future is expectant prismed, spectrum-like, in the knowledge of lessons learned.
From the blossoming garden we gather fragrant memories of vanished flowers.
In the joy of our hearts we feel the living joy that oft sang heart to heart.

Farewell, brother, out from our finite selves we grow;
Our college days droop toward their sunset to be drowned in golden shadows.
The hours trip rapidly away, hiding our aspirations in their skirts.
Our life is short; it yields but a few days of love.
Were it but to work how dull and eternally long life would be.
But life is not the one old burden, our path is not one long journey.
So the joy of our heart bids still to live the joy that ever sang heart to heart.

Farewell, brother, one glad, sweet song still lingers on our lips.
Our blood flows fast; our pulse beats sharp and strong;
Our eyes see visions and our desires are keen.
We dream fond dreams of those great deeds just beyond our present ken.
Freed from the bonds of bigotry and narrow-mindedness that erst dragged us to the dust.
We wander forth from Old Founder's door glad to have co-labored on heights before unknown;
And ever a joy within the heart whispers of the joy which once sang heart to heart,

Farewell, brother, a clasp of the hand and we must part.

The world is our field, full of briar-rose and hawthorn.

The heart must be cheerful, the courage must be strong, the soul must be perfumed purged;

The mind open to knowledge which ends only in eternity.

Send one bright ray into a darkened life; place one small flower in a *Spring-less* soul;

Just one clasp of the hand; a brother is lifted and aided.

And the joy of our hearts will feel the living joy that oft sang heart to heart.

The "Cut" System

BY DEAN PALMER

THE problem of how to insure attendance at recitations and lectures is one of the first which arises in the history of any educational institution, but that by no means indicates that it is one of the first to receive a satisfactory solution. Since it is ever true that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach," it might be well to require attendance at daily recitations as a prerequisite to attendance at the daily evening meal. The colleges have, however, been somewhat slow in adopting such extreme measures to increase their endowment funds, perhaps because a certain amount of contentment throughout the student body is essential to the very existence of the college, and an empty stomach spells contempt, not content.

A few of the methods adopted by different institutions to produce the desired result are as follows:

(1) Absolute attendance is required; (2) a small number of unexcused absences, or cuts, is allowed, and necessary absences are excused; (3) a number of cuts is allowed which must include necessary absences of short duration; (4) no definite allowance of cuts is made, but absences are reported, and an excessive number requires explanation to the dean; (5) attendance is entirely voluntary.

The first method is that of the preparatory school, the second and third those of the small college, the fourth that of the large college, and the last that of the graduate school. Nevertheless an examination of the history of a single institution such as Harvard College reveals a progressive change from the first method toward the last which has

taken place coincidently with an advance in the view-point from which both faculty and students regard each other, and marks a movement away from administrative oversight toward student responsibility. Self-government has conquered one department of college life after another, and it remains only for the adoption of voluntary attendance at classes to make the conquest complete.

So far as Haverford College is concerned, I do not believe that the process of evolution has brought us to the final stage of development which would make purely voluntary attendance successful; and I think any one who had listened for five years to the most plausible, ingenious, and varied excuses which can be invented, would agree with that conclusion. The "Cut System" now in force is briefly the third method mentioned above. Seniors and Juniors are allowed ten cuts per quarter; Sophomores and Freshmen eight. Furthermore, these must be so distributed that not more than three are taken in a course meeting three times a week, a similar proportion holding for other courses. An "over-cut" is defined as a cut taken in excess either of the total number allowed, or of the number allowed in a single course. Stress is laid upon the fact that necessary absences of short duration must be included in the regular allowance, and students are urged to save their cuts for such occasions. Appropriate penalties are provided in cases where over-cuts are taken. In order to determine whether the present system might be regarded as working satisfactorily, and also to discover the factors which give rise to the over-cutting which exists, I have examined the statistics covering the last five years, during which time I have been Dean.

The factors which might be supposed to affect the amount of over-cutting are as follows:—(1) the cut system adopted, (2) the spirit throughout the college as influenced by a strong or a weak senior class, (3) the individuality and experience of the dean, (4) the development and growth of maturity in a class during its college course, (5) the individuality of a class, (6) the seasonal changes with resulting presence or absence of certain forms of athletic activity. The first three factors would probably affect the total number of over-cuts taken by the whole college; the next two would cause variations in the number taken by any one class during its four years' course; and the last would produce differences in the over-cuts taken in the four quarters of a single year. I have drawn curves showing the variation of the number of over-cuts actually taken in such a way as to make clear, I hope, the influence of the above six factors.

Let us consider Fig. I, which shows the total number of over-cuts

taken by the entire college during each of the last five years. The numbers are obtained by adding together the numbers of over-cuts existing at the end of each quarter. That for the present uncompleted year has been estimated by assuming a probable number for the fourth quarter, and adding this to the results of the first three quarters. It is easy to see that in 1909-10 the college indulged in an extraordinary number of over-cuts, while in 1910-11 the number was unusually small. The maximum in 1909-10 may be explained, I think, by the joint action of three of the above-mentioned factors, the inexperience of the dean, the lack of restraining influence of the senior class, and the ineffectiveness of certain provisions of the cut system then in force. The fact that President Sharpless was absent from college during the second half of this year is an additional circumstance which would undoubtedly tend to produce general laxity and therefore an increase in over-cutting. In 1910-11 the dean had become a little more experienced, a stronger senior class had developed a better college spirit, certain changes had been made in the cut system, and President Sharpless was at the helm throughout the year. As these circumstances all tend toward a reduction in over-cutting, we find a corresponding minimum in the curve. Considering the trend of the curve during the last three years, it seems likely that the most important element in reducing the number of over-cuts to that found in 1910-11 was the change in the cut system.

Five years ago Seniors were allowed ten cuts, Juniors eight, Sophomores six, and Freshmen four, per quarter. All *necessary* absences such as illnesses from typhoid fever and broken bones to headaches and stomach aches, dentist's and oculist's appointments, church holidays, etc., were excused, so that a student's cut allowance was used almost entirely for pleasure, or in case of unprepared lessons. This attitude led to requests such as the following, which was made by two upper-class men with regard to a Freshman:

"You know Mr. S— is a very valuable man on the soccer team, and he has been seriously ill in a New York hospital for some time. We hear that his disease has affected his nerves very badly, and that he is continually asking to see some of his college friends. So we thought we would run over to New York to-morrow and see him, in the hope that he might recover more quickly; and we should like to have our cuts excused."

Under the present system that trip to New York might not have appeared as "necessary" as it did at that time.

Under the old system, too, the members of the faculty were required to make a report of absences weekly instead of daily, which

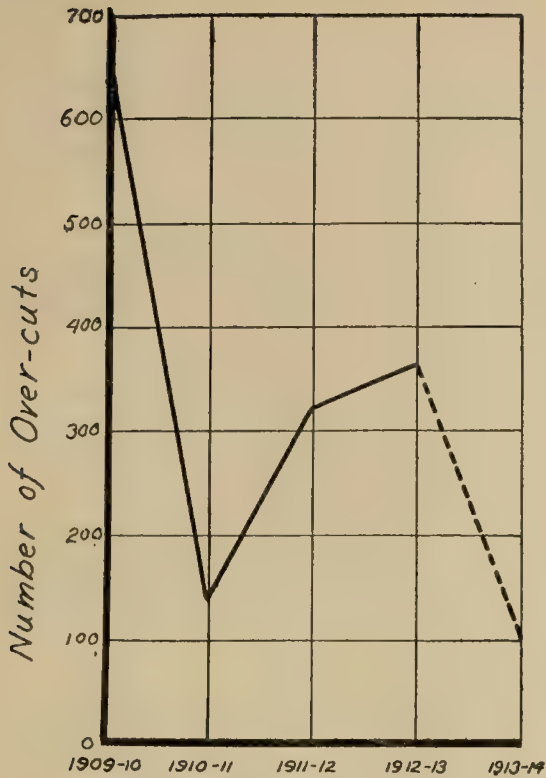

FIG. 1 Total over-cuts in entire college per year.

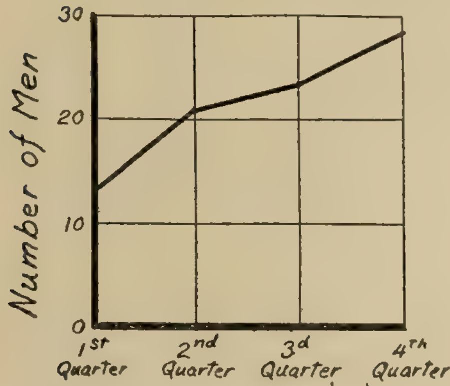

FIG. 3 Average number of men in entire college over-cutting per quarter.

made it impossible for the dean to be informed of over-cuts until ten days after they might have been taken, thus making it easy for a student to run up a long list before it was noticed.

The rise of the curve in Fig. I during the years 1911-13 is probably partly normal, and partly due to a defect which developed in the new cut system. A record is kept in the college office of the absences reported daily by the professors, and the record was open to inspection by the students at their pleasure. There resulted a sort of gambling game between students and faculty. The former would take cuts on one day and then rush to the "cut book" the next to see whether they had actually been reported or not. Whatever else the Haverford faculty is, it is emphatically human, and some of its members are more so than others, so that frequently absences were forgotten or for other reasons not reported. This meant that just so many more cuts might be taken with impunity; and the excitement of the game increased until some unfortunate chance resulted in the unexpected reporting of an absence by an ordinarily forgetful professor, and the consequent descent of the penalty upon the head of the victim together with the derision of his friends. A most exhilarating game!

This year it was decided to make the "cut book" private instead of public, and at the same time to encourage each student to keep an accurate written record of his own cuts, so that errors could be readily corrected. As a change toward greater student responsibility this was, I believe, a move in the right direction. A glance at the curve shows that the estimated number of over-cuts for the present year marks a low record for the college. It is not claimed that this result is due entirely to making the "cut book" private property, but merely that it has been a potent factor which, combined with an excellent college spirit, has made over-cutting less than ever before. When it is considered that a single over-cut reduces the quarterly grade of the subject in wihch it is taken by three per cent, it is easily seen that marks throughout the college have suffered less than usual from this cause.

Fig. 2 shows the variations in over-cutting indulged in by three different classes during each one of their four college years. The old cut system was in force during the entire time the class of 1910 was in college, during the first two years for the class of 1912, and the class of 1914 has known no cut system but the new one. All three curves show clearly a state of affairs which we have long known to exist at Haverford, namely, that an increase in responsibility and maturity out of all proportion with what might be expected takes place between Sophomore and Junior year. Upon emancipation from the subjection of

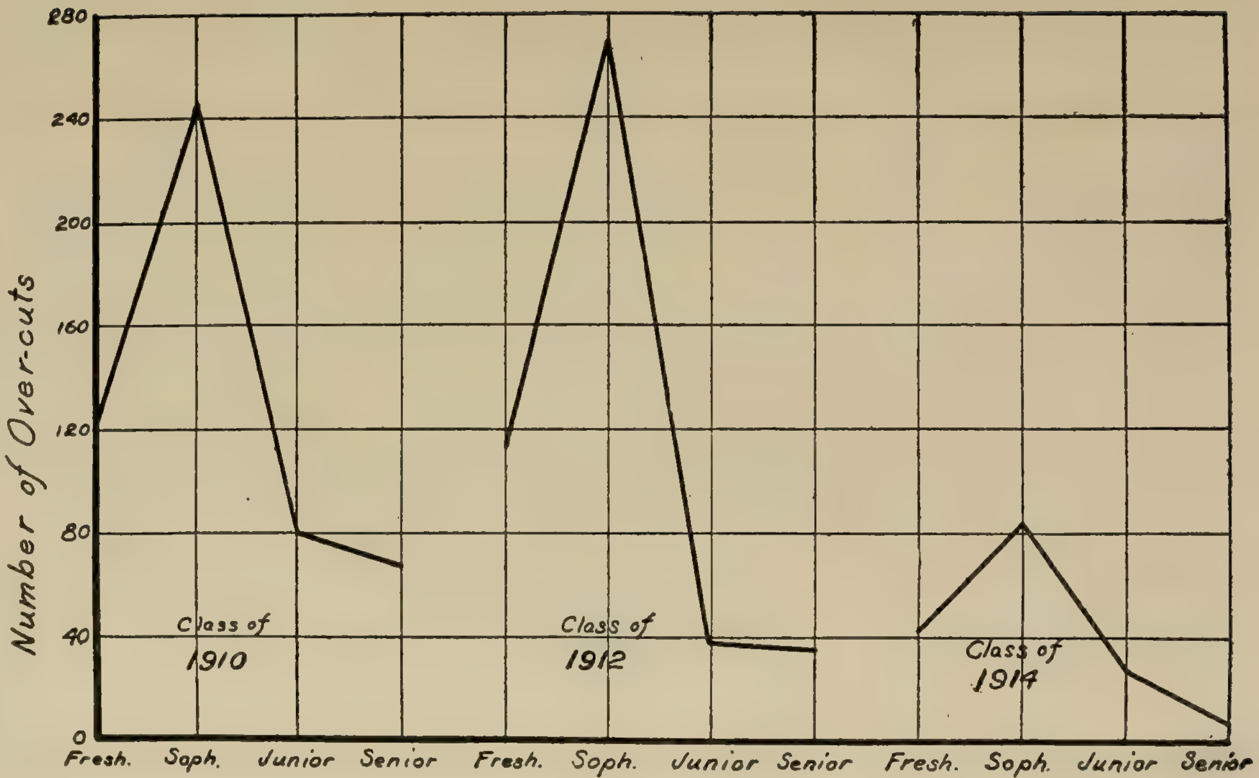

FIG. 2 Over-cuts taken by different classes during each of four years.

Freshman year we may apparently expect to see the normal Sophomore class exuberant in its freedom from responsibility, and indulgent in the matter of over-cuts. The progressive diminution of over-cuts in the Junior and Senior years as shown by these three curves indicates, I think, the effect of the changes in the cut system already mentioned. While the comparative flatness of the curve for the class of 1914 illustrates well what I have called the effect of the "individuality of the class"; for in this instance, although exhibiting clearly the main features of the other curves, the actual number of over-cuts represented is very much smaller.

Upon examination of the curves showing the variation of over-cuts in any one year from one quarter to another, no definite conclusion can be reached, since the number of years covered by this investigation is so few and the character of the curves so varied that no marked tendencies are apparent. Another point of view, however, suggests itself from which light may be thrown on this point. Fig. 3 shows the average variations for the last five years in the number of *men* in the whole college taking over-cuts per quarter, instead of the number of over-cuts taken by these men. This curve shows an almost steady increase from an average of thirteen men in the first quarter to an average of twenty-nine in the fourth quarter. Although cricket, track, "spring fever," the coming of the close of the term, the approach of summer and the consequent remoteness of the next succeeding quarter, all may have an influence in producing this result, I am not satisfied that the influence is great enough to account for the observed increase; and the obvious inference that the over-cutting indulged in by the men at the beginning of the year is "catching" must lead to a search for some new method of improving this situation.

It may appear that in this discussion I have used the ideas of cutting and over-cutting indiscriminately, assuming that any circumstances which might tend to make a student cut his classes at all would tend to make him over-cut his allowance. Strange to say this is apparently exactly the case, and it has been brought out very strikingly as well as unexpectedly from a study of the above statistics. What psychological law may be cited to account for such a situation I cannot tell, but that the situation is a real one I have no reasonable doubt.

In conclusion, then, I think it has been shown that from the statistics of the last five years it is not difficult to trace the influence upon over-cutting of the original six factors suggested, namely, the cut system, the spirit throughout the college, the dean, the four years' course, the class, and the four quarters. Whenever several of these combine to throw

their effect in one direction or another we may look for a maximum or a minimum in the number of over-cuts. Furthermore, I believe we must conclude that the new cut system as modified this year is better adapted to our needs, and more satisfactory in its operation than any system that has ever been tried before at Haverford College.

Where the River Joins the Sea

BY FELIX M. MORLEY, '15

The full, round moon floats lightly through the sky,
  Weaving her radiance in the woof of night;
On either bank enchanted landscapes gleam
  Transfigured by the soft, etherial light.

From the fair hills that guard this sheltered plain
  Comes purling forth the pure, sweet spring of Life,
To go a-winding through fresh flow'ring fields,
  Down to the oft tempestuous sea of strife.

Where I am drifting, midst the silent reeds,
  The shimmering surface shows me cloudless skies;
A sullen roar beyond the rocky point
  Proves but too well that there the ocean lies.

Without the harbor bar the moonbeams dance,
  They beckon on, away, and out to sea;
When the dawn breaks above that trackless waste
  God grant my fairy visions stay with me!

The Truth is at the End

By G. C. Theis, '15

IN view of the fact that next year may see a theatre in Philadelphia, which will carry dramatic production in America further than any single event in our theatrical history, it is not amiss to close this department for dramatic comment for the year with a few words on the production of artistic drama in America. Whether the plans succeed for next year or not, the sincere playgoer has reason to believe that an artistic theatre is not far off. At all events, the more opinion to that end that can be aroused the better. With two courses here next year devoted to drama and the general increase of interest in the field, both of which approach the subject in the formative stage, much can be done toward starting out right. The students of now will be instrumental in determining the theatrical production which they will later have.

It is possible, perhaps, to outline the entire problem and make it clearer.

New theatres are constantly being built, to which there is a very significant economic side, but not one of the large number has been devoted to else than the more frequent production of current commercial plays or motion pictures. In spite of the increasing popularity of the playhouse in America no venture has concerned itself with the artistic production. The cry of many playgoers, on the other hand, is that there exists no supply. The manager who is able to reconcile these two sides has so far not been found, and America has still to see its first artistic theatre. [The reader will kindly endure that hackneyed and horrible word "artistic"—and accept it in its best meaning.]

Several years ago a New Theatre was founded in New York. Ultimate failure was obvious from the beginning: the venture consisted of money only. For a number of years there has been a movement of Little Theatres. Whether these are anything but a fad is doubtful, but still remains to be seen. So far the productions have been hardly more valuable than the commercial, indeed, they are emulating them. A fundamental drawback is their prohibitive prices. Winthrop Ames has given up the repertory idea; so has Mrs. Jay in so far as she ever had any idea.

Both of these movements have deceived the layman—for a while. He justifiably asks what, then, does or will mark an artistic theatre.

He is skeptical of the "uplifting" and experimental nature of the proclaimed artistic theatres, after being misled twice. A new venture will have all the harder a row to hoe. Rightly his attitude is "you'll have to show me." Where has the mistake been in these previous ideas? It is really obvious—but he insists that he'll have to be shown.

Almost undoubtedly, at least chiefly, the mistake has been in the wrong emphasis. Dramatic productions consist of four elements: The plays, the acting, the public, and the theatre. So far the emphasis has been put on the last. The New York New Theatre was a colossal example of it; no money was spared on the building and equipment. Big fat salaries were paid to everyone from director to scene shifter. The Little Theatres likewise have concerned themselves chiefly with decoration—mechanical appliances, all of which resulted in something very ladylike and little else. No wrong emphasis can be put on the necessity of the public, but it can be put on its nature. The public always shows its interest in a new project, but there has to be something to make it return.

What was not emphasized, all the time, was the fundamental elements—plays and acting. Beginning with these and properly managing the details will mean the success of an artistic theatre sometime. That this is not impossible is evident from the fact that it is constantly being done on the Continent. As a matter of fact it is being done in America—curiously enough in a German theatre. At the Irving Place Theatre in New York the only attractions are plays and acting. The theatre building is old and ordinary; the equipment is reduced to mere necessities. Yet, the past season has been an unqualified success, except, of course, nobody made a million. Although located 'way out of the theatre center one-half of the audience is English. Very little money is spent on advertisement, of which there is a lot gratis by way of frequent mention and comparison. Just shortly the company from the Irving Place went uptown to the Opera House and the profits were six thousand dollars. The only equipment was a play and actors. The play was a German version of Oedipus Rex. It seems strange that a little band of players speaking in a foreign language should be able to succeed with artistic drama in this country, where no native company have ever made such an attempt with any success. This company likewise produced Shaw's "Pygmalion" for the first time in America—one of the greatest contemporary English dramatists produced in an English speaking country in a foreign language!

What does it all mean? Merely, what has just been said. All attempts to produce artistic drama in America have been marked by

placing the emphasis on the wrong elements. This is not alone shown by failures, but also by the success of the German company. The latter have also absolutely nothing to offer but plays and acting—no fine building, no extravagant scenery, and so forth. Any student can see that the whole problem of artistic drama is one of plays and acting. Let him keep in mind always to look for them and be satisfied when he finds them.

How to determine the merit of plays and acting is a purely personal matter depending on experience or knowledge. One ultimate fact about "the public" (to which the student belongs) is that this poverty-stricken body will always applaud two things—the worst and the best. When a manager finds that the best in drama consists of plays and acting the students will support him—the prospective theatre in Philadelphia counts on that.

There is no danger, however, that less college students will attend the burlesque theatres. Appreciative only of vulgarity there is not a small number who support this type of performance.

A Flunk's a Flunk

By Donald B. Van Hollen, '15

Come, slam that book and let's to town
An' at the sign of ol' Pekin
We'll have chow main and omelets brown
With lots o' tea to guzzle 'er down.
We'll smoke and chat; we'll philosophise
An' show that grades don't prove one wise.
But hark! our better self—that noble dwarf—
In awful Dean-like tones is wailing forth:

"Oh, seein' life is good 'nuf dope,
But a flunk's a flunk
And must be passed
When 65's your only hope!"

Aquae Sextae

By Douglas C. Wendell, '16

I

Is this the future Scourge of Rome,
  This herd of German sheep?
The haughty Roman smiled.
  Are these the men of Rome we see,
These Dwarfs with swarthy cheek?
  With scorn the Teuton smiled.

But, by the night, when the sun had set,
  The ground was red, and bloody-wet,
And Germania wept for her slaughtered sons,
  And whispered low to her people so—
    Not yet! Not yet!

II

Teutons fiery, great and fair,
Romans wiry, dark their hair,
    Met at Aquae Sextae.

Onward pressed the serried wedge,
Germans all, and each a giant.
Calmly stood the Roman lines,
Eager, lithe, and smoothly pliant.

Crashed the Wedge, and pierced the line
All the hosts from further Rhine—
    Bloody Aquae Sextae!
Hold! The second line, on edge,
Breaks at last the blunted Wedge—
    Roman's Aquae Sextae.

Teutons mourned their dead that night,
While Rome made merry o'er the fight.
    Victor's Aquae Sextae.

III

Past the Time-posts, ever taking,
Come the Teutons, kingdom-making.
Strength of Freemen downward rushes—
  Frees the lands that Empire crushes,
    Centuries after Sextae.

Alumni Department

Haverfordians who have heard the coming event forecast from the Haverford standpoint alone will be interested to read these Swarthmore sentiments, culled from letters read at the New York Banquet by A. J. Peaslee, guest of honor from Swarthmore.

Samuel T. Stewart

YO! YO! Haverford!—It is like a bugle call to an old war-horse and I for one will be glad to hear it once more hurled in defiance at a Swarthmore team.

Many times I have held up the Swarthmore-Haverford games as examples of what hard-fought, clean-played games should be. I do not believe prettier games were ever played.

My greetings to you, Haverford, even though I'd like another chance at you myself.

Albert Hall

I have talked to many Haverfordians and Swarthmoreans, past and present devotees of the gridiron, and all agreed that they had no longer a desire for the watchful, waiting policy in reference to the resumption of the annual football contests between the Red and Black and the Garnet. Further discussion developed that "General Disagreement" should be given a broadside by both institutions and that they should meet again on the sportsmanlike basis of a fair competitive contest for the football honors of Pennsylvania's real Quaker Colleges, and not be misled by a game or a victory (occasionally) over the so-called U. of P. Quakers.

George H. Brooke

It was very sportsmanlike of them to ask a Swarthmore man to their dinner. I have long been in favor of a Swarthmore-Haverford game, because I think it means everything to the football interests in both institutions. They are naturally rivals and I expect to see in the future, nothing but pleasant and cordial relations between the two institutions. I am delighted that the old days will be renewed and whenever it is possible, I expect to be on hand to see the annual battle.

Swarthmore Club of New York

The Swarthmore Club of New York sends cordial greetings to the Haverford Alumni in New York.

We rejoice with you that athletic relations have been established between us, the two Quaker Colleges........ We expect to roll you in the dust of defeat next fall, but whether we do or not, the soil on both your uniforms and ours will be the mud of honorable, sportsmanlike contest......

Captain Clime of Swarthmore

It was with the greatest pleasure that I learned that we were to again meet on the athletic field. I am glad to see our friendly relations resumed, as I am sure that it

will mean increased interest in football as well as a great attraction for alumni of both colleges. Especially to me, it is significant to have been chosen the leader of the first team to meet Haverford in ten years and I sincerely hope that this will be a mere beginning of what is to come. In closing, may I add, that it is my most sincere wish that the better team will always win.

With best wishes to Haverford next year for a successful football team *until they play Swarthmore, etc.*

One of the most successful annual dinners of the New York Alumni was held at the Fifth Avenue Restaurant on April 28th.

Almost fifty Haverfordians were present, including President Sharpless and guests from Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and Pittsburgh.

It was an enthusiastic celebration of the renewal of athletic relations with Swarthmore. Messrs. Peaslee and Downing of Swarthmore, the latter a former football captain, were among the guests of honor. Mr. Peaslee read numerous letters from the Swarthmore camp which indicate the good will and friendship sure to exist between the two colleges with the revival of the football games. With the kind permission of Mr. Peaslee we are printing some of these letters. Henry Scattergood stirred up old memories by a review of the Swarthmore games of days gone by and outlined the Haverford athletic policy.

Loyal Haverford spirit knew no bounds when President Sharpless rose to respond to the first toast. Haverford ideals and our progress toward them were subjects that warmed the hearts of all Haverfordians. The possible physical growth of the college and the kind of growth we want, the generous contributions of Alumni, the type of Haverfordian we are developing and the value of a Haverford degree—were all subjects touched upon by the President.

Another distinguished guest was Edward J. Hungerford, alumnus of Syracuse University and authority on transportation problems. Mr. Hungerford delivered an inspiring speech on "The College Man's Influence in the Small Community."

Greetings were brought from Baltimore by Dr. W. R. Dunton, from Boston, by Richard Patton, and from Pittsburgh by Bernard Lester.

Royal J. Davis, of the *Evening Post* editorial staff, was a prince of toastmasters. With a diplomacy truly Bryanesque he welcomed the representatives of the Garnet into the Haverford family for an evening.

Officers for the ensuing year are President J. S. Auchincloss, '90; Vice-President A. Buselle, '94; Secretary V. F. Shoepperle, '11.

Those present were:—President Sharpless, E. J. Hungerford, of Syracuse University, Amos Peaslee, of Swarthmore; Downing, of Swarthmore, Sedgwick, of Earlham College; G. R. Allen '96, J. S. Auchincloss, '90, H. F. Babbitt '01,

W. A. Battey '99, A. Buselle '94, M. P. Collins '92, S. W. Collins '83, A. S. Cookman '02, F.F. Davis '93, R. J. Davis '99, W. R. Dunton, Jr. '89, A. Haviland '65, J. D. Kenderdine '10, F. E. Lutz '00, J. I. Lane '98, C. D. Morley '10, E. C. Murray '05, Dr. A. T. Murray '85, J. C. Parrish '59, S. Parsons '61, R. Patton '01, H. C. Petty '99, E. R. Ritchie '99, E. R. Ross '98, E. C. Rossmaessler '01, Wm. R. Rossmaessler '06, C. L. Seiler '02, J. H. Scattergood '96, F. Smiley '12, S. G. Spaeth '05, F. A. Swan '98, D. S. Faber Jr. 94, E. Thomas '97, W. C. Webster '95, J. Wood '93, L. H. Wood '96, P. L. Woodward '02, J. K. Worthington '03, W. Whitson '08.

It is with a deep sense of regret that we announce the death on May 7th of Thomas Lloyd Baily '40, one of the oldest of Haverford alumni. Mr. Baily was born in Philadelphia, on March 2nd, 1824, and with the exception of George F. Shotwell ex-'38, and Anthony Kimber '40, was, at the time of his death, the oldest alumnus of Haverford.

Mr. Baily entered the college introductory department in 1837 and left during his Junior year. After being engaged in business in Philadelphia for some years he retired and in 1871 was ordained to the Baptist ministry, maintaining in this capacity charges at West Chester, Reading, and Pleasantville N. J. In 1854 Mr. Baily was married to Caroline Adelia Smith of Bellefonte, Pa. He was author of seven books dealing with the temperance question in a manner primarily adapted for Sunday School usage, and also of numerous poems, many of which appeared in the columns of Neal's Gazette. During the latter part of his life poor health had prevented his taking an active part in church affairs and for some years he had resided at the home of his son, Dr. Alfred W. Baily of Atlantic City. It was here that his death occurred in the 91st year of his age.

During the past month letters have been received from two of the older alumni, William Weaver Potts '58, and Cyrus Lindley '60, which we take the most sincere pleasure in printing below. It is almost needless to make mention of the appreciation and gratitude which the Alumni Department owes to those who take such interest in its work.

5th 13–14.

Friend Morley;—

Your postal at hand, contents noted. I am on the retired list—have passed my three score and fifteen, or in other words am 75 years young. To show you one of the things I have been doing I enclose you a postal, (*telling of a valuable mineral collection presented to the Montgomery County Historical Society*). I am Chaplain of Post II G. A. R. Selected on account of early piety contracted at Haverford from attending meeting 1st days and 5th days for 4 years.

The above reminds me of a parady on "Pop Goes the Weasel:"

We go to church for Richards* sake
And think that it will never brake
Until old 'Maul* gets awake
Then pop goes the weasel.

When from meeting we do come
Around our heads the Bees* do hum,
And if we don't dodge both head
and bum
Then Pop goes the weasel.

Snob* he plies the last and awl
And makes the boots for large and
small,
But when we go to kick the ball
Then pop goes the weasel.

Cuthbert* plies the needle bright
And charges what he thinks is right,
But when he makes the legs too
tight
Then pop goes the weasel.

I think Frank Walton was the author.

If I had devoted as much time to my lessons as I did to sport, especially the Gym., I would be considerably smarter than I am. I could raise myself to the chin with one arm—was an expert with the rings and parallel bar. I am thankful that I did not injure my health by over study.

We had some nice boys at school from 1851 to 1854.

* Johnathan Richards, Superintendent.

* Maul sat at the head of Meeting.

* Bumblebees' nest under the board walk which I prepared for business by stirring up after meeting.

* Louis Warner, our shoemaker.

* Was our tailor, and lived at Athensville, now Ardmore.

The nicest and most lovable was Dave Schull. Then there was Phil and John Garrett, Bill Pancoast, Sam Trouth, Fred Arthur from Nantucket (Whale), John and Will Mellor (Big and little Pig), Edward R. Wood, Dick and Ned Hallowell (Shanks) Frank Walton (Sykes), Jim Walton (Mouse) and last and least yours truly (Mugs.)

It would take hours to tell you of all the mischief that I was in. How we tied the can to Pete the cats tail after administering turpentine--How we dropped the thunder mugs from 3rd story to basement. One lit along side of Timmy. He exclaimed: "Och, Pate, what are you knocking the pitchers off the table for,"

Yours truly,
W. W. POTTS.

3217 5th Ave., Sacramento, Cal.,
May 21st, 1914.

Dear F. M. Morley: After some delay I respond. All right for us to report. The latest number of the Bulletin is excellent so many good addresses; and in one of them a feeling allusion to those old Alumni who are too far away to attend the reunions, dinners and commencements. I said, "That means me for one," and I highly appreciate it. Of the class of 1860, I am 78 years old. I should still like a game of cricket, and the reunion with the old fellows who still survive, but circumstances will not permit, and your climate in winter would not suit me so well as it used to. Benj. H. Smith, James Wood, Dr. Tyson, Fred Morris, are some of my con-

temporaries. I have corresponded occasionally with them and with Theo. H. Morris and Edward Bettle while they lived. Oh! what a happy part of my life was passed at Haverford, and I love the institution.

How I should like to attend the coming commencemnt and I could endure the journey, but it is impracticable. Of course I am retired, but am still active and interested in the affairs of the city, the country, and the church. No Friends here, so I work with the Methodists, and teach a class in Sabbath school. I also visit the schools, and have the teachers and the children as my friends.

I have been married twice, and a widower for 19 years. I have but one child living, Chase; named for my glorious chum, Richard W. Chase, whom the older Alumni will remember. He is also a widower, and we live together. My life has been romantic and eventful. Both my wives had been my pupils. J. G. Cannon and I were schoolmates in boyhood, but our lives have been *somewhat* different. Though I remain poor at to this worlds goods, God has been good to me. "The Lord is my shepherd."

CYRUS LINDLEY.

This June will make the third successive commencement that has seen valuable gifts presented to the college by those classes which have celebrated their "Silver Graduation." To the class of '87 Haver ford is indebted for the handsome granite steps which grace the southern entrance of Founders' Hall. The class of '88 field is a byword to those who have played or seen soccer on the handsome athletic grounds between the Morris Infirmary and the Observatory. This year the class of '89 have perpetuated their name by the donation of a very attractive and valuable collection of trees and shrubs which have been laid out between the Conklin Gate and the Skating Pond.

In this connection mention must also be made of the '04 class lamp which has been erected in front of Founder's Hall. The lamp stands on the plot of ground formerly occupied by the sun-dial. Besides being a great artistic improvement, it will also be useful in lighting the much-travelled path to the library.

The "Owl and Gridiron," Haverford's new honorary society, will go into practical effect on Commencement Day, June 15th, when the initial election is to be held to admit members from the student body. The elections are to be a purely mechanical and disinterested method of selection, inasmuch as each candidate must have a minimum average of 83% throughout his Senior year, must be the leader of one major college activity, and at the same time be actively engaged in at least two other activities. This means that every member will be a leader in those lines, both scholastic and collegiate, which typify a true Haverfordian.

The constitution of the society states the four purposes which make up the aim of its founders.

(1) To be a honorary society for leaders in scholarship and college activities.

(2) To be an incentive to undergraduates to do a few things thoroughly, rather than many things partially.

(3) To induce a fraternal spirit among the alumni and undergraduates, and to bring them into conjunction.

(4) To enable the undergraduate members to form a permanent reception committee for visiting alumni.

The June issue of the Alumni Quarterly, the last of the four issues of the Haverford Bulletin, is to contain a number of articles on subjects of interest to Haverfordians. Dean Palmer has contributed an article dealing with the new curriculum, and Dr. Babbit has written concernig "The College and Gymnasium Work." Among the recent books by Alumni are, the Cuneiform Inscription reviews written by George A. Barton '82; an essay on Milton by Alden Sampson, '73; and Clarence Hoag's, '93, "Theory of Interest." These works have been treated at greater length in recent Haverfordians.

An anonymous letter written by an alumnus is in the editor's hands, advising a more energetic attempt to interest preparatory school students in the advantages of Haverford College.

Among the Anniversary Papers by Colleagues and Pupils of George Lyman Kittridge, are to be found two by Haverfordians: "The Mother-in-Law," by Dr. F. B. Gummere '72 and "The Narrative Arts of the Old French Fableaux," by W. M. Hart, '92.

The Haverford Summer School has as instructors the following alumni, Drs. George A. Barton, '82; Rufus M. Jones, '85; and H. J. Cadbury, '03. Dr. Jones will serve as Vice-President, Dr. Cadbury as Secretary and Oscar M. Chase, '94, will be Treasurer of the School.

'67

William P. Clark has withdrawn from business on account of ill health and is now living in retirement. His address is Paonia, Colorado.

'82

George A. Barton published early in April, Part III of the *Haverford Library Collection of Cuneiform Tablets*. The volume contains fifty-four plates of autographed texts and a list of all the proper names in the three parts. About 3300 persons are mentioned in these texts. This volume completes the publication of the Haverford tablets.

J. H. Morgan is in the farming and real estate business in Alva Oklahoma. His home address is Ingersoll, Okla., Rural Route No. 1.

'86

William H. Savery is now located in Chicago, Ill., in the interests of the Parson's Smoke Consumer Co., a concern which manufactures appliances for reducing smoke and coal gas in railway terminals by perfecting combustion in the locomotives.

'87

Alfred C. Garrett of Germantown on May the second addressed the Friends of Cambridge on "Unity among Quakers." He urged that the two branches endeavor to reach a common ground of agreement. Several Haverford alumni were present.

'88

William Draper Lewis, the Washington Party nominee for governor, and Dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, has prepared for the joint committee of the Senate and House a revision of the Corporation Laws. This revision will be presented for final adoption a year hence. Several laws affecting the regulation of public utilities, the employment of women and children, and the like, which are now in whole or in part on the statute books of the state, have been drafted under the direction of Dean Lewis. In addition to this Mr. Lewis has also been of great service to the Conference on Uniform State Laws, a body appointed under the acts of the several states, to prepare laws which are then adopted without alteration by the different states. Dean Lewis' special work for this committee has been concerned with the codification to the Law of Partnership.

'91

J. W. Hutton, who was principal of the Friends' School at Barnesville, Ohio, has announced his engagement to Miss Ellen Cope, of Winona, Ohio.

'92

Christian Brinton expects to sail shortly for Russia in order to make an extensive study of modern Slavonic art. Mr. Brinton has published several articles on this subject, and is going abroad with the intention of arranging for an important exhibition of contemporary painting and sculpture, for which he will prepare the official catalogue.

Mr. Brinton also has an article in the June number of the *Cosmopolitan* entitled "Caro-Delvaille, Artistic Dualist." This painter, Mr. Brinton says, has "succeeded in spite of success." The statement while seemingly paradoxical is supported by the fact of the artist's early and startling success, "which might well have disturbed the equilibrium of a seasoned exhibitor." The author compares Delvaille's work to the masterpieces of Titian, Velasquez, and Goya, and cites his dual nature as being at once a "chronicler of modern feminine grace and elegance, and a passionate devotee of the antique beauty of form." The text is accompanied by illustrations of the painter's work, which show clearly that "in him nature and circumstance have conspired to produce happy results," and that he is one of the most eloquent living exponents of the classic tradition.

'94

Under the title of "Eric and Enid" there has just appeared in Everyman's Library a translation of the four complete Arthurian

romances of Chrétien de Troyes, with an introductory essay, library notes, and a bibliography. The volume is the work of Professor William Wistar Comfort of Cornell University, and makes at last accessible to English readers the earliest Arthurian romances extant: *Erec and Enide*, *Cliges*, *Yvain*, and *Launcelot*.

Charles J. Rhoads has been nominated for President of the Federal Reserve Bank, Philadelphia.

'95

Samuel H. Brown has been awarded an Austin Scholarship at Harvard University.

'97

William W. H. Macafee has resigned his position with Callaway, Fish and Co., and is now with Knauth, Machod and Kuhne, Bankers, New York City.

'98

Dr. William J. Cadbury plans to leave Canton early in July for his year's furlough, returning by way of Siberia. Dr. Henry J. Cadbury, '03, will meet him in Vienna and they will spend some time together in Europe.

'01

Edward Marshall Scull was married on May 26th to Miss Anna Price Johnson of Germantown, Philadelphia.

'02

An interesting contribution to the field of translation is the recent work of Charles Wharton Stork, who has published various poems in English for a series called the German Classics of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, edited by Kuno Francke, of Harvard University. This series is embodied in twenty volumes, of which volume seven contains most of the translations.

Mr. and Mrs. Stork are spending this summer in Europe.

Dr. Spiers has recently had published by D. C. Heath & Co., an edition of Honoré de Balzac's Eugenie Grandet. Dr. Spiers also had an article in the May number of "Modern Language Notes" on the teaching of French Grammar.

A. C. Wood is playing cricket again with Moorestown and as usual is one of the mainstays.

The seven "poets" of the class of 1902 held their annual meeting at the Franklin Inn on the 15th of May.

'05

Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Cookman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., announced on April 16th, the birth of a son, Prentice Clark Cookman.

'06

Roderic Scott, who has spent the past year as a Y. M. C. A. worker in St. Petersburg. Russia, returned on furlough in May. He will spend the remainder of the summer months in this country, and in August expects to be married to Miss Agnes Kelly, daughter of

President Robert Kelly of Earlham College.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Allen of Wilmette, Ill., announce the engagement of their daughter Maud to Jesse D. Philips of Chicago. Mr. Philips is now employed in the wall-paper department of Sears, Roebuck and Co.

T. K. Brown, Jr., has an article on "Class Reunions" in the June issue of the Alumni Quarterly.

'07

Dr. Wilbur H. Haines finished his twenty-seven months of service with Dr. John B. Deaver at the German Hospital, on April the first of this year.
Dr. Haines has opened offices at 1906 Chestnut St., and will be pleased to greet any of his Haverford friends.
THE HAVERFORDIAN joins in wishing Dr. Haines a very successful career.

Harold Evans was married on May 1st to Miss Sylvia Hathaway.

Ex-'07

Richard Cadbury, Jr., has moved his membership of monthly meeting from Haverford to Wilmington, Delaware.

'08

Carl Forse Scott was married in St. John's Episcopal Church, Yonkers, N. Y., to Miss Dorothea Taussig, on Saturday, April 25th. Among the ushers were three Haverfordians, all of '08, Carrol Brown, of Westtown, Pa.; T. Morris Longstreth, of Rosemont, Pa.; and Howard Burtt, of Philadelphia. Mr. Scott is an electrical engineer, with the *Sprague Electrical Works*, New York.

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'09

Reynold A. Spaeth has been awarded one of the Graduate Sheldon Fellowships at Harvard University. These are worth $1,000, and in accordance with the terms of the trust, are awarded to such persons as are deem most deserving for purposes of investigation or study either in this country or abroad. Spaeth's work will be done in Zoology.

Robert Lindley Murray Underhill has been appointed to the Henry Bromfield Rogers Memorial Fellowship at Harvard, which provides for a year's study in a German university.

The marriage of Alfred Lowrie, Jr., to Miss Grace S. Bacon of Haddonfield, N. J., will take place on the twenty-fourth of this month.

Fred A. Myers, Jr., was married in May to Miss Margaret Culbertson.

Lawrence C. Moore, M.D., has resigned his position as interne at the Presbyterian Hospital and is now Assistant Medical Director of the Wanamaker Store.

F. Raymond Taylor, who recently completed the University of Pennsylvania medical course, is now an interne in the Germantown Hospital.

M. H. C. Spiers will open a school at Devon, Penna., this fall.

'10

The marriage of Christhopher D. Morley to Miss Helen Booth Fairchild thhk place in New York on June third. Mr. and Mrs. Morley will be at home after June fifteenth at 24 Oak Street, Hemstead, Long Island.

'12

Douglas P. Falconer was married to Miss Margery Annesly Hoyt at the bride's home in Montclair, N. J., on June 5th. Owing to illness in Miss Hoyt's family the wedding was a small one, Poley, '12, Miller, '12, Durgin, '12, and Falconer, '15, being the Haverfordians present.

Falconer was recently elected president of the Social Workers

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Society of Newark, N. J. In this connection he was a delegate at a Social Welfare Convention in Memphis, Tenn.

L. M. Smith expects to return home from Japan in the near future for his summer furlough.

F. G. Smiley attended the recent banquet of the New York Alumni in New York City.

Robert E. Miller served as a captain of a team of young business men, in a recent seven day campaign in Lancaster, which successfully raised $100,00 toward the building of a new Y. W. C. A. Miller's team ranked third out of twenty teams in the total amount of money raised.

S. S. Morris has returned from the West and is with the firm of Banaerle and Morris, Manufacturing Coppersmiths, at 932 N. Front St., Philadelphia.

Stacey Beebe is employed with the American Art Company, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

W. H. Steere is travelling in Michigan and Illinois for the Rhoads Leather Belting Co. His address is 322 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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An Anniversary

THE beginning of a new year at Haverford marks an anniversary which ought to be of utmost importance. This is the anniversary of resolutions or of "effort of attention," to use William James' phrase, when he notes that "effort of attention is the essential phenomenon of will."

As the shooting of an arrow implies a target, so does the launching of a resolution imply an ideal. At this college we identify it with Haverford. We feel that it is a very actual and potent reality, but at times there is a mist that hides it from our view. At such moments we ask ourselves, what is the Haverford Ideal?

Then if we pause to think whither we are striving, we find that there is no summit worthy of attainment, no ideal worthy of Haverford men excepting that founded on spirituality.

And in order that this spirituality, which is nothing more or less than the right relationship between a man and his life, may pervade all Haverford, it is necessary that we emphasize it to a far greater extent than is now done.

At Haverford, the Y. M. C. A. is the tangible means towards gaining this ideal and therefore deserves special emphasis.

The only way in which good may be received from the Y. M. C. A., the only way in which a man can support the Y. M. C. A., is to take an *active* part. And an active part does not necessarily mean being on any committee.

It does mean that the students are determined to make the Y. M. C. A. the dominant factor in college life by their earnestness at meetings, by their sympathy with the speakers whoever they may be, by their reverence for Christian ideals and traditions whether at Thursday meeting or on Wednesday night—above all by making their lives harmonize with the purposes of the Association.

There is no greater evidence that we are falling far short of the Haverford Ideal than the fact that men hesitate to come out unreservedly for Christ and that they shun the word "religious." In this Christian institution the man should be marked out as different, regarded as "queer" and as an object of suspicion who is not a Christian, rather than he who is endeavoring to be one.

An Idyll

By Douglas Waples, '14.

When the drowsy kiss of evening beckons down the golden dreams
And the things that are seem those that used to be,
Then I love to see her standing with her hair tossed by the wind;
By the west wind as it whispers to the sea.

When she smiles her lips are playing with a teasing charm of old,
On me she smiled, and smiled but on a boy;
Yet I standing there adored her as the Argives worshipped Helen;
Helen gazing o'er the battlements of Troy.

As she speaks her low laugh trembles like the carol of a lark,
And dies away an ever-living tune
'Till I think I'll e'er be solaced by that memory of evening;
That eve with her,—the nightingales,—and June.

Yet now this silver twilight grows o'ercast with darker memories—
Twin eyelids stare into eternity—
And yet I know that they are looking toward the shore where we shall meet,
And where the west wind comes and whispers to the sea.

Into the Land of Cricket

By John K. Garrigues, '14.

ALL ashore 'at's goin' ashore!" Then the hurrying of crowds, the crowding up to the rails for a last word of farewell, a long whistle and the steamer *Minnehaha* is in the channel, off for England. A Long and Fast on shore is vociferously answered, while another cheer marks the raising of the scarlet and black to the masthead. Before we can realize it the first dinner bugle has wheezed out a feeble but none the less promptly answered summons, and instantly we are all lined up to enjoy our first meal, as indeed we enjoyed them all except for one sad occasion. I refer to the solitary time when Jim Carey's hypnotism method made Bill Webb appear to be green and also brought a noticeable droop to Coleman's usually Kaiser-esque mustachios. Many letters and telegrams, circulated during lunch, emphasized inspiringly the hopes and good wishes which Haverfordians old and new put in our venture, a spirit which always supported us, no matter how great the all-powerful Britisher's game seemed in comparison with ours.

The pleasures of the ocean voyage I will not try to depict. A conversation with any member of the team will conclusively show how untiringly ethereal it was. But however divided our pursuits, though one found a rare volume a sufficient companion for a day of pleasure, while another preferred the everlasting charm of honeyed phrases and the pensive enjoyment of murky nights, every evening found the whole team banded together in the bow "to sing our college praises and watch the shadows fall." "Balm of Gilead" received some new additions. "Captain Claret in the *Minnehaha* garret" could not be neglected. Then Mr. Cope, who seemed to be quite worried by the apparent leaning of the whole team toward the fair sex, was (in the proper meter) earnestly implored not to elope. When our whole store of more or less harmless harmony was exhausted we would again turn to other pursuits with renewed visions of the finest place in the world and renewed hopes of bringing glory to its name.

Before we could realize it we were again on terra firma, but a soil quite foreign to the boots of all except Christie and Mr. Cope. Our first train ride in England, that from Tilbury Dock to London, brought clearly home to us what manner of land we were invading. Every vacant lot, it seemed, found a gathering of children, small and large, male and female, about some stumps, while miniature cricket bats, substituted boards and every other imaginable apology for a trusty

willow were being busily plied in cutting, driving and pulling. To tell the truth, it really startled us to find a place where infancy was considered no drawback to the great game. We shuddered to think, those of us who had been Juniors in some cricket club at home, how stunted our pampered game had been in comparison with this one, so full of the love of the sport, no matter how crude the means of indulging in it happened to be. However, by this time we too had formed a real love of the game and the national significance here only added zest and ambition to our conquests.

After London had been reached it did not take long to hunt out the two most famous of cricket matches in the country, i. e., Kennington Oval and Lord's, and, thanks to the very kind hospitality of the Surrey C. C. and the Marylebone C. C., we were not long in becoming at home in both of these places, although neither one staged any of our matches.

It would be mere folly to try to express in writing the many new sensations of those first days in England. The greatness of London is quite overwhelming to one who has never seen it before. However we were saved from complete bewilderment through its circuses, which, by the way, we found quite devoid of wild "beasties" and painted chariots, and its rampant crooked lanes by the singleness of our purpose. A certain well-known dealer in all sorts of attire and suitable accessories for cricket had a great rush of business for about a day and then, lo and behold! the whole team appeared in a blaze of white glory for the first practice. The second day nicely took the wobble out of our sea legs and made us all eager for our first match.

Now starts an existence that is filled to the brim with the game we were seeking. To attempt a minute description of the experiences of the whole trip would be too great a burden for these pages. The concrete results of the matches may be gotten from other sources. The impressions of the land we invaded and the spirit of the game we played are to be the theme here.

First, a word or so about the style of English cricket seems to be in order. From our matches we were not slow to discover many important facts about the basis of the play against us. Precision was obviously the keynote of the British style. Every man, whether a forcing bat or a "sticker," must be sure of his strokes. Shrewsbury very painfully showed us how this method brought results, when a quiet-looking fellow, coming in at the fall of the fifth, calmly mastered bowling which had reaped the first six wickets for 113 runs, until he had contributed a solid total of 91 and given his team a fine total. In other cases the

same thing happened, although this first match had taught us to be always on the alert throughout the opponent's innings at the bat.

This precision of batting had a very good effect on our bowling, which in turn learned the great value of accuracy. The Charterhouse and Repton matches toward the end of the trip show quite well the great improvement in our bowling. Charterhouse on a plumb wicket used four and one-half hours to put together 170 runs, while Repton required three hours for 147 and our bowling analysis showed no less than 28 maiden overs. In batting the same carefulness appeared and there were many first-class innings played.

While cricket was the primary interest that brought us to the various schools and clubs, it was not only on the cricket field by any means that we had the pleasure of meeting our opponents. Besides making our sojourns on their fields most pleasant (for they were always ready to clap and cheer our men), and giving us a vast fund of experience, they were at all other times most cordial in welcoming any who came under the name of Haverford. Haverford indeed proved a magic word, which everywhere opened doors to let us enter among the most hospitable of people. When at length we had to journey on our way from one place to another we always did so with the jolly English "three cheers" ringing in our ears, which we used to answer with our "war cry," as they called it, much to their delight. We left all places with the same firm handshake and warm smile which clearly told us how great a bond then existed between all who felt the spirit of cricket.

Let me, to give one glimpse of the delightful way in which we enjoyed the charm of England, sketch a little picture. Uppingham School lies on the top of a steep hill, with the quaint old buildings of the village nestled about it. The headmaster's house faces off to the northeast over open country. From the entrance of this house to the valley the ground is beautifully hedged and terraced. The very top terrace has enclosing it a rustic fence and hedge and also a walk along it has this same rustic covering, which was profusely covered with the sturdy vines of many full-bloomed pink rambler roses. Below this walk there was the most beautiful little garden of bright flowers, larkspur, hollyhocks and all sorts of other blooms contributing their patch of color. Now on the very top terrace in the shadow of some very old buildings (one of them of the fifteenth century), there was a fine little plot of soft English turf. On this our little band had gathered on the eve of the third match under the clearest of skies and the brightest of moons. All of the college songs were sung and then the talk ran rampant on many subjects. Doctor McKenzie, the headmaster, joined us for a

while and the spirit of the Old and New Worlds met in our conversation.

At times like this we realized at least partially how such an atmosphere as this could lead to the development of the great sport of cricket. The whole surrounding of quaint old buildings, of dainty little gardens and of green-hedged meadows seems to join in making cricket what it is. From town and from country, men of trade and men of business gather in a unanimous spirit of good fellowship and good sportsmanship. The stability of an old nation, the stability in fact of all things old, has found its place in the game. All people of all ages find their place on some team. While children are holding their strenuous matches on the commons the better prepared turfs stage matches of much more skill, but the same omni-present air of gentility appears on every crease. It seems that there could be no better medium for the strengthening of loyalty to the nation, a nation of such extreme solidarity, than this great sport, for on the crease all men are equal and all men can clasp hands through a bond of national interest.

After returning to London from our early trip to the north we had many chances to prowl among the historical haunts of England's past as well as present. One could sit on the stone edging of the Victorian Embankment some clear, starry night and straightway be whisked off mentally to view the spirits of London's past. In such a condition it was not hard to see an imaginary bark creeping down the Thames with Mr. Micawber proudly standing in the bow, his telescope raised aloft and his sailor hat cocked on one ear; or Mr. Peggotty placidly smoking his pipe in a bay-window overhanging the river. A short stroll along the river suddenly exposes the silhouetted grandeur of the Parliament buildings looming up in the evening sky with a besilvered stretch of water at their base. Here at appointed times the men at the head of the nation pondered long on the nation's interests, but when their gatherings were over they too could be seen on some cricket grounds with their fellow countrymen. It was amazing how great a call the game had for every class of person. The old natives of quaint little villages meet the city folk on a common basis. Hobbs, the "Ty" Cobb of England, is known everywhere and his innings closely followed and the same is true of many other countrymen. However the average healthy Britisher is not merely content to follow the successes of the cricket celebrities. He too desires to become proficient, so commons and club alike see representatives of all sides of England's national life joining hands for sport's sake whenever holidays permit.

Cricket in our land can obviously boast no such hold at present. It seems that the game of one and one half hour's duration, a game of

speed and tension, is suited to the present stage of our country's growth. But in my mind it will indeed be a happy day when the United States has finally acquired that stability of mind which will make the royal personage of the umpire less liable to assassination and threats of assassination and will lighten the ridicule, which is now so broad, of cricketers who stop for tea.

To have a sport which has sufficient tension for a sane sport, as an outlet for the nervous energy of all people old and young, seems to me to be a tremendous asset to a nation. Haverford for many years has had the privilege of indulging in this sport which is still considered alien. If Haverford can do more and make others feel the wonderful effect of a cricket match on Cope Field, make others long for the everlasting charm and quiet gentility of this greatest of sports and start them well on their way to improve the facilities for it, then a very great good to their fellow men will be the gift of Haverford. I hope the day is not far off when "Kill the umpire!" will be a most raucous sound to an American gentleman's ears. Those who have ever experienced an English cricket trip will always desire to keep the game and the spirit of the game with them and will always desire others to feel the same bond. Cricket is "founded on a rock." It is to be hoped that the growing wisdom of our young nation will not be long in seeing the many benefits, both national and personal, of cricket, and in choosing it as a sport after its own ideal.

Edith Elopes

By Kempton Taylor, '15.

[*A two-part story of some love and a little war.*]

"ALL is fair in love and war." In the days of Eugenics and Hague Conventions this popular adage steadily lost favor. Now the public is grimly convinced of the truth of the war clause. This is a story to prove that love is a game governed never by law and always by chance,—winner take all and the devil the hindermost.

Probably no lover was ever further from apprehending this truth than was John Bird, when, on a late October evening in nineteen hundred fourteen, he dismissed the waiter with a two-dollar tip, cocked a fat cigar in the corner of his mouth, stirred three lumps in his demi-tasse, gazed straight into her eyes and said: "To-morrow you sail to join the Red Cross of a warring nation. For us, then, this is the last supper. You've done your best to spill the salt, but not caring for that commonplace chemical in old wounds, I, your lord and master, have kept the cellar well beyond your reach. This is rather clever; you'd best not match your wit against mine and a Bronx."

"Huh!" snorted his vis-a-vis, tossing her flaxen curls in fair derision, "that's something I've learned not to attempt in public. Do you remember that night in Mrs. Peter Larraby's box we argued whether this gown was blue or no color at all when I hang it up all alone in the closet? Well, Mrs. Peter Larraby told Mrs. Rogers she'd never spent a *bluer* evening—"

"Always matches the party, and has a baggy chin," watching with satisfaction the admiration in the girl's face, "deceptive old chameleon!"

"Stop it! She's not the least bit like a chameleon! She *has* got a double chin, but she hasn't got feathers and she doesn't talk like one."

John Bird did not even waste breath to utter his dryest laugh. He only sighed from the depths of his stiff bosom. Edith would always be like that, he thought. It would be rather terrible to have a wife who couldn't get your best jokes, but it was a satisfaction to know that she would always laugh whether she did or not. She would never train well either,—too much New England pride for that, and too much of what she liked to speak of as "character," frowning a bit masterfully as her young lips lingered over the familiar syllables,—too much ambition.

She was still talking.

"I know you don't like to argue anyhow when there are people around. I always raise my voice—can't help it—and you look uncomfortable and get red—"

"And blue!"

Disgruntled, she waved a white hand towards the garden, mysteriously dark, and with the first touch of autumn desolation. She had learned that gesture at school theatricals, and from the "Handbook of Professional Secrets," which she had yearned after and he had given her. How often in the years to follow when the sock and buskin capered in her enchanted mind had he regretted the gift!

"The night has eyes, and ears, and"—she caught her hand to the shell of her ear, "a voice—listen! the fountain!"

John Bird stared listlessly at the frail arm. A more impartial observer might admit some truth in the girl's announcement at sight of a dark figure shrinking back into the shadow, and at sound of a whispered word on the evening breeze, but John Bird, a sentimentalist himself at heart, never let go a chance to violate her dearest dreams.

"Edith!" he sneered sharply, "in Heaven's name don't be a fool! That kind of nonsense knocks a person out. You look tired out now, —tired and worn."

An hour before, in the soft light of the lounge, he had told her she looked ravishing. That was the way to keep the whiphand over a woman.

For once she seemed oblivious to his comment. Tilting back her head defiantly she sang:

> "*Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,*
> *The shooting stars attend thee.*
> *And the elves also,*
> *Whose little eyes glow,*
> *Like sparks of fire attend thee.*"

Her voice was strong and young, but harsh with its preliminary training. John Bird gritted his teeth. He did not like to hear her sing unless he felt like laughing. He would rather do the singing himself; he had a better voice.

"Lord!" he said.

"Doesn't this war *thrill* you?" she asked, pale with enthusiasm. "Think of all the fine men going to the front and all the fine girls left behind! Think of all the moonlit partings:

> "*Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,*
> *That from the nunnery*

Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

"True, a new mistress now I chase,
The foremost in the field.
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield"—

"If you *must* quote," broke in Bird, "why not be modern? All the Laureate White Hopes have ground out their ditties for this little war."

"Don't you *love* the old Cavaliers?" Edith persisted, "so gallant! Mrs. Peter Larraby and I were talking about our war the other day, and I said how horrible it must have been to have had all the fine young blood of the South cut down that way! She couldn't sympathize. Pshaw!" her eager young eyes reflected the fire of the candelabra, "nowadays the *women* go to the front, and the horrid, pokey old men stay at home and make aeroplanes!"

"Our business is flourishing on the other side," said Bird with a wave of his cigar that embraced all the warring forces of the world, "and most of you volunteer nurses are only taken on to enlist American sympathy. You'll sit miles from the front in a bomb-proof hospital, make bandages from sheets, and administer the last Sacrament to poor, dying devils in an unknown tongue. This war doesn't reckon with the Red Cross."

"Yes, but it's service, and it's the practical experience I want after my hospital course. There'll never be anything like it again. Haven't you any Anglo-Saxon fight in you? Are you going to stand aside at the last conflict of the races? It is only indifference that keeps you here, or is it something— worse?"

She spoke so sharply that diners at nearby tables stirred and craned their necks. Bird turned a dull red, and his heavy eyes flashed dangerously. Still he spoke with forced calmness.

"I have no interest in the war beyond what it means to our business. I am one of those, you know," and he smiled patronizingly, "who believe that discretion is *braver* than valor. Men in battle are seldom brave; they're as mad as stampeding cattle. When our turn comes I doubt if I fight."

Her eyes widened.

"You wouldn't fight for the States?" she asked.

"Not if I could help it. If I had to, it would not be from any self-

assured patriotism. It would be because my friends were serving. I have no more desire to lay down my life than any healthy animal."

Looking across at the sleek-jowled speaker, Edith found it easy to credit his words. She recalled how, at the time when she, a slip of a girl, had found joy in bird-nesting and the blows of field-hockey, he, her hero of physical endowment, had spoken in the same tones of football and polo.

"War takes the best men of a nation," he continued, "no longer the fit survive. Does melenithe or the machine gun distinguish between giant and weakling, hero and craven? Again, is a man's or a nation's moral fibre strengthened by nightmare?"

"Ah," said Edith, her enthusiasm still manifest, "but think of a charge with the hot blood pounding in your ears, the thunder of hoofs beneath, and the roar of ten thousand voices behind! Think of the mystery of a night-attack, and the joy of a hard ride by day! Think of being wounded, and suffering from thirst, and being nursed by tender hands—"she ventured a twinkle in her blue eyes.

"Oh hell!" snapped Bird, "more of your military glory superstition. Think of your charge with the thunder of field pieces and the roar of artillery. Think of the bayonet thirsting for the blood of your panting lungs. Think of being blown to pieces in your sleep or shot as you shave. Think of lying festering in your own blood, waiting for your eyes to glaze. Your credulity would amaze a Turco! I believe, by God!" pounding the table with his fist, "you're still under the influence of that Dutchman you met in Germany last summer—Van—Van—Van Hovenburg, the Uhlan who barely escaped court-martial riding after your train as you left Casel during maneuvers, the swashbuckler who called on you with spurs, clanking sword, Death's Head Helmet, and all that rot. If it's a uniform you want there are lots of postmen and messenger boys!"

Edith, pale and stunned by this tirade, clutched at the table-edge as if to support her staggering reason.

"I'm sure you can't be yourself to-night, John," she said bitterly, "Carl Van Hovenburg is one of the finest gentlemen I have ever met. The friendship between us never justified the suspicion in which you hold it." Then, as by a final effort to heal the fast-widening breach, "I don't suppose you would even risk your life for mine?"

"Not by a damn sight," said Bird flatly.

"Then," concluded Edith, taking the ring from her finger and flinging it far into the garden, "you must consider our engagement at an end." She was deathly white, and breathed very fast, Bird thought.

For a moment he sat staring at her, as a child at a refractory toy. Then, as he was about to speak, a tall form crossed the terrace and stood by the table. It was his man, Pinkney.

"What is it?" asked Bird.

"Mrs. Walton telephoned to the house, asking after Miss Edith, sir, and suggested it was quite late." The man spoke evenly, but with a pronounced accent.

"The car is outside, Pinkney. See that Miss Walton gets home all right. Then send Parker back here for me."

"Very well, sir."

A sympathetic waiter was already helping Edith with her wraps. Bird noticed that her lips trembled a little. Beyond that there was no trace of emotion, and he felt a little disappointment. Avoiding the eyes of both men she moved gracefully along the terrace and passed through the lighted door.

For a time Bird sat motionless, watching the glowing ash of his cigar. The terrace was deserted; most of the tables had been folded and put back against the wall. The solitary waiter stood on guard with an imperturbable napkin folded over his arm.

Bird stood up and walked over to the splashing fountain. A man could stand here and overhear conversation on the terrace, he reflected. Seating himself once more at the table, he called for paper and wrote:

EDITH:

Realizing the contempt in which you hold men who apologize, I am taking this means to express my regret at my actions of this evening. I am so confident of your forgiveness and of your need for me that I am writing you a steamer-letter to reach the *Caronia* before sailing to-morrow. I feel certain that within a week our happy and proper relationship shall again be established.

Devotedly,

JOHN.

During the writing the anxiety graven on Bird's features gave way to a smile of secret satisfaction. The only break in the continuity of his happy thoughts was the mental image of Edith and Pinkney bowling up the avenue to Dorset Green. Pinkney was entirely too aristocratic-looking to be his man-servant any longer. He hoped Edith was sitting very stiff and prim.

Then he got the Company on the phone, and ordered the astonished night clerk to have a Bird Model C hydroplane tuned up and placed

on the after-deck of the *Caronia*. To be shipped to Southampton, and he would see about having it stay on deck.

As he hung up he reflected on his own coolness. A bad night, he thought, but mornings were always better. He selected a fresh cigar and passed through the lighted door, taking the note with him. He would post it with his own hands.

II

If we should pause the next morning to examine into the states of mind of our characters we should find truth in John Bird's creed. Edith, in brilliant traveling attire, seemed the incarnation of the sunshine of Indian summer. While Mrs. Walton stood complacently on guard, she arranged her bouquet of dewy chrysanthemums, packed last-minute effects, and bade farewell to an excited group of friends.

"Poor John!" one was saying, "I suppose he's broken-hearted to have you go! What on earth can keep that man on this side with you on the other I can't imagine."

The look that Edith fashioned for the moment was a poor make-shift for regret. With John's note even then crumpled up in a damp ball in her glove she had reason enough to doubt his staying behind. She enquired his purposes as vainly as he would have enquired the meaning of the platinum band about the fourth finger of her left hand, and the appointment to the German Red Cross in her chatelaine.

As she finally settled herself in the car, her addled little brain realized one fact with a clearness ordinarily foreign to her: if they were *both* on the same boat there would be no smooth crossing.

* * * * * *

If there was anything John Bird liked to do it was to write, and especially did this apply to what he named his "comic" writings. If he hadn't liked the night work, he had often told himself, he would have gone into the journalistic field,—would have been owner of a paper by this time, and been seeking adventure with the armies of Europe. Even now, with his knowledge of the aeroplane, it had been easy to get the appointment as correspondent for the *Advertiser*. "Never too late to mend," he told himself as he bent over his new literary task. Edith would be amused by this, he was sure. The idea was clever for one conceived on the spur of the moment. It would accomplish the desired end, too. The one rule for success with women was to turn their frailties to your own ends, and of all human frailties a woman's "instinct" was the most easily worked upon. . .There! it was done. On the inside of the front page he wrote the title

"EDITH ELOPES"

and beneath, the motto:

"Don't Marry in a Hurry."

At this moment the tall form of Pinkney loomed in the doorway. From all that could be judged from his immobile features not a memory of the night before lingered in his mind.

"Parker is waiting, sir," he said.

"Tell him to wait for me before he gets those tickets at the White Star office," scowled Bird, his pleasure fading at sight of his man. "I'm going on board right away."

The carefully spoken "Very well, sir," gave no indication of Pinkney's consternation. Tickets? Going aboard? He had thought so. But if *tickets*, how many?

"Mrs. Herbert Bird called up to say good-bye, and wishes you to call her down before you go," he went on easily.

"Damn!" muttered Bird, "you mean 'call her up,' I'm sure."

"And the housekeeper would like to have instructions," added Pinkney.

With a sharp glance at the suave servant Bird passed out of the room. In an instant the tall foreigner was bent over the steamer-letter on the desk. As he read and thumbed the pages of the manuscript his anxiety deepened. Not until the last word had been read and the brazenly scrawled "Finis" lay beneath his gaze did the problem seem solved. With a happy exclamation he raised his head in time to see Bird standing in the doorway.

"I'm going to the *Caronia's* dock at once," said the latter, his tense voice rising with every syllable. "You will pack my trunks for a trip of several months. Parker will return for them. And"—he shouted the words, his face flaming with anger—"what in Hell are you doing with that letter?"

"I—I've just been reading it," said Pinkney calmly. "Permit me to congratulate you on your authority. I never would suspicion it; you conceal your literary bend purposely, I should judge. Doubtless it will take effect with one of Miss Walton's temperature. As a—"

"You're too damned interested in Miss Walton!" roared Bird, lowering his head and coming in with fists clenched.

Ducking slightly, Pinkney caught the full impact of his swing in his left eye. Like lightning he uppercut to the other's nose. The long, straight appendage that had brought to its owner the epithet "Adonis" was mashed to one side. It spouted blood.

With redoubled fury Bird showered blow after blow upon Pinkney,

who, seeming suddenly to lose interest in the conflict, only blocked carefully.

"You forget, sir," he said lightly, "I am not worth your steel."

A half-dozen servants, hearing the disturbance, dragged him away.

"You're fired!" snapped Bird.

"Remember, though," said Pinkney with dignity, "I have before you go your trunks to pack up."

While the blaspheming Bird, his fingers nursing a distorted nose, rolled away in the car, his man went through the performance of "packing up" his trunks. This was not aided by his state of mind, which prompted such nervous exclamations as "Parker is coming back," and "Now she will be getting the steamer-letter," nor by the condition of his left eye, which, puffed and blue, was so far from causing him concern that he gloated over it in the mirror.

"Parker cannot do so well," was his final comment. Then, "Parker is coming back; Parker is coming back!" He paced the floor, wringing his hands and almost sobbing with anxiety.

He threw open the bedroom window and gazed down the street. Potztausend! He was coming! Parker was coming! The big car drew up before the door.

"Mein Gott! Sein Auge ist auch schwarze!" yelled Pinkney, and three steps at a time he was downstairs, out the door and beside the car.

"Parker!" he screamed, "was ist los with your eye? What have you done to your eye?"

Pinkney's infectious hysteria seized upon the hapless Parker.

"I bumped it," he said, "I bumped it on the tire h'as the car gave a lurch!"

As he spoke he gathered up half a dozen parcels and started up the stone steps with a rapidity unsuiting his age and station. Pinkney, all concern, hung to his elbow and plied him with questions.

"Is Mr. Bird on board, Parker? Did you mail a letter for him? Did you buy the tickets—?"

Then, as by accident, he pressed his foot against Parker's heels, and flat on his elbows crashed the lank Englishman, his parcels flying to the four winds. He rolled over and groaned. There was a great rent in each elbow of his smart uniform.

"I am too h'old for such tricks," he sobbed.

"Poor Parker!" soothed Pinkney, bending over the gaunt form with a malicious twinkle in his good eye, "you are upset. You must

lie *ruhig* while I sew up the nice coat. Then you can go away with the trunks."

So saying, he led the Englishman to his own room, and gently forced him to lie down.

"Bring him whiskey," he directed a maid, "and bathe his head with *Koln*,—cologne, you know."

He took the smart coat and all the parcels into the next room. In the pocket of the coat his search was rewarded. He drew out one first-class ticket to Southampton, S. S. *Caronia*, stateroom No. 526, upper berth A, sailing that day at noon.

One o'clock now.

Silver McGhee: he was the owner of the ticket. Pinkney chuckled as he thought of Parker in the role of Silver McGhee.

"Height: six feet two; build, slender; slight limp, left leg; hair, sandy; eyes, blue—*one blackened;* complexion, fair—light mustache," intoned Pinkney, "that's me, except a mustache."

He tore open one of the smaller packages. There it was,—lip-glue still moist.

"Poor Parker! No wonder he was so upset getting dressed and not-dressed just for a ticket!" mused Pinkney, as he opened the remaining parcels and disclosed Silver McGhee's accoutrement just as the ticket described it,—tan shoes, purple sox, checked suit, diamond pin, Balmacaan coat, woolly cap,—the wardrobe of the jewelry agent,which, if we are to credit the ticket, was Red McGhee's calling.

"Parker as Silver could never make hits off Miss Edith," he went on as he exchanged his own sombre clothes for the quickening combination on the bed, "but *Pinkney* as Silver! Ah, that is different!"

He adjusted the mustache, swelled out his chest, and gazing at his glorious image in the mirror, winked solemnly with his movable lid.

"My eye is better than Parker's, but who could love it?" he asked himself.

He packed a suitcase of his own, placed Bird's trunks in the waiting car, and limped in on the prostrate Parker.

"Poor old Parker!" he said, taking the moistened sponge from the hands of the maid, "you have an evil eye!"

While Parker, transported to the seventh heaven, lay with closed eyes, Silver McGhee, with one deft twist of the sponge, removed the paint from the discolored eye.

"Evil eye!" he repeated playfully, backing toward the door.

Parker opened them both. Catching a glimpse of himself in the

mirror opposite, and one of Pinkney in his borrowed plumes, he bellowed with fear and leaped from his bed.

"Liege,—Mons,—Namur,—Parker," said Silver McGhee, safe on the other side of the door as he turned the key in its lock, "*Deutchland uber alles!*"

Parker, straining his face to the window, caught sight of the big car as it whirled down the street.

"My eye!" he said.

(*To be concluded*)

Clouds

(*A Villanelle*)

BY FELIX M. MORLEY, '15

Above the clouds pass by,
Their snowy grandeur showing,
Concealing the blue sky.

Majestic drifts on high
Soft chaff from heaven's mowing,
Above the clouds pass by.

Amid such beauty, why
Must yonder gray be growing,
Concealing the blue sky?

Beneath, the treetops sigh,
The soft-eyed cows are lowing,
Above, the clouds pass by.

Dull masses creeping nigh,
The sunny brightness going,
Concealing the blue sky.

Be fair or foul, still I
Have learnt one thing worth knowing:—
Above the clouds pass by,
Concealing the blue sky.

Japan in Kiao Chou

By Yoshio Nitobe, '15.

ON August 16th, while the eyes of the world were riveted on the momentous happenings in Europe, Japan wired by six separate cable routes an ultimatum "advising" the Kaiser to withdraw from Kiao Chou. To those who were well informed on Far Eastern affairs this move on the part of Japan caused little surprise. The American press however cannot be included in that category. There therefore arose in this country a wave of disapproval and suspicion at Japan's "intrusion." What right had she to break in? "It's a dirty trick." "She'll be grabbing Samoa, the Carolines and the Philippines next." Such were the sentiments expressed by men who were ignorant: (1) of the history of German-Japanese relations; and (2) who had no clear conception of Japan's foreign policy—a policy the fundamentals of which have steadily been the same and to which all of Japan's actions may be correlated.

* * * * *

The first act of the tragi-comedy, of which the ultimatum of August 16th is the climax, opens in Berlin in the year 1894. Kaiser Wilhelm and his court are at the ——— Theatre, witnessing a drama. What that drama was is superfluous; the opening of a far greater drama is about to take place. The first scene is over, the applause has died away, and all eyes gravitate towards the royal Prussian box. The Kaiser glances over the mass of faces before him, set in a background of decorations, velvets and silks. And from it all the imperial glance separates a mild-looking gentleman with a full iron-grey beard and gold-rimmed spectacles. He looks rather more like a pedagogue than the diplomat which his gold lace would indicate. The Kaiser turns to a chamberlain and asks who the foreigner is. He learns that it is the Viscount Aoki, Minister from Japan. The Kaiser grows thoughtful, then despatches a chamberlain to fetch the Viscount.

"I understand your country is at war with China."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"The Chinese have more ships than you have. You ought to augment your navy."

"Undoubtedly your Majesty is right."

"Tell your Emperor that I offer him the cruiser K——— for his

navy. At the earliest opportunity I will send a man from the Naval Ministry to negotiate the necessary transaction."

"Your gracious Majesty's consideration awakens profound gratitude in my heart and I will immediately convey your offer to my Sovereign."

Aoki left the theatre that night with high hopes. The Kaiser had evidenced his sympathy for Japan. An offer as personal as the Kaiser's could diplomatically be counted upon as German support—and Japan needed it in her Chinese adventure.

Aoki wired the Tokyo Foreign Office. They announced that the price was too much for war-burdened Japan. Aoki wired again, emphasizing the personal phase of the Kaiser's offer and that German goodwill was worth ten times the price of the cruiser. But the Ministry of the Navy was made up of bull-headed fighters, mostly Satsuma men who did not have Aoki's diplomatic acumen; besides it is not unlikely that they half suspected him of over Germanic tendencies, Aoki having married a German baroness.

Aoki had to refuse the offer and the Kaiser felt snubbed; in fact he was much angered. In the late Viscount's opinion, and I have it almost first-handed, the German Emperor's anti-Japanese attitude started from this incident.

GERMAN-JAPANESE RELATIONS

The world at large, however, had no evidence of the Kaiser's attitude until after the treaty of Shimonoseki (concluding the Chino-Jap. War, April 17, 1895), when at the Kaiser's instigation Russia, France and Germany "advised" Japan to evacuate Port Arthur. That Russia should desire to exclude a "warlike" and progressive people from territories contiguous to her own and that France should remain faithful to her ally, Japan could understand. But why Germany, avowedly the friend of Japan and with no interests in Manchuria, should join in to plunder Japan was beyond explanation. Scores of men who had stormed Port Arthur felt that they could not honorably live under the humiliation of this ultimatum and committed *hara-kiri*. The whole nation again called for war—hopeless though it would have been. Then Mutsu Hito spoke and Japan became calm. We have "yielded to the dictates of magnanimity and accepted the advice of the three powers."

After Russia had occupied Port Arthur, instead of returning it to China; Germany seized Kiao Chou, using the murder of two Lutheran missionaries as a pretext. This was in November 1897 and inci-

dentally at the time that Prince Henry was girdling the globe to preach "the gospel of Your Sacred Majesty"—otherwise known as the policy of the "mailed fist."

The Kaiser's real motive in siding with Russia against Japan was to encourage Russian expansion in the Far East, i. e., as far from Germany as possible. The seizure of Kiao Chou was mere territorial and commercial aggression. A little later the Kaiser published his famous "Yellow Peril" cartoon, which graphically pictured the white nations backing up Europa against a Buddha coming over the horizon. By this cartoon, the Kaiser posed as a prophet to Europe, and distracted Russia's attention from the Dardanelles and the Balkan States. By focussing the attention of all Europe on a common foe, he himself thought to escape notice. The "yellow peril" as the principal motive for the Kaiser's robbing Japan of Port Arthur seems rather far-fetched at this time.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE

Let us now see how the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was formed, under the stipulations of which the ultimatum of August 16th was launched. The inception of this alliance and the way it "boomeranged" back to its originator is a rather interesting annal in modern diplomacy.

England and Germany had formed an understanding known as the Anglo-German Agreement, avowedly directed against Russian expansion in the Far East. The principle of the Open Door and of China's integrity was as usual emphasized. But the Kaiser's signature was scarcely dry before he assured Russia that the treaty was not aimed at her justifiable expansion, but against England's high-handed tactics in the Yellow River. By the Germans this alliance was sarcastically named the Yangtze-Kiang agreement. Here again we see the Kaiser doing his best to encourage Russia in the Far East.

When England expressed disappointment at the Kaiser's attitude, he jokingly suggested that England form an alliance with Japan, then an insignificant power. In fact it is said in certain quarters that he urged the treaty on England, hoping thus to play England off on Russia. When the alliance was a fact, the Kaiser under the role of a friend congratulated England and has ever since endeavored to disseminate the feeling that England had played false to the comity of white powers by allying herself with an Oriental nation. Lately he has realized his mistake in urging the treaty and has endeavored to arouse England herself against Japan. In the famous interview of October 28, 1908, published in the *Daily Telegraph*, the Kaiser said: "Germany must be prepared for eventualities in the East," and that the time was

soon coming "when they should speak together on the same side in the great debates of the future."

KIAO CHOU AND JAPAN'S FOREIGN POLICY

Japan in the meanwhile had also been preparing for "eventualities in the East." The expulsion of Germany from Kiao Chou was an eventuality because Germany stood directly in the way of Japan's foreign policy. The principles on which this foreign policy is established are: (1) Japan seeks national and territorial safety; (2) Japan seeks peace. In other words she wants to develop normally, to have a chance in this world and to secure her share of the good things which only peace and prosperity can bring. Japan's aims are, at the bottom, identical with America's ambitions, excepting that Japan has to put greater emphasis on national safety because she does not enjoy America's splendid isolation. It was in line with this policy that she drove out the disturbing and backward influence of China from Korea in 1895. For the same reason she fought her great war of defense against Russian aggression ten years later. The annexation of Korea was also a measure necessary for the integrity of Japan. In Prince Ito's words, Korea is a dagger pointing at the heart of Japan; whoever holds that dagger, holds the fate of the Empire.

How, then, did Kiao Chou threaten the integrity of Japan and the permanent peace of the Far East? First because of its strategic position, secondly because of the policies of the Kaiser.

Kiao Chou is a day and a half's steaming from Nagasaki, and controls all shipping in the Yellow Sea and threatens South China and Malay Peninsular communications. It is the entrance to the wealthy province of Shantung. Tsingtao, the town of the concession, is the terminus of the Imperial Shantung Railroad (a German line), which connects with the Lu-Han (Peking Hankow) railroad via Chinan Fu, the capital of Shantung. The Germans exact a tariff on both exports and imports, closing the Open Door to all but German goods. Jealousy of German trade however is not Japan's motive, inasmuch as Japan's trade with China is $95,291,490 as compared with Germany's $24,606,210.

The danger of a strategic position depends on who holds it, and this is where Japan's greatest apprehension exists. The Kaiser is avowedly the enemy of Japan, regarding her as a menace and peril to civilization and therefore some day to be destroyed. It is the Kaiser who has stigmatized Japan as the "Yellow Peril." Furthermore, the Kaiser's ambitions are boundless and express themselves in no gentle manner in the form of the "mailed fist," which is backed up with a form of

militarism that is the greatest handicap of civilization to-day. To be sure, the thirteen warships of the Kaiser had not ravaged the coast of Japan and had not sunk Japanese and British shipping, but the danger was none the less real. Prompt action on the part of Japan was as necessary as is prompt action on the part of a man who finds a rattlesnake in his room. A man is justified in killing a rattlesnake though it has not yet bitten him. Suppose Japan had waited and Germany had won in Europe and had the control of the Pacific? Or for that matter if Germany had lost, Kiao Chou would have become a storm centre for England, France and Russia—a situation of great danger for Japan.

Japan Strengthens Her Position

Another reason to believe that Japan was long contemplating the expulsion of Germany from Kiao Chou was the manner in which she strengthened her bonds with England, France and Russia. As early as 1905 Nogi prophesied:

"I believe the world will witness a great war which will have all Europe for its battleground and will settle the Franco-Prussian question and the Anglo-German rivalry. France and Germany will meet in this last decisive conflict on the Belgian plains, probably near Waterloo, the only spot which will permit of the evolution of the great armies which will face each other.

"At the present time the French and German frontiers are too strongly fortified for either people to force their way through. I have little doubt as to the result of this war. France will beat Germany on land and England will crush Germany at sea.

"This will be the last great war in Europe for many years, perhaps forever. The German states will emerge from this war so exhausted and so terrified that they will have no other object than to form some sort of condition that they may in the future obviate the recurrence of any such catastrophe."

Hayashi and Kato strengthened our bonds with England and never allowed the Japanese opposition in Australia and Canada to assume any proportions at the Court of King James. Stephen Pichon, ex-minister of Foreign Affairs in the Clemenceau Cabinet, in the issue of August 15th of the *Petit Journal* declares how close an understanding was established in 1907 between Japan and France—an understanding of greater significance than the Franco-Japanese Agreement would indicate. Knox with his Neutralization Scheme drove Russia and Japan to terms of intimacy which were still further strengthened by Isvolky. The Japanese ambassador to Berlin, Sugimura, had been doing much to

increase the cordiality between Germany and Japan. When the Tokyo Foreigh Office found it out it recalled Sugimura. When bidding the German Foreign Minister good-bye, Sugimura is said to have significantly said: "I am going to leave Berlin now and I shall never return." His well-meaning efforts would only have rendered the situation more awkward.

How large a part did England have in the ultimatum of August 15th? There is no doubt that Japan acted with England's full consent in this matter—as Kiao-Chou was exceedingly dangerous to England as well as to Japan and furthermore was too much of a siege for England to manage alone. It was however the part of discretion on the part of the British press and government to maintain a discreet silence as to their share in the matter, for fear of losing the sympathy of American public opinion. Several newspapers in America came forth with the explanation that Japan was going to the aid of England so that England would have to help Japan in case of war with America. I would recommend to their vast intelligence Article IV of the revised alliance signed July 13, 1911—exempting from the workings of the alliance a third power with whom one of the contracting powers has a treaty of general arbitration. Such a treaty exists between America and England. Japan will furthermore never fight America, because America does not threaten her national security nor disturb her peace. In fact America's purchase of 75 million dollars' worth of goods rather aids Japan's national ambition. We also have Okuma's, Kato's, and the very words of the Emperor's Proclamation of War testifying to the thorough understanding between England and Japan—statements which have not been denied by any responsible source in England. Lately Baron Mumm, the German ambassador to Tokyo, declared that it was at England's instigation entirely that Japan entered the war.

Kiao Chou and China

And in all this trouble where does China come in? Will Japan return Kiao Chou to China, and when does "ultimately" mean?

I do not claim for Japan altruistic motives in winning back Kiao Chou for China, any more than an Englishman would state that his country entered the present war only to protect Belgium. Both Belgium and China are incidental to the larger programmes of both powers.

Japan's permanent seizure of Kiao Chou would only take place if her own national integrity, the peace of the Far East, and her commerce were best assured by such a course.

The danger of Kiao Chou to Japan exists in its being held by an

aggressive western power such as Germany or Russia. So long as they are out of Kiao Chou Japan feels herself safe. She further realizes that her own presence there would be a tremendous expense, and that Kiao Chou would then only continue to be a potential storm centre and very possibly a *casus belli.* She therefore feels that both her own integrity and the peace of the Far East are best served by returning Kiao Chou.

As for commerce, Japan would not gain enough to offset the expense of administration and the loss through Chinese hard feeling if she held Kiao-Chou. They say that the Chinaman with cash in hand buys where he can buy the cheapest in spite of boycott and insult, but Japan has a larger vision and a more far-sighted view of Chino-Japanese relations than one would suspect from hearing Chinese complaints against Japan which are constantly made to America.

Without considering Japan's national honor in keeping her word, which past history has shown is high; the facts alone indicate that Japan will live up to her promise. The only reason for Japan not immediately returning Kiao Chou to China, after the war, would be the inability of China to hold on to the concession after she has received it from Japan. There can be such a thing as foolishness in the matter of being "honest." Perhaps some Americans would regard Wilson's withdrawal from Vera Cruz as such, at least Sir Lionel Carden thinks so.

Pandemoneyum

BY EUGENE M. PHARO, '15.

Der Deutscher Gott hast bier verloren,
Le Dieu Francais son vin,
English God has gone a-roarin'
To spoil the Kaiser's plan.

All the gods but U. S. Dollar
Now hold a novel job;—
To take the others by the collar
As drunk men in a mob!

Crazed peoples, sport of passion,
Pray each their separate prayer,
While Christ looks on with deep compassion
Before the One God's chair.

Coming Back Steerage

By D. C. Wendell, '16.

ON my left slept a stubby-mustached, finicky New Yorker, worth about one hundred thousand dollars; on my right was a great black-bearded giant of a Russian priest; below me slept a Japanese, and back of me was the bunk of a lean, red-haired American drummer, just back from South America to London. Only one place that could be—steerage—S. S. *Philadelphia*—first real "refugee" boat to leave Southampton, England, for America, on August fifth.

We all looked at each other rather sheepishly on first going down into our quarters four decks below; "it isn't so bad after all," we kept assuring ourselves, as we rummaged around the tiers of bunks with their straw mattresses and hard pillows. I drew out an empty whiskey bottle from under mine as a prize. And outside of a disinfected odor, some bad air, a few rats, and no blankets, it was all right. During the voyage we used to play "peek-a-boo" with the rats around the stanchions, and we were on familiar terms with "Uncle Ned," a gray-whiskered, veteran rat, of whom we were growing quite fond—at least so we told the first cabin passengers.

The first great event of our "steerage life" was our initial steerage meal. It wasn't bad at all, and a great many of us were tremendously relieved—for it was plentiful, fairly clean, and not too coarse.

The day we left England was blessed with smooth weather, and we steamed out of Southampton eager and glad to get away. Towards evening we sighted a flotilla of six French torpedo boats and two submarines; and for a while we were keenly excited, especially when the largest torpedo boat cruised up from the stern and made a circle around us, her crew grouped on her decks, silent, while we cheered them.

We got into Queenstown the next afternoon, and there a British cruiser swept in by us, causing endless speculation as to her identity. Everybody "snapshotted" her until the order went around, "all cameras confiscated if passengers are caught taking pictures of battleships." While we took on mail, water and a few lucky passengers, up swarmed news vendors with war news (some of the latest, but most of it a week old), and bumboat women with all manner of shillalahs, ironwood pipes, lace, fruit, and endless knick-knacks. One of these women was so keen on turning an honest penny, that after I had bought a small

pile of odds and ends and deposited them nearby while I went to get something on another part of the boat, I came back to find her selling them over again to a gentleman who had inquired "if she were selling those," pointing to my purchases.

Thus far, not many had been sick; but the night after we left Queenstown, it got nicely rough, and the good ship *Philadelphia* assumed a lovely corkscrew motion. I did see one or two passengers, along with the crew, who were not sick the next two days. All the rest of us had that forlorn, lost-your-last-friend-and-everything-else look that goes with dirty gray weather and its consequences. And we didn't care a "pfennig" whether or not the whole German fleet came and blew us out of water; and in England a pfennig was worth exactly forty per cent of its face value. I might add that those who braved the steerage bunks the ensuing two nights don't need to fear anything they may have to face in the next world.

On account of the many naturalized French and German Americans on board, no war news that was officially received was posted, for fear of starting dissension—and with four hundred extra passengers on board there was no room for quarrelling. From time to time, however, there appeared "war" notices on the bulletin board marked "probably unofficial," running like this: "Swiss fleet mobilizing at Interlaken. Holland flooded, and all Dutch cheeses ruined, fearing German invasion. Two German dreadnaughts blown up near Canada with an Englishman's bicycle pump! Nelson's monument knocked over by Zeppelin." And telegram forms with reasonable "rumors" on them were written up and solemnly circulated by some practical joker. They were of this type: "Three British cruisers and one torpedo boat sunk by mines trying to get into Kiel harbor."

The decks had from the first taken on the appearance of a great sleeping porch, while dining saloons, lounging rooms, and smoking rooms were lined with more or less uncomfortable sleep-seekers. Fortunately the noise of the boat was sufficient to drown the snoring. Sleeping on the seats which lined the walls of the dining saloon was quite a feat; there was just room to stretch yourself out, lying on one side all night. To keep from getting lopsided you had to cross to the opposite wall seat and reverse your sleeping side on alternate nights. Personally, I preferred the steerage bunks; for if you bandaged your eyes to keep out the light shining in your face, the air was bad enough to act as an anesthetic. It was a matter of diplomacy to leave hurriedly for the deck and fresh air on awaking in the morning. The steerage made us appreciate fresh air more keenly than ever before.

One story I heard about a first cabin seasick victim expresses the feeling we all had. There were two friends lying carefully quiescent in their stateroom, trying hard not to think of their ills, when suddenly from about two doors farther on they heard a groan and a prolonged agonized "Ohhhh hell!" then unmistakable sounds ensued; and then "Ohhhh hell!"—pause—"Ohhhh hell!"—"Ohhh hell!"—and again unmistakable sounds. According to them this punctuated refrain kept up to their infinite consolation for at least two hours.

Tipping is always obtrusive, but to get anything from the first class dining room meant a dollar a crack, and then it was a gamble whether the stray waiter, or deck steward, or whoever pocketed your money, would bring you anything. When tipping is so common, unless your pocketbook is fat, it pays well to have friends—or make them. Smokes distributed here and there to men who have no time to spend their money—for every one of the kitchen boys, cooks, waiters and deck stewards was worked from five in the morning until eleven at night—smokes made friends; not servants. One warm-hearted Irish lad used to smuggle me up a fine big box of ice cream every evening. That boy had exciting times before him, for he was born of Irish parents, in Lysle, France, and as soon as he got back to Europe, he had to join the French army—31st Chasseurs.

"Sure, and all I want is a pop at one o' them Germans, the bloomin' blighters!" he told me; and he was one born fighter the Germans will have to contend with before they reach Paris.

After the first three days the time passed monotonously enough. They had the regular charity concert, and most of the young people danced on three or four nights—newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding. Just before we reached New York, one more British battleship passed us, conducting the *Cedric* over. We finally laid to opposite Ellis Island, and were inspected on board ship. While we waited, crowded along the bulwarks, someone started "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and we sang it with deeper feeling and enthusiasm than I ever expect to hear it sung again. We were passed through Customs full speed, and before we could fully realize it, there we were bumping over the cobblestones in a taxi at 12 p. m., to the nearest hotel, with a mighty kindly feeling in our hearts for New York.

The War and the Book Markets

By L. Blackledge Lippmann, '14.

FROM time immemorial it has been the custom of those gentlemen whose love of humanity has compelled them to the cause of international peace and the general abolition of war, love, and self-interest to quote with conviction but lack of originality those two hoary bromides, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" and "The pen is mightier than the sword." In time of peace the latter may be considered true, but the present unrest in Europe is going far to add the latter to the proverbial scrapheap.

A very cursory examination of the publisher's lists not only abroad but in the United States can but prove that the book trade is now affected seriously and even runs the danger of temporary stagnation. New books are appearing, it is true, but these are such as were so far advanced in the presses that their withdrawal would mean heavy loss to their publishers. In the interest of the public the newspaper and illustrated weekly unquestionably take the *pas* and concomitantly fiction must temporarily fall into the background. A famous London house (to give but one example from many) which in the past has issued upon an average of ninety books during the period between September first and the last of October announces but a meagre twenty-two, eight of which bear a more or less direct reference to present European conditions, nine being either memoirs or biographies, and the remaining five being all by men whose established reputation in the world of letters will be certain to command a certain audience. Even these writers must suffer, and not alone from decreased royalties but from the fact that editions that were planned at five thousand are ruthlessly cut to three or even two. That this spells death to the little known writer can easily be seen, for the man whose European reputation is not great enough to warrant publication in America will have little or no sale abroad.

In the same way the American writer and publisher is affected, for during the last ten years the European consumption of American fiction has become more and more of importance. But now all is over, the books are willing but the public coy. It may be claimed that the war will eventually stimulate a school of martial fiction, but this is not likely. It is only now, twelve years after the South African War, that that struggle has taken anything like a prominent place in the work of our writers, and now that we are again embroiled and surrounded

by the horrors of war we are far more inclined than formerly to seek relief from work that will keep before our eyes those glaring facts that we are only too anxious to even temporarily forget.

Therefore matters are for the time at a standstill, nor is it with the end of the war that the trade will see better days. Many men whose names have been before the public to some extent will have become forgotten and publishers will be extremely chary of accepting and issuing any book that will not be sure of at least a certain degree of success in its own field.

The magazine, however, will come more than ever into its own. Articles dealing with life at the front and with the personalities of the principal actors in the drama will be of timely interest and for long afterwards the "I was there when" school will flourish and wax great. Economics which even now figure largely in the monthly pages will loom even more ominously than was their wont and an intelligent public will read and pretend to understand.

As for the rest—God help 'em!

Art

By E. M. Pharo, '15

A light, a laugh,
Rich colors wild;
Oh, that but half
Might be beguiled
Upon my canvas!

I strive to paint,
It matters naught;
My heart feels faint
With beauty fraught.
So scant my canvas!

To see so much—
So little show,
Is grievous. Such
A little glow,
From fire fed fully!

Alumni Department

DR. RUFUS M. JONES has an article on Henri Bergson in the September number of *Present Day Papers*. This article is of special interest because of the fact that Professor Bergson is going to deliver a course of lectures at Edinburgh University this winter, in which it is generally surmised that he will postulate his philosophy in definite form. Doctor Jones does not rank Bergson with the eternally great thinkers, with the Spinozas, Kants and Hegels. However, the French philosopher provides a welcome avenue of escape from materialism by his theory that intuition (the power of feeling) is as necessary to the full understanding of life as intellect (the power of analyzing and criticizing). Bergson also refers man's evolution, in large part, to spiritual rather than to material forces. He regards all life as indissolubly bound together, and believes that death itself, the greatest obstacle, may well yield to the mighty floodtide of creative consciousness, which is the original power behind life.

Likewise of interest to Haverfordians, DR. FREDERIC PALMER JR. has a very interesting article on "Radio-Activity" in the June issue of the same magazine.

Dr. Morris Longstreth, of the Class of '64, died in Barcelona, Spain, early in September1914, at the age of sixty-eight. After graduating from Haverford he studied at Harvard for two years, thence to the University of Pennsylvania, receiving the degree of M. D. in 1869. Dr. Longstreth was a member of several prominent medical and philosophical societies, and a frequent contributor to medical journals. In 1871 he married Miss Mary Oliver Hastings, of Cambridge, Mass., and after his retirement a few years ago had lived in that city. While making no endeavors to be prominent in social life, Dr. Longstreth was generally regarded as being one of the most interesting of Philadelphia doctors. A close student of the effect of climatic conditions upon physical health, his death recalls the interest taken a few years ago relative to the peculiar structure which he had had built on his Spruce Street residence. It was generally conceded to have been an experimental device by which he could more readily prove the connection between atmospheric pressure and the ills of his patients.

Among the Haverfordians to receive advanced degrees last June were the following:—

'99

Redfield, Ph.D., Harvard

'05

Reagan, M.A., Haverford

'06
Graves, Ph.D., Columbia
'11
Bradway, LL.B., Pennsylvania
'13
Gifford, M.A., Haverford
'13
Offermann, M.A., Princeton
'13
Montgomery, M.A., Harvard
'13
Webb, M.A., Haverford
'13
Woosley, M.A., Haverford
'13
Young, M.A., Haverford
'13
Beatty, M.A., Harvard
'13
Gregory, M.A., Harvard
'13
Taylor, M.A., Harvard
Ex-'14
Finestone, LL.B., Pennsylvania

With the war so prominent in everyone's mind it is interesting to note the active part played by Haverfordians in the work of the London American Relief Committee this summer. POLEY, '12; FERGUSON, MILLER, E. STOKES, and WHITALL, '14; HOWSON, '15, and J. STOKES, '16, were all enrolled in the work of the institution.

The following account of the French mobilization is by Dr. William Wistar Comfort, '94, who is spending a sabbatical year from Cornell University, studying in France. We reprint it from the columns of the New York *Evening Post.*

VILLERVILLE, Calvados, France, August 3.—The words, "general mobilization" mean nothing to an American. Such an order for the massing of the military strength of the nation has never been necessary in the United States, as it is necessary to-day in France. I have no intention to describe how such an extraordinary measure is executed in France, or what were the international relations which compelled the President of the Republic, on Saturday, the 1st of August, to make his proclamation to the nation. But the day was a memorable one; the situation was tense, the scene was poignant with emotion, the air of calm determination was most impressive. One felt instinctively, as the day and the evening wore on, that history was being made, and made fast, while one looked on with awe and wonder. It is the impression made upon a foreigner upon these hospitable shores that is worth trying to communicate.

Saturday morning I had occasion to spend in Havre. For a week we had all been talking of the possibility of a European conflict, and all France had been speculating as to the probable outcome of the strained diplomatic situation. Saturday morning's news was ominous; M. Jaurès, the great Socialist orator in the Chambre, had been assas-

inated in Paris the night before; Lord Lansdowne's efforts at reconciliation seemed doomed to failure. Yet Havre was calm. The usual animation was evident in the busy port, and people were going about their business. Only one significant fact: La Provence was not going to sail for New York; she had been detained by orders from Paris. Rumor had it that Germany had just taken similar action with her transatlantic lines. Later, it was bruited about that twelve trains, filled with soldiers, were to leave Havre for Paris, Saturday night. I returned from Havre somewhat uneasy, but with no definite idea of what the immediate future had in store of thrill and emotion.

I reached home at Villerville, a little fishing town and bathing station, at 4.30 P. M. The summer residents in the neighboring villas, who had business interests in Paris, had been leaving with their baggage by train or automobile for some days. One dramatic incident had taken place during my absence. A German governess, in the employ of an ex-Minister of the Marine, had been arrested by the local "garde champetre," just at the moment when she was entering the Minister's automobile. Even her employer, prominent in affairs though he be, and a Senator to boot, had no influence with the local representative of the Federal Government. Nor, indeed, did he attempt to interfere. It was a striking example of the vigor of the law at such times. The governess had to go to Police Headquarters and submit to an examination of her effects before she was released.

We were about to drink a cup of tea in the garden when the village church bell began to toll a quick, nervous alarm. The most dramatic moment had come. Every one about knew what it meant except ourselves, poor, ignorant foreigners. It was the tocsin! In America the trains in a great railroad system are sometimes halted out of respect for the passing beyond of some great political or commercial chief. Everything in our busy life is at a standstill, if only for five minutes. Somewhat similar, but infinitely more tragic, was the scene I now witnessed. The French among our companions knew the full significance of that tocsin. Instinctively we gathered together almost without a word. The air suddenly grew heavy. Men and women looked in each other's faces and their eyes filled. I looked at my watch. It was 4.50. The bell continued to ring in the belfry of the old twelfth-century church near by. It rang for fifteen minutes. As wives threw their arms about their husbands, as children, wondering, clung to their parents, it was easy for us to understand what the bell meant. It was the "mobilisation generale" of all France, the order for which had been posted

in Paris barracks exactly at 4.19, and had been telegraphed to every post office in the country. No time had been lost. Government ownership of "postes et telegraphes" had this time worked well.

No sooner had the bell ceased than a drum-beat was heard at a neighboring street-corner. We all rushed out to hear the news. A crowd had gathered to hear the "garde champetre" read the official dispatch from the War Office. He was accompanied by his ten-year-old boy, who served as drummer. Putting on his glasses, and assuming his most official pose, he read the dispatch, and then proceeded to another post of vantage to read it again. It was primitive, old-fashioned, if you will, but intensely impressive. It drew us all together in sympathy as we shook hands with some of our acquaintances and tried to tell them what we, too, felt in this moment of grief and possible calamity.

According to the order, the mobilization was to begin on the following day, Sunday, the 2nd of August. At dawn on Sunday, the youngest reservists began to leave. Family ties began to break as old fathers and mothers put their sons in the auto-bus for Trouville. Young fathers bade farewell to their wives and babies. The paralysis of the national business had begun in earnest as the workers dropped their tools, their trades, their fishing, and responded to the call to arms. All reservists who served as far back as 1887 are subject to call. The younger men go first, have already gone. The older men will all be gone in a few days to the frontier or to the concentration camps. Sunday morning the high road between Honfleur and Trouville presented an animated scene. Files of requisitioned horses were led by; private automobiles and public vehicles shot past, crowded to capacity on their way to distant stations. The local inhabitants were waiting at 9.30 for the Paris papers. Presently, at the top of the high hill which slopes down to this village, appeared the bicyclist colporteur of *Le Petit Journal*, followed in a moment by him of *Le Matin*. Each tossed off a bundle of one hundred copies from his basket and continued his furious pace toward Honfleur to spread the news. Yes, the expected had happened. We learn it as we fight in the crowd to get possession of a sheet. *L'Allemagne declare la guerre a la Russie!* That is a headline which is worth keeping as a historical document. Alongside of this column on the front page is the text of the order we heard the evening before, and M. Poincare's dignified and impressive appeal to the patriotism of the French nation in the present crisis.

At 11.30, prompted by a natural desire to associate in the interests of the townspeople, I attended the

men's mass in the church. Many of those who were about to depart for the army or the fleet were seated in the choir. How they sang in French those patriotic *cantiques* with which heroism and the spirit of self-sacrifice are stirred! The *cure* addressed his remarks for a few minutes directly to the defenders of the fatherland. Jeanne d'Arc was recalled. The war of 1870 was mentioned. Yet there was no blatant chauvinism in the address from the altar steps. It was straight patriotism supported by Christian faith. Some tears were shed, but the concluding hymn was sung clear and loud like a pæan of moral victory. There were scenes at the church door and in the streets which I shall not forget. It would have been easy to use a camera and publish the result of a snapshot. But there are moments when a sense of delicacy is uppermost. Vulgar curiosity is shamed by heartfelt grief. It is better to trust to mere words as more human than mechanics.

W. W. C.

The Alumni Department is in receipt of an interesting letter from Philip B. Deane, '11, dated Kingsden Hotel, Hong Kong, China, August 17th. We are glad to insert it in entirety:

"You might insert in the Alumni Column something to the effect that Samuel E. Hilles, '74, of Cincinnati, Ohio, his son William T. Hilles, '04, and myself had a Haverford d nner recently at the residence of Hilles,' 04, in Manila. Also that I was the guest of Doctor Cadbury, '98, in Hong Kong and Canton, where he is doing splendid medical work. I am continuing on my trip around the world for the H. K. Mulford Co., Chemists, of Philadelphia, in spite of the war. Things are quite upset in the far East and most lines of business are at a complete standstill. If a fellow has made up his mind to play the game squarely there is a tremendous field in export selling. Individually European salesmen are by no means superior to American salesmen; their advantage lies in their firms having had export experiences and knowing how to conform to different demands. American manufacturers are fast falling in line and their export business is increasing tremendously.

"Tell the fellows to support Simkin, '03, well; his work is the kind that really counts out here. Best wishes for a prosperous year, etc.

P. B. Deane, '11."

Ex-'62

On October 12th George Wood will celebrate his golden wedding. Mr. Wood is one of Haverford's most prominent alumni, having filled many important offices, among them Director of the Pennsylvania Railroad, President of the West Jersey & Atlantic R. R.

Co., Director of the Philadelphia National Bank, etc., etc. Mrs. Wood was formerly Miss Mary Sharpless Hunn.

'65

DR. ALLEN C. THOMAS returned to Haverford September 26th, after spending the summer in England. Dr.Thomas last June resigned his position of college librarian but has consented to remain as consulting librarian, thus keeping active for the benefit of Haverford a knowledge of men and books which is probably unique.

'69

HENRY WOOD has contributed a two-column article to the New York *Evening Post*, in which he defends Germany's point of view in the present war.

'72

DR. F. B. GUMMERE delivered a course of lectures on English Ballads and on Shakespeare at the Chautauqua Institute last summer.

'88

WILLIAM DRAPER LEWIS, the Washington Party nominee for Governor and Dean of the Pennsylvania Law School, has recently withdrawn from the gubernatorial race, in favor of Mr. McCormick, the Democratic nominee.

'89

DR. WM. RUSH DUNTON JR. has been appointed Instructor in Psychiatry at Johns Hopkins University. Prior to this he had been Assistant Physician at the Sheppard and Pratt Hospital for Mental Diseases.

'91

J. WETHERILL HUTTON and Ellen S. Cope were married at Tacoma, Oregon, on August 21st.

'95

SAMUEL H. BROWN, who was awarded an Austin Scholarship, is taking a special postgraduate course at Harvard University.

J. LINTON ENGLE, formerly associated with the Franklin Printing Company, is now associate manager and treasurer of the Holmes Press, printers, at 1336-40 Cherry St., Philadelphia.

'96

T. HOLLINGSWORTH WOOD has dissolved his partnership in the firm of Kirby and Wood by mutual consent. Mr. Wood will continue the practice of law with offices at 43 Cedar Street instead of 2 Wall Street.

J. HENRY SCATTERGOOD managed the Merion Cricket Club team in its tour of England. Six Haverfordians played on the team, which had a very successful tour,

winning four games, losing two and drawing three. C. C. MORRIS, '94, led the team at bat, having an average of 64.

'97

The Rev. ELLIOT FIELD was installed at the First Presbyterian Church of West Hoboken at an evening service held on the 25th of June. The installation was followed by an informal reception given to the pastor and his wife in the church parlors.

Dr. Francis Norton Maxfield, of the Psychology Department at the University of Pennsylvania, has been promoted from instructor to assistant professorship.

'99

JOHN HOWARD REDFIELD, S. B. (Haverford College); S. B. (Mass. Institute of Technology), 1902; A. M. (Harvard University), 1910, has received the degree of Ph. D. from Harvard University.

Announcement is made of the publication by the Central Publishing House, Cleveland, Ohio, of a volume dealing with the book of Job, by the Rev. William Bode.

'00

Mr. and Mrs. HENRY S. DRINKER JR. announce the birth of a son, Henry S. Drinker 3rd, at their home at Wynnewood.

GRAYSON M. P. MURPHY was recently appointed one of the receivers for the International Steam Pump Company.

Ex-'00

Major JOHN A. LOGAN JR., U. S. A., is now on duty on the Continent, aiding American tourists.

'02

Dr. Charles Wharton Stork has been promoted to assistant professorship in the English Department at Penn.

John McCormack, Alice Neilson and Frank Crexton are using songs composed by C. LINN SEILER, and two large New York choral societies are to present certain of his part-songs.

ULYSSES MERCER ESHLEMAN was married on August 6th at Fair Oaks, California, to Miss Eleanor Brown Thompson, niece of the Reverend and Mrs. Robert M. Stevenson. They will live at 821 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, California.

Mrs. Antoinette Nyitray has announced the marriage of her daughter Louise to DR. HOWARD MOFFITT TRUEBLOOD. Mr. Trueblood received the Ph. D. degree from Harvard in June 1913.

DR. RANDOLPH WINSLOW has returned from London, where he was a delegate to the International Surgical Congress, and has resumed his position as Instructor of Surgery at the University of Maryland.

'04

D. LAWRENCE BURGESS spent the summer in Germany, studying. After a troublesome time he succeeded in accomplishing a retreat through Holland and England the end of August. He could not correspond in English to let his friends know his whereabouts, for all English letters were returned. Cnly those written in German were allowed to pass. He will resume his position at the Germantown Friends' School this fall.

'05

SIGMUND SPAETH holds the position of musica' critic of the New York *Evening Mail*. He is also musical editor of a recently established monthly, *The Republic*.

'06

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kelly, of Richmond, Indiana, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Agnes Kelly, to Mr. RODERICK SCOTT, on Thursday, August 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. David Everett Allen announce the marriage of their daughter Maude to Mr. JESSE DALE PHILLIPS on Saturday, September 19th, at Wilmette, Illinois.

MR. RAPHAEL JOHNSON SHORTLIDGE married Miss Helen Wetmore Houghton on the 2nd of September, at Nelson, New Hampshire.

Ex-'06

"Sonnets from the Patagonian," Donald Evans' last volume of poems, reached its third printing September first. This volume, incidentally, had the interesting distinction of having every line of it quoted by some critic or other within six weeks of first publication, December 27, 1913. Another book of poems, "Sidestreets of Evasion," will be published in December. In it Mr. Evans has for the first time made experiments in vers libre.

'08

The engagement of Mr. ALBERT LINTON and Miss Margaret S. Roberts, of Moorestown, N. J., has been announced.

CARROL THORNTON BROWN was married to Anna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Hartshorne on Saturday, August 22nd. The wedding took place on the lawn of Hillcrest, Brighton, Maryland. Among the Haverfordians present were HOWARD BURTT, '08, and MORRIS LONGSTRETH, '08.

JOSEPH BUSHNELL has returned from Tulsa, Oklahoma, after successfully installing the Taylor System in McEwen and Co.

'08

The engagement of M. Albert Linton to Miss Margaret Roberts, of Moorestown, N. J., has been announced.

'09

AARON D. WARNOCK, '09, and GEORGE W. EMLEN JR., '08, have to announce that they have formed a partnership, trading under the firm name of Warnock & Emlen, with offices at 612 Commercial Trust Building, for the transaction of a general real estate and insurance business.

JAMES W. CROWELL is assisting Dr. Spiers in the French Department at Haverford.

F. Raymond Taylor and Miss Rachel Farlow were married at Guilford College, N. C., on September 25.

'10

Mr. and Mrs. JAMES WHITALL are now established at Chelsea, London. Mr. Whitall is at present engaged in translating some French plays into English.

ALFRED S. ROBERTS and Miss Anna Elizabeth Collins were married at Hopkinton, Rhode Island, on August 22nd. They will live in Moorestown, N. J.

Ex-'10

Mr. and Mrs. JOHN FRENCH

"A Live Store"

is the only kind to which a young man should tie—where the stock is always new; where good taste prevails and courtesy rules. Such a store is right here and it is becoming more popular every season.

The largest gathering of Foreign and Domestic woolens in the city is awaiting your inspection and opinion.

Suits and Overcoats - $25 to $50
Full Dress Suits - - $40 to $70

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College Tailors

1115 Walnut Street

PHILADELPHIA

WILSON announce the birth of a daughter, Caroline, on the 18th of August.

P. J. Baker, of London, is organizing an ambulance corps for service with the English army.

'11

L. R. Shero sailed for England on September 23rd, to begin his studies as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford.

LEROY JONES has accepted a position as teacher at the Westtown Boarding School.

'12

WILLIAM H. ROBERTS JR. and Helen Boyd Kester were married in Philadelphia on September 28th.

'12

William H. Roberts was married to Miss Helen Boyd Kester at Christ Church Chapel, Philadelphia, on the 28th of September. Francis Stokes, ex-'14, was the best man, and Messrs. Lowry, Morris, Rhodes and Ritts, '12, the ushers.

HERBERT M. LOWRY and Mildred Dorothea Vollrath were married at Penlyn, Pennsylvania, on October 3rd.

'13

FRANCIS MITCHELL FROELICHER was married to Miss Elizabeth Collins Lowry in Philadelphia on September 5th. The ushers were MITCHELL FROELICHER,'10, HANS FROELICHER, '12, CHARLES HIRES, '13, and RICHARD HOWSON, '13. Mr. and Mrs. Froelicher will be at home after November 1st at Tramore Road, Hamilton, Baltimore, Maryland.

NORMAN H. TAYLOR was studying chemistry at the University of Marburg in Germany when war broke out, and has recently arrived home after some thrilling experiences. WILLARD TOMLINSON, '10,

OVER 360 SAMPLES OF GOOD LETTERHEADS

YOU will find here an unique display so arranged that you can see the entire number in 5 minutes, or you can profitably spend half an hour; a wide range of prices, plenty of good colors in both paper and ink, and a type display suitable for all kinds of business from the professional ones for the lawyer and doctor on up to the elaborate ones for the business that requires that kind.

You are invited to see the display any day from 8 to 5.30. Send for booklet, "Where To Buy Letterheads."

ACTON LETTER HEAD SPECIALIST

29 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET

PHILADELPHIA

and J. D. RENNINGER, '12, were also at Marburg at the time of the declaration of war.

Ex-'13

E. T. KIRK has been given charge of the entire photographic department at Pennsylvania State College.

'14

After captaining the Haverford Cricket Team through a most successful English tour, JOHN K. GARRIGUES has settled down as a teacher at the Haverford school.

THOMAS W. ELKINTON, HOWARD W. ELKINTON and ALFRED W. ELKINTON are working for the Philadelphia Quartz Company.

ROWLAND S. PHILLIPS, who has been attending the summer school of the University of Pennsylvania, intends to take up the study of medicine at that institution. EMLEN STOKES, an important unit of the "war time cricket team," is also entered at Penn Medical School.

DOUGLAS WAPLES has entered upon his duties as instructor of English at the Gilman Country School, Roland Park, Maryland. This summer was spent with Messrs. C. M. and Hans Froelicher Jr. at their new camp in the Pocono Lake Preserve. By all accounts a most successful opening season.

L. BLACKLEDGE LIPPMANN, who is now on the *Evening Ledger*, is living at 318 S. 15th St., Phila.

"Careful Handling and Quality"

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Dry-Cleaned, Scoured and Pressed

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Fourth and Chestnut Streets

Philadelphia

For the gentlemen who appreciate the refinement of good grooming.
Our Barber Shop was inaugurated 50 years ago. No Tipping.

Binder

13th above Chestnut, Phila.

J. C. FERGUSON is with the Philadelphia Trust Company after a summer on the Continent.

P. H. SANGREE is employed in the offices of Rufus Waples and Company.

CARROLL DUNHAM CHAMPLIN and HERBERT W. TAYLOR are teaching fellows at Haverford this year.

EDWARD M. JONES is now employed by the Haines, Jones and Cadbury Co. He has associated himself with the Germantown Boys' Club, and wore their colors in the Middle Atlantic Championships and in the National Championships held at Homewood, Baltimore. His present address is 516 Queen Lane, Germantown.

HAROLD M. LANE is with the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, S. 15th St., Phila. His residence is at 1344 Spruce St., Phila.

W. G. BOWERMAN is taking the actuarial course at the University of Michigan.

J. P. GREENE is teaching in a Washington, D. C., high school.

R. MACFARLAN is secretary to the President of the Keen Kutter Company.

R. P. MCKINLEY is with Rufus Waples and Company.

R. C. SMITH is in the P. R. R. shops in Altoona, Pa.

W. H. B. WHITALL is with the Whitall, Tatum Co.

Ex-'15

CARL L. NEWELL is studying at the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy.

KARL DODGE is one of the firm of the Siner Paint Company, manufacturers of metallic paints, located at Germantown, Pa.

The Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

and The Famous

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothing

For Men and Young Men
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Yoshio Nitobe, Editor-in-Chief

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E. M. Pharo, 1915 | **E. C. Bye, 1916**
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Editorial Comment

HAS HAVERFORD GOT THE "PUNCH?"

THERE is an attitude towards athletics at Haverford that is fraught with grave peril for Haverford Spirit. We are in danger of accepting the dangerous doctrine that athletics is for individual exercise and recreation alone—in other words that athletics is play. We are so afraid that we may get the "win at all cost" attitude towards sport that we are in danger of going to the opposite extreme, emasculating our Haverford Spirit.

Athletics is not for mere exercise nor is it for the attainment of glory: its great value lies in its character building power. The inculcation of discipline, obedience, courage, endurance and self sacrifice on the field in no small manner aid in the formation of manhood.

Whatever task Haverford may face all Haverfordians must present a united front and display both self-sacrifice and determination. Such a spirit is satisfied with nothing less than victory.

Modern Magic

By Eugene M. Pharo, '15.

You may prate of and may wonder at the crystal-gazing seer,
You may prattle and grow wordy over travels far and near,
But with all your bloomin' crystals and your sights of sand or snow
You cannot hope to draw me from the movin' picture show.

For inside its shinin' entrance there are things Aladdin now
Couldn't get his ugly genii for to bring him anyhow.
There are mermaids there and fairies, and it's said that there's been seen
Old Satan with his pitchfork and an imp or two between.

I've even seen the Maker, though a mist was round his head,
Receiving guilty sinners who'd repented on their bed.
The riches of a millionaire, the beauty of a queen,
The rotten might that grinds us is right there upon the scene.

The very soul within us, shinin' angels with their wings,
And kitchen knaves and scullions all a-chumming it with kings,
Food that's set out for a banquet, richest robes and marble halls,
All are waiting—for a nickel—and I say, the movie calls.

America's Music Problem

By Sigmund Spaeth

[Mr. Spaeth is Musical Critic for the "New York Evening Mail," and the "New Republic." Many of his articles are appearing in "Vogue" and "Vanity Fair." He is a Haverfordian of the new school, and one well fitted to handle this complex problem.]

The Failing of American Art

The spirit of provincialism is generally displayed by a naive credulity combined with a self-satisfied complaisance. Judged from this point of view, the Americans are at present artistically the most provincial people in the world. At the same time, their commercial urbanity, if I may be permitted the expression, is unsurpassed. The combination is not a happy one. Provincialism may in time be eradicated, or at least modified, by a process of humility and determined study. But commercialism is ingrained, not merely in the American character, but to a certain extent in all human nature. Therefore, in a conflict between commercialism and art, particularly when the latter is struggling under the added handicap of provincialism, art will inevitably be defeated. The problem of American art is to rid itself of the burden of commercialism, and nowhere has the problem assumed greater proportions than in the field of music.

Music's Foreign Dependence

The unqualified declaration of America's artistic provincialism, especially as applied to the art of music, may occasion surprise. We have been led to believe, by our newspapers, magazines, press-agents and music publishers, that tremendous strides have been made by our country in the last decade, and that we are now fit to compete with any foreign people in musical knowledge, taste and discrimination. This is only partly true. Our commercial success and the application of commercial methods to matters of art have laid the costliest treasures of the world's music at our feet. We can well boast of our three leading opera companies, of our Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago orchestras, and of the marvellous army of concert artists that annually pay us a visit. Such a state of affairs represents progress, of course.

It represents an increasing number of sincere music-lovers whose financial support makes these expensive undertakings possible. It means that our population is constantly absorbing a foreign element which is responsible for new and higher standards of art. But have the American people, as such, improved in their powers of discrimination? Has the American character thus far given any indication of an aesthetic sensibility to counterbalance its commercial instinct? Have we, in other words, shown any signs of an artistic independence, or, more particularly, a musical independence? Emphatically *no*. Insincere or blindly prejudiced critics have told us of the rise of a distinct American school of musical composition, of the supremacy of the American-born artist as an interpreter of music, of the taste and sincerity of the average American audience. As a matter of fact, with the possible exception of MacDowell, we have produced no original composer of more than average ability; our few great interpreters of music have owed their greatness almost entirely to foreign training; and an average American audience, if it can be trapped into a sincere expression of taste, will unquestionably admit its preference for ragtime and the easy melodiousness of cheap sentimentality. The few who are exceptions to the rule are doing their best to spread the doctrines of a more cultivated taste, and the ignorant and self-satisfied masses willingly accept credit for an artistic intelligence which they do not possess. The commercial purveyors of music gladly cater to this complaisant ignorance and flatter their victims on the unerring correctness of their judgment.

PUBLIC INSINCERITY

It is this insincerity deliberately obscuring the real issues in American music, that makes the true state of affairs so difficult to comprehend. The limits of the present article permit only a brief outline of the leading features of this music problem, with a mere suggestion as to a possible method of solution.

A hint has already been given of the real condition of the so-called "American musical public." It is not only uneducated but fundamentally and characteristically undiscriminating. Its gullibility is stupendous. Insincerity is its only protection, hence its most advanced members are chiefly poseurs. The few who are sincere are either intensely ignorant or intensely intolerant. With blind arrogance we boast of always getting the best, without ever gaining a clear conception of what really *is* the best.

TROUBLES OF THE ARTIST

And what of the artists themselves? They are tempted as a rule by the financial rewards held out to them by unscrupulous managers. Their art is surrounded from the outset by restrictions. They are not allowed to play what they wish, but what is calculated to please their audience. Often they do not even attempt their most artistic methods of interpretation, knowing that the more obvious tricks of technique and sentimentality possess a surer appeal to the gallery. They are harassed with reporters and press-agents who insist that they shall express their views upon all the commonplaces of life. They are expected to be bizarre and "original" in their public appearances, and they know that while they are on the stage their "personality," their clothes and their hair are considered as important as their music. They are constantly tempted by the commercial offers of music publishers, piano manufacturers, and other business concerns with whom they come in contact, ready at all times to appraise the artist's ability and prestige in terms of dollars and cents. Add to this the horrors of continual hard travel and the tortures of the social whirl, and the lot of the touring artist is readily seen to be an unenviable one.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

But the real stronghold of commercialism in American music is to be found in the managers and press-agents. Here business rules and methods are supreme. The manager well knows that the complexities of a concert tour are far beyond the mental grasp of the average artist. Therefore he forces him to pay a considerable sum in spot cash before consenting to take him under his wing. Thus the manager is insured against loss at the outset, while in the event of gain his profits will be even larger than those of the artist. It is difficult for a comparatively unknown performer to acquire a first-class manager without the preliminary payment of at least $2,000. With this sum an appearance in New York is guaranteed, whose sole object is to obtain favorable press notices, for a New York debut is never anything but a total loss financially. If, however, the approval of the New York critics is won, a tour may safely be undertaken and by skilful advertising a solid profit may eventually be recorded. In all this the manager is all-important. He is by nature a speculator. He takes big chances with the hope of winning big rewards. He treats his artists purely as commercial wares, and figures carefully how many dollars' worth of advertising

each one may be worth. He has the business man's instinct of making all of his wares seem just a little better than they really are, and he does not hesitate to recommend an inferior article if his own gain will be the greater. The press-agent is his hired slave, paid to publish all manner of highly-colored statements, often deliberate falsehoods. As a rule he knows nothing about music, and has only a faint conception of the possibilities of English style. His value depends upon his ability to "plant" material in the newspapers and magazines, for the "reading notice" is far more seductive than the most carefully worded advertisement.

The Musical Critic

The managerial side of the music problem is at least frank in its commercialism. How much more insidious is the commercial spirit of the "musical magazines" and the daily papers! Taking up first the lesser evil, we find that the average "music critic" of an American newspaper rarely has the opportunity of writing an unbiased and intelligent criticism, even supposing that his training and his instincts made such a proceeding a possibility. He is often deliberately restricted by his advertising department and constantly subjected to the direct and indirect bribes, threats, and cajolings of managers and artists. Even were he able and willing to write unprejudiced comment, he is so harassed by conflicting engagements and so pressed for time in the preparation of his material that deliberate or thoughtful work is practically impossible. Under the circumstances it is only natural that our "music critics" should be appointed chiefly for their ability to write an interesting or amusing newspaper style or to fill space with noncommittal vaporings liberally sprinkled with high-sounding technical terms. Some of the best of them have gained their experience in reporting baseball games and the proceedings of the criminal courts. Their ideal of critical comment seems to be a mixture of satire and flippancy. Of serious. constructive criticism they have scarcely an inkling.

Blackmail and Musical Magazines

As for the "musical magazines," they are the whited sepulchres of their professed art. Their aims and ideals are completely commercial and they neither know nor care about distinctions between good and bad music. Most of them fill their editorial departments with so-called "propaganda," in which stupid prejudice and blind patriotism are

called upon to gloss over the obvious defects in American music. Their chief purpose is to depreciate the work of foreign musicians as compared with the pitiful efforts of native Americans. But if a foreigner has become permanently settled in this country and advertises liberally, he is hailed as a glittering ornament of the "American school." It will be noticed that nearly every "American composer" of prominence bears a German, French or Italian name, while few of "our" greatest interpreters of music are Americans in the strictest sense of the word. But the musical magazines keep these obvious facts in the background. Their game is to arouse enthusiasm over "American music" and thus victimize both advertisers and subscribers. Aside from the editorial misrepresentations, their columns are entirely filled with advertising. For every "reading notice" is in reality a paid advertisement, since it is definitely understood that all advertisers are entitled to a proportionate amount of "general publicity." I know of one case in which a prominent musician desired to contribute an article of real merit on a subject of general interest. The magazine refused to publish this article over the name of the author until the latter had contracted for one hundred dollars' worth of advertising. (Naturally the question of *paying* the author for his article was never raised.) It can easily be seen how a powerful publication of this kind may institute a system of blackmail, eulogizing those who have paid for eulogies, and ignoring or even "roasting" those who have not. In some cases the real financial support of a magazine lies in an advertising supplement, or trade journal. With such an arrangement, blackmail can be brought to its greatest effectiveness. It is significant that one of these trade journals, connected with a reputable magazine, was recently sued for blackmail by a piano manufacturing company which not only won the case but collected big damages.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL THE SOLUTION

If, then, the managers, the press and even the artists themselves conspire to keep Americans in ignorance of the true state of their music problem, where are we to turn for help? There is only one possible answer: to the government of the United States. The salvation of American music lies in a system of Municipal and Federal control. We are already on our way to such a solution, in the constantly increasing number of free public concerts, the greater attention paid to music in the public schools, and the growing agitation in favor of Municipal Opera in our larger cities. Under an administration which chanced to

take as great an interest in the aesthetic as in the commercial welfare of the community, an administration with other ideals than the mere distribution of dollars and cents, the wheels of government might easily set in motion a machinery which would ultimately make of our country a musical Utopia.

Details of the System

Such a system would necessarily begin, as it already is beginning, in the cities. Municipal Opera and Municipal Concerts would precede Federal Opera and Federal Concerts. The establishing of a great national Conservatory of Music, with branches in all our musical centers, would be a fundamental necessity, not only for the development of interpretative and creative artists, but for the education of the general public. Through dependence upon the right sources of information and guidance, we may gradually achieve a real independence of taste and discrimination.

After a long and steady process of evolution, the perfected system would probably exhibit the following leading features: A Commissioner of Music, located at Washington, having full charge of all official musical performances in America, and equal in importance to members of the President's cabinet; a series of committees on the various forms of music, largely taken from the teaching force of the National Conservatory, whose duty it would be to decide upon the artists and organizations employed by the government, and, in consultation with the Commissioner of Music, to arrange the season's schedule of performances; a municipal opera house, a municipal concert hall, and a municipal orchestra in every city of prominence, supported as far as possible by the city government, but with the Federal government always ready to fill out the schedule as the need demanded, and to assume the entire burden of supplying music to those committees unable to depend on municipal support. I need sum up only a few of the benefits of such a system. The general public, in addition to a marked improvement in its musical taste and intelligence, would have the chance to hear the best music at the lowest possible prices, often practically free of charge. It would not have to depend upon a press-agent's imagination or managerial advertising for its knowledge of an artist's ability. The judgment of a committee of experts could be considered dependable, and all artists would have a public rating, the result of actual performances. There would be no unpleasant conflicts, such as are now frequent in our larger cities. Moreover, it would no longer be necessary

to go to a musical center to hear the best music, for every community would be within easy reach of the best.

Gain of the Artist

The benefit to the artists would be almost as great as to the public. Even though some of the high-priced pets of concert- and opera-goers might have their gross incomes somewhat reduced, the average financial return would be much larger. The artist would save all the expenses of a manager and a publicity agent, and would find it much more satisfactory in the long run to receive a definite sum for each engagement than to depend on speculation, with its frequent failures balancing its sensational successes. He would enjoy all the prestige that goes with a governmental appointment, and his standing would be unquestioned. He would be encouraged always to give of his very best with the constant incentive of a higher rating in the official classification of artists. He would be free to arrange his own programs and play or sing what he liked, without regard to the preference of his audience or the pressure brought to bear by interested music publishers. Travelling would be made easy for him, and he would not be compelled to appear oftener than he wished. In short, all the inconveniences attendant upon commercialism, which the majority of sincere artists hate above all things, would be completely removed.

Even the purely commercial features of the present system would derive some benefit from the change. Most of the private managers would be glad to accept salaried positions under the government, for here again a definite if moderate return would be more attractive than the risks of speculation. Their experience would be valuable in the arranging of tours, concert schedules, and the various complexities of the business side of a musical season. Governmental offices situated in our most important musical centers could carry on all the necessary business for the neighboring towns. In many cases an entire office force could be utilized as it was under private management. The press-agents would still be useful in organizing the legitimate advertising necessary for any performance, and in keeping the public informed of the doings and records of artists.

The "musical magazines" being forced to abandon their commercial policies, might easily develop into useful organs of comment and criticism, aiding by their intelligent articles the direct work of the National Conservatory. As for the critics, they would at last get the opportunity of doing constructive work, improving the general

taste in music, and holding up ideals of art instead of writing flippant space-fillers under the watchful eye of the advertising department. In place of having to "cover" half a dozen performances in one day, as is now frequently the case, they could concentrate on a single musical event and give the resulting comment a permanent value. They would no longer be restricted by considerations of advertising, and an honest opinion would be welcomed instead of discouraged.

This proposal of a governmental control of American music may seem fantastic at first glance, yet a close analysis will find difficulty in establishing any fundamental defect in the scheme. Its application, which, in a modified form, has frequently been tried with success abroad, has been prevented here only by the influence of those who demand the prostitution of music in the interests of commercialism. Until this influence is permanently removed by the forcible interference of our government, music in America will continue to be a commonplace, prosaic trade, instead of a noble and inspiring art.

Glimpses of Japan: Enoshima

ENOSHIMA, lying off Katase strand, is a jewel island rising from the sea. A rickety wooden bridge stretches over the shallow water that eddies between the island and the shore. Like Mont Saint Michael off the coast of Brittany, at times when the moon is right the intervening waters recede and Enoshima becomes a peninsula and can be reached dry-shod by the pilgrims who seek its shrines. For, like Mont Saint Michael, this too is a sacred place, dedicated to the goddess Benten Sama, who is one of the seven household deities of Japanese good fortune.

Benten Sama is a beautiful woman with tresses of long black hair looped up in the ancient Yamato manner. Pandora-like, a casket is in her hands and she is usually pictured standing upon the scaly coils of a great dragon. Benten Sama's shrine is on the other side of the island; the side that fronts the sea, and a half-hour's climb from the inns which are located in Enoshima village.

In the setting in which one beholds it upon a summer's day, Enoshima seems to be a creation of Maxfield Parrish—so fantastic are the structures against the soft effulgence of the pine-shadowed isle—so vivid is the azure of the sky and the sea. But at dusk or in the bluish haze of an autumnal morn the village fades into outlines so illusive that the scene gradually passes from reality into a dream existence and one seems to be viewing as from the shores of a nether world the turrets and gabled roofs of some phantasmal city of the sea.

When the long wooden bridge has been traversed and the penny toll been paid to the keeper thereof, the visitor will discover himself beneath a sacred gate of bronze which marks the entrance of the island. And upon it he will read the following carved inscription:

Shrine of the Goddess of Good Fortune, Queen of Enoshima,
Benten of the Dragons

Before the visitor there then appears, as if it were a picture framed by the outlines of the arch, a strange view of this extraordinary village. Step upon step, a narrow stairway street ascends to the wooded bluffs above and on either side of this island staircase, are charming *elfin* shops offering *omiyage* (souvenirs) for sale. There are junks formed from a single shell, with sails of mother of pearl; coral jewelry for girls, and pretty but very unscientific collections of shells for little children. And most wonderful of all are specimens of the spider crab with dimensions

of many feet. Like goblin spiders lurking in their caves, so do these dead crabs wait for their purchasers in the dark recesses of each shop.

Besides these shops are restaurants a-flutter with blue and white towels on which grotesque ideographs crawl and twist with every passing breeze. Common folk chatter and gossip over their savory dishes, the most popular of which is a sea-snail broiled in its own shell. [And by the way, a sea-snail cooked with soy should not be judged by its name. There is nothing slimy about it; it is a most appetizing and appealing dish.] And above these quaint little cook-shops with their red blanketed benches tower the columns and porticoes of the great inns and tea-houses. Ladies and gentlemen from Tokyo and the aristocratic villas of Kamakura sit in the cool of airy balconies, fanning themselves and sipping tea of faintest aroma. Some look out over the thatched roofs of fisherfolk to the sail-flecked bay of Sagami and Fuji, a snow-white cone beyond. Others, their eyebrows arched and with unsmiling faces, idly watch the passing throngs.

From the end of this extraordinary street, a path leads through a veritable Arden to the cliffs upon the other side of the island. There the prospect changes, for no longer is the scene one of wooded crests and fairy structures. We are near the abode of the dragon and the battered cliffs, the surging sea and the limitless horizon give us a sense of awe and even trepidation as we clamber down the cliff into what seems the very mawl of the sea. Yet upon the brink of the ocean, a frail bamboo bridge, skirting the base of the cliff, saves us from the angry waters. Following this bridge we suddenly turn a craggy bend and behold the sacred cavern of Enoshima.

Into the gloomy depths thereof the sea rushes in turbulent chorus and the re-echoings of that sound, the voices of the pilgrims, the smell of the salt sea and the incense of the gods give the visitor a weird and strange sensation.

The cave is as high as the vault of a cathedral, and extends in ever diminishing size into the bowels of the island. An old fisherman meets us upon the shore of the cavern and offers to be our guide. The dripping walls of the subterranean temple are lined with images of stone which seem to peer at us with their sightless eyes. This is a veritable haunted place; haunted by the spirits of Shinto pantheism, haunted by the ghosts of pilgrims who came in ages past: the echo of whose myriad prayers seems to sound to us through the years in every drip of water and in every gurgle of the sea.

As we creep through the darkness the guide illuminates the face of each

god with his candle and utters his name and legend. Between times he recites to me the following tale:

"Young Master, one thousand five hundred years ago in the place where we now stand was no cavern, no village, no Enoshima. There was naught but the howling of the sea, for this was the abode of a dragon. The dragon devoured the children of Koshigoe hamlet, much to the woe of the inhabitants thereof. They, being pious folk, prayed unto our good Benten Sama for deliverance. A great earthquake thereupon smote both sea and land: Benten Sama in great glory appeared in a cloud over the place inhabited by the monster and the isle of Enoshima suddenly rose from the depths beneath. The goddess upon a rift of cloud descended thereon, married the dragon and put an end to his ravages. Thus runs the Legend of Enoshima. Young Master, please be so generous as to offer a penny to the gods."

And to appease the old fisherman, the dragon and Benten Sama, I throw three coppers into the grated box, listen to their prolonged echoes and again traverse the bamboo bridge. As I emerge the sparkling of the water, though the sun is now setting, dazzles my eyes. The song of fisherfolk as they pull in their nets, the creaking of returning oars and the hush of the breezes tell me that it is eventide.

A little weary, I recross the island and stop for the evening at the Kinki-Ro Hotel. The host receives me at the entrance of the inn, which faces a lanterned courtyard. He is kneeling on the polished floor and welcomes me with hospitable phrases. I am led along picturesque passageways, broken here and there by tiny flights of steps, and even over a bridge or two, until at length my host ushers me into a room from whence there is the loveliest of views.

Seated upon cushions of softest silk I eat my supper and watch the white sails of junks as they glide idly to port.

The waiting-woman of the inn (she must be over fifty) has just disappeared with my tray. She is a pleasant-faced *obasan*, with features unusually refined for a serving-woman. I notice a smile though at times wistfull playing over her features. Perhaps she has seen better days.

Now she has returned with a fan and, bowing low, very gently asks me:

"May I have the august pleasure of fanning Young Master, for the mosquitoes are very shrewd and the night is warm."

As a mother might fan her child so does this old woman fan me, tenderly, though I had never seen her before.

Then the charm of Enoshima settles softly about me: the hushed song of the sea and the pines; the distant, dim hum of gentle, pleasant

folk at dinner and from a far tea-house the melancholy tap, tap of a geisha's drum. And now the temple bells in unison sound the vesper hour. Sleep comes, and nodding, I am at rest.

When I awake the moon has risen and the sea miming the shimmer of silk lies pale before me. The airy balconies of the great inns are aglow with lanterns swaying to an almost imperceptible breeze and which cast weird silhouettes upon the *shoji*—silhouettes which seem like phantoms flitting to and fro.

Then in the stillness of the night I hear a woman's voice utter this song:

If in this troubled world of ours
I still must linger on,
My only friend shall be the moon
Which on my sadness shone
When other friends were gone—

"That is a beautiful thought, but for a night such as this it is too sad," I said, rousing myself. Then looking towards the beach, I added:

"Who would ever sing a song like that?"

"No one—except someone very foolish," the *obasan* answered and laughed. But her laughter trembled, for her voice was the voice of the song.

Even in this isle of pleasure, life's little tragedies run their course; though Benten Sama in her hallowed cavern daily hears the supplication of pilgrims—pilgrims whose faith has brought them from afar.

Y. N., '15.

Edith Elopes

By Kempton Taylor, '15.

PART II

(Synopsis: *John Bird and Edith Walton, engaged, dine together the evening before the departure of the latter to join the Red Cross in Europe. A discussion arises and ends in Bird's insulting his fiancee, who throws away his ring. Bird, jealous of disposition, attributes Edith's interest in the war to a German Uhlan, Van Hovenburg, whom she met in Germany. Pinkney, Bird's manservant, appears in time to take Edith to her home, while Bird sends her a note, promising to write her a steamer-letter which he hopes will effect their re-engagement. This he does the next morning. Pinkney secretly reads the letter, thereby coming to blows with his master, who blackens his eye and receives in return a broken nose. After Bird has left for the boat, Parker, his chauffeur, returns to the house with a bundle of clothes. By trickery, Pinkney gets this and a ticket for the voyage from Parker. With the clothes he dresses himself as a jewelry agent and makes for the boat.*)

PART III

By the time Edith Walton reached the *Caronia's* dock her gayety had retreated in disheartening fashion. Grave doubts assailed her puckered little brow. Going to the front was not all that had been claimed for it when the very start was encompassed by such troubles as a broken engagement and promised reconciliation. There could *never* be that! she vowed, her rage against Bird whitening.

None the less, she was more of a woman than many less purposeful, and, woman-like, the first thing she did upon boarding was to descend to the saloon and secure her mail from the great piles on the plush-covered tables.

There it was! Her heart thumped outrageously, and she confessed the thrill of a schoolgirl on receipt of her first *billet-doux* when her hand closed round the fat envelope addressed to her in Bird's familiar scrawl. With a sudden sense of misery and loneliness she reflected on the great difference between this letter with its promise of insidious business and the glorious one written on the leaves of a copy-book she had received on a like occasion the year before she came out. He *could* write—there was no denying that!

Slowly she climbed the stairs and made her way to a quiet spot on the upper deck. With a considerate slowness the great liner had

cleared away, and was now forging the river under the effort of a half-dozen snorting little tugs. In the air was the soft haze of autumn, silvered with the smoke of shipping. The Palisades glowed a bounty of color in the rays of the setting sun. Truly, this was God's time for change! She felt a satisfaction in knowing that even she was in motion towards being a tiny part in that great change that was shaking Europe.

Slipping into a chair, she tore open the envelope and drew out the letter. How did he *dare* write her such a thing? It was prefaced:

"*This letter tells a story. It is divided into five parts,—one for each day of the trip. I shall rely upon you to read it day by day, in the evening of the days represented.*"

Read it day by day? She rather guessed not! It was enough to have to read it anyway, let alone making it a daily rite. She would read it at once.

As the sea-breeze began to tingle in her nostrils and darkness to fall, she spread the letter out on her knee and bent to the task.

"EDITH ELOPES"
"*Don't Marry in a Hurry*"

"*First Day.* Heroine at last is off on her sea-trip. She has done a great lot of last-minute shopping, and arrives on the good ship with her arms full of *Mothersill's*. Her friends have been very kind to her; she has eighteen baskets of fruit, each more closely resembling a baby's coffin than the last. She also has many bunches of flowers to go with the coffins. Three of her admirers who do not believe in display have sent simple bunches of violets. Heroine wishes there had been some wreaths and crosses, and at least one Gates Ajar. There is recompense, however, in the steamer-letter which Lover-left-behind has sent her. He has made her promise to read one installment each day,—to read the first installment the evening of the first day, and so on, one for each day of the voyage. She is very sure that, unlike most women, her curiosity can never get the better of her strong mind and make her read the whole letter at once—"

Here Edith paused to re-read quizzically. For a moment she seemed on the point of accepting Bird's dare and read the thing as he requested; then, with bitterness, she continued:

"With this determination, Heroine retires to her cabin to make ready for her ocean conquests. She finds herself quartered with a quaint old lady who at once assumes the prerogatives of a parent over her. Her name is Natty, but she is not. She has had the steward

bring her all the extra lunch-boxes on board ship, and now they festoon the edge of her bunk. Evidently she is preparing for a rough passage. Heroine takes an intense dislike to her, arrays herself in her most fetching gown, and goes on deck to look them over.

"She finds to her dismay that most of the handsome chaps were just on board saying 'good-bye.' She thinks the trip will be a very dismal one, and goes to dinner with the thought of Natty and her boxes uppermost in her stomach. Perhaps there would have been no story at all had not the gentleman at her left upset his tumbler in her soup bowl. He is a flashy devil, with checked suit, purple sox, tan shoes, light mustache, *and* a black eye, but he apologizes beautifully, and gives her his soup, which he had only taken a little of. He is representing Steinwald Bros., he tells her, and hopes to pick up some of the royal gems during the European scramble. He knows a great deal about stones, too, even if he *does*, ridiculously overvalue her own seed-pearls. It is easy to judge from his accent that he is an Englishman of the first water. He can keep his elbows on the table and still seem nearly a gentleman.

"When dinner is over they go on deck, and Heroine notices he has a slight limp. It is quite cool, so she slips down in her cabin to find a wrap. Natty is still there with her boxes. She keeps hooking and unhooking them to the side of her berth, changing their position and counting them to the tune of 'Eeny-meeny-miney-mo.' 'Nutty, not Natty,' says Heroine, as she returns to the deck.

"Blackeye is waiting for her in wooly cap and Balmacaan coat. He is splendid to walk with he is so big and strong, but he is rather fresh, for he promises to kiss her before the trip is over, and makes a try at it. Horrors! Natty has seen them!

"*Second Day.* This day is to be the most dismal of all, for when Heroine wakens she finds that the artful Natty has locked her in her stateroom. 'No more of this scandalous flirtation with Blackeye,' comes her voice from the other side of the door, and then she is gone. Lucky for Heroine that she has her eighteen baskets of fruit. All the long morning she weeps and devours their contents. Towards noon she succeeds in forcing the bolt on the cabin window, and with great effort squeezes her small body through the opening. Plump! She lands squarely in the lap of a gaunt farmer from Iowa, who is enjoying the sunset from his steamer-chair. Gently he removes her and apologizes for being in the way. 'This climbing out of windows,' he says, 'is the best exercise to be had on these he-are steamboats.'

"Heroine is greatly humiliated, because she likes the Farmer despite his flaxen whiskers and crooked nose. She moves away, with her eye

set for Natty or Blackeye. Natty she finds on the bridge, asking the captain if porpoises ever bite. 'No! But sometimes I do!' she answers for the captain, flashing her white teeth at the disgruntled Natty.

"Blackeye is making a great hit with the ladies. He seems to have forgotten her, so she sticks her tongue out at him and goes to bed with aching heart.

"*Third Day.* Heroine wakes triumphant, for it is very rough, and Natty is sick.

"'Poor Natty!' she says, bending over her convulsed form, 'I said I could bite, and now I'm going to!'

"With that she nibbles a little at Natty's ear.

"'Will you ever lock me in my room again?' she asks, as she prepares to go.

"But Natty is too sick to know.

"Blackeye is easily king of the ship. He has organized the pool on the day's run, and won enough to pay his passage over. He has spent all his spare moments in the smoking-room, and has won enough there to pay his way back. He wishes to have a raffle and win enough to pay expenses on the other side. His wide knowledge of Italian Art has won the confidence of every fond mamma.

"'Heroine!' he tells her, 'every girl on the boat is going to love me!'

"Heroine resents this, but later in the evening, when she sees him making good his promise with amazing rapidity, she yields herself gently to his persuasive eloquence.

"*Fourth Day.* Natty is still confined to her lunch-boxes; Heroine greets the rising sun with a sense of insecurity. This is to be the greatest day of them all.

"Blackeye devotes his morning to Bull-Fights, Pillow-Fights and near Prize-Fights. He already has enough for that trip through the chateau country. The returns from an afternoon of ring-toss and shuffle-board net him enough to determine his joining the Cavalry of the Indian Princes.

"Darkness falls. Ardor unabated, Blackeye draws Heroine aside, seats her on a coil of tarred rope, and proposes with unrivalled ardor. Without conventional demur, Heroine accepts him. . . . .

"It is all arranged. The next morning, Heroine is to lock Natty in the cabin and stay on guard until Blackeye checks her seven trunks to London and returns to the boat. Then the honeymoon!"

"*Fifth Day.* The best-laid plans! Heroine, dreaming happily, oversleeps, while Natty, herself once more, bolts the door from the outside.

"'Do porpoises bite?' she snickers through the key-hole, 'we're off to London!'

"To London! Natty and Blackeye! With Heroine's seven trunks!

"Sobbing, Heroine unbolts the stateroom window. Once more her slender form wiggles through the aperture, and plump! she has landed in the lap of the Farmer from Iowa.

"'Wal, my dear, I've been a-waitin' for ye," says Farmer, folding her in his arms and kissing her gently. Heroine, in her Tarry skirt, clings unabashed."

PART IV

During the reading of this remarkable document, the anxiety on Edith's brow deepened steadily. When at last she was through it was almost dark. With a little moan her hands crushed the paper in her lap and remained very rigid and white. Far away the last light of her country and her home glimmered a moment and then went out.

What did Bird mean? What was this pretty plot the outlines of which were so skilfully traced in the story of "Heroine"? Was Bird on board? Was Pinkney on board?

These were the questions that tortured her brain until she could think no longer. Despairing, she rose and made her way aft. In the ghostly half-light she caught sight of a gigantic thing of metal and white, spreading its wings over the deck like a strange bird. She shuddered as she made out an aeroplane. . . . . .

A steward, key in hand, marched her off to her stateroom. Unlocking the door, he flashed on the light, left her luggage, and departed. Edith crossed the threshold and shrank back in horror.

"Why, how de do?" came a querulous, sing-song voice. "I'm Natty, I am, and I expect to be sick, though this *is* my ninth. So cozy to have just *two* in a cabin, ain't it? Lor', how I hate 'em with four! Good sailor?"

Edith could not answer. She was fascinated by the strange little creature who emerged from a corner of the cabin and stood glued before her. Round her head clustered a circle of irrelevant curls, peeping out coyly from the lace cap of aged respectability. Her clothes had the Puritan primness of a forgotten generation. But there was one outstanding characteristic that held Edith with a terrible fascination,—she

had no teeth. On her gums her thin white lips sucked and whistled. The picture was complete, even to Bird's disgusting "lunch-boxes." Natty had strung an even half-dozen of these along the edge of her berth.

'Four-warned is six-armed!" she cackled gleefully, tapping the boxes to illustrate her point.

That last expansive grin furnished the missing clue to Edith's groping mind. "Natty" was none other than Belle, Mrs. Herbert Bird's aged seamstress.

"Belle!" asked Edith calmly, "what have you done with your false teeth? You look ridiculous."

As she spoke her heart raced like a caught bird's. Taking off her hat, she held a long pin suggestively in her hand.

From exaltation to despair was the change of a moment to Belle. Sobbing and wringing her hands, she fell to her knees.

"Oh, Miss Edith!" she cried, hobbling forward and groping for her skirt, "oh, Miss Edith! Take me off this awful boat! Mr. Bird came for me this morning while the missus was out, made me come with him, gave me these curls, took my teeth away—"

"Go on!" said Edith, stifling a laugh.

"Told me to stay in here till you came, and *lock you in* to-morrow! Then I was to get sick, and stay here till the last day, and *lock you in* again!"

"Never mind, my dear. Be a good girl and you'll suffer no harm," said Edith, feeling very much like a new Sunday school teacher. "Now help me dress, and I'll tell the steward to bring you supper."

By the time Edith entered the dining-room fear had again settled like a cold vice about her heart. Bewildered, she stood in the entrance, fainting before the eyes that were trained on her beauty. The head waiter showed her to a seat at the Captain's table. She dared look neither to the right nor to the left, terrified lest she meet the gaze of Bird or Pinkney.

Suddenly at her elbow sounded the crash of broken glass. A flood of cold water poured into her soup dish, trickled to the edge of the table, and pattered to the floor.

It seemed hours that she watched the steady trickle of the stream, fascinated, and not daring to move. Finally she raised her eyes to the man on her left. Checked suit! Blond moustache! Dimond stick pin! There came a great roaring sound in her ears. The dining-room spun round and round and round, a kaleidoscope of black and white checks and diamonds. . . . .

PART V

On his way down town, Pinkney bought a pair of handcuffs, and half a dozen excellent imitation pearl necklaces. He boarded the *Caronia* with an easy assurance that belied his state of mind. The tan shoes pinched, and that confounded moustache persisted in slipping down on one side and up on the other with an effect altogether coquettish. Silver McGee, he reflected, was not the sort of man to bother about such details once they were carefully attended to, so his head was high and his eye proud.

Should he go to stateroom No. 526 and brave Bird, trusting that his clothes, limp, and black-eye would pass him off as Parker?

The question was answered for him when a tall, angular farmer, with side-whiskers and a crooked nose, shot out of the grill, zig-zagged across deck to the rail, and hung over,—a mute, pathetic picture that told its own story.

How often the strategist neglects the detail that spells his ruin! The Farmer from Iowa was never meant to get ingloriously sick on seven Stingers and a Pourse Cafe!

From the vantage of a lifeboat Pinkney gloated over the misery of his master. In particular he fancied the crooked nose that tallied so admirably with the one demanded by the Farmer. It was well worth the black eye, he thought.

Bird raised bloodshot eyes and veered off down the deck. A sick man and a drunken one must seek the point of equilibrium, so Pinkney followed close at his heels. He entered stateroom No. 526.

Listening quietly, Pinkney waited till he heard the heavy, rhythmical breathing of the sleeping drunkard. Then he opened the door and passed in.

Bird stirred and opened one eye cannily.

"Oh! 's that you, Parker?" he muttered, "don't forget t'shpill th' water—all over her, but don't kiss her. Hear? Don't kiss her to-night! Goin' sleep."

This time Pinkney waited till he was well off. His head was pillowed on one arm, the hand lying away, and close to the other one. Quietly Pinkney slipped on the handcuffs. From Bird's coat he removed all papers that might establish his identity. Only his ticket, made out to Hiram G. Smith, farmer, and the bill of lading for one aeroplane, made out to John Bird, he left in the breast pocket. In the others he distributed a half-dozen excellent imitation pearl necklaces.

Then he tipped the head-waiter to secure the place to the left of

Miss Edith Walton,—and overturned his glass of water in her soup dish.

* * * * * * * * *

When Edith came to, she found herself prone in a steamer-chair. Overhead a myriad stars were shining. The *Caronia* rolled gently in a heavy swell; a cool night wind fanned her cheek, and a gentle hand passed and re-passed over her forehead.

"Carl!" she cried, turning to the bent figure at her side.

"My dear!"

"Carl! Take off that *awful* moustache!"

Laughing, he complied.

"You have been very brave," he said, "to rely upon me so. You' —with a sigh—"are not so—so slender as you were in Casel, I think. It took three of us to bring you up here." He leaned over and kissed her protesting eyes.

"Where is Mr. Bird?" she asked, shuddering.

"Soundly asleep, trussed—how do you say?—like an owl. When he wakes up I shall have him arrested for sailing under a false name, wearing the whiskers of a—a wheatseed (?) and stealing from me six pearl necklaces of priceless worth."

"This terrible letter—what did he mean by it?"

"You were to read it and find it like your own experiences. Bird trusted in your superstition. He was to come forward in the end as the noble farmer, and you were to forgive him. If anything went wrong, it was all to be a clever joke, and you were to admire him again. Parker was to be Silver McGee; Belle took the part of Natty. John Bird is a clever man—"

"But you are cleverer!" breathed Edith.

He intended her to say that.

"And just to think!" she went on, her childlike enthusiasm bubbling up again, "if you hadn't followed us that night and picked up his ring"—she touched the fourth finger of her left hand—"you'd never have been here, and—and he might have done whatever he wanted. It was dear of you to come 'way across the ocean just for me, and hire yourself out to that awful man—"

"I have never admired his taste in cigars myself," broke in Van Hovenburg, producing one of Bird's favorites, lighting it, and settling himself comfortably with his head on Edith's shoulder, "and during my stay I have learned much of the American aeroplane."

"And get me the Red Cross appointment, and let your poor eye be

blackened," went on Edith. Then, with a start, "But how are we ever to get to the German lines?"

"Easy!" said Van Hovenburg, puffing idly at his cigar. "Cry out 'Man over the side!' some night, and—"

With a long forefinger he pointed to the white, ghost-like bird that spread its great wings over the after deck.

Thoughts in Solitude

By Felix M. Morley, '15

Once, nestling in the kind surrounding woods,
I chanced upon a deep secluded pond;
Far from the dusty travelled road it lies,
A charmed spot aloof from prying eyes,
Hid just beyond a quaint old mossy stile.

The sheltering woods do but approach the marge,
Where the warm sun breathes down on curling frond,
And gleams upon the darting dragon-fly
Poised in the air, or swiftly flashing by
The pure soft daisies, nodding mile on mile.

And sometimes where the fairy lilies float,
Their golden altars shrined in virgin white,
If you kneel quiet, looking, eyes held wide—
'Way down among the stems dim shadows glide
Now seen, now hidden mid the weaving green.

So oft at evening, on this sheltered bank,
I see the ebbing day fade into night,
And there sometimes the mind goes peering down
Where visions unattainable are found;
Dim phantoms, far beneath the surface gleam.

Where Ignorance is Bliss

By Edgar C. Bye, '16.

LIFE says that Bliss Perry says that what the average college man knows about the great books of the last three hundred years isn't much. Bliss Perry says further that what the same species knows about the great books in its own mother tongue may be even less—and it worries Bliss Perry. It doesn't worry *Life*—not much. *Life* wants to know what's the odds—perhaps the collegian knows something else which may be more useful. Perhaps he does—who would ask questions when *Life* has the floor?

Assuming, then, that the lament of Bliss Perry over the ignorance of the collegian is the fruit of bitter experience—and even *Life* doesn't question that—it is at least possible that the non-collegian knows less. However this may be, there remains a third fact which *is* a fact beyond peradventure. There is no doubt about it. The manager says so.

The man who knows books can't sell them.

It may be unnecessary to point out that this was not intended as an invitation to collegians, and others, to engage in the book business. Neither was it a lick for *Life* and a dig at Bliss Perry. It was merely a casual observation on the shocking ineptitude of the average college man, from the commercial standpoint. On the ineptitude qualification, the professor and the manager agree. They differ only as to the particular brand of ineptitude afflicting the patient. Why argue?

The situation, broadly speaking, is this,—the collegian knows little about books, the non-collegian presumably knows less, the salesman *must* know—nothing. What's the answer?

The manager spoke with an air of finality—that air which is such a convenient substitute for argument—but, being of a loquacious turn, he was easily induced to develop his theme. And the drift of it was something like this:

"The fellow who knows books, you see, has formed opinions about them. Now, opinions are fatal to salesmanship. *I* never read, myself. A sneaking little opinion is likely to ruin my selling ability for a week. If one of my salesmen starts to tell me what he thinks of one of the best sellers, I tell him to forget it all as soon as he can. If he can't forget it, I know that the rest of us will have to do all the work on that particular book. Once in a while we get a conscientious chap afflicted with the "good reading" bug. He isn't worth anything. He has the wrong point of view. His loyalty to what he thinks is his opinion spells

disloyalty to the firm. The first duty of a book salesman is to sell books. We are not in business to give him an opportunity to air his opinions. Excuse me a minute, will you, while I wait on this customer?"

I excused the manager and pondered on the ethics of book salesmanship. I also overheard, unavoidably, the details of the transaction on the other side of the table.

"Give me a good novel," the customer was saying. "Something with punch in it."

The manager recommended four or five from the piles most convenient to his hand, quoting at the same time an astonishing assortment of "book talk" such as publishers use to decorate their announcements, and finally dismissed his delighted victim with "the most invigorating and virile specimen of Mr. B. Seller's characteristic style." After which he returned to me.

"That man took me for a mind-reader," he said, "and I did my little best. A good novel! Why, man, they are all good. They wouldn't be here if they were not. Every book here has a string of testimonials to its *goodness* which would make Lydia Pinkham turn green with envy. Then, there's the author—he thought he was doing a good job. The publisher thought the thing was live enough to sell. And our buyer fell for five or ten copies. Why should I doubt all these expert opinions?—especially since I haven't read the book myself. Besides, I didn't know that customer—never saw him before—knew nothing whatever about his literary tastes. No time to diagnose—not worth it anyway. You wouldn't expect me to pump him for symptoms, the way the doctors do, would you? How should I know what *he* considered good? My opinion wouldn't be of any use to him, even if I had one. So there you are. That's according to Hoyle, isn't it?"

The arrival of another customer happily saved me from a fatal expression of unsophistication. It was a lady this time. She wanted something *standard*, suitable for a birthday gift for her husband, who, it appeared, was just crazy about *the classics*. The word *standard* was enough for the manager. Looking very wise, he led the way to an ominous corner labeled Standard Sets. He discoursed learnedly on the *standardness* of Ruskin and Carlyle and Ainsworth and Bulwer-Lytton. He was especially enthusiastic about the last two, whose *standardness* it appeared was pre-eminent. The lady was undecided. Bulwer was bound in red and would match the color scheme of the study admirably, but Ainsworth had five more volumes and looked much more impressive. I did not stay to hear the decision, but fled the super-classic atmosphere to find relief in a table full of Gift Books in Dainty Bindings.

Back of me was a miscellaneous section of works on history, biography, politics, and the like, labeled Reference Books, from which a meek-looking individual was endeavoring to select a *standard* history of the United States. The obliging manager soon came to his assistance.

"Lucky sale, that," he said to me after the customer had gone. "That Bancroft, you know, was celebrating today the fifth anniversary of its residence with us, and I had just about decided to mark it down half for the stock-taking sale which begins tomorrow."

He broke away again long enough to dispose of a Macaulay to a lady who wanted a *good* history of England for her son who was in high school. The manager could certainly sell books. Taking him at his word in regard to the literary intelligence of a good salesman, I ventured to suggest some obvious facts in regard to the scope and peculiar value of Messrs. Macaulay and Bancroft. He was interested, but apparently quite content to know that Macaulay was *good* and Bancroft was *standard*. More than that was *de trop* from the standpoint of salesmanship.

"Interesting dope," he said cheerfully. "But why should I worry? I am here to sell *books*, you know, not information."

All of which goes to show how foolish it is for Bliss Perry to worry.

An Awakening

BY L. B. LIPPMANN, '14.

Death-heavy the night was with flowers;
And dark was the copse where I stood,
Save fire-flies rising in showers
As sparks do from smouldering wood.

And there as I waited they found me;
Pale shadows, all wraith-like and mute,
Encircling as vapors around me
To rhythmical throbbing of lute.

They faded; a nimbus showed through them;
An ecstasy filled me, and wrung
The depths of my being; I knew them—
The souls of the songs yet unsung.

Brahms at a Quarter

By Yoshio Nitobe, '15.

I WAS at the opening concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra the other day. All music lovers go to the amphitheatre, so of couser I had to get in line and shuffle along with the rest of them—like so many hoboes in a bread line. Furthermore, it was raining, but that didn't bother me very much, because I had an umbrella; but it was mighty tough on Cremonas. I know; because the *Public Ledger* said: "The weather was such as to test severely the sensitive temperaments of old Cremonas, and four of the violins lost the E strings in the first movement of the Brahms Symphony alone." Cremona, by the way, is a little town in Lombardy where the Amati family started to make fiddles in 1600 until Antonius Stradivarius came along and beat them all at it. He really and truly made 540 violins, 12 violas and 50 'cellos, but his fiddles, like certain forms of animal life, increased, multiplied and waxed great upon the earth, so that you needn't be surprised if you meet one some of these days marked down to $97.

An amphitheatre is "an edifice of elliptical shape, constructed about a central open space, with tiers of seats sloping upward and backward." The only trouble with the Academy of Music amphitheatre is that there is not enough back to the "backward," it's mostly all upward. Furthermore, it crowds your legs, which is disastrous to appreciation of true art. Add to this considerable warmth climbing skyward and you feel that perhaps being a "true music lover" is a little cheap at 25c. And then, it being a Friday afternoon concert, everybody that wasn't a man was a woman and most of the men were women too. To borrow a sporting catalogue term, they were mostly 30-30s, but they seemed to be well primed for the afternoon's entertainment. Most of them, at least in the amphitheatre, looked as if they ought to chew gum, but they didn't. They were just musical. For instance, some of them talked about where they used to sit—"See—just where that man is standing—" Others were inspecting the gathered multitude. "Oh, look, Margy, there's a coon over there. Goodness! I wish they didn't like good music so—" These Ethiopians in appearance at least appreciated the music exceedingly. They endeavor to look very intelligent and after the concert you can hear them audibly commenting on the programme. "Oah yes—you know that Korsakow's a Russian, which undoubtedly accounts for the feelin' in that there last piece—" This said with a roll of the eyes to the throng scrambling

up the ladder-like aisle. Nevertheless we cannot depreciate the negro's place in American music.

By this time we have come to that delightful portion of the programme which so pleased the late Shah of Persia. When asked at a concert which piece most charmed him, he replied, "The first one." The orchestra started to tune up again in order to repeat the first number. "Ah," said His Majesty, "that's fine!" Gradually the violins, oboes, flutes and clarinets are keyed up to a fine edge, while the heavy artillery —the double basses or bull-fiddles, the kettledrums and brasses—groans and snorts and rumbles into proper action. Then suddenly the ninety-five artists who man the orchestra cease their tinkering, blowing and fiddling: the audience bursts forth in applause. The lights are dimmed and Mr. Stokowski appears in that delightful tailored effect of his. "What nice long legs he has!" I hear someone say to my left. Mr. Stokowski mounts the red carpeted director's stand, extends his graceful slim arms as if in benediction, pauses a dramatic half-minute— then slowly lifts his baton about his blond head. Fifty-nine bows are for a moment poised in air and then gently, very gently, sweep downwards in the first sweet notes of the Adagio passage from the overture of "Der Freischutz." Like some woodland echo springing from a silvan nook, the music gathers in volume, filling the whole hall with a stream of melody. I am enraptured; then the music takes a quicker turn—the hero is cogitating; next we are in the wolf's glen, weird incantations fill the air and magic bullets can be heard as they drop into the melting-pot. That's the trouble with overtures: they are a regular potpourri. One has not time to enjoy one passage before they start something else. It is all right when the opera is to follow; but given alone, an overture is like a menu served up without the meal.

Carl Maria von Weber, a German, died in 1826 in London, whither he had gone to supervise the production of his opera, "Oberon." He was a cousin by marriage to Mozart. Meyerbeer and he studied music together. Von Weber was the father of the German Opera and the founder of the Romantic School. The Romanticists were not only freer in the use of Form, but they also allowed imagination, racial characteristics and reality to have full but harmonious sway. Von Weber's greatness in descriptive skill—such as the portrayal of moonlight, the murmur of mighty trees and the song of the nightingale— has never been surpassed.

Next on the programme was Brahms' Second Symphony in D Major. Brahms, before his uneventful but great career ended in 1897, composed four symphonies. These works placed him side by side with

Mozart and Beethoven as one of the three great masters of symphony. Intellectual, despising all display, unimpeachable in his correctness, Brahms is generally thought of as a composer of "pure" music. To this day a few purely intellectual artists group themselves about his memory as Brahmists, in opposition to the more crowded school of Wagnerites. Brahms has the reputation of being dry, he has given us no programme and it is hard to find even a suitable name for his symphonies. Hanslick's characterization of the Second Symphony as a pastoral seems to have met some criticism, inasmuch as it does not account for the strain of heroism that is to be felt in the restrained yet impressive movements of this great symphony. To me, it seemed as if I were listening to an Enoch Arden, a Jean Valjean, or some heroic character who had suffered, sacrificed, who had weathered life's storms, accounting to me in the serenity of a life triumphant, his expectations, his sorrows, his joys, and finally his victory. In the first movement there is a natural freshness, a simplicity—yet the promise of power and greatness. Perhaps it is Enoch Arden accounting to me the spontaneous joys of a golden childhood long past. In the Adagio there is a "sense of anxious questioning"—the shadow of some grave situation that is to be met. The situation is faced, the sacrifice made and Enoch Arden proceeds in sweet solemnity to tell me of the quiet of a soul that is at peace. The Scherzo is a dainty melody in dance time of exquisite lightness and delicacy. The movement fairly glows with light, yet there is a certain subdued restraint which still restrains the touch of the heroic. For a moment I felt that—

> *"The bride hath paced into the hall,*
> *Red as a rose is she;*
> *Nodding their heads before her goes*
> *The merry minstrelsy."*

The last movement was allegro con spirito, summing up the symphony in passages of humor, quiet melody and finally a tumultuous climax of restraint and power at the end.

To hear this symphony is to have one's senses flooded with the chaste beams of an autumnal moon; it lifts the hearer out of his sordid self, but it does not leave him depressed. There is no reaction. But just why it does so, one cannot tell. Its greatness is subjective: it just *is*.

The third number on the programme was composed by a Finn, forty-nine years old today. Jean Sibelius is now the head of the Finn-

ish Conservatorium—a state institution supported by the senate. In Sibelius one finds the genius of the Finnish race: the languid mysticism of the East, the vigor of the West. Sibelius is unique—he can be compared to no other composer, because above all he is Finnish. His material is from the Kalevala (collection of Runes and Folk Lore gathered by Prof. Lonnrot in 1835). His favorite subjects are Tuonela (Hades) and Kuolema (Death), as conceived of in the legends of Suomi (Finland).

Separating man from Hades there circles a stream, the waters of which are black and ominously still, though the current is rapid. The Swan of Tuonela, uttering a strange wild song, glides in majestic course upon these terrible waters. The poem is a "dark dream of mysticism"—but there is greatness in the theme. The Song of the Swan is not mere anguish, nor is it hopeless terror; it is, to be sure, unutterably sad, but there is in it the beauty of resignation—the acceptance of the inevitable. In the voice of the Swan, it seemed to me that Sibelius has given us a very fine conception of death from a pagan viewpoint.

The finale of the concert was Rimsky-Korsakow's brilliant, scintillating Spanish Caprice. This former naval officer is entirely free from the melancholy or the violent methods we unjustly attribute to the Slavic temperament. Rimsky-Korsakow's outlook is very clear and objective; he sees what he wishes to portray and paints it with much skill. He is a master of onomatopoeia. Above all his Caprice strikes one as *interesting*—his use of cymbals, castanets, triangle and other paraphernalia keeps your eye jumping from one player to another. His orchestration is, I suppose, impressive; but somehow after that haunting song of death in The Swan of Tuonela the antics of the orchestra failed to make me feel the soul in the Caprice. The Caprice rises in a grand finale—the climax is reached.

The folk about me grab for hat and hatpin. The concert is over. I seize my umbrella, jam on my felt and scramble out.

And as I saunter down Broad Street towards Penn Square, I meet a friend and he asks me my impressions of the concert.

And I truthfully answer:

"Brahms is smoking a pipe—no, it is an English horn—he is speaking and I am deeply impressed. But my feet are asleep and I must run—run, for the stream of Tuonela approaches, sinister, irresistible. Now I see Rimsky-Korsakow and Enoch Arden; they dance a fandango; Korsakow loses his spectacles dodging the chandelier; he grabs for them. Alas, it is too late! the Swan of Tuonela stretches forth its neck

and —gobble!—the spectacles are gone! Poor Korsakow! Poor Swan! Dum, dum, dum, what is that? The fandango again? No, it's bullets—bullets falling in the pot."

* * * * * * * *

In the outskirts of a certain city in Japan there lives in a rustic cottage a blind samuraii. He is old and he is much honored. Most of the day he spends in trimming his garden plants, but at times men gather at his home. And after the ceremonial tea has been drunk, this venerable man draws from a lacquered box an object covered with soft yellow silk. Carefully unwrapping it, he holds in his hand a bamboo root. The root is dark with age and pierced with holes. Then deftly placing the *shaku-hachi* to his lips he blows—

And lo—"*a tenderness invisible seems to gather and quiver about us; and sensations of places and of times forgotten come softly back, mingled with feelings ghostlier,—feelings not of any place or time in living memory.*"

In Satsuma there are musicians—some of them military men—who play upon the *biwa*. And when they play the "Battle of Sekigahara," it is said that strong men weep.

These artists are not to be found in studio or concert hall. Despising money, often living in poverty, these bards sing on unmindful of life's petty ways.

In ancient Attica Pan "culls the swaying reeds to cut them in uneven lengths and bind them side by side. Then, placing them to his lips, he sighs. . . . . .The clear notes glide out across the fields. Sometimes they are very sad and men who hear them weep; sometimes they are loud and clear and men who hear them laugh and sing; sometimes they are shrill and men draw their cloaks about them, dreaming of singular things."*

After hearing a symphony orchestra, it is refreshing to remind ourselves how near to our reach Heaven has placed what is beautiful, and how the great and true may be found by the simplest of means

A Sexagenarian's Section

By Eugene M. Pharo, '15.

A RESOUNDING smack, or I should say the *sound* of a resounding smack, awoke the Professor from troubled slumber on his rope and corn-husk bed in the little hotel at Kellum, Pennsylvania. Half awake, his ears were again assaulted, this time by words evidently meant to be angry, issuant from the mouth of Mary the cook. It was five-thirty and from the clatter of tin the Professor judged the words were spoken to the milkman.

"You just try to kiss me again! Just try it and see what you get!"

Another smack smote the air—this time with a long-drawn-out sweetness.

"Why, you bold man! You did it! Well, you can have—me heart."

The Professor rolled over with a grunt of disgust and looked at the calmly smiling features of his slumbering spouse.

In the course of the next half-hour the clang of the breakfast bell awoke them both.

"Oh, Henry," quoth the Professor's wife, "I've just had the strangest dream! A great bull with a jangling bell about his neck was after me. And you caught him by the horns and broke his neck, because you loved me so." A third kiss disturbed the torrid serenity of the summer morning.

They descended to the breakfast table. The usual assemblage was in evidence about its heavily laden area. There was the fat man, whose stomach shook the table when he laughed; and the thin man, who never laughed at all; "Old Maid" was his sobriquet. Near the end, old Elmer the peanut man mouthed his food across from a strange arrival of the preceding night. That is, he was strange to the Professor and his wife, but he seemed to know the rest.

"Why, Elmer, you're not married yet! The last time I was here I was sure you was standing for double harness!"

"I ain't got nobody to take me," whined Elmer. "Perhaps if I didn't have these knots on my face I might o' had a chanct."

Elmer was undeniably "knotty" about his visage and neck.

"It ain't that I don't want to—I sure love the ladies—God bless 'em!"

The Professor smiled, choked down his cabbage and ham and walked to the Post Office for his mail.

On his way he passed a knot of the young "bloods" of the village.

"I went to town last night."

"Where'd youse go?"

"Oh, Queen Street —'Big Anne's.' She's *some* class, fellers, and I –"

The Professor blushed and hurried by, feeling very stiff and creaky. In his abstraction he bumped into a bunch of girls, sixteen years old or so, returning with the mail.

"Did you get a letter from 'Punk,' Irma? I got one from Jimmy. He'll be here next Saturday to the picnic. 'Oh, it's good, good, good.' You kid, but we'll have some fun."

The Professor muttered something about "silly girls," and entered the "General Store" and Post Office.

Notices from home announced that his cook, his *good* cook, was leaving after fifteen years of faithful service. She was going to marry the butcher's delivery man.

The Professor read the rest of his mail on the way back to the hotel. It contained nothing very interesting. His sister's child had another tooth. Son Paul had found another "peach of a girl" at Atlantic City. "Really serious this time, Dad." Dad smiled.

On arriving at the hotel he gave his wife her mail and an affectionate kiss, and went upstairs.

Comfortably seated in his room, he lit his calabash, drew a pad towards him and started on an article for the *Atlantic Monthly*. The dear man wrote three thousand words before the next Saturday, in dead seriousness, affixed his title "*The Unnatural Predominance of Sex Interest in Modern Fiction*," and confidently awaited an approving check.

Book Review

Syrinx. Pastels of Hellas
MITCHELL S. BUCK; *Claire Marie, New York,*

IF the object of Mr. Buck's work is to interpret the sensuous epicureanism which so strongly characterized the art and life of the wealthy Greek colonies in Asia Minor, Sicily and southern Italy, he has undoubtedly been very successful. His pastels present the ideals of the Hellenic voluptuary with taste and refinement. The sparkle of the winecup, the merriment of the feast, are well set off by the pictures of sylvan and pastoral life. One finds Pan and Dionysus, the gods of rustic life, ever in his pages. There is an abundance of verdant glades, of tinkling fountains, of piping shepherds and joyous nymphs. The tutelary gods of wood and stream are seldom far from the poet's lips. Nor is the mysterious element in Greek thought neglected The mysticism of Apollo worship, notably in the pastel entitled "Delphi," the night and its manifold secrets, are delineated with the hand of an artist.

DELPHI

On the wide green slopes of Parnassus there is a marble temple, a very holy temple in the eyes of men, where a god speaks in a mysterious way.

Purified by the ritual ablutions, clad in spotless white and crowned with laurel, a young priestess, very pale and very beautiful, approaches the dread chasm which opens upon the underworld.

Her flesh quivers at the approaching ecstacy, her breast rises and falls in the divine afflation, her eyes darken with prophecy. How proud she is to be the mouthpiece of a god! . . . . But at length her limbs relax, her head falls forward and, very slowly, she begins to speak.

But I—I love the simple gods of the woods and fields; they are nearer, they speak more gently, and their voice is the song of birds and the murmurings of the night.

The author proves himself a master of the difficult pastel form. His coloring is orientally rich without being garish For instance, an example in the beautiful word painting, entitled "Lesbos."

LESBOS

Upon the bosom of this sun-kissed sea, beneath fair skies, caressed by gentle southern winds, perfumed like enamored sighings, lies the Isle of Dreams.

Its marble cliffs, bright with anemone, fragrant with myrtle, rest like glorious temples on the blue waters. On the flowered grass among the olive groves or shadowed by the pines where lapping waves caress the sandy shore, virgins and youths, inspired with beauty, walk singing, hand in hand.

In the bright cities, laughter fills the air, mingling with pulsing music and fresh voices. From the altars of the sanctuaries, thin filaments of incense waver out, diffusing through the sunlight.

There Sappho lives to sing of love. There young Lan'chus, white-limbed and beautiful, pours from the glittering wine cups crimson libations to the gods. And over all, the breath of desire floats like a perfumed cloud.

And yet, even to one who knows ever so little of the Hellenic life and culture, it would seem that Mr. Buck's fleeting pastels interpret only one phase of the glorious whole, and that phase neither the most important nor the most enduring. One searches in vain through his work for any trace of the stern spirit of Lacedaemon; there is little that seems to bear the stamp of Attic inspiration. Something there is of Sicily, and yet, when one compares "Syrinx" with the matchless pastoral idylls of Theocritus, the modern work seems a trifle strained, a trifle unnatural, by contrast. Mr. Buck seems to have taken the Asiatic Greeks as his models, and to have based his work on the poetry of the second and third, rather than on that of the fourth and fifth centuries. The atmosphere of his shadowy pastels suggests the twilight, not the dawn or the noontide of Hellenic literature. And yet, even though they must be considered, in some measure, the product of a decadent age, these "Pastels of Hellas" reflect, albeit faintly and imperfectly, the richest poetic literature that the world has ever known. In their delicate shading and true sense of artistry one may well find rest and relief from the noise and clangor of the everyday world.

Alumni Department

Ex-'46

David Sands Brown, Jr., of the Class of '46, died at Bala, Pa., on October 3d, at the age of 87. Mr. Brown was born in Philadelphia. He entered Haverford in 1841 and left the following year. He became a manufacturer and later married Miss Catharine P. Stewardson.

Dr. R. M. Jones has published a review of Shand's "Foundations of Character" in the October issue of *Present Day Papers*. Dr. Jones considers this work "a masterly piece of psychological study,"which "will for many years be recognized among the leading books on those great, subtle forces that make human life—namely, the instincts, emotions and sentiments." He thinks, however, that Shand does not place sufficient emphasis on the formative influence of the intellect, will and ideals on character. But he covers the subject of "the inner life" with the care and completeness of scientific investigation.

Dr. Jones considers of especial interest the author's classification of human sentiments and emotions under "systems," instead of treating them as elements. An instinct is differentiated from an emotion by the fact that the former is only conducive to one kind of behavior, while an emotion, even of the simplest nature, has "a variety of different kinds of behavior connected with it."

Anyone who reads this book sees how unfounded and mistaken is the idea that sentiment is effeminate. In fact no "solid character" can exist which is not the growth of sentiment.

Dr. Jones says the book contains so much thought and is so scientifically written that it is not easy reading. But anyone who is interested in this subject, will be amply repaid by its perusal.

'82

George A. Borton published an article in the June number of the *Journal of Biblical Literature,* in which he shows that a sabbatical year is alluded to in Galatians 4:10. This proves, Mr. Borton goes on to say, that the Epistle to the Galatians was written at the end of the year 54 or the beginning of the year 55 A. D.

He also has two articles in the *Sunday School World;* one on a New Testament account of the creation, the other on the "Decipherment of the Hittite Inscriptions."

'85

Articles by G. A. Barton have appeared recently in the *Biblical*

World and in the *Journal of Biblical Literature*.

'87

The Macmillan Company published in July a volume of nearly six hundred pages by DR. HENRY H. GODDARD, on "Feeble-Mindedness, Its Causes and Consequences."

'88

J. E. JOHNSON, JR. delivered a very interesting lecture on "The Recent Developments in Cast Iron Manufacture" at the Franklin Institute, 15 S. Seventh St., Philadelphia, on October 8th. In his paper Mr. Johnson discussed the present theory of cast iron, explaining its deficiencies, and pointing out the unknown or neglected quantities which cause them. He connected up this completed explanation with the known facts of practice in regard to coke and charcoal irons, and finally described a method for converting ordinary coke iron into a product superior to the best charcoal iron, at low expense. Samples of the converted material were shown, together with photomicrographs of its structure. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides.

'89

WARNER FITE has an article in the October issue of the *Harvard Theological Review* on "The Motive of Individualism in Religion."

'92

Mrs. John Peart has announced the marriage of her daughter Caroline to CHRISTIAN BRINTON, on Thursday, October 15th. The ceremony took place at West Chester.

'93

CHARLES J. RHOADS was recently elected governor of the new Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, which was formally organized in a meeting of the directors at the board room of the Girard Trust Company. Mr. Rhoads, who was vice president and treasurer of the Girard Trust Company, will be the active executive head of the new institution, the chairman being the representative of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington, D. C. It is generally understood that Mr. Rhoads will resign his position with the Girard Trust Company, in order to give all his attention to the duties of governor of the bank.

'96

Dr. Thomas H. Haines has been chosen chief psychologist of the new psychological bureau now being established by the State Board of Administration to study and place juvenile delinquents who are committed to the Administration Board. Dr. Haines will have to classify such delinquents by making an exhaustive psychopathic study of them, and determining their mental and physical defects.

He has been a professor of psychology in Ohio State University since 1901, and first assistant physician in the Boston Psychopathic Hospital for the last fifteen months. His connection with the Boston Hospital, which is recognized as the greatest of its kind in this country, well fits him for the work he is about to assume.

Dr. Haines received the degrees of A. B. and A. M. from Haverford in 1896. Later, Harvard conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, and also of Doctor of Philosophy. He received his M. D. degree from Starling, Ohio, in 1912. Two years of his study were spent in Europe. He studied mental diseases and defectives at Munich, Germany; Zurich, Switzerland; and London. From March until June of this year he acted as half-time professor of psychology at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

'97

REV. ELLIOT FIELD recently left the church at Wissahickon, Philadelphia, to assume the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of West Hoboken, at the following address: 252 Palisade Avenue, West Hoboken, N. J.

The engagement is announced of EDWARD THOMAS, to a Braintree, Massachusetts, girl.

'00

W. W. JUSTICE, JR., has recently been appointed as a member on Philadelphia's Foreign Trade Expansion Committee.

The Class of 1900 expect to celebrate their fifteenth reunion next June. Arrangements are already being made for this anniversary of the class.

'02

An article on "The Influence of the Popular Ballad on Wordsworth and Coleridge" by C. Wharton Stork appears in the September issue of the *Publications of the Modern Language Association.*

'03

FRANKLIN E. BARR and Miss Elsie Smith, of Newark, N. J., were married on November 5th. Their home will be 5820 Morris St., Germantown, Pa.

The 1903 Class Letter has been issued by Dr. H. J. Cadbury, the class Secretary-Treasurer.

HENRY H. GARRIGUES is reported to be still in the employ of the Penn. R. R., but to have been transferred to Broad Street Station in an important position. He is living in Ardmore.

J. E. HOLLINGSWORTH is instructor of Latin and Greek in Whitworth College, Spokane, Wash. This college was formerly in Tacoma. Mr. Hollingsworth has been head of the Greek department at De Pauw University.

DR. H. M. TRUEBLOOD has taken up the duties of his appointment in the department of Physics at the University of Pennsylvania and is living at Haverford.

'05

MARION B. SEEVERS has entered into a partnership with George E. Brammer and Fred W. Lehmann, Jr., for the practice of law under the firm name of Brammer, Lehmann & Seevers at 517–20 Fleming Building, Des Moines, Iowa.

'06

The engagement of MR. THOMAS K. BROWN, JR., and Miss Helen W. Barnes, of Philadelphia, has been recently announced.

RODERICK SCOTT, who was recently married to Miss Agnes Kelly, is assistant Y. M. C. A. secretary at Vincennes, Indiana. Scott expected to return to Petrograd as secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in that city, but was detained by the war.

'08

M. ALBERT LINTON recently read a paper at the annual meeting of the American Actuarial Society at Milwaukee, dealing with certain features of the mortality experience of the Provident Life and Trust Company.

Announcement was made that for the paper read last year the Society had awarded Mr. Linton the prize of $100 for the best paper presented by an Associate.

'09

HENRY DOAK is now on the faculty of the University of North Dakota.

T. K. LEWIS is practicing medicine at Merchantville, N. J.

H. M. Lutz was married to Miss Jennie Lind on September 1st.

CHAS. B. THOMPSON is an interne in a Boston hospital.

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PERCIVAL B. FAY is Associate Professor of Romance Languages at the University of California.

LAWRENCE C. MOORE is engaged in the practice of medicine at Chatham, Pa.

WALTER C. SANDT is pastor of the Holy Trinity Lutheran Church at Cattsauqua, Pa.

R. A. Spaeth is on the faculty of Clarke College, Massachusetts.

The Spiers Junior School, Devon, Pa., opened for the scholastic year 1914–15 on October 1st. M. H. C. SPIERS is headmaster of this institution.

'12

W. H. ROBERTS, JR., was married on September 28th to Miss Helen Boyd Kester at Christ Church Chapel, 20th and Pine Sts. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts intend to build at Moorestown, N. J. next spring.

L. M. SMITH has returned from mission work in China, and is studying at the University of Pennsylvania.

LANCE B. LATHEM is studying the piano at the Leefson-Hill Conservatory, Chestnut St., Philadelphia. He also has many pupils in Chester and on the Main Line.

'14

THOMAS R. KELLY is teaching at Pickering College, Newmarket, Ontario.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the **tenth** of each month during College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the **twenty-first** of the month preceding the date of issue.

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Editorial Comment

ADVERTISING HAVERFORD—LET IT BEGIN

LAST June a certain effort to secure for Haverford a fair representation of Philadelphia schoolboys found expression in an article, "The Energetic Alumnus," published in the *Alumni Quarterly*. To quote President Sharpless: "The percentage of rejected applicants to Haverford is not large, perhaps ten per cent...... There ought to be twice as many applicants as at present," the author of the article in question comments, "It is necessary to swallow our pride to look at the percentage of rejections with a view of increasing it, or else to claim that every admission is the admission of a paragon....... Football, soccer, and what-not teams have been lauded to the skies with the score against them at least 48-0, 4-0, or 290-15! ...... With due respect to the members of the Phi Beta Kappa, the holders of Corporation Scholarships, prizes for reading, writing and arithmetic, how do we know what standard

of scholarship we have? ...... Complacency is a congenital characteristic of the jelly-fish, and also a baccalaureate acquisition of a Haverfordian."

That this comparison is not over-drawn is shown by the fact that four months passed by after the publication of this article with many comments, but absolutely no action from the Alumni body. It remained for the public-spirited founder and editor of the *Alumni Quarterly* to appoint an undergraduate committee to tabulate schools and school-boys. It remained for the Board of the *Alumni Quarterly*, at a meeting held late in October, to organize a plan of campaign.

From the standpoint of the undergraduate, a reform of some sort is urgent. He is weary of the formula: "No, *Haverford*, not Harvard. No, it's just outside of Philadelphia. We have one hundred and eighty-five, but we hope to grow. Yes, we're just a mile from Bryn Mawr." He is weary of the ineffectual running of as many college activities as grace a university. He longs for greater specialization, and more time to devote to his work. He sees the defect in a *Founder's Club* which urges proficiency in a few activities when there are not enough proficient men to go around. He looks forward to the time when restriction to a few activities shall be a necessity rather than a rule.

The manufacturer increases his sales by bettering his product, or by increasing his publicity. Some favor the first method. They would enlarge our equipment and strengthen our Faculty. Others have confidence enough in Haverford's wares to demand their advertisement. Both plans are necessary to progress, but it is the second of the two which makes the stronger appeal at this time.

Whatever the method adopted, Haverfordians must be unanimous in their desire for *prompt action.* Too often at Haverford the wheels of reform grind slowly and not even exceeding fine. The premise is granted —we wish more students. The *Alumni Quarterly* has our confidence. As yet in its infancy, it has had the courage to originate a plan of great import to the future of Haverford. It should be properly authorized to take the next steps in the campaign. Whatever policy may be outlined in its next issue, let the *Quarterly*, its sponsor, carry it to completion, and let whatever power to which it appeals exercise discretion in naming properly authorized persons to organize the new work.

K. P. A. T.

WHERE IS OUR SENSE OF HUMOR?

THE above question was lately asked by the *News* in an article deploring the seriousness with which Wogglebug football games were beginning to be regarded. We beg to suggest that this sense of humor in a distorted form may be found in some of our Thursday meetings.

We are such an industrious body of students, and we do so hate to lose any time, that some of us make good use of the meeting to gain some much-needed sleep. Others seek nourishment in gum-chewing, carrying on business in whispers, or reading. Then again, in accordance with our spirit of efficiency, when something worthwhile is being said, we pause awhile to listen. And there is no doubt that at the end of four years of this industriousness we gain some good. When, however, remembering that a certain amount of play is necessary for every hard-working man, we start to make use of meeting to laugh outright at the speakers, our desire for recreation and our sense of humor are decidedly out of place.

Our lack of reverence and our disrespect are largely due to the fact that we do not realize that we are in a house of God. There are no stained glass windows, no imposing paraphernalia of worship, and no soft-toned music to "soothe the savage breast." The simplicity of a Friends' meeting-house is beautiful when we realize the sincerity and refinement which it embodies; but simplicity is not always impressive and the average college man is perhaps more susceptible to display than to any inward workings of his soul—at least judging from his behaviour in worship. Add to this lack of impressiveness the disrespect for authority on the part of the American youth, and the Quaker system of preaching whereby there is exercised little control over who should speak, what he should say, and how he should say it, and we get some of the behaviour which has disgraced Thursday meetings of late.

Taking all this for granted, however, there is no reason why the Haverford man should not be manly enough to exert a little more self-control. If he cannot be a Christian, he at least can be a gentleman.

An Unappreciated Pioneer in America Verse

By Edgar C. Bye, '15.

THE chief crime possible to an American poet is to remain among the living after publishing a few verses. Dead poets command respect for th ir successes and intelligent sympathy with their failures. The second offense is like unto the first. It is the audacity of dar:ng to be original. The successful poet of these United States must deliver his goods in Grecian urns or Cloisonne vases. The carpet-bag is anathema.

In 1871, a thin little volume appeared in London, bearing the title "Pacific Poems," and containing two rather long efforts in narrative verse. Anonymity awakened interest, as usual. Reviewers were very kind. *The St. James Gazette* attributed one of the unfathered twins to Browning. When the modest author emerged from his third-floor back, he proved to be, not Browning, but an eccentric American by the name of Miller. Here was a chance to lionize. The lionizing began, with much joy to all concerned, including Miller, who felt that, at last, his feet were on the first rung of the uncertain ladder. He soon brought out "the book," as he fondly calls it, and had it dubbed, "Songs of the Sierras." Literary London found the author amusing, as it had found Robert Burns once upon a time. Miller's life had been so romantic, don't you know? especially since everybody had such a deliciously uncertain idea of just what it had been. He was said to have been miner, journalist, renegade, filibuster, lawyer (no climax intended!). Here was the companion of the notorious Walker, here was the original Joaquin Murietta, here was the tall Alcalde—right here in London, gentlemen—civilized and rendered approachable by a year on the Continent. The British press was enthusiastic—their encouraging remarks form the pathetic collection of clippings preserved by Miller in the last collected edition of his works. Not so in America. The lion returned to find himself scarcely more in honor than before he had sailed. After a period of journalistic work in the East he returned to his beloved West, where he produced several volumes of verse, at least one successful novel, and a mall group of plays. "The Danites," dramatized from the novel, kept the boards for a season, although Miller afterward wished that he had never written it. The play and the novel are negligible; the verse has been treated as if it were so, too. One two-volume history of American literature devotes a half-page to the accumulation of cobwebs and dust upon its memory; another octavo ignores Miller entirely. Th

death of the poet last year elicited perhaps a score of magazine articles, as if nothing in his life became him like the leaving it. The current encyclopedias accord him a paragraph. Truly, the path of the American poet leads but to neglect!

Now that he has expiated the crime of being alive, perhaps one may venture to inquire into the enormity of his other offense—originality. It was this tendency which made him the victim of the lionizing process—a process, please note, indicating merit, and by no means disgraceful. The fact is that the perspective of the British critic in reviewing a trans-oceanic poet is truer than that of the American critic. The Englishman realizes that the poetry of a young country, deficient in national experience, must exhibit crudity if it be truly indigenous. The great poets of a country are those who are a product of the type of civilization in which they live, and the interpreters of it, not those who are the finished masters of an exotic culture. It is therefore inevitable that the greatest poets of these United States should exhibit the most glaring faults. Longfel'ow, Bryant, Whittier, even the gifted Poe, while they wrote verse of varying merit in the English tongue, have contributed to the *corpus* of English literature, but have done little or nothing to found a distinctively American school. If there is to be an American literature which will be more than a transatlantic English literature, it must be built, not merely upon the peculiar tint of its local color, not upon the flavor of its dialect, but rather upon a fundamental difference in the national genius which motivates it. Since our national genius is immature, our great poetry must be immature. The poets of America who have sought to emulate their English predecessors are little old men, holding their learned noses in big books, when they ought to be in the backyard apostrophizing pushmobiles. American critics have been unable or unwilling to acknowledge the immaturity of our national experience, and, after lining up American poets against a conventional background, have praised those who harmonized with it and damned those who did not. The English critic, by supplying the proper background, has been able to see the incongruity of the traditionalists and the real greatness of those who, while they were an appropriate part of the landscape, sharing its faults as well as its beauties, were nevertheless egregious. Hence it is safe to say that when the thoughtful Englishman hailed Joaquin Miller as an American poet, he was not entirely deluded by the romatic charm of an unfamiliar local color. The man was delivering American goods.

No one will claim that Miller was a great poet. His faults are obvious. He allowed his natural lyric ability free reign before he had learned the essentials of his art, much as he allowed his moods and pas-

sions to control his conduct before he had learned to live. In this, by the way, he was not wholly un-American. Born with a poet's heart, he fed upon Byron and Swinburne; bred to a wild, free, open-air life, he crystallized his emotions in verse not incomparable to theirs in its romantic quality and its felicity of expression, but lacking unity of purpose, judicious balance, and artistic restraint—again, not unlike his life, and not altogether un-American. For this reason his long poems are largely unsuccessful, the conspicuous example being "The Song of Creation." Perhaps the best of them is "The Arizonian," the poem which the *St. James Gazette* attributed to Browning. In an entirely different line, "The Ideal and the Real" most nearly approaches success. It is needless to enlarge on the characteristic defects by which both of these efforts are marred.

Most of Miller's work is narrative. He excels in short descriptive passages. In "Joaquin Murietta," the early poem from which he took his name, for instance, he bids us

> "*Behold the ocean on the beach*
> *Kneel lowly down as if in prayer,*
> *I hear a moan as of despair,*
> *While far at sea do toss and reach*
> *Some things so like white, pleading hands.*
> *The oc an's thin and oary hair*
> *Is trailed alon the silver sands*
> *At every s gh and sounding moan.*"

From the impossible drama called "Ina," we cull this fine bit——

> "'*Tis midnight now. The bent and br ken moon,*
> *All batt r'd, black, as from a thousand battles,*
> *Hangs silent on the purple walls of heaven.*"

When he says,

> "*The long, white moonbeams reaching there,*
> *Caressing idle hands of clay,*
> *And resting on the wrinkled hair,*
> *And great lip pushed in sullen pout,*
> *Were God's own fingers reaching out*
> *F om heaven to that l nesome place,*"

one is reminded of Cy ano de Bergerac's dying conceit,

> "*Vous voyez, le rayon de lune vient me prendre.*"

His youthful ancy delighted in descriptions of beautiful women. Again and again, throughout his work, he returnes to the theme and elaborates it with tropical luxuriance. To take a single example, one of the most restrained, perhaps——

"*Her long, strong, tumbled, careless hair,*
Half curled and knotted anywhere,—
By brow or breast, or cheek or chin,
For love to trip and tangle in!"

Miller's skill in transmuting commonplace and even disgusting details into poetry is similar to Masefield's, and not inferior. For instance:

"*And then a half-blind bitch that sat*
All slobber-mouthed, and monkish cowled,
With great, broad, floppy, leathern ears,
Amid the men, rose up and howled,
And doleful howled her plaintive fears."

Or this delicate master-touch from the poem on "Attila's Throne, Torcello,"

"*Some snails had climbed the throne and writ*
Their silver monograms on it
In unknown tongues."

But enough of quotation. The examples given are sufficient to illustrate the lyric and descr ptive power of the man. It is hardly to be expected that he will be remembered for such jewels as these, scattered here and there through the pages of his six volumes. No doubt his fame will rest on such scrap-book effusions as "Is It Worth While?" "In Men Whom Men Cond mn," or "For Those Who Fail." And, perhaps, in the production of these and their reception by the public (I do not say it disparagingly) , there is, again, the note of Americanism.

Miller is greatest in short passages or single lines. He lacks the power of sustained effort, a deficiency which may not be so damning after all, if Poe's heory in regard to the impossibility of a long poem be tenable. It is for this reason that his bes lyrics are those short sets of verses prefixed to his longer poems, especially the ones which introduce the "Songs of the Sierras" and the "Songs of the Sunlands."

The "Songs of the Sierras" was *the book* which had to come out as soon as Miller found that an audience awaited him in London. It contained his earliest efforts, and we may now say, his best. It was in

his book that the English reviewer saw the element which was not British. It is upon this book that the reputation of Joachin Miller, as an American poet, will rest. Even though we do hear the splash of "the beautiful, high-born rain" on the Rialto and smell the aroma of the alfalfa in Torcello, nevertheless, we do not find ubiquitous in the later poems that indigenous quality which characterizes the poet's work before his Continental tour. If Miller had followed consistently his own sincere conviction that "the world has no use for two Homers or even a second Shakespeare, if he were possible," we might have had five volumes of virile Western verse as the product of his more mature genius—more songs of the Sierras without the juvenility of the first—instead of sundry Byronic fragments scattered through four volumes, and a single bookfull of promising Americanism.

It has been suggested that Miller's English admirers were carried away by the romantic atmosphere of a far country, mistaking what was merely unfamiliar for virgin soil. In addition to what has been said in regard to the correctness of the British perspective, it only remains to indicate briefly that the originality of Miller consists, not solely in the nature of the material with which he worked, but in the essential spiritual peculiarity which motivates his songs. It is hardly possible to prove this within the limits of this essay, but, just as the attempt has been made to show, by means of a few characteristic quotations, that Miller is really entitled to the designation *poet*, so here a few examples may serve to suggest, if not to prove, his Americanism.

It should be said at the outset, that here, as elsewhere, the faults are those of an immaturity never outgrown, and of a technical ignorance never dispelled. The greatness is in short passages and in the introductory lyrics rather than in the construction of the long narrative poems, except, possibly, "The Arizonian." This poem may be called the poet's masterpiece in the line of work to which he gave most attention—namely, narrative verse. When we consider Miller's lyrical power, together with his incapacity for sustained effort, we cannot but feel, in spite of the mediocrity of the verses included in "The Ultimate West," that he would have succeeded better if he had crystallized his tropical emotions into short lyrics instead of into lengthy narratives.

If you doubt the essential Americanism of the "Songs of the Sierras," read the first few pages of "Walker in Nicaragua" with a mind free from patriotic prejudice. You will find there love of life in the open, love of strife for gain and glory, side by side with a recognition of the beauty of home-life and peace. You will find a noble confusion of moral values, a

tendency to justify by argument what has been done, unwisely, out of the fullness of a good heart.

> "*I did not question, did not care*
> *To know the right or wrong. I saw*
> *That savage freedom had a spell,*
> *And loved it more than word can tell.*
> *I snapped my fingers at the law,*
> *And dared to laugh, and laughed to dare.*"

* * * * * * * * * * *

> "*The standing side by side till death,*
> *The dying for some wounded friend,*
> *The faith that failed not to the end,*
> *The strong endurance till the breath*
> *And body took their ways apart,*
> *I only know, I keep my trust.*
> *Their vices: earth has them by heart;*
> *Their virtues: they are with the dust.*"

It may be said that these are not distinctively American qualities. This is not the place to discuss the American character. Whatever view one may take, few will deny that they were qualities characteristic of the environment which Joaquin Miller was interpreting. They will hardly be found in such combinations, and so emphasized, in any other literature. Throughout the poem the same spirit is present, often more prominently than in the examples given. The same rhetorical commendation of the quiet life and the same longing for it in the midst of stress and passionate effort, characterizes "The Arizonian." What a strange combination of New England and the Southwest one finds in it!

One other example must serve to express, in closing, the essence of Joaquin Miller and his Westland. It is the lyric which introduces "Ina." The local color is characteristically luxuriant; but there is besides a supreme expression of the wild, unmeasured, unsuccessful efforts of the poet to crystallize the transcendant thoughts and experiences which swept his soul. His spiritual strife and his comparatively insignificant results are but a reflection of the travail of our nation. *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.* The lines are these:—

> "*Sad song of wind in the mountains*
> *And the sea wave of grass on the plain,*
> *That breaks in bloom foam by the fountains,*
> *And forests, that breaketh again*
> *On the mountains, as breaketh a main.*

"Bold thoughts that were strong as the grizzlies,
Now weak in their prisons of words:
Bright fancies that flashed like the glaciers,
Now dimm'd like the luster of birds
And butterflies huddled as herds.

"Sad symphony, wild and unmeasured,
Weed warp, and woof woven in strouds,
Strange truths that a stray soul had treasured,
Truth seen as through folding of shrouds
Or as stars through the rolling of clouds."

"Why"

By Jack G. C. Le Clercq, '18.

An answer to Dr. Burgess and to any others who fail to see why America should favor the Allies.

EVERY nation directly or indirectly concerned in the present war has published declaration after declaration testifying to its innocence in bringing about this titanic struggle which seems to have shattered modern civilization with one blow; however, on the Day of Judgment it must and will be proved that the guilt of the present catastrophe lies upon Germany. France is being blamed for being instrumental in beginning the great war, because she has been ever fostering the feeling of *revanche* in her children's breasts by draping the statue of Alsace-Lorraine in Paris with black.

No greater error can be made.

The *royalist* party in France (which is in a very great minority), with Leon Daudet and Charles Maurras at its head, has again and again done all in its power to stay the socialistic doctrine of anti-militarism; because it was the only faction in the republic able to foresee what was going to happen, and because it was well aware that disarmament for France without the disarmament of every nation in Europe would be nothing short of sheer folly. Thus we see that the socialist party in France was the first advocate of disarmament, but that it was stopped in its inefficient desire; this movement was excellent, no doubt, but to the salvation of France the royalist party saw that Germany would never abide by it.

Therefore France had to keep up the race with Germany, and in order to do so she appealed to the emotional patriotism of her sons by putting in mourning the effigy of a possession which she had come to consider as her own.

And then, in a burst of patriotism, the French government had the three-years military service practically decreed; Germany thereupon saw that it must deal a swift blow if it wished to subdue France.

Just then a scandalous trial and a ridiculous verdict staggered all France, and one and all the people were ready to accept a king—either the king of the Belgians or Philippe VII, duc d'Orleans, the exiled prince; Germany had another reason for attacking France, for the hour of the salvation of France was about to come with royalism and the old regime.

In striking France and the republic a swift-dealt blow, Germany expected to see the French royalists side with her against the republic,

but she did not know what French patriotism was; and to her intense surprise, royalist and republican, socialist and imperialist, with a wave of enthusiasm, sinking all petty governmental differences, flocked to the flag as brothers and as Frenchmen in defence of the *patrie* against a foe at its very doors, menacing it with ruin.

And Germany committed a similar blunder regarding the Irishmen and Home Rule.

These reasons are all political, of course, and perhaps some years after the war we may find them entirely erroneous; but France is especially emphatic on one point, and that is, that she is fighting Germany more than the Triple Alliance.

France herself sympathizes with Austria against Servia's cowardly action; she sees that Russia must, some day, take Germany's place, and that another War of the Nations must ensue—she is fighting against Germany for all that she holds dear: life, liberty, democracy, justice, and Alsace-Lorraine. But now the question arises: what point of view is America to take?

It is the duty of America to sympathize with the Allies, because from France and England is she risen, because in the very earliest days of American civilization, England and France gave her the best of their blood and sent her the men whose seed now forms the nucleus of greater America, because the Allies are now fighting for all that America respects: universal peace, liberty, freedom and the Federation of the World, because if Germany wins this war America, free and democratic, will find herself face to face with Germany, autocratic and fundamentally despotic.

America has other reasons yet for favoring the Allies. She well remembers that France helped her to gain her independence and that it was largely thanks to the help of Lafayette that George Washington, the Father of American Liberty, was able to bring about the freedom of his motherland. And then, last of all, come the reasons of sheer humanity, fellow-feeling and brotherhood; she sympathizes with the Triple Entente because Germany has put to the sword man, woman, and child, because she has made of prosperous Belgium a desert and desolate waste, because she has destroyed masterpieces of human architecture, inspired by God and dedicated to His glory, because she has made the rivers red with blood and the countryside horrible to behold with the mangled and gory bodies of the slain.

To think that not even the Red Cross flag, in addition to the sanctity of the place, could deter the Germans from shelling the glorious Cathedral of St. Remy at Rheims, and what is yet more shameless, *it had been used for none other but religious and humanitarian purposes!*

But by destroying the Cathedral of Rheims and depriving France of it, she has nevertheless bequeathed to France a Parthenon—a never-to-be-forgotten memorial of France at bay against the Lion of Germany.

And Louvain? what of Louvain?

"My heart bleeds for Louvain," remarks the war lord, but will words ever restore the beauteous city hall, even if they be sincere and heartfelt?—a thing incongruous with the Kaiser's character. America will give but one thought to the present events in Europe, to the Belgian homesteads broken up, to the Belgians without a morsel of food, to the use the Germans are making of floating mines (a degradation to which none of the Allies have ever descended); now that the Angel of Death is hovering over the battlefields of France, spreading death and desolation on its path, America will call on Germany to repay the havoc she has wrought.

In the Court of Civilization, in the "Parliament of Man," in the Justice-House of "the Federation of the World," with the martyrdom and crucifixtion of Belgium, with the vandalism of Rheims, with the needless loss of guiltless life on the high seas, with the utterly godless irreverence of William III, with the terrible famine, poverty, wrong and death staring her in the face, the United States of America, in the glory of her justice and magnanimity, will absolve Germany of any worldly or material sentence, leaving her to remember these remarkable lines from the pen of the newest of England's poets:

"*But after the day there's a price to pay*
For the sleepers under the sod.
And He you have wronged for so many a day—
Listen and hear what He has to say:
'*Vengeance is Mine. I will repay.*'
What can you say to God? . . . ."

Ballade of Autumn

By Felix M. Morley, '15.

Across the gentle golden glow
Where summer, fickle to the last,
Lies dying, decked with splendid show,
Unmindful that her reign is past;
Above where birds are flitting fast,
Round the soft bud the warmth deceives,
A strange, mysterious sound is cast:
The rustle of the falling leaves.

But when the evening zephyrs blow,
Sweet harbingers of wintry blast,
Foretelling gloomy sleet and snow,
December days and skies o'ercast,
Then every green enthusiast
Thinks with dismay of past reprieves,
At sunset comes a dread forecast:
The rustle of the falling leaves.

The brook his voice has lost, and slow
He cringes through the woods, aghast;
Some subtle change is in the flow,
Reflected from the dull clouds mass'd,
Sunless, in sullen legions vast;
Oh, strange effect that night achieves
When hearing, with a mind outcast,
The rustle of the falling leaves!

Envoi

Friend, since thine own free choice thou hast,
Whether to sun or shadow cleave,
Must then with fading life be classed
The rustle of the falling leaves?

The Storm

By Yoshio Nitobe, '15.

> "*There is a tide in the affairs of men,*
> *Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune....*"

Part I

BY the Tobyhanna stream, which flows through the Pocono hills, there is a gnarled and ancient pine, beneath which the needles have fallen season after season. The forest fires which swept the hills, by some providence or other passed on either side of this tree, leaving it unscathed. Later, saplings and birches grew up on the charred ground, over which the pine stood forth in rugged prominence, domineering the forest.

One sultry summer's day, when the sky was brazen clear except for the miasma which lurked along the river banks and which seemed to render the very atmosphere torpid, a party of picnickers gathered beneath the shadow of the pine. The party consisted of an elderly man and some eight young people, the girls in middy-blouses and the men in white flannels.

The elderly man was tall and, in spite of his white hair and beard, very erect. From under his shaggy brows his eye at times peered with a far-away look; then again his glance would brighten as someone addressed him, and his almost stern features would soften into lines of the utmost beauty. On his rugged countenance were stamped those qualities which spell the master man, and with it a spirituality which added to strength the power of a seer. Dr. Matthew Kirk was a Quaker minister and scholar. Traveled and lettered, with friends in every walk of life and clime, a man of hard work and practical ideas, he was withal a prophet—the kind whose hand guides the plow along its furrow while his eyes are set upon the stars. And from the eminence of spiritual power and intellect, Dr. Matthew Kirk looked forth upon the world and wherever he beheld suffering or wrong, there went his prayers and efforts for its rectification.

When the sandwiches, the salad and all the good things had been eaten, and the spoons and cups had been packed away, the picnickers threw themselves upon the fragrant needles to chatter and laugh awhile in merry groups, and to rest till the heat of the sultry day had passed. But gradually the merriment of separate groups subsided, as one by one they stopped in their chatter to listen to Dr. Kirk. For as the pine be-

neath whose branches he sat, dominated the saplings of the forest, so did this master of men dominate the group around him.

And among those that listened there were two whose earnestness and interest were the object of Dr. Kirk's special attention.

One was a German girl, who was studying at Vassar. Her home was in Berlin. The other was a Japanese navy officer attached to the Imperial Embassy in Washington. Lieutenant Masunosuke Matsudaira was the son of a nobleman.

"You, Gertrude Von Tirpitz, and you, Lieutenant Matsudaira, are from nations which glorify arms. You perhaps will not agree with me, but, in the eyes of God, the profession of arms is the profession of murder. The God of Love and the Prince of Peace cannot distinguish the murderer who in passion kills a fellowman from the soldier who, with a bayonet, throws himself upon the enemy."

"Ah, Dr. Kirk," exclaimed the young German girl feelingly, "do not say so! It is that his fatherland may live that the soldier kills in battle ——"

"Yes, Fraulein, it is that his own ends may seemingly prosper that a man commits murder," answered Dr. Kirk.

"But, Doctor" said the Japanese lieutenant quietly, "did not our Jesus say that 'greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends'? Surely, to die for the Emperor, and that others may live, is righteousness?"

"Lieutenant Matsudaira, I have great respect for Bushido and the knightly code of honor inculcated in the Samuraii, but that does not mean that there is not something better. If to die were the ambition of a soldier, he would take the first opportunity to get shot by the enemy. But instead, he hides behind trenches, in the shadows of the forest, and picks off the enemy; for his ambition is not to die, it is to kill. If, unfortunately, he gets shot, his comrades say he has done his duty—not because he was *shot*, but because he did his best to kill before he got shot! At the moment when a soldier feels the sickening crush as his rifle butt sinks into a human brain; at the moment when his opponent grows pale, gurgles and flutters his eyelids as the bayonet seeks his inwards and the warm blood spurts and gathers on the cold steel—does the soldier think of love? Is his soul filled with a sense of love for his emperor, for his wife and children leading him on to run the danger of losing his own life? No! his soul is filled with hate. Kill, kill, kill is all that urges on his being. And therefore, Lieutenant Matsudaira," and here Dr. Kirk became very earnest, and he lowered his voice so that only Gertrude Von Tirpitz and the Japanese could hear, "if you have accepted

Christ as you say you have, His call to you in that passage which you mentioned is this, that you should go home to your country and renounce arms and speak of the 'greater love' which alone can lead to righteousness and your country's greatness."

The Japanese navy officer bowed his head for a moment in thought, then he looked up with a rather puzzled expression and smiled—a Japanese smile. To the occidental it may mean anything, whatever his imagination or suspicions may figure: to the Japanese it meant, "I appreciate your earnestness, but I do not agree with you. I do not understand. But let there be nothing but pleasantness between us——" Lieutenant Matsudaira said:

"I thank you for your kind advice. I will think the matter over."

It had started to darken and little rifts of clouds scurried overhead. The ominous hush of an approaching storm was broken only by the treacherous gusts of wind which whined in the tree-tops and rushed down the ravine.

Then suddenly great drops of water splashed on the dust-parched leaves, followed by a regular tattoo—the vanguard of the approaching storm. Before the little party of picnickers could gather up their odds and ends and start home, a veritable cloud-burst deluged them, driving them to seek shelter beneath the pine.

To the howl of the wind and the driving rush of the rain, lightning soon added new terrors. Some suggested walking home; others, waiting, while Dr. Kirk advised them to get out in the open and face the rain, rather than stand beneath a tree in danger of being struck by lightning. Two of the girls, however, refused to budge, saying they preferred getting struck to being drenched to the skin. The truth was, they were terrified. In this commotion, in which the poor campers could hardly hear each other above the storm, a bolt of lightning struck the pine, tore one side open to the heart, and striking the ground by the campers, rolled off towards the ravine. The whole party were flung violently to the ground—all they saw was a blinding glare of light, all they felt was a terrific crash.

The lieutenant struggled to his feet and extended a hand to Gertrude Von Tirpitz.

"Are you hurt?"

"No—look out for the Doctor."

They both started. Matthew Kirk was still sitting at the foot of the shattered tree. His face had turned to the whiteness of his hair; his lips were apart as in benediction; his eyes peered straight before him with that far-away look.

The lieutenant scooped up a palmful of water and laved his brow. Dr. Kirk fluttered his eyelids; then his strong, pale lips enunciated, so lightly that only Gertrude and the Japanese could hear, the words: "I fear not, for God is love."

* * * * * *

It was evening, two weeks after the terrible accident. Dr. Kirk had been buried in the forest, in obedience to his will. The summer colony was adjusting itself to a new order of things.

In that time Lieutenant Matsudaira and Gertrude Von Tirpitz had been much together, and now the young sailor was to leave on the morrow.

"Masunosuke, will you never forget me?"

"Never!"

"Are we—are we, then, really in love?"

"Yes,—it is not a dream. It cannot be: it is too fine, too beautiful to be but a mere dream. It is love, and there is nothing that can stand between us; for is it not true that God Himself is Love?"

"Yes—*God is Love.* How beautiful is the idea! But do you remember Dr. Kirk saying that? It meant something so impractical to him—I couldn't understand him."

"Neither could I, but perhaps we may be able to discover it sometime when we—you and I"—and Matsudaira pointed to the roseate sunset glow—"are away beyond."

"Yes—perhaps."

"And now, farewell—I go!" The young Lieutenant clicked his heels together and saluted—"My Admiral!" he said laughingly, and was gone.

Gertrude Von Tirpitz sat on a moss-grown rock and cried like a little child.

PART II

Several years later, Japan as ally to Great Britain had been drawn into the maelstrom of the Great War.

Lieutenant Matsudaira, after years of experimentation, had invented a terrible explosive which had become a secret of the Japanese Ministry of Navy. A 14-inch shell loaded with Matsudite would burst into several large fragments powerful enough to shatter a gun turret and into thousands of splinters, which sought out every nook and cranny within a hundred yards' radius of the explosion—each piece red-hot and setting fire to everything inflammable within reach. The poisonous gases released by one shell were powerful enough to kill a company of men in

close marching order. Because of the tremendous killing power of his discovery, the Imperial Household had conferred on him the Second Order of the Rising Sun, and the Ministry of Navy had raised him to the rank of Commander.

In spite of these honors, on a certain day in December the following conversation took place in the office of the Ministry, Hibiya Park, Tokyo. Three men were present, the Minister of the Navy, the Chief of the Yokosuka Admiralty, and the Chief of the Intelligence Department. The last-named was a man called Akiyama: for certain reasons the names of the others are withheld.

The Minister: "Mr. Akiyama, what have you to report concerning Commander Matsudaira?"

Akiyama: "Your Excellency, I have to report that correspondence still continued from Berlin until after the Ultimatum of the 15th. From certain trustworthy sources in Germany, the lady is a distant connection of Admiral Von Tirpitz. The lady is also a close friend of Lieutenant Hegelmann, who was in Tsing Tau on the 27th of July, but has since not been reported upon. Probably he is on one of the 'lost' cruisers."

The Minister: "Is that all? Is there no evidence in the letters?"

Akiyama: "The letters are very difficult examples of the *Obvious Class*. Their tone is that of love, but a man from the Ministry of Justice and I hope to decipher them by tomorrow night. We have certain clues. We are, however, positive that the Commander has no copy of the formulas of Matsudite in his rooms."

The Minister, relieved: "I am glad of that, but otherwise your report is exceedingly unsatisfactory. I for one have perfect confidence in Matsudaira. How has he been behaving of late, Chief?"

Chief of Admiralty: "As usual his behavior has been unimpeachable excepting for some rather suspicious talk of pacificism. I am afraid he is a socialist."

Akiyama: "Yes, your Excellencies, he is a very suspicious character."

Admiral: "But this suspense is bad: I would sacrifice my best friend to be sure that that Matsudite formula was safe; in no small manner does the glory of our Empire depend upon that secret."

Just then a buzzer rang beneath the Minister's desk. The Minister pressed a button, the door opened, and a frock-coated secretary entered, bearing a telegram. It had been received in the building.

The Minister opened it, gave it a glance, rose and handed it to the Chief of the Yokosuka Admiralty.

He read: "The two German cruisers, *Breslau* and *Scharnhorst*, sighted in square 463, steaming S. S. W., 14 knots. 9.18 a. m. Despatch-Boat, *Suzuya*."

The Chief went to the phone: "Yokosuka Admiralty, Room Seven! Hello, Plan Number S-47, relative to square 463 plus submarine *Ka-3* immediately. Order of Chief of the Admiralty."

The Minister: "Who is in command of *Ka-3?*"

"Lieutenant Katsura, sir."

"Replace him by Commander Matsudaira!"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"If he fails, Matsudite is safe. If he succeeds, we need not suspect him."

The Chief again went to the phone: "Release Lieutenant Katsura: Commander Matsudaira commands *Ka-3*."

A few minutes later, in Yokosuka, Masunosuke Matsudaira was ordered to lead the submarine against the Germans. He donned his service uniform, gathered up a few odds and ends and went straight for Dock No. 6, where the *Ka-3* was lying sleek and sinister. On the way an orderly handed him some letters. He jammed them in his pocket. At the dock a small group were gathered together. On board the submarine the engineers were going over the oil-engines with a last caress; on deck a score of men were, rapidly taking down the railing, the flag-posts and a machine gun.

As Commander Matsudaira approached the group, the officers lined up and saluted. A staff officer stepped forward and handed him his orders. Matsudaira bowed, received them and saluted in return. A command spoken to a lieutenant, who barked them at his sailors, and the ropes were cast off. The engines whirred and *Ka-3* was off. In and out, past the great grey dreadnaughts and battle-cruisers she glided, and to the harbor mouth, where she zigzagged through the mines. The beautiful green hills of Yokosuka receded; the silent battleships were lost in the shadows and faded away. The droning whirl of the engines and the rush of the waters alone broke the silence; then at times a wave would fall, pounding the steel deck of the ship with a hollow boom. And off in the dim horizon, in the neighborhood of Square Number 463 of the Pacific, lurked her prey; and at the thought of it *Ka-3* seemed to laugh and to shake the spray from her sleek steel sides.

"Commander, she rides nicely today; all is ready below."

"Yes, Lieutenant, she pulls like a she-wolf at her leash. Lay off everyone possible and tell them to go to bed. No talking—they've got to sleep. We will sight the enemy at about daybreak."

"Yes, sir."

Then the sun set and the twilight darkened with all its roseate glow; into the black night, with the roar of her engines muffled by

the blanket of the sea, scurried the *Ka-3.* In the little water-tight conning tower sat three men: the Lieutenant with charts and instruments before him, an ensign at the wheel while Commander Matsudaira scribbled in the log.

Finally he closed the log and sat awhile in thought. Then as if at a sudden memory, he pulled a letter from his pocket. He glanced at his two companions; with set, determined faces they were peering into the darkness. Their lips were compressed and they talked in whispers; their eyes were illuminated with a strange, cruel light. Then furtively he raised the letter to his forehead; if he had been an occidental he would perhaps have kissed it. He opened the letter and read:

Berlin.

My dear Commander Matsudaira:

I can no longer call you by your first name. You are an enemy of the Fatherland and I must hate you. Not only must I hate you, but I do hate you, for you are a Japanese and I abhor your nation. Whatever may have passed between us is upon receipt of this letter annulled.

I have given my hand to Lieutenant Hegelmann, your old rival and an honorable man. Your navy will have a sore reckoning when Lieutenant Hegelmann meets them; for he is on the Breslau.

Gertrude Von Tirpitz.

For a time Commander Matsudaira sat perfectly still: step by step he reviewed his friendship with Gertrude, their common ideals, their confidences, and finally his first meeting with her at Pocono. Yes, he remembered it all—could he be the same man who, clad in flannels, had gaily picnicked in the Pocono hills? What was he doing cooped up in this little steel box full of volcanic explosives? Why was his brow so feverish? Why, though his voice was steady, did that queer lump make him swallow so often—and why did these men of his flit around so silently beneath the waves of the sea, with that tense, hungry look in their eyes?

Then, as if recovering himself from a trance, he shrugged his shoulders, and said half aloud:

"Ah, she was only a woman!"

No sooner had he spoken than he began to wonder whether he had really said it or not. Could Masunosuke Matsudaira, whose ideals were so high, to whom Gertrude had meant all the world, suddenly dismiss the whole matter by saying, "Ah, she was only a woman"?

Then he slowly reread the letter and this time he smiled.

"Ah," he thought, "Hegelmann on the *Breslau!* What luck!"

A couple of hours later, when dawn was starting to lighten the east, the man at the wheel leaned over to the Commander and said:

"Smoke ahead, sir."

Matsudaira pressed a button, pulled a lever or two and gave out some orders. The the combined bridge and conning tower was opened and ten sailors crawled out on the slippery deck and removed the wireless apparatus and adjusted the periscope.

Half an hour later the tanks were opened and *Ka-3* sounded; the two cruisers were right ahead. The men were at their positions, the torpedo tube loaded. Matsudaira made a rapid tour of the boat. To the torpedo crew he said:

"I salute you—we go to die for our Emperor!"

"Yes, sir! and to destroy the enemy, Nippon Banzai!" they answered in unison. Their voices were hoarse from suppressed excitement, and their sweat-seared faces glistened and their eyes gleamed terribly in the dim unnatural light.

Commander Matsudaira took his position at the periscope. The two mirrors swept the sea. The *Scharnhorst* was first, the *Breslau* following her. By maneuvering he had gotten ahead of them, and with speed lowered, the *Ka-3* stood by, waiting for her prey. With eyes fastened on the periscope, he kept calling out the degrees with the utmost precision: "27-28-31-40-43," etc. The wheel swept back and forth in response. Commander Matsudaira could now distinguish the officers on the bridge: they suspected nothing.

"27—ready—Pull!" he shouted. The Lieutenant yanked a lever: on the sign board in front of the torpedo crew flashed out the word *Fire*. A short metallic click, the noise of the water rushing into the empty tube, and the *Ka-3* seemed to buck as she vomited forth the torpedo. Then the crew breathlessly glued their eyes on Matsudaira. Excepting for the unearthly pallor of his face, he seemed more like a scientist studying the stars than a fighter, as he peered at the mirrors. Suddenly his face relaxed, a horrible grin spread from the corners of his thin lips.

"Struck!" he shouted. At that word the torpedo crew burst out in a devilish yowl: "*Nippon Banzai, Teikoku Banzai!*" Their naked bodies feverishly sprang into action as they charged their tube anew.

"21! Pull!"

Again a moment of suspense. This time the torpedo struck the *Scharnhorst* amidships and finished whatever work the first one had left undone. The *Scharnhorst* seemed to rise in a thousand fragments and, as if in agony, literally torn in two, she plunged into the sea.

Matsudaira grinned and as if in a trance kept saying,

"Matsudite, Matsudite—oh, what a powder!" An exultant satisfaction and pride filled his heart.

Through the periscope he could see the tossing of arms, and here and there the pale speck of a face. Though no sound could reach him except the whirl of *Ka-3's* engines, there suddenly crashed upon his hearing the moans of the drowning and the mangled. He looked about him. Were those naked men with gleaming eyes and cruel faces *his* men, *his* crew—doing *his* will?

The *Ka-3* was now opposite the *Breslau*.

Mechanically he shouted:

"22!—." Then it seemed as if his voice choked. "Lieutenant!" he shouted, "hard to port!"

The *Breslau* loomed big and passed unharmed.

"Thank God!" he whispered.

"Shall we fire, sir?" cried one of the men.

Matsudaira only answered,

"To Yokosuka!"

PART III

The news of the victory had been wirelessed ahead, but the crew of *Ka-3* could only think of the *Breslau* they had not even fired upon. They could not understand it, but they kept their silence.

The *Ka-3* glided into Yokosuka harbor; the great dreadnoughts and the battle-cruisers were not silent this time. They thundered their applause with guns and sirened their greeting with horns, for *Ka-3*, their little sister, had gone forth and killed.

Unheeding the congratulations showered upon him, and as if living in a dream, Matsudaira boarded the first train for Tokyo.

At the Ministry of Navy everybody stood aside to allow the hero to pass. Matsudaira went straight to the Minister's office.

"I have come to ask permission to inspect the formula of Matsudite," he said simply. "I have observed its action in use and I wish to make some changes."

The Minister of the Navy called his confidential secretary.

"Allow Commander Matsudaira access to the archives."

Matsudaira followed his guide past several guards into a subterranean hallway, at one end of which was a small steel door. The secretary unlocked the combination, switched on the electric light and entered. Matsudaira beheld a small chamber lined with countless boxes, each with its steel door and combination. He could hardly believe that this un-awe-inspiring, apparently unguarded vault con-

tained maps, manuscripts and communications for the possession of which certain powers would have given millions.

The secretary opened a box labelled, "In Reference to Matsudite," and removed a manuscript bound loosely together.

"These, Commander Matsudaira, are your papers," he said smilingly.

The navy officer grasped them eagerly.

"Are there no loose papers?"

The secretary turned his back to look. Matsudaira removed a small bottle from his pocket and dashed it over the manuscript. Then with a single motion he lit a match and set fire to the invaluable papers. The flames flared up to the ceiling; the secretary turned in utter astonishment.

Matsudaira whipped out an automatic and covered the secretary.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but on penalty of death I ask you to be silent."

The secretary could scarce believe his eyes; he looked at the flaming pile—at that countless treasure which he regarded as almost holy, disappearing to blackened ashes. And then he looked at the features of Matsudaira—at this maniac, this traitor, this anarchist; and his astonishment grew to wonder. The feverish anxiety on Matsudaira's countenance seemed to leave him and pass away with the ruddy glow of the charred embers. And the secretary more and more marvelled at his calmness.

When the last scrap of paper had been burnt, Matsudaira held the automatic by its barrel and, bowing, handed it to the secretary. The secretary, as if dazed, mechanically accepted it. The two passed out of the vault together without a word.

But in the heart of Masunosuke Matsudaira was great peace; for the first time in his life he felt at rest, and it was because he had understood. To himself he murmured:

"I am not afraid: God is love."

* * * * * * * * * *

Many, many months later, in a fashionable apartment on the *Unter den Linden*, Fraulein Gertrude Von Tirpitz was entertaining her future husband, Captain Hegelmann. The two sat together on a sofa in a trim little parlor; Gertrude was presiding over a tea-table. Outside the curtained windows, the rain pattered gently and the arc-lights were shimmering on the wet pavements. The rumble of traffic sounded like the wash of a distant sea. . . .

"Yes, Gertrude, it was early dawn—I was on duty on the bridge,

when suddenly the *Scharnhorst* was struck. Ah, it was terrible! By bad seamanship we were so close that we could not go far away, and in a twinkling, the cry of "Unterseeboot" rose all along our decks. The ugly beast passed right by us. We could not depress our guns sufficiently to hit her—and it happened so quickly that nothing but the machines could be manned in time anyway. Why they didn't strike us I have no idea, unless they had run out of 'fishes,' especially since those Japs are devils when it comes to fighting, although they are uncivilized monkeys. Bah!"

Just then the maid entered with a letter. Captain Hegelmann got up, stretched his legs, twirled his blond moustache, and folding his hands behind his back, gazed out the window.

Fraulein Von Tirpitz rose and took up the letter. It had been a long time in coming, and had evidently passed through many hands. She read:

"My dear Fraulein,—

"Masunosuke Matsudaira, late Commander I. J. N., on the eve of his execution salutes you. My family have forsaken me, my country has repudiated me. I am utterly alone. Yet there are two towards whom my thoughts have wandered of late, and the thought of them has cheered my heart. One of them I hope to soon see; the other I now address.

"I am to die because I at last understand the significance of the words, 'God is love.' To such a one the profession of arms is nothing less than a dedication to the forces of evil and darkness.

"Do you remember the strange words which Dr. Kirk spoke to you and to me beneath the pines of Pocono so shortly before his death? Those words, which I did not then understand, like a spring of pure water have bided their time and at last in their fullness have flooded my soul.

"And though I shall never live to see that day, yet can I see it now upon these prison walls, when there will be neither 'Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ will be all and in all.' Then the battle flags will be truly furled and the world will be ruled by God and the parliament of man.

"And what I have done and what I must undergo I would not have otherwise. The storm is over. *Above all, I fear not, for God is love.*

Farewell.

MASUNOSUKE MATSUDAIRA."

As Gertrude Von Tirpitz finished the letter, a puzzled expression crept over her countenance; then, tossing it aside, she exclaimed:

"How odd! Fritz, won't you have another cup of tea?"

Star Dreams *A Villanelle*

By Douglas Waples, '14.

Far in the purple distance hangs a mist;
Deep in its bosom lie two pallid stars,
Adrift within a sea of amethyst.

These love and in their loving hold their tryst,
As far and faint they hear the grinding worlds:
Far in the purple distance hangs a mist.

Like mortal man and maiden oft they've kissed—
Those lovers fair, so pure, so wonderful,
Adrift within a sea of amethyst.

Here listening, hand in hand where toil is missed,
They watch the sun sink in the saffron sea:
Far in the purple distance hangs a mist.

Here wandering, naught unlovely is enticed
To grate against the melody of love,
Adrift within a sea of amethyst.

Yet now to sing love's threnody they list,
While the old, old stars sigh out love's aftermath.
Far in the purple distance hangs a mist,
Adrift within a sea of amethyst.

A Bispham Recital

By Joshua L. Baily, '12.

HAVERFORD'S greatest product in the field of musical activity gave his annual song recital at Witherspoon Hall, November 11, and the opportunity to hear Dr. David Bispham was too great a temptation for the present writer to resist.

Perhaps the most convincing evidence of Dr. Bispham's popularity in his home city was the fact that every seat in the house was sold an hour before the recital took place, and those not fortunate enough to hold season tickets were assigned to chairs placed on the stage, and the pleasure of sharing the platform with so distinguished a soloist was largely diluted by his being compelled to turn his back on this part of the audience and stand on the other side of the piano.

Dr. Bispham prefaced his program by a brief address, in which he stated that he believed art in general, and musical art in particular, should be absolutely independent of present belligerency abroad, and that his program included songs in four languages, by composers of six nationalities. He then put his audience in good humor by apologizing for his inability to sing any songs in Bulgarian or Turkish, as he would like to do. To those who heard his rather severe arraignment of those who sing "in tongues not understanded of the people," at Haverford a few years ago, this did not seem inconsistent, but merely an indication of his unwillingness to become a fanatic for any cause, no matter how worthy. Further, Dr. Bispham deserves credit for not letting his enthusiasm for the American composer overcome his aesthetic judgment, and so the names of Mozart and Schumann appear on the same program with Walter Damrosch and Henry Hadley.

The program fell materially into two parts, the second of which was confined to American composers. The first song, from Mozart's Figaro, like all operatic selections, seemed incomplete by itself, and it was followed by four other songs so little known that an intelligent criticism of them is beyond the power of the present writer. But the next three deserve special mention. Schubert's extremely lyric version of "Haiden Roslein" possesses all the beauty and simplicity of Goethe's poem. Perhaps it is even too simple, and one sympathizes with the accompanist's innovation in playing the closing measures before the song as a sort of musical anacrusis.

The next composition was very different. One might think that Tschaikowsky's dark pessimism would blend in unison with the despair

and resignation of Goethe's "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt." Yet there is little in the music alone to suggest sadness; perhaps Tschaikowsky did not wish to be guilty of tautology. Possibly Schubert's setting of the same poem has a more sympathetic appeal, but such a comparison is unfair, since Schubert's supremacy as a song writer is unquestioned, and Tschaikowsky's musical ideals found most perfect expression in the symphony.

And then came the gloomiest song of all—Richard Strauss' "Song of the Stone-Breaker." The subject of this is the man who has forfeited his liberty and exchanged his name for a number, and lost his very personality and is compelled to break stone on the highway. Such a one is but little better than a mere animal, or a machine, and the grief he feels, or would feel, but cannot, is so great that it transcends musical expression. Strauss appreciates this, and instead of attempting the impossible, confines his composition to imitating the meaningless clangor of the "hammer that breaketh the rock," wielded by a hand that works for a social order of which it is not a member, and has no anticipation of a day when there shall be no work.

No one can be a good accompanist without being a good soloist, so it was only generous and courteous that Dr. Bispham saw fit to let Mr. Harry M. Gilbert play one number alone, the first movement of a sonata by Serge Bartkiewicz, a modern composer, showing the influence of Chopin. In fact, the second theme is almost identical with Chopin's Nocturne in D flat. The generous applause which followed was well merited.

Dr. Bispham introduced his next two numbers, the Prologue of "The Atonement of Pan" by Henry Hadley, and the Flint song from Wm. J. McCoy's "The Cave Man," with a description of the original production of these two compositions by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco at night in a large grove of sequoias in the Sierras. The first number was largely melodrama, but the second was very lyric; both gave excellent opportunity for the display of Dr. Bispham's dramatic art.

Will Marion Cook's "An Exhortation" was the only song by a negro composer, the only humorous song, and the only one to receive an encore (Sydney Homer's "Banjo Song"). Dr. Bispham's impersonation of the colored preacher whose enthusiasm outweighed his dignity will not be soon forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The last song was "Danny Deaver," which Dr. Bispham has made famous everywhere. There is little about this song to recommend it to the average soloist; it requires a dramatic artist to realize its possibilities,

and Dr. Bispham is such a one. Suffice it to say that one must not only hear, but see, the soloist in order to appreciate fully such a work of art.

The program was closed with Rossetter Cole's arrangement of Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily." In the face of Dr. Bispham's dramatic ability, the musical accompaniment of this melodrama seems a rank tautology. Possibly it was not composed for such an artist as Dr. Bispham, but having been composed, has been retained, quite unnecessarily.

But th best was yet to come. The audience arose and began to overflow at the exits. As I passed the artists' room and saw the soloist surrounded by the heterogeneous verbosity of an admiring multitude, he beckoned me to enter. In such a crowd but little time could be bestowed on each one, and a few seconds after, as I was walking up Broad Street, had any one asked what I had enjoyed most, I might have considered the "Cave Man," or the "Stone Breaker," or the "Hedge Rose," for they are all beautiful; but I am sure I would have decided in favor of that warm handshake, and enthusiastic, "I am so glad to see you. And how is Haverford?"

Book Review

Earth Triumphant, By Conrad Aiken. *MacMillan, $1.25, net.*

A FRESH contribution to modern verse is Conrad Aiken's *Earth Triumphant.* This is a collection centering about three narrative poems of good length, "Earth Triumphant, "Youth," and "Romance."

The first of these tells the story of a man's grief at the loss of his wife, and of his final regeneration in the spring of the year by a new love. Mr. Aiken's method is perhaps seen to better advantage here than in any of the other poems. His attack is very direct; his treatment realistic.

> "*For still the tall glass glimmered there*
> *Where night and day she did her hair,*
> *And over a chair-back still hung down*
> *Her soft pink satin dressing-gown.*"

There is no lack of feeling:

"He would keep
Inviolate her quiet sleep,
Keep her in her own room there,
With shutters down, year after year,
Till some mysterious dawn would break
And she would wake, and she would wake!"

Earth Triumphant is done in rhymed couplets. Unlike Noyes, Mr. Aiken does not practise dramatic effects, or abrupt changes in versification. There is a certain haunting monotony, which, for its very faithfulness, has a more lasting effect than verse calculated to catch the vagrant sense.

"Youth" is the story of a domineering, Byronic young man who commits murder for the joy of killing, flees to the country, and falls in love with a farmer's daughter. Her influence upon him is such that his instinct for fight and destruction gives way to the calm intention of spending the rest of his life away from the struggle of the city. To Mr. Aiken this is the epitome of failure, when to most it would mean the reawakening of a better life.

"And life made slave of him...... Meanwhile the earth
Still through the starlight danced her endless song,
Turning her lad's-love to slow death and birth,
Still changing gray for green, the weak for strong;
Life's cry she heard not, knew not right or wrong;
Youth rose, youth fell; she smiled to sun, danced on,
Smiling the same smile, dancing, dawn to dawn."

In philosophy, Mr. Aiken is a believer in Youth and the free play of Instinct. In verse, he depends upon reality and simplicity of style. Of all the new notes sounded in modern verse, this one, for its universal appeal, seems most likely to live.

Mr. Aiken discredits the sentimental jargon that finds space so freely in our magazines. Speaking, rather, of the true poets:

"Hirelings are we of the time.
God pity us! For we must seek
In city filth, in streets that reek,
Dark inspiration for our rhyme.

And yet, from sordid and from base,
Passion can lift a shining face......
And walking through a street at night
I saw a jail in soft moonlight;
And there, behind the chequered bars,
A still shape came to look at stars........"

K. P. A. T.

Alumni Department

IT is our painful duty to record the deaths of three of our alumni: William C. Alderson, ex-'58; Charles S. Howland, '72, and Charles F. Lee, '07.

William C. Alderson died at his home in Overbrook, Pa., early in November. Mr. Alderson was for several years connected with the Girard Trust Company of Philadelphia, having been its treasurer in 1880 and 1881. After leaving that company he was associated with the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and until his retirement a few years ago he was for some time its treasurer.

Charles S. Howland, '72, died on October 23, 1914. Mr. Howland was born at Union Springs, N. Y., September 4, 1851, the son of Charles W. Howland and Gulielma M. Hilles. He entered the sophomore class at Haverford in 1869, but left college during his senior year. On December 17th, 1873, he was married to Miss Mary C. Shipley.

He engaged in business in Wilmington, Del., and Philadelphia, and later became an important and influential officer in the George Junior Republic in New York. He left this office shortly before the closing of the Republic. His later life was marked by a period of ill-health which extended to the time of his death.

Charles F. Lee died at the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, on October 17th, 1914. The interment was made at Friendsville, Tenn. Mr. Lee graduated from Earlham College in 1906, and spent the following year at Haverford. He then entered Harvard and spent several years at that institution, studying philosophy and psychology. He received the A. M. degree from Harvard in 1909.

The address of his sister, Rosa E. Lee, is: R. F. D. No. 3, Concord, Tenn.

Thanks to the courtesy of Alfred C. Garret, we are enabled to insert the following letter by Dr. William Wistar Comfort, '94, on the

conditions in England relative to the present war. It may serve as the sequel to his article concerning French mobilization, which appeared in a former number of the HAVERFORDIAN. The letter is taken from the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*.

Lyndhurst, Hants, Eng., Oct. 1.

I have just returned from a tour of one hundred and fifty miles on my bicycle in Hampshire, Sussex and Surrey. I visited many small towns in business and residential districts between London and the South Coast. Except for officers who had established their men in some of the country hotels, and fo. printed directions concerning enlistment which are posted everywhere, I should not have suspected that England was at war.

In spite of the numbers of men and horses she is sending to the fighting line, there is no such paralysis of the national life under the voluntary service as there is in Europe to-day with universal conscription. The roads were well filled, not only with the motors and motorcycles of the leisure class, but with the homely produce carts and heavy drays of internal commerce. At one place were met hundreds of English gypsies with their wagons and livestock returning westward from the hop fields of Kent.

There are, of course, many thousands of Germans in England, who are supposed to have been registered with the authorities. In view of the strict surveillance under which we had been kept in France, it is remarkable how indifferent the English are in regard to foreigners. I had occasion to ride thirty miles along the South Coast from Southampton to Chichester, and was all the way within what they call the five-mile limit of the shore. Passing by Portsmouth and beneath the great forts which bristle on the chalk cliff behind this town, I had my papers in hand ready to display them at a moment's notice. Not a policeman turned his head even to look at me. It was really humiliating!

In reply to my amazed story of the tameness of it all, an Englishman in the hotel at Chichester remarked: "Well, you know, we are very slow to get excited. The people would not stand for it if they were held up and questioned on the road. They might think there was really some danger. As for catching spies, it is too late for that; the Germans know already all there is to know."

The fact is that in a month's time, in the very centre of a great concentration camp we have not been stopped or questioned once regarding our identity. The soldiers talk freely on almost any topic connected with their work and training, the public may follow the troops on their cross-country "hikes" and roam at will through

the camp, and there are even on sale innumerable pictures of Tommy Atkins engaged in all his duties and pleasures. Amateurs stroll at will, taking photographs of any military scene that interests them.

ENGLAND'S FIGHTING SPIRIT

What I said of the country districts visited awheel, is not true of the larger cities and railroad centres. There are several great concentration camps where colonial regiments are got into training for immediate service, and where recruits for Lord Kitchener's huge army are being trained to take the field next spring. All the railroads approaching those military centres and the country for miles around give evidence of England's fighting spirit. On the lines of the London and Southwestern Railway, for instance, the track and all the stations are patrolled between London and Southampton. The waiting rooms in the stations are fitted up as quarters for the officers in charge of the movement of troops and recruits. The regular schedules are somewhat upset on those lines by the frequent passing of trains bearing troops to the seaports or carrying wounded toward the hospitals of the inland towns. As a rule, only the less seriously wounded are brought back to England, and one frequently has some of these unfortunate fellows as traveling companions in a third class carriage.

The country chaps who had been wounded in the legs and feet at Mons and Charleroi were as lively as crickets after a quick recovery in the hospital and all anxious to get back and have "another crack at 'em." They all desire the privilege of a personal interview with the German Emperor! Their vivid account of action on the field was as graphic as anything I have ever heard. They all agreed that learning of rules in advance was a waste of time: "You soon learn how to do for yourself under fire." And their description of ducking shrapnel, of lying down to fire under cover, and their jumping up for a quick advance or retreat over open ground, of calculating how long an interval there would be before the machine guns opened up again—all this was thrilling when heard from the participants themselves.

SOME DEFECTS ADMITTED

They all agreed on some points: the infantry equipment is too heavy, more artillery is needed, shrapnel wounds are worse than rifle bullets, and that the newspaper editors who print letters from privates to their families ought to be put to torment! These lads were as merry about the whole adventure as schoolboys on a holiday, and I can well imagine the admiration of the highly strung French for these cool, good-natured Allies who sing their songs and crack jokes in the trenches.

Here at Lyndhurst in the beautiful old New Forest, associated with the life and death of some of the earliest Norman kings, we have witnessed the mobilization of the Seventh Division. I may not say how many troops are here. It would be indiscreet to publish the figures, and besides, I cannot get the same from any two informants! Those who know what a division is may form their own estimate. There are at any rate many thousands of them: some home regiments and reservists, some from Gibraltar and Malta, and the Gordon Highlanders from Egypt. On reaching here, they certainly get a dose of hard work. Twenty and thirty mile jaunts are in order several times a week. Infantry, hussars, light artillery, heavy artillery—everybody goes.

They start generally early in the morning, and after their distant maneuvres they come back in the dusk of the autumn evening when the moon is already well in the sky. No rain has left the road dusty, and the state they are in after ten or twelve hours of marching and drilling can be imagined. But as the long lines approach the vast camp on the heath from various directions, the men break into songs and hurrahs for everything and everybody. The fifes and drums of the regulars break out, and the Scotch bagpipes bring all the ranks into step, and the nurses and chambermaids to the windows to see the kilts swing by. Then many a kiss is thrown and the jest passed between the whitecapped maids and those jaunty gallants. They are all anxious to get away, and it is said that now their complement is made up, they will be off in a few days. How many of them will never come back, and how many of those superb horses are destined to be blown to pieces!

Scrupulous Care of Horses

I meant to say a word about the horses; they deserve it for themselves, because they are counted more precious than mere men. The cavalry horses in general, and all the officers' horses are beautiful creatures, long and slim like hunters, with manes clipped close and tails bobbed, but not docked. All whites and grays are tabooed, so blacks and bays predominate. The artillery beasts are, of course, of an entirely different stock, being on the Percheron lines with heavy fetlocks! All are most scrupulously cared for, being tethered in long lines by one fore foot and one hind foot, as well bedded in dried heather and foddered with pressed clover as any hunter in his box stall. The saddle and harness of each is neatly stacked behind him and covered with tarpaulin against the heavy dews. The whole camp which extends over a couple of miles of heath is laid with water pipes connecting with troughs of wood or rubber where the horses are led

to water as regularly as in their stables at home.

Under the very trying situations which arise sometimes when hundreds of horses are ridden to water at the same time, I have not heard a single word of strong language on the part of the men, who are in many cases trained hostlers and who love their charges. Though drunkenness causes the military authorities some trouble, the language, demeanor and attitude of th privates toward the public is most commendable. The canteen is the only legitimate source of liquor and the "publics" are out of bounds.

The great camp near us is always alive, and offers a fascinating spectacle when viewed from one of the little hills that rise on what was till recently the New Forest golf links. The "greens" are roped off to prevent damage, but there will be no more golf for a while. At meal times the companies line up before the wooden field kitchens, where each man receives his portion in his mess pan. Then they sit down in groups on the natural carpet provided by the heather, and eat as men do eat who live in the open air and take such violent exercise. The white tents stretch as far as the eye can reach, and if one is indiscreet enough to approach, one sees queer sights wh ch strengthen the current belief in the passion of the Englishman for cold water. Each officer's tent is provided with folding bed, table and a rubber wash basin, beside which stands a canvas bucket of fresh water. The men, seventeen of whom sleep in one of the big conical tents, like the spokes of a wheel have to go to the water tubs and wash in public. Shaving is going on everywhere and under the most difficult circumstances. A mirror is stuck in a tree or even laid on the ground and the fellows get somehow in front of it. The lathering of the whole head, followed by frequent plunges into a bucket of water, gives a most favorable impression of cleanliness to the bystander. The most comical sight is that of the Gordon Highlander in neglige making his Sunday evening toilette. He has left off his bonnet and his khaki coat. The effect is produced by what is left: flannel shirt, Gordon plaid kilties with khaki apron over the front to protect the shirt, bare knees, fancy stockings and white leggings, and a Turkish towel about the neck! He looks like an animated penwiper doing a "pas seul" on the stage.

Chafe Under Delay

Each main section of the camp has its canteen, its big tent for writing and music, and another tent where ladies serve tea. Of course, the officers have nothing to complain of in these admirably comfortable quarters. But they all chafe under the delay and wish to be off to the front. No news makes any difference to them.

There is plenty to make them serious; partings between men and women and little children, especially on Sundays, when they come all the way from London for the good-byes; Sunday services, when solemn messages are spoken, and our old hymns sung with tearful eyes; printed prayers, which are distributed by the sergeants to be stuck in their caps for use over there in France. Yes, there is plenty to sober up a father of a family.

But they are volunteers, every man, fighting of his own free will for his honor, his home, his country, and King. And they know the whole nation, the empire, is back of them; back of them with-prayers, back of them with moral support, back of them with a thousand agencies to look after their widows and orphans, back of them to the extent of fifty-five million dollars for the last week without a grudge. So they want to be off. This is only the overture of the great symphony of glory and anguish on the banks of the Marne and the Aisne.

After taps I step out and survey the great sleeping camp in the moonlight—the pointed tents look for all the world like the ranges of mountains I used to make out of clay on the modeling board years ago at school. It is all so peaceful, as the sentries pace back and forth in the soft heather behind the big field guns.

W. W. C.

Among the Haverfordians on soccer teams in and around Philadelphia are the following: Pearson, '05; Priestman, '05; C. Longstreth, '13;—all of the Germantown Cricket Club; C. C. Morris, '04; S. W. Miflin, '00; Rossmaessler, '05; Brey, '09; Edwards, '10;—representing the Merion Cricket Club; and Cadbury, '03; Furness, '10; Taylor, '11; E. Stokes, '14; T. Elkinton, '14;—of the Moorestown Cricket Club.

In this connection mention may be made of several members of the alumni who have officiated in football games this fall, the names of Thorne, '04; A. Lowry, '09; Wheeler, '12; Ramsey, '09; and Murray, '12;—being most conspicuous.

The Committee of the *Alumni Quarterly* lunched at the University Club, Friday, October 30th, to plan for the December issue. Those present were: P. S. Williams, '94; E. R. Tatnall, '97, treasurer; J. H. Scattergood, '90; J. W. Sharp, '88; R. M. Gummere, '02; W. Sargent, Jr., '08; C. D. Morley, '10, and K. P. A. Taylor, '15. J. H. Haines, the secretary of the Committee, was unavoidably absent.

'93

Charles Osborne is employed as engineer in the New York State Highway Department, having been

located at Albany for several years in this connection. Mr. Osborne is taking a course in shorthand and typewriting, aside from his work.

'94

W. W. Comfort had an essay in *The Dublin Review* for last July, on "Professor Bedier and the French Epic." His permanent address is, Care of Morgan, Grenfell & Co., 22 Old Broad Street, London.

Samuel W. Morris has been elected secretary of the Girard Trust Company, of Philadelphia.

'97

William O.Beal had a chart showing the "Photographic Positions of Comet 1911 c" in the *Astronomical Journal*, published August 13, 1914. Mr. Beal received his A. M. from Haverford in 1897.

Elliot Field is the author of a new college song, which was used by the student body during the Swarthmore game.

Edward Thomas was married on November 10th to Miss Margaret Loring Dike at Braintree, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas will be at home after January 1st, at 841 West End Avenue, New York City.

R. C. McCrea, Dean of the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania, has a review of Farnum's "Economic Utilization of History" in the last issue of the *American Economic Review* (Pages 119f.f.)

The Annual Dinner of the Class of '97 was held in the College Dining Room (upper room) on Saturday evening, November 21st. The president and secretary of the class are Elliot Field and Benjamin R. Hoffman.

G. M. Palmer is general sales manager for the White Adding Machine Company, at New Haven, Conn. His address is, Care of White Adding Machine Co., York and Grove Streets, New Haven.

'98

W. C. Janney has just returned from an extended hunting trip in Maine.

'00

H. H. Jenks has moved to 414 Midland Ave., Wayne, Pa.

'01

The John C. Winston Co. has published a volume by E. Marshall Scull on "Hunting in the Arctic and Alaska."

'02

William Pyle Philips was married to Miss Harriet Bininger

Paris on December 1st, in New York.

Shipley Brown has left his position in the Hotel Morton, Atlantic City, N. J., and has bought a farm near Kennett Square, Pa.

The Class of 1902 held a reunion Saturday, November 21. Those present took tea at the home of Dr. R. M. Gummere.

Another volume of German Classics in English has been published, in which Dr. C. W. Stork has several poems.

'03

Robert Louis Simkin spoke recently in a meeting of the College Y. M. C. A. He described some of his experiences in China during the late revolution. Mr. Simkin is prominent as a missionary in West China. He is studying in the United States this year.

A. G. Dean recently gave an address at the Philadelphia Foundrymen's Association.

'04

Recently a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Morris, at Shanghai, China.

Chester R. Haig, M. D., was married to Miss Hilda Morse, of Merchantville, N. J. The wedding took place on Wednesday evening, November 18th, 1914, in Grace Church. Rev. Harold Morse, who is Miss Morse's father performed the ceremony.

C. C. Morris, '04, and Arthur H. Hopkins, M. D., '05, were among the ushers.

Ex-'04

Wilfrid Mansell Powell, son of the British consul at Philadelphia, is a soldier in His Majesty's Army.

'05

At the last annual meeting of the Class of 1905, J. H. Morris, of Bryn Mawr, was elected secretary of the class.

A. M. '05

Ralph Waldo Trueblood and Miss Elsie Marion Smith were married at Los Angeles, Cal., on November 9th.

'06

On June 13th, 1914, a daughter, Anna Craven Smiley, was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Smiley.

'07

Micharl Henry March married Miss Susan B. Richards, of Pottstown, Pa., at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Charles W. Richardson, in Washington, D. C., on June 10.

Emmett R. Tatnall, '07, was best man.

William R. Rossmaessler spent this summer in England, traveling part of the time with the Merion Cricket Club team.

On June 24, 1914, a daughter, Alice Bent Tatnall, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Emmett R. Tatnall.

On July 16, 1914, a son, Chapman Brown, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul W. Brown.

On June 25, 1914, a daughter, Sarah Willets Godley, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Francis D. Godley.

Ex-'08

Wilson Sidwell, after spending several years in Argentine Republic, is now superintending the road and bridge construction for the government of Paraguay. He expects to return to the United States in 1915. His address is: Care *Departmento de Formento*, Asuncion, Paraguay, S. A.

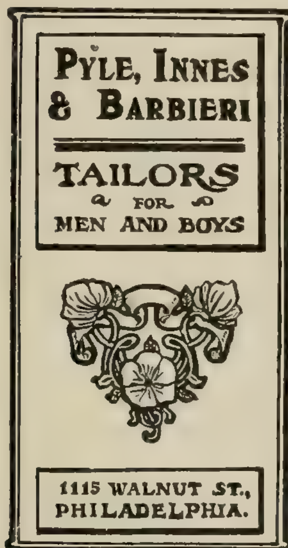
'10

Guy S. K. Wheeler, '10; E. Page Allinson, '10; C. Mitchell Froelicher, '10; Charles Fygis Clark, '10; and Victor Schoepperle, '11;—held a reunion at Town's End Farm, West Chester, Pa., the week-end of the Swarthmore game.

'11

The Class of 1911 held a reunion the Friday before the Swarthmore game.

"A Live Store"



is the only kind to which a young man should tie—where the stock is always new; where good taste prevails and courtesy rules. Such a store is right here and it is becoming more popular every season.

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PHILADELPHIA

Charles Wadsworth, III, is studying Chemistry in the Harvard Graduate School.

'13

The engagement has been announced of Philip C. Gifford and Miss Helen S. Thomas, of Avondale, Pa.

John U. Van Sickle and Norris F. Hall are studying in the Graduate School of Harvard University.

Mendenhall, Pickett and Porter represented the Class of 1913 at the Trinity game in Hartford, November 7th.

A. H. Goddard is now in Washington, D. C., working in the Civil Service.

P. H. Brown had the honor of presenting to the Class of 1913 its first class baby, a boy—Harold W. Brown—born in June, 1914. Mr. Brown has been promoted to the head of the Department of Manual Training at Earlham College.

P. G. Baker is still with the Westinghouse Electric Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Joseph Tatnall is traveling for the Brown and Baily Company, of Philadelphia.

C. O. Young is now located at Washington, D. C., and is working for the government in the Chemistry Department.

Joseph M. Beatty is teaching at Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn.

Norman H. Taylor has entered the Harvard Medical School.

W. Webb is studying at the New York State Library School at Albany, N. Y.

Philip C. Gifford is teaching at the Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.

'14

The engagement has been recently announced of Herbert W. Taylor, to Miss Irene Lawrence, of New York.

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Editorial Comment

THE SUNDAY REVIVAL

THE Billy Sunday revival is such a dynamic event in the history of Philadelphia and forces itself so vigorously upon the attention of every thinking person that it calls for some consideration in these columns.

There can be no question in anyone's mind that Billy Sunday is a person of extraordinary power. He is sincere, white-hot in his convictions, possessed of very unusual oratorical gifts, and he is a genius in his use of advertising as a psychological preparation for his message. He is as intense as a Hebrew prophet in his denunciation of individual and

social sins, and a wonderful play of humor is joined to his powerful diagnosis of sin.

The effect of his revival woik in other cities has been impressive and far-reaching. He has done things which speak loudly in favor of the effectiveness of his ministry. Thousands of men and women aie leading Christian lives today because he reached them, and many cities have been "cleaned up" as a result of his moving appeal.

But at the same time there is much to be regretted both in his method and in his message. His slangy and bizarre descriptions of Bible narratives and especially his colloquial way of speaking of God and of Jesus Christ tend to lower the tone of religion and to obliterate reverence. His crude and dogmatic way of dealing with the discoveries that have been made by modern scientific and historical research is trying to one who has learned to respect and admire the patient work of truth-seekers and to all who are loyal to *truth*. His failure to appreciate the honesty, sincerity and goodness of those with whom he differs is also a mark of narrowness which is regrettable. The Christianity which is to win and hold and inspire mature and serious men must minister to the mind as well as to the emotions and must not compel one to surrender what he *knows* in order to become religious. Billy Sunday will do much good and he will probably accomplish a work which quieter and saner methods would not accomplish, but we must not for that reason conclude that his type of Christianity is either complete or all-round or even best adapted to the life and thought of our age.

RUFUS M. JONES.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The HAVERFORDIAN announces with pleasure the election of William Henry Chamberlin, '17, to the Editorial Board, and of Arthur E. Spellisy, '17, to the Business Board.

THE AMERICAN-JAPANESE WAR

IN the United States there is a wide-spread belief in the inevitableness of an American-Japanese conflict, which at the present time has figured largely in Congress and in the press due to the disturbed condition of the world and to the encouragement of such a belief given from German quarters.

This belief is exceedingly dangerous, for in itself it is the gravest cause for a possible American-Japanese conflict. Some there are who declare that the cause of the European War is Pan-Slavism, pacificists are blaming it upon militarism, while the economist will prove that the war was brought about by the commercial expansion of nations. One cause, however, seems to be all-embracing and fundamental: without it there would have been no commercial jealousy, no militarism, and but little dread of Russia. That cause is international suspicion arising from fear due to ignorance, and it is exactly from this stuff that the idea of an American-Japanese conflict arises.

There is no reason for an American-Japanese conflict, but it will inevitably come if the peoples of the two nations become so suspicious of each other that they see in every passing rift of circumstance a storm cloud pregnant with the utterances of Mars.

Ex-President Taft, who was Governor General of the Philippines under McKinley and Roosevelt, lately expressed himself as follows before the Senate Committee of the Philippines:

"Chairman Hitchcock—'Aside from the cost of maintaining the Philippines in case of war, is it not likely to prove an issue?'

"Mr. Taft—'No, I do not think so. I do not see why it should. The only power that would be likely to regard it as a desirable place for itself and as a reason for beginning hostilities, I do not think wants it at all—I mean in the popular estimation—I do not think cares for it at all, and by that I mean Japan. I was twice in Japan, and had conferences with the authorities there on this very subject. They have had quite enough to satisfy any sentiment of that sort in the difficulties they have had in arranging matters in Formosa.'"

Strategically—whatever that term so much bandied about by superficial journalists may mean—the Philippines would add little to what Formosa already furnishes to Japan. And as for colonization, the not abnormal pressure of 342 persons per square mile would hardly persuade a people living between the latitudes of Newfoundland and Florida to migrate to a locality which lies between the latitudes of Hayti and Brazil. That this is not theorizing is proved by the refusal of

colonists to go to Formosa, which is north of the Philippines. Japan's debt of $1,276,852,486 makes it furthermore impossible for her to support a luxury which has cost America 2 millions, is not yet self-supporting, and which has only 9.5 per cent farm lands of which only ½ are tilled. It is doubtful if Japan would take the Philippines as a gift unless America would pay her an income to act as a nurse.

Another fear is that Japan in the course of her expansion will seize California. It is well to remember that nations expand in the line of least resistance. The 4,791 mile width of the Pacific hardly constitutes such a line, not to mention the strength of the nation already occupying California. If Japan is bound to expand, the 390,000 square miles of Manchuria will be found more convenient than California.

Expansion of Japan's ego, combined with the Alien Land Law trouble, as a reason for her fighting America, can hardly offset the fact that of the 527 million dollars Japan exports, America takes 143 million dollars. Where would Japan get her sinews of war?

Thus there are absolutely no reasons for such a war. And even if they did exist, it takes two to make a quarrel. So long as the American people refuse to be excited by jingoism, and the Federal government tempers firmness with justice and courtesy, there need be no fear of an American-Japanese conflict.

Art for Art's Sake

By W. H. Chamberlin '17.

"REALLY, Kathleen, I'm afraid we'll have to put off our happiness a little longer. You know the hard times have made me lose a good many pupils; but I trust that, perhaps, in a few months—"

"It's the same old story, Fritz. You sacrifice yourself, and me, and the happiness of both of us, to some absurd and fantastic notions about the kind of music you ought to write."

The first speaker was a young man, perhaps twenty-five years of age. He was of medium height, with slightly rounded shoulders. His face was pale and not particularly interesting, except for the blue eyes, which were at once kind and abstracted in their expression. His companion, a girl two or three years his junior, presented a magnificent type of Celtic beauty. Her figure was full and perfectly proportioned. The deep blue of her eyes was set off by the sheen of her glossy black hair. Her complexion, a perfect combination of red and white, offered a rare union of health and beauty. The pair were seated on a retired bench in one of New York's larger parks.

"I don't quite understand what you mean when you speak of my notions about music, Kathleen. I only try, humble and unworthy as I am, to follow in the footsteps of the great masters of the past. I know that a poor, struggling music teacher, who only dimly aspires to become a composer, has little claim upon the love of such a being as you are; but I can't change my nature, Kathleen, or fly through the air on wings when Providence has only given me the means to plod wearily along on the ground."

"I'm not blaming you for lack of ability, Fritz, but for lack of sense to direct that ability. These masters of the past, whom you speak of with such reverence—did they make themselves successful in life?"

"They made themselves immortal."

"That isn't the question. I mean, did they make themselves generally known, did they enjoy their fill of fame and riches before they died?"

"On the contrary, they met with very little material success. But the art they produced—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, forget your tiresome art for a while and think of life! Life calls to us, beckons us, opens her treasures for us to enjoy; and you hold back with some quibble about art. Can't you see, Fritz,"—the girl's voice took on a softer and more ingratiating tone—"that the strict ideas about so-called 'good' music, which are all right in

the older countries, lose all their meaning and become senseless and antiquated in this big, free New World of ours? What's the use of sacrificing all the joy and richness of life to a set of hidebound musical conventions that no one in this country, outside of a few anaemic men and dried-up old maids, even pretends to understand?"

"But the conscience, the artistic conscience—" stammered Fritz, almost overwhelmed by this flood of arguments, supported by facts which he knew to be true.

With a woman's quickness of perception Kathleen realized that the victory was now well within her grasp. Bending her eyes upon him in glance of irresistible sweetness, she rejoined, in her softest accents: "Is art always to reign supreme in your mind, dear Fritz? Do you give no thought to me? Do you have no consideration for the fidelity with which I have preserved my love for you through all the long hours, and the weariness, and the drudgery of my office work?"

"Well," replied Fritz, acknowledging his submission by an appearance of roughness, "tell me plainly what you want me to do."

"Don't talk as if I were trying to persuade you to break into a bank or commit a murder," said the girl, with a pretty pout. "All I want you to do is to turn your great musical ability to writing something that the public likes, something with a 'punch' in it." Fritz threw up his hands in a gesture of protesting horror; but Kathleen, pretending not to notice the motion, rapidly continued: "You know, Fritz, you have a remarkably good opening in that line. My brother has a position in one of the big music stores, and he has a collection of catchy verses, that only need a good tune to make them popular hits. With your talent and industry it won't take you any time to make yourself financially independent and comfortable. Then everything will come out all right; you can write all the operas and symphonies you want to; and, as for *us*, will there be anything lacking to complete *our* happiness?"

"I suppose your advice is for the best, Kathleen, and yet—I can't help feeling—"

"Come, Fritz, follow my counsel for this one time, and we will have no more worry or unhappiness. You know," she said, with a charming smile, "you musicians never do have any capacity for practical things; you have to leave these to us poor beings who have less artistic genius."

"Dear Kathleen," replied Fritz, carried away by a sudden sensation of love and tenderness, "I will follow you in everything, even in this."

"I knew you would be sensible, Fritz, when you saw the matter in the right light. But now I am afraid we will have to part, for it is growing dark and the people at home will be worried about me."

The two parted without further conversation, Kathleen feeling content to rest on her victory, while Fritz was too dazed and confused to offer any observation. Kathleen took the elevated at a nearby station and cheerfully rode home to tell her brother and parents that she had finally succeeded in overcoming her lover's inexplicable aversion to a practical and easy means of getting money. Fritz slowly walked to his tiny studio in a crowded East Side quarter, thinking many indistinct and confused thoughts. Finally he reached his room, entered, and, sitting down without turning on any light, sank into deep meditation.

The very foundation of his principles of life, his belief in art as the supreme end, had been cruelly shaken by Kathleen's arguments. The belief so religiously inculcated in the Fatherland, that it is the duty of every man to consecrate his existence, as far as possible, to some higher cause, such as State, Art or Science, seemed to have no meaning in this strange new country, where everyone's first care was for himself. Gradually, as he sat in the dark, his whole past life rose up and passed in review before him. He saw himself again a boy playing in the streets of Leipzig. He remembered his rapturous joy upon first hearing a concert of the famous Gewandhaus orchestra, of which his father had been *concertmeister*. Again he recalled the fond pride of his parents at his own musical precocity; he saw himself winning a prize at the great conservatory of Berlin and pursuing his studies under the celebrated masters of the institution. Then came the crushing blow, which ruined his prospects of a brilliant career as a pianist. His father suddenly died of heart failure. leaving him as the sole support of his mother. It was then that he resolved to come to the New World, where opportunities of success, as he had heard, were so plentiful. He had now been in New York for five years; but the hoped-for success had somehow evaded him. He had soon learned that a little-known foreign pianist, who had not, as yet, achieved a Continental success, had no opening in America. The money which he earned by the dreary routine of teaching was barely sufficient to maintain himself and to enable him to send remittances to his mother in Germany. He had tried his hand at composing; but music dealers returned his carefully constructed sonatas and concertos with pitying smiles and the information that the public wanted something with more "snap" in it. And finally Kathleen Spencer had come into his life like a burst of sunshine on a day of clouds and gloom. Her never-failing wit and cheerfulness, combined with the wonderful charm of her physical beauty, had been the one bright spot to vary the dull and uniform monotony of his life. And somehow the earnest, plodding, conscientious young German had attracted the proud and wayward Celtic beauty,

perhaps by the very contrast between his character and hers. So for a few months Fritz had put added zest and interest into his work, having the prospect of a happy marriage to look forward to. But now he was confronted by the problem of a definite conflict between his love for Kathleen and his devotion to music. Long he wrestled with himself, silently, in the darkness; finally the more human love won a hard-fought victory. Rising, he lit his lamp, walked to his desk, and, with an inward shudder, took out a packet of "popular" songs which Kathleen had once given him to look over.

Taking up the first one that came to his hand, he looked at the title, "Love Me While the Lovin's Good." Overcoming a strong temptation to throw the paper into the scrapbasket, he read the song through. And as he read, a cheap and tawdry tune, fit to match the vulgar words, came into his mind. He started to play it on the piano; but the busts of Beethoven and Wagner, which stood on the top of the instrument, looked at him with such an air of stern accusation that he hastily got up from the stool and walked back to the desk. Here he took out some sheets of music and paper and commenced to write down his tune. As he wrote he instinctively felt that he had caught the swing and spirit which characterize the songs popular with the American public. The discovery, far from elating, depressed and disgusted him. "Have I, then, fallen so low in such a short time?" he muttered. But necessity was upon him, and he rapidly sketched out the musical backgrounds for "Be My Little Cooing Turtle-Dove," and "Daddy Was One Grand Old Man."

Suddenly he heard a letter strike in the box outside his door. Stepping out, he picked up the missive, and instantly recognized the handwriting of one of his old friends at the Berlin conservatory. Fritz had watched with great interest and sympathy the development of the mighty war into which his Fatherland was being plunged, and he tore open his friend's letter with avidity. A good long letter it was, describing the universal enthusiasm in Germany, outlining the position of the Fatherland in the war, and also giving Fritz news about his mother and his other friends, from whom he had not heard for some time. But it was the closing paragraph that seared itself upon the young musician's mind as though written in letters of fire.

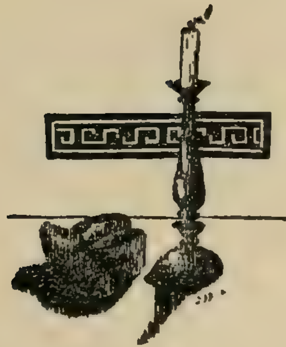
"When this mighty conflict broke out I grieved much, my dear friend, that you were not here to take part in it like a true German. But, as I thought more about the aims and ideals of our great and glorious Fatherland, I came to feel that you were doing more in their behalf by your musical work in America than you could possibly do by military service here. For what is the motive power, dear Fritz, that is driving us all here in Germany to go into the war, to slay our fellow-beings and to risk being slain ourselves? It is our feeling that the State, which has

a just claim on the lives of all of us, which is the pledge of our national existence, is in danger of destruction. And, just as we are devoting our lives to the preservation of the German State, so you, less conspicuously, but no less nobly and heroically, are devoting *your* life to the preservation of the high ideals and traditions which characterize our glorious German music from Bach to Wagner. Let no obstacle that you encounter deter you from this high purpose; we, too, are fearfully outnumbered; but we will triumph by our courage and patriotism.

Yours in devotion to the Fatherland,

HERMAN."

A gathering light illuminated Fritz's countenance as he read his friend's letter; at the close he reverently folded it and thrust it into the pocket nearest his heart. Then, walking with a firm step to his desk, he picked up the songs and music, tore them to pieces and threw them into the open grate. After he had carefully destroyed every one of them, he sat down at the piano and struck a succession of bold, heroic chords as the introduction to his new symphony. And Beethoven and Wagner seemed to look kindly upon him, as if to encourage a new comrade to mount with them to the serene elevation of Art for Art's sake.



Ballade of One Way

By E. R. Dunn, '15.

The town where Achilles won fame
Was burned for a fair woman's face.
And cities as great, without name,
Have come in the same sorry case.
In Babylon, Sidon and Thrace,
The stories of tragedy scan:
The cause of them all you can trace—
The way of a maid with a man.

To precedence none may lay claim;
Before the beginnings of race,
The players had played in the game,
And lost and had slackened their pace,
And won and had gone to disgrace.
In Egypt and Scythia's clan,
They felt and endured for a space
The way of a maid with a man.

O brothers, not ours is the blame.
The gods also fell to disgrace,
Since Venus from white water came
And kindled the world with her face.
Now ladies in velvet and lace
Keep up the original plan,
And still as of yore they embrace
The way of a maid with a man.

L'Envoi

O queens and all maids of fair face,
Come disprove my words if you can.
Before other ways I would place
The way of a maid with a man.

Eugene Brieux: *An Appreciation*

BY JACK LE CLERCQ, '18.

EUGENE BRIEUX has come and gone and the time is now at hand for us to comment upon his first visit to Philadelphia. His striking personality, his presence at a time when one of his dramas was being played, and the interest attached to the advent of a member of the Institut de France during the crisis through which his country is passing—all these things contributed to the heartiness of his reception here.

Hailed by George Bernard Shaw as "the most important dramatist west of Russia," the disciple of Ibsen, the interpreter of the vague dreams which Zola and Ibsen had not the power to transform into realities—is it a wonder that Philadelphia received the great dramatist with open arms?

* * * * * * *

Eugene Brieux was born in the "quartier du Temple" at Paris on the 19th of January, 1858. The son of a carpenter, he was left an orphan at the age of fifteen. Unable to continue his schooling, he was left to his own devices and obtained a small clerkship, which sufficed to defray his living expenses.

His excellent resolutions to continue his Greek and Latin did not last long, but he was so enthusiastic over modern writers that it was not an uncommon thing on a winter's night to see a youth with a 25-centimes book, leaning against a lamp-post at the corner of one of the "grands boulevards," reading Goethe, Ibsen and Zola till his eyes could read no longer.

And thus it was that, by sheer perseverance, rigid morality, and uncommon ability, a penniless clerk rose to be one of the greatest dramatists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

His ambition was then as elevated as it is still; in those days he dreamt of becoming a missionary to the heathen, but when he saw how great was the number of heathens among his own fellow-countrymen he abandoned his first idea and determined to teach a lesson to his own people.

He began play-writing by the production of a play called "Bernard Palissy," which was acted at a "Matinee des Jeunes" at the Theatre Cluny, Boulevard Saint Michel, Paris; the one and only time it was put before the public was on December 21st, 1879.

This play was the dramatization of the old story in which Bernard,

under peculiar circumstances, discovers the secret of enamel, and in writing it Brieux had the help of Gaston Salandri.

Next came "a cheap farce" written in collaboration with Gaston Salandri and entitled, "Le Bureau des Divorces"; it was not good enough to be produced and was published in book form in 1880.

Poor as these two efforts may seem, they nevertheless showed the early bent which the dramatist's mind was taking, and so great was the encouragement given to him, that he decided to take up literature as a calling—we especially write "calling" because Brieux's sole aim is to teach—and as a livelihood took up journalism.

A short stay at Dieppe, and then three and a half years at Rouen as editor of "La Nouvelliste," made him a full-fledged journalist—"somewhat of a poet, of a philosopher, of a politician, of a lawyer, even of a priest"—"with a knowledge of practically every topic under the sun."

In 1890 Andre Antoine, the revelation of the century in theatrical staging, produced Brieux's "Menages d'Artistes," which, though it failed, nevertheless showed that the young dramatist had, for the future, boundless possibilities.

Two years later came "Blanchette"; with the exception of "Hernani," "Cyrano," "Les Cloches de Corneville," and "Chantecler," no play since "Le Cid" has been so popular; like "Le Cid" and "Cyrano" it brought a practically unknown dramatist before the public as rapidly as surely. That same year he was appointed associate editor of the "Figaro," on which he worked uninterruptedly for the next twelve years, except in 1896, when he failed to write for a considerable period of time.

Since that date he has never looked back and has successively published: "L'Evasion," "Les Bienfaiteurs," "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont," "Resultat des Courses," "Le Berceau," "La Robe Rouge," "Les Remplacantes," "Les Avaries," "La Petite Amie," "Maternite," "La Deserteuse," in collaboration with Jean Sigaux, "L'Armature," "Les Hannetons," "La Francaise," "Simone," "Suzette," and last year, "La Femme Seule."

Seventeen plays in eighteen years is really a great record, the more so when we remember that he also wrote in the "Figaro" and in all the leading reviews or magazines at least once a year.

"La Robe Rouge" was produced by Arthur Bourchier at the Garrick Theatre, London, as "The Arm of the Law"; "Les Hannetons," first produced by the late Lawrence Irving at Hackett's Theatre, New York, in 1909, was entitled, "The Incubus," but afterwards, when played at

the Comedy Theatre, New York, was rechristened "Affinity," and "Les Avaries," or "Damaged Goods," needs no introduction or criticism.

* * * * * * * *

No better idea of a dramatist's capability can be had than by quoting that dramatist himself; we therefore translate Eugene Brieux's "L'Armature," the last scene of the play. Baron Saffre, a multi-millionaire, has consented to help Jacques d'Exirueil to rebuild his fortune, but Saffre, abusing of the love that Jacques' wife bears for her husband, violates her chastity. Jacques vows to kill Saffre; at the beginning of Act 3, Saffre has discovered that the only money left in his own hands belongs to his wife, and that he, the great millionaire, is near to bankruptcy.

Saffre (aside): "Good Lord!.....Bankruptcy!.....Who is there?" (enter his wife.)

The Baroness: "It is I. But what is the matter?"

Saffre: "I've been for a walk in the forest. But enough! (nervously). I tell you I do not wish this to be discussed. Let me be! Let me be! I've ordered this; I wish to be obeyed. (Suddenly grows calm.) But since you are here I have to discuss my business with you, and it will need a signature or two by you."

The Baroness: "I also have to speak about business. I should have been shamefully frivolous had I not been moved by the seriousness of our situation. And now I know it."

Saffre: "What do *you* know, anyhow?"

The Baroness: "If you please, let us talk frankly....Besides, I have no business to hurl reproaches at you; I wish to avoid those you will make to me."

Saffre: "What do you mean?"

The Baroness: "I am talking about our financial situation. I was told that it was hopeless."

Saffre: "Never has my position in every respect been more satisfactory than now."

The Baroness: "No. You are done! The minute I was warned, I telegraphed and ordered."

Saffre: "You ordered!"

The Baroness: "I have children; could I stand, arms akimbo, and say nothing?"

Saffre: "Do not worry about all this! If you wish us to remain good friends, take care not to disturb things, do not hazard....."

The Baroness: "However, I have to obtain a judicial separation."

Saffre (fiercely): "What! you would not dare to act so infamously."

The Baroness: "Yes."

Saffre: "You wretch! judicial separation would be the most nefarious deed! What are you thinking of! What financier has a fortune capable of resisting such a depression, so brutal an obstacle to his designs! my designs! No, never!.... You will not commit a crime against me which will be no less criminal to yourself.... You would not have the courage to assume so great a responsibility, adverse to your children, whose future you would ruin, under the pretext that you are safeguarding it."

The Baroness: "As far as the future is concerned, the only future left to us is *what* I personally shall be able to touch from what is still mine."

Saffre: "God! I will not let you cripple me thus! Why, the idea is absurd! Why, Heavens! What advantages would you gain?"

The Baroness: "The three million five hundred thousand francs which you received from me when we were married, and the other sums of money which were bequeathed to me."

Saffre: "And those wretched little sums are what you are worrying about when we have got four hundred millions between us?"

The Baroness: "But since this is all lost...."

Saffre: "No fear!.... My money is in the panic in order to come out double! Do not stop me in the middle of my work; let me put all my efforts into it. Did I not get nine-tenths of that huge capital off my own bat, with only what you brought me, together with what my parents left me?...."

The Baroness: "I beg to inform you that I have already applied.."

Saffre (thunderstruck): "What? Without my consent!.... You will at once write to your solicitor and inform him that he shall disregard the whim of a senseless woman...."

The Baroness (trembling): "Well.... by law the application must be advertised....it is too late. (Saffre gets up and raises his arms as if to crush his wife; his strength gives out and he leans against a table, supporting himself by his hands.)

Saffre: "You do not realize what you have done!.... You have brought about my ruin.... I might have recovered....a little while... but now.....failure and bankruptcy, which I never dreamt of.... you've struck me! (His face becomes expressionless.) But why? for what reason did you not consult me, eh? Tell me that, you prostitute!...."

The Baroness (terrified, in a whisper, as she escapes): "I feared you too much." (exit).

Saffre (alone): "There are laws against you when you have sold out....when you are down. So I'll have to go to jail (bursts out laughing). Ha, ha, ha! Baron Saffre in prison! That is humorous! I will not end thus, not I! What is it? The bells are ringing? No, that is buzzing.... Come on, old man, think up something....(he stumbles)

What! dizzy?......(in hallucination). Haspersheim! Elioboth! What do you want here? Why did you let them come in? You're here to crumple me up! ......Oh, God! I'm smothering....(He crosses the stage with actions and yells of a doomed man. He pulls off his collar and breathes loudly, his eyes bulging out of their sockets....etc., etc.....)

Jacques (enters and sees Saffre): "At last! (shuts the window and walks towards the Baron.) You've made me the most luckless of mortals! By the corruption of your filthy money you have degraded my wife! (Saffre is silent, Jacques approaches.) Speak, man, speak! (He lays his hand on his shoulder. Saffre falls fainting in an arm-chair. Jacques instinctively steps back with an exclamation of terror.) He is dying! He's dead! (He seizes him by the throat.) Not before you hear my hatred, you cur! Not before I have made you feel the curse you've laid on me (He shakes him.) Thief! Hound! (Saffre's corpse falls to the ground. Jacques looking at it): And he has not suffered!......

* * * * * * * *

This sample of Eugene Brieux's work brings him to the pitch of excellence (or not) reached by Bernstein, Sardou and Bataille, where the terrible violence seizes the audience and staggers it with its very force.

Nobody more than we can appreciate the worth of Brieux's work, but we must admit that it is far from perfect. Though we are perfectly in sympathy with some of his doctrines, yet we believe that better methods might be found for popularizing them than by putting them on the stage.

Brieux's "Damaged Goods" had a purpose, which was to show the curse of certain maladies, but "Damaged Goods," however humanitarian and beneficial its ends might be, nevertheless inspired a score or more of so-called "problem plays" which vied with each other in obscenity and whose success lay in the fact that they were thoroughly degrading. Surely the stage is not a good means of spreading certain teachings if these are gradually forgotten and all their preaching is deliberately contradicted by the presence of the public at exaggerated plays inspired by those teachings!

We thoroughly agree with M. Rene Doumic, that the time has come when we must abandon "plays reeking of the hospital" or of the slaughter-house and return to the old tradition. Let us but examine the French drama of today.

Bataille glories in treating themes such as consumption, which justify M. Doumic's criticism; Bernstein works on the morbid sense of the public by offering it violent and unhealthy situations; Lavedan, Donnay and Capus bring up the "eternal triangle" and other old-time plots, as adultery, etc.; de Porto-Riche and Hervieux are as morbid as Bataille and Bernstein; Brieux himself exposes his ideas in such a way that they play upon our emotions; de Flers and de Caillavet, Feydau,

Tristan Bernard, representing the comedy of today, keep up the old tradition as handed down to them by Scribe, Meilhac, Halevy, Beaumarchais and Nivelle de la Chaussee.

Of the more serious playwrights, Edmond Rostand alone, as a bright star in a nearly starless firmament, shines; even if he does not write in the old, traditional manner, nevertheless he has written following a way of his own, wonderful dramas which do not please us by their brutality and tension but by their own beauty and nobility of sentiment.

How far from the gambler or the adulterer of a Bernstein is the heroism of a Cyrano or a Joffroy de Rudel!

However, we are far more partial to the work of Brieux than to that of Hervieux or Bataille; for, whereas the first writes with the sole purpose of educating us, the two other writers write for the mere pleasure of stirring up our sentiments by that eternal force which shows but weakness.

These old-time themes are the vestiges of the ideas of Dumas fils; with all his revolts against the classical and romantic conventions, all he did was to establish yet another one. He preached a drama of ideas; Coppee, Feuillet and Augier transformed it to the drama of one idea: Adultery, and even Brieux had occasionally to depict adulterers.

And then, are not Brieux's finales disappointing? He does not treat us at the end of his plays to stirring reconciliations or black despair, but brings down the curtain just because it should be brought down; though his dramatic sense invariably remains and in nearly every one of his plays he has lively scenes which even a Bernstein or a Sardou might envy.

His doctrines, however, are very sincere; in fact, he really is too sincere, if this is possible, and hurts his case by exaggeration. Take "Blanchette," in which he blames her schoolmaster's degree for her being chased by men wherever she goes, ending in nothing else than prostitution.*

"Likewise in the 'Escape,'" says a well-known critic, "is it not true that Brieux's attack on medical fads is hindered....by the fact that he makes his Dr. Bertry less a faddist than a downright charlatan? So, in many of the later plays, the untypical is mistaken for the typical, the mark is overshot and the argument finds its answer in its unsound premises."

In each and every one of his later plays, Brieux puts forward a case which misrepresents the very thing he is attacking.

Then, we pray it sound not snobbish, Brieux is too bourgeois; he

*There are two versions of "Blanchette"; we are now dealing with the first.

often reveals a total lack of grasp on his butts as well as a total lack of sympathy with them; many of his attacks are "quite as notable for their misconception as for their ferocity." As M. de Segur says, his views are for "right-thinking men," "for decent folk." Brieux is not the cynical Parisian at all, but the thrifty brother from the provinces, whose stolidity is the backbone of the nation....

On May 12, 1910, Brieux was formally admitted to the Institut de France, the literary part of which is the Academie Francaise; running against him were Alfred Capus, author of "La Veine," "Notre Jeunesse," and Georges de Porto-Riche, author of "Le Vieil Homme," but Brieux gained a majority of votes. But we must conclude; we could well finish by quoting the speech made by the Marquis de Segur for Brieux's reception to the Academy:

"The useful play was your end. Accustomed to the methods of the usual playwrights, the manager of the Theatre Libre was filled with astonishment when he read your play. For this maiden effort of yours had a startling freshness and showed a daring that verged upon extravagance. Would you believe it?—the author championed sound morals as against folly, and the family as against chaos. He went the length of depicting a prosperous home that was not befouled by all possible vices. He asserted that virtues could exist, even outside the purlieus of want and starvation. Alongside these audacities, the play was not lacking in dramatic power. It comprised several delightful scenes. The spectators, though amazed at first, decided to overlook its scandalous decency."

One word more. Brieux, the philosopher, may argue confusedly; Brieux, the playwright, may have but little dramatic sense, but Brieux, the man, has no perceptible flaw. If it may so happen that some day we adopt the measures advised by Brieux, and if thereby we are in any way instrumental in bettering the lot of the human race, a new man, morally and physically sound, will arise and, as the forerunner of those who have made him sound and perfect, he will look up to the benefactor of humanity, Eugene Brieux.

"When Knights Were Bold"

By F. M. Morley, '15.

When knights were bold, long years ago,
All troubles seemed in embryo;
The world was fairer, greener, then—
King Arthur's knights had strength of ten,
And bravely battled, "comme il faut."

Yes, life moved more adagio
Where Scott has pictured Ivanhoe
And Friar Tuck, in mossy glen,
When knights were bold.

But mould'ring castle and chateau
No longer shelter damoiseaux,
'Scutcheon and crest have sunk from ken,
Old faded tomes their last warden;......
A fitting subject for rondeau,—
When knights were bold!

Is "Madam Butterfly" Japanese?

MADAM BUTTERFLY is an opera. It is exquisite, it is pathetic, it is altogether lovely. I am perfectly willing to let it stand, and I wouldn't undertake to improve either on Signor Giacomo Puccini or on Geraldine Farrar. Singing, acting and music are their business, and they make a neat job out of it. Incidentally, *Madam Butterfly* is laid in Japan, in which I am interested, having a partiality for that country. To be sure, it is incongruous in spots but, things are always somewhat incongruous on the stage. Incongruity to me may mean congruity to the audience and allow some orientalism, which otherwise would be lost, to get over the footlights. To be sure, it is inaccurate and ——. But cease! Pray, do you go to "Lucia di Lammermoor" to get a picture af Scottish life. Did your Sunday-school teacher, in order to increase your knowledge of the Old Testament, ever take your Bible class to the Metropolitan to hear Dalmores plus a beard, strut around in the guise of a Biblical house-breaker in "Samson et Delila"?

To most of an opera audience, grand opera is a fad, a social occasion—amusement. The remainder, "sincere lovers of art" get some intellectual pabulum from the music. But for all other forms of knowledge I would recommend Witherspoon Hall, Burton Holmes and the Mercantile Library. But if you insist on taking *Madam Butterfly* seriously, I suppose we will have to thrash the matter out.

Madam Butterfly is the story of a Japanese, written by a Philadelphian, dramatized by a Jew, scored by an Italian, and sung by an Irish-American. It was first produced in Milan in 1904, and appeared in America two or three years later. Since then it has been a popular success, appealing to women and to the tired business man rather than the serious music-lover—who, I suppose, is a Wagnerite. After a performance you hear such expressions as "charming," "fascinating," "beautiful," "touching," "sad" and "tragic," though the tragedy of the opera itself is exquisite rather than terrible. After seeing (for this is an opera that is as much to be seen as heard) *Madam Butterfly* two or three times, it palls upon one. This is not extraordinary when one realizes that its soul-appeal, its tragedy, is based largely on the dictates of a social institution and conscience peculiar to Japan. Thus it is sentiment rather than anything absolute or inevitable in which lies its tragedy. The tragedy is man-made, not God-sent.

The scene is laid in Nagasaki, which, along with Yokohama and Kobe, is one of the three great ports of Japan. Nagasaki is the south-

ernmost one, and was open as early as the 17th century for Dutch trade. These open ports have an unsavory reputation. The foreigners, merchants and seamen are of the "ship-me-somewhere-east-of-Suez-where-there-aren't-no-ten-commandments" type; while the Japanese in these ports are a people almost distinct from the rest of Japan, in morals, manners, and character, since only such will live side by side with these foreigners. At Port Arthur, regiment after regiment went unflinchingly to face death. Only one company balked: that was in a Yokohama regiment. The tourist going through Japan too often judges her fifty-five million by the element which he sees in the treaty ports. Let us remember that *Madam Butterfly* is a picture of treaty port life and morals.

The time is the present. Here the chief criticism is in regard to the costumes. Just suppose you weie looking at an opera on present-day America and some of the characters were dressed like George Washington, some like your ash-man, others like Lord Baltimore, one like Daniel Boone, with a couple of Abraham Lincolns thrown in, while the ladies, Mrs. Ashman, Lady Baltimore and Mrs. Boone were togged out like the chorus from the Winter Garden show! Moreover, the Metropolitan Company has the Japanese men wearing the top-knot—a tonsorial vegetation which disappeared with feudalism. Furthermore, imagine all the gentlemen with their shirt-tails hanging out of their trousers and you get somewhat the shock that a Japanese does when he sees women on the stage with their kimonos folded with the right side over the left. In Japan we wear the kimono with the left side folded on top; when we dress a corpse for burial the kimono is carefully reversed. Here I might notice that a very strange stage tradition has been built up in regard to the Japanese woman's walk and her use of the fan. Now, suppose, in this opera on America I was speaking of, the ladies all affected the debutante slouch, and worked it so earnestly that the stage almost took on the appearance of a gymn. or dancing class. You would then get somewhat the effect that is given a Japanese when he sees his womenfolk go *trotting* around in *Madam Butterfly*. Next, imagine every one of the women holding a mirror in the left hand and a powder puff in the right, with which she daubs her nose between every syllable, and you get the counterpart of a Japanese woman working her fan like a minstrel man works his bones. A very unpleasant custom which the Japanese acquire in *Madam Butterfly* is the way the servants in the first act go running in and out of the house without stepping out of their sandals. In Japan we always put on sandals upon stepping out of the house, and discard them upon entering. We would no more think

of walking in the house with *geta* than you would of getting into bed with your shoes on. But it is not to be wondered at that a people who allow dogs to roam around the house, have no scruples in allowing Japanese to keep on their sandals in *Madam Butterfly*.

Lieutenant Pinkerton marries a geisha—Madam Butterfly—and then deserts her. Butterfly, with their little boy and Suzuki, a faithful maid, faithfully waits for his return. Pinkerton returns, but with him brings an American wife, Kate.

Butterfly

(looks at Kate as though compelled)

"Who is this lady
That terrifies me—terrifies me?"

Kate

(simply)

"Through no fault of my own
I'm the cause of your trouble. Forgive me, pray."
(Is about to approach Butterfly, who imperiously waves her off)

Butterfly

"No—do not touch me."
(A long and painful silence; then Butterfly resumes in a calm voice)
"And how long is it since he married—you?"

Kate

"A year, exactly."
(Butterfly is silent)
"And will you let me do nothing for the child?
I will tend him with most loving care—"
(Butterfly does not reply; Kate, impressed by her silence, persists, deeply moved)
"'Tis hard for you, very hard!
But take the step for his welfare."

Butterfly

(after a long silence)

"Who knows!
All is over now!"

KATE

(gently)

"Can you not forgive me, Butterfly?"

BUTTERFLY

(solemnly)

"'Neath the blue vault of heaven
There is no happier lady than you are—
May you remain so
Nor e'er be saddened through me—
Yet it would please me greatly
That you should tell him
That peace will come to me—"

KATE

(holding out her hand)

"Your hand—your hand, may I not take it?"

BUTTERFLY

(drawing back, but replying kindly)

"I pray you—no—not that!
Now go and leave me."

KATE

(going away, says to Sharpless, the American consul)

"Poor little lady!"

SHARPLESS

(deeply moved)

"Oh, the pity of it all!"

KATE

(whispers to Sharpless)

"And can he have his son?"

BUTTERFLY

(who has heard)

"His son I will give him
If he will come and fetch him.
Climb this hill in half an hour from now."

Kate and the American consul, who has accompanied her, leave, deeply moved. Suzuki tries to comfort her mistress, but is gently put off by Butterfly, who says, indicating the curtains:

"Too much light shines outside,
And too much smiling spring.
Close them."

Then, dismissing Suzuki, Butterfly prays before the household shrine, and, taking an ancient heirloom—a dagger, upon which is inscribed, "To die with honor when one can no longer live with honor"—she prepares for death. Just then her little boy bursts into the room and Madam Butterfly, in that torturous yet pathetic *finale ultimo*, sings:

"'Tis for you I'm dying,
I, poor Butterfly,
That you may go away
Beyond the ocean,
Never to feel the torment when you are older
That your mother forsook you!

O my son, sent to me from Heaven,
Straight from the throne of glory!
Take one last careful look
At your poor mother's face!
That its memory may linger,
Even though it be dim and faint.
Let not my beauty's ling'ring bloom
Be faded quite!
Farewell, beloved!
Go—play—play."

Then with a veil she binds his eyes and, holding the dagger, goes behind the screen.

A few moments later Pinkerton's voice is heard calling repeatedly:

"Butterfly! Butterfly!"

He rushes violently into the room. His little son greets him, beside whom lies Madam Butterfly—dead.

An authority on things Japanese writes in a chapter entitled, "The Training and Position of Women," as follows:

"'Girls, when they reached womanhood, were presented with dirks (kai-ken, pocket poniards), which might be directed to the bosom of their assailants, or, if advisable, to their own. The latter was very

often the case: and yet I will not judge them severely. Even the Christian conscience, with its horror of self-immolation, will not be harsh with them, seeing Pelagia and Domnina, two suicides, were canonized for their purity and piety. When a Japanese Virginia saw her chastity menaced, she did not wait for her father's dagger. Her own weapon lay always in her bosom. It was a disgrace to her not to know the proper way in which she had to perpetrate self-destruction. For example, little as she was taught in anatomy, she must know the exact spot to cut in her throat: she must know how to tie her lower limbs together with a belt, so that, whatever the agonies of death might be, her corpse be found in utmost modesty, with the limbs properly composed."

These, to be sure, are the precepts of a Samurai woman, not for a geisha, but I believe that Butterfly claims in Act I that poverty forced her to leave a higher rank for the profession of a geisha. Thus the suicide which constitutes the major act in *Madam Butterfly* is in accordance with ancient Japanese teaching, and has happened more than once. It is to be doubted, however, that such a *mores* is approved of in the new Japan, which even condemned the suicide of General Nogi, the conqueror of Port Arthur, as altogether useless, though beautiful.

To offset, however, the correctness of the main theme, there are innumerable errors which grate on a Japanese. For instance, the Japanese name of Madam Butterfly should be "*Ocho*," not "*Cho-cho*"—the name of the insect, to be sure, but always abbreviated for a girl's name. In another place Butterfly throws away the "*otthoki*"—the images of her ancestors. There is no such word, unless "*hotoke*"—a buddha is meant. "*Ihai*," or ancestral tablet (not image), was the right expression to use. A Japanese philosopher or poet is referred to by Suzuki when she says:

> "Thus spake the wise Ocunama:
> A smile conquers all, and defies
> Every trouble."

Ocunama is a name exotic to Japanese ears: it does not exist. Madam Butterfly kisses the blade in the last act. Japan is a kissless country. Perhaps Butterfly was civilized to that extent by her American husband—but it is an utter abomination that she should have kissed the blade, which is the soul of the Samurai. She would have raised it reverently to her forehead, taking care that it be not defiled even by her breath. The marriage ceremony in Japan consists of the quaffing of a single cup of wine, symbolizing that as man and wife they shall drink of the wine

of life together—it is a most dignified ceremony. The marriage in *Madam Butterfly* is utterly fantastic.

The acting of Geraldine Farrar is most effective, and altogether Japanese, excepting that she has not mastered the art of handling the long sleeves of her kimono. Every emotion—love, restraint or sorrow—may be interpreted in the graceful handling of these sleeves.

* * * * * *

It was in the 38th year of Meiji, in the 7th month, that I made my way to a spa on the western coast of Japan near Ama-no-Hashidate—the Bridgeway of the Gods.

The town was called Kino-saki, and nestled beneath the shelter of a pine-clad hill; before it a river ran to the sea. And on still evenings, we were refreshed by the sound of breakers, far away.

And once every day a dusty line of jinrickshaws came rattling in from the railroad station, which was several miles distant. Then the balconies of the inns and tea-houses would be lined with idle, curious faces, watching the new arrivals.

One day there was a slight sensation, for a middle-aged lady of respectable appearance arrived with a little boy whose hair was blond and whose eyes were blue.

"*Arra*," said a woman near me, "she must be the wife of some Kobe foreigner—how strange!"

She stopped with her son at our inn. At first she was the object of some curiosity and suspicion. But little by little her quiet, tactful ways prevailed and she won the hearts of her fellow guests. She was evidently a woman of poise and character.

To her son she was gentle, but always firm, and though she never spoke of her little boy to others, I noticed that she watched him like a hawk. One day, while bathing (contrary to his mother's orders), he went out of his depth. The current carried him away. Someone pulled the little boy out, but for a moment there was the utmost excitement. During the excitement, his mother, who had seen it all, spoke not a word. To the rescuer she said: "I very much regret that my son has caused you so much trouble—." Then, turning to her child, she said, "Taro, you may go to your room now."

Later in the day some small boys came to the inn and said, "We want Taro San to play tag with us." But his mother answered: "Taro cannot play with you today—he has been very naughty." And I saw that she had been weeping.

I took several walks with little Taro, and got to know him well.

He was a bright little fellow and manly, but there was something very old about him. One day I said:

"Taro San, do you see your father often?"

And Taro San answered, "No."

"When did you see him last?"

"Many years ago. One day he said something to mother and she cried. Then he looked at me: I was so frightened, for he never spoke to me before. Then he went away— But mother says he will return."

"How long ago was that?"

"Oh, I am twelve now: that was six years ago."

That evening the Kobe foreigner's wife was on the balcony. And she was looking far away—

This is the story of a real Madam Butterfly.

The Flight of Beauty

By E. M. PHARO, '15.

A mist was in a fairy wood,
Through which there glanced a trembling blue.
Bell-like laughter broke my mood,
As Beauty, startling, bade me sue.

She fled as flies the scented breeze
Of Hope through Fancy's slight domain.
She paused, but when I thought to seize,
She mocked, and, taunting, fled again.

Despite her taunts, a witching smile
Compelled me, stumbling, still to yearn.—
I knew not that she but beguiled—
I did not know, nor wish to learn.

Fritz Kreisler's Recital

By W. H. Chamberlin, '17.

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE, in his celebrated play, "Torquato Tasso," describes the yearning of the Italian poet for a career of activity and heroism to supplement his life of poetic revery and contemplation. This ambition, which the ill-fated Tasso was never able to realize, has recently been achieved in fullest measure by Fritz Kreisler, who, formerly known as one of the greatest masters of the violin the world has ever seen, has more recently acquired a very different sort of fame as an officer in the Austrian army.

An extended chronicle of Kreisler's artistic triumphs would be superfluous and out of place. It may suffice to say that, within the last few years, Kreisler and the Belgian Ysaye have been universally recognized as the two foremost violinists of the age. His military exploits can be stated with equal conciseness. Sent to the firing-line at the beginning of the war, his regiment was engaged in the battle with the Russians around Lemberg. In a hand-to-hand conflict with the Cossacks, Kreisler was knocked from his horse and lay unconscious on the ground for several hours. His life was saved only by the courage and fidelity of his orderly. As the wound that he had sustained in the leg rendered him unfit for further active duty, the Austrian government released him from his military obligations and permitted him to come to America to fulfil the orchestra and concert engagements which he had made before the outbreak of the war.

It was an audience well cognizant of the violinist's participation in the mighty struggle of the nations, that assembled in the Academy of Music on the afternoon of December 16th to hear his first Philadelphia performance. And, when the stage curtains were withdrawn and Kreisler slowly walked forth, betraying his recent wound by his slight limp and the pallor of his face, the audience voiced its admiration of the soldier-musician by an ovation which, in sincerity and heartiness, has seldom been equalled within the walls of the Academy. Nor did Kreisler's outward appearance seem inconsistent with the popular conception of a warrior. Standing fully six feet in height, and possessing a powerful and splendidly proportioned physique, one could well imagine the Austrian violinist leading a furious charge or cheering on his men in the defense of a forlorn hope.

But the glamor and interest excited by his deeds of war soon yielded to curiosity about the possible effect of those deeds on his violin playing.

Would his sojourn in camps and trenches impair his marvellous technique? Would the passions kindled by active participation in war, which, according to some peace agitators, are wholly base and evil, would these passions dim the pure artistic fire in Kreisler's soul and render him incapable of giving an adequate interpretation to the noble works of the classic masters? All such fears and doubts were effectually dissipated by the first five minutes of his playing. His opening number was a Sonata by Handel, in A Major, a typical work of the old school, which requires, on the part of the interpreter, not only technical skill, but also a dignity and serenity wholly removed from the pettiness of mundane care and strife. While it is neither wise, nor discreet, as a rule, to make comparisons or sweeping statements in reviewing the work of an artist, it may safely be said that no living violinist could have surpassed Kreisler's perfect interpretation of the noble spirit of the classical music.

Nor was the Handel Sonata his only test. In Tartini's "Devil's Trill" Sonata he gave an exhibition of virtuosity which left his audience gasping in sheer amazement. The Bach Chaconne presented another proof of his mastery of the most formidable technical difficulties. But it was in the second part of the programme that Kreisler made his most direct appeal to the hearts of his listeners. The programme was still, for the most part, sober to the point of sadness in its character; but the compositions had more obvious melody and beauty than the grave and austere productions of the classic school. As might have been expected, the audience was unusually insistent for encores, and the violinist enriched his already liberal programme with three additional numbers, a Viennese dance of his own, a Slavic dance by Dvorak, and an exquisite "Moment Musicale" by Schubert.

I had the honor of meeting and shaking hands with Kreisler immediately after his recital; and, in the exaltation of the moment, this simple occurrence produced in me a thrill that I shall not soon forget.

But, when all the charm and excitement of that glorious afternoon had passed, one deep and ineffaceable impression was left upon my mind. This impression was not created by his feats of technical achievement, wonderful though these undoubtedly were. Nor was it created by any particularly well-rendered number. It was rather the impression that was due to the peculiar earnestness, depth and solemnity that pervaded his whole recital. One could not but feel that these qualities were characteristic of the spirit prevailing in those Teutonic countries of which Kreisler is, in a certain sense, the unofficial ambassador. And from these qualities in themselves, however much we may deplore their present application, we cannot withhold our highest respect.

Music

By Robert Gibson, '17.

In the soft, peaceful hush of the evening,
In the moonlit effulgence of night,
I was sitting alone in the open,
Imbibing the glory of light.

Long patines of gold streaked the heavens,
A lone cloud with silver bedight
Lent grace to Her Majesty Beauty,
Made satiate the hunger of sight.

But what is that stir in the silence,
Transcending aerial height,
Compelling with gentle persuasion
The ear, and defying the sight?

Oh! gentle and ravishing sweetness,
Enchanting, delightful, and clear;
Enticing to realms of the fancy,
Inviting the sense of the ear.

What source hast thou, Music of Heaven?
Thou art heard by all who will hear.
Dost thou come from the heavenly choir—
So beauteous, entrancing, and clear?

Or art thou the hum of the planets
As they whirl through the eons of space,
Proclaiming the omniscient Spirit,
Which moulded our human race?

Whatever thou art, or wherever,
We pray and entreat and implore
That thou breathe of thy charm on one planet,
Absolving its nations from war!

Alumni Department

Doubleday, Page and Company are bringing out a series of nine volumes called the "American Books," dealing with current American problems. President Sharpless is the author of one volume entitled, "The American College." Walter S. Hinchman, 1910, at present a master at Groton School, is the author of another volume: "The American School." The books are pocket size, attractively bound, and may be secured for $.60 a volume from Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City, N. Y.

Prof. Leonard Charles van Noppen, who received an A. M. from Haverford in 1893, was lately appointed lecturer for Dutch literature and history in the Queen Wilhelmina lectureship established at Columbia University. He will further speak at Michigan, Wisconsin, Oberlin, Minnesota and Rutgers this March. Efforts are being made to get him to Haverford.

Mr. Samuel E. Hilles, 1874, President of the Samuel C. Tatum Company, has recently contributed the following letter to the Christmas issue of the *Optimist*, a commercial magazine edited under the auspices of the Business Men's Club of Cincinnati:

A Jaunt to the Far East

To anyone of observant mind, a trip to the Orient gives so many and such interesting impressions, it is more than usually difficult in the telling of it, to keep within reasonable bounds.

Just before embarking at San Francisco in May, on the *Mongolia* of the Pacific Mail Line, I much enjoyed an hour in the beautiful grounds of the University of California, at Berkeley, where were fine eucalyptus trees, and particularly large groups of the "feathery bamboo," growing to a greater height and beauty than I later saw in the Far East.

Passing near the Exposition Grounds, and through the wonderful Golden Gate, and last by the distinctive Farallon Islands, side by side with a boat of a competing Japanese line, on the first Sunday out, if not before, we realized we were indeed bound for new climes—for the church services were conducted by a Korean, assisted by a Chinaman, and rather incidentally, an American.

Six delightful days, over quiet seas, brought us to the beautiful harbor of Honolulu, which has many charms for the tourist, and it would take weeks, where we had only hours, adequately to see the beauties of these islands.

I was especially interested in the surf-riding at Waikiki Beach, and a half-dozen times we rode in,

a merry party, on the crest of the wave in one of the native canoes. These have an outrigger on one side, but while I saw one upset, to the great surprise of its occupants, we were more fortunate, and were saved a long swim. The use of the surf-boards requires considerable skill. These are shaped like a huge ironing-board, and it is not an easy matter to get started on the wave, or to keep one's balance, while being carried at perhaps twelve miles per hour, towards shore.

As our steamer turned again to the west we settled comfortably into our steamer chairs, played shuffle-board or watched the other sports, such as a very amusing pillow fight over the swimming tank on the forward deck.

On crossing the line of 180 degrees of longitude west of Greenwich, it seemed as if some of our passengers never quite understood what had become of the day we dropped—for Tuesday came next to Sunday. There is a suggestion for the tired housekeeper!

On arrival at Yokohama, Japan, our party left the steamer for the time, going through by rail, in three nights of travel, to Nagasaki, our last port before reaching Manila. One night, however, we spent in a Japanese inn at Kyoto, the former capital of Japan.

Upon reaching the inn we were politely handed house-slippers at the door, for no one is expected to wear street shoes in the house, and at the door of the bedroom, even these are to be removed, to save the immaculate mattings.

The hotel register was duly signed—with a brush! Of furniture in the bedroom, there was none, and the walls were usually of movable screens, which might be and were moved away at very unexpected moments. A comfortable mattress on the floor would have made sleep easy for us, but for a quilted cover which was quite too heavy when on, and quite missed when off. At dawn we heard the noise of sliding window sash, and we soon felt stifled in deference to their fear of the early morning air.

Of course, we ate, or tried to eat, in regular Japanese fashion. Meals were brought to one's room, and so we sat on the floor, a little puzzled to know what to do with our feet (I never learned the tailor trade), while the "nesan," or demure little maid, brought us a tray of various Japanese foods, of which rice was the principal. The sum total left us hungry, but delicately cooked eggs, in my case, finally saved the day, and left the account more nearly square.

There could be no finer courtesy than that of the little "nesan" as she waited, kneeling on the floor near us, not even a smile crossing her face at our struggles with the chop-sticks, except when we ourselves showed amusement; and

in it all, the contrast with the average hotel meal, and hotel waiters here, was delightfully novel.

Kyoto was fascinating, not alone for the rare beauty of its temples, lavishly adorned with gold leaf and lacquer, but for the many small workshops, in damascene, cloisonne and other metal work, including one jewelry shop making beautifully designed pieces in which the colored portions were of small feathers. We visited also a pottery making satsuma and other distinctive wares. The shops often had exquisite little gardens with running water.

They are certainly ambitious, and some of the street signs are curious. In Tokyo I saw a business sign of a "High Shoemaker." In Kobe, I fcund a doctor whose sign read, "Medicus Practious."

On the railways, which are the property of the Empire, the service was generally excellent, trains usually on time, and meals in the dining cars less than half our usual rates—ham and eggs, for instance, cost 25 sen Japanese (12½ cents our money), coffee, 10 sen, etc. The gauge of the track is narrower than with us (42 inches), and therefore passengers are more crowded, and in the sleepers the Japanese average of height is better accommodated than the Anglo-Saxon. The beds are across the car, as often on the Continent of Europe.

It was a strange experience, and rather humbling to one's geographical education, to travel all night on a fast train towards Nagasaki, from the straits of Shimonoseki, southward on the Island of Kyushu, a name quite unknown to me previously.

The rice fields and terraces were interesting, and occasionally one might see the most primitive treadmill pumps for irrigation, with two to three men laboriously at work! I was told more than once that the finer Japanese rice is exported, and a cheaper grade from China generally used.

The clack, clack of the Japanese clogs at the principal stations grows somewhat monotonous, but they do not usually wear leather shoes, and the clogs are very simple affairs, and easily cast off at the door—my own shoe laces soon wore out with the frequent untying. "Where the shoe pinches" is inappropriate in this land of contrasts.

In wet weather they vary the clogs by using deeper battens, for it is the battens on the under side which keep them out of the mud, and even ladies beautifully attired go hobbling along with bare feet encased in what seemed to us this awkward footgear.

En route to Nagasaki we spent a few hours upon Miyajima, the Sacred Island of the Inland Sea. From this beautiful place of worship, births and deaths were formerly debarred, and even yet dogs are forbidden. It was novel to see

the Shinto priests, at the shore, dip up the clear water in their little buckets, holding a little more than a mouthful for the temple use.

The cheapness of common labor in Japan makes possible many curious things, such as the coaling process at Nagasaki. I roughly counted a thousand men, women and children in this novel work for our steamer, including a mother with her poor baby slung on her back, in the hot sun—the women, in fact, did any of the work that the men did, except shoveling the coal into the baskets.

All of one day we passed along the fertile east coast of Formosa, the mountains often partially screened by beautiful clouds, and we strained our eyes looking for at least a few of the cannibals, 80,000 of whom are said to inhabit much of the southern end.

The Japanese, now in possession, have a scheme of charging barbed-wire fences with electricity, which helps to keep the natives from raiding the settlements in the north. Formosa is the headquarters for camphor and for tea—we brought away with us, on our return, 620 tons of tea.

Four days from Japan brought us to Corregidor, at the entrance to Manila Bay, and a few hours later we were landed at Manila itself, and drove under the Stars and Stripes floating high over the Luneta to our quarters on Pasay Beach, just beyond the city limits. Later, a night spent on Corregidor as the guest of the commandant, was most interesting, and the privilege fully appreciated. It did not look, around there, on this great fortress 400 feet above the sea, as if Uncle Sam was going away very soon!

It was with a pang of sympathy that I heard a lady of the garrison say, in the midst of such marvelous views, "I wish I could have a camera!"

In common with most other countries, and especially in Japan, as I had already found personally, photography in the vicinity of fortifications is strictly forbidden, and in Formosa I was refused permission to photograph even a rowboat full of natives alongside; a fellow passenger, in fact, had to give up his films there.

Manila is full of interest—the old churches and city wall, the markets and aquarium—the boats on the crowded Pasig River—and the people themselves!

Thanks to the Americans, they are blessed with many improvements—good water, light and car service, sanitation, streets and parks, and perhaps best of all, an admirable school system.

The low position of the city—but a few feet above tidewater—and the climate itself make desirable some resort in the mountains, and this found at Baguio, about 170 miles to the north; going up the mountain by auto on the famous Benguet road for about twenty-seven miles to an altitude of 5,000 feet.

Here upon occasion, the government offices have been removed

for the hot months, and here among the clouds one may be braced up in a delightful way.

Baguio is in the Igorrotte country—and of course we went to the dog market. A lean dog is a great delicacy, the leaner the dog the better they like it—but the poor dog!

The Igorrotte dandy, in fact, almost any of them, is particular to wear a good hat, a coat, white shirt, collar and tie, but there the costume ends, as my picture shows, and they lost no self-respect if attending church service in such garb. The young men are generally active, fine-stepping and fine-looking fellows, though not far removed from "head-hunting" days.

The Benguet road up the mountain is so extremely expensive to maintain, on account of the heavy rains—once, recently, 50 inches in 24 hours, or 72 inches in as many hours—that a new approach is under construction. Probably it will have fewer thrills in its course, for on the present road one certainly takes some chances at the speed we turned the corneis.

I saw remains of several bridges in the bed of the river. One might see, also, a string of half a dozen native carts pulled up the mountain by a tractor engine and passing-places must be carefully looked out for, with guards at every few miles to telephone whether the road was clear.

There is some gold mining there on the mountain.

South of Manila the copra (cocoanut) industry has brought wealth to those engaged in it, and a piece of cocoanut land is sold, not by its measurement, but by the number of trees upon it. It seems, in fact, quite a sure crop, but the average way of handling it seems most crude, really ludicrous, in the mill I visited.

As an instance of what inconveniences were suffered under Spanish rule (and not yet rectified), a ride in a native cart or "caratella" from the station to Binan, only a few miles from Manila, down to the shore, is recalled with interest and thankfulness, now that it is over. "It is a bad road," the driver said, and so we found it, for it led us through a series of caribao (water buffalo) wallows, and at the shore, the only way to catch the market boat was to go out in a "banca" or native canoe and be hauled up on deck of the small steamer. A woman passenger just ahead of us, in another "banca," fell between "banca" and steamer, and was fished out, though it did not seem to matter particularly. Their hospitality, in the three hours we sat under a blazing sun in the "banca," was creditable, a native woman offering to share with us her betelnut and lime-paste, but we gratefully declined, and our lips are still of natural color.

In Manila itself I was interested in the government printing office, where the Filipinos are given a systematic apprenticeship in the various trades involved, with all the

advantages of a very complete plant.

The printing and stationery establishment of E. C. McCullough & Co., fronting on one of the principal business streets and running clear back to the Pasig River, was most creditable.

A novel feature of the McCullough store was the forced ventilation through small air-ducts set flush in the floor, making a pleasant temperature, where otherwise the average climate and the shutting off of air from the river might hasten the departure of profitable callers.

Another feature almost universal in Manila was the tight closing of stores and offices from 12 noon to 2 o'clock, the heat or direct force of the sun at that time being particularly trying.

My experience in the Philippine Islands, and it seems to be the experience of practically all Caucasian visitors, leads me to doubt the wisdom of the movement for early independence; scarcely any of the natives, in political power there today, have had schooling under American auspices, and even around Manila they seem but children, as yet, in the science of government and self-control. It were better for them and for us, their guardians, to wait some years for those now growing up into positions of responsibility, and until they have had the full benefit of American ideals.

Even Aguinaldo, since his retirement to his farm near Cavite, seems to have learned some wisdom in this regard, for he was quoted to me as saying, just before I left Manila, "I think of the United States as an elder brother, and we should take his advice."

The present agitation for independence and the wholesale changes in officials there have naturally brought about a lack of confidence in the future, very mischievous, it seems to me, to the present and future prosperity of the islands.

The Creator has been most bountiful in the natural resources of the country, and under wise guidance and a patient apprenticeship, the future has great things in store for these new wards of Uncle Sam.

Henry Stuccator Bernard, '11, has sent us a contribution to our knowledge of the Far East. This article will be of further interest when one realizes that it is from Canton, whose inhabitants have a reputation for alertness and progressiveness, whence ninety per cent of the Chinese in America come. This is the stronghold of the radical republicans, who are naturally enough opposed to the seemingly selfish policy of Yuan Shi-kai. Canton has a population of over two millions; and is on the same latitude as Havana, Cuba.

A Glimpse of Canton and the Cantonese

As typical of ancient China, one could scarcely select a city more instructive and interesting than Canton. Our guide was an old Chinaman who had learned what little English he knew from tour-

ists. He made up in gestures what he could not put into words, and all but turned somersault to make his "explicashuns." Gauging by the rule of subject and predicate, he did not make a single English sentence all the time he was with us, but like the Chinese Hong Kong merchant who professed to speak English and understand American too, Americans accustomed to the Philippine Chinese can sometimes make out what a Cantonese has to say. However, our guide spoke "many Englishes" and we enjoyed his acting.

Canton is typical of ancient China. The immediate approach is almost forbidding, but directly as one gets into a real native business quarter his interest becomes intense. The streets, or what correspond to streets, look more like gorgeously decorated alleys than public thoroughfares. They are very narrow—so narrow that a sedan chair makes a very inelegant turn at the crossings, and usually brings forth an after call of Chinese blessings from those whose craniums it has bruised. The stores and buildings are closely huddled together, and no one unfamiliar with Canton or Cantonese would attempt to wind his way to any particular place without a guide.

A feature of extreme interest in Canton is the Water Clock. It consists of four small tanks so arranged that the water drops from one tank into another below and in front of it. A graduated measure protrudes from a slit in the lowest tank, and as the water rises in this tank, the measure is buoyed up and the time is gauged accordingly. The device is said to be more than 1,300 years old, and to have been used by the Chinese before they had other clocks.

Among other features of great interest are the Medicine or Doctor Temple, and the City of the Dead.

The Cantonese are very superstitious and the Doctor Temple is an expression of this influence. In this Temple, the patient is brought to see the Doctor, a hideous looking wooden image, which is given an air of solemnity through being shaded by numerous screens. Processions are held to honor the Doctor when epidemics prevail in the community. Moreover, he is consulted by the sick at all times. The patient visits the Temple and pays his respects to the Doctor. He is then handed the Doctor's tube—a bamboo vase nearly full of flat sticks, which have numbers written upon them. He shakes the tube until one stick drops out—its number is observed and the medicine book is consulted for the prescription corresponding to that number.

The City of the Dead is also very interesting. It consists of numerous small compartments, so many resting-places where the rich in death are lodged and entertained for a year or two prior to their final interment. The price per berth is $5 a month for the up-to-

date quarters. That includes "chow chow" for the dead: mangoes, apples, oranges, etc. The less opulent, for whom only $3 a month is paid, must subsist on "cha" (tea) alone. The cup of tea is in evidence, as also the fruit in the compartments of the more opulent.

There are numerous temples in Canton, gorgeously adorned with wonderfully carved and richly gilded woodwork, the more important of which are, perhaps, the Ancestral Temple and the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii; but the real, live interest lags as one begins to see in each idol a tyrant, and in the Five Hundred Genii so many oppressors of a poor, honest and hard-working people.

The Cantonese are ceaseless workers. Everybody works: father, mother, and "pickaninnies"—all work hard and are content. In a number of large manufactories visited, not a power machine was to be seen. Human labor is even cheaper than horsepower: women and children propel big junks and sampans. It is very common to see two or three women harnessed to a cart and pulling at a load which in our country might attract the attention of the Band of Mercy if it were drawn by only one horse.

Superstitions, however, still hold the big majority in bondage, and the more enlightened, writhing under the yoke of the ages, are fighting desperately against the ancient civilization which for centuries has been allowed to grow in upon them.

We regret to announce the deaths of three *Haverfordians:* William R. Bullock, Ex-'43; Elliston P. Morris, '48; Lewis P. Levick, '67.

William R. Bullock was born at Wilmington, Delaware, October 4, 1824. He entered Haverford College in 1839 and left in 1842. He became a physician, and later was married to Miss Elizabeth A. Emlen. Dr. Bullock was engaged in the practice of medicine at Wilmington, and at the time of his death on November 18th, 1914, was one of Haverford's oldest Alumni.

Elliston P. Morris was born in Philadelphia on the 22nd of May, 1831. He entered Haverford as a Freshman in 1844, but left the following year on account of the temporary closing of the institution.

Mr. Morris was manager of Haverford College in the years 1884-91, and was secretary of the Corporation from 1886 to 1891. He was Trustee of Estates, besides holding various other offices. He was married on March 21st, 1861, to Miss Martha Canby, in Wilmington, Delaware.

He was living in Germantown, Philadelphia, at the time of his death on December 3rd, 1914.

Lewis J. Levick died on November 27th, 1914. He was born in Richland, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, on October 15th, 1845. He entered Haverford in 1863, and left at the close of his Sophomore

year. Mr. Levick was class "prophet," and secıetary of the Athenaeum. From 1892 to 1894 he was vice-president of the Alumni. On September 6th, 1876, he was married to Miss Mary A. d'Invilliers. Mr. Levick was engaged in the oil and petroleum refining business.

Walter Wood, '69, and Joseph H. Haines, '98, have been elected to the board of directors of the University Club, Philadelphia.

F. H. Strawbridge, '87, and P. S. Williams, '94, have been recently elected directors to the New England Society of Pennsylvania.

1858

William Weaver Potts, of Norristown, who was at Haverford from 1851 to 1854, and who enjoyed his 76th birthday last December 1st, has answered our postcard as follows:

"If I should write reminiscences of my schooldays at Haverford, you would think you were reading about Peck's bad boy. I was twelve years old when I went to Haverford, and full of mischief. My room was 3rd story south. Had a clothesline doubled and knotted a foot apart, tied it to bedpost, and put it out of the window. Go down to porch roof, then down post to ground. With old pair of pants tied at bottom, would go to orchard, fill pants with apples, put legs around my neck, fill hoard down in lawn, in short time would be good and mellow. Five boys down at dam, four playing cards. I was looking on. Professor came out of woods, caught boys, held out his hand for cards, counted them, asked for the rest of them. I asked him how many there ought to be. He said, "Fifty-two." I told him he knew more about a pack of cards than I gave him credit for. He smiled. A few days after, I went to his classroom. He told me I rather got the better of him the other day. We had a good laugh over it. "Peck."

1865

C. Cresson Wistar has changed his address from 422 Bourse to 5355 Knox Street, Germantown, Philadelphia.

1876

R. Henry Holme was a candidate of the Prohibition Party for the long term senatorship in Maryland. Mr. Holme has been made a director in the recently organized City Dairy Co., which is a merger of all the large dairy products companies of Baltimore. Mr. Holmes was formerly a member of the firm of Holme, Waddington and Company, which was merged in the new concern. Mr. Holmes was president of the Haverford Society of Maryland in 1912-13.

1882

Wilmot R. Jones has opened a boys' school on his farm at Concord, Mass.

1890

Robert R. Tatnall has changed his address from Evanston, Ill., to Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

1892

Stanley R. Yarnall is a member of the committee of the Philadel-

phia Boy Scout Movement, whose purpose is to raise funds to enlist an additional number of boys.

1893

Charles J. Rhoads has changed his address to Villa Nova, Pa.

1896

Prof. H. J. Webster, of the University of Pittsburgh, read a paper on "Bouquet's Campaigns" at the Bouquet Sesqui-Centennial of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania at Pittsburgh, Pa., November 24.

1899

Mr. A. C. Wild is now associated with former Judge Jesse Holdom in the general practice of law, with offices at 2072 Continental and Commercial Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

On October 6th, 1914, a daughter, Nancy Waln Maule, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Collins Maule, at Haverford, Pa.

1900

Walter S. Hinchman, master in Groton School, Groton, Mass., has a volume on "The American School" published by Doubleday, Page and Co. It is one of a series of books on current problems in America.

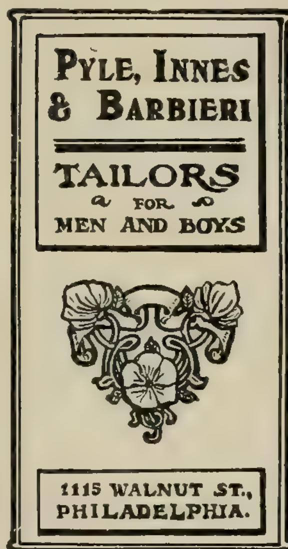
1901

The 1901 Class dinner was held on Friday, November 20th, at the Merion Cricket Club. Those present were: Harold F. Babbitt, Ellis Y. Brown, John W. Cadbury, Jr., Wm. E. Cadbury, A. Lovitt Dewees, Theodore J. Grayson, Wm. H. Kirkbride, Geo. B. Mellor, Jr., Walter Mellor, E. C. Rossmassler, E. Marshall Scull, J. Herbert Webster, and Arthur R. Yeansley. After the dinner the class adjourned to the Haverford Smoker.

1902

The annual dinner of the Class of 1902 was held at the College on Saturday, December 19th.

"A Live Store"



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PHILADELPHIA

C. Linn Seiler has changed his address to Bronville, N. Y.

W. C. Longstreth is with Brooke, Stokes and Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

J. W. Reeder is with the Pasadena Ice Company, Pasadena, California.

Herman Newman is located with the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society, an organization for the care of dependent and homeless children, at Chicago.

On June 12th, 1914, a daughter, Barbara Lloyd Cary, was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Cary.

1904

Mr. and Mrs. Chester R. Haig have recently sailed to the Philippines, where Mr. Haig, who is lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the United States Army, will be stationed for two years.

On Saturday, December 26, 1914, the Class of 1904 held their annual winter meeting and dinner in the dining hall of the College. The following members were present: E. J. Bevan, H. H. Brinton, D. L. Burgess, J. W. Clark, A. Crowell, P. D. Folwell, W. M. C. Kimber, R. P. Lowry, C. C. Morris, and J. M. Stokes, Jr.

Officers elected for the ensuing two years were as follows: President, D. L. Burgess; Vice-president, C. C. Morris, and Secretary and Treasurer, P. D. Folwell. At present the class is widely scattered. We have representatives at the front in the English Army, in Brazil, in China, in the Philippines, in Canada, in Colorado, in Kansas, in Michigan, in Massachusetts, in North Carolina, in Connecticut, in Indiana, in New Jersey, in New York, as well as in Pennsylvania.

1908

Morris Albert Linton and Miss Margaret Stokes Roberts were married at the Friends' Meeting House, Moorestown, on Tuesday, December 8th, 1914. Among those attending the groom were Henry J. Cadbury, '03; T. M. Longstreth and Howard Burtt, '08.

1910

C. Mitchell Froelicher, master in French at the Gilman Country School, has been appointed head of the Department of Modern Languages. Mr. Froelicher is secretary of the Haverford Society of Maryland.

On December 11th, 1914, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Morris, of Villa Nova, Pa.

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1912

There were twenty-nine members of the Class of 1912 at the Smoker and Swarthmore game. This was the largest attendance of any class reunion.

Mark Balderston is with the Physics Department at Lafayette.

The engagement of Lloyd Mellor Smith, of Germantown, to Miss Margaret Hall, of Mt. Airy, has been announced.

William E. Lewis is an instructor in Chemistry at Lehigh University.

1914

Douglas L. Parker is draughtsman at the Farquhar Furnace Company, Wilmington, Ohio.

Edward Rice and Leonard B. Lippmann are living at the Maryland Apartments, 315 Hicks-Dugan Street (near Spruce and 15th), Philadelphia.

H. H. Kelsey is principal of Hesper Academy, Eudora, Kansas. He teaches Mathematics, Latin, and History.

C. W. Edgerton is at present with the Sales Department of the Coatesville Boiler Works, 30 Church Street, New York City.

The engagement has been recently announced of Alfred W. Elkinton to Miss Anna Trimble, of Chester, Pa.

Charles Rhodes Williams is on the staff of the *Inquirer*, Philadelphia. His address is 634 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia.

Ex-'14

Lewis J. Finestone announces that he has opened his law offices at 827 Lafayette Building, and also a branch at his residence, N. E. Corner of Fifth and Fairmount Avenues, Philadelphia.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Yoshio Nitobe, Editor-in-Chief

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the tenth of each month during College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-first of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

VOL. ~~XXXVII~~ 36 HAVERFORD, PA. FEBRUARY, 1915 No. 9

Editorial Comment

FINIS

IN the first editorial of the HAVERFORDIAN of 1914–5 the sentiment was expressed that this magazine was not for college "highbrows" or literati, but for all Haverfordians. It was further expressed that our subscribers "prefer to read thoughts and facts though amateurishly written rather than efforts of imagination which are only too often crudely expressed." This idea has been steadily adhered to, and we believe successfully enough to warrant its continuation.

In the nine issues of the HAVERFORDIAN, there have been 19 articles,

7 essays, 5 dramatic, 5 literary, 3 musical criticisms, and 73 pages of Alumni notes. In imaginative writing, there have been 12 stories, 4 sketches, and 34 pieces of verse. The contributions have been by the following types of Haverfordians:

Outsider	2
Faculty	2
Alumni	7
1914	11
1915	52
1916	6
1917	13
1918	4

AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF IMPORTANCE

Edgar Chalfant Bye, who has won the respect of his associates by his work for the HAVERFORDIAN, and by the soundness of his judgment in council, has been elected Editor-in-chief for the ensuing year. Edward Randolph Moon was unanimously chosen as Business Manager. The senior members, who retire with this issue, wish them the most heartfelt of successes.

We announce with pleasure the election of Jack G. C. Le Clercq, '18, to the editorial staff of the HAVERFORAIAN.

JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME (FOR NOBODY ELSE'S BENEFIT)

And now it is all over. Gene, Felix, Kemp, Don and Tobe—how we toiled, caressed and loved thee. Over the cups at L— we three, you and I and the Book—scheming, scolding and loving. Or perhaps in old Union, the lights turned low, and Tobe droning over a manuscript while the others on windowsill or lounge contemplate the smoke-dimmed walls. . . . In the center the board heaped high with "eats". . . . the faint incense of tobacco and the beat of some cryptic verse. . . . .

Culture a la Mode

By W. H. Chamberlin, '17.

Persons: The Spirit of Culture (*A noble feminine figure in white robes.*)

An American Educator (*Noted for his championship of practical and efficient schemes of education. He is conventionally dressed in a plain brown suit.*)

Time: The present.

Scene: The Educator's study. *The Educator is sitting at his desk. The Spirit of Culture appears before him, seeming to form herself out of the air. The Educator rises and bows; the Spirit of Culture gracefully sinks into a chair. The Educator seats himself again at his desk.*

* * * * *

The Educator. May I inquire your name?

The Spirit of Culture. My name is The Spirit of Culture.

The Educator (*somewhat at a loss*). I'm afraid I cannot claim a very close acquaintance with you. Perhaps you will favor me by telling the object of your visit.

The Spirit of Culture. Since the nations of Europe have so rudely cast me out, I have come to this New World of yours in the hope of finding here a permanent home. I have come to you, as one of America's most noted educational leaders, in the hope of gaining some insight into the character and taste of your nation.

The Educator. I shall be glad to give you any information in my power.

The Spirit of Culture. First, let me ask you about music. Although this is not your particular field of endeavor, I imagine that you are well enough qualified to give me an idea of the best taste of the country in that respect. Do the masterpieces of Beethoven and Wagner meet with general appreciation in America?

The Educator (*with hurt surprise*). Beethoven! Wagner! I should think that the present war would show you how useless or positively mischievous *their* influence is.

The Spirit of Culture (*somewhat blankly*). Do I understand you to mean that Germany's glorious music is the direct cause of her participation in the war?

The Educator. Perhaps I would scarcely put it as strongly as that. But this is a practical country; we believe in results, and the results

show that Germany, with her much-vaunted Beethovens and Wagners, is shocking the world by her uncivilized conduct, while we with our unpretentious ragtime composers stand forth as the embodiment of the highest in peace, prosperity, and civilization.

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE. I don't believe I have ever heard of ragtime. Perhaps you can explain it to me.

THE EDUCATOR (*with a smile of benignant pride*). Ragtime is one of the noblest developments of our democracy. Where a few intellectuals find enjoyment in the complicated harmonies of classical music, our whole nation enjoys the open and obvious melodies of ragtime. The exhausted business man, the tired shopgirl, the professional man, the laborer, all meet on a common footing. (*Commences to hum "The International Rag"*).

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE (*turning slightly pale*). Perhaps we had better change the subject. Is there a highly developed taste for the art of literature?

THE EDUCATOR. That depends on what you mean. Our writers don't waste their lives writing books for a remote future. They believe, and quite rightly, too, that their mission is to amuse and edify the present, not the ages to come. They are quite different from that ridiculous Frenchman—I think his name was Flaubert—who used to spend five and ten years on each of his books. Although I highly disapprove of such a course, which is totally lacking in practical efficiency and results, I read one of his books, just to see what so much time and labor would produce.

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE. What was the impression you received from reading the book?

THE EDUCATOR. Why, will you believe me, it left me more depressed after I had finished it than when I had begun to read!

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE. Is that fact any objection to its artistic value?

THE EDUCATOR (*again hurt and surprised*). Any objection! Why, what is the use of a book if it doesn't make the world a little better and a little brighter for being written? This book didn't even teach any valuable moral lesson. Such a work may be high art, according to the canons of captious literary criticism; but it seems to me to be an unprofitable waste of time, both for writer and for reader. No, no! These highly praised Continental novels may suit a certain type of mind; but give me the books that carry a little sunshine where they go,that gladden the hearts of their readers and make them feel that life is well worth living, after all. I have the same feeling about poetry. Why, in my

humble opinion, our own Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" is worth all those elaborate poems of Byron and Shelley and Swinburne, with their obscure thoughts and classical terminology, both equally unintelligible to the man in the street.

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE (*wincing*). Is your nation inclined to moral and philosophic thought?

THE EDUCATOR. Our spiritual condition is most satisfactory at present. A few months ago, I must admit, there was a distressing apathy in religious matters. Some people actually went so far as to doubt whether those who are not saved by faith will burn in eternal torment. But a most gratifying change has recently taken place.

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE. How was the change brought about?

THE EDUCATOR. By means of a rather singular agency, an ex-prizefighter turned evangelist. He carried on immense revival meetings and sent thousands of sinners into fits of hysterical repentance.

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE What methods did he employ?

THE EDUCATOR. I believe his most effective weapon was a twenty-round fight that he carried on with the devil every night on the stage. Then he kept up such intimate and familiar conversations with the Deity. (*The Spirit of Culture shudders perceptibly.*) Oh, I admit that his methods were a trifle crude; but he certainly got the results.

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE. May I inquire what those results were?

THE EDUCATOR. The turning of thousands to faith and repentance.

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE. Do you consider his teachings the essence of religion and morality?

THE EDUCATOR. Not exactly—in fact, they would hardly suit *me* at all; but there is a certain class of people— And you can't get around the fact that he *produced the results.* Why, he must have collected thirty thousand dollars, at least, during his stay here.

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE. That is, indeed, a decisive result. But this—this pugilistic evangelist seems to have been emotional rather than intellectual in his appeal. Do you have any speculative philosophers?

THE EDUCATOR. I am humbly and profoundly thankful that we have not. Look at the pass to which Germany has been brought by her Schopenhauers, Hegels, and Nietzsches.

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE. But those three men were diametrically opposed to each other in their theories.

THE EDUCATOR (*somewhat fretfully*). That makes no difference! They were equally detrimental to the moral and religious life of their nation.

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE (*after a pause*). I come now to your particular lifework, education.

THE EDUCATOR (*with obvious delight*). Ah, here I know that you will be enchanted by our departure from hidebound conventionality. In our idea of extending vocational education from special trade schools to the high schools, and ultimately, I trust, to the colleges, we may fairly claim to be the most progressive educators in the world.

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE. I wish that you would elucidate your idea more fully.

THE EDUCATOR. With the utmost pleasure. We have completely shaken off the absurd tradition that there is any real advantage in the study of those two dead languages, Latin and Greek. Of course, I will admit that there is a certain amount of disciplinary value in the study of these languages; but it is generally agreed, I think, that a course in bricklaying is far superior to one in Homer for the development of patience and accuracy; and when one considers the respective practical value of the two—

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE (*interrupting him with a shocked and alarmed expression*). But are you not overlooking the fundamental advantages of the classics, their literary beauty, and the opportunities that they give for the contemplation of ancient civilization?

THE EDUCATOR. Their literary beauty may have appealed to their own age; it has little meaning for ours. And as for their civilization, let me only make a few comparisons between Athens of the fifth century B. C. and America today. The Greeks of that period had neither railraods, nor telegraphs, nor steam-engines, nor newspapers—

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE (*with a melancholy smile*). Nor ragtime, nor religious revivals.

THE EDUCATOR. Certainly not. And they were sadly indifferent to the principles of social and industrial justice. Conceive, if you can, the sensations of strangeness and horror which a modern, progressive, twentieth century American would experience upon being transported back to that age and country.

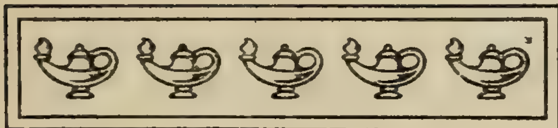
THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE. I can only conceive one case in which these sensations would be more pronounced.

THE EDUCATOR. What case is that?

THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE. The case of a Greek of that period if he were transported to America of the present day.

THE EDUCATOR. No doubt it *would* take some time to educate such a man up to our standards. But I will go on with our modern scheme of education. We hope, in the near future, to eliminate every study which does not directly contribute to the earning power of the student. And this principle governs our attitude towards culture, of which, I understand, you are the patron goddess. If culture will pay a man's rent or buy him a suit of clothes, well and good; otherwise it has no place in our modern, efficient and practical educational system.

(*As he utters these words The Spirit of Culture slowly melts away into thin air. The Educator frowns, rubs his eyes, and turns to write the following climax to his soon-to-be-delivered address, "Culture and Efficiency:* When culture conflicts with practical efficiency, culture must go.")



What is the Young Friends' Movement?

By Thomas E. Jones.

[*The following article written, by the General Secretary of the Friends' Board of Young People's Activities, although it speaks only in terms of one denomination, will be of interest to all Haverfordians as a typical expression of the recent growth of religious interest in every Protestant church in America. Every sincere seeker for truth will welcome the effort to enlist the enthusiasm and intelligence of youth in the revival of true spiritual life within organized churches.*—Editors]

MANY requests for a more definite statement of what the Young Friends' Movement is, make necessary a clearer exposition of the nature and the purpose of our work. The Board of Young Friends' Activities has made no definite statement of what the Young People's Movement is and for what it stands before now, because it has been studying the field; trying to determine our needs, and to define our church responsibility. We are now more able to make such a definition than ever before, although even now we cannot give a complete statement. Only the future can reveal what the Young Friends' Movement really is and what it can accomplish.

The Young Friends' Movement practically defines itself. It is an expression of new life and interest that has taken hold of the Young People of our Society. I might turn aside to say that this new life is not peculiar to Friends alone. It is found in all denominations and is expressing itself in various ways. The thing that seems to be common to all is a renewed interest in evangelism and a desire to make our churches efficient. This spirit has especially taken hold of the young people of our denomination and is making itself felt among practically all people who call themselves Friends.

The Young Friends' Movement is characterized by three things. It is young; emphasizes the message of Friends; and is a decided movement. In the first place it is made up of and belongs to young people. There are of course many in the middle walks of life who are deeply interested in our work and are helping us start, but the real life and power of the movement rest with the younger members of our denomination. It is young in expression, being enthusiastic, active, and hopeful. Again, this movement is itself young, being at most not more than ten or fifteen years old. Of course there were signs of an awakening much before this,

but the present expression did not find place among Friends until about the beginning of the present century. The first signs of new life were among Young Friends in Ireland, then quite spontaneously in England, Australia, and various places throughout the United States. One of the great hopes of our work is its youth and spontaneity.

In the second place the Young Friends' Movement is an attempt to meet the demand for a more definite policy as a denomination. Hundreds of young people have been asking for what do we as a Society stand? What right have we for existence? And have we any distinctive message for the world? By these questions no one is wishing to encourage denominational intolerance nor even further the spirit of narrow sectarianism. But what we do want to know is why do we call ourselves Friends? And do we not by the very use of that term place ourselves under a certain obligation before the world, which demands that we define more clearly our position? Our C. E. organization and other interdenominational movements of the past twenty-five years, all good in themselves, and I for one have nothing but praise for the great work they have done, tend to obscure the distinctive message that each denomination has to give and has been struggling these three hundred years to maintain. Despite the fact that we deplore many of the sectarian differences we have known in the past, we must realize that the variety of appeal made by the church as a whole through its various denominations is stronger than that which any one church can make. If this be not true there is no place for the small denomination. When we as denominations realize that we are each integral parts of a whole, and that our very existence in that whole depends upon every other part, and furthermore that the efficiency of the church as a whole depends upon the standard of each individual denomination, we shall see how petty it is to maintain a spirit of antagonism, but instead shall feel under what deep obligation we are placed to do our work well. The seriousness of a half-hearted policy then begins to make itself clear.

As I have said before, Young Friends have begun to realize this fact and are seeking to make our message practical and definite, so that the world on the one hand may know what we stand for and our denomination on the other may know what is expected of it.

We must turn the numerous rivulets of youthful enthusiasm from courses of isolated endeavor into one great stream of spiritual power. We must hope and work for the time when the hundred and twenty thousand people who call themselves Friends will work together shoulder to shoulder to bring in the Kingdom of God. I repeat that the Young Friends' Movement is not a sectarian revival in the narrow sense, but an

effort to make efficient all our Young People's organizations and aid them in doing their work as Friends.

In the third place the Young Friends' Movement is really a movement. It is expressing itself in various ways, but it has a common purpose. There are two general forms which it is taking. First, it is establishing, reviving, and stimulating Young People's organizations in local meetings, and second, it is holding Quarterly Meeting, Yearly Meeting, or General Conferences. In the first case various methods are used. Sometimes a gospel team will visit a meeting that is almost spiritually dead and quicken it into new life. Again, the young people of a meeting may form a circle for the purpose of studying more about the history and principles of Friends. A dead Christian Endeavor Society is revived with the appeal to do some concrete piece of social service work. And sometimes a group of young people form a fellowship group where they hold an unprogrammed meeting after the manner of the early Friends. In the second case, Young Friends come together for conference or spiritual quickening, who have had little or no opportunity of seeing what we as Friends really are and have to give to the world. We take on new life, regain confidence in our ideals, and seek to put them in practise.

The Five Years' Meeting considered the Young People's work so important that it created a separate Board to look after it. The work of the Board has been large and varied, but the following are some of the things it is trying to accomplish:

1. To unite all kinds of Young Friends' Activities under one head. This should serve as a responsible center to which all young Friends can refer and to which they belong, thus making staple and permanent many organizations that are resting on a shaky foundation.

2. To act as a clearing house for all kinds of suggestions for Young People's work.

3. To furnish Young People with literature or other supplies for their work.

4. To serve as an Advisory Board for all Young Friends' organizations.

5. To gather and file for permanent record all C. E. reports from each Yearly Meeting and to make our C. E. Societies integral parts of our church.

6. To encourage the study of Quaker history and principles among all of our Young People.

7. To make a directory containing the names and a brief biography of all Young People in our denomination.

8. To follow up each of our Young People as they go through college and move from one place to another in business.

9. To seek to bind the Young People closer and closer to the church by cultivating in them a passion for souls and deepest devotion to God.

With such a program as this we are hoping to enlist the support of every Young Friend and of every older Friend who is interested in the Young People.

The Unknowable

It grew and gleamed with lurid light,—
A squatting, green-eyed basilisk.
It stares unblinking in the night,
Where shadows from my candle frisk.

My questions freeze in frightful awe—
Life's adamantine limit seen—
My hopes grow ragged in its maw.
I dread its eyes of glassy green.

I sought to know the great unknown,
Alone and toiling in the night—
So far my hope of sight had grown—
Till this grew, grinning at my might.

E. M. P.

"The Voice": A Story

By Jack G. C. Le Clercq, '18.

> "*Somewhere a voice is calling,*
> *Calling for me.*"

THE Comtesse Valerie de Saint Maur looked quizzically across the breakfast table at her husband, Yvon de Saint Maur.

"Well," she exclaimed pleasantly, "from whom is that letter?" And as she spoke he dropped the heavy letter on the floor, but answered not a word.

Valerie frowned slightly. "What has been the matter with you lately?" she asked; "you seem as if your mind were far away. Have you been working too hard at the Embassy?"

Yvon,who was an attache of the Belgian Embassy, looked back and, in a *distrait* tone of voice, "Yes," he said.

With feminine tact she saw that nothing was to be gained by questioning him about his troubles.

"I do not see," she remarked, "why the Belgian government should feel alarmed at the present situation. Even if Servia, Austria, Russia, France and Germany were to fight, it would not affect Belgium. Why, therefore, is there such excitement at the Embassy?"

Her handsome husband looked at her fondly as he said affectionately, "You do not understand."

"*Vraiment*," she replied. "But Belgium is neutral, *mon ami*, and it has built up its prosperity upon its neutrality. We have, and shall ever, pin our faith to the sacred promises of the great nations of the world."

Yvon smiled. "Alas, I would it were so!" He looked very serious for his thirty years—his brow was knit in a frown and his whole countenance wore an expression of great gloom. "You see, if England, France, Germany or any other country on the face of the earth could possibly gain anything by violating our neutrality, I assure you they would not hesitate an instant. The sacred promises of the great nations of the world, the oaths of the mightiest rulers—what are they? Forty million Belgian neutralities could not save our poor little country."

"Do you think that England. . . . " suggested Valerie.

"My dear girl," he interrupted laughingly, "England, even England, would have no scruples. As recently as the nineteenth century England calmly blew up the Danish fleet in the harbor of Copenhagen, without

even a declaration of war. And the Jamestown Raid. . . ." he laughrd loudly. "England would not respect us."

But he suddenly ceased laughing and very seriously: "Valerie," he said, "the letter on the floor comes from the Prime Minister of Belgium. Every Belgian abroad is to be ready at any moment to leave for Ostend. A general mobilization is expected."

"What!" gasped Valerie, incredulous.

"Exactly this," explained Yvon: "Belgium fears invasion."

Valerie was thunderstruck. Yvon might have to go and fight! it seemed cruel, impossible. But Valerie had the best blood of Europe in her veins; directly descended from the Dutch sailor Van Tromp, she had inherited his sangfroid:

"I hope my husband will go," she said, simply.

But Yvon answered not a word.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The Belgian Ambassador to the Court of Saint James rose. "Gentlemen," he said, "you are all no doubt surprised that I have called you together. As a matter of fact, I myself am surprised that I had to do so. But that is Fate. . . ." he paused in order to clear his throat. Silence reigned supreme and the three hundred Belgians present listened attentively: "This is no time for words. I shall be explicit." The short, jerky sentences were characteristic of the great warrior who was addressing the men, and their brutality created a profound impression on them: "News has come from headquarters in Brussels. A partial mobilization has begun; a general mobilization will be ordered soon. You understand? Gentlemen, war is impending. Germany and France are growling at each other. For our safety we must mobilize. I have fought; now you may have a chance. You have a call. A call to arms! Your King and country need you! God save the King!"

Little did Belgium's Ambassador realize that the words he had uttered were soon to be on every lip; that the British Isles, Canada, Australia, India and Africa—nearly the whole world—were to ring with the echo of those three sentences.

"This is a matter of life and death. Means are being taken so that every Belgian in this country may reach Ostend by to-morrow. I myself sent out papers to every recognized Belgian in England.

"You see what it is. The stronger our army, the less we fear invasion. I believe in you; you are Belgians. Think what it means; think of Belgium. Then you will go."

The supreme confidence and self-assurance of the grizzled old statesman and warrior gripped the audience; at the back of the hall

someone took up the Belgian national anthem. They sang "La Brabanconne" as it had never been sung since the poet who composed it, Jenneval, died at the siege of Lierre, fighting for the independence of his country; never before had it been jeopardized, and now, dreaming of dying as Jenneval had done, they sang with fierce enthusiasm.

The lofty music written to the glory of Belgium's unknown heroes rang through the building, and then all was quiet. The minister again rose: "Fellow-Belgians," he said, in a voice choked with sobs, "you have sacrificed everything. I doubt whether you even realize the greatness of your self-denial. Men will forget what you have done; Belgium may forget. But up above, in Heaven, lives One eternally who never lets pass any act of self-denial without retribution. God will reward you, my noble compatriots. God bless you! Thank you, my friends; in the name of Albert of Belgium, I thank you."

Enthusiasm reigned supreme; unrestrained joy and exultation seized the brave men and they yelled themselves hoarse. Then the minister walked to the head of the stairway and "Thank you," he said, shaking the hands of every man who walked out. His words were beautiful in their simplicity.

Now and then they joked.

"I will remember you to the Boulevard Anspach," said one of the secretaries, trivially. Triviality at a moment of heroic sacrifice is indeed sublime.

Half an hour later, the Ambassador walked back to the room; one man alone was left out of the crowd that had filled the place.

"Well, Monsieur de Saint Maur, when do you go?" he asked cheerfully.

Yvon lifted his aching head and muttered harshly, "I go not."

The elder man looked at him amazed, then turning on his heel, "Coward!" he murmured, aside, but not so low that Yvon could not hear.

A look of pain spread over the young attache's face:—"Your Excellency," he called out sharply, and as the Ambassador came back, "Does your excellency think me afraid?"

As if ignoring the question, the other said: "Never shall I forget the day when I, at the head of the garrison of Liege at that time, was driving to Jupille with my wife. We had just passed Huy and were going down the hill when the horse bolted. At the end of the road lay Death. But, happily, between Death and us stood a boy, a mere child, twelve years of age. I shall never as long as I live forget his heroism as he stopped the runaway horse. His name was Yvon de Saint Maur.

Why, therefore, does he hesitate? A de Saint Maur cannot but fight."

"What of world peace?" asked Yvon.

"It cannot be," replied the Ambassador. "Belgium must fight or die."

"I go, then," said Yvon, determinedly.

"Thank you," said the old man, for the hundredth time that day.

* * * * * * * * * * *

He told Valerie when he got back; she smiled through her tears. "I am proud of you, Yvon," she said sweetly.

Leaving his wife, Yvon went up to his office to settle any business he might have. As he was writing, he heard somebody singing. It was Valerie.

Far away the sound of music came through the doors of his study; the beautiful voice of his wife, the way she played the song, the touch and the rhythm, all made him listen. She was singing divinely; her anguished soul was brave enough to send a message to his; and it was with an indescribable beauty and melancholy that she sang:

"Dusk and the shadows falling
O'er land and sea.
Somewhere a voice is calling,
Calling for me."

The words dawned upon him in a new light: it was the voice of Belgium, his country, calling to him from across the sea,—asking him to follow the motto of the noble Saint Maur family; the pathos of his wife's song struck home and he felt that she was spurring him on, even though she was to lose him. "*Que voulez-vous!*" he said to himself as he thought of Bertrand de Saint Maur, his ancestor, the conqueror of the Duke of Alva, and the hero who had handed down their motto to members of the Saint Maur family, "I am a de Saint Maur!" and "I die fighting," he quoted.

TWO LETTERS

"Paris, Aug. 30th,

"To the Comtesse Valerie de Saint Maur from Jean D'Estrees.

"Madame:—

"Without having the pleasure of your acquaintance, the fact that for the last three weeks I have been fighting side by side with your husband prompts me to write.

"Alas, Madame, your husband was too good a man to live; we who were with him under fire alone can appreciate this. The day before the

battle of Lille he gave me the enclosed letter to send to you. 'Jean,' he said, 'something tells me I am to die to-morrow,'and when I exclaimed, 'Nonsense!' he cut me short. 'Here is a letter which I beg you to send to the address I have written; if I come safe out of this battle you will return it to me.'

"Madame, it has been my sad fate to have been obliged to send it to you. Please allow me to add my heartfelt sorrow and my sincere admiration for your husband.

"Well may you be proud of him; he died a hero.

"The colors were nearly in the hands of the Germans when Yvon de Saint Maur rushed out of the line, and, having recaptured the flag, ran back. A bullet struck him as he reached our line. His great sorrow was that he died shot in the back. Death was almost instantaneous; his last words to me were so low that I barely heard them. 'I die fighting,' he said, and the rest I did not hear, except, 'Calling, calling for me.' ....If I may be of any service, Madame, I pray you not to hesitate, for I shall be glad to do anything within my power.

"I am, Madame,

"Jean d'Estrees.

"P. S. He has been buried with the colors he so nobly saved. Alone on the hill is he sleeping his last sleep. The air is pure there; there are flowers and light. He has found his place in the sun."

Valerie de Saint Maur looked out of the window; the shadows were falling over London, enveloping the capital as with a veil of blue. Long minutes she spent gazing out into the increasing darkness. Her grief and pain were too great for tears; with dry eyes she opened the enclosed letter from Yvon de Saint Maur.

"Valerie," she read.

"We have been working hard all today and now only, at eleven o'clock, do I find the leisure to write.

"I feel well, Valerie. It seems to me that I have had a chance to prove my worth. I have taken it.

"O my soul! Something tells me that to-night is to be my last. As I sit here with the cold wind blowing o'er the peaceful camp, I realize that that very wind will blow my soul across the Great Divide......

"To-morrow is our hardest fight. I think of you.

"If I die, Valerie, do not forget the song we used to sing:

"*'Night must pass and day must follow after,*
Other joys and griefs must come with day.
Yet through all the weeping and the laughter,
You will ever hear the words I say. . . .'

"The only hill in sight is looming up in the darkness. I feel as if I were going to be buried there; during the day it is bathed in golden sunshine. Perhaps I may find a place in the sun.

"There are no stars in the heavens—all is dark as though Night will bring with it a Day of Death.

"As I write I hear the Voice; it is calling me. O'er land and sea it calls me, but it is not the voice of Belgium.

"I feel good to-night, O my soul, for I have heard the Voice; it is the voice of Him who came on earth that we might be saved. Above the tumult of the battle I shall hear the voice of the Prince of Peace calling me up to Him. Valerie, when you receive this I shall be in His presence. I think of you and of our child, who may be born by the time I will be through.

"Good-bye, O my soul! If it be a son that we have, call him Albert, in honor of our hero-king; if a girl, then Valerie, in honor of you.

"But I must rest. Farewell, Valerie.

"Your happy lover,

"Yvon."

* * * * * * * * * * *

The doctor bent over the unconscious woman in the bed. "I save either the mother or the child."

His colleague looked down at Valerie de Saint Maur.

"Her husband is dead," he said; "she has nothing to live for."

The other thought a minute: "The child, then," he said, with determination.

Valerie at last came back to consciousness; the doctors looked at each other as if to say, "She cannot live another hour."

"Is it a boy?" she asked.

"No," answered the surgeon.

"Call her Dolorides," she said faintly: "child of pain."

The Dancing Girl

By Eugene M. Pharo, '15.

The sun steals through the rose window
To see her dancing there.
Her cheeks flush in his ardent glow,
And gleams her golden hair.

Within her silken saffron gown,
Her limbs, like ivory gleaming,
Dance to a lute, dance up and down,
With grace celestial seeming.

Her rosy feet scarce touch the ground,
Her red lips parted slightly.
(*It seems her lips drink in the sound*
That makes her move so lightly.)

Her eyes are blue (*her girdle's hue*),
All radiantly shining.—
But soon, too soon, the dance is through,
The dancer smiles, reclining.

"Friends at the Front"

AT 11.01 p. m., August 4th, a state of war existed between Great Britain and Germany. On September 10th Mr. Asquith stated in the House of Commons that 438,000 men had answered the call to arms, and asked the House to pass a vote for another 500,000 men. On September 17th Earl Kitchener, in his unoratorical way, said in the House of Lords: "In the response to the call for recruits for the new armies which it is considered necessary to raise, we have had a most remarkable demonstration of the energy and patriotism of the young men of this country." All England was covered with placards with the appeal: "Your King and Country Need You!" in flaming letters—and the youth and brawn of England were answering the call to enlist with one accord.

And in this national crisis which called for the use of arms, what were those Englishmen doing who could not conscientiously bear arms or kill—who believed that Christ meant what He said when He uttered: "*This is My commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you*"?

On May 8th, 1907, a tall, slender freshman toed the mark in Walton Field. At the crack of the pistol he was off, and led his teammates to a victory against Lehigh and established a college record of 4.35 minutes for the mile. In somewhat the same manner Mr. Philip J. Baker, now a distinguished Cambridge graduate, and an authority on international law, was off at the boom of the first guns at Liege, and is now leading those Englishmen who cannot conscientiously fight, in a most strenuous service, not only of their country but also of their Master.

Philip J. Baker undertook to organize an ambulance corps of 80 men. Almost a hundred responded, mostly University men and mostly of the denomination of Friends. A training camp was established at Jordans—a short distance from London, and soon they were qualified for the Red Cross examinations. To join the English Red Cross, however, it was necessary to enlist and bear side-arms, so Mr. Baker gained the permission of the Belgian and French governments to go out as an individual unit.

Thus the First Anglo-Belgian Ambulance Unit was created.

On Saturday morning, October 31st, 43 of these men with motors and supplies set sail from Dover on the *S. S. Invicta*. They had not gone far before a destroyer raced past them at the speed of 30 miles an hour. Presently a small cruiser was seen in distress with five destroyers hovering about her. A correspondent of the London *Star* who was on the *S. S. Invicta*, writes as follows in the issue of November 2nd:

"As we drew close we could see she was slowly settling by the stern. She was the *Hermes*, returning from Dunkirk. Twice, at an interval of about twenty minutes, she was struck by torpedoes from a submarine. The first shock did little damage, and the crew saw neither the torpedo nor the submarine. The second time no one saw the submarine, but many watched the torpedo skimming along the surface till it struck the ship amidships. The shock was not great, and the officers, who were at breakfast in the wardrooms, hardly felt it. But a great hole was torn in the ship's side, and she began to sink slowly. Her water-tight doors were all closed and so the crew gained about two hours to get away.

"Many were already in the destroyers' boats when we arrived, but large numbers were still on board. The *Invicta* launched all her boats, and all of us who could row volunteered to man them. The ambulance men worked admirably, both in bringing the crew off and in treating those who had collapsed from long exposure. One young orderly named Gray jumped into the sea at sight of a floating body and brought it to a boat very gallantly, but unhappily the poor fellow was dead already. One other died on board in spite of all efforts to restore respiration; and one marine was killed by the explosion. But I think all the rest were saved, though some of the cases that we treated were very far gone.

"The cruiser herself filled more rapidly towards the end. Waves broke over her decks aft, and at length she turned very quietly on her side. The steam rushed out, but there was no explosion. Her masts and funnels touched the level of the water, and she turned slowly over. The bow and keel took about twenty minutes still to disappear.

"We gathered up the survivors from all the boats, and returned with them to Dover. The destroyer remained circling around the place in the hope of catching sight of the submarine periscope.

"No one could speak too highly of the courage and skill and activity of the ambulance corps, as well as of the *Invicta's* crew."

In spite of this delay the party got to Dunkirk that Saturday night, and immediately set to work. A quotation from Mr. Baker's report of November 6th, printed in the *English Friend*, is as follows:

"On arrival at Dunkirk the larger number of the party proceeded almost at once to the station sheds, where the wounded are laid out on straw The work there has continued, with the exception of half of Monday night, ever since. It is mostly carried on by relay parties of six to twelve persons, who work day and night in shifts of four hours. As the stream of wounded is almost continuous, and as it requires at the least six in a shift, and usually more, to cope with the need, it is clear that for a party of less than fifty the work has been heavy."

While the "larger number" of the party were at this work, the presumably smaller number loaded 4,140 wounded men in four days on five boats.

The Belgian government then offered them a military hospital at Ypres, but upon arrival there, it was found that the town was deserted and partially destroyed. The party slept that night in the deserted hospital—the bombardment of Ypres continuing at intervals. Their next step was as follows:

"We therefore went north to Woesten, a village on the main road to Furnes, where there was a French evacuating station. The *medecin chef* of the station at once accepted the services of the party, and provided a large room for its accommodation. Since Tuesday the party has done a considerable amount of work, including the evacuation of hospitals at Poperinghe, Furnes, and Dunkirk of perhaps 40 or 50 very seriously wounded men, some of whom might have died if they had not been taken to hospital at once. They have also dressed over 100 cases, and have on three occasions collected wounded from points just behind the firing line. They were engaged in an endeavor to remove about 70 men from the village of Zuydschoot when the Germans began to shell it. They succeeded in removing about 40, but the remainder were killed by the collapse of the building in which they were lying. Some members of the party were for some time under fire while this operation was being carried out."

After this strenuous beginning of their first field-hospital at Worcester, Mr. Baker reports as follows:

"The main part of the work continued to be the collection of wounded from various villages just behind the firing line, and the evacuation of cases too serious to be sent by train to hospitals in Furnes and Dunkirk. Probably altogether between 200 and 250 wounded have been brought back from the villages of Zuydschoot, Boesinghe, etc.; and of these a considerable proportion would have been killed had they not been removed. On November 18th twenty-five were brought out of Boesinghe while the village was undergoing a heavy shell fire; on the second journey twenty-two shells fell while the cars were being loaded. On November 20th fifty more people, including some refugees, wounded civilians and nuns, were brought from the same village, which was again being fired on. The conduct of everyone concerned on both occasions was admiıable.

"About forty or fifty serious cases have been evacuated during the week to Furnes and Dunkirk. This work is a severe strain both on the cars and on the drivers, but is a most valuable part of the service that

the unit is able to render, as it is undoubtedly the means of saving some men who otherwise would die. Some much larger and heavier cars than are yet at the disposal of the unit are really necessary for the purpose.

"In addition to the above work, a certain amount of dressing has been done. On November 17th, after a heavy fight around Zuydschoot and Bixschoot, about 100 men were dressed, some of them for the first time since they were wounded. Altogether about 250 men have been dressed by members of the unit at Woesten during the last week."

To follow every step in the development and widening of the field of usefulness of the Anglo-Belgian Ambulance Unit, would be too long a story to print in these limited pages. A perusal of the reports in the *London Friend*, to which we are indebted for quotations, can alone satisfy such a demand.

From the latest reports, the situation is as follows: There are some 110 persons in the Unit, including 7 nurses. The headquarters of the Unit is at Furnes, midway between Dunkirk and Ostend on the Belgian coast. Telephone communications from the local French Army Headquarters keep them informed as to the batteries and trenches where the casualty list is heavy. From this headquarters there are phone lines to the evacuation sheds at Dunkirk, the Villa St. Pierre at Dunkirk and 8 Field Stations at the front.

The Evacuation Sheds are those already described—temporary shelters for wounded on the way to England or elsewhere. The Villa St. Pierre is a chateau which has been turned into a Friends' Urgency Case Hospital. The eleven lady nurses are located here. The Field Stations, of which the one at Woesten is an example, are lettered W, P, O, Ya, Yb, J, V, O in the censored reports. Over each is a Commanding Officer and an Adjutant, with Dressers, Orderlies, Ambulance Drivers, Stretcher-Bearers, etc. These Field Hospitals are very mobile and the men attached to them undergo every hardship. They sleep in haylofts, and in one case occupied an unused pig-stye.. Some of the stations carry from 40 or 60 wounded a day from the trenches to the Evacuation Hospital at Dunkirk. They are constantly exposed to shell fire and have to do much of their work at night in order to avoid being seen. Not the least daring of the things that have to be done is that of driving ambulances filled with mangled men along roads gutted by shell-fire, and without the use of lights in the dark. Then there is the creeping up to the trenches at night and the carrying out of the wounded, in total silence, far enough back so that stretchers can be used, and thence to the ambulances. Besides the soldiers there are innu-

merable refugees, orphaned children and widows—some starving, others wounded, most without shelter.

At the present time there are 150 at Jordans and elsewhere prepared to join this Unit. There is work enough for a thousand such men. There is organization enough to handle them. But they can only go in twos and threes. There is neither sufficient money nor equipment.

Y. N., '15.

Triolet

The shrouds crack in the wind, Marie;
The sailor sails at dawn.
'Twixt you and me creeps in the sea.
The shrouds crack in the wind, Marie.
The seagulls shriek their litany,—
Our clearance paper's drawn.
The shrouds crack in the wind, Marie;
The sailor sails at dawn.

E. M. P

The Inspiration of a Womvn

By Eugene M. Pharo, '15.

FELIX slipped the little volume of Le Gallienne into his pocket with an almost surreptitious motion as Belle entered the room. He had reached the house twenty-five minutes before, and after waiting ten minutes for Belle to make her tardy appearance he had taken his travelling companion from his pocket and had soon become almost unconscious of his keen impatience, in enjoyment of the delicate prose of the volume.

"Greetings, Belle," he said, looking with an eye of ardent appreciation at the filmy blue glory of her gown, her sparkling eyes and the eager red of her almost too narrow lips. A dreamy appraisal of her seemed to fill his eyes, in addition to the glad light of pleasure, as he looked into her face.

He seemed always this way, Belle thought, as she murmured an apologetic explanation that she had expected him on the later train. He seemed to be always looking into and through her, as if looking for something, and quite puzzled that he did not find it—or questioning whether he had found it or not.

"Is it cold in Philadelphia, these days?" she said, as, with a glad look at her proposed fiance, and a careless shrug of her shoulders, she dismissed the strange feelimg which had come over her, and took a seat on the large divan before the fireplace.

"I really haven't noticed the weather much lately," Felix replied in a negligent manner. "Since father died and his affairs were found to be in such an unlooked-for condition after the final adjustment last spring, I have been spending all my thoughts upon how to make a living."

"But, Felix, are they, then, in such an awful shape?"

"There is practically nothing left, Belle." Felix took a seat beside her on the divan and looked at her in the pure joy of her beauty, stroking the little white hand which lay inert in her lap as she looked with a fixed stare at the leaping flames.

"You know that I had planned to spend a year or so at Harvard and to do my best to polish up what little style and talent in the way of literary expression I may have, so that I might make scribbling my excuse for existence. The competence which father had promised me would have made this and our marriage perfectly possible. Of course these plans will have to be considerably modified now and our marriage

will have to be postponed several years more. I had hoped that our engagement might be announced this winter, but even that would look eminently foolish now. And then, too, my literary ambitions—I haven't said much about them to you—but they are a very real and living thing with me. My 'job,' when I get it, will have to be of the sort that will give these ambitions some sort of play. And the work that literary upstarts can get is as a rule of a more or less tattered sort unless they abandon their ideas almost entirely."

"But Felix, is abandonment in any sense necessary? You know that I am ready to wait *ages* for you—but—but—oh, dear, can't you get some sort of business position and do your writing in the evening, say?"

"I have thought of that, Belle, on your account. It seems that I owe it to you—and of course you know how desperately I want it myself—that I should do everything possible to hasten the time of our marriage. But I do not think you quite realize the way it appears to me. It seems, in spite of the beautiful goal of it all—the possession of you—plenty of money to make you look as beautiful as you do this afternoon in that gown and all the rest of it—that I should be sacrificing a sort of ideal. It would be putting money in the first place over all that has really been my life up to this time—books and all the good things that they can be made to express with a little self-denial and hard work—who knows?—a chance to make the world a little better. You know how hard the problem of social work hit me when I was finishing college last year. Well, it seems to me that in that would be all the chance in the world to acquire the knowledge that would make my writing of some account and to do some direct good while I am learning. But the pay is far from munificent and it would be some time before we could marry and live the way we must, to be happy together.

"On the other hand, there is that commercial position in New Orleans that 'Buck's' father has offered me. But, dear, you do not know how the dreariness of commerce repels my silly young soul! Foolish it may be, but I cannot bring myself to accept it."

"Oh, well, Felix, it'll come out all right somehow. Where are we going this evening? It seems a long time since you were here."

Lost in the enjoyment of "Oh, Oh, Delphine" that evening, Belle noticed Felix's abstraction, but when he hardly answered her enthusiastic comments on the play she did no more than look at him for a moment in a surprised sort of way and realize that he was in another of his "absurd moods."

The 11:50 that evening received Felix into one of its "lowers" with

a chill coldness that seemed a fitting climax to the cold and cramped feeling that enveloped his whole mind. He had expected that Belle would be a little more sympathetic. She had always listened to his semi-poetic rhapsodies on his chosen art, at the few times he had made them, with apparent interest. A suspicion that this interest was but simulated for his own sake began to assail him forcefully. She didn't care much for books herself. He knew that.

The rather cold little note that he received the following day telling him of her pleasure in his visit did not reassure him to any great extent.

Felix was devoted to what he called his "art." His devotion had as yet carried it little further on its way than to some daintily turned lyrics in his college magazine during his undergraduate days, and one or two slight attempts published in Ainslee's since graduation. But he was continually working on bits of prose, none of which had as yet attained the merit he deemed necessary before he would consent to hold them up to public view. He talked very enthusiastically to his intimates about his "aims," and at times shyly read them some of his "stuff." It must be confessed that he still had a long row to hoe, but his friends had confidence that in the course of time the row would be hoed. What is more, and really the only fact of importance, is that Felix hinself had absolute confidence in his ability to "arrive" ultimately.

Pushed by what was almost necessity, following his father's death and its unexpected consequences, he finally went into the work of which he had spoken to Belle. The newspapers were full and his first attempts to get on the staff of one of them proved abortive because of the effects of the World War and the number of men laid off.

His work in the S. P. C. C. in that home of social work, Philadelphia, proved highly interesting. He had enough to provide for his frugal needs and to buy the ink and paper which he used up in such concentrated haste. Innumerable sketches of the scenes into which he entered as a saving factor in the slums of the city, though many of them depressing in tone, delighted him, because he could feel his growing power over language and the technique of the true story-teller.

Frequent letters to Belle, some of them describing the scenes he witnessed and the experiences he gained—as, for instance, what time an irate Irishwoman pursued him for fifteen minutes about a kitchen table with a narrow but sharp carving knife, because he had come to take away her drunken "man"—brought to him the interested comments of a reader of current novels, but very little appreciative interest in the author of the amusing or tragic tales. In turn she described the last dance to which she had gone, or the winning of a prize at bridge. She

occasionally asked him to come and see her—to spend a week or two at the shore, and then sweetly regretted that he did not see fit to come, with a total disregard of the unavoidable claims on his time.

For a year and a half things continued in this way—frequent letters from Felix, an occasional acknowledgment from Belle, and then perhaps a Sunday spent in dreamy plans for the mansion that would go up for their co-habitation when Felix should have his first big work accepted and his name should become known. Felix often thought at these times of the height to which his happiness might rise if this daintily clad and fairy-like creature should think of coming to live with him and to wait with him in the humble dwelling in West Philadelphia which was the only property his father finally appeared to have left him.

In the summer of his second year, when he was working amongst the aggravated conditions which the hot weather always creates in the unfortunate sections of a large city, Belle wrote him of her expected departure for the exposition in California. She was going in a party with her father and mother and a business acquaintance of her father's. This friend was taking them in his yacht. He was a young man about thirty. He had gone into the raincoat business, manufacturing with a new kind of cloth, specially prepared and very cheap. He had made large sums of money. A real man he was, she said, and one whom she admired very much. Not that he had much imagination nor could talk half as "prettily" as Felix. He was just "a big hulk of a man"—but very successful.

Felix wrote back his pleasure in her opportunity to see the exposition, and regretted that he could not take her in his own yacht. "Some day," he said, "we will sail together beneath the Southern Cross and think of the one that we have to bear now in being separated." He may have been a trifle foolish, but she was beautiful, and he loved her very much.

Belle sailed the first of August, as she had expected. Felix came to New York to bid her adieu and to extract promises of long letters from the other side of the continent. The promises were given, the yacht cast off, and Felix spent a thoughtful two hours on the train. Mr. Murdoch was evidently entirely the man that Belle believed him—a well-fed, well-clad, and alert young raincoat manufacturer.

Felix, however, finished his thinking before he reached his lodgings. He told himself that his thoughts had been unworthy of his firm faith in Belle.

Though Felix had not told Belle, he had had two articles accepted in July, one by the American Magazine and the other by the Atlantic Monthly. He was reasonably sure that Belle would not discover him,

though one of them was published immediately in the latter magazine. He was not quite content with this record alone and did not wish to speak until he had made sure of his powers with the novel upon which he had been working for the last eight months. When he received Belle's letter from New Orleans, with a three-page description of the beautiful parties that they had had on shipboard and a paragraph on the wonders of the sea, he had just finished the last chapter of his book.

He received her second from San Francisco, when he was half-way through the revision. He had taken his two weeks' vacation at this time to work more uninterruptedly at his writing. The publisher had predicted a huge success for his book, which he said was bound to ride high on the crest of the reform wave which had inundated the city after the advent of "Billy" Sunday the winter before.

Another three weeks went by. A long letter came from Belle. She had much to say of the miracles of modern invention at the exposition—the excellent machinery which made manufacturing such a wonderful operation at the present day; the weaving machines which could do so much more work in one minute than the "Lady of Shalott," for instance, could do in a century at her stupid loom.

She told of a long trip they had made to San Diego and the perfectly dear little glass-bottomed boats through which one could see the fish swimming about and getting their food.

Felix had received the first check on his work at this time and stopped to pat the long ticket to San Francisco that reposed snugly inside the inside pocket of his vest. He would show her some *beauty*, he said, when he got there.

He read on. Belle asked him about his work. She seemed more interested in it now than she had ever been before. Felix thought the long absence was making her realize something of what their love could mean—the co-operation and enjoyment they could get out of things together. He smiled, with a distinct warmth in his chest. He had "arrived" now, if his book met the success which the keen-sighted publisher had pronounced it would meet. He would show her how to live. She should be dressed in beautiful clothes and all the world would look to see so perfect and happy a couple. No extravagance seemed too absurd. They would go to Italy, and in the Venetian gondolas she would beam upon him, and he would sing that the world might hear and wonder. He would paint in words as Michael Angelo had painted in oils. *He* would not take her into industrial exhibits to admire machinery—not he! Did not the stolid Murdoch know what an angel he was escorting?

These thoughts passed through his mind as a warm feeling—an impression that suffused him as he read.

He turned the page.

"I hope that your work is coming along finely. I am sure that it will. Goodness knows that when a man thinks as much of books as you do, he ought to make a success of them. Mr. Murdoch says—Jack, I should say, for you know, dear friend, I have promised to be to him as much if not more than your books are to you—that when a man sets his mind on any *one* thing he is sure to get it, some time. I suppose that the news of our engagement will hardly come as a surprise to you. You are so clever at reading circumstances. It is so long since things have been quite as they should be between us—I hardly knew you when you came to say goodbye at New York—that I feel that I am only doing the right thing in yielding to my very strong respect and—affection for Jack, and agreeing to become his wife.

"Your friend, as always,

"Belle."

Book Review

The Eyes of the World, BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT. *Published by the Book Supply Co., Chicago. 12mo., $1.35, net.*

IN all the novels he has written, Mr. Howard Bell Wright has proved himself to be the possessor of an active mind and of a true sense of the artistic and beautiful.

His latest book, "The Eyes of the World," only shows us what we already knew from "The Shepherd of the Hills," and "The Winning of Barbara Worth"; namely, that he still holds the attention of the reading public as one of the most observant and artistic novelists of the day. What is really unfortunate is that his style is not much improved. With a little more care, the style might have equalled the plot and action, both of which are good.

There is power, there is imagination, there is a love of Nature and Art, and the plot is distinctly original. The contrast between the characters is striking, the main ones are so well painted that one cannot but remember every one of them. There is a multi-millionaire, whose life has been one of vice and debauchery; his second wife, a hypocritical "dame du monde," who, for all her professed simplicity and purity, is as sensual and as bestial as her husband; his daughter by his first wife, whose only claim to our sympathy is that she is not what she might have been. Then an innocent woman, the victim of a coward's base passion; an innocent young girl, whose beautiful simplicity and purity are as lovely as her physical charms; an ordinary type of a young American educated abroad; a mountaineer whose courtesy and kindness are charming. Add to these a sarcastic, cynical novelist, whose sarcasm and cynicism hide a wonderful mind; an art-critic, whose inheritance in addition to much money is much vice and lust; a mother, whose unselfishness is sublime, and an escaped convict, repentant and chivalrous. Every character is true to life; Mr. Wright has shown great insight in painting every one of them.

Beautiful also are the descriptions of California: the blue-gray mountains, the glorious sunrise, the heavenly sunset, the wonderful sunshine, the orange groves—the whole atmosphere of this Western paradise.

The author must be an ardent worshipper of Nature as well as a lover of Art—both go hand in hand. The reader never tires of the praise of California's beauty, which he may or may not have seen.

More beautiful are the ideas of Art which Mr. Wright puts into the

mouths of his characters; "Art for Art's Sake" is his slogan, and, to quote a well-known critic: "he strikes a powerful blow, convincing and convicting, at artists and authors who prostitute their talent."

Let us quote his own words, which Conrad Lagrange, the successful novelist, says to the hero of the book: "I am a literary scavenger. I haunt the intellectual slaughter pens and live by the putrid offal that self-respecting writers reject. I glean the stinking materials for my stories from the sewers and the cesspools of life. For the dollars they pay, I furnish my readers with those thrills that public decency forbids them to experience at first hand. I am a procurer for the purpose of mental prostitution. My books breed moral pestilence and spiritual disease. The unholy filth I write fouls the minds and pollutes the imagination of my readers. I am an instigator of degrading immorality and unmentionable crimes." There is no doubt at all that Mr. Wright has attempted to steer clear of the course of such writers; his book is a eulogy of the beautiful and of the right. If only because of his sincerity, the book is well worth reading. But its sincerity is not its only beauty: Nature, Art and Love, in the guise of California, *the* picture and Sibyl, must not be forgotten.

From "The Eyes of the World" we can see that there are boundless possibilities and much success in store for Mr. Harold Bell Wright; and we feel that this is not to be his last work.

Some day perhaps..........but let us await that day instead of idly foretelling it.

J. G. C. Le Clercq, '18.

Alumni Department

We are glad to publish the following letter and article by Mr. Samuel E. Hilles, of the Class of 1874.

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing No. 2 of some Sketches I have lately been getting out for a Chicago trade paper—"Offices Appliances"—on my recent trip to the Orient. You will find an allusion to two Haverford men in this article, and I certainly was pleased to meet out there "on the firing line," such men as Dr. Wm. Cadbury and Dr. Harold Morris, as also Dr. Woods and his wife, in these far-away fields, so greatly needing just such devoted work.

Haverford, I am sure, does not forget them, and it was quite evident, even in my short stay, that they have not forgotten dear old Haverford, and its best traditions.

In China, the new is crowding out the old, in many ways, and the wave of transition which is rising, is wonderful to see.

At Hong Kong, the cutting off of their queues; in Canton, a department store and incipient skyscraper; in Shanghai, beautiful banking houses and a fine modern hotel: these are but a few of the many evidences that this really great nation is awakening from its lethargy, and with its many admirable qualities, needs only the yeast of Christianity to become one of the great factors in the world, for enterprises that are tried and true.

When they once learn, as a nation, or collectively, the strength of combined effort for the general good, who shall set the bounds of their achievement?

Very sincerely,
SAML. E. HILLES.

A JAUNT TO THE FAR EAST

ART. II

After very interesting experiences in the Philippines, including an inspection of many activities, I took boat from Manila on July 15th, for the two-day trip to Hong Kong, to catch the Pacific Mail Steamer *Korea*, for my return to San Francisco.

One's first sight of Hong Kong and its wonderful peak and harbor must always be impressive. We passed in between beautiful islands and headlands, almost grudging time given to one side, for fear we would miss attractions on the other.

As we approached the city of Victoria, for Hong Kong is the name of the island, we passed in sight of an aerial railway for use of employes of a sugar refinery. I was told that some time ago, the machinery got out of order, and the passengers were finally rescued by the flying of a kite across the wires, high in air.

Towering far above the picturesque harbor and city is the Peak, standing over 1,800 feet above the sea, and harnessed by a tramway which takes passengers (but no freight) nearly to the top. The tramway is a single track and there

is quite an angle near the top, but these features are skilfully overcome and one car goes past the other in safety, at the passing point, as at Lookout Mountain.

A Jewish colonial governor, Nathan, spent a great sum years ago in planting trees and shrubbery on the slopes of the Peak, and the result, with the many attractive residences of wealthy British, Chinese and others, is most beautiful.

From a wind-swept little pagoda on the summit, the view was incomparable. At our feet lay "Hong Kong," or Victoria, across the harbor Kowloon and the mainland. The native boats looked like gnats, and the steamers like beetles on the water, far, far below.

But to me the greatest charm of the scene was the stretch of the shores and the sea, and the tropical vegetation which gave such beautiful colors to it all.

Retracing our way, I went to the English cathedtal, for it was Sunday morning, and here on the peakside, set among grand old trees, and surrounded by shrubbery, I found for me a novel feature, in the dozen or more "punkah" boys, who inside and outside the church pulled the strings for the swaying fans overhead. "Ah"—the thought came, "are we so near India?"

Much of the land for the best official and business blocks has been reclaimed from the harbor. The architecture of these newer buildings is very substantial, and most of them have deep arched porches, so the hot sun does not directly enter the rooms.

The same element of cheap labor, so apparent in Japan, is here also; it is men, not horses, who draw the loads on comparative levels, or carry the passengers in chairs up the peak-side. Greater dignity of wealth takes four bearers in place of two. For ten cents Hong Kong silver, or say four and a half cents our money, two bearers will carry one's chair for a quarter of an hour down in the city, or for double rates on the Peak. To go to the boat-landing, from our charming hotel (St. George's House), part way up the Peak, the average person would first take a chair, with two bearers, down steps and slopes, and then, on the lower level, change to the two-wheeled jinrikisha, rapidly drawn by one coolie over the well-paved streets. A curious thing was that if one paid them too much, they were quite sure to ask for more—"cumshaw," but they were most eager for the pittance of employment.

Heavy Hauling, by Men, in Place of Horses

There are no driving roads up the Peak, and all the building material, etc., for the houses and retaining walls, all furniture and bulky supplies, must be carried up by hand; much of this is done by the women, and I counted several loads of bricks in their balanced baskets, forty bricks larger than ours (full 5 lbs. each) for a woman's

load, fifty-two for a man. In unloading flour at Hong Kong I was told it was not unusual for a coolie to walk the gangplank with eight sacks of fifty pounds each on his shoulders and neck.

The cosmopolitan character of travel about these far Eastern seas is shown by the recent experience of a friend in going direct from Hong Kong to Shanghai.

With seventeen at the steamer's table, twelve different languages were spoken; but for any general conversation, English was always resorted to.

CANTON THE POPULOUS

A trip of a night on a comfortable English boat brought me over the West and then the Pearl River to Canton, the seat of many Chinese revolutions, through its nearly 4,000 years of history. I was surprised to see, on the way, the care with which the steamer people guarded against piracy, which is still prevalent. On a large boat, the piracy most feared is by an uprising among the third class passengers, who are carefully guarded by Sikhs, or stalwart East India men. It is not a safe piece of water for small pleasure boats, and even those of good size are sometimes attacked.

Canton is extremely interesting, but has a very trying climate for visitors. The humidity (95 per cent when I was there), added to a high temperature, has a way of sapping one's energy that is hard to withstand, and I was weary at nine in the morning.

The life on the river, where thousands of the natives live, is a fascinating scene—here a dozen small junks, laboriously sculled against the strong tide by a man and his wife—the weight of the long oar overcome by a rope attached to the free end—there one and another pulling themselves along by hooking on to the other boats—out in the stream, perhaps a rice-power boat having a treadmill for a dozen men and boys, connected with a small paddle wheel at stern—now comes a modern tug—then a sail-boat with more wind-holes than sail-cloth—then a French gunboat, or a large river-steamer for Shanghai or Macao, then a dilapidated boat with five detached square sails—surely one could watch it all for many days.

Punkah Boy, on Verandah of Hotel, Pulling the String for Dining-room Fan

We land near the beautiful Shameen or foreign concession, where all the principal governments have their consulates and post-offices, and after a stroll under the grateful shade-trees of "mosquito boulevard" cross the guarded bridge to the native city. This is, indeed, a part of China, at close quarters!

With a guide, we thread our way through the arteries of this ancient city, old when Rome began, in many places almost able to touch the fronts of the shops on either side at once, stepping aside quickly, as approaching cries announce bearers with chairs or other burdens; passing small shop after

small shop where the work is done at the door, if one may say door where there seemed to be none.

One man was laboriously making small fish hooks; another was smearing stale fish with blood, to make them look palatable; another forging iron with a bamboo air-pump for bellows; in scores of shops four or five salesmen, naked to the waist, in beautifully carved chairs, waiting for the customers whom we did not see. The dirty little shrines and temples—the mud-covered eggs a year or two old, in baskets—the luxurious dentists' offices—one's eyes and mind were so filled with new impressions that one really needed to take time for thought and proper assimilation. At a public dispensary, one of the prescriptions to be taken *infernally*, was of broken sea-urchin shells!

But the smells! rivalling the neighborhood of Peter the Great's house, in far-away Holland, though here at such close quarters one could not easily escape.

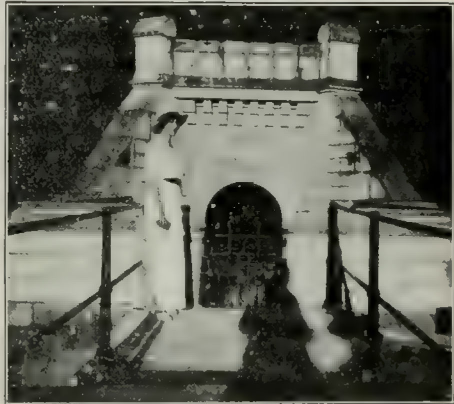
I asked my friend, Dr. Cadbury, of Philadelphia, now of the Canton Hospital, what was the population of Canton. "From 800,000 to three millions," and he added, "probably a million and a half." And of these several hundred thousand live on the small junks on the river. "Why pay rent?" etc.

At Canton, Christian College, near the city, is a fine institution, set upon beautiful rolling ground, for training the younger Chinese, and having some four hundred students. A great eagerness for study is apparent.

While in Hong Kong the wearing of a queue is a great exception, in Canton I saw many; and in various ways the difference between British and Chinese authority is evidenced.

In China, away from the coast cities especially, human heads come off very easily, and various illustrations were given me, in the tales told. Formerly, for instance, a first-class execution of a prisoner, at the convenience of the tourist, could possibly be arranged for a small sum.

I stood for a time on the Bund, or Canton water front, to watch the passing throng—Manchu ladies in rich attire, carried in their elegant chairs—ten coolies carrying a heavy piece of machinery slung under stout poles and the men grunting at each rhythmic step—a jinriki man drawing a comfortable looking Celestial in his silk robe—surely all sorts and conditions of men!



Bowen Road, the Artistic Mouth of the Water-supply Tunnel

A notable French Catholic cathedral stands high above the houses in the native city. I was told it was built without hoisting-ropes, and that the brick in it was, much of it, tossed up from man to man—from story to story.

The swarming tide of life there does not welcome innovations, except as they can understand and use them. The first railway interfered, they thought, with the spirits

of their dead ancestors, or with "feng sui"—wind and water; so they ran the locomotives and cars into the water and tore up the rails.

As a reminder of years of exclusion, one of the best streets in the native city, I suppose it may be fourteen feet wide, is the Street of the Thirteen—so named because at one time there were there thirteen merchants allowed to do business with foreigners.

But a better day is coming for China—these schools and hospitals are sowing the precious seed, and even now the Chinese in the East are subscribing liberally to enterprises of the "foreign devils" for China's welfare.

An enterprising Chinaman from Australia, and, curiously, "Sincere" is his name—has erected on the Bund a modern department store, which, with a new hotel adjoining, is proving a nine days' wonder to the natives; and the store, with its roof-garden, was thronged with open-mouthed visitors. I can testify to the good lunches served in the hotel, where actually a "lift" took one up to the dining-room and garden. Those who have not visited Canton can scarcely realize what such innovations mean to the Cantonese.

Strange to say, however, Canton was ahead of Hong Kong in having the wireless system on shore. Hong Kong, a free port, and in tonnage perhaps the third port in the world, had, when I was there in July, to depend on vessels in the harbor for wireless messages. I fancy this condition will, by sheer necessity, be soon remedied. I was told the site for a station had been selected and equipment ordered, after four years of agitation.

Embarking finally at Hong Kong on July 23, our return voyage was full of delightful personal experiences, but shadowed soon by the shock of the European news which only a few days later reached us. Our route this time lay west of the Island of Formosa ("Ilha Formosa," or the "Beautiful Island" of the Portuguese) to Keelung, a small port in the northern end.

Here, after waiting on a typhoon to move away, we found again a fortified site where photography was quite under the ban, and as the town of Keelung was not interesting,

Road-rolling, by about Twenty Men and Boys

quite a party of us, including President Judson of Chicago University and his wife, took train up to Taipeh or Taihoku, the capital of the island—about an hour and a half ride to the southwest. There we found, in the twenty minutes available between trains, fine wide streets and a capital government or Japanese railway hotel.

The scenery from the train was more than usually interesting—many streams and rice-terraces, but no savages (cannibals) as may be found further south. The separation between a high civilization and primitive savagery is, in Formosa, notably close.

How diversified are its principal p r o d u c t s !—head-hunters, rice,

sugar, gold, silver, copper, sulphur, coal, petroleum, camphor, rattan, tea. It was here we took on board 620 *tons* of tea, worth nearly three quarters of a million dollars at average Oolong price.

In going from Keelung, almost the rainiest place in the world, to Taipeh, only 20 miles away, we passed to a comparatively dry climate, and the seasons are practically reversed. Further south, tropical jungles are shadowed by snow-capped peaks. The Chinese, Spanish, Dutch, French and now the Japanese, have all had a hand in this strangely rich land of the savage and the buccaneer.

Some day the Japs will, I hope, plant some shade trees in Keelung; it reminded one of Curacao, in the Dutch West Indies, and the heat and humidity were very trying.

A curious but wise provision against plague and other epidemics in Formosa is a law exacting two *rats* per year from each householder, and once in the year all the contents of the house must be placed outside for thorough inspection and fumigation.

Turning north to the mouth of the Yangtse, bound for Shanghai, over the stormy Eastern Sea, our good Capt. Nelson again delayed for the passing of the typhoon and a troublesome bar, and we anchored for the night at Wu-sung in the yellow flood of water, and early next morning steamed forty miles up the great river before finally taking a company launch for the fourteen miles remaining, before reaching Shanghai. It is certainly a long lighterage.

The water-front of Shanghai is very attractive; a narrow park fringes the Bund, which in turn is bordered by most substantial looking banks—Russian and others— a fine hotel and commercial buildings. The city, in fact, makes a very creditable appearance, and has a very large distributing trade to other parts of China.

Much of the street transportation is upon large wheelbarrows having a wheel nearly 30 inches in diameter, set near the center; and upon these barrows the coolies carry literally staggering loads, their feet constantly shifting to keep balance, as they wheel through the streets. They did say that the charge being a stated amount, regardless of load, occasionally I might, at close of the day, see one loaded up with five women on one side and five on the other, the coolie patiently taking the load.

A statue on the water-front, to that great man, Sir Robert Hart, greatly pleased me, and is said to be a very good likeness.

Here was a man of whom any nation might be proud. Hats off! Listen to this epitaph—it deserves study, and reverence:

"Sir Robert Hart, Baronet, G. C. M. G., 1835-1911—Inspector General of the Chinese Maritime Customs—Founder of China's Light House Service—Organizer and Administrator of the National Postoffice—Trusted Counsellor of the Chinese Government—True Friend of the Chinese People—Modest, Patient, Sagacious and Resolute, He Overcame Formidable Obstacles and Accomplished a Work of Great Beneficence for China and the World."

It is no wonder the Grand Old Man was stoop-shouldered.

Which, think you, will turn the balance in the scales of the Eternal —Napoleon or Sir Robert Hart?

He gave as much as any man—he gave himself—for China.

Near Shanghai, my friend Dr.

Harold Morris of Philadelphia, showed me the beautiful grounds of St. John's Episcopal College, where some 450 Chinese youths are getting the ideals of an American Christian education. This is the kind of work that counts. Would that there was more of it in China. It is less expensive and surely more efficient in the long run than an over-plus of battleships, or granting of indemnities. From Shanghai along a well-lighted coast, our route finally brought us in two days to Nagasaki, where we coaled again by that interesting method shown in my previous article, but this time, as an experiment, with Manchurian rather than Japanese coal.

At Nagasaki, on account of quarantine rules, we were not allowed to go ashore if to return, and most strict watch was kept that photographs were not taken.

A peace meeting of Friends of both branches was held at the 4th and Arch Streets Meeting House, Philadelphia, on December 30th, 1914. President Sharpless presided at the afternoon session. In the evening session, with Walter T. Moore, '71, as presiding member, introductory words were spoken by Stanley R. Yarnall, '92, and Francis R. Taylor, '06. An address was delivered in this session by George M. Warner, '73.

A series of public peace meetings have been held in the Haverford College Union, under the auspices of the Haverford Friends' Bible School. Is Peace on Earth Practicable? It is, according to Stanly R. Yarnall, '92, and Francis R. Taylor, '06, who addressed the meeting, Sunday, January 10th, on "The Historical Development of the Peace Ideal." Mr. Yarnall is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Arbitration and Peace Society, and Vice-President of the Philadelphia Peace Association of Friends. Mr. Taylor is a member of the Philadelphia bar.

Dr. Rufus M. Jones, '85, spoke on "Facts and Ideals" in the meeting on January 17th.

Dr. Sharpless is chairman of a committee of the People's Rights Association of Delaware County, Pa., the purpose of which is a scientific investigation of conditions at the Media court house, including fees, irregularities, etc.

J. Passmore Elkinton is Secretary of the Association.

'76

Professor F. G. Allinson delivered an address before a meeting of the Philological Society, on Wednesday, December 3d. Among those present were: Dr. H. J. Cadbury, '03, and Dr. R. M. Gummere, '06.

'96

L. Hollingsworth Wood read the call for the meeting of the American League to Limit Armaments, which was held recently at the Railroad Club, New York City. The purpose of the League is to oppose the campaign for an increase in naval and military expenditures.

Mr. Wood was elected secretary of the League.

'97

Alfred M. Collins is head of the Collins-Day South American expedition, which sailed recently from New York for Brazil. Before the departure of the expedition Mr. Collins called on Colonel Roosevelt at the latter's invitation, and received many suggestions and much good advice regarding the difficul

ties of exploration in the Brazilian wilds.

George K. Cherrie, head naturalist for Colonel Roosevelt, will accompany Mr. Collins in a similar capacity. Mr. Cherrie will assume the chief responsibility in making collections. For Mr. Collins the expedition will be largely in the nature of a big game hunt.

'02

The following item concerning the work of C. Linn Seiler, will be of additional interest to Haverfordians, apropos of the fact that it is from the pen of an alumnus who is himself a literary critic of recognized ability. We take the liberty to insert it exactly as received from Mr. Sigmund Spaeth: "The songs of C. Linn Seiler, '02, are attracting wide attention because of their unusual combination of melodiousness and artistic individuality. Boosey & Co., publishers of a number of his compositions, prophesy a sensational success for him. John McCormack, Alice Nielsen, and David Bispham are singing his songs."

Mr. Seiler's address is, Avon Road, Bronxville, N. Y.

Charles Wharton Stork was awarded the Browning Society's medal for his poem, "The Flying Fish: An Ode," at the annual Manuscript Night, on January 22nd, at the New Century Club, 124 South 12th Street, Philadelphia.

The Browning medal is awarded each year for the best poem and short story submitted by the members.

'03

Mr. Warren K. Miller was married to Miss C. Frances Jordan Sieger on December 18th, at Siegerville, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Sieger will be at home after May 1st, at 248 North Fourth Street, Allentown, Pa.

'04

The Class of 1904 has decided to edit and print its class paper again this spring, which it has done annually since graduation.

'05

John L. Scull is now back with the Standard Roller Bearing Company.

"Milton's Knowledge of Music" is the title of a book by Sigmund Spaeth, '05, regarding which the New York *Times* says: "It shows a knowledge and appreciation of music that are generally foreign to literary criticism." And the Buffalo *Evening News:* "Dr. Spaeth's book will appeal to every lover of English literature because of the new light which it throws on

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'06

R. L. Cary has been recently made a director of the Bureau of Municipal Research in Baltimore, Md.

Ex-'08

Dr. Calvin B. Coulter is now Resident Bacteriologist in the Presbyterian Hospital, Madison Avenue and 70th Street, New York City.

Dr. Coulter, after leaving Haverford, graduated from Williams College in 1907, and supplemented his work with a year at Princeton and with a medical course at Columbia, graduating from the last place in 1913.

His address is 20 East 90th Street, New York City.

'08

Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson, of "Friendship Hill Farm," Paoli, announce the engagement of their daughter, Dorothy Erwin Henderson, to J. Jarden Guenther, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Guenther, of "Hamilton Court."

Mr. Guenther is a member of the Class of 1908, and was president of the Y. M. C. A. during his last year at College, and Chairman of the Preston Committee from 1907-1912.

'10

Charles Fygis Clark has taken winter lodgings at O'ermead, West

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Chester, Pa. His friends will be interested to know that his health is excellent, a result of dieting under the direction of Victor Schoepperle.

'10

Arthur Hutton spent the week of January 10th in Boston, soliciting business for the A. M. Collins Manufacturing Co., fancy paper boxes.

C. D. Morley has been recently promoted to the editorial department of Doubleday, Page and Company, New York City.

'11

Harrison S. Hires is now residing at East Orange, N. J., having taken charge of the New York office of the Charles E. Hires Company.

'12

Robert E. Miller, who is the advertising manager for the Hamilton Watch Company at Lancaster, Pa., was called as a witness to testify before the Interstate Commerce Committee at Washington, on January 9th, on the Price Standardization Bill now before Congress. Louis D. Brandeis and many prominent men testified at the same hearing.

Mr. Miller was elected, on January 12th, a member of the Executive Committee of the Lancaster Manufacturers' Association, a branch of the National Manufacturers' Association.

Ex-'12

Gorham Parsons Sargent is at present in the employ of the Hare and Chase Insurance Agency, 309-11 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ex-'14

Richard Schoepperle spent a week-end at College in January.

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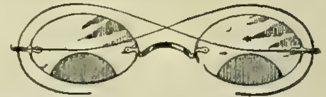

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The Haverfordian

Contents

Editorial Comments 326
Culture a la Mode, Dialogue ....
William H. Chamberlin, '17 328
What is the Young Friends' Movement? ....
Thomas E. Jones 333
The Unknowable, Verse .... E. M. P., '15 336
"The Voice," a Story .... Jack G. C. LeClercq, '18 337
The Dancing Girl, Verse .... Eugene M. Pharo, '15 343
"Friends at the Front," Article 344
Triolet, Verse .... E. M. P., '15 348
The Inspiration of a Woman, Story ....
Eugene M. Pharo, '15 349
Book Review ....
The Eyes of the World . . Jack G. C. Le Clercq, '18 355
Alumni Department .... Robert Gibson, '17 357

February

1915

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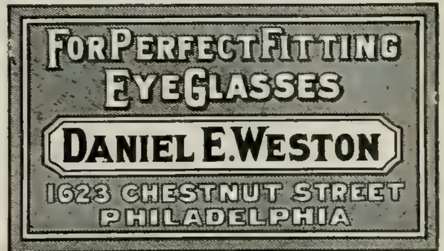

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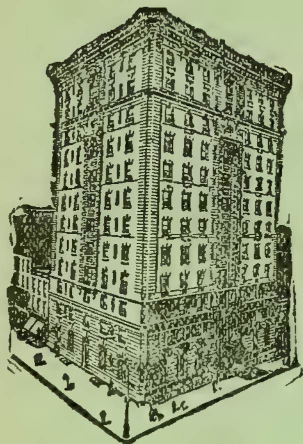

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The

Haverfordian

Volume 37

Haverford College

1915-1916

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLAIN, 1917

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twentieth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter

VOL. XXXVII HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1915 No. 1.

The Short Story Contest

yielded a large amount of meritorious material, for all of which we wish to thank the contestants. The First Prize was not awarded. The Second Prize goes to H. P. Schenck, 1918, and Honorable Mention to Douglass C. Wendell, 1916, and Kenneth W. Webb, 1918. We publish the first two of the above stories in this issue. The last story, together with the best of those not mentioned, will appear in succeeding months.

In This Issue

Special Features

The Size of Haverford............President Sharpless 3
The Church, The College, and Billy Sunday...............
W. H. Chamberlin, '17 13
Paintings or People?................E. M. Pharo, '15 20
The Genius of the Past............Donald Painter, '17 23
An Appeal to Our Appreciation of Heroism..............
L. Hollingsworth Wood, '96 26

Stories

The Brute......................H. P. Schenck, '18 6
On Guard......................D. G. Wendell, '16 18

Verse

Ein Gedanke......................Robert Gibson, '17 5
The Sundayitis..................Robert Gibson, '17 12
The Captive Eagle.................F. M. Morley, '15 17
Early Morning in Washington Square...W. S. Nevin, '18 25

Departments

The Uneasy Chair..........................Editorial 27
Books...
Sinister Street...................J. G. C. LeClercq, '18 29
Through the Glasses..................................
Boris Godounov..................W. H. Chamberlin, '17 31
Alumni Department...............Robert Gibson, '17 33

In the Next Issue

The Poetry of Vachell Lindsay...........................
Charles Wharton Stork, '02

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. XXXVII HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1915 No. 1

The Size of Haverford

I AM glad to answer the request of the Editors of the HAVERFORDIAN that I should say something about the number of students we should aim to have in Haverford College. For a small college, that is one of 250 or less, may be urged the advantage of close acquaintance among the different members of the College. This will show itself in more personal interest in the welfare of the students, intellectually and morally, in stronger and more wholesome college spirit, and in more adaptation to individual needs and temperaments. For the larger college may be mentioned the greater momentum which numbers often give, the increased opportunity to manage outside college activities, the greater effectiveness in elective courses, and the better utilization of the work of the professors.

It is difficult to determine which of these points of view is more important, and it is not a matter of wonder that the sentiment of the friends of the College should be divided. As a matter of fact, I doubt very much whether any antecedent opinions we have on the subject will have much effect upon the result. It is not likely that future administrations will decline to receive well-prepared and desirable students provided there is dormitory accommodation sufficient to house them. It is also probable that those who prefer a small college will greatly extend their limit as the old limit is approached. I can remember very well when four classes of 20 each was supposed to be the ideal number; later when 150 was to be the maximum, and now we talk about 200 or 250. When the latter figure is reached it is probable that the conservative friends of the College will think that 300 is a better number; and what will happen after that no one can foretell. People who thought that there were only about 100 students of the right sort for Haverford have changed their minds, as they find that the College is not deteriorating in quality as it is increasing in numbers. Any increase in numbers, however, must be preceded by additional dormitory space, for our neighborhood is not favorable to boarding-houses, and the difficulties of main-

taining standards, if such houses existed, would be greatly increased. At present our students all live in dormitories except a few who reside at home, and it is quite important that this situation should continue. Friends, therefore, of increase of numbers must see to it that the increased accommodations are provided; for we are practically full at the present time.

Another point must be seriously considered: Means taken by some colleges to increase their numbers are such as Haverford cannot adopt. The lowering of standards, undignified advertising and underbidding are quite as evident in the methods of certain colleges as in some second-rate business firms. There is a proper advertisement of the real merits of the College which should not be neglected; it would consist in explaining, to young men fitted to enter college, or who are likely to be, the real conditions at the institution. There are scores of young men, who, if they knew Haverford as it is without any exaggeration, would find that it is the ideal college for them. They do not know it at present, and are not likely to except by verbal or written statements lodged with them. Of the two the verbal statement will count for the most, and this is why we must look with approval upon the efforts being made by the undergraduates and some of the younger Alumni to present, either individually or collectively, the claims of Haverford to boys who ought to come here.

Business of almost all sorts now requires agents, and for the College we cannot expect anything better than the efforts of those who know by several years' residence what they are talking about, and whose enthusiasm for the place will enable them to present its claims with the arguments that appeal to the boys. It is perfectly proper to point out to them the wholesome sanitary conditions, the ample opportunity for sports right at the door of the College, the scholarly character of the Professors, the opportunities of the Library and Laboratories, and the pleasant spirit of comradeship which prevails throughout. These are legitimate assets of the College which cannot be too widely known.

On the other hand we cannot buy up athletes simply because they are athletes with money or promises. There are large scholarship funds in the possession of the College, but these are given practically on the basis of competitive examination in which physical excellence has no place.

We should not unjustly disparage other institutions in presenting the advantages of Haverford, and we should not give any one opportunity to hope that the Faculty will seriously relax their standards of admission in particular cases.

Undoubtedly the entrance examinations prevent many boys from coming to Haverford. It is the only college in the state and one of only six in the United States which requires examinations from all candidates for entrance who aspire to a degree. This requirement undoubtedly drives many away in advance. It is so easy to enter many other colleges by the simple presentation of a certificate from schools, which is often rather easily obtained, that boys who do not care for the special advantages of Haverford take the line of least resistance and enter elsewhere. Some are excluded by the examinations, but as a result those who come are apt to stay. For several years past the College has lost only about a dozen students a year in addition to the graduating class. So that the thing to do is to induce boys to take the ordeal of the examination, with the assurance that if they are moderately fitted they will be admitted, and once admitted will not regret it.

It is to our interest, whatever our college ideals may be, to have a larger number of candidates. If we want a large college, of course this is the only way to get it. If we want a small college we want emphasis laid upon the quality of the students, and to secure this there must be such an overflow of applicants that the best only need be taken.

Hence I think that we are all agreed that the time is appropriate for effective efforts to increase the number of candidates for admission, by methods which are collegiate and dignified—leaving the number actually taken into the College to be determined by dormitory accommodations and the results of the examinations.

—*I. S.*

Ein Gedanke

Gaze upon the glory that was Rome,
As if the choice of elegance were thine:—
Ah! never, Father Tiber, can ye boast
The romance-breathing fragrance of the Rhine.

The Danube has a charm to lull despair,
The careless joy of youth is in the Seine,
But none of ye, my streams, can e'en compare
Thy rippling songs to Lorelei's refrain.

—*Robert Gibson, '17.*

The Brute

A SHRIEK of the horn, a whirl of wind, a splash of mud. The husky Brute jumped and almost swore—but he saw the Sweet Young Thing at the wheel. He looked over toward the puddle that tried to float his straw. He looked at his golf bag and the one broken club. The huge car stopped. A liveried negro came walking back and handed him a card.

"De Missy, she done offer huh apol'gies, suh," he said.

"Oh, s'all right, s'all right," said the husky Brute, "s'all right."

The negro turned and walked back to the machine, which soon whirled off. The Brute stood looking down at the bit of cardboard in his hand. It read:

"Jane Van Verbeck Hall."

"What a confounded, long-eared idiot I am!" said the Brute, as he secured one of his cards from an inner pocket of his blazer and started toward the vanishing motor, leaving his hat and golf bag lying in the road.

I.

It was to be a very exclusive affair. The Brute didn't want to go, but even wealth has its unpleasant and compulsory duties to perform. And he, who hated formalities and collars, was actually compelled at times to detach himself from golf and breaking the speed limit, and attend severe social functions, at which pink lemonade and cookies were distributed by short-trousered servants. The Brute especially hated the admiration bestowed upon him, for, let it be whispered, he had acquired an enviable football reputation.

Some become cowards at the cannon's mouth, others at the sight of sudden danger, but the Brute wilted at the scene of the evening's festivities. Two minutes later the huge gray roadster was breaking the speed limit away from the lantern-lighted grounds and the brilliant, servant-lined doorway. He sped from road to road, making turns without a thought of where he was going, or how he would be able to return. Suddenly the Brute leaned forward and slowly cut down his speed. In the glare of the headlights he distinguished a motionless car. It was a machine he had seen but once before, yet he had dreamed of that particular motor many times of late. A "Frenchy" was excitably swinging his arms around and walking back and forth in short, jerky steps, stopping now and then to clap his hands to his forehead and cry, "Mon Dieu!" A rapidly evaporating trail of liquid leading backward told the tale of the punctured tank.

The Brute was hailed as a miraculous find. Two minutes later a perfumed young person was seated beside a much bewildered young man. The car started forward with the smooth, even glide of the thoroughbred machine. A man wearing a military moustache and breathing forth French oaths was poking his finger into a jagged hole in the gasoline tank. The Brute found his breathing apparatus defective to such an extent that it was next to impossible for him to breathe or to speak. Finally, however, he ventured to remark, "Fine evening."

"Perfectly gorgeous," remarked the young person, with the result that the Brute nearly reversed the engine.

But the silence was broken and soon they were chattering away about all sorts of delightfully foolish and unimportant topics, unmindful of the fact that they were disobeying the accepted laws of etiquette, and calling down upon their heads the terrible wrath of the gods of society.

The car swerved into a broad, curving drive. The lanterns swung idly in the faint breeze, and beyond through a great doorway poured a flood of light. The music, softened by the distance, threw its enchantment over the gardens and the little lake beyond. The car wound its way silently up to the house. Up the broad marble steps and across the paved verandah marched the Brute and the girl. He bravely saluted the host, and even bowed gracefully to the hostess, and then—

II.

The Brute and the girl had become separated. He didn't know how it had happened; he only knew that it hadn't been his fault. He made his way to the library, one of those collections of rare volumes thrown open occasionally on state occasions. The huge armchair was wonderfully comfortable. A summer zephyr stirred the great silk curtains. The conversation in the great drawing-room filtered through the portieres and sounded like the buzzing of bees. In a short time the Brute had fallen asleep.

"He's a failure."

The Brute awoke with a start. Evidently he was no longer the only occupant of the luxurious store-room. Then he heard his name mentioned and he pricked up his ears.

"Money at his command. A brain capable of something. About the only thing he has done successfully is football. Smashes through a tense mass of bone and muscle, injures a few,—a lot of "Rah-rahs" from the crowd,—and we have our dear chap's photo in all the morning papers."

The Brute gritted his teeth and waited. There was no escape.

"Why don't he do something for humanity with his wealth instead of wasting his energy on sports!—Football.—Acts like a brute,—yes, that's it exactly,—he IS a BRUTE."

The young fellow, sitting very quietly behind a library table, heard no more. At first, his face had paled, but now as his thoughts passed rapidly from one scene to another, he sat bolt upright, and gripped the arms of his chair until his knuckles were white. The blood slowly returned to his countenance. Gradually, very gradually, he relaxed. He had made a great resolution—a resolution which did more for his country than did the Battle of Gettysburg. And then he dozed off again.

III.

The very exclusive affair had passed into history. The motors that lined the drive, gradually faded away one by one into the night. The great doors and windows on the lower floor were closed. The streaks of crimson that betokened the coming day were already appearing in the eastern sky. The birds sang joyously. A dog barked once. Then, as the darkness gave way to twilight, a long, sleek machine rolled up the drive and discharged a solitary passenger. He strolled about the gardens for a long time and filled his arms with precious blossoms, which he selected carefully. Returning, he laid them upon the seat of the car.

An hour passed. Two. The great mansion was still wrapped in silence. The Brute paced nervously up and down the verandah. He halted now and then to glance up at the sky. Another hour passed. Servants began moving about, and finally the Brute was admitted. He was hailed with delight by the head of the house and was forced to tramp over the wet fields in order to inspect some new stock recently acquired. Breakfast being served upon their return, the Brute was forced to listen to a lengthy discourse upon the merits of a new breed of fowl. His host was somewhat disconcerted during his recital by the fact that the Brute kept his eyes fixed upon the door.

"Did Miss Hall remain here over-night?" inquired the young man, finally, when he could stand it no longer.

"Indeed she did. Had some unfortunate accident on the way, I believe. Rescued by somebody in time to attend the affair last night. Forget the chap's name. Must be quite a delightful young fellow according to her description."

The Brute almost choked on a piece of toast, but hastily gulped

some coffee. The host observed the sudden confusion of his guest, but failed to recognize the cause.

"Yes, yes. Very extraordinary. It seems he was too bashful to remain. Evidently was afraid of a little praise."

The Brute pulled out his watch, whistled, dabbed at his crimson face with his handkerchief, and then hastily arose. Bidding a hasty adieu, he ran to his car and sped away.

IV.

He had made all his preparations. His plans were complete. The final step remained to be taken, and it was the most difficult step of all. With a trembling hand he raised the huge brass knocker and let it fall. The lackey bowed him into the hall. The Brute stood whirling his hat around his index finger. He followed the servant into the reception-room and sat down. Twenty minutes passed. He had looked at the clock ever since his entry, and consulted his watch frequently. A strange perfume pervaded the atmosphere and he turned around. A smiling, graceful figure stood in the doorway. He rose, and the polite greetings of etiquette having been successfully accomplished, they conversed freely and without restraint.

"I am going away," he said suddenly.

"Going away?"

"Yes. I want you to think of me."

"I am sure I will always think of you with the highest regard."

"I know that it isn't right," he continued, "to ask it of you."

"But I do not understand."

"I love you," he blurted out. "I know I have never been worthy of you. That's why I am going away. They say that I am a brute—a failure. I am going to make good. You don't know me at all. I admit all this. When I return you will perhaps think much better of me. I ask but one thing—that you think of me. It will be that one little act which will strengthen me during the task I am about to undertake."

The girl appeared startled at first. She glanced at his earnest face, and remained silent. The ticking of the little jeweled clock sounded thunderous in the tense quiet.

"I promise," she said, and quickly brushing his forehead with her lips, she fled from the room.

V.

There is a very curious legend that is told to visitors in the tenderloin of the greatest metropolis of America. It is a fabulous tale, seldom

believed. There remain, however, certain proofs which seem to substantiate the legend. The hero has always been described as having been of tremendous breadth of shoulder. This is perhaps the only statement in which all the descriptions agree.

There are sweat-shop proprietors who are still cursing him; and there are mothers of babes reared by his aid, who are still praying for him each night. There are men of all nationalities who gratefully remember his lifting touch, his word to the man in the gutter. There are men who remember the beatings he gave them. They are the wife-beaters, and they still have fear of his fierce and sudden punishment. There are students, former newsboys, who will never forget the financial aid so wisely and carefully bestowed. There are gamblers who remember his appeal to them. He never criticized their life; he merely spoke gently with them.

They tell tales of starving families fed, of thriftless fellows rendered thrifty, of child-labor victims freed and cared for, and of corrupt city officials punished; but in a sanatorium in eastern Pennsylvania rests a cripple who knows the whole story. He it was who begged in the coldest winter weather on the bleak street corners of the shopping district, until a certain very wonderful thing happened. He had been arrested for begging and was about to be sent to a reformatory, when a very tall young man arose from among the crowd in the juvenile court, spoke a word to the judge and then took him along to a room on the third floor of a tenement. It was a wonderful room—prettier than any the cripple had ever seen before. There was a bed, desk, carpet, filing-cabinet, and many chairs. Before long the boy was an efficient typist. His guardian was seldom there. They had no visitors, and wished none. Their retreat was purposely a secret one. The work of the young cripple was very light, but his guardian, curiously enough, insisted that he take periodic vacations, which although enjoyable had a certain disagreeable ending, namely, the submission to a specialist's diagnosis.

A year passed away. The magistrates in the local courts were amazed at the wonderful change that had come over the community. The social workers, who had been unable to effect any change by years of hard labor, were dumbfounded. Yet none of these could trace the cause of it all. The newspapers of the great metropolis published voluminous articles on the subject. Magazines obtained the views of experts and the great reform wave even extended to the cover designs.

The little room in lower New York was the nucleus of the whole affair. Hidden away among the piles of papers were reports and records, jealously guarded by a cripple. The Brute passed day after day among

the foreigners of the lower East Side. Unshaven, dressed in tattered garments, he guided the destinies of an embryo nation.

VI.

Miss Jane Van Verbeck Hall was a member of a slumming party which made a superficial circuit of the lower East Side every month. On this particular excursion the members had decided to swoop unexpectedly down upon an unsuspecting tenement and explore it to its dregs. The sun which in the suburbs smiles over the green valley foliage, was completely hidden here. Drab walls were guarded from the sunlight by the factory smoke. The heat arose from the paving-stones and was reflected back by the baked walls. Many of the young tourists in fact were more desirous of sitting in some shady nook and enjoying some fiction, than of participating in the grim reality. They entered a particularly dingy building and climbed the dark and narrow stairs. On the third floor they found a cripple who stared at them with distrust and dodged through a battered door into a room beyond. This strange conduct interested the young ladies considerably, and the young officer detailed to accompany them, desirous of showing his authority, forced open the door. They had all expected to find a squalid, dirty room, bare of comforts. To their surprise they found the windows neatly curtained, the room completely furnished, office accessories scattered about and a general appearance of neatness. It was at this opportune moment that the Brute arrived. The boy was angrily expostulating with the guardian of the law, who was examining the papers nearest him. The Brute had served his time.

VII.

The canoe glided silently beneath the overhanging branches of the old maples. A golden glow, the sunset on the waters, formed a pool of liquid gold and ochre.

"I have conquered," said the Brute, gently, "but all of this glory is as naught without you, gentle soul. I want you. My work is not over. It has just begun. Tomorrow I leave for a tour of the industrial centres of England. I have put my wealth behind me. I will recognize but three duties hereafter—my duty to you, God, and humanity. Will you help me in this great task?"

The twilight was sinking over the land. The strange quiet of evening was broken only by the gentle murmur of the waters. The girl hung her head and was silent for a time. But there was no doubt in her mind.

She turned around and gazed softly into his face. He leaned forward tremblingly, feeling that his whole life was at stake.

"You know the promise that I gave you a long time ago. I have more than kept it. I have loved you."

Darkness had fallen, enshrouding the joys and sorrows of all. Two souls drifted down the flowing waters to their happiness.

—*H. P. Schenck, '18.*

The Sundayitis

You can talk about your ministers, philosophers and such,
But the whole durn sum and substance really don't amount to much.
You ask me why I doubt 'em, so I'll have to answer, Well,
Can a college man's religion lift a feller out o' hell?
I've knocked about some in my time, and seen the world a bit,
And know that square pegs in round holes have never made a fit.
And it's all the same in 'Frisco as it is in old New York,
Where you see the devil struttin' with a magnet on his fork.
Oh! I've got the Sundayitis, and I've hit the sawdust trail;
I can't resist his arrows with a double coat of mail.
He may be a trifle offish, and perhaps a bit too rough,
But you'll have to grant it, fellers, he's surely got the stuff.
So, fellers, quit your knockin', and go round to hear him preach:
He'll hit you square and solid, on a plane that you can reach.
There's no mincin' round the subject in philosophic awe,
But, preachin' hell for sartin, he'll read you out the law.
Mayhap, he's not quite right, boys, but right here let us pause,—
He's got the pluck to fight, boys, and he's workin' for the Cause!

—*Robert Gibson, '17.*

The Church, The College and "Billy" Sunday

"THE rivers of this country will run red with blood before they take the Bible out of the public schools." "The man who does not believe in the justice and power of God (the context indicates a direct allusion to Dr. Eliot, of Harvard) is a liar. He is so low down that he would need an aeroplane to get to hell." "I don't care who you are, if you do not believe in salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ, you will go to hell." "When the concensus of scholarship conflicts with the word of God, the concensus of scholarship can go plumb to hell."

No, these pithy and forcible comments are not extracts from the deliberations of a church council held in the tenth century. Nor are they culled from the sermons of some obscure campmeeting exhorter who is preaching to a mob of illiterate backwoodsmen. They are typical statements from the lips of the Rev. William A. Sunday in his sermons at the tabernacle in Philadelphia, sermons which are loudly extolled as the greatest factors for individual and social righteousness in America to-day. Other phrases, which doubtless conduce to the moral elevation of his auditors, are: "rotten, stinking mass of Unitarianism," and "bastard theory of evolution."

I do not think that Billy Sunday's personal character is especially objectionable. He is undoubtedly perfectly sincere in his extraordinary conceptions of God, future life, and the message of Jesus Christ, and his conviction of the close relationship between himself and the Deity is beyond question. His faults may be attributed, in some measure at least, to unfortunate environment and natural lack of refinement rather than to any innate perversity of character. But the personal character of the evangelist is of minor importance in comparison with the effect of his work and the attitude which the religious and educational forces of the country should take towards that work.

It is impossible to deny that Billy Sunday's sweeping indictments of social and individual vices do a certain amount of good, although that good has certainly not been underestimated by the evangelist's able corps of press agents. But, on the other hand, Mr. Sunday's teachings and methods have a number of very obnoxious results which have been generally ignored or glossed over. His inordinate personal vanity, his illconcealed contempt for all who do not practise his own sensational and hysterical methods of conversion, the almost incredible venom and coarseness of his attacks upon Unitarianism and agnosticism; all these elements in his work tend to revive the spirit of religious fanaticism and bigotry, which has hitherto happily lain dormant in our country. His

vulgar and ill-informed vituperation of those discoveries of science and historical research which contradict his medieval interpretation of the Bible, arouses in ignorant minds a tendency to despise and ridicule the work of those patient scholars who are trying to remove the clouds of ignorance and superstition from the popular mind. And, above all, his constant insistence upon such doctrines as a physical hell and eternal torment for those who do not subscribe to certain abstract theological tenets, gives a fatally distorted picture of Christianity and degrades it below the level of the most intelligent pagan religions. On one hand, his influence turns a certain number of hysterical, broken-down human wrecks to more or less permanent repentance; on the other hand, it degrades the whole moral and intellectual tone of the age and country, turns the most sacred beliefs into cheap buffoonery, and inevitably alienates thousands of intelligent men from the religion which the evangelist falsely claims to represent. Can it be questioned whether his influence is more potent for good or for evil?

But even more regrettable than the enormous popularity of the evangelist's vaudeville methods in religion, even more distressing than the eagerness with which multitudes drink in his crude fanaticism and his outworn dogmas, is the well-nigh inexplicable attitude which the churches and higher educational institutions of the nation have taken towards Billy Sunday, his beliefs, and his methods.

If vulgarity, ignorance, and fanaticism are vital factors in the message of Christ, then Mr. Sunday can well claim to be the foremost living interpreter of Christianity. It is hard to believe that the Christian Church takes such an attitude towards the message of her Founder; and yet how else can one explain the almost universal torrent of exaggerated praise and fulsome adulation with which the Church everywhere greets the evangelist? At every tabernacle service hundreds of ministers sit in a reserved section and patiently hear themselves and their methods held up to the coarsest ridicule by a man who is probably inferior to any one of them in everything except vaudeville ability and billingsgate. The spineless submission of these ministers to the taunts and abuse of the evangelist will long remain a source of shame and humiliation to those who have the honor and dignity of the Church at heart.

"But," say some of the evangelist's apologists, "while much that Billy Sunday says is crude and exaggerated, he does a great deal of good to a certain class of people. Consequently, we will overlook or condone his methods, while we applaud his results." Such a contention, it seems to me, is practically a confession that Christianity, that Christ's methods and spirit have been a failure. For the qualities of love, justice, gentle-

ness and tolerance, which are so predominant in the New Testament, are conspicuous by their absence in Mr. Sunday's wild and tempestuous exhortations. In confessing her own weakness by enlisting the services of such a thoroughly unchristian agent as Mr. Sunday, the Church has brought a graver indictment against Christ and His religion than the most gifted sceptical philosopher has yet been able to bring.

Has the Church suffered such a blindness of mental perception that she cannot perceive the incongruity of pretending to stand for a liberal and modern interpretation of religion on one hand, and of endorsing the medieval fanaticism of Mr. Sunday on the other? Or is she controlled in her actions by an unworthy fear of alienating and offending the vulgar mob which regards Mr. Sunday's combination of slang, abusive language, histrionic talent and athletic prowess as the veritable embodiment of ideal religion? Neither explanation reflects much credit upon the present condition of the Church.

But even more remarkable than the conduct of the Church has been the attitude of many colleges and universities which have more or less officially taken notice of the evangelist and his work. It has hitherto been the general impression that the ideal of the American college is to make scholars and gentlemen of its students. If there is one man in America who seems to have realized this ideal perfectly, that man is Dr. Charles Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard College. In dignity, in fairness, in moderation, in breadth and depth of mind, in all the attributes of the truly cultured gentleman, Dr. Eliot has few equals and no superiors on this side of the ocean. Mr. Sunday's attitude towards Dr. Eliot has varied from the coarse abusiveness quoted at the beginning of this article to a rather amusing affectation of pity for the Doctor's unfortunate narrowness and shallowness of mind. One would suppose that Mr. Sunday's attitude towards Dr. Eliot would, in itself, forfeit for him the sympathy of the colleges and universities.

But, apparently, the majority of the colleges have either given up their ideal of the cultured gentleman or else have come to the conclusion that Mr. Sunday is a much closer approximation to that ideal than is Dr. Eliot. The president of one large and well-known Pennsylvania college leads in prayer at one tabernacle service and appoints a day of prayer for Billy Sunday's success at his college. The authorities at a still more widely known university repeatedly invite Billy Sunday to address the students and lift them to a higher moral and intellectual plane. Everywhere men of the highest reputation for scholarship either express unqualified approval for Billy Sunday and his methods or criticize him so guardedly and cautiously that their very criticism is little short of praise.

Nowhere is there any manly repudiation of the present wave of hysterical, pseudo-religious fanaticism, nowhere is there any regard or reverence for the grand old classical ideals which are now being trampled in the mire of vulgar contempt.

It would seem that the instinct of self-preservation itself would lead the colleges to combat Mr. Sunday's influence as far as possible. The first principle of education, the writing and speaking of correct English, is outraged by the evangelist at every possible opportunity. His opinion of the value of scientific study may be gathered from his delicate reference to evolution as "a bastard theory," and his frequent allusions to Darwin as "the old infidel." His appreciation of the beauties of literature is expressed in his description of Shakespeare and Milton as "old clods." He brands the historical students of the Bible as "trying to know more than God does," while his conception of such cultural subjects as Latin and Greek, although somewhat vague, seems to indicate that an undue preference for the works of such dead "infidels" as Homer, Plato and Cicero is prejudicial to the welfare of the immortal soul.

So much for Mr. Sunday's appreciation of the cultural part of the college ideal. In regard to the actions which do or do not mark the gentleman, there will always be considerable difference of opinion. But it seems fairly obvious that a man who habitually violates the rules, not only of courtesy, but of common decency in his language, who almost invariably substitutes the coarsest abuse and invective for rational argument and logic, and who is incapable of carrying on any discussion without losing both temper and self-control, has no right to that honorable title. If the educational leaders of the nation believe that fanaticism is a more potent force than reason, that coarse and abusive billingsgate and slang are more uplifting than the language of the cultured gentleman, that the vision of eternal torment gives a higher conception of religion than the trust in an All-Wise and All-Merciful Creator, then let them do away with free scientific and philosophic investigation and turn the colleges into theological and religious seminaries. But if they believe that truth and reason are not mere names, if they believe that Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light" is, after all, a greater element in the world's progress than the passions and tempests of the mob, then let them stand manfully by their colors and combat Mr. Sunday's baleful influence at every point, resting confident in the ultimate triumph of culture and light over barbarism and darkness.

Unfortunately, the thought leaders of the nation give no indication of following either the first course, which would be consistent, at least, or the second, which would require a high type of moral courage. In

common with the foremost men in the Church, they seem to lack the robust self-confidence which enables men to stand up for their convictions in the face of the most overwhelming odds. The best that we can hope is that the historian of the future, when he describes the Billy Sunday revival, will draw the mantle of charity over the inconsistent and unworthy attitude of the Church and the college.

—*William H. Chamberlain, '17.*

The Captive Eagle

Coldly defiant in thy cage of steel,
We glimpse thee dreaming of a lost demesne,
And in that regal bearing seek the pain
O'er which thy pride has set so firm a seal.
Crude outward senses lack the pow'r to feel;
Thy bondless soul o'er boundless waves again
Is roaming, free to soar 'neath Nature's fane,
Surmount all clouds, and in pure sunlight wheel.

No need to heed the throngs that pass thee by:
The night must come; with night the crowds disperse.
And though because of bars thou canst not fly,
They cannot stay thee from thy universe.
Swarming beneath, we pity thee on high,—
'Tis mankind's lot, that spirit-bonds coerce.

—*F. M. M., '15.*

On Guard

"FELIX, the smiling one," the courtiers called young de Beauport, because when he fought he always smiled. His father taught him to fence, and his grandfather taught him manners. It was a great day for him when he came to Paris to the Court. His grandfather took him around to the armourer and told the fellow he wanted a rapier—"sharp as the boy's wit and long," he said. The lad chose one, and they were soon inseparable, each a living part of the other, slim and supple, both.

Felix, I think, believed in three things—in his rapier, in his lady, and in himself. She was fair, Adele, that little niece of Coligny's. Felix loved her from the first; when he met her, blushing and confused, the day he took a message from the King to the kindly-faced old Admiral at his new quarters in the quaint old house on the corner of the crooked Rue Carret. After that he always managed to be the messenger to the Admiral's house, and while he was waiting for the old man to write his reply, the girl and boy used to talk together in the low-ceilinged sitting-room, and he would tell her Court gossip, and she would describe to him her former home in Rochelle. Sometimes he would pretend she was a hateful heretic, and cross himself, and hold his sword hilt up in front of him, shrinking away from her in pretended fear, while she would gaze at him, big-eyed with awe. Then he would burst into a merry laugh and ask her if she did not want to become a Catholic. Much he was thinking about religion then!

Only a month after he met her, the great day came. It had been hot, for the time was August, 1572, and all Paris towards sunset was out on its door-step. In the air was a tremble of excitement, and the troops in the King's barracks were restless. Felix did not notice it, for he was very happy that St. Bartholomew's twilight. He was going to visit Adele. He had heard a wild rumor about a plot against the Huguenots, but that did not concern Adele, safe at the great Admiral's.

It was just eight when he stepped from under the massive archway to the palace, and the church bells began to ring. That sound was as if the waves of the ocean were bells, and the billows were crashing out over Paris. It sounded as if all the sextons in Paris had gone mad. Felix stopped at the corner in astonishment. From the church opposite poured out a mob of bourgeois armed with old sabers and axes and halberds. Like hounds on the scent they rushed down the street, and one burly butcher howled out, "Down with the Huguenots!" and the rest took up the note in full cry. "My God!" murmured Felix, and he grew white.

He reached the house on the Rue Carret but just in time; they were battering at the front door when he got there. Felix intuitively sought the side of the house away from the crowd. He scaled the wall of the neighboring courtyard and ran to the rear, where he climbed into the little garden back of Adele's home. "Adele," he shouted, "open, for God's sake, open!" Luckily she heard him and let down the bar, for in her terror she had run to the rear away from the pandemonium out front. Seizing her hand, he pulled her out and pushed the door to; "Quick! Out the rear gate!" he commanded. They reached it none too soon, for down the side street came the first overflow of the crowd. Felix hadn't the time to fight, and, although they recognized his court dress, they looked at him askance, but he turned on them with his quick wit. "The girl is mine—go thou and do likewise." And with a leer he motioned the stragglers towards the house. They gave a short, ugly laugh and passed on into the garden.

Then the two sped down the street, turning into byways away from the tumult. They had almost reached Felix's grandfather's, their haven, when back of them around the corner came a group of three half-drunken soldiers, prowling for easy plunder and bent on any villany to be hidden under the cloak of religious zeal. Felix and the girl shrank back against the wall. There was a bare chance of escaping notice by going up a near-by alley, so they turned. But the men caught sight of the girl's dress, and one of them cried out, "Come on, boys, here's meat for us!" They fled, and had not gone a hundred yards when they saw the alley was a pocket. Felix groaned. To their right was a small, dark archway opening upon an inner courtyard. They were desperate, and had to make a stand. Felix set his jaw and swung the softly sobbing girl into the black hole behind him. It was three against one, but only two could attack at the same time. The first came on. "Hell! Boy, let us have the girl and we'll let thee go." He stood with guard half down, sneering into the boy's face. Felix's rapier was long then, and the man's last word ended in a gurgle, for the point passed through his throat and out his neck. On the lips of Felix played a smile, and his eyes shone a steel gray that matched the color of his rapier when it was dry. Then from the portal rang out clear and defiant, "On guard, curs!" and Felix, the smiling one, had begun a winning fight.

—*Douglass C. Wendell, '16.*

Paintings, or People?

IT is a fearful thing to "take in" an Art Exhibit. That is, if you really "take it in" instead of conscientiously enthusing over the paintings in room after room. You should pay some attention to the paintings, of course. They help to explain things. But so much is there besides, that to take it all in is to gorge the appreciation fearfully.

I went to the 110th Annual Exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts on an assignment. I went on "free day" in order to see everything. Four hours was not enough—four years would hardly suffice. Life there is as luxuriant as in a jungle—and nearly as stifling.

I am not an artist. The canvases did not attract my attention so soon as did the profusion of pretty girls and beautifully dressed women. I had thought it would be like a church—that I would see few men.

There are almost as many men as there are women. Nearly every woman has one.

Some women trail slender tyros of an eagerly explanatory type about with them, and get technical criticism at first hand. These women are usually advanced in age and are dressed like female Maecenases. The youths are a great deal like young robins. One has a large seal ring on the index finger he uses to point out flesh tints. Fortunately there are few of this type.

Occasionally a solitary woman clothed in dark blue or in brown, with a sweepingly large hat, pauses silently before the picture of a young girl, or the light of a sunset and makes me wish for a canvas and to be an artist.

Behind her are four women in a group. Their hats are blue, brown, and black; one has no hat at all, but a peacock's plumage held smoothly under a transparent net. Their dresses flow harmoniously from graceful figures, and a yellow vest, or a purple coat, adds to the riot of color heightened by bright eyes and full, red lips.

Two nervous little Jewesses scurry by.

A tall woman with long eyelashes and quick, brilliant black eyes, making me think of the French "filles de joie," trails past with a greasy-haired, sensual-looking man. They pass a mother,—in marble,—praying with her two children held close. The man makes a mechanical sound intended for a laugh. The woman giggles hysterically. The sounds rise discordantly above the steady shuffling of feet on the stone floor, and the murmuring of voices, as the crowd flows on, forming and breaking in little eddies like water in a shallow stream.

Staccato sounds bespeak the heels of two women of fashion who

have somehow wandered in on this day of the people. They chatter volubly. Occasionally they glance at a picture. "See that fruit!" one gurgles. "Yes, isn't it splendid?" comes the appreciative reply. They pause before a bronze book-rack. It is the cast of a polo player bending from his horse. The "Philadelphia Blue Book" enhances the aesthetic ensemble of the piece.

Three huge negroes stop near them. They move on.

The tallest and heaviest of the blacks explains to his brethren that the green bronze piper is charming the crouching leopard with the music of his flute.

Across the hall I see two "young things." They dart from one brilliant picture to another—and look electrically into each other's face. The girl is very intense. She holds the man feverishly by his coat sleeve. He is a musician—not the kind that is caricatured, but a well-tailored, clean-looking artist. They are getting out of the Exhibit all that it holds. She is the best picture there, under the shadow of her large hat.

It is fascinating to sit in the vicinity of a nude. Here one can choose the artists. Three or four scrawny youths stand nervously for a second in front of her. Their smirks effect a feeling of revulsion. A grandmother comes upon her suddenly and blushes, with a start. Two spinster ladies look for five minutes at a basket of fruit nearby—but their eyes take stolen glances.

The intense young couple darts up.

"Isn't she lovely?" Petite exclaims. (I name her on sudden impulse.)

The musician surveys the sculpture critically, and agrees. I love "Petite" and her lover more than before.

I walk about once more and am impressed with the pictures of tall chimneys, of large men at heavy labor, of pulleys and canals that bespeak the rude vigor of a new day. The picture of an "L" crowd absorbed in its newspapers, the sculpture of commuters beating their way through the wind and storm, make me think of a time when artistry was occupied in portraying the Holy Virgin, and saints and cherubs that have never yet been seen.

I come upon a picture of the best-loved artist of the few who have received the encouragement of a Friendly education. An illustrated note-book in my college library establishes kinship with the Maxfield Parrish whom Kenyon Cox has portrayed for the admiration of the passing throng.

An immense woman bumps me in the back. A voice that itself

seems fat, exclaims," "How sweet!" She is looking at a fresh young girl with the white background of a winter's day, who has received the gold medal. The picture is "sweet." The children go close as though finding a comrade.

I return to the central place and look for the third time at a bronze dancing girl—eight inches high.

The catalogue says that nearly everything is for sale. I curse the limitations of my purse. A large Jewish person comes up with an attendant. I listen fearfully to their conversation. The little inspiration is going to his cluttered mansion. I wonder she does not topple over and end it all. But she is held firmly by copper wires nailed to the green cloth of her pedestal. Behind her is the polo player and the "Blue Book."

Disgusted, I take a last look and leave her to her fate.

I am tired of standing up. A soft divan gives me an excellent place from which to look once more at the people. But the pleasure has fled. One soon becomes sated with humanity when alone. There is no one to whom to overflow. Impressions beat in and stun.

On my way out a snatch of conversation makes me smile as all true Americans should at audible signs of appreciation or feeling.

"Don't you think there's a sort of poetry about that? A-ah—sort of easy—those dark grey clouds—*also*." It is a red-haired, freckled, and rather dumpy lady who makes this flight.

I went up a side street to the station. A building in process of demolition was on my way. A man and three women stood, absorbed in the sight. I had seen them equally absorbed by the prize pictures twenty minutes before.

After all it is "the thing" to go to an Exhibit!

—Eugene M. Pharo, '15.

The Genius of the Past

It was night, and the wind was softly blowing through the trees, as I sat reading stories of the past—tales of ancient Egypt, of Babylon and Syria in days gone by, of mysterious Arabia and all those other lands of the rising sun. I mused on history and the past, and over it all I seemed to see that golden, mystic splendor which ofttimes accompanies a summer's dying day. As the indefinite masses of pure white cloud seem to us on earth like real enchanted castles of fable, so those far-gone times appeared sweetly beautiful to my imaginative fancy. The light of vague unreality fell over them all. And outside the wind moaned drearily, and I thrilled to the sound as I sat in the warm glow of my lamp.

I had allowed my book to fall into my lap and was staring vacantly into space, dreaming of all this beauty, when I was suddenly startled by the appearance of a figure before me. It was a woman clad in white robes; her golden hair streamed over her shoulders, partly covering a neck of pure whiteness; her features exhibited a calm, almost stern beauty; and she seemed to be looking through and beyond me. Startled surprise and admiration held me as in a trance while I gazed upon her, and as I gazed I saw that in one hand she held a tablet, and in the other a stylus. As I saw these things, a realization of her identity broke in upon me. "Ah!" I thought, "this must be the Muse of History." And even as this thought passed through my mind, a strange change came over her. The face became wrinkled and drawn, the golden hair sickened into straggly locks of dead gray color, the well-carried shoulders drooped as a flying standard droops when the wind dies out, the hands that bore the tablet and stylus shook. This transformation took place slowly but perceptibly while I looked upon her. And after the change had taken place I thought, "This cannot be the Goddess of History," but she carried the tablet and the pen.

And then for the first time she spoke, and her voice told of sorrow and suffering. In low, sobbing tones she said to me, "If you would see the Plains of History from the Mountain of To-day, follow me." Scarcely knowing what I did, I followed her out over paths which I had never trod before, up, up towards a rocky summit. A gray, death-like twilight sky brooded over the desolate region of shadows. At length we reached the top of the mountain, and as we did so my guide raised her arm. At this gesture the sky grew lighter and lighter, but the increased light was not of such a nature as to render the scene more cheerful. The spirit of horror and sadness still reigned supreme.

When the light had become stronger, objects and figures on the plain became visible, though far away. Strangely clearly could I see the figures of men despite the distance. The Muse beside me spoke and said, "See now the beautiful and wonderful land of ancient Egypt." As she said this, a faintly cynical smile played on her withered lips. I turned and beheld an uncompleted pyramid rising above the sandy stretch. Perspiring laborers bent with toil swarmed over the huge masses of rock. There a group of slaves strained at ropes, endeavoring to haul a huge rock over rollers to the base of the pyramid. A brute wielded a lash among them and the blood trickled from the cut backs of those whose faces expressed a cowering, dog-like simplicity and fear. "Thus," said my guide, "are built the glorious monuments of the glorious Pharaoh of Egypt." I turned my eyes away, and the Muse again raised her hand. The sky darkened, and after some moments grew lighter again.

This time I saw a great battle raging. Two long lines of soldiers clad in steel armor were fighting hand to hand. Shrieks of agony, brutal battle cries, and the clash of swords rose from the battlefield. Here and there a man would fall, but the line closed up and the strife went on as the lines swayed forward and backward. Towards the horizon a cloud of dust appeared, from which after a time could be discerned advancing a great host of horsemen. This troop rode down upon one flank of the fighting line and crushed it. With their flank turned the whole line fell back and their enemies followed after them. The retreat became a rout as the steel lances of the cavalry plunged through the corselets of the defeated warriors while they retreated. Thus was the whole expanse of field soaked with the blood of men. "This," said my guide, "is the great battle in which the Babylonians crushed an army of the Syrians, and in this manner was built up the magnificent empire of Babylon." And after the awful battle, women could be seen searching among the dead. There a woman discovered a dead husband or father or brother or son and a broken heart was evidenced by her prostrate figure. Again darkness fell over the scene.

This time the light revealed a beautiful Roman home of white marble, reposing in an Italian landscape. On the portico stood a Roman of distinguished appearance with his hands clasped behind him. He was watching his wife and children playing on the green lawn in front of the villa, but as he watched a band of soldiers appeared in the distance. He watched them with an anxious expression upon his face. Along the dusty road they marched. As they reached the entrance of the estate they turned and came up the driveway. At this moment the mother and children noticed the soldiers. The mother was startled and

frightened, but the children were overwhelmed with awe and admiration. The centurion who was in command of the company approached the father and said, "By the Emperor's orders we are to bring you to Rome" Without the slightest show of surprise or fear the man turned slowly to his wife and, speaking in a low tone, said, "I am summoned to Rome"; and then, smiling sarcastically, "for the glory of the empire a Roman must die. I shall never return." The woman grew deathly pale, but did not speak. Her husband embraced her and, tearing himself away, departed with the soldiers, and the fitting darkness descended once more.

The Muse led me down from the mountain, and as we reached the bottom she turned and said, "You have seen me as I am, and as for the sake of poetry and beauty I must appear." So saying, she changed into that form in which she had first appeared, and vanished from view, just as the faint streaks of dawn colored the eastern sky.

—*Donald H. Painter, '17.*

Early Morning in Washington Square

The dim coils of the river lie asleep,
The red roofs stretch into the misty blue,
But far away beyond the smoke-dimmed view
There is a spot where dawn's faint colors creep
O'er smiling ripples where the swallows sweep,
And birds sing wondrously and woo
Their mates with notes oft-sung yet ever new,
While from green depths of leaves shy wood-folk peep.
Up from the square the noise of heavy grind
Comes mingled with a wave of torrid air
Between high walls. Swift wheels their plaint repeat.
O could I leave the tumult far behind
And wander over fields without a care,
While larks, on high, rain music—ah, so sweet!

—*W. S. Nevin. '18.*

An Appeal to Our Appreciation of Heroism and a New Standard for Haverford Men

AGAINST the dark background of the horrible tempest in Europe stands out to Haverford men and to all the believers in youth and idealism the splendid work of young Phil Baker and his band of efficient workers in the relief of suffering in the war zone.

That Phil Baker spent a year at Haverford and became a loyal and enthusiastic Haverfordian obliterates a good deal of the distance which many of us feel intervenes between us and the war, and we suddenly find ourselves confronted with a personal "FRIEND AT THE FRONT."

The letters which I have received from members of the Ambulance Corps have quite a different effect from the bellowing headlines in the newspapers, and they give a startling picture of the humanity and barbarity which are so tangled in that distressed region.

The appreciation which they feel of the relatively small amount of help which has come to them from America makes all effort here seem worth while, and sons of Haverford would be glad if they could feel that more of their number were out there aiding this brilliant young Englishman to accomplish his work.

For members of the Society of Friends this is a great opportunity to preach effective "peace principles," and to strengthen the unity of Friends and increase the value of their contribution to reconstruction when the fighting is over. To those Haverfordians who are not members with Friends the work of this group with its efficiency and devotion to their ideals must always be a satisfaction.

An American Committee in aid of this work, which contains the names of such Haverfordians as Rufus M. Jones, Charles J. Rhoads, J. Henry Scattergood, Frederic H. Strawbridge, and James Wood, has been formed, and my office at 43 Cedar Street, New York City, selected as the place to which funds should be sent for transmission.

A "Haverford ambulance" would be such a concrete expression of our willingness to aid Phil Baker as could not fail to give immediate aid and cheer him on in a substantial way.

—L. Hollingsworth Wood, '96.

New York, February 19, 1915.

THE UNEASY CHAIR

ASPIRING YOUNG WRITERS read with a pleasure, not unmingled with a sort of envy, the delightful editorials which come from the occupant of the Easy Chair and appear monthly in the pages of one of our leading magazines. Perspiring young editors know, without inquiring into the architecture of that particular chair, that the feeling of comfort which such a piece of furniture can afford, depends largely upon the state of mind of the occupant. After lying awake o' nights till the lights go out, in a vain endeavor to assemble material for a readable editorial, he begins to realize the truth of the old saying, Uneasy lies the ear that wears a pen. He also resolves that he will emulate the immortal *pater patriae* and avow the embarrassing truth. Hence, the new caption for this department.

It would be quite interesting and rather easy to cover a page or two with a discussion of the purpose and ideal nature of college periodicals in general and of the HAVERFORDIAN in particular; but the thing has been so well done by a thin red line of editors stretching well back into the misty past, that we shall leave the reader to his own meditations on the subject. No doubt the result will be much the same. It may even be unnecessary to remark that the success of the HAVERFORDIAN as a representative college product depends entirely upon the sympathetic co-operation of the Alumni and undergraduates with the editorial board, but we feel that it is not out of place to ask that each reader should feel at least a modicum of personal responsibility in the matter of making our college magazine worthy of its name. To this end we repeat the usual invitation for contributions and constructive criticism from both Alumni and undergraduates. With such material as may fall into our nets, we hope to make the book readable and representative.

ADVERTISING HAVERFORD is the attractive slogan of a progressive party which is growing in influence among Haverfordians. For the last three years sentiment has been flowing with a swelling tide in this direction. The organization of prep. school clubs within the College, has followed the formation of Haverford clubs by graduates in various cities. In connection with this movement, the question naturally arises, Does Haverford wish to be larger? We take pleasure in presenting President Sharpless' answer to the question in this number.

The same gentleman who put this question also wished to know

why it was that such a small college had such a large reputation. This inquiry seems to indicate that, even in the absence of advertising, we have somehow become known. Without any desire to undervalue the beneficial results of the nascent publicity work, it seems evident that Haverford's best advertising, in the future as in the past, will be the influence of her Alumni upon the communities in which they live. When a community or institution realizes that a Haverford man is present because of the peculiar spirit which prevails in it, then the College comes into her own and candidates for matriculation become more numerous. This is also true of the influence of undergraduates when away from the College. Even if we find it easy to forget, at times, that we are Haverfordians, those whom we meet do not forget it. The reputation of the College stands or falls with us. Whatever modern methods may be desirable from a business point of view, we cannot at any time afford to forget the fact that we are at all times, whether we will it or not, display ads. in large type.

THE LENTEN SEASON is a subject which has possibly never received attention before in these pages. The formal observance of it is incompatible with Friendly practice, but the deepening of the inner life which results from meditation on the life of Jesus and a conscious communion with God is a thing which is the privilege of all Christians, irrespective of sect. At this time when two great churches are definitely turning their attention to the deeper things of life, there is not one of us who will not be benefited by waiting quietly, "in deep mid-silence, open-doored to God."

A HAVERFORD AMBULANCE is the peaceful part suggested by L. Hollingsworth Wood for Haverfordians to play in the European conflict. The great need, together with a more or less personal interest in the work of Philip Baker, ought to make the idea attractive to us. Mr. Wood's appeal appears elsewhere in this issue, and we hope that it may be accorded the response which it deserves.

SUNDAY HAS COME and is about to go—William A., we mean, of course. At the present writing his converts total over thirty-five thousand. We suppose that many of our readers will not agree with either of the views of him presented in this issue. We can hardly open these pages to a word war in regard to Mr. Sunday's merits or demerits, but we shall be glad to print the best reply which may be submitted. If you disagree to the point of rushing into print, we shall be glad to hear from you on this subject.

BOOKS

Sinister Street, BY COMPTON MACKENZIE. *D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.*
$1.35 net.

Several years ago Mr. Montague Compton Mackenzie took the reading public of England by storm with his delightful book, "Carnival," a brief carnival of life and love, a flutter of dainty butterfly wings and the tragedy which so often waits on carnival. Its author became famous in a day, and, to quote the London *Outlook:* "Carnival is marked out to be not only the leading success of its own season, but also to be read afterward as none but the best books are read." It was the story of a little girl with a temperament for dancing, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who has always been closely connected with the stage, made a delightful book of it. Next came "The Passionate Elopement," which added but little to the fame of its author, but showed that he still maintained a high literary standard. "Sinister Street" Volume 1, or, to give it its American title, "Youth's Encounter," was a wonderful study of a boy; it was the romance of a picturesque, adventurous youth, with ideals higher than the average, thoroughly lovable and sympathetic. The character study was as powerful as in "Carnival"; Jenny and Michael Jane are living, breathing realities.

Now Mr. Compton Mackenzie has published "Sinister Street," which in England is Volume 2, but which in America is the continuation of "Youth's Encounter," though neither the publishers nor the author tell us so.

The book deals with the life of Michael Jane at Saint Mary's, Oxford, and with his romantic adventures in London's moral by-paths. Book One, "Dreaming Spires," is very interesting; a wonderful picture of Oxford and the Oxford man. Perhaps Mr. MacKenzie has made Michael and his friends too typical of Magdalene (or, as Mr. Mackenzie's thin pseudonym has it: St. Mary's); but the atmosphere of England's greatest university is faithfully rendered.

Book Two, "Romantic Education," is, I think, rather inferior. Michael Jane goes to London and finds he is still in love with Lily Daven; this, although the author emphasized the fact that the love he had felt for her in "Youth's Encounter" was merely a boyish infatuation. However, he searches all over London for her, and finds her to be nothing

better than a prostitute. He is about to marry her, goes away, comes back, finds that she has deceived him and becomes a priest.

The weak part of the book is Michael's love for Lily. Does he feel that he is obliged to marry her because of his boyish words, spoken six years before? If so, he is very noble; too noble, in fact, to abandon her when she is doing what he had forced her to do by abandoning her six years ago. If not, then he is really in love with her, he lets jealousy conquer love, and is a flat contradiction of the Michael Jane of "Youth's Encounter."

This fault is the only one in the book. Certain critics have blamed the author for the length of his books; "Youth's Encounter" and "Sinister Street" each number six hundred pages; but Mr. Mackenzie has such a fine style and speaks so eloquently that it is a pleasure to read every page in the book.

Besides, he is writing a book no longer than the traditional form as handed down to us by the pioneers of the novel; he even treats us to an epilogical letter.

There is more unity; in Youth's Encounter" there were, to quote Mr. Henry James, "a hundred subordinate purposes" which did not gather themselves for application into one idea.

Mr. Mackenzie says that his book is not a "biography but a prolog of a life"; the London *Nation* calls his book not a work of art but a prolog to art. However, it is one of the best novels of the twentieth century, and without a doubt, though only thirty-two years of age, Mr. Montague Compton Mackenzie is one of the leading English novelists. There is an earnestness and a charm which are quite unique and we cannot praise the author too highly for his masterly novel. As *Punch* says, "Mr. Mackenzie's future is bound up with what is most considerable in English fiction."

No greater tribute could be paid to the young novelist; what matter, indeed, if his talent has been labelled the talent of an undergraduate when his character study and impeccable style both make a bid for immortality?

—*Jack G. C. Le Clercq, '18.*

THROUGH THE GLASSES

"Boris Godounov"

A Review and an Impression.

The Metropolitan Opera Company created quite a stir among Philadelphia opera-goers when, instead of one of the old standbys, "Carmen," "Faust" or "Aida," "Boris Godounov" was announced as the opera for Tuesday, January 26th. True, this work of the little known Russian, Moussorgsky, had been given once before in this city; but, inasmuch as it may still be regarded somewhat in the light of a novelty, a few words in regard to its composer and its plot will not be out of place.

Modeste Moussorgsky was born in Russia in 1835. Although he evinced early musical talent, he showed no inclination to become a professional musician, and obtained a commission in the army. He soon discovered, however, that his true lifework lay elsewhere; and, when the conflict between his military duties and his musical proclivities became too acute, he resigned his commission and accepted an inferior position in the service of the government. His subsequent career was far from happy. His constant poverty and the sordidness of his surroundings drove him into dissipation which prematurely wrecked his health. His music was too original and too pre-eminently national to meet with general recognition, even in his own country, which was, at that time, in large measure subject to the musical standards of Germany, France and Italy. He died in 1881, an unappreciated genius. After his death, however, the originality and picturesqueness of his work commenced to excite interest and attention; and he is now fast attaining the musical celebrity which is his due.

"Boris Godounov," Moussorgsky's only complete opera, is based upon a historic drama of that name by Poushkin. Boris is the capable and crafty regent for a weak-minded Tsar. The only obstacle to his attainment of absolute power is Dmitry, a brother of the Tsar. After an internal struggle Boris causes the brother to be put to death, and rules with firmness and ability for many years. But a renegade monk, claiming to be the murdered Dmitry, raises a formidable insurrection in Poland and Lithuania. Boris is overwhelmed with remorse at the recollection of his crime, and, after committing the future government

of Russia and the suppression of the rebellion to his son, he perishes from the pangs of his overwrought conscience.

Moussorgsky has done full justice to the intensely dramatic character of his plot. The scene in the second act where Boris struggles with the haunting spectre of his crime is almost worthy of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies. And the effect is tremendously enhanced by the accompanying music, which is weird and sombre in the extreme. While "Boris Godounov" resembles Wagner's music dramas in the close agreement of the music with the action and singing, it is altogether original in its musical treatment. There is little direct melody; and many of the best effects are secured by the skillful shading in the string choir.

Another peculiar feature of Moussorgsky's opera is the importance which is attached to the choruses. Ordinarily the chorus of an opera only appears on stated conventional occasions, such as a wedding, a triumphal procession, etc. In such cases it is little more than an animated part of the scenery. But Moussorgsky uses his choruses to portray the progress of the action, much in the fashion of the older Greek dramatists.

In proportion as the value of the chorus increases, that of the vocal star decreases in "Boris Godounov." While all the parts in the opera require considerable histrionic ability, there are few opportunities for conspicuous individual triumphs by means of brilliant and extended arias. Moussorgsky evidently did not believe in sacrificing any part of his general effect to gratify the desire of two or three distinguished soloists for individual glory.

Proper scenic background plays an important part in the success of the opera. Almost every scene contains some distinctively novel features, while the opening scene of the third act, which depicts a driving snowstorm, is a genuine artistic *piece de resistance* when it is properly presented.

But the predominant impression which "Boris Godounov" left upon my mind was not created by the superb scenic effects or by the unusually fine choruses. Nor was it altogether the product of Boris' terrific soul convulsions or of their powerful musical accompaniment. It was rather inspired by the feeling that all these separate elements were united to form a perfect *national* masterpiece. Through the solemn and subdued chorals, through the council of nobles in the Kremlin, and the crowd of peasants on the Polish heath, one voice seemed to be speaking. And that voice was the voice of Holy Russia, giving forth its message, whether for good or for evil, to the western world.

—*William H. Chamberlain, '17.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

The following is the third and final article by Mr. Samuel E. Hilles '74, of his series of letters which appeared in "Office Appliances," Cincinnati, Ohio:

A JAUNT TO THE FAR EAST

Nagasaki was naturally one of the five ports of Japan opened by Commodore Perry, for it was the only town where the Dutch and Chinese (no other foreigners) were allowed to trade. On the tiny Island of Deshima, directly on the water-front, was the prescribed home of the thrifty Dutch, who for more than two centuries, from 1641 to 1858, enjoyed, or one might better say, in view of the gross humiliation and frequent martyrdoms, endured an exclusive foreign trade with Japan.

The influence, also, of a few noted Europeans sent out as surgeons to the settlement, one or two in a century, was very far-reaching in its after effects upon Japanese exclusiveness.

In one night coming up the west coast of Kyushu, the chief southern island of Japan, daylight found us passing through the narrow but picturesque strait of Shimonoseki, separating from the principal island of Hondo, and without stopping, we soon passed over its racing tidal water into the famed Inland Sea, with its many enchanting islands and mountains.

At one place we passed through narrows of so little width that a semaphore signal on shore is used to show pilots if the way is clear, for it is dangerous, with a swirling tidal current of sometimes quite ten miles per hour. Near this, but in a beautifully widening bay, I counted at one time sixty sailboats, studding the matchless view of high, wooded mountains, dark seas, and white sprayed shores.

At Kobe, on the morning of August 2, we were startled by the war news, and Sunday morning extras certainly made a sensation in our thoughts, out of all proportion to the small size of the sheet, for having been out of reach of late English papers, the rapid developments of the four days since leaving Shanghai came as a very distinct shock to all our passengers. The English papers of Kobe—*The Chronicle* and *The Herald*—I found far above the average, and reminding one of the best papers of England or Scotland.

Journeying northward still, I went through from Kobe, a night's comfortable ride by rail, to Tokyo, and in crossing this metropolis of Japan was impressed with the size and beauty of the new railway station, nearly ready for occupancy; it would compare favorably in size and setting with almost any I have seen, and speaks eloquently for the new regime in Japan.

Nikko The Splendid

The Japs say, "Nikko miru-made, Kekko to iu na!" "Until you have seen Nikko, do not say splendid!" So to Nikko, 90 miles to the north, I devoted my last day of sight-seeing.

For four (originally forty) miles out from this famed mountain village, a magnificent avenue of cryptomerias lines the wagon road.

Here I was indeed in the center of Buddhist and Shinto sanctity.

The thick groves of these noble trees were most impressive. At Nara, near Kyoto, I had seen fine trees, but here were hundreds of giants, towering up many of them over a hundred feet, four or five feet in diameter. These, called in America and England the Japanese cedar, are quite similar to the redwood of California, and are of great value for building, though quite brittle.

In Nikko, under the protecting shade of such guardians, are set the wonderful temples, which beggar description. By an old decree the chief priest of Nikko is always to be a prince of the Imperial blood—and in various ways the Government aids in keeping up these magnificent shrines, than which there is, perhaps, nothing finer east of Agra, India.

Here at the feet of these stately sentinels lies the dust of abbots and bonzes, of shotguns and samurai, the champions of a system that is passing away.

It was only in 1870 that the first foreigners were allowed to visit Nikko, and I was told by a missionary—a lady who has lived there for 25 years—that under these noble trees, and within sound of the great bells calling the hours or summoning the priests to their worship, it was Phillips Brooks and Dr. McVickar who held the first Protestant service in Japan.

The same earnest missionary there, whom I, a stranger, had called on, from happening to see over a gateway. . . . "American Church Missionary," surprised me by her knowledge of the beloved Doctor Henry Hartshorne and his daughter, and it was, indeed, another pleasant connecting link with early days at Haverford, far away! And it was but small wonder that he so loved the Japan of his day!

At Nikko, as perhaps nowhere else, in the life of the mortal, the hours, the days, the years, seem every moment to lose themselves in Eternity, as they move stately away.

I did not cross the Sacred Bridge; for me the trees and tumbling cascades with their liquid music, had a greater charm than the works of these devotees, beautiful as their creations were, in their gold and lacquer, and bathed in the incense of a faith not ours.

Collier's Weekly of November 21 contains an interesting photograph of the white-clad priests crossing this remarkable sacred red bridge on their way to ceremonials in one of these wonderful shrines of Nikko, at the time of Japan's entering

upon the war, more especially for the capture of Tsing-tao. In the most sacred Temple of Iyeyasu, the declaration of war was then announced to the spirits of the imperial ancestors.

There is also a most interesting article by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, lately returned from Japan, in the *Outlook* for December 23, 1914, on "Japan's Platonic War With Germany." I commend it as one view of the treatment of a foreign foe and its local subjects, by a so-called "heathen" nation.

In 1902 a great avalanche of water, displaced by a mountain slide into Lake Chuzenji, eight miles away, and nearly 2,500 feet higher, carried away the older bridge and many houses in this valley and scattered the remains for a hundred miles towards the sea.

The wonderful road to the lake was a hard climb of five miles from the end of the car line, and only misty views of its unusual beauties, and none of the superb Kegon waterfall of 250 feet, rewarded me for personal and perspiring persistence.

The road was being prepared for a visit of the Emperor, who thus joins the throng of pilgrims to this Japanese Mecca, for the lake is a part of the sacred and supposedly soul-purifying journey from all parts of the empire.

Homeward Bound

Upon finally embarking again on August 5 at Yokohama, our last port in Japan, we found French, German and Austrian reservists on board, called home on short notice and thus bringing us face to face with one of the many phases of the great European duel.

It was only after leaving the inner harbor that we learned, through a dispatch boat, of England's declaration, and that of Japan came later, when we were on the high sea. The news put upon all of us, including the reservists themselves, a feeling of sadness. To think that these fine fellows, more than a score of them, friends in the embassies of Tokyo, or in business life in Japan, were probably to march against each other, on murderous European battlefields, clear on the other side of the world!—but on the "Korea"—with the Stars and Stripes at the stern, all was harmony, though there was no mood for levity, and occasionally I found one or another gazing thoughtfully out upon the peaceful sea.

For days we got no further news whatever; but finally wireless bulletins from Honolulu were given us each morning, for an appetizer before breakfast, and we quietly took our impressions, favorable or unfavorable, according to our sympathies.

On board, at least, there was peace; "Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur"—(Trojan and Tyrian shall be treated with no distinction by me.—Vergil's Aeneid)—one and all rejoiced that we were on an American boat, and had no

occasion, as the steamer just preceding us, to slip stealthily in, through the Golden Gate, to the coveted goal of American soil.

The Alumni Department is glad to publish the following letter, in view of the fact that Mr. Simkin, '03, recently spoke before a meeting of the College Y. M. C. A. This was Mr. Simkin's second visit to Haverford during the present college year.

February 5th, 1915.

"It is again time to ask for contributions of Haverfordians, past and present, for the support of Robert L. Simkin, Haverford's foreign missionary representative in West China.

"Simkin is at present in this country, studying at Teachers' College and Union Theological Seminary, in further preparation for his educational work.

"In a recent letter he states that 'the European war, as yet, has had no appreciable effect upon the favorable attitude of the Chinese.' The financial drain of the war upon England, however, makes it all the more imperative for us to do our full share in supplying the funds for his support.

"If you are willing to contribute to this fund, your check may be sent to J. P. Magill, who acts as Treasurer, 305 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

"Very truly your friends,
ASA S. WING,
A. G. SCATTERGOOD,
W. E. CADBURY, *Secretary*
J. P. MAGILL, *Treasurer.*"

We regret to announce the deaths of James R. Magee,'59, and James B. Thompson, '74.

James Ronaldson Magee was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1839. He entered the introductory department of Haverford in 1854, and after graduation engaged in the practice of law. Mr. Magee was one of Haverford's earliest cricketers and a contemporary of several stars of the crease. He proved his continued interest in Haverford by a bequest of $20,000 to the Endowment Fund, and in addition, a share in his residuary estate.

His death occurred on November 3d, 1914.

James Beatin Thompson was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on February 20th, 1855. He entered the Sophomore Class in February, 1872, and received his A. B. degree in 1874. During his College days Mr. Thompson was one of the bowlers on the cricket team and always maintained great interest in all the College activities. The time of his death was January 8th, 1915.

President Sharpless attended the annual meeting and banquet of the New England Alumni Association of Haverford, which was held at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, on February eighteenth. R. Colton, '76, is president, and E. H. Spencer, '11, secretary, of the Association.

'75

Charles E. Tebbetts, General Secretary of the American Friends' Board of Foreign Missions, with headquarters at Richmond, Ind., has been spending a few weeks in New York and Philadelphia in attendance at various conferences held in the interest of missions.

'78

The engagement has been recently announced of Edward T. Comfort to Mrs. Harry M. Dunn, of Staten Island, New York.

'89

C. H. Burr recently engineered the special agreement with Great Britain by which wool has been taken off the contraband list. Mr. Burr is now in constant touch with Washington.

Franklin B. Kirkbridge is a collaborator in the publication of the fourth edition of *The Modern Trust Co.*

Warner Fite has recently contributed several articles on philosophy to current periodicals.

Victor M. Haughton informs this department of a very exceptional Sunday School class, numbering some sixty scholars, of which he has charge in Exeter, N. H. He also has a congregation which includes nearly one hundred students from Philips Exeter Academy.

'97

R. C. Brown has left his position in the book department at Strawbridge and Clothier's, and is now in the employ of the Philadelphia Quartz Co.

F. N. Maxfield, of the psychology department of the University of Pennsylvania, has recently published "*An Experiment in Linear Space Perception*," the result of some of his research work at the University.

'99

The engagement of F. A. Evans to Miss Anna R. Elkinton has been announced.

'00

W. W. Justice recently acted as chairman of the Alumni Midwinter Dinner Committee. The banquet was held at the Bellevue-Stratford on Saturday, January thirtieth.

J. S. Hiatt has been made private secretary to Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania.

The Class of 1900 are to hold their Fifteenth Annual Reunion in June. A varied program lasting several days has been arranged, and a number of men who live at some distance from Philadelphia will attend.

'01

E. Marshall Scull gave an illustrated lecture on "A Cruise Through the Arctic and Alaska," at the College on February 25th.

'02

Through the kindness of Dr. C. W. Stork, '02, of the University of

Pennsylvania, we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Vachel Lindsay read from his poems on the evening of February twenty-second. Mr. Lindsay was introduced by Mr. Stork, who also said a few words at the close of the lecture on the value of the former's work to America.

A. S. Cookman is manager of the soccer football team of Englewood, N. J. He brought his team to Haverford on Saturday, the twenty-seventh of February, when Englewood played the College second team.

'04

C. C. Morris has been coaching the soccer men in shooting during the evening practices held in the gymnasium several times each week.

'06

R. T. Cary has been made secretary of the Social Service League, one of the largest and most active philanthropic organizations in Baltimore. Mr. Cary is also acting chief of the Bureau of Municipal Research, whose work has been largely responsible for securing the employment of modern business methods in the city government of Baltimore.

Ex-'08

Clifford C. Collings, who was formerly with J. W. Sparks, is now associated with Reilly, Brock and Company, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

'11

Henry Ferris, Jr., is county manager of the *Farm Journal* for Fairfield Co., Ohio. His address is Box 119, Lancaster, Ohio.

John S. Bradway announces that he has opened offices for the general practice of law at 918 Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia.

'12

H. Froelicher was recently elected president of the class of 1917 at the University of Maryland Law School.

'13

W. Y. Hare is now at Palm Beach, Fla.,where he holds a position with the Greenleaf and Crosby Co.

F. A. Curtis is now located at the Y. M. C. A. in Dayton, Ohio, where he is working for the Aetna Paper Co., of that city.

The following letter is by DR. WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT, '94, several of whose letters have appeared in former numbers of the HAVERFORDIAN. We reprint it from the *Nation* of January 21st.

It is probably unnecessary to repeat that Dr. Comfort was spending a sabbatical year studying in France, but was compelled by the war to remove to England.

CHRISTIAN IDEALS AND THE WAR

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The attention of all who are engaged in private heart-searchings

at the present time in America should be called to a new series of Papers for War Time, the first four numbers of which have just been put on sale in Oxford, bearing the following titles: "Christianity and War," by the Rev. W. Temple, M.A.; "Are We Worth Fighting For?", by the Rev. Richard Roberts; "The Woman's Part," by Mrs. Luke Paget; "Brothers All: The War and the Race Question," by Edwyn Bevan, M. A. A large number of other papers will follow at the rate of two each fortnight, and may be obtained from agencies of the Oxford University Press for twopence each. The explanatory note which prefaces each sixteen-page paper gives the best idea of the conception of this original and significant undertaking:

This series of papers embodies an attempt to reach by common thought, discussion, and prayer, a truer understanding of the meaning of Christianity and of the mission of the Church to the individual, to society, and to the world.

Those who are promoting the issue of these papers are drawn from different political parties and different Christian bodies. They believe that the truth they seek can be gained only by providing for a measure of diversity in expression. Therefore they do not accept responsibility for the opinions of any paper taken alone. But in spirit they are united, for they are one in the conviction that in Christ and in His Gospel lies the hope of redemption and health for society and for national life.

Those who are contributing to the series represent, then, different schools of thought and practice,but they are united in their purpose to find out where we are and what can be done. The papers will form the first definite attempt made by Christians to define personal duty under the present circumstances, and to consider the prospects for a better society in the future. However complacently we may be persuaded that the present war was inevitable, given the false civilization of the nations involved, there is one cry that is heard on all sides: "Never again!" Never again must such a tragedy be consummated. Never again must commercial jealousy and militarism and culture and smug Phariseeism be allowed to replace righteousness.

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millions of people praying for success in a struggle conducted on lines contradictory at every point to the methods used and proved triumphant by Jesus of Nazareth. What are we going to do about the inconsistency? What is the individual going to do with his ideals when he comes up squarely against the present conditions? Shall we still believe in and work for the kingdom of God on earth, or shall we say with the disillusioned cynic, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church and regret that it does not exist"? These and analogous searching questions are discussed in a way that gives one much to think about. There is no British self-complacency or self-righteousness in these papers. All have sinned and come short. We must all cry "Peccavi, peccavi," and beat our breasts in penitence. But having done that, we must face the future with new resolves and new standards of honor and righteousness, both individual and national. We must cut down to the quick, through all the shams and frivolity of a generation given over to industrial panaceas and social fads and wanton extravagance. We must hew down to the line and see what faith there is left in spiritual values. If there is no faith in something better than the way we are now following, then let us jettison our cargo of creeds and professions and float on down our destiny with an easy conscience.

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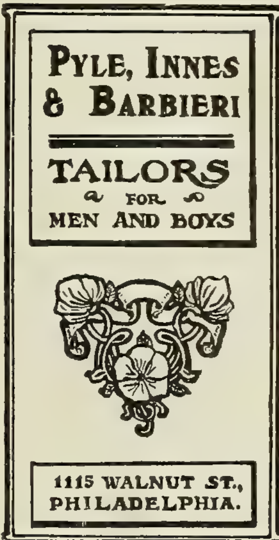

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there is a prospect of a fairer human society, built upon the practice of Christian teaching. It must result from the consecration of individuals in every nation who see the light and who will raise their people after them in its attainment. An international brotherhood, broader than the British Empire, stronger in its convictions than the German people, must be formed out of the present welter and strife. And each individual in this brotherhood will yet be truly patriotic, because his highest desire will be to pledge his life that his nation may be righteous.

In these papers conditions are faced as they exist; there is no side-stepping the thrust of conscience; nothing is taken for granted except the desire to do better next time. And there is immense hope in the present hour. There are many symptoms which augur a more spiritually minded world in the near future. Men are drawn together the world over in the bonds of pain and sorrow. Social caste, religious differences, political quarrels are wiped out. Men and women are praying on the battle-field and in the home when they had almost lost the habit. All the petty daily round of frivolity or money-getting seems trivial now. How can we conserve the seeds of sweet charity and piety now implanted until the day of their predestined fruition? These papers, regarding the present war as an accomplished fact, helpfully and hopefully discuss its eventful effects upon human society. It will be well if devout and responsible persons in all lands shall read them and ponder deeply the problems of personal duty. For no one pretends that the world will ever again be what it was before 1914.

W. W. COMFORT.

Oxford, November 5, 1914.

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37
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The College Library Needs

the following copies of THE HAVERFORDIAN to complete its files:—Vol. XXVII: Nos. 1, 2, Vol. XXXV: Nos. 4, 8. If there is anyone who can furnish these copies to the Library, the gift will be very much appreciated.

Douglas Cary Wendell

has been elected to the HAVERFORDIAN Board. We take pleasure in welcoming one whose work our readers have already had considerable opportunity to enjoy.

In This Issue

Special Features

The Poetry of Vachel Lindsay
Charles Wharton Stork, '02 45
Temperance and the College Man . . C. D. Champlain, '14 59
Let's Go "Suping". . . . . Douglas C. Wendell, '16 67
In Reply. . . . . Edward F. Lukens, Jr., '16 71

Stories

The War Veteran. . . . . Kenneth W. Webb, '18 49
A Natural Mistake. . . . . E. J. Lester, Jr., '18 60
Easter Sunlight. H. P. Schenck, '18 69

Verse

Thomas Chatterton. . . . . Felix M. Morley, '15 48
Queen Mab is a-pouting. . . . . Robert Gibson, '17 54
Horace Odes 3 13. . . . . J. W. Spaeth, Jr., '17 60
A Question . . . . Donald H. Painter, '17 68

Departments

The Uneasy Chair
What Kind of a College do We Want?. 72
Baseball. 73

Books
The Open Door. . . . . Edmund F. Price, '17 74
After Lunch in the Library . . Jack G. C. LeClerco, '18 75

Through the Glasses
Robert Mantell in Hamlet . . . . . . W. H. Chamberlin, '17 76
Forbes-Robertson in Hamlet. . . . . George A. Dunlap, '16 77
Alumni. . . . . Robert Gibson, '17 78

In the Next Issue

The Ministry of Music. . . . . David Bispham, '76

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVII HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1915 No. 2

The Poetry of Vachel Lindsay

WHEN, about three years ago, I wrote to ask my friend Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke, of Davenport, Iowa, what new work of significance was being done in the West, he answered that the only thing he knew of was the "Rhymes to be Exchanged for Bread" by a certain Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. I promptly sent my last book, "The Queen of Orplede," to Mr. Lindsay's address in Springfield, Illinois. Shortly after I received a letter of acknowledgment, in which Mr. Lindsay expressed his surprise at being "worth sending poems to." He commented very agreeably on my small volume, of which he liked particularly the blank-verse narrative "Actaeon." I remember being surprised that he had picked out so academic a piece as his favorite. In return Mr. Lindsay sent me the "Rhymes" afore-mentioned, and that was my introduction to the work of a man who is now beginning to bulk large in the field of contemporary verse.

A little later Mr. Lindsay was alluded to in various magazines as "the tramp poet." It was his practice to wander without money through America in regions as remote from each other as northern Pennsylvania and central Mexico, keeping clear of towns and railroads, preaching "the Gospel of the Hearth" and "the Gospel of Beauty," and giving in return for board and lodging his "Rhymes to be Exchanged for Bread." He has since told me that a willingness to split kindling was usually a more practical recommendation than the gift of his poems. Then, some two years ago, his "General William Booth Enters into Heaven" appeared in the Chicago magazine *Poetry*, and was given the prize of the year. It was reprinted everywhere, and after that Mr. Lindsay's name was known to a large and increasing audience.

So far Mr. Lindsay has published three volumes; one taking its title from the poem on General Booth and one called "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty," with Mitchell Kennerley; the third, "The Congo and Other Poems," with Macmillan. He has just arranged for two more books with the latter publisher; one on

the "Movies," the other to consist of poems to be illustrated by himself. One of his most spirited pieces, "The Kallyope Yell," is in the "Adventures," reprinted also in Mr. Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913"; his last poem, the delicately imaginative "Chinese Nightingale," has just appeared in *Poetry* for February.

Mr. Lindsay comes of a Virginia family (originally Scotch-Irish, no doubt), which early moved westward through Kentucky. His father, a doctor, was desirous that he should have a college training, but the young man failed to find what he wanted in college life. He then studied art for three years in Chicago, and afterwards in New York, where he became an instructor at the Metropolitan School. But his ideals were too democratic to leave him in peace anywhere so far removed from that part of the American people who were farthest from the influence of art and therefore most in need of it. For this reason he gave up his position and began the tramps which were to bring him close to the mind and feelings of the common man. As long as he read poetry in the ordinary way, he was unable to hold an audience. Thus it occurred to him to introduce into his delivery some of the elements of the vaudeville stage, which he did with an effect that only his hearers can realize. As he says: "First I pound them into submission, and then sometimes I can get across what I really want to say." Mr. Lindsay does not intend to keep on writing such poems as "The Congo" or to devote his life to recitation, but he believes in reaching "the ninety million" by whatever method he can. Afterwards he hopes to have a public for his finer thoughts and more delicate forms of expression.

That Mr. Lindsay's inspiration is, despite his vigor, essentially delicate may be seen from his early work in the "Rhymes to be Exchanged for Bread." Note the charm of his nature-love in the following:

"*The great bush bloomed with parchments fine*
Of songs that feed the soul,
All new, that our dear earth shall hear
When poets reach their goal.

"*When our grown children, breathing fire,*
Shall justify all time
By hymns of living silver, songs
With sunrise in the rhyme."

There is often a homely whimsicality that is thoroughly American, disarming the cynicism of our so-called humor. The sentiment in "The Grave of the Righteous Kitten" is preserved by the last line.

"Until his death he had not caused
His little mistress tears.
He wore his ribbon prettily,
He washed behind his ears."

Delightful, too, is "An Apology for the Bottle Volcanic."

"And then, just as I throw my scribbled
Paper on the floor,
The bottle says, 'Fe, fi, fo, fum,'
And steams and shouts some more.

"Oh, sad deceiving ink, as bad
As liquor in its way—
All demons of a bottle size
Have pranced from you today,

"And seized my pen for hobby-horse
As witches ride a broom,
And left a train of brimstone words
And blots and gobs of gloom."

The highest, most serious phase of Mr. Lindsay's work is found in his poems of protest against social injustice. One cannot easily find today lines more noble than these from "The Leaden-Eyed":

"Let not young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.
It is the world's one crime: its babes grow dull,
Its poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-eyed."

For my own part I think I like best "The Kallyope Yell," the poem which finds the symbol of America's blatant enthusiasm in the steam-driven music-machine of the country circus. (Kallyope is here trisyllabic, with the accent on the first syllable.)

"I am the kallyope, kallyope, kallyope!
Tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope!"

But General Booth will always hold its place, and "The Congo" is full of sound and picture so blended as to thrill the imagination with a

double stimulus. In his experimenting, the poet's instinct has never failed to show him that any popular appeal, today as in the days of the old ballad, must be made by a regular and powerful four-beat metre.

Mr. John Alford, an excellent English critic, writing of Mr. Lindsay in *Poetry and Drama*, discovered that "here was an entirely new mind and new sensibility working in poetry." Very discerningly Mr. Alford also notes: "He has seldom found it necessary to remember he is a poet, a rare quality among his contemporaries." In concluding the article on recent American poetry the critic sums up: "Only one man appears, from the evidence I have available, to present either new thought, new feeling or new expression, and that is Mr. Lindsay, who has at least two of these qualities." American praise has been more flamboyant, but less judicial. I can only add that personal acquaintance with Mr. Lindsay deepens the impression that he happily unites two qualities which have long been thought of as opposites; he is a true poet and a true American.

—*Charles Wharton Stork, '02.*

Thomas Chatterton

(Died at his own hand August 24, 1770; aet. 17 yrs. 9 mos.)

A dusty garret and a lad alone,
Sitting deserted in the evening glow.
From far beneath the city's restless flow
Breathes softly up, by summer breezes blown
To thee, a prophet knowing yet unknown,
Cursed with the one great gift the gods bestow.
The sunset peace that soothes all human woe
Softens thy lips, too proud to beg or moan
For mercy, where mankind nor heed nor care.
Thy weary eyes dream back to childhood days
By sheltered Redcliffe, ere so tender wings
Too boldly ventured in the envious glare.—
A stray beam sets the empty phial ablaze
As from defeat the soul triumphant springs.

—*F. M. Morley, '15.*

The War Veteran

ONE evening shortly after the sun had set and while the twilight was still lending the sea a dull leaden hue, the figure of a young man might be seen walking slowly along the broad sea-wall that stretched from the town of Pietranera for several miles along the coast until it finally turned the western point of the island. For some minutes this figure had been walking along in an apparently very reflective mood, but an observer would have been surprised to see him suddenly stop, say something to himself with a decisive nod of the head, and then, turning to the right, stride rapidly through the nurseries that belonged to the Suretan estate.

Ten minutes' walk brought Guiseppe Suretan through a vineyard and a terraced garden, and then to the door of a low, extensive building, to which it seemed that wings and additions had been made as the fortune of each generation permitted. On opening the door into a large parlor, Guiseppe found the room entirely deserted. "Well," he laughed, "this is a fine reception—I wonder if they have held supper for me—oh, won't they be surprised when they hear the news!" With this he passed into the dining-room, and found his mother and younger cousin, who, having finished their supper, were sitting before an open fire. Before either of them could say a word, Guiseppe rushed up to his mother, kissed her, and cried, "Mother, I am going to the war—Italy has at last decided to fight."

"What, Peppe, are you crazy? Do you mean Germany has finally dragged our country into the war? That would be cowardly."

"Cowardly, mother? It is Germany that we are going to fight. We have at last freed ourselves from the Triple Alliance. Here is a paper with the declaration of war. Mother, I sail tomorrow. Just think of it—in a month I will be fighting for my country like every other loyal son, and I will be with our brave King Emanuel when he shows the spirits of Hannibal and Napoleon that the Alps can be conquered from the south as well as the north. That letter which Stephano wrote from Milan says that feeling has been rising higher every minute, that thousands of students have left the universities and are drilling daily, and that already the regular army has mobilized on the northern frontier. Stephano's letter was written over two weeks ago, so who knows what may be happening at this very minute! Oh, by the time I arrive, all the glory will be won and the spoils divided! Still, it is something to be a war veteran. The name has a nice ring to it—besides a handy little pension as a nest-egg."

"But Peppe, my boy, you don't know what you are saying—you don't realize what war means. Think of us—don't be so selfish. Don't you know I love you and want you near me, now that I am growing old?"

"Of course, mother, but you will still have Giaconio—he can help you manage the farm."

"Yes, I suppose so, but it's you I want—not the farm. If you only understood a mother's love—Giaconio and you are all I have left now—and to war, dear, to think that you want to leave me to go to the war—oh, I can't bear it!—don't go, I entreat you."

"Mother, don't say that—it hurts when you talk that way. It is only duty, and in this case it must be a sacrifice for both of us. Your sacrifice for *La Patria* is a great one, but think of father—and your French blood. Service is the only sacrifice I can make, so please don't stop me. I'll go upstairs now, pack my things, and go to bed. Our ship sails from Pietranera tomorrow at nine o'clock, which means that I must make an early start. Tell Viola that I will write as soon as I reach Italy, and tell her to be sure and wait for me."

In his little room upstairs Guiseppe tied together in a leather bag a curious collection of articles he thought fitting and proper for a soldier, and then until his lamp burned down he pored over a few issues of *Le Secolo* and *Revista d'Italia* which gave bits of descriptions of the embarkment of other Italians for the home country. That night Guiseppe went to sleep a mere private in his country's army, but by morning his dream had raised him to the rank of general, and at the point of awakening he was consulting with King Emanuel as to the size of the indemnity which they should impose on Vienna, smouldering before them in the ashes.

* * * * * * * * * *

In the blue harbor of Messene lay the *St. Anna*. A short week ago she had left on a short but dangerous voyage, and now she lay anchored in the shadow of Etna's great dust-cloud, with her three hundred passengers in an acute stage of expectancy aroused by the sight of native Italy. Surrounding the steamer were also anchored a large number of small fishing vessels, and the little harbor was alive with sailors putting their boats to right.

Suddenly a cry from the stern drew the passengers of the *St. Anna* in a crowd in that direction. Along the shore was seen speedily approaching a low, dark cruiser. The next minute a whistling shell crashed through the deck of a small skiff at a distance of about sixty feet from the *St. Anna*, and, exploding, covered the surrounding waters with a shower of huge splinters and the bodies of the wretched crew. Instantly

all was confusion on board the *St. Anna*. A rush was made to the bridge for explanation, and when an officer announced that the intruder was a Turkish gunboat and that surrender was necessary, despair and anger were to be seen on all sides.

"But we number three hundred men. Can't we fight?" yelled the crowd.

"Not against 16-centimeter guns," replied the officer, and vanished into the cabin.

After a short exchange of messages concerning the details of surrender, it took but a minute for the hostile cruiser to draw up alongside and pour into the *St. Anna* a swarm of pirates in Turkish uniforms. Upon this invasion the passengers gazed with dumb submission, but among their number there was one man who suffered a very great disillusionment when he found that his first martial engagement had been one in which he had surrendered—not to a red-blooded foe after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle in which blood streamed down the blades—but to a 16-centimeter gun which mechanically shot into an enemy miles away and yet never even saw the victims of its carnage.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Paolo, I think the cholera has gotten me at last. I was praying it would come a year ago when they transferred us to that prison-ship. You were blessedly unconscious most of that trip, and missed a sight to make a man's blood boil. One-third of us died the first two weeks, and the rest of us came out of that hold changed for life. It was the 'Black Hole of Calcutta' jammed down into the bottom of that dirty, stinking Turkish hulk, and no one can ever explain to me how we managed to drag out those last few days. Yet look—here we are digging holes for the Turks to use as trenches and for the Russians to use as graves. Would to God that they were only our graves!"

"Amen to that, Guiseppe. I used to wonder how it must feel to long to die, but I know now. No one at home knows where we are, and nobody in Italy cares. As long as he is winning successes in Italy, Emanuel doesn't care to go to any expense about a hundred or so human wrecks at Adrianople calling themselves Italian prisoners. And I guess the rest of us will die soon and relieve his conscience of another burden. Come, let's crawl under a tent and get a little shade from the beating sun; this weather and the foulness of our camp are enough to give anyone cholera."

Guiseppe and Paolo had been working on the very outskirts of the fortifications, helping to dig another outer line of trenches, and, since it was hot mid-day, the temporary camp was entirely in possession of

the prisoners. One did not wonder at the lack of guards after having looked first at the wasted desert stretched in front of the camp and then at the wasted forms stretched under the small, yellow, dirty tents, which were arranged in a hollow square. The miserable laborers were in such a condition that only a fraction of the whole number were able to work in the trenches at any one period during the day, while the great majority of them spent the time in semi-conscious dreaming and raving—playing from time to time with the water-bags and pieces of coarse black bread thrown in their tents by the guards.

When Paolo, with Guiseppe stumbling at his side, finally reached the shelter of their small patch of canvas, he took down his water-bag hanging on the tent-pole and bathed the face and wrists of his friend with the cool and precious liquid. As Paolo did so he noticed the driving pulse, the feverish brow, and the glistening eyes which he had seen several times before during the past few weeks, and to himself he confessed that it would not be long before he would lose the friend given to him by common misfortune.

Suddenly there rang through the camp a rifle discharge, followed by a rush of cavalry, and when Paolo looked out he saw that the new arrivals were a troop of Cossacks which had stopped at the other end of the camp for a minute on one of their wild raids. Quickly Paolo crept back into the tent, seized Guiseppe, threw him over his shoulder, and rushed into the open, impelled by no clearer purpose than the thought that here was a final hope of rescue for his friend. But a few minutes' inspection of both the dead and alive inhabitants of the tents had shown the Cossacks that there was nothing worth taking in the camp, and at the sharp word of command the troop was off again in a cloud of smoke. Paolo, however, had discovered the horse of a straggler standing before one of the tents, and rushing up just as its tall and sunburnt rider leaped into the saddle with a rifle and a water-bag seized from one of the tents, he threw the limp and unconscious body of Guiseppe into the Cossack's arms, and made a hurried sign, entreating him to take his burden in search of medical aid. Paolo, turning, walked slowly and thoughtfully back to the tent.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was five years after Guiseppe had left for Italy, and Spring—the most beautiful season of the year in Corsica—was just opening the blossoms on the fruit trees in the nurseries and orchard of the Suretan estate, when a messenger galloped up the drive and left two letters at the house. When Mrs. Suretan opened them she found that one was merely a check in payment for the last shipment which Giaconio had

made of the produce of the farm to Marseilles, but in the midst of reading the second letter she sank down in a chair with a sharp cry. The next minute Giaconio and Viola had rushed in to learn the news which had so startled her.

She was still greatly agitated. "Children," she cried, "Peppe is coming home today!"

"What! Alive?"

"Yes, alive. This letter from the Paris branch of the Red Cross Society says that he will arrive about twelve o'clock in a very weak condition and in need of the best family care."

Viola had become very white. "How he must have suffered! It was probably that last great siege. But what has he been doing since then?"

"Their report," said Giaconio, who had taken the letter, "says that for three years his mind was a total blank as a result of a sharp attack of cholera, and during this time the hospital at Warsaw was unable to learn either his name or his address. Oh, those must have been terrible years, and now it is our chance to show what affection and careful nursing can accomplish."

Shortly after noon a closed carriage drew up before the house and an attendant helped a bent figure out of the carriage and led him up to the door. It was his mother that received Guiseppe within, and it was she who helped him to the sofa, where he fell exhausted into a reclining position. She thought he murmured his name when he first saw her, but it was several minutes before he fully obtained control of his senses, and in this space of time the three people bent above him attempted a minute examination of his changed appearance. His face had completely altered; instead of the clear, tanned skin, the bright eye, and the ready smile they had formerly known, they now saw the face of a martyr, with his jaw sunken and hollow and his facial muscles drawn by deep emotions, while his dull eyes matched the gray tinge which had added itself to his hair. His whole physiognomy bore the stamp of weariness and pain.

"How he has aged!" exclaimed Viola, shrinking back at the remembrance of her early marriage vow.

"Yes, I have aged," echoed Guiseppe, as he opened his eyes; "aged so much that I seem to think of nothing now but death. It feels strange to come back and find things here nearly the same as they used to be with nothing torn to the roots by war." Then, throwing his eyes around the house, he said, "Things certainly have prospered under your hands,

Giaconio, and I suppose the reward for your faithfulness was Viola; was she not?"

Giaconio nodded in the affirmative.

"I thought so," said Guiseppe wearily, "the first year or so she waited for a hero covered with glory and pensions, next she waited for news of his death, and then finally she took his death for granted. Well, that was natural; and now I myself have come back without even a single bullet-wound to ennoble me, ready for burial instead of marriage. But I have seen life—oh, I have lived a page of history that is seldom written. Five years of hardship and suffering—and yet I was rewarded for all this when I met Paolo. He was a real firend, and though he knew he was losing his last chance of obtaining his freedom, he acted the man and . . . *A Corpe Di*, if he should still be alive! And as for war, few people would recognize the kind of war I've seen. A war veteran—that's what I am—a war veteran. I used to think that name had a fine ring to it—but now that it's mine, what can I do with it? A pension—there's my ruined life as my pension. No, I've nothing but a name. Oh, God! I'm nothing but a war veteran."

—Kenneth W. Webb, '18.

Queen Mab is A-Pouting

There's trouble down in Fairyland,
With puckered brows and angry frowns;
There's discord in the merry land,
For good Queen Mab's a-pouting.

But Oberon has set it right,
And jolly are the elfin towns;
For woman's right is woman's might,
When good Queen Mab's a-pouting.

—Robert Gibson, '17.

Temperance and the College Man

A SUMMER twilight of my boyhood returns, bringing with it memories of an unforgettable experience. While strolling leisurely along a street that leads to the town hall, I heard in the distance the cries of boisterous boys. Instinctively my step quickened, and I found myself in two minutes' time a member of a group engaged in teasing an incarcerated inebriate. At first I felt charitable and loath to participate in the childish mischief. But the mysterious laws of psychology soon set my thoughtless tongue at play. The drunkard's dirty face and bleary eyes leered at us through the bars. Curiosity took me close to the man, for I saw his lips move and I wondered what he was saying. As the face appears to me now the fine features of intelligence shine through the liquor-labeled exterior, and even as a lad I thought I saw the signs of culture beneath that surface of sin and depravity. As I drew nearer to the lockup wall the intoxicated wretch shouted: "Shay, fellows, have you ever heard of Shishero and Sheneca?" My little heart leaped and urged my ears to listen for every word. Only a moment was necessary to prove that this booze-blasted bum had been familiar at one time, not only with Latin literature, but with Greek thought as well. He repeated with promptness and accuracy—an older boy nearby vouched for the correctness of the recital—the Greek alphabet, and he declaimed with mock feeling the famous "Arms and the man I sing." There were intermittent outbreaks of horrifying hilarity, which can come only from rum fiends as they advance to the verge of ruin and destruction. "Ha! Ha! I'm ejucated, I am. I've been to college. I'm smart, I am. Ha! Ha!" It is needless to say that I was shocked. Indeed, my youthful ideal of the college man was severely shaken. I could not see how a man who had received so much education could do such a stupid thing as to get drunk, and ever since I have been obsessed with the notion that the college man who drinks is flinging into the face of his alma mater this challenge: what is higher education but gloss and vainglory? As Matthew Arnold might put it: Hellenism without Hebraism is incomplete and futile. Culture without character as its concomitant is empty and useless.

Knowledge is not power except when properly pondered and thoroughly assimilated, but the road to position and power leads through the land of learning. Culture alone cannot create character, but when backed by firm convictions and when placed upon a strong religious basis, it becomes the fuel upon which moral conduct feeds. Many are the men in history whose careers ended unhappily and whose repu-

tations have been tarnished by their association with strong drink. Some of our own Americans perished on the path that was bringing them to the Hall of Immortals. They failed to sacrifice the passing pleasure for a permanent place in the minds and hearts of posterity. Neither quantity of information nor quality of genius is sufficient to withstand the assaults and ravages of alcoholism. The strong succumb and are often overwhelmed as ignominiously as the weak. All sorts and conditions of men fall before the temptation to steal. It is necessary to have a law against robbery. Time will be when men will have sufficient self-control to refrain, but until this age of reason and rectitude arrives we must have laws against the manufacture and sale of intoxicants as well as against thieving and homicide.

The college man has many advantages in the light of which it is difficult to find an excuse for certain shortcomings. Science exposes the folly of alcoholic indulgence. Chemistry and anatomy tell a tale of truth that is firm and final. College men know the facts regarding the effects of stimulating beverages. They understand that there is a moral principle as well as a physical detriment involved. They are familiar also with the facts of political economy and sociology. They appreciate the added burden to a government that the drainage from drink entails, and they have learned that social progress is possible only when there is a minimum of enticements for human flesh to fall before. For some individuals the presence of allurements and temptations is strengthening. In theory this is beautiful and ideal, but with society in its present stage of development the practice is precarious and pernicious. College men are versed in the rise and fall of nations. The causes of decline in national vigor, the reasons for the rise of a fresh young country, the explanation of the high cost of living, these and many things more the college man understands as can no other. He has studied conscience, and he knows, therefore, how essential it is for success and happiness to keep unhampered and sensitive this guide to goodness.

In the face of these facts what is the right attitude for the college man to take toward temperance? The time has come for a positive stand. We hear much about the "peepul" and their influence, but it is the college man who controls the balance of power in America. He has the same relation to the masses that a physician holds to his patient. An intoxicated doctor will endanger the life of the invalid and an intemperate college man will unwittingly interfere with the welfare of the unlettered proletariat. The rabble seem on the surface to detest those who are above them in station and superior to them in wisdom, but this is due to the heartless intellectual snobs who slander and irritate

them. At bottom the ignorant man reveres those who have had greater advantages. Mark how the saintly citizens of Hickory Ridge bow and bend to the oracle who has just returned from a week in New York. The unfortunate day-laborer emulates in every way he can the more fortunate college man. He respects his more reliable judgment and is willing to follow whithersoever the conscientious college man may lead. It is evident, therefore, that the cultured classes are responsible for existing social conditions. Both apathy and perversity on the part of the élite have prevented moral progress. How can we hope to rid the slums of their rum shops and the resulting rioting as long as the Social Fraternities and Country Clubs are the scenes of wine-sipping and ribaldry?

The common cry is—personal liberty; but what a flimsy pretext this is! In the first place it is immoral as well as foolish and dangerous to drink. "Wine is a mocker," says the Word of God. Moderate drinking is as wrong as drunkenness. The only difference is that it doesn't sound so bad. There can be no compromise where morality is involved. The law does not excuse a murderer on the ground that the killing was his first offence or because his victim was an infant. Ethically it is no worse to get drunk than it is to drink only small amounts occasionally. If our law were consistent and based as it should be on morality, the moderate drinker would have to suffer with the habitual inebriate. The difference is of quantity and not of quality, and it is the quality of an act that determines its rightness or wrongness and its goodness or badness. Why is the drunkard arrested, unless it is that the law is ashamed of its own handiwork? It lets a man buy booze in a place from which the government receives a fee, and it chuckles with glee over the fine that the unfortunate man must pay. License fees and drunkenness fines are a disgrace to our government. They are blood-money too tainted for the hands of an honorable man to touch. Moreover, a study of the facts proves that they are quite insignificant in amount when compared with the expense caused by the crimes and suffering that ensue. The excuse of personal liberty cannot be presented when a moral principle and the social welfare are involved. This is the age of social responsibility, and none knows better than the college man the many ways in which the spirit of altruism is expressing itself. Even though the ethical side be relegated, the practical aspect looms up sufficiently formidable to convince any inquiring mind. Alcohol hurts the individual consumer, his friends, and society in general. The facts and figures to substantiate this assertion are being offered all about us.

Some will doubtless say that temperance is a matter of discipline and should be left for education to accomplish. Very true, and this is what education has accomplished: we need and must have a prohibition law. The home, the church and the school have been admirable weapons, but the ballot is essential for the consummation of the conquest. Knowledge alone cannot save men from the evils of drink. Ignorance is not the only cause of intemperance. Experience teaches that the world is full both of educated drunkards and of ignorant teetotalers. The phrase "as drunk as a lord" is proverbial. Education has rendered a noble service, and now needs the co-operation of a legislative enactment. And after this concrete crystallization of the temperance campaign, education will continue her assistance by helping to render the new law efficiently operative.

College men should be most active in the fight for this reform. They should be totally abstinent and they should encourage others to pledge themselves to teetotalism. A pledge is not an oath that a scrupulous collegian need fear to take. It is merely the written declaration of a resolve. It is not a sacred vow which would destroy a man's soul if not kept. Students are continually resolving to stop the use of tobacco or to get a piece of work finished by a set time. Frequently they fail, but this does not prove that it is wrong or wicked to make oral or written determinations. The anti-drink pledge is not the source of sin if broken, but it is surely the means of a splendid species of salvation if kept. One does not sign away liberty in pledging oneself to total abstinence. It is a promise to self and society to abstain, and a method of pedagogical practicability. Its visible and tangible advantages are a hearty endorsement of its merit. Everyone should sign the pledge, and no college man need have compunctions against an act so sound, safe and beneficial. Merely the influence of the example makes it well worth while.

College men have access to the society of lawmakers. There is a natural feeling of fellowship among educated men which enables the college man to become a more influential instrument for temperance than the average proletariat can hope to be. College men should bring pressure to bear upon license-granting judges and local option voting legislators. Every college man should be a temperance teacher. His thoughts and convictions should be disseminated widely, for a powerful public opinion can thus be created. He should join groups to visit needy and reactionary communities. He should write letters and papers whenever spare time permits. He should aid in the campaigns of temperance candidates, and if possible run for some office himself.

The masses need more contact with college men. They await our scholarly views, our courageous leadership, and our infectious enthusiasm.

Broad-mindedness and conservatism are very commendable, but to say that prohibition is undemocratic and a return to taboo government is to expose one's ignorance of the philosophy of law and to forget that children are suffering, souls are being damned, heinous crimes are being committed, homes are being broken up, asylums are overflowing, taxes are exceedingly high, etc. This is an unpleasant catalogue, but it cannot be overlooked. College men can express gratitude for the knowledge and convictions they have acquired in no better way than to act as temperance missionaries. College men must lead, for we alone are equipped for leadership. If we should all do what we can during idle hours, the entire country would soon be dry. It is hard for us to come to conclusions on problems that involve contradictions, and we are justified in our deliberate and slow approach to judgments, but the temperance question leaves open not a single loophole for skepticism. It is fast becoming the fashion to be a teetotaler, and men of all ranks and denominations are working for the cause. College men must not lag behind, but be trail-breakers, and we of the East must not allow ourselves to be outstripped by our brothers of the West. Now that the testimony has been heard by the grand jury of reason and right and the indictment of the liquor traffic drawn up, let us press to a successful finish this greatest of all cases. College men, let us help make America first in patriotism, first in peace, and most proficient in the prohibition of the booze business.

—Carroll D. Champlin, '14.

A Correction

Editor of the Haverfordian,—

In my article of last month I inadvertently made the statement that "Haverford was the only college in Pennsylvania requiring entrance examinations from all candidates for a degree." I was of course referring to men's colleges only, and should have so stated, for there is no college in the United States which examines more rigidly than Bryn Mawr College.

—Isaac Sharpless.

Horace Odes 3 13

O thou Bandusian fount, with crystal sheen,
To thee I'll pledge a cup of mellow wine
And flowery chaplets cast into thy depths,
Fair tribute for past gifts to me and mine.

Tomorrow will I sacrifice a kid
Whose rugged forehead stunted horns doth sprout,
Full fair he bids to hold his own in love
And frolic with his mates in upland bout.

But vain are all his gifts of budding youth,
This offspring of a he-goat's wanton mood;
Tomorrow will he make incarnadine
Thy ice-cold stream with his red, tepid blood.

The season of the Dog-star's blistering heat
Knows not to warm thy cool, refreshing flow;
Thou givest to the wearied oxen then
Or to the fleecy flocks that come and go.

Ay, thou shalt be among the springs of fame
When I have tuned my song, so meet for thee,
And sung the oak that towers o'er the rock
Whence gush thy waters murmuring sweet to me.

—J. W. Spaeth, Jr., '17.

A Natural Mistake

"WE halved that last hole, didn't we?" said Mr. Gordon Mackay to his companion, Hampton Butler. The latter was a robust, athletic-looking man of about thirty-five years of age.

"Yes. Your putting is certainly right there. I'd like to have you give me some lessons. Well, I guess we are ready for the 'Island Hole' now."

Mackay had just made a superb drive and Butler was in the act of teeing up, when a messenger boy came up and announced, "Telegram for Mr. Butler."

The gentleman indicated straightened up and said, "I'm the man in question. Let's see what you have for me."

After hastily tearing the seal of the envelope, he was confronted by the following message in cipher: "CARRIGAN MEN ON WAR-PATH. WILL ARRIVE ON 4 O'CLOCK TRAIN. DODGE THEM. COME BACK IMMEDIATELY.—C. Stoddart."

This startling message did not seem to stagger its recipient to any great degree; he calmly drew out his watch and remarked to his friend, "I'm sorry, Mack, but I'll have to stop. This telegram will have to be attended to."

"That's too bad, old man," rejoined the other; "nothing serious, I hope?"

"No, not so very."

With this farewell he hurried off toward the clubhouse. He was evidently much more affected by the telegram than he wished to show to his friend. As he went, one thought after another passed through his brain in rapid succession. How had Carrigan found out his whereabouts? Surely he had taken great trouble to cover his tracks, so that he might be free from worry for a few days. But Carrigan had found out, and now it was up to him to leave as soon as possible. That need not trouble him. There was a train at 3.39 and Carrigan's men would not arrive until four. But he must hurry. It was already twenty minutes after three. We would not have time to do anything but dress and run to the station.

At 3.38 the Grenfall Express drew into Lake Pleasant Station, and Mr. Butler lost no time in climbing aboard. After the train had pulled out, among the passengers who had gotten off was to be observed a man whose face resembled the one who had just boarded the train so strongly that it was very hard to believe that they were different characters. Strangely enough, the resemblance did not stop with their facial ap-

pearance; it extended also to their physical characteristics, and afterwards it was found that there was not three inches' difference in their height nor ten pounds' difference in their weight.

The bus driver of the Lakewood Hotel, who was at the station at that time for the purpose of carrying guests to the hotel, not being a very astute man, easily fell into a mistake which led to a serious adventure for the new arrival. Walking up to the gentleman, he relieved him of his grip and stated that he was about ready to start for the hotel and that if Mr. Butler would follow him and get into the bus, he would have him there in no time. The stranger followed these instructions without asking any questions.

Upon his arrival at the hotel, he was immediately attended by a bellboy, who offered to carry his valise to his room. On being given the valise, the bellboy stepped inside, inquired at the desk for the key to Mr. Butler's room, and soon had the new guest in the elevator. The servant then guided him down the corridor, and, opening the door of No. 41, said, "Here you are, suh." The gentleman then reached into his pocket and brought out a piece of money, which he gave to the boy, who straightway disappeared.

The stranger then shut his door and took a seat in the rocking-chair, very much bewildered by the very cordial reception he had received. His thoughts appeared rather confused. When he had written to engage his room, he had little idea that he would be received in this princely manner. Yet there could be no mistake. The bus man had said Mr. Butler, and the bellboy had asked for the key to Mr. Butler's room. And unless he were dreaming he was certainly Mr. Clifford Butler, of Pencoyd, Pa., traveling salesman for Little & Co., Wholesale Hatters.

Just at present, however, he was not on an errand for the estimable firm of Little & Co. His winter trade had been canvassed and it was not yet time to see his customers about spring styles. No, it was a far different reason that caused Mr. Clifford Butler to be sojourning at Lake Pleasant at that particular time. The fact was that he had been disappointed in love. Back in Pencoyd there was a girl with hazel eyes and bewitching lips that he thought the world of. But, alas, thanks to her bigot of a father, she had been recently betrothed to another. Anna Lindsay's father had said that no daughter of his should ever wed a hat salesman when a man like Archie Ringgold, the great banker's son, was available. This decision, which fell like a dirge on the disappointed lover's ears, had caused him to seek consolation and solitude in a mountain resort.

The worst blow of all was the way Anna had taken it. She had made him think that she was reconciled to the arrangement, while up to this time he had thought that she had loved him. Oh, dolt that he was, to give his heart to a woman! It certainly would never happen again. He hated the sex and vowed that he would never have anything to do with woman again.

Time passed on quickly while he was engaged in this soliloquy. Outside it had become dark, but he never thought of lighting the light. There never was such a miserable mortal as he, he declared, and it was all on account of a woman.

While he was growing more comfortable every minute, engrossed in these thoughts, suddenly there came a tap on the door. He looked up in an indifferent way and informed the visitor to come in.

The door opened, and there in the doorway stood, of all things on earth most abhorred, a pretty girl! The light from the hall lamp streaming over her showed her to be all smiles and brightness. "Aren't you ever coming down to eat supper with us, dear?" she commenced.

"No, I'm not coming down to eat supper with you," he returned hotly, "I'm done with all your sex. If I ever speak to a woman again, I won't be in my right mind."

Her face fell. She actually looked frightened. "Why, what is the matter, dear?" she asked. "You never talked this way to me before. Won't you please explain yourself?"

His face did not lose a particle of its sternness and anger, as he replied, "I'll explain nothing. I don't even know you. And now get out of here just as quickly as you can."

The door closed and the sound of choked sobs could be heard retreating down the corridor. The young lady who had been treated to this outburst of wrath was Adelaide Perkins by name. She had gone to room No. 41 expecting to find an affectionate and confiding lover; instead she found a brute. What had caused the change? What had she done? He had never talked like that before; his voice had never been so gruff and stern and unfeeling. And he had sent her away without telling her what was the matter. How could he be so cruel? She did not want any supper now. She did not care what happened. She would go to her room and stay there. And so, with heavy heart and tear-laden eyes, the poor girl shut herself up in her room, in a wretched way trying to accuse herself of some fault which would justify the storm of abuse that her lover had mercilessly showered upon her.

Meanwhile Mr. Clifford Butler was in a scarcely less amiable state of mind. If he had been mad before, he was furious now. "Upon my

word," he growled, "it has come to a pretty pass when a man cannot be free from the presence of designing females even in his own private room up here in these deserted mountains. I cannot stand it in this room any longer. I am going out to take a walk through the woods.

In a few minutes more Butler was in the road and making his way with quick strides to a woodland which lay at no great distance from the hotel.

Overhead in the heavens not a star was to be seen. The landscape gave an appearance of desolation with bare trees on every hand, and the violent wind, which had sprung up since sundown, made a doleful sound as it whistled through the tree tops. The aspect was indeed a dismal one.

But the tormented man noticed none of these things. So great was his absorption in his thoughts that he had not noticed as he had come out upon the porch of the hotel that two men were pacing it with leisurely steps, that on his appearance both men seemed to wake out of a reverie, that one man remarked to the other, "That is the man we want."

Nor had he noticed that these men had left the porch and followed him as he had set out. As he drew near the woods, his only thought was that he was fleeing from trouble, and not that every step was carrying him into far more serious trouble.

The moment he reached the edge of the woods, his trailers seemed to hasten their pace, and in a few minutes were not more than ten yards from him. Still he was unconscious of their presence and totally unsuspicious of any bodily danger. Now they were almost upon him. Then one of the men ran stealthily forward, and, raising a heavy club aloft in his right hand, brought it down on his victim's head with a resounding crack. Butler reeled and fell. Then he felt all consciousness leave him and lay doubled up in the road.

How long he lay there he never knew. But after a space of several hours he opened his eyes and looked about him. There was a horrible smell of whiskey all around him, and as he raised himself on his hands, he thought his head would crack, so great was the pain. After several ineffectual attempts to rise, he finally managed to drag himself to his feet. He felt very faint indeed.

Where he was or how he came into that condition, he could not in any way recollect. He was soon conscious, however, of a sense of chilliness which warned him to seek some shelter from the sharp night air. Which way to go or where to turn he did not know. By mere chance he took the direction that led back to the Lakewood Hotel, and with

faint and halting footsteps pursued his way until he finally arrived at that inn.

At sight of the hotel, a dim recollection glimmered in his bosom, and after a little reflection he remembered that he had a room there and that it was No. 41.

He approached the entrance, and stepped inside. Within he was confronted by a man who said, "I am a newspaper reporter from Grenfall, and would like to interview you, Mr. Butler."

Butler looked at him in a dazed sort of way and then said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Reporter, but you can see I'm in no condition to be interviewed tonight. I have a terrible headache."

"Oh, very well then," returned the reporter, and when Butler had passed, he shot a look of triumph at his retreating back which told plainly that he was not at all disappointed not to receive the interview.

It was with difficulty that the victimized managed to reach his room, undress, and crawl into bed. He soon fell into a deep sleep, from which he did not awaken until eleven o'clock the next morning.

When he did awaken, it was to find Mr. Hampton Butler, whose disappearance has been recorded at the beginning of this story, looking down upon him with a look of stupefaction and intense surprise.

"You must have gotten into the wrong room last night," said Hampton, not unkindly.

Clifford rubbed his eyes and then said, "What is that? No, I think not. This is the room they gave me when I came yesterday afternoon. There can hardly be any mistake about it, for they called me Mr. Butler."

"Mr. Butler? Why, that's my name, too. Let me see. You must be the Mr. Butler that this morning's Grenfall papers said was in 'an utterly deplorable, drunken condition' last night. If that is the case, we must resemble each other strongly, for I was supposed to be that gentleman. Let us look at ourselves in the looking-glass."

"Why, we are regular twin brothers! But what did you say about a drunken condition last night?"

"I can clear the whole mystery up for you. I see you do not know what happened to you."

"I guess I had better get some clothes on while you are doing it." And going to his suitcase, he extracted a change of clothing and was soon making himself look presentable.

Meanwhile, Hampton had started his narrative. "In the first place, I had better tell you that I am a candidate for mayor of the city of Grenfall at the coming election next Tuesday. Last Tuesday we finished our stumping campaign, and on Wednesday I came up here

to spend a short vacation with my fiancee, Miss Adelaide Perkins, who has been here for two months. Yesterday afternoon while I was playing golf, I received a letter from our campaign manager, informing me that my political opponents were planning to do me some harm and that I should come back to Grenfall.

"I went. But here it might be well to tell you something about my opponents. They are an unscrupulous gang, bossed by one Carrigan, who is known as the most notorious grafter in this part of the state. During the past two years, however, his power has gradually been crumbling away, until now he has but slight chance of electing his candidate to the office by any fair means. But anyone who knows Mr. Carrigan's character also knows that he would employ any means in his power to win this election.

"One of the strongest planks in our platform is the prohibition plank, for Grenfall has not remained uninfluenced by the great wave of prohibition that is sweeping over the country. Naturally, any man who professes such policies must be a total abstainer himself. Now that is just where Carrigan's subtle intellect brought itself into play. The one way to defeat my candidacy was to prove me guilty of alcoholic intemperance. He sent his accomplices down here to do the job, and with what result you yourself know only too well.

"As I said before, the Grenfall morning papers, mere Carrigan organs, filled some three columns this morning, deploring my degeneracy and urging the necessity of the election of Carrigan's candidate. Fortunately, I was able to present an excellent alibi, as last night I accepted a last-minute invitation to give a lecture at Albion, a place some twelve miles from Grenfall.

"So far, so good. But the best part for you to hear is yet to come. Private detectives sent down here by our campaign manager captured and wrung a full confession from the worthies who clubbed you into insensibility and then soused you with whiskey. This confession implicates not only the thugs themselves but also Carrigan and his candidate for mayor, Grundy by name, both of whom will be prosecuted with all due process of law. It is quite probable that Grundy will withdraw his candidacy and leave the field undisputed, but at all events this business of last night is bound to hurt them a great deal more than it helps them.

"Those detectives looked for you up there on the mountain road after they had caught your assailants, but could find no trace of—"

Just then there was an eager rap on the door and, when Clifford

Butler opened it, he was confronted by a personage none other than his beloved sweetheart, whom he thought he had lost, Anna Lindsay.

"Oh, Clif," she broke out passionately, "I just could not stand that old, fat Reggie any longer, so I have run away from home, and if you will have me, I am yours."

"Have YOU, Anna! Why, I would die if I did not get you." And they embraced each other with a warmness that is only shown by fond hearts united after long separation.

This scene was interrupted by another knock at the door, this time a timid, uncertain knock.

Hampton, thinking that the other occupants of the room were very busy for the time being, stepped to the door and opened it himself. His face was wreathed in smiles as he looked upon the face of his fiancee, Adelaide Perkins.

"Do you forgive me?" she pleaded in a very meek tone of voice.

"Forgive, dear? Why, there is nothing to forgive."

Their conversation had attracted the attention of the other two, and then followed a lively scene in which explanations were made and everyone concerned was considerably enlightened.

It was certainly four happy young people who then went downstairs and took their seats together in the dining-room, for it was now dinner-time.

During the table talk that ensued, Anna asked, "Are you sure you two men are no relation? I can hardly conceive such resemblance without some relationship."

After pondering the subject for a moment, Hampton said, "I have it now, Clif, I think. You said your home was in Pencoyd, did you not? Then doubtless your father is Gordon Butler of that place."

"That is perfectly correct, Hampton. But how did you know it?"

"Then we are third cousins. I distinctly remember father speaking about your family on several different occasions and regretting that we never heard anything of you, but I suppose he never really got down to the point of writing a letter and that is just the reason why we never made each other's acquaintance before."

"We will forgive our fathers the oversight," said Clifford, smiling, "for although it led me into some trouble, 'All's Well That Ends Well.'"

—E. J. Lester, Jr. '18

A Question

Ah, where is all the joy we seek?
Our happy moments come and speak
Unto our hearts and pass away,
And we are left in darkness then,
Till some fair moment comes again
To raise the leaden clouds that lay
Themselves between us and the day.

We dream of some fair fairyland,
Where all the shores are golden sand,
Where sunshine plays on waving trees,
Where azure waves toss in the breeze
Of one eternal summer's day.

And bordering on this heavenly land
The icy-crested mountains stand,
Soaring aloft to mystic height,
Where snowy summits in their might
Of silent grandeur ever show
Themselves at sunrise all aglow
With morning's youthful splendor.

Then when the day has reached its crest,
And when the sun slopes toward the west,
Then must these peaks be robed at last
In all the light that from the past
In dream-like splendor seems to flow
Upon our sordid selves below.

Vague shadows all, that ne'er can be!
O would that we might come to see
Such traits of beauty everywhere:
Some beauty that would make seem fair
The common things of life!

—*Donald H. Painter, '17.*

Let's Go "Suping"

IF you want to rub shoulders with opera stars, and not be worried about manners or embarrassment, just go down some night to the Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia, and "supe."

Then you will know what it feels like to be an audience within an audience, and look through both ends of the opera glass at once, so to speak. A super with a sense of humor and a little taste for literature, has an unlimited field for essays on "how the public is fooled."

Usually the sound of a galloping horse is made with a cocoanut cut in two, but there are simpler ways, as the following will show. It's the first scene from "Manon Lescaut," and the audience is looking at the walled-in courtyard of a French 18th century country tavern. A gay cavalier is careering along in the distance, on the way to see his Mistress Manon at the inn. He reaches the inn and slows up his prancing horse, jumps off, throws the reins to a lackey, and the audience sees him come swaggering through the gate into the courtyard. Let's look at it through the super's eyes.

Over in the corner of the huge stage, back of the scene, stands Caruso, gargling his throat preparatory to his entrance solo. The stage director, dressed in a stylish frock coat, with a baton in one hand and an operatic score in the other, stands behind the inn wall. The score reaches the galloping part. Immediately, in the most serious way imaginable, Mr. Director starts doing what seems a Highland fling, or a jig, on the resonant floor; the thumps of his heels to a blind man would, on oath, be the titatunk, titatunk of a galloping steed. He breaks up the rhythm of his "jig," and this is Caruso's cue, for he saunters across and the moment the stamping ceases, he flings open the gate, and assumes his cavalryman role.

Take another case. Act one, from the "Jewels of the Madonna,"—a period of silence before Vespers, outside a nunnery, when the audience sees the beautiful ivy-clad walls, and the gray old building behind which the sun is setting. There peal out over the parquet circle the sweet tones of the Vesper bells. But to the poor, prosaic super, our friend the stage director is merely touching the four gradated pipes hung up in a corner behind the scene. The above opera is, I believe, laid in Naples, and during one of the scenes a canal is in the background. Of course when a gondola, moving silently, glides across the stage, and gently stops in the middle of its course, it is merely a part of the act. The super, however, has the pleasure of seeing the unhappy stagehands work feverishly to get back in place the wily recalcitrant rope on to its

pulley—the rope being the good ship's only source of propulsion along its supposedly watery course.

And what a disillusionment those soldier choruses are. When, after you and other supers have marched across the stage over a forest path, two by two, rounding the edge of the hill out of sight, and there comes back to the audience a swinging, rollicking marching-song, supposedly sung by the soldiers, you see the melody being produced by a slovenly, garlicky, collarless, well-fed group of Austro-Italians, urged and ruled by the man with the baton.

Go and "supe" and then you too will remember that funny little nervous French costume-property man who frets and rattles out staccato oaths, patient and good-natured withal, and the mumbling, dreaming, hook-nosed Cyrano de Bergerac, swelled with dignity and as full of peculiarities as you'd expect in a "star" who takes the part of an 18th century town sheriff. And you won't forget the maze of passage-ways, the prodigious number of drop-curtains, and the interesting but inapproachable young women studying grand opera, wearing pageants of costumes, and doing the chorus work. Everything is so big and full of kaleidoscopic changes, that you may go down there to the Metropolitan and gather a crop of impressions as you would mushrooms, and when you have digested them you want to go for more. There is, however, one impression, ever changing, yet always the same, and that is embodied in the left side of the tremendous stage, whence, spread out over the three hundred square feet of electric switchboard, come the glorious stage sunrises and sunsets. There you will see a man running about the long platform like a squirrel in a cage, working his myriad switches. And that man has no sinecure.

We've done our part in the "suping" now, and after hurrying down and hustling into our street clothes, we work our way out the stage entrance, with a ticket—our reward—to get into the front of the theatre, among that serried line of bodiless faces—the onlookers. We join them, and pick our seats..... And the last act is staged. Yet our love of appearance, our zest to be fooled—to take as real the external—is no whit less than that of others who have not "suped"; and our sympathy, our sadness, or our joy, in the make-believe characters on the stage, ebbs and flows with the rest, even more strongly.

—Douglas C. Wendell, '16.

Easter Sunlight

THE tender blades of grass covered all the hillside, and the blossoms were on the trees. The fresh-plowed earth gave forth its fragrance. Tulips and hyacinths and palms adorned the ancient balcony of the monastery. The old men labored sadly in the fields, making ready for the early planting of seed. Women sobbed as they busied themselves about their little huts. Children mustered themselves and marched about with sticks as weapons. The Imperial Edicts were tacked on walls and doorways. From time to time the toilers, in passing, stopped and listened as the curé read the posted page to them, cheering in a half-hearted way at times and sometimes preserving an ominous silence. Occasionally a fierce hate was expressed in the visage of some old veteran. Soft breezes stirred over the rolling hills as the bells of the cathedral rang out in low, reverberating tones. Gradually the singing of the returned songsters died out with the setting sun. The stars appeared one by one and the moon in its radiant beauty poured a soft glow over the landscape. It was Eastertide,—and tomorrow Easter.

As the chimes announced the midnight hour, the birth of a joyous holiday, the chanting of the choir arose. The boyish voices sang the old anthems with a joy that only forgetfulness of the times made possible. Melodies flowed from the pipes of the old, medieval organ and arose until they mingled with the songs of the bells. The vast, vaulted cathedral, mellowed by ages and sanctified by time, lifted its Gothic tower proudly to heaven.

The hour for worshipers had come, but the place of worship remained deserted excepting for the churchmen and the choir boys. Favre, an old priest, marveling at this strange emptiness, gathered together three of his associates and left the holy building by a side door and then walked hastily toward the nearest group of houses. The doors stood wide open, and within everything was in disorder. Frightened by this weird condition, they searched further. Finally, in a hut on the edge of the town, they found an old man, crippled by disease, who had been left behind in the flight. He was seated in a chair, leaning forward, his head resting on his arms and moaning. As he sensed their presence he shrieked aloud.

"Don't torture me," he cried.

They spoke and he recognized them.

"Flee, flee!" he moaned. "They come! They come!"

Tenderly they bore him to the church and seated him upon a chair. The services had continued. The youths had dropped off to sleep as

their duties ended, but the venerable curé had arisen and addressed the empty auditorium. As the old cripple sank to his knees to pray, a thunderous knocking arose at a hidden side entrance of the ancient building. The door was opened and three French artillery officers rushed through the narrow opening and ran past the surprised priests and climbed up into the tower. They were followed somewhat later by soldiers bearing two machine guns and a heliograph.

Morning came. The kindly priests awakened the choir boys, and as the first beams of the morning sun fell upon the gray buttresses and illuminated the great stained-glass windows, the organ once more repeated the old melodies of Easter. The songs of the Resurrection and of good tidings were heard by only one shriveled old man who rocked back and forth on his seat as he moaned and shook his head. In the tower men were hurrying back and forth, but they were not robed in the garments of any church; they were enveloped in the uniforms of national hate. They were not laboring for the uplift of souls; they were engaged in preparations for the destruction of life. That little shaft of sunlight transmitted the secrets of an empire.

The hour for prayer found the holy place filling with French soldiers. As they knelt, their comrades above at the guns were getting the range of a battery of hostile guns, lately drawn up on a hill beyond the town. As yet all was quiet.

"Peace on earth," the voice of the curé trembled as he thought of the old Christmas message, "good will to men."

The soldiers bowed their heads.

"He died and He has arisen. Rejoice ye therefore and be exceedingly glad."

A puff of smoke enshrouded the battery on the hill. The old tower, the treasure of architectural triumph, the gem of Gothic sculpture, crumbled and fell to one side, passing directly through the roof of the main part of the cathedral, and buried the choir stalls in debris. The religious gloom of the interior was flooded with the light that passed through the collapsed arches. The curé fell upon his knees with hands upraised to heaven and a prayer upon his lips. Again the thunder of heavy guns. A shell struck one of the walls with terrific force and exploded. The flying buttresses crumbled into dust and the great mass of masonry quivered as it bent in falling.

The Easter sunlight fell upon a huge rubbish heap. The trees nearby had been defoliated and the birds had been frightened away. Ruined walls were still smoking in the devastated town. Silence reigned over all.

—*H. P. Schenck, '18.*

In Reply

The greatest religious awakening which has ever occurred in this great City of Brotherly Love, and which is leading thousands to Jesus Christ and better living, has been brought about and fostered by this "thoroughly unchristian agent" of the Church, the Rev. William A. Sunday. The men and women and children who are feeling the powerful influence of this "vulgar fanatic," are not merely "hysterical, broken-down human wrecks"; many of them are intelligent, clear-minded people who feel the desire aroused in them to pursue good, Christian lives. The great result of the campaign is not in the number of those who have "hit the trail," but in the general awakening which is seen and felt throughout the city. The numbers in the churches, Sunday-schools, and Bible classes are increasing rapidly, and unquestionably far surpass that handful of intelligent (?) men who are being alienated from their religion.

The Church is stirred, and the ministers who have been so horribly "abused and taunted" are getting down to real business. Anyone visiting a Philadelphia church today can easily see and feel the dynamic influence for good which this "uncultured and uneducated" man has had upon the ministry. If Mr. Sunday has only stirred the ministry to greater action, he will have done enough.

Finally, a word on Mr. Sunday himself. Undoubtedly "Billy's" greatest fault is his narrow-mindedness (he admits himself that his temper is his worst enemy). We cannot understand his opposition to science and knowledge, and some of his theology seems almost foolish. Again, he pays too much attention to criticism and becomes irritated by little things, but we must remember first, that the strain under which he has been laboring has been terrific, and secondly, that he is not divine. Every human has faults, and the great glow from the work that Mr. Sunday has accomplished should blind us to his smaller weaknesses, whatever they may be.

—*Edward F. Lukens, Jr., '16.*

(Editorial Note.—*As promised last month, we print above the best reply to the adverse article on Billy Sunday. We have now given space impartially to both sides of the question, and beg to have it considered closed as far as* The Haverfordian *is concerned.*)

THE UNEASY CHAIR

What Kind of a College Do We Want? It is a question which presents itself with more or less force to every Freshman or Sophomore who finds his path marked out for him through the dreary and terrifying wilderness of required courses which he does not wish to take. After being told that he will sometime realize that all this disagreeable experience will make a man of him in a way which he is still too immature to realize, he resigns himself to his fate. Though his will is puzzled enough, he grunts and sweats throughout the weary courses, until he finally emerges into the freer air of the upper classes. Things go merrily after that until, at last, Commencement and the prospect of a drop into self-supporting life begin to grow big on the horizon. An oppressive feeling of inadequacy comes on as the Senior contemplates the future and wonders what he is good for. As he remembers the smell of the dimly burning lamp that might not be quenched when the incandescents ceased to glow, he feels that not all of his time has been wasted for the four years just ending, and that something ought to come of it. Yet he knows, as he reads the Civil Service list or the prospective employer's kind but disturbingly practical letter, that, while he is loaded to the decks with fundamental principles, there are very few definite things, such as the world appears to want done, that he is able to do. He no longer quarrels with required courses, being free of them, but wonders whether he would not have done better at a technical school. The conclusion is of no importance, for it is too late to retrace the way. Perhaps a year at a university is to follow anyway, perhaps not. In either case, the Senior is not sorry for his four years at Haverford, for, whatever might have been, he is conscious of having gained something which could have been gained nowhere else. He is quite willing to allow the future to justify him. And the interesting thing is that it usually does.

There comes a time, however, when the question comes up again. And this time, it does not come to an undergraduate to be settled for him, but to an alumnus to be settled for somebody else. *Somebody* may be a pupil or a friend or a son. In the Alumni Department of this issue will be found a statement of the case from the point of view of a father whose son is ready for college. The education which this father wants his son to have may or may not be the kind which other fathers desire for their sons, but we believe that the viewpoint may represent in a

general way that of many others. This does not raise the general question, which is old enough to be decently interred, as to whether a classical education is superior to a practical education. Opinions on this subject may lie inevitably in the background of the discussion, but the matter which it brings before us as Haverfordians is whether, in an age which has a place for institutions giving both types of instruction, we want Haverford to be essentially practical or essentially cultural. It may be pointed out that there is no reason why it cannot be both, but the question of emphasis still remains.—What kind of a college do we want?

—*E. C. B.*

BASEBALL. Spring, with her retinue of vernal charms, is almost here. As youth and blood grow warmer, concomitant with doctor bills and quinine tonics, the winter fat is stored with yesterday's ten thousand years; and "young America" (that much abused stereotype ranging between the ages of ten and forty) turns to its annual traditions of love and—baseball. "We" of course assume that the class of sportsmen is meant which is not content to brush away the flies with a soda cracker, beneath the village chestnut tree. Perhaps an explanation will clarify matters.

A number of men who do not participate in the usual spring athletics at Haverford, have organized a baseball club. This association has assumed the name, "The Haverford Baseball Club," thus restricting its identity with the college until it has won recognition as a major sport by its own merit. Its purpose is to afford a healthy, pleasurable, and democratic exercise to those students who otherwise would "rust unburnished." The future of baseball at Haverford is naturally a question —and a question of some importance to those who have the game at heart.

It would be trite to enumerate the advantages of baseball as an exercise, and to present its comparative merits with other sports. The accusation which seems to protrude beyond all others is that baseball has rowdyism for its consort. Is this true? The national sport in its minor phases need have no more elements of impoliteness or billingsgate than other amusements. Let it be pointed out that the *man* determines the character of the game he participates in. "Murder will out," and boorish qualities will evince themselves, whether it be in the mild vernacular of a "checkmate," or the wild "Slide, Kelly, Slide!" of the diamond maniac. There is no reason why a good, clean game of baseball cannot be played with zest and competition, retaining, withal, a spirit of chivalrous *sangfroid*.

This is neither a challenge nor a plea. It is simply a statement of facts. Other things being equal, there is no reason why baseball cannot take its place as a sport at Haverford. —*R. G.*

BOOKS

The Open Door, by *Hugh Black. Fleming H. Revell Co., N. Y.*

Dr. Black has introduced a topic of especial interest to the college man in his latest book, "The Open Door." Life is compared to a gallery of doors, each opening out into the unknown and each inviting someone to enter. The college man particularly feels this freedom of choice, and though there are countless doors in this gallery, representing all vocations, it is required that one and one alone be taken. And more than the mere choosing of a door: as a man travels on he realizes the impossibility of retracing his steps once they have been set in a certain direction, and upon entering the door of his choice he can almost hear the others as they close behind him.

The figure is fascinating in its direct application, and is maintained throughout the small essays which constitute the book.

One of these essays called "The Doorways of Tradition" contains a thought which it is doubtful if the conservative reader could uphold. "Youth ought to be radical, asking insistent questions, even pouring contempt upon our smug ways and respectable institutions."

It is to be questioned how far this statement can be accepted. We are surrounded every day by false prophets and their insidious teachings. Sometimes we can scarcely discern the good from the bad. Hundreds blindly follow a demagogue to establish a new political system, a new school of art, or even a new religion and yet youth is here encouraged to say to the world, "Go to, mine eyes have seen a nobler vision. Follow thou me."

Surely in this vacillating twentieth century, when creeds and dogmas are shattered daily, there was never greater need for stability. And accordingly, as we read on in the essay, we find Dr. Black also cautioning against absolute rejection of the past, and asking us in his naive way to catch the spirit of the unknown. As he expresses it, "We stand at the doorways of tradition, blind to the open door of our own new day."

Other doors are discussed in separate essays. There is the "Magic Door that ushers to the very land of dreams"; the Door of Opportunity, which to the foreigner like Hugh Black opens into America; and last of all there is the great open door called Death, from which there is no return.

In its two hundred pages there are many new thoughts brought

forward by striking simile. All are told in the easy, conversational style which is recognized by those who have heard Dr. Black, and many others who have not had that privilege will be glad to renew an acquaintance made among the pages of his "Friendship," years ago.

—*Edmund T. Price, '17.*

AFTER LUNCH IN THE LIBRARY

California. By Gertrude Atherton. A very interesting book dealing with the history of the state. The author herself describes her book as a "rapid narrative," yet it is quite thorough.

The Winning of the Far West. By R. N. McElroy, Ph. D. The Edwards Professor of History at Princeton University has written a "History of the Regaining of Texas, of the Mexican War and the Oregon Question; and of the Successive Additions to the Territory of the United States within the Continent of America." It is a masterly work by a scholar who knows his subject to perfection. Many good maps and illustrations; a good index. Foot-note bibliography.

Le Mariage de Loti. By Pierre Loti. An excellent novel; one of the earliest of the man who wrote "Ramunteho." Written in 1878 and dedicated to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. A charming novel with its picturesque setting and its author's delightful style. The book made us wonder if M. Loti is as fond of Turkey as ever.

La Vie Privée de Michel Tèissier. By Edouard Rod. One of the Swiss novelist's "études passionets." A typical French novel by a famous writer. Style and subject eminently Gallic.

L' Annonce Faite a Marie. By Paul Claudel. A modern play by one of the younger French dramatists; one of the repertoire of M. Lugne-Poe's Theatre de l' Oeuvre. The playwright's style and inspiration are unique.

The Amazons. By Sir A. W. Pinero. One of the leading dramatist's successful plays, as interesting as everything he writes. The play was produced at the Court Theatre, London in 1895.

The Poems of Henry King, D. D. Notes and comment on the too little known poet of the seventeenth century by L. Mason, Ph.D. A remarkably interesting volume on a subject which is of interest to literature.

The Words of Jesus. By Gustaf Dalman. The famous Leipsic professor's work translated by Professor D. M. Kay, of the University of Saint Andrew's, Scotland. The utterances of Christ are "considered in the light of post-Biblical Jewish writings and Aramaic languages.

THROUGH THE GLASSES

Robert Mantell in Hamlet

That Shakespeare is still able to compete on a fair basis with musical comedy and farce was amply demonstrated by the large and enthusiastic crowd which filled the Lyric Theatre to see Mr. Robert Mantell in Shakespeare's most highly intellectual tragedy. Nor was their enthusiasm misplaced; for Mr. Mantell and his company gave an eminently faithful and satisfactory rendition of the extremely difficult play.

If there was one quality which predominated in Mr. Mantell's acting it was his evident earnestness and the complete subordination of his personal idiosyncrasies to his conception of the dramatic requirements of his part. This spirit, which seemed to extend even to the humblest members of the cast, assisted materially in making the performance educational, as well as fascinating, in its character.

It is hard to write an extended criticism of a uniformly excellent and faithful production; but a few features of particular interest might be noted.

One of the few questionable points in the rendition of the drama was the playing of the whole character of Polonius in a spirit of comic burlesque. With all his faults, the timeserving old politician has a sincere affection for his son and daughter; and the genuine humor of the other side of his character is rather spoiled by the treatment of the entire character as a joke.

Another place in which the original idea of the dramatist seemed to be disregarded was at the end of the closing scene, which is customarily marked by a dead march and procession across the stage. The omission of this feature, however, might plausibly be defended on the ground that such a pompous pageant is an anticlimax after the titanic tragedy of the scene itself.

Mantell's interpretation of the character of Hamlet was spirited and intellectual, with a slight tendency to overemphasis in certain places. He more than atoned for this slight fault, however, by the grandeur and refinement of his interpretation of many other noted passages; his delivery of the widely known soliloquy being especially effective. Mantell's Hamlet is a character interpretation of dignity, refinement, and intellectuality, which gives every promise of still further dramatic and poetic progress in the future. —*William H. Chamberlin, '17.*

Forbes-Robertson in Hamlet

To say of an actor that he "lives his part" when on the stage seems hackneyed, but it is singularly apt in the case of Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson's interpretation of Hamlet, which has proved one of the sensations of his farewell tour. From his first entrance Forbes-Robertson throws aside his own personality and disguises himself under the form of the unhappy Prince of Denmark. His presentation of the part is the result of a life-time study; as he himself says, "I do not remember when I first learned the lines of Hamlet." Every gesture, action, shading of voice and glance of eye is the product of years of study and experiment. Thus it may be truly said that he throws part of his life into his portrayal of Shakespeare's much discussed hero.

Of what character is Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet? Is he immoral; is he incapable of loving or being loved? Is he mad or does he merely feign madness? These are a few of the stereotyped problems which every prospective actor of Hamlet must solve for himself, and shape his portraiture accordingly. Sir Johnstone's Hamlet is, above all else, human; man's idiosyncrasies and passions pulsate through and through him. At the beginning of the drama he portrays Hamlet as a young man of broad intellect and extensive study, who is naturally congenial. But later in the play, after the appearance of the Ghost, Sir Johnstone converts himself into a man of two characters, a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. To the King, the Queen Mother, Ophelia and others about the court, he acts as a morose, sullen man, who is apparently preoccupied with the solution of some vital problem. They call him mad. But to his bosom friend, Horatio, he presents an entirely different character, and becomes confidential, disclosing all that has been gnawing at his heart and urging him to take vengeance upon his criminal uncle. Forbes-Robertson shows by his acting at this stage of the play that he adheres strictly to a belief in Hamlet's sanity.

The English actor further reveals this assurance of Hamlet's rationality in his handling of the scene with the Queen in the fourth act. He is most human and shows that Hamlet was torn by two conflicting emotions, love for his unworthy mother, and an insatiable desire for revenge upon her husband. The Queen is moved to tears, and it is not strange, for a Hamlet with the wonderful voice of a Forbes-Robertson would move the most hard-hearted to tears. What a wonderful voice it is, and what a great part its sympathetic flexibility plays in his success as Hamlet! That voice and his genius in general have somewhat transmitted themselves to his co-workers, resulting in a smoothly-balanced and finished performance. —*George A. Dunlap, '16.*

ALUMNI

G. M. Palmer, '97, has submitted the following letter on "The Size of Haverford"; which he says expresses the ideas of a number of those who are deeply interested in the College.

March 4th, 1915.

Sometimes when starting an advertising campaign it helps to know what kind of competition one is to meet. I have been interested in reading of the efforts to make a bigger Haverford.

I am a Haverford Alumnus, and am proud of it. I number among my fondest memories those that cluster around the small group of buildings as they stood in '95, '96, and '97. I do not underestimate the value of the Haverford idea, and the Haverford ideal—so far as they go—but—

I have an only son. I want to send him to college in the next half-dozen years, and he will not go to Haverford.

This is because he is not inclined to seek either a

(1). Classical education to fit him to become a teacher.

(2). A scientific education to fit him to become a dabbler in science as a hobby, or

(3). A culture course amid surroundings that are agreeable, healthful, and restful with no thought for the future.

My son must and already does look upon life as a serious problem demanding concentration on lines that will equip him for the struggle.

The keenest disappointment of my life was to find myself insufficiently educated to take up a chosen profession. My ambitions had grouped themselves around a college which, for lack of information on the subject of colleges and their aims and ideals, had to be Haverford. I wished to concentrate on learning a profession. Though in sufficiently equipped in other lines, Haverford fortunately was able to give me just what I wanted—all the chemistry that could be crowded into a few college years, but I was not permitted to spend any great share of my time on chemistry; I was compelled to devote even more to culture courses—all well enough in themselves, but not necessary and not practical.

My disappointment was tempered by the fact that I did not know how other colleges were, even then, offering practical scientific courses. When through college, insufficiently educated in any one line, and woefully lacking in chemical knowledge which Dr. Hall could have given if permitted, I must needs cut and try at one calling and another, and seven years of my life after leaving college were

spent in gaining experience that might have been saved by such an education as I fully expected of my college and which some other college would have given me. Understand, I am not belittling the wholesome influence of Haverford. Those influences, together with the proper courses of study, would make Haverford the most desirable seat of learning in the country. Those influences will make Haverford the college for the limited number who want the kind of education Haverford is fitted for, but—

Haverford cannot expect to compete with a college like Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, which offers thorough technical training in any one of a number of scientific pursuits, and on top of that a full year's course in business practice.

I should be proud to have Haverford enlarge, and get over the 94 student mark of '97 or the 187 mark of 1915. I should like to have my boy breathe the Haverford air and imbibe the Haverford ideals; but, on the other hand, we cannot afford to belittle the ideals of sister colleges; and my boy cannot afford to dissipate his time on non-essentials and culture courses, and wait until he is through college to start to prepare for the realities.

I am aware that the average Haverfordian looks with a great deal of contempt upon the utilitarian in learning; and has the highest regard for abstract science!—but that is the reason why Haverford is a small college and had best be satisfied to remain so until she has the laboratories and the professors, and the disposition to cater to the larger number of the coming generation who look upon college as a training school for the real issues in life.

The Haverford New York Society held its annual dinner at the Columbia University Club, 18 Gramercy Park, on Wednesday evening, March thirty-first. President Sharpless was one of the speakers, and William A. Battey, '99, was chairman of the dinner committee.

President Sharpless introduced Secretary Bryan at the great total abstinence meeting which was held on March fifteenth in the Sunday Tabernacle, Philadelphia.

There will be a Cricket Week after college closes, under the supervision of A. G. Scattergood, '98, and C. C. Morris, '04. Among the teams we play are the Philadelphia Cricket Club and the Germantown Cricket Club.

'61

Mr. Samuel Parsons has just issued a book called "The Art of Landscape Architecture" (New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons). In this work Mr. Parsons gives his theories of landscape beautification, based on years of experience. The fault with recent landscape gardening in America is that it has

suffered from too much wealth. Landscapes cannot be made at a moment's notice, and so our millionaires have turned their attention to quicker results, such as horticultural displays. Size is not a requisite in landscape making. The tiny backyard can be made a thing of beauty by judicious rearrangement.

Mr. Parsons has been the leading landscape artist of the country for nearly forty years. The title of his first book was "Landscape Gardening."

He was superintendent of the parks of New York City from 1884 to 1897. The fourteen-hundred-acre park of San Diego, California, was designed by him, as were also many of the improvements in Central Park.

'81

Isaac T. Johnson, whose home is in Urbana, Ohio, is chairman of the "No Saloons for Urbana" committee. He is also president of the Johnson Mfg. Co., of that city, a Sunday-school superintendent, and an ardent supporter of the *American Friend*. His hobby is a large farm.

'87

Allen B. Clement has announced his engagement to Miss Bertha E. Jones, of Haddonfield, N. J.

'92

Stanly R. Yarnall was elected a member of the Board of Managers at a meeting on March 19th.

'96

C. Russell Hinchman was married on March 10th to Mrs. Anna Lynch Barbee-Babson. Mr. and Mrs. Hinchman will be at home after October 1st, at 4103 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

'98

Richard D. Wood has recently been elected one of "the Overseers of the Public School, founded by charter in the Town and County of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania." This corporation, chartered first in 1701 by William Penn, manages the Penn Charter School.

'99

Rev. William Bode has recently published a volume entitled "The Book of Job, and the Solution of the Problem of Suffering It Offers." The book is divided into three sections. The first is introductory, concerning Job as an "All Men's Book," and "the Enigma of Life"—the universal problem of suffering.

The second section brings out the various cycles of speeches in the book of Job, and their significance.

The third section contains the relative values of solutions offered for the enigma. The book is instructive and inspiring, and is especially adapted for the Bible student.

'01

C. O. Carey, who is Assistant Professor of Surveying in the University of Michigan, has received

the advanced degree of Civil Engineer for research work done on concrete columns, determining the action of columns reinforced with a spiral of steel when under load.

Clement O. Meredith has been made Dean of Guilford College, where he has been teaching for several years.

'05

Sigmund G. Spaeth is writing another opera libretto.

'06

R. J. Shortlidge is associated in the management of Camp Marienfeld, at Chesham, N. H. This is one of the largest and most successful boys' camps in this part of the country. Mr. Shortlidge is still on the teaching staff of the Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.

Frances R. Taylor, of the Philadelphia Bar, is President of the Montgomery County No-License Campaign, which is waging a hard and aggressive fight against the saloon and brewing interests in that county.

Warren K. Miller, of the Lehigh County Bar, was married last December to Miss C. Frances Jordan Sieger. Their home is in Allentown, Pa.

Roderick Scot returned last May from his post in Russia, where he was studying the language in preparation for the office of Secretary of the Russian Student Christian Movement. On the thirteenth of last August he married Miss Agnes Kelly, of Richmond, Indiana, daughter of President Kelly of Erlham College. The war has prevented his return to his work in Russia for the present. Meanwhile he is Associate Secretary in the city Y. M. C. A., of Vincennes, Ind.

Ex.-'06

T. P. Harvey has been elected to the Indiana State Legislature. His address is 3271 Central Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

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'07

Alfred B. Morton is associated with William Martien and Company, in the real estate business, at 3 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

'08

M. Albert Linton was recently awarded the hundred-dollar prize for the best paper presented before the American Actuarial Society by a member of two years' standing.

T. Morris Longstreth is planning to take a group of sixteen boys out to the San Francisco Exposition in a special car this summer. The trip is to last about four weeks. Mr. Longstreth has also agreed to write a book for the Outing Publishing Co., dealing with weather conditions and prophecy.

At the annual dinner of the Class of 1908, held at the College on the fifth of March, the following members were present: Brown, Burtt, Bushnell, Elkinton, Emlen, Guenther, Hill, Linton, Longstreth, Thomas, and Wright. At the meeting held after the dinner Wright was elected President; Strode, Vice-President, and Burtt, Secretary and Treasurer.

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Ex-'08

T. C. Desmond is now Assistant Engineer of the New York Realty and Improvement Co., and is busily engaged in the construction of certain sections of the new subway.

'09

A son, Christian, was born to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Febiger on February 24th, at their home on Randolph Ave., Milton, Mass.

'11

John S. Bradway has been working actively with Mr. F. R. Taylor, '06, in addressing meetings throughout Montgomery county in behalf of the No-License Campaign.

'11

L. A. Post, who is now a Rhoades Scholar at New College, Oxford, writes that there are only sixty-two out of three hundred men left at the college.

'12

Lance B. Lathem gave a recital at the Merion Cricket Club on Friday, March fifth, with Mr. Merville A. Yetter, tenor, and Guerney Mattox, violinist.

A son, Douglas Crosman was born to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde G. Durgin on March third.

'14

The engagement of Thomas W. Elkinton to Miss Elizabeth W. Roberts, of Moorestown, New Jersey, has been recently announced.

Howard West Elkinton has announced his engagement to Miss Katharine Mason, of Germantown, Pa.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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GEORGE A. DUNLAP, 1916 — WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN, 1917

JACK G. C. LECLERCQ, 1918

BUSINESS MANAGERS

EDWARD R. MOON, 1916 (*Mgr.*) — ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY, 1917 (*Asst. Mgr.*)

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This is Vol. XXXVII

Not Vol. XXXVIII as indicated during the last two months. Also, please note that the Oct. 1914 to Feb. 1915 issues belong to Vol. XXXVI and not to Vol. XXXVII as marked.

George Arthur Dunlap

has been elected to the Haverfordian Board. It gives us pleasure to have as a member of the Board, one who has shown considerable ability in literary and dramatic criticism and short-story writing.

In This Issue

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Ministry of Music..................DAVID S. BISPHAM, '76 89
The Need for Iconoclasm................W. H. CHAMBERLIN, '17 98
Joanne, A Dramatic Sketch..............COLBY VAN DAM, '17 103
Our Southern Poets.....................ROBERT GIBSON, '17 107

STORIES

A Product of Hoshkosh...............GEORGE A. DUNLAP, '16 93
Her Real Hero.....................EDWARD THORPE, JR., '18 112

VERSE

Spring Twilight......................WALTER S. NEVIN, '18 92
Sirmio (Catullus, 31)..................J. W. SPAETH, '17 97

DEPARTMENTS

Books
The American College.............DOUGLAS C. WENDELL, '16 119
Through the Glasses
Marie-Odile.......................J. G. C. LE CLERCQ, '18 121
Alumni..............................ROBERT GIBSON, '17 123

In the Next Issue

Cricket...........................ALFRED SCATTERGOOD, '98
The Religious Life of Haverford...........H. J. CADBURY, '03

// THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1915 No. 3

The Ministry of Music

IN the spring of 1914 I was on my concert tour on the Pacific Coast, I was singing in vaudeville, and received a letter from President Sharpless of Haverford College, saying that the Board of Managers had decided to confer upon me the Honorary Degree of LL.D.—Doctor of Laws. To say that I was surprised does not convey in any adequate manner an idea of the state of my feelings. That I, a descendant of two of the original Quaker families who had founded Philadelphia, the grandson of one of the Founders of Haverford College—I, a grand opera singer, a concert singer, and a vaudeville artist; I, whose life had been so unusual in regard to its public activities, should find myself being honored by my former companions and by the friends of my parents, by being made a Doctor of Laws by the College which, of almost all those in America, has upheld religion and scholarship at the expense of art and music, was indeed astounding.

Had anything happened to me, or was it that something had happened to Haverford? Nothing had happened to me except the daily, monthly, yearly, continual application of a mind that could do nothing else to musical and histrionic pursuits. Therefore something must have happened to Haverford. The rising generation, and those of the former generation who still remain upon its governing board, had lived to see the time, not contemplated by the Founders of our Alma Mater, when music and the drama and those who occupy themselves therewith had become recognized factors in the daily life of the community. No longer are they to be looked upon as wicked, or at least idle pastimes, but as educators—educators as much as a school is an educator,—and therefore the musician and the actor may be looked upon as educators. Hence it was, I suppose, that I was given a place among educators, and I am proud to have been considered worthy of the distinguished honor which our College has conferred upon me.

I replied to President Sharpless's letter in that spirit, and suggested that at Commencement in June I would like to say a few words to the audience, and that if there were no objection I would also sing. There

was no objection. Indeed, with the courtesy which is always his, President Sharpless both wrote and at Commencement said to the audience in introducing me that he would leave entirely to my own judgment the substance of my remarks.

As I sat upon the platform on that warm summer day, June 12, 1914, robed academically, capped and hooded, I felt a great sense of responsibility. As Friends of old would have said, "It was borne in upon me" that I had a message to deliver to those present, and I hoped to be able to acquit myself manfully of my duty. I cannot recall the words I used, but I remember the gist of my remarks was something like this:

I alluded to the time when, in the autumn of 1872, and during the subsequent four years of my residence at Haverford I was forbidden by the Board of Directors to retain at the College my zither. No guitar, banjo, or other instrument of music, no pipe, tabor, harp, psaltery, or instrument of ten strings was permitted to resound through the sombre halls. Even the human voice was discouraged when raising itself into choral song. I was obliged to betake myself, zither in hand, to the retirement of a room at the Haverford station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, where the ticket seller's wife offered me sanctuary and an asylum where I might practice my beloved art in such seclusion as might be obtained between the passage of rumbling trains. But presently there came a change over the spirit of the dreams of those who guided the destinies of Haverford. Before my graduation the beginnings of a glee club and of a clandestine dramatic association became manifest. It has been said that my influence set these movements going; it may be true, I was not aware of it. But I am happy indeed to find that now music is encouraged, and to know that in the "Cap and Bells" even the drama is lifting up its head in your midst.

I would suggest that, as time goes on, music and the drama be not encouraged only for the sake of pastime. That, as a matter of fact, is what our Quaker forefathers objected to. Let them be studied with intention, for music is an inherent quality in human nature and therefore should not be left to run wild; but, as with any other valuable growth or quality, it should be cultivated. It and its history should be studied by all who feel so inclined, as a matter of common information, if for no other reason, just as literature, mathematics, science and art are studied. In this connection I am reminded of a story that is told upon myself. When I was in the business house of my uncle, David Scull, along in the early '80's, I was heard humming to myself as I walked by two men in the street. Years afterward, when I was singing in Grand Opera, the

younger of the two told me that, as I passed, the elder,—a very plain Friend,— looking after me, said, "Does thee see that young man? Well, I tell thee he'll never come to any good, because he's always fooling round after music!" I agree with the aged Friend in so far as fooling around with anything is concerned. No one should "fool around" with so pure and beautiful a thing as music; on the contrary according to my belief if should be included among the elective subjects in all schools and colleges for every normal human being is "moved by concourse of sweet sounds." Everyone has a voice, a musical instrument, in his throat which should be trained in speech as well as in song from early childhood. It is not necessary to purchase, at great expense, instruments of music for every individual, but the instrument which nature has given should be cultivated, for from it may be obtained great solace through life. I do not advocate that all persons should go far into musical study, for it is exacting, and only those especially gifted should be encouraged to bring their talents before the public. But music should pervade every home, for it has been sung by poets and by prophets as an alleviator of grief, the bringer of joy, a solace for the waking hours of toil, twin sister to the balm of sleep.

I desire to call to the attention of everyone, particularly the members of the Society of Friends, and other religious bodies who discountenance, or at least do not encourage greatly, the practice of music, the fact that the Bible in speaking of Heaven constantly refers to music; and whether there is any "other world," "future life," "world to come," or not, we can make the future that is to come in this world, a heaven through harmony, and largely by means of music and song.

I also call to the attention of any who may still have a lingering doubt as to the dignity of music and the drama as professions, and who feel that ministers of the Gospel are more entitled to honor than are workers in other fields, that, as I ended by saying on last Commencement Day, there are many unworthy preachers in the pulpit and many noble men and women upon the stage. We must no longer think that any line of endeavor is in itself "common or unclean." That great sheet that the Apostle saw in his vision being let down by the four corners is filled, not only with food for the body, but with opportunities for the mind, and to us in these days is afforded the priceless gift of an enlarged vision. Let us then regard life in its fullest scope and do away with all narrowness of spirit and of outlook. The world that is to come, the life of the future, is full of possibilities; men and women are entering upon a new era which I seem to recognize as the longed-for millennium. And now is the time to prepare in all joyfulness to meet and enter into the joy of our Lord.

After having spoken, I sang that noble emanation of the genius of Schubert, "Die Allmacht",—Omnipotence, thus desiring in song to glorify God. My contribution to the exercises of the day ended by singing the Prologue to the opera "Pagliacci," in which man upon the stage, that is the actor, is shown to men in the world about him as being, beneath his assumed disguises, at heart just as all men are, "a man for a' that."

And herein lies the whole point of what I would have people understand; that as individuals we must do and nobly do what God has given us to do; that there is nothing wrong about any occupation in itself, but that it rests with the individual to make his work good or bad, to make himself a shining example, and to ennoble, by his attitude toward it, everything that he may lay his hand to. As saith the poet—

"Who sweeps a room as by God's law
Makes that and the action fine."

—*David S. Bispham, '76.*

Spring Twilight

Sad, sad the sunset fades away,
Dim grow the trees and sky,
Robins chant dirge—a perfect day
Forever has gone by.

Clear chimes the thrushes' silver bell:
For Geraldine they mourn.
Soft winds of perfumed night tales tell
Of roses newly born.

One after one the stars shine bright,
Black etched the branches seem.
Dull sounds the boom of night-hawks' flight;
I listen while I dream.

Far, far away enchantment calls,
And twilight's golden hue
Sends forth its gleam that softly falls
On lands where dreams come true.

—*Walter S. Nevin, '18.*

A Product of Hoshkosh

I'M from Hoshkosh. This will be further impressed upon you, no doubt, as you read the incidents of this narrative. For the present, suffice it to say that Hoshkosh is a countrified town in the Middle West, of about thirty thousand inhabitants, boasting a city hall, a political boss and a jail, a baseball team and a "daily." On the latter it was my proud task, several years ago, to act as reporter, and "get kicked all around man."

One experience of those early days, I recall now very well, for it was one of those rare occasions upon which I did not "get kicked all around." It was an interview, and, strange to say, I returned from it with a profound respect for my victim, if I may so call him. Usually a press representative met with a cold reception in Hoshkosh, or, more often, a warm one, which was decidedly worse. This time, however, I was treated as a human being, and, at that, it was a criminal whom I interviewed.

A certain Thomas White had been convicted of a daring hotel robbery in which a prominent member of Hoshkosh's "younger set" had been on the losing end. It was this White whom I was to "see" and get material for a feature story, if possible. Being somewhat ignorant of the ways of the world, I expected to find a forbidding person of revolting appearance who would bite me if I was not careful. Therefore I was surprised to find in the little narrow cell where they had thrust him, a young man of my age, with a striking and distinguished appearance. He looked more like a college athlete than a thief. Those bluish-gray eyes which looked unflinchingly into mine, that high forehead and clean-cut mouth. "He certainly was not an ordinary criminal," I thought. I was not mistaken.

He was perfectly willing to tell me his story. "I was born in Chicago," he said. "My parents were poor but economical. My father carefully saved some of his small salary, and invested in a promising mine speculation. It turned out to be an utter swindle, and all of his small fortune was lost. He never recovered from the shock; he was taken sick, lost his position as a consequence, and worry and idleness combined with a severe attack of pneumonia resulted in his death at the height of his powers. My mother soon followed him. I escaped the orphan asylum through the intercession of a socialistic neighbor, Abraham Isaacs, who, taking pity on my destitution, agreed to raise me if I would act as his apprentice. I was then about ten, and unable to understand the significance of the work which I was being taught. To be brief, I

became a thief. My tutors, Isaacs' young sons, were skilled in their trade, and I was an adept pupil.

"Now," he finished, proudly, but not boastingly, "there is no more successful 'gentleman crook' in the entire West."

"Why did you become a 'gentleman crook,' as you call it?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I learned to hate those rich people who gain their wealth by swindling the unsuspecting poor out of their well-earned incomes. My companions encouraged these views, and the knowledge of my father's loss engendered in me a desire for retaliation. Thus it has been my part to play the gentleman, to mingle among the rich, as if I were one of them, and rob them behind their stupid backs. It's a great game!" he cried, and his dark eyes flashed expressively. I asked White for details of his latest act, the one which had culminated in his arrest. He was reticent about the affair, however, and I learned little more than I had ascertained already.

"Oh," he said, "it was absurdly easy. I togged myself out in my dress suit and silk hat, put on my most dignified manner, and stalked into the hotel dining-room. Finding a place vacant at a table occupied by three prosperous men who looked likely victims, I intruded upon them. By making myself entertaining, I passed off as a 'hail-fellow-well-met,' and got into their good graces. The result was a fat wallet and a big haul; but luck was against me, and that's why I am here, resting in this single apartment, for a short time."

* * * * * * * *

It was about twenty years later. Fortune had been kind to me in the interim and paid to me that one visit of a life-time, which all of us mortals are supposed to enjoy from her. I had made good use of her call, and left rural Hoshkosh for busy, hustling New York. I was dining, one evening, in a well-known New York restaurant, one noted for its atmosphere of respectability and good fellowship. A tall, slightly stoop-shouldered man, about forty, with iron-gray hair pushed back from a high forehead, entered and sauntered towards my table. He glanced keenly at me, and then nodded pleasantly.

"I see that you are a member of the —— Brotherhood," he said, pointing to the badge of that order on my coat lapel.

I nodded.

"My name is Simson," he then said, "and I am the pastor of a church in Harringford, New Jersey."

I then introduced myself; we shook hands, and I invited him to sit down at my table. He accepted, and, after giving his order to the waiter, turned to me, and began an interesting discussion. He proved

to be very entertaining and unusually amusing for a preacher, I thought. The conversation turned upon the West, and its great progress.

"I am a native of Chicago," he was saying.

"I'm from Hoshkosh," I said smiling, and not dreaming that he had ever heard of the place.

Simson started at the name, as if he had heard it before. "Hoshkosh, yes. I know the place. It was there that —," but here he stopped abruptly, checking himself as if afraid of revealing something he desired kept secret. His momentary embarrassment quickly passed into a look of defiance. Something in the glance of his black eyes and the manner of his speech struck me as strangely familiar. But I could not place him, and renewing the conversation, told him of my former business out West, and humorously mentioned my connection with the Hoshkosh Bugle. He kept his eyes fastened intently on my face, while I was speaking, as if, in turn, to place me in his inner memory. His lips moved as if to interrupt me, several times, but he said nothing until I had stopped, and then he changed the subject entirely. His former complacency returned, and I found his remarks extremely diverting.

After we had finished our demi-tasse, we chatted a little longer, and then arose to go. He politely offered to pay both bills at the cashier's desk, and had his wallet out for that purpose. I was remonstrating with him when he dropped his wallet, and, while leaning over to pick it up, knocked mine out of my hands, on to the floor near the other one. He rescued both, and begged my pardon for the accident. He then pushed in and paid the bills before I could stop him. Soon afterwards we parted, and I had a feeling of regret that our ways were so widely divergent.

I was walking toward the subway ten minutes later with the intention of going home, when a clanging ambulance passed me. Involuntarily I watched it, and saw it come to a stop near the cafe I had recently left. A crowd seemed to have gathered there, and I could not resist the impulse to find out the cause of it.

As I reached the place, I heard a young dude on the outskirts of the crowd ask a bystander, "Heart failure, was it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," the other answered. "A fine face, hasn't he?"

I pushed forward through the throng and caught a shadowy glimpse of the unfortunate victim as he was being gingerly lifted into the ambulance. It was my late companion who was thus stricken. I was so startled and shocked by the recognition that I let the auto drive off without making an effort to disclose his identity, or go with him to the hospital, as an acquaintance should have done. The crowd gradually dispersed its several ways, and I was about to move away also, when I noticed a

black object lying in an obscure corner, near the restaurant door.

"What is that you picked up there?" a stern voice suddenly inquired. I looked up to see a sturdy figure, and an inscrutable face which I at once took for that of a plain-clothes man. My surmise proved correct.

"This is my wallet," I said, puzzled.

"Oh," he said. "Just drop it, did you?"

"No," I said. "I don't know how it got there, and I don't know how this other wallet here, got into my pocket, for I thought my own was there, as usual." I showed him a wallet similar to mine but almost empty, which, to my surprise, I had pulled out in place of my own fat one.

"Ah," he said, "that's some of Tom White's work, all right. He is a specialist in exchanging pocketbooks, you know,—lean ones for fat ones, especially."

"Who's Tom White?" I asked.

"You know that old fellow they took away in the ambulance? That's Tom."

"Who? That poor gray-haired man who was stricken down with heart failure?"

"Heart failure?"

"That's what somebody in the crowd said, and I believed him."

"He no more had heart failure than you have now. That was Tom White, a master crook, whom we have been after for years. He's a slick crook who makes a business of posing as a society man, lawyer, doctor or something of the kind. But we've got him this time."

"That man's a thief, is he? Well, I took him for a preacher. That's what he said he was."

"Yes, that's the kind of game he plays, and you bit for it pretty hard, didn't you? I thought I spotted him, about an hour ago, as he went into this eating place, so I waited to catch him, red-handed, as he came out. He almost bumped into me, as he was bidding a joyful 'so long' to you. Up went his hands, when he caught sight of my little 'silencer.' I searched him and pulled out your wallet, but just then he began to get frisky. In the scuffle I dropped the pocketbook and here it must have lain ever since. Too bad nobody saw it, isn't it? I didn't like to shoot the old boy, didn't think it necessary. But he was so obstreperous that I had to use some of my old holds on him. As a result I almost broke his arm, but he fell down on the stone and cracked his head a little. Not serious, though. Guess he'll come to all right, and live to serve a number of years yet."

I was rather shamefaced at the end of the detective's story. "I know now who White is," I said. "I interviewed him years ago out in Hoshkosh in the Middle West. I'm a native of Hoshkosh, you know, and fifteen years in Manhattan don't seem to have remedied that misfortune."

"I thought maybe you were from Hoboken," the detective said laughingly.

—*George A. Dunlap, '16.*

Sirmio

(*Catullus, 31*)

Sirmio, gem of all headlands and islands,
In lakes of the inland with crystalline spray,
Or 'midst the rough billows of far-reaching ocean,
Ay, all that Poseidon has raised to his sway,—

How gladly, rejoicingly free I behold thee,
My own native home in my dear fatherland!
I thought I should never leave Phrygia's pastures
Nor come to thee from distant Thynia's sand.

Ah, what is more blessed than freedom from caring,
When the mind puts aside its so wearisome load,
And we to our hearthstones from labor returning
Find rest on the couch we so longed for of old?

Reward in abundance is this for great labors.
So hail to thee, Sirmio, joy of thy lord!
Rejoice do ye also, O Garda's clear waters,
And bring forth what laughter your ripples afford!

—*J. W. Spaeth, '17.*

The Need for Iconoclasm

IN criticisms of books and plays we often see the disapproving phrase: "The purpose of this work is purely destructive." We are sedulously taught that belief, however illogical and weakly founded, is always better than negation; that we must never attack a theory, no matter how obviously untrue, unless we can put something better in its place. In short, we are led to look upon the destruction of an old idea as the sign of weakness and decadence, upon the creation of a new one as the token of strength and virility. It is rather difficult to see why iconoclastic or katabolic criticism has acquired this unfavorable reputation. In the first place, every creative genius must destroy a number of old ideals which are inconsistent with his advanced thought. So Copernicus, when he demonstrated that the earth revolved about the sun, undoubtedly annihilated the medieval idea that the earth was the centre and focus of God's universe; but this idea stood in the way of scientific progress, and no one now regrets its extinction. In the second place, destruction requires fully as much acuteness, and much more courage, than creation. A man may express a new thought and, if it does not openly conflict with any established and orthodox theories, he may have it received with tolerance and even with favor. But woe betide the unfortunate iconoclast who ventures to attack an old and popular illusion! Immediately he is either overwhelmed with a storm of abuse and calumny, betrayed by intentional and unintentional misunderstanding, or stifled by the still more effective and insidious weapon of stony silence and neglect. And who shall say that the despised and underrated iconoclast is not rendering as important a service to humanity as the most brilliant creative genius? For every original thinker needs a certain amount of cleared ground upon which to erect his edifice; nothing of lasting value can be built in the unhealthy shade of dogma and illusion. A study of a few of the most notable iconoclasts of the last century may help to show how far removed the genius for tearing down is from weakness and unproductiveness.

Out of the fiords and cloud mists of his native Norway Henryk Ibsen evolved some of the strongest and subtlest productions of the modern drama. If there is one quality peculiarly characteristic of every phase of Ibsen's work it is rugged strength and power. There is in him absolutely nothing of the weakness and barrenness commonly associated with destructive criticism. And yet this same Ibsen was one of the most thoroughgoing iconoclasts of his epoch. Scarcely any of the moral, political and aesthetic principles generally held by his fellow-countrymen,

escape his bitter and sweeping attack. Two of his plays, "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," the one in the form of a tragedy, the other in that of a satire, are primarily philippics against the moral cowardice and indecision, the sordidness and pettiness which he associated with the Norwegian national character. In "An Enemy of the People," a very old and highly cherished tradition, the divine right of the majority, is torn to pieces with the most ruthless contempt for the feelings of its advocates. "The Doll's House" and "Ghosts," besides being plays of gripping psychological interest, are also polemics, the former against the traditional attitude towards femininity, the latter against the conventional avoidance of vital problems of eugenics. Even in such a pure art work as "Rosmersholm" we find touches of satirical protest against the bigotry of the conservatives and the demagoguery of the liberals. So, all through Ibsen's work, eminently constructive as it is, many important passages are devoted to attacking and tearing down theories which conflicted with the dramatist's ideals of progress.

Arthur Schopenhauer has been unjustly condemned on the ground that his pessimistic philosophic conclusions reveal a mind whose attitude towards life was barren and unprofitable. The most casual glance through his numerous miscellaneous essays will show that he formed theories upon almost every conceivable subject, both practical and ideal. These theories, of course, are by no means infallible; but they go far to prove that Schopenhauer's pessimistic and destructive philosophy in no way impaired the working of his keen, powerful and splendidly balanced intellect. As a matter of fact, the courage to reject the easy and comfortable paths of optimism often develops remarkable strength and dignity in an artist's work. The breaking of the idols is usually the prelude to the worship of the true artistic gods, who have hitherto been obscured or concealed by the mists of fallacy and misapprehension.

By far the most radical change in the conception of the true function of music was inaugurated in the last century by Richard Wagner's theory of the music drama. True, the idea that music could be united with poetry and stage action had been conceived by a number of famous German poets and writers of an earlier period, notably by Schiller Lessing, Herder, Wieland and Jean Paul. But no musician had even remotely attempted to put this bold theory into practice. The early operas almost invariably subordinate plot, poetry and music to a few brilliant arias. There was little hope of material success for a composer who sought to replace the light, frivolous and popular works of Bellini and Donizetti with masterpieces fraught with profound intellectual and poetic significance, nor is it true, as has sometimes been asserted, that

Wagner was driven to create his "artwork of the future" by sheer inability to write in a popular and melodious vein. His first opera, "Rienzi," written in the Italian style, was received with great popular enthusiasm. And there is no doubt that, if he had so desired, he could have written twenty more operas like "Rienzi," attained a liberal measure of wealth and popularity, and escaped all the storms of obloquy that later fell upon him and his work. But Wagner, impelled by his sublime egoism, preferred the steep and thorny path of the iconoclast and innovator to the broad and easy road of the flatterer of popular taste. Ever rising higher, like the climax of "Tristan and Isolde," his most sublime work, he literally forced upon his blind and uncomprehending contemporaries an art heritage whose priceless value is now not only recognized by all musical authorities, but also felt by thousands who have little or no knowledge of the technical principles of music. And this Wagner, the creator of the music drama, after Bach, perhaps, the most original of all composers in his discovery of new devices of orchestration, this Wagner has often been accused of wanton and needless iconoclasm, of unseemly disrespect for the traditions and principles of classical art. And this accusation is justified: for, both in his prose writings and, far more effectively, in his music, Wagner attacks and tears to pieces old ideals after the fashion of the most merciless iconoclast. But, as in the case of Ibsen, the old dogmas and conventions stood in the way of the new art; the conflict was inevitable, and the new, virile, *iconoclastic* thought triumphed over the old, worn-out static belief.

During the latter part of the first half of the nineteenth century, French literature had fallen completely under the spell of romanticism. Lamartine and Victor Hugo vied with each other in the glorification of the ideal, and impractical. George Sand shocked the conservatives of the epoch by the bold unconventionality and unchecked romanticism of her novels. Schiller's famous maxims: *Wage du zu irren und zu traumen* (Dare thou to have illusions and to dream dreams) was carried out to the fullest extent. Even Balzac, keen satirist and psychologist as he was, yielded to the prevalent tendency and introduced into many of his novels the spirit of devout mysticism that is the usual accompaniment of a romantic period. Franz Liszt, the famous composer and pianist of the age, was strongly affected by the romantic movement, wrote a number of sentimental and melancholy "Liebestraüme" and "Consolations," and modeled one of his finest orchestral productions, "Les Preludes," on a poem of similar title by Lamartine.

But, while the Parisian salons were echoing with the sighs of Liszt and Lamartine, the northern province of Normandy was giving to the

world a stern genius whose work, a rare combination of rugged strength and perfect style, was destined to eclipse and outlive all the sentimental and poetic rhapsodies of the contemporary romanticists. This northern giant was Gustave Flaubert, another example of a man who destroyed an older style, not through inability to use it, but through capacity to see beyond it the vision of a new and higher form of expression. In "Madame Bovary" Flaubert threw down the gauntlet to all the prevalent romantic tendencies. This novel may well be called the finest literary outgrowth of realism. The author conscientiously satisfies the most rigorous demands of the realist. Taking his characters from the least picturesque orders of society, adopting a plot at once repellent and threadbare in subject, sternly rejecting every extraneous charm of vivid description or rich local coloring, Flaubert makes his novel one of the world's most signal artistic triumphs through sheer grandeur and delicacy of style, piercing psychological analysis, and remarkably able development of his plot to a climax of gruesome power worthy of Aeschylus or Shakespeare. Several years later he created, in "Salammbo," a novel whose brilliant plot, tropical coloring, rich and detailed description and superb action would easily give it a high place among the works of the romantic school. Here again we see an iconoclast who paved the way for the destruction of a form of literature that was admirably suited to his capacities in order to evolve a new and higher form.

Perhaps the most conclusive argument for the connection between iconoclasm and original creative genius is the fact that the same man wrote the most destructive and the most original book of the last century. It is difficult to read the two volumes of Nietzsche's "Human, All-Too-Human" without feeling a profound depression. For nowhere is there such a complete denial of the principles of life and action, nowhere is there such complete and unmitigated iconoclasm. Not only does Nietzsche here negate nearly all theories of religion and morality, but he also asserts the absence of free will in the most unqualified terms. According to the philosophy which he maintains in this book, every human action is directly dependent upon the character of the doer's ancestors. Even rebellion against fate is a delusion; the man who thinks he is defying destiny is only executing its will in regard to himself. Nor does he find any consolation in the idea of a beneficent Providence; his fate is a deity blind as Oedipus. On the other hand, in "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and "Beyond Good and Evil" (the former a masterpiece of rhapsodic, allegorical poetry, the latter one of trenchant, musical prose), he expresses some of the most strikingly original philosophic ideas of all time. In place of the blank of the "Beyond Good and Evil"

period we have a succession of new and interesting concepts, such as the Superman, the Eternal Recurrence, the subjectivity of morals, and the relativity of truth. So the whole Nietzschean philosophy is really built upon absolute iconoclasm.

From these examples it should be plain that, to use Nietzsche's own phrase, every great creator must first be a great destroyer. And it is an almost invariable mark of distinction between geniuses of the first and those of the second order; that the former mercilessly attack and expose the false ideas founded upon sophistry and prejudice, whereas the latter are inclined to respect and make truce with them. It is well known that nearly every young artist is forced to model his work upon that of some recognized master. The difference between the man of talent and the genius is that the former never ceases to imitate; whereas the latter finally transcends his master and evolves an art system of his own. This transition is almost inevitably accompanied by a certain amount of bitterness, disillusion and iconoclasm. But this iconoclasm is as necessary to individual artistic development as a discord is to a higher harmony. And, after all, is not much that is true and beautiful in art partially ruined by too hasty building? Is it not better to examine the foundation closely than to erect a glittering edifice on doubtful and insecure ground? As an exposition of the ideal and true iconoclasm I can think of nothing more satisfactory than the close of Nietzsche's essay, "We Philologists." The German thinker expresses his thought in the following words: "I dream of a combination of men who shall make no concessions, who shall show no consideration, and who shall be willing to be called 'destroyers': they apply the standard of their criticism to everything and sacrifice themselves to truth. The bad and the false shall be brought to light! We will not build prematurely: we do not know, indeed, whether we shall ever be able to build, or if it would not be better not to build at all. There are lazy pessimists and resigned ones in this world—and it is to their number that we refuse to belong!"

—*William H. Chamberlin*, '17.

Joanne

(*With Apologies to "Marie-Odile"*)

Cast of Characters

JOANNE, A NOVICE.
THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.
A SOLDIER OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

Time: *The Present.*

The Scene *is the interior of a secluded convent in northern France The only furniture is a bare wooden table set with chairs. On the right is a figure of the Virgin Mary, surrounded by lighted candles. Moonlight pours through a window at the back, and is splashed on the rough floor like molten gold. The hour is midnight.*

(*A light noise is heard outside, the window opens, and a soldier in uniform and helmet enters. He steps forward quickly and looks about in the darkness, then crosses and stands thoughtfully before the statue. A door opens at the left, and a beautiful girl enters, clad in a nightdress, and holding aloft a burning candle. She stares at the soldier with fixed eyes. He does not notice her, but continues to gaze at the statue.*

JOANNE. Who are you, and why don't you kneel before the holy Virgin?

SOLDIER. (*In a whisper*) An angel lost from Heaven!

JOANNE. Are you a man?

SOLDIER. (*Recovering himself, he takes the candle from her unresisting fingers.*) I believe so. Don't I look like one?

JOANNE. I don't know. I've never seen a man before except Father Ambrose. (*There is a pause, in which the soldier stares at her in amazement.*) Why aren't you in bed? Don't men sleep at night?

SOLDIER. Er—some do—when they can, but—I am——

JOANNE. What's that thing on your head?

SOLDIER. Haven't you ever seen a helmet?

JOANNE. No. The sisters don't wear them. Father Ambrose has a hat, but it isn't like that; and he wears black gowns like my dresses. Do other men look like you and wear funny hats like yours?

SOLDIER. Of course they do. And where have you been all your life, that you haven't seen them?

JOANNE. I was brought here as a baby. I've always lived here. The sisters are very good to me and I love them dearly, especially Sister Beatrice. You should see her! She is wonderful, with big, tender eyes and such a soft voice!

SOLDIER. Where is she?

JOANNE. Asleep, I guess. They're all asleep but me.

SOLDIER. And why not you?

JOANNE. I was looking at the moon. It seemed to smile at me tonight and I lay awake to watch it.

SOLDIER. You must be cold in that nightgown. Sit here and put my cloak over you. (*He goes to the table and pulls out a chair.*)

JOANNE. Hush! No! You must not stay. The mother superior would be very angry at you. She would scold you and send you away. That's her room right there. (*She points to a door at the left.*) She might wake up.

SOLDIER. We'll be very quiet. Sit down and tell me your name. (*He sits opposite her.*)

JOANNE. I'm Joanne; who are you?

SOLDIER. I am a soldier, Joanne, and I've been sent ahead to see that the way is clear for my regiment.

JOANNE. Is he coming here?

SOLDIER. Who?

JOANNE. Your regiment.

SOLDIER. Oh! (*Laughing*) a regiment is a great many soldiers.

JOANNE. Like you?

SOLDIER. Yes.

JOANNE. Then you must go back and tell them not to come. The mother superior would never permit it.

SOLDIER. Wouldn't she? (*He smiles.*)

JOANNE. No. She is very strict and scolds me terribly. I am lazy and sinful. She is very good. I hope I shall be like her some day. (*She clasps her hands earnestly.*) I want to be a sister and take my vows like the others.

SOLDIER. You couldn't be sinful, Joanne. You look like an angel sitting there with the moonlight falling on your hair and shoulders.

JOANNE. O no! angels have wings and are beautiful.

SOLDIER. And so are you beautiful.

JOANNE. Am I? I didn't know it.

(*The soldier leans forward and takes her hand, which is lying on the table. A door opens at the left. The mother superior enters. On seeing the soldier she shudders and crosses herself.*)

MOTHER SUPERIOR. Merciful heaven! What do you want here, sir? Joanne! Go to your room instantly. (*She points imperiously to the door: then covers her face with her hands.*) Holy Father! Alone in a nightdress, at this hour, with a man!

SOLDIER. Stop! Mother superior, I have a bargain to make with you. (*He steps boldly up to her. The girl remains motionless in fear while he talks in a low tone*) Listen to me! I am a scout of the Kaiser's army. Not ten miles from here 5,000 German soldiers lie encamped tonight. Tomorrow they pass by this road. You have food here. At my word this place will be ravaged from top to bottom. As far as the sisters are concerned, I cannot answer for the army's actions. Now! —Leave that girl with me in peace, and this place will not be touched.

M. SUPERIOR. No! No! We will all die to save that virgin from harm.

SOLDIER. On my honor as a man, she shall suffer no harm. Be wise and go to your room: or else you all will suffer for it.

M. SUPERIOR. (*She looks at him keenly and crosses herself. Then says, with a sob*) Oh, she is so young and innocent! Before God, on your honor as a man, you swear?

SOLDIER. Yes.

M. SUPERIOR. (*Raising her right hand in resignation*) So be it. May Heaven keep the poor child! (*She retires.*)

SOLDIER. (*Returning to Joanne*) She's gone, and I can only stay a little while.

JOANNE. Weren't you afraid?

SOLDIER. No.

JOANNE. I shall be terribly scolded for disobeying.

SOLDIER. Are you sorry now?

JOANNE. No. I couldn't go to bed. I wanted to talk to you some more. You've lived out in the world and know so much. I often ask the sisters questions, but they never tell me anything. They say, "Never mind, Joanne: learn to think upon holy things, and you will forget the world." But somehow I don't forget. I lie awake nights and think about . . . about all the things that I don't know of . . . That sounds funny, doesn't it? (*She smiles perplexedly.*)

SOLDIER. (*He takes her by the shoulders and looks earnestly into her eyes.*) Joanne, I must go away now.

JOANNE. (*In surprise*) For how long?

SOLDIER. Forever, I'm afraid.

JOANNE. Oh! (*sadly*) but I want to see you again! Whom are you going to? Your father and mother?

SOLDIER. No: I'm going to battle and my duty. I have no father and mother.

JOANNE. I haven't either: I wonder why we didn't have any?

SOLDIER. You little darling! (*Suddenly he draws her to him, and enfolding her quietly in his arms, he kisses her unresisting lips. There is a long pause as he slowly releases her.*)

JOANNE. (*Suddenly*) Why did you do that?

SOLDIER. (*Stung by her words*) Oh, I don't know! Forgive me, Joanne. It was cowardly.

JOANNE. Forgive you what? It's wonderful. I have never been kissed like that before. Do all men kiss like that?

SOLDIER. I don't know. I don't believe so. They don't all have you to kiss. (*There is a pause. She is thinking hard, with eyes cast down.*)

JOANNE. (*Joyfully, at last*) I shall always be here if you march by again. If—if you send the mother superior to her room so she will not find us, I will meet you in the garden by the rose-bushes. (*She steps close to him and looks seriously into his eyes.*) You will not forget me when you're out in the world?

SOLDIER. Forget you! Oh God, no! I won't forget the little girl for whom I cast aside my duty. Tell the mother superior to say a prayer to you for the safety of this convent. Tell her that I didn't hurt you. Good night, my little white angel. (*He takes her in his arms again, and hers steal about his neck. Then without a word he goes to the window.*)

JOANNE. Soldier! Will the others kiss me like you did when they come?

SOLDIER. (*Half angrily*) No, Joanne! The others will not come. (*He waves his hand from outside the window.*) Good-bye, sweetheart!

JOANNE. (*She watches him disappear, sighs deeply and stretches her arms out to the moon.*) Good night, you dear old moon. I'll sleep now, and perhaps . . . (*She throws her golden head back and laughs softly.*) I'll kiss him in my dreams.

Curtain.

—*Colby Van Dam*, '17.

Our Southern Poets

EDGAR Allen Poe had a conviction that there was no equal chance for the native writers of the South. Perhaps he felt that her poets were too remote from literary centers to keep up with the world's progressive changes. Sad to say, his unfortunate prediction has proved only too true. Our Southern poets must feel rather neglected in their remote corner of the Hall of Poesy. So "far from the madding crowd," don't you know!

However, if the patron of verse has sufficient assiduity, he (or she) will unravel that puzzling injunction of the Librarian, which is usually preceded by a moment of indecision and puckering of the brow,—
—"Hayne? Oh, yes! Straight down the middle aisle to shelf 9,999,—then turn to your right several times. He is bound to be there." "Assurance bred from conviction, my friend! The Librarian knows. Hayne is never removed.

With the use of your convertible handkerchief-dustcloth you disinter the titles. Ah! on the top shelf! Sweet oblivion! There they are: the entire coterie from the land of marsh and pine—Hayne, Timrod, Lanier, Cawein. Reverentially open them, these poets of a lost cause. Instinctively you take the first chronologically and there you have him —Paul Hamilton Hayne, 1831–86. "A chief singer of the second grade". Second grade he may be (Poe is of course first); nevertheless Hayne displays the wealth and warmth of the Southern landscape, the loneliness of the pine barrens, and the swish of the Southern sea, with a lyric beauty rivaling in some instances the best of Swinburne. His nature poems and poems of peaceful life are better than his war songs.

"In Harbor" is a swan-song which combines the sentiment of "Crossing the Bar" with the sonorous cadence of Swinburne's "Garden of Proserpine."

"I feel it is over! over!
For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah, few were the days of the rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace,
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release!
From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in the harbor at last,—
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver

That throbs through the sanctified river
Which girdles the harbor at last,
This heavenly harbor at last."

Like sailing from a choppy sea into the waters of a quiet lagoon, is the change from Hayne to the next Southern lyricist—Henry Timrod, 1829–67. His little book of verse, which, by the way, was first edited by Hayne, is so good that we are led to speculate on the possibilities which might have been realized if the life had been prolonged of one who communed so vividly with the Spirit of Nature. Instance these lines from "Spring":

"*At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,*
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate
Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
'*Behold me! I am May!*' "

And again, the creative and playful side of his genius is evinced in "The Serenade":

"*Hide, happy damask, from the stars,*
What sleep enfolds behind your veil,
But open to the fairy cars
On which the dreams of midnight sail";. . .

His best poems are "The Cotton Boll," "The Lily Confidante," and "Carolina." In the first of these is revealed the mystic charm of the tractless stretches of "tropical snow." It is a eulogistic description of the Southern landscape during the cotton bloom, through the eyes of a man whose poetic quality is of the highest order, and whose tender melancholy never assumes a Byronic bitterness.

"*Bear witness with me in my song of praise,*
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man!"

The "Lily Confidante" is one of the most beautiful lyrics of our literature—that is, speaking of our own, simon-pure, home-grown, indigenous literature. Perfect simplicity and a delicacy of imagination, not without fervor, lend a charm to this poem, which makes you feel that it was spontaneous and glided from the brain without force or coddling stimuli. It symbolizes the purity of passion, which is voiced by the reply of a lily to a puzzled lover:

"Lily! lady of the Garden!
Let me press my lip to thine!
Love must tell its story, Lily!
Listen thou to mine."

Evanescent and intangible as it is, the moral of this poem has a sacred inspiration:

"Love's the lover's only magic,
Truth the very subtlest art;
Love that feigns, and lips that flatter,
Win no modest heart."

When the trumpet of war sounded, and "the shot heard round the world" was fired, Timrod's reflective genius was transmuted by the touch of patriotism into the clarion strains of "Carolina." Aside from its local color, this poem has a distinctive merit from the standpoint of art. Its outbursts of lyric passion:

"I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!

"And now it deepens, slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!

"Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!"

vie with "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled," in their tension and lyric conception. And the faint tinge of regret that imbues the early part of the poem is like "The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls," until it bursts forth into a grand, triumphal symphony, and ends with the impassioned finale:—

"Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!"

Sidney Lanier, 1842–81, the best-known poet of the South, is dear to an audience which is more than few. Edmund Clarence Stedman characterizes him as "the host so buoyant, so sympathetic; the South-

erner nervous and eager, with dark hair and silken beard, features delicately moulded, pallid complexion, hand of the slender,white, artistic type." His verse shows the spirit of the time, and is the true "land song." His great mistake was an attempt to theorize in verse, and to essay verbal feats which dwindle into mere recitative.

His best productions, unsullied by rhythmical extravaganza, contain such poems as "The Song of the Chattahoochee," which is similar to the haunting lines of "Ulalume," and the stirring ballad, "The Revenge of Hamish." "The Stirrup Cup" is a lyric gem, and "Tampa Robins" not far below it. The poem by which he is best remembered is the resonant but somewhat nebulous "Marshes of Glynn." It is said that meat of many varieties composes the carcass of a turtle. If the far-fetched metaphor is excusable, it may be said that this testudinate poem contains some of the virility of Whitman, the spirituality of Emerson, and the melodiousness of Poe. ("Food for thought," Oliver Wendell would say!) The background of the poem is the great marshes of the Georgian coast. The poet has spent the day in "arched walks of twilight groves" and comes at sunset to gaze upon the unlimited marshes. Then,

"*Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?*
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length, and the breadth, and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn."

Aspiration, inquiry, longing, come flooding into the poet's heart and he says:

"*And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in*
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous marshes of Glynn."

Last, but not least (this expression has been used before, I believe), is Madison Cawein. His death but a few months ago makes the memory of his life more vivid. Cawein is essentially a lyricist. His poems abound in delightful imagery and delicate fancy. One almost looks to see the wood-fairies come stepping from his verses, so light is the gossamer of their composition.

"Summer's Close" is a good example of his art:

"*The melancholy of the woods and plains*
When summer nears its close: the drowsy, dim,
Unfathomed sadness of the mists that swim
About the valleys after night-long rains;
The humming garden, with its tawny chains
Of gourds and blossoms, ripened to the brim;
And then at eve the low moon's quiet rim,

And the slow sunset, whose one cloud remains,
Fill me with peace, that moves as in a dream
'Mid fancies sweeter than it knows or tells:
That sees and hears with other eyes and ears,
And walks with Memory beside a stream
That flows through fields of fadeless asphodels."

"It is not the dark place but the dim eye that hinders," said Thomas Carlyle; and this is where our Southern lyricists triumph. They not only had their lofty ideals, but, "with an unfaltering trust," they trod their aerial paths, beset on all sides by the powers of disease and ill-fortune. There is a deep pathos in the lives of those who live above the difficulties of their environment, and with the soul's sky unclouded, escape the morbid hypochondria so easy to succumb to.

Is their poetry minor? True, it is not comparable with "ye" eighteenth century rhyming bombasts, and there is not much of "the light that lies" in it. But if you want a rest, if you have a Waltonian temperament and want to escape from the rushing rivers of Shakespeare-Byron-Keats-Browning (I take variety!) poetry; if you are content to pass a little time at the fountain sources of unadulterated poesy;—then, friend, throw off your cloak of daily care, choose a shady tree in a sunny world, and take the hour, the place and—the Southern poets!

Martyrs of a fallen cause! How better can a conclusion be reached than by a verse of their own composition?—

"*Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!*
There is no holier plot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!"

—*Robert Gibson, '17.*

Her Real Hero

A SULTRY day in late August. The heat of heaven and the heat from the earth—one might say from the molten fires beneath the crust of the earth—seemed to meet in waves just above the pavements. There was a lethargy of the tropics over all Nature. A tall, broad-shouldered young fellow stepped out of the procession of sweltering humanity and entered a shop well protected from the glare by low-hanging awnings.

Inside, he paused to wipe the moisture from his hat and forehead. It was shady and cool in the shop, and the temperature was made even more comfortable by the antique atmosphere of the place. The walls were lined with great glass closets, which were filled with violins and violas of all kinds, and descriptions, old and new. About the corners of the room were basses and 'cellos, leaning against the cases.

At the sound of the door, a man who had been completely hidden in the depths of a rickety old desk chair well-lined with cushions stepped forward. He was still showing the drowsy effects of the sleep from which he had been aroused. He was short, very stout, a man never to be mistaken for anything but a German. His head was massive and topped by thin, almost white hair. His face was one to be remembered because of several large warts and deep-set, shrewd eyes.

"Hello, Pop," was the greeting of his visitor, a fine-looking chap of about twenty-five.

"How goes it with you today, Fred?" answered the older man, with a strong accent. "I have fixed your fiddle for you so that the G string will rattle no more. It needs a heavier string, though; shall I put it on?" And he went to a showcase to get the required article. Then they went back into the workroom to fix up the violin.

Here, everything was in orderly confusion,—masculine confusion, one might say.

Dust, dirt, and wood-shavings littered the floor. Upon the walls were hanging odd pieces of well-seasoned wood, and above them were shelves, piled high with many cardboard boxes, all rudely labeled. If one had taken out the modern lathe and other improved tools, the shop might have stood as a representation of the one in which the elder Amati and his still more famous pupils Guanerius, Ruggieri and Stradivarius worked in the little town of Cremona.

The task was soon accomplished, and the men sat then, talking of the latest developments in the great European war. Suddenly they

heard the shop bell and then the sound of footsteps coming along the hall to the back room. In another moment a slender, rather energetic young fellow came into the room. He was short, and bore the unmistakable features of the Germanic people in his handsome face. He formed a very striking contrast to the previous visitor, who was taller, of a heavier build, more quiet and reserved in actions and speech. Soon the three were engaged in conversation over the all-absorbing topic of the war. Later, they began to discuss the prospects of the coming concert season, for the younger men were both important members of the orchestra. Throughout the afternoon they sat and talked, until, as the whistles of the outside world began to blow, all arose to go, the old man to his home in the suburbs, and his companions to their boarding-houses in the city district.

"I suppose that I shall see you both again this evening," said old Mr. Holtz, as Fred Siegal and his friend Karl Hofmann, the last arrival, were departing. Then, to himself, with a wave of his heavy pipe—"They are good boys, they have talent, and tone, and technique. I hope that my daughter realizes that both of them love her," he added as an afterthought.

Rembrandt would have had a beautiful subject for a study in light and shadow if he could have been in the parlor of Mr. Holtz that evening. Despite the heat, Holtz, his daughter, and the two young men had gathered for a little music, as had been their custom for over a year. What a picture it would have made! Fred, no longer quiet and reserved, but putting all his latent language into his violin; Karl, entranced in a poetic languor and bending over the body of his 'cello as a mother bends over the cot of her babe; Holtz, his newspaper cast aside, held spellbound by the noble strains of Beethoven's "Archduke" trio; and Gretta Holtz at the piano. How can one do justice to the single picture that she made! First, one was struck by the marked contrast between father and child, for Adolf Holtz was essentially Teutonic in feature, while Gretta was Spanish. Small, almost a child in stature, a perfect oval face, with a fine olive complexion and dull, black hair,—she was a perfect Castilian beauty. Nothing about her suggested her ancestors.

For long over an hour the thirst for music was unsatiated and melody continued to flow from the parlor. Finally, however, the young artists went out on the cool piazza and sat on the steps to enjoy the refreshing breeze which had sprung up. Their conversation was spasmodic, and finally drifted from one topic to the other to the subject of the war and the large enlistment of patriots who were giving up their fine prospects to go to the Fatherland.

"If I hadn't been born in America, and if they would take me, I

would enlist tomorrow. Wouldn't you do that, also, Fred?" said the impetuous Karl.

"I would not go if I were back in Germany and a citizen there. I wouldn't go if I had to," answered his friend firmly.

It was as if a bomb from war-ridden Europe had dropped in their midst.

"How is that?" blurted out Karl in astonishment.

"I believe that all wars are unnecessary, and this one especially so," was the response.

Karl looked at his companion with surprise in his face, and then glanced at Gretta.

"There is nothing nobler than to fight for one's country," she said, with her head high and eyes gleaming. "I only wish that I could help now. I can't just understand your position, Fred"—this last a little stiffly.

"I am sorry, Gretta," said Fred, "but I don't see how I could ever fight against men with whom I have no quarrel and whose animal instincts for blood have been aroused by soft-fleshed and soft-hearted wretches in order that their own battles may be waged for them under the glorious name of patriotism. That word has been sadly misused for generations."

At these words, Mr. Holtz came out on the porch and took a seat.

"I have just overheard your last few words," he said. "I have a little story to tell you. While I was an apprentice in the old country I came of military age. A friend of mine and I decided to resist the service at any cost. When we were called for duty we did not respond, and the officers came for us. We fled, but were overtaken, and my companion was captured. I hid myself in a stable and was forced to look on helplessly while he was tortured and shot to pieces by a squad of maddened soldiers who stood only ten feet from him. He died a hero's death, I think."

"Of course there was a mistake and the officers were court-martialed for not taking him before the judge, but nothing came of the matter and there was no redress. And so I came to America with a terrible horror of war. This war which we have now is not being waged by the real valor of men, but rather by the terrible and ferocious armaments built by the ingenuity of science."

There was a breathless silence at the finish of his story.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't agree with you, and I certainly would enlist if I thought that I could," said Karl impatiently.

"And I too," said the old man's daughter proudly and calmly.

Fred remained silent and gazed at Gretta with a face that was full of sorrow and anxiety.

A little later she bade her callers goodnight; Karl, with warmth and a smile,—Fred, so coldly that he turned aside with tightened lips and hastened after his companion.

* * * * * * * * * *

A month has come and gone. And, with the quickened air of the autumn, have come an unrest and a wavering to Gretta's conscience. She has allowed an ever-widening gap to come between Fred and herself because of his words that August night. She considered that he spoke as a coward and as a man who lacked patriotism. And, what is worse, she has looked more or less askance at her own father.

And yet, as she considers the matter one October morning, there was something about the man which refuted the suspicion of cowardice. She looked back over her intimacy with him. He had always been a silent background for the wit and brilliance of the more dashing Karl. He had nearly always come to the house with Karl, and she could remember only a very few times when he had escorted her to a dance or to the orchestra. And on those occasions she had found him ever courteous and kind; but never had she received the least expression of sentiment from him. Yet once or twice she had glanced at him suddenly and had surprised him in the act of gazing at her with a wonderful look of admiration on his face. At these times she had been forced to lower her eyes, for words do not always convey as much meaning to a woman as a look.

She had always thought Karl the better musician until a certain evening last May. While waiting for Karl to make up their trio, Fred had played her father's favorite selection for him. Gretta had never heard the beautiful "Prize Song" played better, in fact he had inspired her so that she had neglected the piano to listen to the wonderful melody.

On another occasion, during the preceding spring, she had been further surprised when the conductor of the orchestra had changed his program and had played a symphonic poem composed by Fred. His work had astounded the critics and had held the audience spell-bound as it was being performed. And so, as the days came and went, she was sorry for her conduct and doubted if she had been kind to put him aside so coldly. And yet—

Then, to add to her dilemma, she had acted queerly with Karl. She had ever given him reason to suppose that he had her affection, and so he had proposed only last night. She had fully intended to accept him until the words were out of her mouth. He had asked and pleaded with her in his passionately sincere way and she was deeply moved.

But there is a goddess, a whimsical goddess, who has care over maidens in similar situations. And that goddess completely upset all her sentiment and intentions by causing her to ask him to wait a week for his answer.

Karl had gone away half-heartedly, for he could not help but remember: "By-and-by leadeth to the road Never."

And so it was a dejected young lady who set out alone, a few nights later, for the concert; for she thought that she might gain some small solution of her many problems in the music.

The orchestra was playing the "Pathétique" symphony that evening. It is one of the greatest works of its kind ever composed, and in the first movement are several great climaxes in which the grief-stricken soul is supposed to be struggling for the solace and calm in the beautiful melody of the Andante. It was during one of these mighty clashes of tone color, and the audience was held spell-bound and did not notice the unusually sharp report which rang out suddenly. They thought, perhaps, that it was a part of the Tympani.

But, in another moment, all were startled by a shriek, and the sight of a man leaping on the stage from a box. Thus orchestra and crowd sat entranced while the assassin backed slowly across the stage toward the wing door. As he neared the desks of the first violins there was a slight stir. A tall man arose and laid his instrument aside. He stepped out upon the free space of the platform before the criminal saw him and brought his revolver about to cover him.

For a brief instant both men stood there looking at one another, and then the violinist lowered his head. Then there was the confusion of a dark body which dove towards the man with the gun, the quick report of that gun, and smoke. At last the audience awoke from the spell and screams filled the place.

The next move in this drama, which had all been enacted in about two minutes, was the arrival of two clanging motor cars outside the building. One bore the assassin to custody and the other rushed Fred Siegal's limp body to the hospital.

And then the orchestra finished the "Pathétique" in such a way as to make it almost a dirge for their heroic companion.

The next day the papers rang with the deed, and all the more so because the first victim had been a wealthy railroad official of national repute. The millionaire had been shot through the heart and instantly killed, but the bullet intended for Fred had only ploughed along the top of his skull as he dove forward, and had fractured one of the bones. Even so, he lay in a very critical condition after the operation which had been necessary to remove the crushed spot on his head.

For five days Gretta lived through every torture of remorse. She had wronged an honorable man. She had treated a hero with shameful cruelty. How could she ever make the least mite of reparation? Then, when she could stand it no longer, she slipped off in an opportune moment and visited the hospital.

She was led into a small anteroom just outside the single ward in which Fred lay, and was told that she could wait there until the injured man awoke from sleep.

"He is doing finely," said the immaculate nurse, "and he is perfectly normal when he is awake, but he sometimes raves nost violently in his sleep. He seems to have been under a heavy mental strain and this affects him in his unconscious spells. However, he will soon be in good shape," she added with a sympathetic smile.

Above the muffled hum of the hospital noises and the murmurs in the general wards, Gretta was sensible of a deep groan now and then, coming from the next room. Of a sudden she heard a voice, familiar and yet with a peculiar gasping tone, speak her own name.

"Gretta," said the voice, "I cannot favor war. God knows I live only to please you in everything else. But I am a coward." There was a pause.

"Yes," it began again, "I am a coward, for you think so and you are never wrong. I am even a coward in your presence, for I dare not say what I mean, I can not say what I feel."—Then in a deeper tone—"God, teach me how to speak to her and tell her how I love her, how I dream of her, how I wrote the music for her." —There was another long pause, during which Gretta felt that she must cry out or faint. -"Karl, my friend," said the voice with a sob, "I give you my hand. I will ever respect you, for you have won her. Don't fear, old man, she will give her consent; she was only startled that night. She loves you all right. And you loved her enough to speak. I love her and am afraid to speak, to even open my mouth. Afraid! Afraid to speak! Karl, my friend, she will keep her word."

A gasp came from the now sobbing girl, and she sprang to her feet.

This man loved her—always had loved her. She now realized that she loved him. But tonight she had pledged her word to keep faith with Karl.

Her brain reeled and she sank limply into the chair. What should she do? She looked at her little watch. It was nearly half-past five and outside, the early October evening had almost driven out the last rays of the setting sun. Her duty lay at home at eight o'clock, when Karl would come for his answer. But she now understood her real soul;

she loved the man in the next room. She thought quickly and her bosom heaved with suppressed emotion. If she went home she would leave her true love and future happiness behind her. She believed that she could hardly refuse Karl now. And yet, that was a way out. But no! she could offer no reason even to herself for so doing. It would not be honorable. Especially since she had almost encouraged him. And if she refused him and married Fred he would hate her and his old friend. He was a gentleman, but he was a man. If she stayed she would find true peace, but she might be tortured in soul for breaking faith with the friend of the man she married. Either way seemed to lead to a broken heart and sorrow. Which one should she break?

Suddenly, her frantic thoughts were interrupted.

"Miss Holtz, the patient can see you now," said the nurse.

Gretta had come to a crossroads in her journey of life.

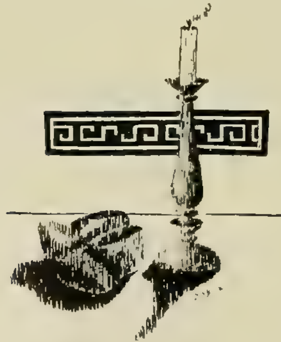
She arose and stared almost blankly at the nurse for a moment, and then looked abruptly out into the busy street below. The homeward rush of the workers had begun and the street was twinkling with lights and tinkling with bells.

The nurse stood silently in the door and waited. She was experienced in the whims of visitors of her sex.

Finally Gretta turned about with a smile and made her decision.

Slowly she walked through the door which took her to—

—*Edward Thorpe, Jr.*, '*18*.



BOOKS

The American College, BY ISAAC SHARPLESS. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

The object of Dr. Sharpless' new book, "The American College," stated in the Preface, is to give a "fair idea of the American college as distinct from the university, or technological school." He begins with a brief but interesting history of the nine Colonial Colleges, starting with Harvard (1636), and ending with Dartmouth (1764).

With the exception of King's (Columbia) and Pennsylvania, all were founded for theological reasons. All had the fixed classical course up to and long after the Revolution, and they set thereby the standard for American collegiate development.

A couple of characteristic historic details which add zest to the reading are facts such as the original founding of Yale by two Harvard men, and the experience of William Smith, Pennsylvania's first great Provost, who "quarrelled with the Quaker Legislature, and held his classes in jail."

The second chapter is devoted to explain College Administration, giving first a general discussion of college standards of scholarship, and disqualifying from further argument the many bogus institutions that pose as colleges or universities, whose courses and granted degrees are ridiculous, and only permitted through the lack of any legal standardization.

He takes up then the Board of Directors, the President, the Faculty, and the Alumni.

For the first are needed business and professional men of good common sense; the President should be a man of high ideals, of first-rate powers of leadership, and full of patience and perseverance. A member of the Faculty ought to be, "beside a teacher and a scholar, very much of a man . . . he will need to possess the manners and feelings of a gentleman, the instincts of a man of the world, the personality of a strong character, and the sympathies and sense of duty of a devotee."

The Alumni's place in the College life is that of preserving through their organization, a "fine spirit of affectionate loyalty and co-operation with their alma mater." Their aid is a very great factor in the advancement of the college standards, athletic or otherwise, and in helping their college to grow materially.

In his third chapter, the College courses of study are traced from

Colonial days with their iron-like and continued rigidity of the classical course, consisting of Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Theology, and Mathematics, to the great revulsion, about 1870. Jefferson, then Ticknor, then Edward Everett implanted the germ of electives. With the expansion of Harvard after the Civil War and the founding of Cornell in 1869, came the reveling in electives, and the growth of graduate schools.

The College as we know it today is the preserver of the "general education" idea, giving the all-round mental discipline which those men like John Adams of Harvard, Jefferson of William and Mary, Hamilton of King's, and Madison of Princeton all had. After the rush toward the elective system, the reaction seems to have evolved the idea of having the first two years mostly required work, and the last two graded off with more and more electives.

Chapter four takes up Student Life. At the beginning there was iron-clad discipline, Harvard having in her code some eighty-odd punishable offences. But with the growth of athletics and self-government the student life has less and less friction with the College authorities. Some of the great influences in student life at present are the Y. M. C. A., fraternities, self-government, the honor system, and athletics.

The final chapter is rather a resumé of specific comment on the Function of the College. One of the weak spots in the American Colleges is the tendency to turn out men with a smattering of wide-spread knowledge, but definiteness in nothing.

Their great function is summed up in the final paragraph . . . "more emphatically, too, than the universities, the best of them have stood for religious character and for correct morals, for a certain simplicity and honesty of purpose; for a respect for learning and what it may bring with it; for a greater feeling of responsibility to make of their students in all directions all that they are capable of being; and for a strong sense of democracy and fraternity."

To end our review, we can only say that anyone who wants a full, accurate, interesting, living picture of American College life in all its phases, let him read the book. It is written clearly, wittily—and directly to the point.

—*D. C. W., '16.*

THROUGH THE GLASSES

"Marie-Odile"

In this number of the HAVERFORDIAN a scenario entitled "Joanne" (with apologies to "Marie-Odile") has been written, and perhaps a word of explanation may not be out of place.

"Marie-Odile" is by Edward Knoblauch, and if it has not added very much to his reputation, nevertheless his ability to handle an unsavory subject with so much tact as not to offend a single critic is highly to be commended.

Marie-Odile is a novice in a convent; she sweeps, dusts and does chores, cheerfully waiting on the nuns. She has only seen two men in her life: old Peter, the gardener, and Father Fisher, the priest—evidently the Mother Superior believes in the bliss of ignorance, for Marie-Odile is kept ignorant of everything save her quiet life and duty in the convent. The Franco-Prussian war breaks out and the priest, Father Fisher, advises all the nuns to escape, for, he says, a regiment of Uhlans is in the neighborhood. All the nuns flee, except Marie-Odile, who cannot be found; she was up in the tower and did not know of anything. Enter an Uhlan corporal, sword in hand: naive Marie-Odile falls on her knees, thinking him to be Saint Michael. The Uhlans come to the convent and the novice cheerfully—as always—waits upon them. They become coarse and call upon the novice for a toast: "May God bless you all and send you back to your mothers safe and sound!" she says. The Uhlans admire her virtue and innocence and do not speak coarsely. Suddenly distant guns boom and the men rush away to attack the enemy. Saint Michael, or rather, Corporal Meissener, stays behind and a great love is born between soldier and novice; but, as all love on the stage, it ends, for he must go and fight.

The third act brings the Mother Superior back to the convent, where she finds Marie-Odile and her child—a baby, which, she says, is a disgrace to the convent. The novice must go—away from the scene of her shame, though, poor child, she understands nothing. Looking innocently at her baby, at a loss how to act, Marie-Odile stumbles out into the glory of the sunshine, groping her way toward "the hope beyond the threshold."

The author of "Joanne" has handled the theme rather differently;

and, while the character of Marie-Odile is not much different from that of Joanne, the corporal gains much. Corporal Meissner was a tall and handsome Teuton, ready to love today and fight tomorrow, and seeing how pure Marie-Odile was, however great the mutual love between them may be, he is not justified in touching her person. The soldier in "Joanne" finds the novice in a nightdress, her hair over her back—not a novice in cap and gown with cross and rosary. With an obvious effort he controls his passion and, oblivious of his duty to the captain of his regiment, he will leave the convent without any information as to the provisions there; the soldiers will not come thither; Marie-Odile has saved the convent.

Doubtless the most beautiful thing in the story is the figure of the soldier; mastering his passionate desire, conquering his physical love, as he departs slowly into the night, with nothing against his name, without having caused any doubt, sorrow and disgrace, glorying in the knowledge that he has done more good in a moment than in a life-time, and that he has left behind him one whose immaculate honor and purity will henceforth be devoted to the service of her God. On one hand Marie-Odile left us with the memory of her love in the shape of their child, and we are in doubt as to what will become of her; on the other, Joanne will live quietly, never forgetting her one sweet taste of love, her wonderful kiss, nor will the soldier ever have cause to forget his own token of their love—a love rendered far more beautiful by the brevity of its duration, a love for ever a comfort, because he has not sacrificed his honor for its gratification. —*J. G. C. Le Clercq, '18.*

'07

An informal class dinner at the University Club was arranged by E. R. Tatnall for Tuesday evening, March 30th. The following members of the class were present:—W. H. Haines, J. C. Birdsall, F. D. Godley, S. J. Gummere, C. J. Claassen, H. H. Shoemaker, E. R. Tatnall, Harold Evans.

The retiring officers, Harold Evans, president, and James P. Magill, secretary-treasurer, were re-elected, as was Francis D. Godley, captain of the baseball team.

'09

The engagement was announced on Saturday, April 3d, of James W. Crowell to Miss Helen Chambers, of West Grove, Pa.

'13

The engagement has been recently announced of E. R. Maule to Miss Carrol Seaver Keay, of Clifton Heights, Pa.

ALUMNI

Editor of the HAVERFORDIAN:—

The letter from Mr. George M. Palmer, '97, which you printed in your April issue, seems to have been an interpretation of the Haverford of 1915 in terms of the Haverford of '97. As a member of the Faculty committee on elective and required studies, which established a new elective system, taking effect in 1914, I beg a little space in order to point out to Mr. Palmer that, were he in College now, he would be able to specialize in anticipation of his business career. It is beside the mark to speak of Mr. Palmer's own career, and the alarming threat that his young son is to be deprived of the privileges of Haverford at some subsequent date; it is also beside the mark to bring up the old war-cry of vocational studies. The "Wisconsin idea" is proving somewhat of a delusion —it has not enough bottom and solid base of mind-training, and such a keen and progressive thinker as President Sparks of State College is building into his university, with every new year, more and more of the old-style subjects. So are the other technical schools, with which Haverford cannot, and does not wish to, compete. Every Alumnus of Haverford will echo the remarks of President Sharpless at Baltimore on April 16th: "My ideal for Haverford is, first, to make the College a place of general culture; secondly, to develop men who have a serious interest in the affairs of the world. I object to more than a moderate amount of vocational training in colleges of Haverford's type, such as Amherst, Williams, and Hamilton."

This is the Haverford ideal; and if any boy professedly needs and demands the most expert knowledge of machinery, or metallurgy, or agriculture, he had better go elsewhere.

But to return to the question of courses. A chemical laboratory of the latest type has now been in full swing for several years. And it may be used by Freshmen or by Seniors. According to the present requirements, properly prepared Freshmen are urged and encouraged to take Chemistry I in the Freshman year. They thus, at the completion of their college course, have had the quantity of chemistry which would take them into the Junior year of any good technical school, or into the graduate department of a university. And this under Dr. Hall, whose pupils have been successful in commercial chemistry and in teaching; they have been doing the world's work well since 1880, and they include Theodore W. Richards, '85, one of the two or three Americans who

have been asked to occupy chairs in European universities.

The Catalogue shows (pages 39 foll.) that the Freshman can begin chemistry or physics or any other scientific subject; if his schedule makes this difficult, a petition to the Dean will allow a rearrangement, provided the student be capable. In the Sophomore year, as you see on page 40, the scientist can take two related subjects, aggregating eight hours. In the Junior and Senior year a still further increase is possible. The committee above-mentioned, working at the President's suggestion, made it their aim to produce a course which gave a general acquaintance with many subjects, and an intimate acquaintance with at least one.

Summing up, we would say that Mr. Palmer's criticisms and those of any other Alumnus, are always welcome to the Faculty of Haverford College, and we hope that any interested graduate will give us his views, in the *Alumni Quarterly* (which is the proper circulating medium for such articles). The criterion seems to me, whether Haverford is living up to a definite ideal which has been proved to be the correct ideal, rather than whether that ideal ought to be changed.

Very truly yours,
Richard M. Gummere, '02.

Editor, THE HAVERFORDIAN:—

Mr. G. M. Palmer's letter in the April issue of the HAVERFORDIAN has been extremely interesting to me. It is needless to say that I do not agree with the views expressed by Mr. Palmer in that letter; if I did, I should not be writing in reply.

It would seem to me that Mr. Palmer has not examined a recent catalogue of the College, or if he has done so, he has let what may have been the case back in '97—I do not know the circumstances existing at that time—blind his eyes to the facts as they are now. Even a cursory examination of the latest issue of our catalogue with reference to the courses offered will show that a fellow entering Haverford need not necessarily be seeking "either a classical education, a scientific education to fit him to become a dabbler in science as a hobby, or a culture course," nor yet "dissipate his time on non-essentials and culture courses" or "wait until he is through college before starting to prepare for the realities."

Neither is Mr. Palmer's comparison between Haverford and the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University a fair one. In the first place, the Sheffield Scientific School is not a college department, but rather just what its name indicates; and any comparison between Haverford and Yale should be made between Haverford and the academic department of the latter institution. Furthermore, the Sheffield Scientific School does not *now* offer a full year's course in business practice, but beginning with the next collegiate

year, it will offer such a course in its graduate department. It is not an equitable proposition to compare the undergraduate department of one institution of learning with the graduate department of another. The undergraduate at Yale—whether of the academic or scientific departments—still has to go to a graduate school in order to get his business education; so wherein has he any advantage over the undergraduate at Haverford?

I think that Mr. Palmer has missed the trend of the times with reference to strictly technical education. I am not one of those Haverfordians who look "with a great deal of contempt upon the utilitarian in learning"; for I went to Haverford with the idea of going into business upon the completion of my college course, which I have done; and I can consciously trace every week a half-dozen or more instances wherein I have been directly benefited by my course at College.

Two or three years ago an official of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company issued a statement to the effect that their engineers and scientific men were too strictly technical, that they had specialized so much on the purely scientific end of railroad work that they could not see the proper co-ordination of each department one with another, that they did not know enough about the broad fundamental principles underlying present economic conditions. At the conclusion of this statement the official in question said that he hoped all college men who were training to enter the service of that great corporation, would take at least one year's general college work before taking up the strictly technical engineering courses which they would have to study.

So generally is this truth becoming recognized that institutions like the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the University of Wisconsin are offering what they term courses in "commercial engineering," which combine the features of strictly technical education together with a study of the principles underlying our present economic regime.

Because Haverford does not devote a number of pages in its catalogue to listing a large number of differently named courses of study, does not signify that utilitarian courses are not offered at Haverford. I venture to suggest that, with the present elective system now in use at Haverford, one might make up a four years' course of study which would include sufficient engineering, economic, mathematical, and natural science courses of study to make such a course of extreme practical value. It would of course not go so much into detail as the commercial engineering course at Massachusetts Tech., for example, but there is still enough there to give a fellow a good four years' course with plenty of hard work in it.

Much the same situation exists with reference to exclusively com-

mercial courses of study. The best work in this line is being done in the graduate schools of the larger institutions. On the other hand an examination of the courses offered by those institutions which offer undergraduate work in this department will bring to light the fact that there is a tendency on the part of such institutions to teach a little about a great number of subjects without sufficient emphasis on any one of them. This tendency is exhibited most clearly in the number of two-hour courses offered either for a full year or a half-year.

I have appended below a model course which might be pursued by a fellow entering Haverford at the present time with the idea of entering mercantile life on the completion of his course. I think most people will agree with me that the number of purely culture courses listed in that model is very small indeed. As I said before, I have no doubt that I could make one up on the commercial engineering basis which would prove equally interesting. Perhaps Mr. Palmer might like to do that for himself and, after he has done that and studied the situation carefully, reconsider his decision not to send his son to Haverford and not let him lose the benefit of four years spent in surroundings unsurpassed by any other college and under the influence of men whose ideals and work are a continual inspiration to all Haverfordians—old and young.

At any rate, in considering a matter of this kind, we should be very careful to view it in all its phases, and have our conclusions based upon facts as they really exist, and not as they may have been, or as we think they are.

Yours very truly,

Roy McFarlan, '13.

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Money & Banking
Labor Problems
Specific Economic Problems
Modern History

SENIOR

Social Work
Ethics

Transportation
Corporations & Trusts
Expenditure & Revenue
U. S. History after 1789
French
Spanish*

* You will note that Spanish is down for two years, while it is only given in the catalogue for one year; but fellows in the past have taken a second year of Spanish and I have no doubt that such an arrangement can be still made.

The Haverford Society of Maryland held its annual dinner at the Baltimore Country Club on April 16. Twenty-one members of the Society were present. Among the speakers of the evening were President Sharpless, and D. B. Van Hollen, '15. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Henry M. Thomas, '12; Vice-President, R. L. Cary, '06; Secretary-Treasurer, C. M. Froelicher, '10.

C. Mitchell Froelicher, '10; H. Froelicher, Jr., '12, and Douglas Waples, '14, will again spend the summer at Camp Tunkhannock, Pocono Lake Preserve, Pennsylvania. Camp Tunkhannock is a boys' camp successfully inaugurated by the above trio in 1914. Haverfordians (or their sons) are always welcome at the camp.

'63

Thomas J. Battey celebrated his golden wedding anniversary on the 5th of April. A large reception was held in Alumni Hall at Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I., where Mr. Battey has been a teacher for forty-seven years. The hall was beautifully decorated and banked with flowers for the occasion.

Among the Haverfordians present were: S. K. Gifford, '76; J. M. Steere, '90; Charles Battey, '88; William Battey, '99; P. C. Gifford, '13.

'65

We regret to announce the death of Joseph Miller Downing at Elsmere, Delaware, on Sunday, April 4. Mr. Downing was born in West Whiteland, Pa., July 23,1846. He entered Haverford in 1861, and after graduation went into the iron manufacturing business at Coatesville, Pa. In successive stages of his business he lived in New Castle, Tyrone, and Danville, Pa. On June 3, 1880 he married Miss Hannah P. Steele, of Coatesville. In 1886 he became a manufacturer of wheel materials at Wilmington, Del., and con-

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tinued in that work until his death. Mr. Downing was the father of T. S. Downing, '05; J. S. Downing, '11, and G. V. Downing, '14.

'92

Christian Brinton had published a full-page article on "Fragonard's Famous DuBarry Panels" in the New York Sun of Sunday, April 4th.

'93

At a special meeting of the Class of '93, Haverford College, held in Philadelphia, April 19th, 1915, to take action concerning the death on March 16th, 1915, of our classmate, Carrol B. Jacobs, the undersigned Committee was directed to send copies of the following resolution to the family of Mr. Jacobs and to the HAVERFORDIAN:

Whereas, The members of the Class of '93, Haverford College, have learned with regret and sorrow of the death of Carrol B. Jacobs, who, during four years, was our classmate at Haverford, who was frequently with us at class and college gatherings during the more than twenty years since our graduation, and who in recent years served as the Permanent Secretary of our Class organization; therefore, be it

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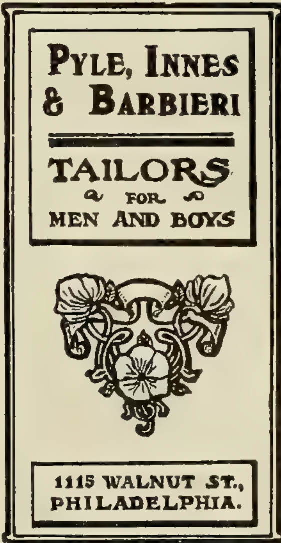

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Resolved, That we express to the members of his family our sincere sympathy with them in their bereavement, as well as our sense of personal loss, since we realize that we shall no longer have his genial presence with us.

Walter W. Haviland,
Charles S. Rhoads
Committee.

'94

P. S. Williams was recently made attorney for the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia.

'98

Dr. William W. Cadbury expects to sail from China on July 3rd for his year's furlough.

'02

That the work of C. Linn Seiler is creating a stir in musical circles is evidenced by a pamphlet issued recently, which summarizes to some extent the scope of his compositions. Such vocal artists as John McCormack, David Bispham and Alice Nielsen are numbered among his interpreters. Unlike many composers, Mr. Seiler does not set *verses* to *tunes;* but he "provides a *poem* with a melodic and harmonic setting that has beauty, feeling and atmosphere." One of his best productions is "In a Vineyard," which was sung by McCormack.

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Robert Gibson

will occupy The Uneasy Chair for the remainder of the present volume. While one cannot but lay aside the shears and paste with some regret, it is a pleasure to hand them over to one who has proved his efficiency by two years of creditable work.

In This Issue

Special Features

The Religious Life of Haverford............H. J. Cadbury, '03 133
Cricket in 1915......................A. J. Scattergood, '98 136
Japan's Policy Towards China...........Yoshio Nitobe, '15 148
The Concert............................E. L. Shaffer, '15 151
Bird Ramblings.................George H. Hallett, Jr. '15 153
Jersey Eagles...................Kenneth W. Webb, '18 163

Stories

La Belle Guerre.......................F. M. Morley, '15 139
Pitching According to Hoyle...........George A. Dunlap, '16 156

Verse

If I Were Home............................E. R. Dunn, '15 135
Lines Written In An Italian Garden......Robert Gibson, '17 138
Old And New...........................E. M. Pharo, '15 150
Ronsard's Amours, I, LIX...........Donald G. Baird, '15 161
Vale...............................J. G. Le Clercq, '18 162
Youth........................Douglas C. Wendell, '16 168

Departments

The Uneasy Chair
What Is The College Doing For Us?.......................
William H. Chamberlin, '17 165
Success In The Short Story..........George A. Dunlap, '16 166
Through The Glasses
Review Of The Season........William H. Chamberlin, '17 167
Alumni............................Robert Gibson, '17 169

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1915 No. 4

The Religious Life of Haverford

EVERY man who has attended Haverford College in recent years has become familiar with the figure of "water-tight compartments," and he has learned that any theory which divides life into such impenetrable sections can be torpedoed out of existence. For all sides of a truly human life are closely bound together, even when life is most polygonal and versatile, as it is in this little microcosm that we call college. Our religion, whatever it is, is not something that can be separated from the rest of our existence. It is not to be found only at certain times or places. No registrar can schedule it away into fixed periods, no professor can "require" it in his classroom, no coach can taboo it from his training table.

Of course we are wont to think of special features of college life as peculiarly religious. The Y. M. C. A. represents no doubt the greatest single agency and organization for religion in colleges. And when, as at Haverford, it is much more alive than dead, it deserves, and receives, the support of the true religious impulses of the students. Through other means also, whether under the curriculum of the college or in connection with his home, the college man comes into the more public and formal practice of worship, of Bible study, or of social service. But religion is so much more profound and personal than all these public demonstrations that it is worth while to devote attention exclusively to its less obvious features. There are in the ordinary private life of the college man so many latent and largely unrealized seeds of spiritual growth and power.

In the first place youth itself is more religious than it seems. Of course the college man is very cautious of his expression of interest, and he is able to give to others, especially his parents, an impression of extreme indifference. This studied attitude is far from blameworthy; it originates from an almost morbid desire for sincerity, and often curbs superficial emotionalism by making the current of true religion run deep. If it is an error it is an error on the safe side. A sane man sooner or later discovers it in himself with some secret amusement. One can only regret that

sometimes the subject deceives even himself into thinking he is not religious, or rather he fails to perceive that religion itself is in reality very much the same as his own instinctive impulses and not necessarily a certain foreign ritual, prescribed dogma, or strange inner miracle. One can always be sure that sincere religion, if not labelled too conventionally but expressed in modern terms, will find a chord of hearty response in Haverford men.

Another factor favorable to religion in college is the environment. As the bacteriologist would say, it is a good medium—a life not too busy nor monotonous, but with plenty of stimulating thought from books and companions. There is a wholesome atmosphere of growth,—in body, but chiefly in mind, which is most congenial to the formation of new religious insights and ideals and effective habits of will. Of course certain subjects of the curriculum foster these new growths especially, but the college man often is already beginning his intellectual readjustment before he ever reaches these courses.

But this fluid condition is a possible danger as well as an advantage. While thoughts in college are in a formative state, it must be remembered that they are also beginning to get set. They are becoming fixed for future life. Every college man is choosing a life companion—the self he will live with. It is a momentous choice. Usually college life inclines him to choose breadth, adjustability, and even an optimistic disposition—and all these are to be jealously prized and safeguarded as worth more than all H's and degrees. On the other hand, college life has certain lacks which, unless pains are taken, will crystallize character defectively. Dormitory life, amid congenial company but independent of many mutual duties, does not provide much opportunity for altruism. Every man does much as he pleases and yet rarely interferes with others' pleasure. This is of course delightful, but it fails to train in self-sacrifice. To supply this lack, social work and other definite programs of self-denial may be adopted to train the will. A more spontaneous method is that of learning to be more sensitive to what other fellows might enjoy from us in fellowship and of diligently cultivating the art of friendship and schooling ourselves willingly in the self-sacrifice that the deepest friendships ever entail.

Above all, college is the place for making religion real. Surely college life is all a search for truth and reality, but on its religious side it sometimes seems that this inherent love of reality is too negative. No one is more hostile to hypocrisy or more quick to detect it than the college man. But his defensive sincerity is not matched with equal aggressive strength. His quest for God is too much a scorn for outworn theories

and theologies, not a vigorous search for Him. He is so anxious not to "follow wandering fires" that he fails also to "follow the gleam." The solid sincerity and unartificial honesty of college life are the best possible foundation for a positive faith. For honesty means honesty to budding faith as well as to growing doubts, and few men can be less sincere than the mere sceptic.

This realizing of religion—this making real of ourselves to ourselves—this raising of religion from the plane of hearsay to that of acquaintance, from "knowledge about" to "knowledge of experience," is the great joy of all maturing life. And fortunately for the taciturnity of college men it is largely a private and personal matter. Public demonstration of it is not easy nor necessary. It is inward. Just as the praying of a college man is merely the heart's sincere desire for the reality of life, so all his religion is a spontaneous honesty in the presence of his ideals. It presupposes no perfected philosophy, it implies no spiritual claims. It need not fear charges of hypocrisy from without or attacks of scepticism from within. It is the secret self-confession, nay, self-assertion of our ambition to be real men or real worth expressed in lives of real service.

—H. J. Cadbury, '03.

If I Were Home

Rondel

If I were home, as would I were,
'Tis but a short delay I'd make.
My bridle from its peg I'd take,
And catch a horse and ride to her.

The roan should travel fast to her,
The miles from underfoot she'd shake.
If I were home, as would I were,
'Tis but a short delay I'd make.

But coming back no whip I'd stir;
I'd let the long reins idly shake;
And watch ahead for limbs to break
The moonless sky, the road's faint blur;
If I were home, as would I were.

—E. R. Dunn, '15.

Cricket in 1915

IF I had it to do over again, I'd go over to the Shed the first chance I had as a Freshman and keep it up until I learned to play cricket. It's the only sensible thing to do at Haverford," is the tenor of a remark often made by many non-cricketing Haverford Alumni. And there were no doubt many echoes of this remark from undergraduates after the glorious victory over the University on the 21st of April.

If, however, one would really get into the true spirit of Haverford cricket, he must go back to the beginning; let him browse in that delightful volume, "The History of Haverford College, 1830-1890," reading the few pages beginning with 289, which relate the romantic birth and early success of the Dorian C. C., the forerunner of the Haverford College Cricket Club; let him turn then to 427 *et seq*, describing the glorious victory of 1878 over the University in a "Past and Present" match, and let him be sure to read Joseph Parrish's "Cricket Song" on page 432, from which we get the "Swish! Swack!" of our College Yell. Since those days, many glorious chapters have been added to our cricket history.

To some, however, unacquainted with the past, the present enthusiasm for baseball sounds the knell of cricket at Haverford; but in this, history is simply repeating itself, for every game has its ups and downs, cricket no less than others, and the "History" above referred to contains many allusions to the desire to make baseball *the* College game. Haverford cricket does, however, face a grave crisis at this time, because cricket in 1915 is everywhere at a comparatively low ebb.

With England at war, almost as never before, cricket there will take a subordinate place this season; in fact, it will hardly be a cricket season at all without any county or other first-class matches. There will, of course, be a lot of club matches and some of the local league matches, for those cricketers still at home will, no doubt, argue that they can keep up their health and spirits better by a bit of the game that is so dear to them than in spending their time moping. Nor should this temporary shut-down of county cricket be without its beneficial results on the game, for the evil influence of professionalism was resulting in increasing sordidness in the conduct of the game, and this has done much in recent years to dull public interest therein. We have here a somewhat similar case in our professional baseball, though there is this difference, that the professionals in baseball, being far and away the best players, dominate the spirit of the game; their style of play, with much of its rowdyism and unsportsmanlike treatment of opponents, is too often the example followed by college and school teams, thus to some extent spoiling a game

which is in itself an exceptionally fine one. In cricket, on the other hand, the ethics and spirit of fair play of the game have not suffered at the hands of the professionals, although the spirit of true enthusiasm has often of late been lacking, and the money-making side more apparent in the county matches, so that to do away with them for a while should result in an improvement in these respects when the matches are again resumed.

On this side the Atlantic, however, we can lay the cause of the growing lack of interest in cricket to no such thing. It is too easy now to play lawn tennis or golf, to motor, or week-end parties are too attractive for cricket to flourish as it did for many years until recently. The game is as good as ever, just as much fun, just as worth while as a developer of character, of friendship, and of many other admirable things, but the youth and men of today can be more independent than were their predecessors, because they have the choice of more things to do, and they are unwilling to tie up most of their Saturday afternoons with the chance of being able to spend only a few minutes, perhaps less, at the wickets, and all the rest of the time fielding or watching others make huge scores. Such, of course, do not appreciate the joys of bowling and fielding, worth cultivating, if one is properly to enjoy the game. Then, too, it would seem that they fail to appreciate that there is much pleasure in the game outside of the purely selfish one of performing oneself.

But cricket, in Philadelphia at least, is confronted with the above situation. True, there are a few clubs in which the juniors are taking a renewed interest, and in some schools also this is the case, but on the whole, it must be admitted that there is less enthusiasm for cricket now than say ten years ago and previously. And Haverford is affected likewise, in spite of her rich traditions of cricket. Nor is this surprising when we find only one collegiate opponent, when a few years ago there were three. Traditions and sentiment are worth something, but they can never take the place of competition with natural rivals of the same class. "Cricket for cricket's sake" will never, in a college at any rate, keep the game in a healthy condition. Intercollegiate competition is needed, and those of us who are interested to see cricket continue to flourish at Haverford may well interest ourselves in cricket at the University of Pennsylvania or any other college where cricket might be played. The plan of having three matches a year with the University should be followed, and we should be careful to do all we can to avoid having happen there what ruined cricket at Harvard, that is, foolish eligibility rules, which were neither needed nor demanded by anyone. Any Haverfordian who attends a professional school at Pennsylvania should, if competent, play on the cricket team there.

In lieu of this kind of competition, Captain Brinton and those in charge of cricket at the College have this year made a very wise move in entering the Philadelphia Cup Competition, where they will meet a hearty welcome and should make good showing, perhaps win it. One marked advantage of this is that it will lengthen the previously very short season a month and a half. The matches in this competition and the matches in "Cricket Week," to be held just after Commencement, a most excellent idea, should develop the eleven into a formidable one. To my mind, it means not only increased enthusiasm for next year and the years following, but stronger elevens than we have had for some time. It should also attract more young cricketers to Haverford. There will be some excellent material in next year's Freshman Class, which with proper development should come near taking the place of this year's Seniors.

Another bright spot in the situation is the organization by Dr. Richard Gummere of an eleven of old Haverfordians, known as the "Haverford Rovers," who will play summer eleven matches with the various clubs.

In view, therefore, of all this healthy and satisfactory activity in Haverford cricket, may we not pluck up courage and confidently believe that cricket is now simply in the midst of a periodic slump, and that the future holds for Haverford just as much honor and pleasure on the cricket field as the past has yielded her?

—A. G. Scattergood, '98.

Lines Written in an Italian Garden

Softly o'er the fruit trees and the heavy-laden vine,
The moonlight streams in beauty with a chastened glow benign;
And in the center of the green but half neglected sward,
Is a fountain, small and circular, whose foam the Naiads card
For the dewy spray of gossamer which interweaves its threads
With a mass of climbing roses risen from their earthy beds.
The vagrant fancy wanders back to days long past and gone,
When the waters played and sparkled in a starlight that was wan;
And the forms of classic phantoms cast their shadows long and dark
Across the unveiled face of night within the somber park.

—Robert Gibson, '17.

La Belle Guerre

"PEPPO, go home!"

It was a picturesque tableau. Jean Marpie, brown, erect, and tense with human dominance, pointed down the dusty road to where the tall poplars danced together in the shimmering radiance of the August sun. Peppo, shaggy and soft-eyed, usually humble and obedient, crouched the lower, drawing down his eyelids to shut out the stern command, and nervously flapping a deprecating tail in its deepening furrow of dust.

"Peppo," said Jean, his words punctuated by the shrill whistle of a train from behind the hill of the Three Virgins; "Peppo, I do not, I cannot comprehend your actions. Please *go home!*"

The chill precision of the words cut deep, but the terrier did not stir. Things had changed during the last hour and for once big Jean was mistaken. He was not to go away and leave Peppo behind,—that much was evident. The little-mother-of-Jean knew what was best, and she had told him to go with his master. Just an hour ago, while sleeping in the shadow of the rabbit hutch, he had heard the familiar call, and when he dashed barking round the corner of the house, there they all were, beside the laurel bush at the gate—Jean with a bundle on his back, the little mother, Marie-from-the-cottage-by-the-church, Jean's father and several more,—he had not had time to notice *them*. All were crying too; —that is, all but Jean's father, and he stood there apart, so stern and straight,—Peppo had never seen him stand so straight. Then Jean had knelt down and taken his unwilling paw in the way that always made him feel very embarrassed and human. "Good-bye, Peppo," he had said. "Take care of them all; be a good dog, and don't chase Marie's geese." That was not a nice subject to mention before so many people, but none the less Peppo could not help feeling that it was merited.

So he had shaken hands, wondering, and the next moment Jean was through the gate and striding briskly down the road, and all the women were crying softly. But not Jean's father. He stood there, straight as the old pump, his hands stretched out in front of him. "Remember '71, Jean," he had said. "Remember '71!" It was a foolish thing to say, for Jean had not been born till '93. Bayard, the old horse, had often told that to Peppo; he was so proud because he had been born the same day as Jean. "Jean et moi," he would say, and then, a little later, "moi et Jean." But then Bayard was old, and as such had the right to be eccentric.

There they had stood, waving handkerchiefs, till Jean had turned the

corner by the twisted oak, and then suddenly the little mother had seized Peppo and lifted him right off the ground. Certainly everyone was crazy today! "Va, Peppo," she had said with a sob. "Go with Jean and *take good care of him!*" She had pointed down the road, so of course off he had gone and had followed behind his master all the way, not making any noise, because Jean was evidently thinking hard, and besides that, he *had* been told good-bye, so perhaps it was best not to speak until he was spoken to.

The train shrilled into the station and Jean stood for a moment, irresolute, looking first up the empty road, then at Pierre Duplis, the miller's son, who had just climbed aboard and was calling to Jean to get into his carriage. The guard blew his whistle and Jean made up his mind. "All right, Peppo," said he. "Come on, boy, there'll be plenty of dachshunds for you in Berlin!"

And as Peppo snarled with the rage he always felt when he remembered that ugly dog who had killed the black chicken, Jean caught him up in his arms and they got in with Pierre.

At the big concentration camp near M—— life was a series of new experiences for Peppo. Never had he dreamed so many men existed! Thousands of them; marching up and down, up and down, in an aimless kind of way; digging ditches across the fields; and strangest of all, building bridges right out in the meadows where there wasn't even so much as a puddle of water anywhere around. There were a good many other dogs in the camp so Peppo wasn't at all lonely. One old setter, who had been the regimental mascot for several years, was the Nestor of the community, and answered all ingenuous questions with the calm complacence of assured knowledge: "No, the men weren't crazy—no, indeed! They were going to war." The colonel had taken him apart and told him so, he said; and none of his auditors dared move a dissenting muscle. He had been in the war,—in Morocco,—and it was nothing to be afraid of. Once indeed the tribesmen had cut off a party of their scouts, and when the regiment found them they were not nice to look upon. But as a general thing there was very little danger in the war. "La belle guerre," he called it, with that familiarity which sits so well upon the veteran campaigner.

Peppo drank in all these dissertations, and felt his spirits rise as he listened. It was only going to be a sort of picnic with an extra lot of men and no girls, which last was by no means a pity, he thought. After all he would have no trouble in taking care of Jean. And every night as the men returned from drill he would meet his master, conduct him to the

entrance of the mess hall, sit at his feet during supper and by the big camp fire afterwards, and when Jean rolled into his blankets at taps there would be Peppo close at hand, a round and shaggy ball of contentment. This was something like, he thought. Why didn't men realize how much nicer it was to sleep outside all the time? If this strange war was going to mean a return to outdoor life, a better mutual understanding between man and dog, then he for one could not see why the little mother had cried when Jean left. . . . Still, women were rather prone to cry needlessly anyway. . . . It was very nice not to have them at the war. . . . .

And at this stage Peppo's philosophy usually faded quietly away, his cold nose tucked itself behind a bushy tail, while far above the distant stars looked calmly down on man and dog, company and regiment, and on the huge masses of humanity already swaying together along mile on mile of frontier.

Towards the end of August there came a change. Early one morning the comrades again boarded a train, though this time there were no coaches,—only clean cattle cars, as many as the engine could move, and each filled to discomfort with soldiers. Half the day they rattled slowly eastward, the men smoking, playing cards and chatting,—probably of "la belle guerre," thought Peppo, who, nestled between two rolls of blankets, minded his cramped quarters not at all. At length, after an interminable number of stops, they came to a final grinding halt and the soldiers poured forth, Jean carrying Peppo somewhat negligently by the much-abused scruff of his neck. "This," he thought, "was not what the little mother meant when she told *me* to take care of *Jean*."

It was not a station at which they had landed, but wide open country. Fields and meadows, with an occasional white-walled cottage peeping out from its protecting fringe of trees, stretched away on all sides. As flat as your hand everywhere, except to the east, where the meadows merged imperceptibly into gently rolling hills.

Peppo had expected to be very merry and full of life when he got off the train, but somehow or other he now felt very serious. The soldiers were standing silently in little groups, leaning on their rifles and all looking in one direction,—towards the hills. Peppo looked too, but saw nothing. There was a distant rumble in the air, dull and continuous, more felt than heard even to his sensitive ears. That explained matters. *He* always felt a little irritable and nervous during a thunderstorm, and men were really not unlike dogs in a great many ways—though they did do a great many things dogs could not,—such as making all their friends

cry by going away to play a game of war. Peppo wondered if all the mothers and sweethearts of all these men had cried when they left home. A big orange butterfly lit on a blade of grass beside him and then fluttered impudently before his nose, but Peppo was too engrossed to notice the challenge.

The soldiers streamed down the embankment, fell in line at the foot, and marched across a pasture to where a sunken lane wound a tortuous path eastward. It followed a stream bank, and the thickly clustering aspens and willows met overhead to dot the road with grotesque flecks of sunlight. One of the men started humming, and soon they were all singing gaily, keeping time to the music. Behind, the dust rose in a thick cloud, through which the bright red trousers twinkled merrily. Peppo chased a field mouse who, incautiously patriotic, was peering at the unwonted sight from behind a clump of daisies.

Two miles on the lane joined a high road, and here a cavalryman was waiting for them, his horse standing limply by the roadside, too weary to crop the thick growing clover. He saluted the colonel as he rode up, and handed over a sealed envelope. The officer opened it with quick fingers. "We trench in this field, men," said he. "General Surenne writes that the Germans are attacking in force and he expects to fall back here tomorrow!"

Nearly four months of trench life had brought Peppo to the conclusion that war was a much over-estimated pastime. Since that August afternoon when the regiment had dug itself into the bosom of the clover meadow, life had become very stupid and monotonous. At first there had been some excitement and novelty. It was strange to see a thousand men digging a long, long ditch across the quiet field. Not that they had been content with one, for there was a second parallel to the first, and another behind that; all three joined together by funny little zig-zag ditches. Then over-night more men had appeared; thousands of tired, dirty men with beards and unkempt hair, and dusty, faded uniforms. Thereupon there was more digging to be done, until as far as the eye could reach the landscape was scarred by mounds of loose earth and twisting trenches. It made Peppo think of that time in his puppyhood when he had buried an old soup bone in the little mother's front flower bed. He hadn't meant to hurt the petunias at all, but that wasn't understood,—otherwise he would never have gotten the beating he so well remembered. However, this was very different. Men could dig holes so much longer and deeper than dogs, that it was all right for them to do it. Had it not been so, the damage could scarcely have been pleasing to the owner of the clover fields.

Gradually Peppo became used to living in the trenches. The colonel had given permission and all day he would lie and doze at the bottom of the trench, close to where Jean stood at his loophole. At first this was not such bad fun, for when he slept there would be the wildest and most delightful dreams. In them his master was always the central figure, but somehow it was a very different Jean from the one he knew in real life. A very hairy Jean, all clad in skins, who bent nearly double when he walked . . . . or rather, crept. . . . . And sometimes,—it was all very shadowy and vague,—they would be stealing side by side through a vast, dim forest, silently, cautiously; Jean with a big stone axe in his hand, and he, Peppo, a little in front, belly to the ground, nose outstretched, alert, awake, ready. . . . . Once even,—and he wished that dream would come again,—they had chanced upon another man, crouching asleep before a dying fire. Jean had pointed to him, gripping the axe tighter in his hand, and then . . . . together . . . . they had leapt. . . . . Peppo knew it was all a dream and that things like that couldn't happen nowadays, but none the less it was very delightful. If men would live like that now a dog could really be their friend—could help them and be of use once in a while. The little mother had told him to take care of Jean, and he wanted to with all his heart, but what chance was there for a dog to show his worth in a world where men were civilized, and went to war, and lived together by the thousands in *ditches!*

When the snow came it was no longer pleasant. Jean tried to make Peppo stay by the old farmhouse back of the lines, where the commissariat had its headquarters, and where the camp followers hung about and told unbelievable yarns. Most of the other dogs were there, including the old setter. He had told Peppo in confidence that any sensible dog would do well to become friendly with one of the cooks. "I learnt that in Morocco," said he. "You will only be in the way where the fighting is going on. Besides, there is always a chance of getting killed, and back here there is room to run round, warm places in which to sleep, and more bones than you know what to do with. Moreover, I repeat, they do not want you in the trenches."

But Peppo knew better. He had become a general favorite with the soldiers, and he well understood that his place was at Jean's side. Any shirking of this duty would be a dereliction of his instructions, and indeed of his own desires. One of the men had dug him a little niche in the side of the trench and here he would lie, out of the snow and slush and close by the angle where Jean had his position.

Often of course there would be days when the regiment had its relief and he could enjoy himself back of the lines with a clear conscience.

Yet, strangely enough, many things which used to appeal to him had lost their interest. At the farm, for instance, there was a cat, a black cat too, insolent, overbearing, presumptuous, and very, very fat. In days gone by there could have been nothing more delightful than to harass that cat, but now it was different. Everything seemed different when you knew you had a mission in life.

Once when they went to the farm Peppo could discover no trace of his friend the setter. Also there was a big hole in the road by the barn. On inquiry he found that there was a significant connection between the two incidents. A *Taube* had passed that way, they said, and this was the result. A *Taube*, it seemed, was *une colombe*,—a dove. A very peculiar dove, he thought, and by keeping his ears alert to the camp conversation he gathered that this *Taube* was more like a hawk; an extremely superior sort of hawk! He must be watchful, for one of those *Taubes*, you know, might well take it into its head to come for Jean!

One morning the trench was alive with an atmosphere of suppressed excitement very different from the usual monotony. Peppo ran up and down, eager to find out what it all meant. Perhaps the "advance" of which the men often spoke longingly. Sometimes, it must be confessed, he got between the soldiers' legs and they would curse him roundly—not with any feeling of animosity, but in those friendly, masterfully eloquent oaths which are world-wide characteristics of the common warrior, whether he be French or Fiji. As he passed Jean's corner he was seized by that much-insulted neck and thrust unceremoniously into his own particular niche. "Lie still, Peppo," said Jean dispassionately. "You must be quiet, for today the Boches are going to give us an especial treat. Our aviators have seen and counted the big guns they have collected behind the hill yonder. Over eighty of them. Perhaps God will grant that they may charge the position afterwards, and then we will give them Hell." He ran his finger lightly along the edge of his knife bayonet and held it to the dog's nose.

Peppo sniffed curiously at the tiny drops of blood. Often lately he had smelt that strange odor. Behind the lines he had seen rows of warped figures that looked like men asleep, ... yet were not so natural; not so perfect. . . . . And always that haunting smell. . . . . Somehow it made him think of his dream about the forest and the stone axe and the hairy, squatting man. . . . . All this had at least taught him why they dug these ditches. They put these other men into small ditches very much like the big ones. Doubtless when enough had reached the stage when they smelt this peculiar way the big trenches would be filled up and those who were left would go home. That, he supposed,

was the real object of this game of war. Only it did seem ridiculously stupid to let yourself be planted under the earth like a potato when you might be running round with nothing but fresh wind and fleecy clouds between you and the blue, blue sky.

Suddenly a horrible thought occurred to him. Suppose they tried to put his master into the ground! What could he do to prevent it if Jean lay still and quiet as those other men? But he *must* prevent it somehow. It didn't matter how, so long as he obeyed the little mother's instructions. Only he did wish that the Almighty had been pleased to give his dogs a little more sense so that they could clearly understand the reason of this strange game of war.

A shell screamed overhead, to burst with an ear-splitting smack among the leafless trees behind the rear trench. It was the signal for the German assault and in a minute the meadow had become an inferno of flying steel, the crisp, cold air shattered and torn into protesting shreds of these efficient messengers of death.

"Using their 42 C-M's, Pierre," said Jean to his right-hand neighbor. "They must want us pretty badly."

"This angle —." Pierre left his sentence unfinished. A splinter of shrapnel flying crosswise from an exploding shell caught him with mouth open, passing in at one ear and out at the other. He sighed, folded his knees carefully together and slipped quietly down to the bottom of the trench. In his little shelter Peppo, shivering at the terrible tumult and immensity of the bombardment, crouched tensely, his dark brown eyes turned with a brave anxiety towards his master's pallid profile.

From the batteries in the rear the French artillery were speaking an ineffectual answer. Their air-scouts had only that morning discovered the abnormal concentration of the enemy's guns and there had been no time to adjust the inequality. In the front trench the men huddled helplessly beneath the overhanging sandbags, waiting, ... waiting, ... bringing into play all their hopeless fatalism,—the sure inheritance of that peasant class which, fortunately for war, forms the backbone of every army. Dotted like sacks of wheat along the bottom of the trench were the ever-growing numbers of those whose waiting was for ever past. Strangely inert shapes, torn and twisted into a hundred fantastic postures. Headless, armless, riddled with sharp steel splinters, gashed and mangled in wet and pulpy shreds. . . . . Peppo could see one man quite close to him, ... he *thought* it was a man, ...trying again and again in a weak and helpless manner to replace part of himself in what had been his

stomach, ... something that kept slipping out whenever he succeeded in putting it back. . . . .

Peppo knew there must be some reason for it all, but he didn't understand. He was only a dog,—and he felt very sick indeed. He couldn't *see* what it was that smashed these men. Nor indeed could Jean, who, peering through his loophole in the angle, could only discern dense rolling clouds of smoke far behind the German infantry positions and occasionally a vivid sheet of distant flame. It was very like trying to fight against the thunder and lightning, except that they,—he looked at the abattoir about him,—made cleaner jobs of their victims.

To the terrier it seemed that all the horror of this hellish morning was culminating in the destruction of the world. The whole trench seemed to collapse and fall together—not caving in at all, but rather as though some huge dump cart had let fall its load to fill up the excavation and level off the tortured meadow. . . . .

Suddenly he remembered. This was what had happened to those men back by the farm. What he had reasoned out would some day happen to Jean. Without his realizing it, they had been buried in this long grave which they themselves had dug,—where they had passed their life during the last four months.

He had been shut inside his little niche by the collapse of the trench, and he would have to dig to get out. The loose earth filled his eyes,—clogged nostrils and mouth until his aching lungs gasped for breath. Something was the matter with his hind legs. They seemed to have no feeling. He couldn't move them; worst of all, he couldn't dig with them.

However, every physical sensation was subordinate to the great wave of joy which surged through his shaggy bosom and urged him in great convulsive movements towards the surface. At last the opportunity had come to prove his love for Jean. The little mother had trusted him, and he would show her that the trust was not misplaced. Now at last he realized what the old setter had meant by speaking of this strange, inexplicable life as "la belle guerre." It was because it could renew the relationship of his dreams, the old, forgotten comradeship that had once existed between dog and man; because it could put them once again upon the same plane of helplessness and mutual dependence, that war, he felt, was really beautiful. Whining in his intense anxiety, he reached the surface, gulped his lungs full of the fetid and gaseous air, and started to dig furiously in the angle where he had last seen Jean.

That evening Heinrich Doppel, formerly instructor of electrical physics at the University of Bonn, and the Herr Doktor Schlegel, his

military superior and erstwhile lecturer in the Ethical Seminar of the same institution, stood side by side, surveying the captured trench. Between old friends and colleagues, especially after victory, it is sometimes fitting that military etiquette should be waived, and the day had proved a splendid success for German science. After the morning's terrible bombardment their infantry had met a broken and demoralized resistance. The three lines of trenches, the farmhouse headquarters with large supplies of material and equipment, the two square miles of terrain which the position dominated, had all changed hands, and in the rich glow of the sunset the captors were working hard to consolidate their gain before the arrival of French reinforcements.

"They seem quite bedraggled by our little rainstorm," said Doppel, surveying the crumbling trenches and their quota of slain defenders.

Hauptmann Schlegel smiled at the touch of humor. "It was your last shell that did the trick, Heinrich," said he, pointing to the ploughed crater where the salient angle of the foremost trench had been. "See, we will not have the trouble of burying a good many of them. All leveled off for the Spring sowing, too.

"Mein Gott!" he added with a chuckle; "it is something like to capture this fine farming land and at the same time have the Frenchmen agree to fertilize it for us!"

His companion grinned broadly. "See," he said, pointing. "There is one who is only half buried. I wonder how he managed to escape."

They strolled over to where the French soldier lay unconscious, the lower half of his body still covered by the loose soil. Close to his head, with back and legs twisted to an unnatural angle, red tongue hanging from his mouth and eyes tight closed, lay a little Irish terrier.

"The dog must have dug him out," said Schlegel, indicating the hollow in which the man lay, and the surrounding heaps of scooped-up dirt.

He stooped, feeling for signs of life, while Doppel turned and whistled to a nearby Red Cross worker. A startled exclamation made him turn. The professor of Ethics was erect and nursing his right hand.

"Der verdammte hund hat mich gebissen," he snarled, glaring at the rigid little body whose great brown eyes, now open, were fast glazing in death.

—*F. M. Morley, '15.*

Japan's Policy Towards China

THE Japanese policy in the Far East is to establish conditions assuring a firm and lasting peace, so that she may be at liberty to develop normally and gain prosperity through legitimate channels of trade in China. Since commercial China in the future means the lifeblood of Japan, it is of paramount importance to her that China should be stable. The instability of China means the insecurity of Japan. The conflicting interests of the western powers in the Middle Kingdom have been of the greatest menace to Japan, and unless remedied will prove to be still more so in the future. If China were able to do her share in establishing the permanent peace of the Orient, by withstanding the encroachments of western powers, Japan would leave her alone, but inasmuch as China completely lacks that power, it is the purpose of Japan to acquire a stabilizing influence. This means that Japan demands that she shall be consulted in all matters which may prove to be an opening wedge for foreign intrigue against Chinese stability.

It is well to remember that at the bottom of the tremendous sacrifices in life and money which Japan has had to undergo in the last few years, lies China's vacillating foreign policy. Her repudiation of the Treaty of Tientsin (18th of April, 1885), in which the equality of Japan was recognized in Korean affairs, brought about the Chino-Japanese War. Again, if China had done her share in withstanding Russian aggression in Manchuria, Russia would never have threatened Korea, which brought about the Russo-Japanese War. Finally, the removal of the Germans from Kiao-chou, which may be compared to the lancing of a boil by a surgeon, would not have been necessary excepting the diseased state of political China.

The last analogy is not a claim for Japanese altruism, for Japan is taking these precautions for her own welfare, but since it is China's stability that Japan desires, it is evident that the interests and the welfare of both peoples overlap. The expansion of Japan into Korea has led many to believe that she contemplates a similar move into China. Korea is strategically necessary for Japan's territorial integrity. On the other hand, the occupation of China would gain nothing either financially or strategically for Japan, which she could not far more cheaply secure by the removal of disturbing factors. There are also many who believe that a fear of a strong China would lead Japan to keep her in her present weakened state. A *Teutonic* China would undoubtedly imperil Japan, but the danger of that is remote (to those who know the pacific nature of Chinese character) as compared to the peril of a tottering

China overwhelming Japan in her fall. It is with all sincerity, therefore, that Japan desires the integrity of China and the permanent peace of the Far East, for peace spells trade and it is that above all that Japan desires.

Those Americans whose sympathies have been won by Young China may wonder why Japanese statesmen evidently doubt China's ability to solve her own problems. Japan's attitude towards China is founded on a very extensive knowledge for which her psychological kinship with China and the presence of 75,210 resident Japanese in that country especially fit her, and it is no exaggeration to say that Tokio knows more about the internal conditions of China than Peking herself. Many Westerners expect in China a rise somewhat similar to the evolution which Japan has undergone. This is to misread the real causes of Japan's strength. To Young China, the formula of a constitutional government, modern machinery and Western education constitute the secret of Japan's power. They ignore the centuries of civic virtue, political discipline, and intense loyalty which alone have weathered Japan through her struggles. Some such unifying force constituting an integral part of Chinese life is necessary for an organized, modern China. Young China, throwing aside the traditions of her ancestors, is endeavoring to form some such force out of the whole cloth—an impossibility, as studetns of history will realize. The only cohesive force in China which in any way corresponds to the "Bushido" of Japan, is Confucianism—which by its very nature is anti-progressive. These are the views of the late Prince Ito, on whose opinion Japan's Chinese policy is largely founded.

Perhaps a comparison between China and Mexico will render Japan's position clearer to Americans. Suppose that Mexico in her present condition were the prey of Japan, England, and Germany, who held Magdalena Bay, Tampico and Vera Cruz, with corresponding spheres of influence, including mines and railroads. Would not the United States view with grave concern the further encroachments of these powers? Furthermore, suppose that the United States were dependent upon Mexico for her future material welfare, and that there were little indication of Mexico being able to so organize herself as to withstand the aggression of those nations. Would not the United States feel that it was necessary for the peace of this hemisphere, the legitimate future of her own people, and the good of Mexico to insist on a position of dominant influence in the affairs of that country and a strong hand to stabilize it?

And America would insist upon it by diplomacy, arms (is not your fleet to uphold the Monroe Doctrine?), or further measures if necessary.

China politically is the Mexico of the Far East, and Japan by virtue of her position is taking upon her shoulders the burden which, as a self-respecting power, she must and ought to bear.

—*Yoshio Nitobe, '15.*

Old and New

A dream street lies, a dim delight,
All gold in lanterns' mellow glow,
Where, mid the murmuring of the night,
A tide of Mystery seems to flow—
The mystery of Old Japan.

At times behind a gleaming door
Sound geishas' songs and samisen,
Where rapid feet on polished floor
Dance joy into the hearts of men—
The smiling hearts of Old Japan.

The booming of a temple bell
Reverberates through violet air;—
A priestly chant recalls from Hell
The dead, to meet the living there—
To tell the Fate of Old Japan.

"Soon down the street of Life and Death,
With noiseless stride of wooden clog,
In purple silks as light as breath
Will steal with stealth of sea-borne fog,
The silent ghost of Old Japan."

—*E. M. Pharo, '15.*

The Concert

I lie on my couch; I am not definitely conscious of the room about me. I am in what the psychologist might call "the borderland state," where a slight stimulus will either pull me into waking consciousness or push me into sound sleep. I am not wholly unconscious to everything about me; I am "aware" that certain events are happening outside, but I cannot probe them; I cannot differentiate or analyze them.

And as I lie thus, there suddenly is gently wafted through my open window a most wondrous tune, borne as it were by a fairy breeze. It is indescribably sweet and smooth. The dulcet blending of the instruments is marvelous; the liquid notes coalesce just as the little brook smoothly glides into and mingles with the placid waters of the pond. I strain my ear in an effort to determine what selection is being rendered, but it is unrecognizable. However, I am sure it must be a bright, optimistic theme, for although the notes are smooth and gentle, yet they possess a strange clarity and crispness; the spirit seems to be Hope and Firmness.

Now I hear but one instrument. Have the rest of the musicians vanished, leaving a sole representative of their wonderful talent? No! for soon I hear the splendid ensemble which had first filled the air with melody. I understand it all now; I am to be treated to a solo, perhaps by a world's celebrity! The golden tones pour forth from the soloist; the tune is shrill, yet pleasant and dominating in spirit—perhaps emblematic of the King's Proclamation. One by one the musicians join the soloist, and finally the entire orchestra pours forth a glorious crescendo. The drums are beating violently—especially the bass-drums—with regular rhythm.

Then of a sudden, quiet reigns, and I hear a most melodious whistling note, becoming more and more distinct. I speculate; is it a flute, piccolo or fife? Soon other reedy notes join the first. What delicate harmony fills the air! But I have an uncanny feeling which bids fair to drive away the ecstasy of the concert. I chide myself for it, but of no avail. This uncomfortable state in which I am is almost indescribable, it is so mystic and vague. I can neither see, hear, nor with any of my other senses appreciate the presence of a leader, a bandmaster. Yet throughout the entire concert I have had a feeling that he must be there; by some mysterious sense I feel his rhythmic beat steadily and continuously during the concert. I cannot shake off this

sensation; I cannot close my eyes or ears to it. In some extraordinary fashion I have divined the presence of a leader, and so it must be!

And now the concert is coming to a close; the harmonious notes are becoming fainter and fainter, and are soon inaudible. The grand concert is over and now I hear a mighty applause breaking the still air. Then all is silent. I lie on my couch impressionless, sensationless; just as a marble statue. Perhaps the psychologist would call it "completely dispersed attention." At any rate the stimuli impinging on my sense organs produce no perceptional reactions.

For a while I lie thus, when suddenly (I know not by what) I am pulled into waking consciousness and I begin to realize my surroundings. Sense impressions pour in voluminously upon me. I try to gather my scattered wits together, and straighten out my skewed thoughts. I begin to appreciate that I am again in the living world. A faint smile flits across my face as I analyze the concert I had just heard. The splendid ensemble resolves itself into the crowing of the hens and roosters of Ardmore; the soloist is of course one particularly loud rooster; the beating of the drums becomes the rumbling of the trains and cars; the flute, piccolo or fife is the morning song of the robins outside my window; the mighty applause is my window-shade violently fluttering in the wind; and, most wonderful of all, the strange feeling of the leader's presence I trace to the regular ticking of the clock on the mantel.

It is a grand concert!

—E. L. Shaffer, '15.

Bird Ramblings

THE study of bird life is one of the most delightful of hobbies. Many, perhaps most, of us are almost totally unaware of the vast throng of charming little creatures living about us, without whose tireless efforts we ourselves could not exist. Even a slight acquaintance with these small benefactors of humanity adds greatly to the enjoyment of every country walk, while to the veteran bird enthusiast every field and woodland contains the possibility of delightful surprises, and every sound bears a message of its own. The bird world has always been a fairyland for poets, and it is sure to appeal to the poetical in each of us if we give it half a chance. The great number and variety of birds that are with us, their elusiveness, and the brilliant plumage and beautiful songs with which many of them are endowed, combine to make ornithology the most attractive, in my opinion, of the natural sciences.

In making the acquaintance of our bird neighbors it is a great advantage to learn their songs and call notes along with their appearance, for a thorough knowledge of all the common notes will save many a long search in pursuit of a note only to find a common bird at the end of the journey, and will often cause an uncommon note to catch the attention which might otherwise have been lost in the general confusion of bird sounds. It is usually easier to determine what birds are in the vicinity by hearing than by sight.

A person starting his acquaintance with birds at the time when they are most in evidence might easily become bewildered and discouraged by the magnitude of his task. For this reason winter is the ideal time of year to make a start, though the abundance of birds at that season is usually not such as to inspire great enthusiasm. In winter the few birds that are with us love company. Sometimes after walking for miles and noting scarcely a bird one comes to the sunny border of a wood and finds oneself suddenly in the midst of a little group of birds, nuthatches, creepers, woodpeckers, chickadees, titmice, and cardinals. Occasionally a more unusual meeting brings a delightful surprise. It may be a flock of horned larks flying with tinkling notes over barren fields or making themselves invisible in footprints in the snow, or a cheery little group of siskins. In the course of an all-day walk in midwinter in eastern Pennsylvania one would probably find not many more than fifteen species of birds, but along the sheltered streams of western New Jersey bird life in winter is much more abundant. Here many of the birds which spend the winter normally not far to the south and appear among the first arrivals in the spring may occasionally be found mingled with the great

flocks of winter birds which frequent these valleys. For several years past it has been my privilege to take an all-day bird walk with a friend on Christmas day in such ideal locations. Every time we have brought back a list of twenty-eight species or more, always including several kinds not usually with us in the winter. Every Christmas walk is rich with mild adventure. Up before the sun, we start off through melting snow or over frozen fields and streams, as the case may be, breaking through tangles of briars, sinking in hidden mud holes, and meeting occasionally a bellicose dog or a group of unnaturally hilarious men. At midday we eat our lunch seated on a mossy log, or, if the weather is too cold, in some hospitable farmhouse or by a fire made from last year's broken peach baskets. Then we plod on through the afternoon, the additions to the list coming more slowly but often in the shape of most unexpected surprises, and return to supper in the darkening twilight, somewhat weary, but with a good list and a feeling that the trip was well worth while.

During the first warm days in the middle of February, when the cardinal announces his presence by long, glad whistles, and a few bold insects venture forth, a careful observer is nearly sure to be thrilled by the familiar note of a robin or bluebird or a close-flying flock of dusky forms, the advance guard of the blackbirds. These birds, which later pass almost unnoticed, are then greeted as enthusiastically as the rarest warbler in May. The arrivals from the south are rather few for the first month, but they become more frequent as the season advances, and about the middle of April the great migration waves commence, for most of our birds come not as scattered individuals but in great swarms by night corresponding to rises in temperature. A piece of woodland entirely uninhabited on one afternoon may be literally alive with flashes of color and slight lisping songs the next morning. The first three weeks in May are the banner weeks for the bird enthusiast. Every day brings new arrivals and woods and thickets are teeming with life. Rare warblers lurk here and there in the midst of their numerous relatives, and the persistent searcher is usually rewarded with two or three such finds every spring. It is easy to lose interest in bird life at some times of year, but any latent germ of interest is sure to spring into lively enthusiasm when the warbler throngs arrive.

By the first of June most of the transients have passed on to the northward and those that stay settle down to the duties of family life. The nesting period affords one of the most attractive opportunities for intimate acquaintance with bird life. Some of us have had the privilege of spending summers in Maine, where most of the Pennsylvania transients

may be found in their summer homes. I have many pleasant memories connected with the evergreen-bordered lakes of southern and central Maine, and among them birds have an important place. One bird that has always had a strange fascination for me is the loon, which seems to me, as to many others, the incarnation of unconquerable wildness. On many a moonlight night has its indescribable ringing call, weird yet strangely pleasing, sent a thrill through me, and occasionally as the canoe glided over peaceful waters a long neck has been seen to disappear silently beneath the surface, to reappear as silently a moment later at a safe distance. Another impressive bird which sometimes frequents the Maine lakes is the bald eagle. It is a great sight to see one of these grand birds hover high over the lake, then suddenly drop headlong into the water, and soar away with its prize. One of my most interesting adventures occurred in the woods about half a mile from the nearest clearing in south-central Maine. I had been walking alone along a trail through the forest for some time, absorbed in the great number of warblers and white-throated sparrows nesting nearby, when I was seized with a feeling of uneasiness such as I have never felt in the woods at any other time. I shook the feeling off and went on for a short distance, observing the tangle of deer footprints wherever the ground was soft and hoping for a glimpse of the timid creatures. Soon after I turned back and about the place where I had previously felt uneasy stopped to look at a parula warbler. After standing motionless a few moments I became aware of a slight rustling in the leaves approaching the trail. I turned my attention to it and was still trying in vain to see through the dense tangle of underbrush, when a black bear crashed away through the bushes, uttering two emphatic exclamations in bear language as it went, and never stopping till the sounds of its stampede were almost inaudible in the distance. I later learned that a young bear had been shot in the same place the day before.

In the fall the migration of the spring is repeated in reverse order, but for the birds autumn is not a time of courtship and song, so that their passage southward is a quiet and inconspicuous one. Large numbers of young birds with plumages totally unlike those of their parents and usually possessing few distinctive markings make the observer's task a far more difficult one than in the spring. About this time every year the bird lover is apt to lose interest temporarily. By the first of November all the winter birds have arrived and only the latest migrants still remain in small numbers. By the middle of December these also have all departed and the yearly cycle is completed.

—*George H. Hallett, Jr., '15.*

Pitching According to Hoyle

"LINE her out, Spank, line her out. A hit means two runs and that's all we need. Two runs to win. Pick out a good one, Spank."

These words from the coacher's box at first, and similar expressions from another Hughey Jennings down at third, were meant to encourage Captain Spank Drear at this crisis in the last half of the ninth, with the home team a run behind, two men out and two on.

"Well hit," lustily called out a spectator wearing a white sweater and cricket colors. The ball veered off sideways towards College Avenue and came to rest on a convenient roof.

"Foul," said a wise youth.

"Come on, Spank, show 'em what you can do. One little hit'll do the trick. This is the one."

The opposing pitcher wound up, and the ball came whistling in, but Spank spotted it, and "spanked" it out on a line over second base. The ball bounded to deep right center before it was recovered. The two runners from second and third came pounding in, and Spank stopped comfortably at second. His work was done, and his team had won out, 2–1, after an exciting pitcher's battle in which they had been behind all the way.

The dispersing crowd on this warm, clear Saturday in mid-May, was composed of student "fans," cricketers coming and going during a lull in their game, curious townsmen, schoolboy visitors, and Alumni enthusiasts. Spank was delayed by short but well-meant congratulations. At last, however, he started towards the Gym. in company with Ted Harrison, the second baseman.

"A tough battle, wasn't it, Spank? Your little hit did the trick, though, old boy. But gee! I didn't think Tom could hold his own with Jarvins. He certainly pitched a great game, didn't he? They would have run away with us, I guess, if he hadn't held them down. They only got about six hits, didn't they?"

Spank nodded and picked up a tennis ball which had escaped from one of the courts near the "Chem" building. He hurled it viciously and somewhat wildly at its owner.

"Thank you, Spank. Feeling strong, are you?" The white-trousered, tennis-racketed figure leaped vainly after the ball, only to see it soar over the ten-foot back-stop.

"Hello, Tom," greeted Ted. "Congratulations! A great game you pitched today."

Tom Caldwell smiled and muttered something in depreciation, as he

joined them in front of the Gym. "I thought for a while that you batters weren't going to help me out at all. That one run of theirs looked mighty big. Jarvins sort of had you fellows buffaloed, didn't he, Spank?"

Spank, for answer, slammed the door to with a bang that aroused the whole place, and unceremoniously yanked off his baseball togs, which, after fumbling with the combination, he threw helter-skelter into his locker. The shower seemed first, unmercifully hot, and then, unmercifully cold. The pool was crowded and did not tempt him, and he returned to his locker. Snatches of conversation came to his ears from a couple of so-called baseball critics, loitering in the hall.

"Tom showed real class, didn't he?"

"Yes, but he had to be the whole show. Ten strike-outs! Just think of that!"

"Our batters were rotten, weren't they? Not a hit for five innings, and Spank struck out twice when he could have sewed the game up early, instead of waiting till the last minute, and making Tom pitch his head off."

Spank, dressed, thrust his straw down over his head, muttered something unintelligible to his loquacious companions, and strode up the walk towards Founders and supper. More congratulations for him, and loud praises for Tom's twirling.

After supper Spank did not join the group lingering around Barclay steps, idly chatting and singing, or playing "dingle" ball, nor the noisy circle engaged in French cricket. Instead, he hiked along with two or three "going down " the well-worn path through the golf links and the bushes; endured their cheerful nonsense for a time, and finally sought consolation in town on the 7.42.

Sunday night found Spank in bed early, not much benefited by a Sabbath's mechanical round of cold breakfast, sporting news, compulsory church, chicken and ice-cream, novel and sleep, iced tea, strawberries and cream, more novel, and a little, very little, "cracking of the books." Singularly enough, the sacred concert directly underneath, seemed trying on his nerves; the mad clash of the mandolin, 'cello, fiddle and mouth organ, usually very soothing to his heavy slumbers, disturbed him, and he "fitfully tossed on his narrow cot" till 12.15. Even then, when darkness and quiet joined hands, Spank did not sleep. He got up, and stood like a ghost before the window, watching the moon shine over Merion Field. Returned to bed, he thought intently for an hour, and then, at last, sank into a troubled sleep.

Monday night, a week later, the *News* came out with this startling scare-head tucked away in a quiet corner of the first page.

DREAR TO PITCH; CALDWELL IN INFIRMARY

"From baseball circles comes a persistent rumor that Paul S. Drear, otherwise known as Spank, Haverford's baseball captain, will cavort around left garden no longer, but hereafter, will be seen hurling the spheroid from the centre of the diamond. This is welcome news, coming as it does, simultaneously with the announcement that Tom Caldwell, this season's regular boxman, is confined to the Morris Infirmary with tonsilitis, and will probably be out of the game for ten days.

Spank's debut will be made in Wednesday's annual game with the *Sawbones* from town. The embryo doctors are not thought dangerous, and should be a good try-out for Drear. Those who have seen him in action say that Spank has speed and "stuff" rivaling Alexander or Walter Johnson. As a right-hander he should make a good teammate for southpaw Caldwell. Spank, we feel sure, has everybody's wishes for a good start Wednesday in his latest role."

* * * * * * * *

The day quickly came, and the hour at which Spank was to begin his career as pitcher. The *Sawbones* arrived early, glad of an afternoon off, no doubt. The Red and Black players came straggling out in ones and twos, but by a little after four, all were ready, and "Ump" bellowed out the nation-wide summons, "Play ball."

Spank, impressive in his six-foot frame and red flannel sleeves, drew back his long arm, and shot a fast one straight at the batter's head. The latter ducked and edged further away from the plate.

"If the batter shrinks away from the plate, he is evidently afraid of the ball, and curves on the inside corner are sure to get his number." Therefore it was that Spank, acting upon this information, struck out the first batter.

"Big smoke, there, Spank," said Ted from second.

Hal King, recruit catcher, who was also making his professional debut, signaled for an outcurve for batter No. 2.

Spank thought of the little blue pamphlet resting in his hip pocket, and of its contents. Before delivery, he "grasped the ball with the first two fingers of the hand and thumb, turned the ball downwards, as if holding it in a saucer, and then let it quickly pass between the thumb and first finger with a turn of the wrist at the same time."* He was surprised to see the ball almost hit the batter in the ribs, but understood the cause when he suddenly realized that the batter was left-handed, and hence the outcurve really "inshooted" on him. This slight over-

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* Misquoted from "How to Pitch," A. G. Spalding Co. $ .10, net.

sight caused him little embarrassment. Soon further instructions from that magical blue book came to his aid.

For the inshoot, "hold the ball firmly, with hand in an upright position, and when the ball is released, let it go over the tips of the fingers, and use a lateral motion in delivering it." Inshoot and out followed one another in bewildering succession, until three men had vainly whiffed the air, and retired with only a couple of weak fouls to boast.

"A good beginning," said Hal.

After his teammates, in their first turn at bat, had knocked out three runs, and two more in the second, Spank began to gain confidence. With a margin of five runs to work on, he essayed the drop, in throwing which, as the book says, "the manner of grasping the ball is identical with that employed in pitching an outcurve." But in the act of releasing the ball there must be a peculiar and unconscious "pull back" of the hand, thus producing the sudden descent earthwards, so mystifying to batters. Several of Spank's drops dropped prematurely, so much so that they would have made excellent leg shots for a cricketer; others did not drop at all; and one or two rose perceptibly, so that Hal had to jump to prevent them from scaling the back-stop. As a consequence the bases were soon loaded by runners receiving free transportation. But Spank, in the emergency, condescended, at Hal's strong entreaty, to "mix 'em up a little" and, with the help of a long running catch in left for the third out, the inning was safely navigated.

A "Long and Fast" encouraged him after he had mowed down the opponents in one, two, three order, in the fourth. His good spirits continued even after he struck out for the second time that afternoon, an unusual feat for Captain Drear, "slugging outfielder," as he was once known. The book, he remembered, said nothing about pitchers' batting averages.

As he "ascended the mound" in the fifth, however, Spank was suddenly reminded of the existence of his right arm, for it was brought painfully upon his consciousness by an acute ache in his shoulder muscles. It seemed to need oiling badly.

A measly little bunt started it. Another precipitated the crisis, and a terrific blow completely shattered everything. The first, Spank fumbled and then successfully picked up, and hurled towards first. He involuntarily threw, what he had vainly tried in the third, a perfect out-drop; it would have fooled any batter in the world, not excepting a Cobb or Lajoie. Hence it fooled Mike, on first, who was neither Cobb nor Lajoie, but a mere first baseman, with no thought of encountering out-drops. After barely failing to fracture the runner's leg, the ball rolled

and rolled until an obliging bystander intercepted it, and the base-runner, held up by ground rules, rested patiently on second.

Contrary to generally accepted baseball etiquette, the next *Sawbones* batter bunted again to the pitcher. Drear, in an attempt to nip the ad vancing runner at third, threw late. Both men were safe, and the "Doctor" on first promptly stole second while Spank was winding up. It was unfortunate, as events proved, that the next batter was a free hitter—the best on the visiting team, in fact. It was unfortunate, too, that Spank forgot for the moment whether, in pitching an out, "the ball should be turned downward as in a saucer," or "the hand should be held upright" and whether a side arm or overhead delivery is necessary. The result of his indecision was that he grooved an easy one, which came back, fast and true, for his head. Spank, impelled by a primeval instinct of self-preservation, ducked, forgetting utterly that his glove was meant for use. The ball gracefully soared over the second bag, and two runs cashed in at the plate.

"Stand up to them, Spank; they won't hurt you," said a pitiless voice, sarcastically.

Spank picked himself up from the dust, held a short consultation with his battery mate and returned to his duty. The tenor of some remarks made by McGraw of the Giants in the little blue book, referring to a pitcher's ability to field, burned into him. "Many a game is lost by so-called star pitchers because they are absolutely useless as fielders. There is not a club in the National League that did not have to let some pitchers go last spring because they ascertained on trial that they could not field bunts properly."

During the course of the next forty minutes, Spank experienced the sensations of his first balk, first wild pitch, and what was much worse, he witnessed, for the first time, balls batted from his delivery, fly over the heads of outfielders, who vainly shot out both gloved and ungloved hands to save their tired limbs from chasing these same balls down over the track on Walton Field, or over into neighboring farm lands.

But detail is painful and useless, considering the excellent account which the *News* has given of this whole affair, the only mar on Haverford's otherwise brilliant record for that year. It is enough to say that Spank kept himself in for three innings more, and then, at the end of the eighth, with spectators few, and watches registering much later than the supper hour, the game was called. In that mad race around the bases of the last few innings, in which the home team had also taken its share, the *Sawbones* came out on top, and the final score registered 16-14 in

Jersey Eagles

THERE are lots of things which can spoil a perfectly good summer's vacation, such as, for example, a long rainy spell or a sponging bunch of affectionate relatives, but neither of these horrors can compare with a siege of mosquitoes at the seashore. The mere name of mosquitoes is quite sufficient to fill the mind of a veteran with terror, and the sure mark of an amateur is that old remark, "Oh no, mosquitoes never bother me." No one ever says that who has been through the mill.

Suppose you are the tired business man who comes down to the shore every night for recreation and a good night's rest. After a long, dusty ride you are lucky if the famous "eagles" do not meet you and your train at the station with genuine Jersey hospitality, but we will suppose that you are fortunate enough to reach your grand hotel or modest cottage without molestation. After supper you start out for the "walk." You notice that the beautiful sun is gently setting on the horizon, but you soon learn that the sunset is not all it's cracked up to be, since it is generally the bugle-cry to arms for a great and tragic war. The rest of the stage-setting has also been completed by this time. The mythical sea-breeze has already abdicated in favor of a husky land-breeze which sweeps over the grassy swamps and brings the winged troops to the front. The Germans are well mobilized—there is no doubt of that—and are fully prepared both in body and spirit.

You are first made aware of their presence when you accidentally run into some of their scouts laying plans for their attack. Then the fun begins. The fair damsel you are escorting down the walk suddenly discovers that her arms and ankles are real tender and palatable, and you spend some exciting moments flagging the "birds" with a handkerchief while shoving in most appropriate remarks now and then on "how those pests do spoil everything!" You rush down the boardwalk after punk and citronella, and, hotly pursued by the foe, you dash into a pharmacy to demand your precious balm, only to find that the last bottle went ten minutes ago and that you are the foolish virgin without any oil of citronella for your lamps. Desperately you run out and speed with fellow-victims to the nearest "movies." You find them doing a big business, and here in the dark the sport is more exciting, as there are fewer "eagles" to go around among the crowd, and you keep guessing whether the mosquito you hear buzzing triumphantly overhead is after you or your neighbor.

As you wend your weary way homeward you discover that the common foe has received strong reinforcements from across the bay,

and as you dive into the house the "Uhlans" are crawling over each other, trying to find a spot into which to thrust their bloody bayonets. Then comes true disappointment, for what can be more sickening or disheartening than to find that something you relied on to be nothing but a fake? Such indeed are screens and mosquito netting, together with citronella, punk, and all such paraphernalia; but hope springs eternal in the human breast and the beginner is sure to throw away good, solid cash on all such stuff before admitting defeat. Coming back to your own desperate case, you will, probably, after arousing the convention of mosquitoes in your room, fall on the bed exhausted, resigning yourself to the pleasures of the night. But no such chance!—a few more vicious bites and you jump up frantically to pad your ankles with paper and cover up more thoroughly. You dig out cigarettes from your suitcase—because some fool has told you that smoking is a fine cure for mosquitoes—and soon you are far on your way to break the record, which, by the way, for such a race is two packs of Fatimas in twenty-eight minutes. By this time you are boiling with perspiration from all your wraps and have turned into a raving idiot raging around the room. You swear eloquently, you call upon gods of all kinds, and finally offer the mosquitoes arbitration or a truce on any terms. Suddenly you calm down and begin to study your enemy. You find him most interesting and your midnight observations disclose all kinds of queer things about the beast you never knew before. His intelligence startles you, his unsportsmanlike tactics rile you, but the thing that puzzles you most is where he keeps his sixth sense which picks out unerringly good, choice white meat. And thus you rave on, finally ending up with the happy thought that you have discovered a new type of bravery and a supreme test for an optimist.

To make the sad tale short, you stagger out the next morning a mental and physical wreck after your grand nightmare, and hustle up to the city to take your humble station in the busy marts of trade. Naturally, no one at home will swallow your tale of woe. They laugh sarcastically and think you are just fishing for sympathy; but next spring, when vacation pamphlets and timetables begin to fly around, you stop a minute, smile bitterly, and mutter to yourself, "Once burnt; twice shy."

—*Kenneth W. Webb, '18.*

THE UNEASY CHAIR

What Is the College Doing For Us? We often hear of the man who "does a great deal for his college." Such a man is usually characterized by devotion to a number of college activities which lie outside the regular curriculum of studies. And such devotion, when kept within bounds, is perfectly natural and laudable. But in the enthusiasm of doing something for the college are we not apt to forget the far more important question of what the college is doing for us?

There seems to be a general impression that the duty of the college is fulfilled by giving instruction to its students in a certain number of subjects, and finally, at the end of four years, giving diplomas to such students as have performed the work of the courses to the satisfaction of the college authorities. But certainly this is an extremely narrow conception of the true function of the college. The four years of college life should be, for the student, a period of mental growth and activity far beyond the measure of his achievements in the shape of marks and outside activities, valuable though these may be. He should come out of college possessed of genuine and well-rounded culture; able, at least, to maintain an intelligent conversation upon such subjects as music, art, literature and current events. Hazardous as it is to make generalities, it is safe to say that the typical American college man falls far below his proper standard in this respect.

How many of the following important names, for instance, would be readily identified by the typical college student: Renan, Turgeniev, Flaubert, Schopenhauer, Burne-Jones, Baudelaire, Corot, Brahms?

The name Wagner might bring up visions of the athletic feats of a certain well-known shortstop; but would it be calculated to bring up an equally clear picture of the composer of "The Ring" and "Tristan und Isolde"?

Surely there is no reason why the average college man should not be better informed on such common subjects of cultured conversation. Surely it will do no harm if we pay a little less attention to what we are doing for the college and a good deal more to what the college is doing for us.

—*W. H. C.*

SUCCESS IN THE SHORT STORY depends not a little on the quality of local color portrayed. If the latter be real, and typical of an actual locality, the story has a good chance of success But, on the other hand, poor local color ruins any story. This is especially true of those amateurish attempts to reproduce the *metropolitan* atmosphere, which beginners in fiction seem to regard as an essential part of their stories. If the story carries with it no distinctive setting of its own, of course, New York with its broad cosmopolitanism, may give it the needed touch of realism. But still it is wiser for the young writer to stick to his own environment, that which he has around him all the time, and which no one should be able to depict better than he can. A faithful description of life in his own vicinity, may, by its attention to intimate detail, save a too obvious plot, and be the making of the story.

Haverford undergraduates in undertaking the short story can have no better setting than their own home town or city, or better still, Haverford College itself. The atmosphere of the metropolis is not necessary to make a manuscript acceptable to the editors and readers of the HAVERFORDIAN. In fact we have too many stories of New York life, and too few of Haverford and its immediate vicinity. Why not try to choose that setting for our stories which best fits them and which is best known to us? It matters little whether it be "God's Country," the sunny Southland, or that most American of cities, safe and sane Philadelphia. The important thing is to be realistic, and, at the same time, sympathetic in our local color.

The late O. Henry believed that no locality was a too prosaic subject for the short story, and to prove this, he cleverly wrote "A Municipal Report" with Azalea Adair of 861 Jessamine St., Nashville, as chief character. Haverfordians, fond of wielding the "mightier than the sword," would do well to search out the romantic elements in their surroundings this summer. Or, perhaps, a glance back at experiences of the college year, will, through the glamor of intervening time, yield inspiration.

In either case, let us have your impressions down in black and white before they flit away, perhaps never to return.

—*G. A. D.*

THROUGH THE GLASSES

Review of the Season

The past theatrical season has not been especially successful, from the standpoint of notable artistic triumphs. This is hardly to be wondered at, inasmuch as theatres all over the country complain of the effects of depression.

The Little Theatre went through the season without interruption and, in a few cases proved that artistic merit and financial success are not always incompatible. Sheridan's "The Rivals" was especially well received. Among other outstanding productions of the season were Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," and Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." Mr. Kennedy appeared in his own play and did full justice to the spirit of lofty and exalted mysticism in which the work is written.

The Garrick opened with the operetta, "Adele." Among its most conspicuous successes of the year may be mentioned "Potash and Perlmutter," with its inimitable dialect, and "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a combination of melodrama and farce which proved a huge success. "The Yellow Ticket" had vivid fascination, while Lew Fields provided a roaring farce in "The High Cost of Loving." "The Argyle Case" and "The Little Cafe" were old favorites which renewed their previous triumphs.

The Broad, which opened its season rather weakly, provided a number of theatrical treats during the closing half of the year. "Diplomacy" was very warmly received, while "The Phantom Rival" did not meet the appreciation it deserved. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" was one of the most notable features of the local season, while Billie Burke eclipsed most of her previous triumphs in "Jerry."

The Forest, as usual, confined, itself to the lighter forms of dramatic art. A succession of musical comedies and operettas offered a rich treat to those theatre-goers who prefer that kind of production. "Chin Chin," "Sari," the Girl from Utah" and "Hello, Broadway" were among the best of the season's offering. The music in the musical comedies may be characterized as extremely good, with very few exceptions. Old favorites which appeared on the Forrest's playbill were "Ben Hur" and "Pinafore."

The first two plays at the Lyric "The Passing Show of 1914" and "The Whirl of the World" both fall under the head of musical comedy

"High Jinks" and "A Mix-up" were extremely entertaining; but the best performance of the year, at this playhouse, was Ayril Maude's interpretation of "Grumpy." Robert Mantell presented the only Shakespearean performances of the year.

By far the main feature of the year at the Adelphi was "Peg of My Heart," which had a run of eleven weeks. Grace George's interpretation of "The Truth" was one of the best serious performances of the year, while "Suzi" and "A Pair of Sixes" were perhaps the best of the lighter dramatic works.

The season of opera which opened under such depressing auspices turned out very creditably. Although the conventional French and Italian works predominated in the Metropolitan Company's repertoire Wagner was represented by "Lohengrin" and "Die Walkure" and the lovers of novelty were suited with such works as "Boris Godunov," "The Love of the Three Kings" and "Madame Sans Gene."

—*W. H. C.*

Youth

Hope! Life! Love! God!
Down all history has trod
Humanity to that refrain.

Through our souls there ebbs and flows
The hope of Life, the love of God;
In our souls there comes and goes
A great transmuting rod—
A touch of Love and God.

When life is sick and hope forlorn,
And fear within us born,
And night we pierce with eyes a-strain,
In us still runs the great refrain,
Imaged by friends in trooping train—
Of Hope! Life! God!

—*Douglas C. Wendell, '16.*

ALUMNI

'41

William Howland Hussey recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday at his home in East Orange, New Jersey. Mr. Hussey is still actively engaged in his business, which deals mainly with plumbers' supplies.

'43

Robert B. Howland was recently inteviewed on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday. Mr. Howland is still very hale and hearty. During his stay at college he played on one of the earliest of the football teams. His life has been very active in many lines. He was one of the first pioneers of the movement to give higher education to women.

'72

Dr. F. B. Gummere completed his fortieth year of teaching on May 21st, 1915.

'82

Dr. George A. Barton has just published a volume of Babylonian inscriptions from Nippur, entitled "Sumerian Business and Administrative Documents from the Earliest Times to the Dynasty of Agade." It contains one of the earliest Babylonian inscriptions known.

'94

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia, P. S. Williams was elected a Director for the unexpired term of William Longstreth, deceased.

'97

F. N. Maxfield, PhD. has published an article entitled "An Experiment in Linear Space Perceptions," in Psychological Review Publications.

Alfred M. Collins has recently returned from the Collins-Day South American Expedition, which left New York December 26, 1914. The expedition penetrated into remote parts of Boliva, and brought back a number of valuable animal specimens.

'01

Walter H. Wood has been appointed to fill a teaching position at Westtown Boarding School.

'03

Dr. H. J. Cadbury had an article in the April issue of *Present Day Papers*, entitled "Counting as Rubbish," based on the words of St. Paul in Phil. 3: 4-14.

'06

Thomas K. Brown, Jr., married Miss Barnes at the Haverford Meeting House on the 1st of June.

EX-'07

C. Jansen Claassen stopped off in Philadelphia for a few days early in April, on a business trip. Mr. Claassen is Secretary of the Peters Trust Company of Omaha, Nebraska, and has been very success-

ful in placing Nebraska farm mortgages in the East.

'08

T. M. Longstreth is expecting to take a party of schoolboys and college men to the !Pacific Coast this summer. Mr. Longstreth has published a book on the weather, and is connected with a private school at Bryn Mawr.

Walter W. Whitson intends to spend the month of July at the University of Wisconsin.

'09

The engagement of P. V. Miller to Miss Letitia Radcliffe has just been announced.

'10

R. G. M. Underhill, who was in Germany on a traveling scholarship, was forced to leave Berlin, and is now in Italy.

Richard H. Mott is now the owner and active manager of Hotel Overbrook, at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

'13

The Class of 1913 will hold a reunion and class supper at the College on June 12

S. H. Mendenhall announces the birth of a son, Lewis Herschel, on Thursday, May 6, at Hartford, Connecticut.

J. M. Beatty has received a scholarship in the Graduate Department of Harvard University.

'14

C. D. Champlin has been appointed Assistant Instructor in English at Haverford College for 1915-1916.

EX-'14

Thomas Tomlinson, was married to Miss Amy May Felton, of Philadelphia, on Friday, April 23. Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson will be at home at 809 East Washington Lane, Germantown, Pennsylvania.

'11

The HAVERFORDIAN is in receipt of the following letter from Philip B. Deane.

The writer was very pleased indeed to receive with his American mail this morning a January copy of the HAVERFORDIAN, and particularly pleased to read in it, several articles of countries he himself has just visited. I have now been away from America for eighteen months on a tour of the world in the interests of my principals, the H. K. Mulford Co., of Philadelphia. In the course of my travels I had the pleasure of meeting S. E. Hilles, who wrote "A Jaunt to the Far East," while in Manila. I remember very well dining out at the house of his son, also a Haverfordian, by the edge of the bay in which Dewey's battle took place, and we three had a good talk on things Haverfordian. I remained in Manila nearly three months, and availed myself of the opportunity to do some extensive sightseeing and also to accomplish something commercially. We had the interesting experience of making some vaccine experiments with

smallpox vaccine, and all turned out well. I crossed then on the *Empress of Asia* to Hong Kong, which is also mentioned in the article of my classmate H. S. Bernard Stuccator, 1911. This was exactly the time war was declared, and four days later the beautiful and luxurious *Empress of Asia* steamed out of Hong Kong harbor with six-inch guns all mounted, painted entirely gray, indeed in appearance a formidable cruiser. Hong Kong being so upset, as a British port, I proceeded to Canton, where I remained two weeks. The occasion was excellent to become familiar with Chinese business methods, and with German competition entirely cut off, success was easier. Here I met Dr. Cadbury, a Haverfordian, and saw his new hospital approaching completion. In Shanghai I met Dr. H. H. Morris, a Haverfordian connected with St. Luke's Hospital—in conjunction with St. John's University; altogether a work of considerable scope and magnitude. After traveling extensively in China I proceeded to Japan, and I can assure the reader that the two articles in the January number on this country have more than a usual interest for me. My stay in Japan was of some length, and I availed myself of the opportunity to remain with an American family, long-time resident in Tokio. Commercially I had many new problems and six weeks were consumed in going from one city to another, and from one official to another. The article "Is Madame Butterfly Japanese?" recalls many pleasant memories, and I can well appreciate the writer's calling attention to the errors in the presentation of the opera. His remark about a Japanese as soon going into a house with his "geta" on as an American going to bed with his shoes on recalls an amusing incident. When the railroad was first put into operation between Tokio and Yokohama, a run of some eighteen to twenty miles, the Japanese passengers, on entering the cars at Tokio, removed their *geta* and on arrival at Yokohama were somewhat dismayed not to find them. Can I also remark the strip of white paint across the car windows to prevent the possibility of injury in connection with putting one's head through the glass? My knowledge of the home life and customs is in no way comparable with the writer's, but in so far as I did learn such, I can vouch for the same. The home life must be

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exceedingly congenial, to judge from the happy faces one meets on the street; the women particularly, always cheerful, though they may be carrying heavy loads, not to mention the infant strapped on the back. I had the experience of witnessing the lantern processions in Tokio to celebrate the fall of Tsingtao. The parade was supposed to contain one hundred thousand persons, each with a swinging Japanese lantern held aloft, and invariably the best of order was preserved. The embassies of all the Allies were visited and speeches were made. A few weeks later when the English General Barnardiston arrived the celebration was renewed.

While celebrating Xmas with my American friends in Tokio and preparing to return to Australia I was suddenly called to proceed to Petrograd at once. We fellows who travel the foreign field are in the habit of carrying out orders as soon as received, and in doing so I had some rather unique experiences, not particularly interesting save to the one involved. The censor of this letter will not let it through if it contains too many details, but there is nothing prohibited in the few remarks following. In crossing from the little Japanese seaport Tsuruga to Vladivostock, our tiny boat succeeded in losing forty-eight hours on a thirty-six-hour trip and the three and one-half days were spent mostly in going up and down. I had two

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distinctions, the only foreign passenger and the only one about and at the table. We eventually broke our way through the ice, at Vladivostock, and not to my surprise I learned that the only Trans-Siberian trains were trains which made every stop, carried no diners, and no sleeping accommodations. Fortunately for me, who spoke no Russian then, and English friend had to make the same trip, so together we collected a kitchen, a pantry, and a bedroom. The interesting details I must omit, but you may be interested in knowing that at Irkoutsk, the capital of Siberia, we slept one night on the tile floor of the station and the next in a vacant car on a siding, and the temperature was exactly 58°F. below zero. In seventeen days, however, and none the worse for the experience, I entered this hotel in Petrograd which is on a par with many of the best in America. I lost no time getting to work, and hope, like the rest of the ever-increasing transient army of American business men here, to do what we came here for. Everywhere while travelling in Russia, and I have just returned yesterday from a trip to Vilna, Warsaw and Moscow, I have been treated by Russian officials with the greatest courtesy. A review of Russo-American history shows a record of consistent friendliness, with one particular outburst, when in the Civil War a Russian fleet lay in New York harbor with sealed orders to be given only to President Lincoln. —*P. B. Deane, '11.*

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their favor. As an aside it may be whispered that the last out of the game occurred when Spank hit into a double play with the bases full and only one out.

The game ended, Spank carelessly sauntered off the field, apparently oblivious of the hornet's nest which he had stirred up among his team-mates, and of the frankly expressed comments that they were directing against his person.

The same caustic voice which a little while ago had mocked him when he so shamefully ducked from the liner shattering at his head, now greeted him once again.

"What have you been doing out there all afternoon, Spank? Pitching hay?"

"No, I've been thinking up a subject for my Senior thesis."

"Did you get one?"

"Yes, after mature deliberation, I finally decided upon this: 'Why a Pitcher Need Not Burn the Midnight Oil, or, The Futility of a Study of American Literature in Solving the Complex Problems Confronting an Aspiring Young Matthewson.'"

George A. Dunlap, '16.

Ronsard's Amours,

I, LIX

Like as the stag, when spring destroys the keen
And poignant hoar-frost of cold winter's sway,
To better browse the honeyed leaf's soft green,
Flies from the grove with earliest streak of day;
Alone, secure, far from the hounds and chase
Now on a mount, now in a vale doth speed,
Now near the water in some hidden place,
Free, wanton where his flying feet may lead
His spirit proud fears neither snare nor bow
Until the deadly arrow strikes his breast,
Its shaft encrimsoned by the bloody flow;
So thus went I, nor thought of hurt oppressed,
That day her eye with but one glance apart,
Transfixed a thousand arrows in my heart.

—Donald G. Baird, '15.

Vale

TO Second Lieutenant Donald Henderson, of the First King's Royal Rifles, these lines are sorrowfully dedicated. Just as the Duke of Wellington once said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, so the present writer has come to regard the self-sacrifice of the officer who willingly lays down his life for his country, as the realization of the high ideals of the schoolboy of England.

Second Lieutenant Donald Henderson was killed while executing his duty, struck by a shell in the trenches in northern France, and is buried in a little cemetery behind the trenches on the road to Richebourg l'Avoue, where a simple wooden cross stands over the grave of a hero who died for his country.

Evening's cloak of black envelops
Hill and dale where was the fight,
And the crimson day develops
Slowly into murky night.

In a grass-green grave they laid him
Gently. And a wooden cross
Was the last respect they paid him,
Fully conscious of their loss.

Deathlike hush of awful sorrow
Reigns around the verdant tomb;
All is quiet till the morrow
Dawns with deaf'ning cannon's boom.

But when quiet life is ours,
When this brothers' fight will cease,
Then amid the dew-kissed flowers,
God will let him sleep in peace.

—*J. G. LeClercq, '18.*

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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Eugene M. Pharo, '15,

won the Garret Memorial prize for the best poem submitted with his poem "*Old and New*" which appeared in the June number of this Volume.

In This Issue

SPECIAL FEATURES

The New Year....................ISAAC SHARPLESS 177

Friedrich Nietzsche; Poet and Philosopher....................
W. H. CHAMBERLIN, '17 179

Idling....................E. M. PHARO, '15 190

A Poet of the Forecastle....................GEORGE A. DUNLAP, '16 191

The Light of Truth....................J. G. C. LECERCQ, '18 195

Only Eighteen....................ROBERT GIBSON, '17 203

STORIES

The Cancelled Reservation....................C. VAN DAM, '17 184

The Intruder.................... '17 204

VERSE

A Pool In India....................J. W. SPAETH, '17 178

The Dew....................R. G., '17 194

The Argosy of Promise....................F. M. MORLEY, '15 202

The Simile Ship....................D. C. WENDELL, '16 202

DEPARTMENTS

The Uneasy Chair.................... 208

Through The Glasses....................

The Birth of a Nation....................E. T. PRICE, '17 209

Books

A Far Country.................... .. 210

Alumni....................R. G. '17 211

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., OCTOBER, 1915 No. 5.

The New Year

THE College Year 1915–16 opens comfortably with something over 180 students: The Freshman Class seems to contain good material and to be up to the usual standard.

Most Haverfordians with whom I have spoken seem to argue that Haverford should not increase in numbers at the expense of any of the standards which it has maintained in the past; that it should not go into any undignified or uncollegiate methods of advertising for numbers through athletics or otherwise; and that provision should be made in dormitories for all students accepted, except for a few who might live at home.

This plan probably involves the continuance of an examination system of entrance. This causes the loss of more students, some of them desirable, than all other causes combined. We know them all around us. We are the only small college for men in America, and the only one of any size, except Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton, to make this requirement. The real Haververfordians who appreciate life and conditions here, will make the effort and get in. But the increase must come from those who do not know the college well, and, who other things being the same, will go to the place where their certificate admits them without further trouble. Some of these are weaklings whom we can afford to lose, but some are rather desirable men who if they came would always be pleased with the decision. These facts are mentioned to show the cost of our efforts for good standards.

The other condition which will make increase difficult is supplying halls of residence. The break in Lloyd Hall is calling loudly for its two sections. It is pretty safe to say that $1000 per student will be required for dormitory accommodations. If we are to have 250 students we must have something like $70,000.00 for this purpose, not all at once, but in $10,000.00 sections as needed.

Chase Hall now fills out quite nicely the requirements for recitation quarters for the non-laboratory work of the college. It supplies two large and two small new rooms and has also been well heated, lighted

and ventilated throughout. One more laboratory for Biology and Physics we must have at an early date. With these improvements our physical equipment upon which we have been working for 15 years will be in a satisfactory shape for 250 students. What happens after this will be for another generation to provide.

Internally the college is wholesome and our reputation outside is as good as we deserve. The faculty is but slightly changed from last year and the good old Haverfordian spirit is undiminished.

—I. S.

A Pool in India

Aside a pool in India
There squats an idol, leering-eyed,
Warded by countless lamas' care
From profane touch or worldly stare,
But naught of worldly gold denied.
Frankincense perfumes his altars;
Jewels from Eastern lands of wonder
Tint his sallow skin with fires,
Fill his coffers rich with plunder,
Coffers of this squatting idol,
By a pool in India.

Aside a pool in India
There rests a village, Death's retreat;
Within its doorways mothers stand,
Their naked child on every hand,
And wait the father's plodding feet.
To these squalid, mud-built hovels
Death's dread angel on the morrow
Comes his master's toll to gather;
All is endless toil and sorrow,
Nothing more than toil and sorrow,
For the dwellers in this village
By this pool in India.

—J. W. Spaeth, '17.

Friedrich Nietzsche: Poet and Philospher

Few men have suffered such bitter and varied criticism as has fallen to the lot of Friedrich Nietzsche. The obscurity which enveloped the man and his work during his lifetime has given way to a torrent of criticisms, for the most part, virulently hostile. The luckless philosopher is simultaneously accused of being a Prussian reactionary and an extreme anarchist; he is depicted in the double light of a tiger thirsting for human gore and a feeble, unbalanced decadent; above all, he is universally held up to opprobrium as the evil genius of modern Germany, the guilty associate of Bernhardi and Von Treitschke in their evil course of unbridled militarism. A brief review of Niezsche's life and works may help to show how much of this extremely contradictory criticism is justified.

Friedrich Nietzsche was born in Saxony in the year 1844. His father, a Protestant clergyman died when Friedrich was very young. As a boy Nietzsche showed unusual precocity of mind; and, at the age of twenty-four, he received the honor of a professorship in the University of Basle. At this period he specialized in classical philology; and his study of Hellenic thought, especially of the early Greek philosophers and dramatists, exerted a compelling influence on his own lifework. His first important literary contributions, published during the years 1873–1876, took the form of four essays, entitled "Thoughts Out of Season." These essays contain a severe arraignment of contemporary culture and a number of suggestions for radical change. Shortly afterwards his health broke down; he suffered acutely from dysentery and excruciating headaches. Notwithstanding this handicap he brought out "Human, All Too Human" in 1878. In the following year continued ill health and a desire to devote himself entirely to literary work caused him to resign his professorship. The next ten years of his life are full of creative work. Among his more important works may be mentioned "The Dawn of Day" (1881), "The Joyful Wisdom" (1882), "Thus spake Zarathustra" (1883–1885), "Beyond Good and Evil" (1886), "The Antichrist" (1888), "Ecce Homo" (1888). In the winter of 1888–1889 a combination of mental and physiological causes brought about a complete collapse of his faculties; and the last years of his life were shrouded in the darkness of mental oblivion. He died at Weimar, in 1900.

So much for the comparatively brief and uneventful chronicle of his life. His intellectual development may best be considered by dividing his career into three periods. The first of these includes his four,

"Thoughts of Season," "David Strauss: Confessor and Author," "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth," "The Use and Abuse of History" and "Schopenhauer as Educator." In these essays Nietzsche tries to realize the vision of a new German culture, of which Schopenhauer was to be the high priest, Wagner the poet and musician, and Nietzsche himself the critic and expounder.

Very different is the spirit of the second period as expressed in "Human, All-Too-Human." Nietzsche's faith in Wagner is completely gone, his trust in Schopenhauer is rudely shaken. His old ideals have vanished; as yet nothing new has arisen to take their place. As a natural consequence, this period is characterized by bleak uncompromising negation. Every value, every ideal is mercilessly tried in the balance and found wanting. Schopenhauer himself, in his darkest moments, never reached the depth of pessimistic despair which Nietzsche attains in "Human, All-Too-Human."

But pride and intellectual honesty alike forbade Nietzsche to remain long in the slough of despondency. For a man oppressed with physical suffering to take refuge in pessimism seemed to him a cowardly abandonment of duty. Instead of following in the footsteps of Schopenhauer and setting up a negative philosophy of life Nietzche, in his third and most vital creative period, sets out to formulate a philosophy of virile and defiant optimism. His new thought finds its first expression in "The Joyful Wisdom." In this book one finds an abundance of aristocratic gayety, of delicate mockery, of playful sporting even with his most cherished theories. The whole work seems to be written in the spirit of the dance.

"Thus spake Zarathustra," Nietzsche's best known work, is a lyrical, highly colored and richly imaginative prose-poem, in which the author expresses the fundamental principles of his new philosophy in allegorical form. The same essential ideas are expressed more clearly and soberly in "Beyond Good And Evil," the prose counterpart of the poetical "Zarathustra." Among Nietzsche's original ideas the two known as the Superman and the Eternal Recurrence, deserve special notice.

The Superman is an ideal human being, as yet unattained; but possible of attainment in the future. He is depicted by Nietzsche as a man highly developed mentally and physically ruthless in the pursuit of his ambitions; but willing to dare everything for their realization. To the production of such highly developed individuals, humanity is to bend all its energies. As may be seen Nietzsche's viewpoint is the direct converse of the Hegelian idea that the great men are bound to sacrifice

themselves for the benefit of the masses. In the one case quantity is sacrificed, in the other quality.

More abstruse and unsatisfactory is Nietzsche's theory of the Eternal Recurrence. Arguing that the number of combinations of circumstances is limited, while time is infinite, he deduces that every man's life is ultimately certain to reproduce itself, down to the minutest details. He tried to find a scientific basis for this theory; but does not seem to have been very successful in the attempt. While the Eternal Recurrence can hardly be taken seriously as a scientific fact, it might very conceivably have a powerful influence in persuading a man to lead the type of life that would be worth living over.

In addition to elaborating these two theories and chanting his eternal hymn to life as it is, Nietzsche conceived another idea, which, in stupendous boldness, has few parallels in the history of philosophy. This was the conception of a transvaluation of all moral values. Audaciously casting aside the most cherished ideals of morality, he aspired to found a new system of morals, radically different in form and character from anything that had previously been conceived. Pride, courage, self-confidence were to be put in the class of virtues; meekness, humanity, lowliness in that of vices. The fatal breakdown came upon him in the midst of the gigantic undertaking; and "The Will to Power," the book in which he had hoped to summarize his whole philosophy, remains unfinished.

We may well leave to the philosophers of the future the problem of the value of Nietzsche's new philosophical ideas. In his relation to the present world he is more interesting from the fascination of his personality and the charm of his poetic style than from the academic logic of his philosophy. Let us, then, consider him rather as man and poet than as philosopher.

There can be no question of the compelling power and interest of his personality. The few who came into contact with him during his lifetime all bear witness to the power and brilliance of his mental attainments. His reading, despite the double handicap of weak eyes and bad health, was omniverous. Almost every page of his works bears eloquent testimony to his sympathetic study and understanding of history and literature. Wide and comprehensive as was his reading, his thought was wider and more comprehensive still. In studying his works we are perpetually confronted by new theories on art, music, literature, economics, history, theories that are often heterodox, to be sure; but always original and thought provoking. The broad culture, which was so conspicuous a feature of Nietzsche's personality, cannot fail to have

a stimulating and helpful effect upon all who come under his influence.

But it is morally rather than intellectually that Nietzsche should have his most powerful appeal. It may sound strange to speak of the moral appeal of a man who is so universally branded as an atheist and immoralist. But a close study of Nietzsche's character cannot fail to reveal certain traits which might well be emulated by his bitterest critics. His very abandonment of Christianity was, to him, no stroke of idle flippancy; but a titanic inward conflict, which shook his very soul. It would, unquestionably, have been far easier for him to have become an eloquent advocate of Christianity, another Pascal or Bossuet. We may deplore the unfortunate mental processes that led to his infidelity; but we cannot withhold our admiration for the high and exalted passion for truth which led him to sacrifice one after another, his most cherished ideals and convictions, which ultimately led him even to the sacrifice of reason itself. In few places do we find such grand hymns of courage, loneliness and spiritual friendship as in the pages of "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Nietzsche's surpassing excellence of style extorts the admiration of his severest critics. In all his works, instead of the unwieldy, tedious, clause-laden sentences of the typical German writer, we find short, crisp, epigrammatic sentences, clear in meaning and happy in phrasing. In some of his books the depth and novelty of his ideas make him rather difficult to understand; while in others he may fairly be accused of an excess of allegory. But these defects are more than offset by the rich vein of lyric poetry which runs through all his works and finds its fullest expression in "Zarathustra."

" 'Tis night: now do all gushing fountains speak louder. And my soul is a gushing fountain."

" 'Tis night: now only do all songs of the lovers awake. And my soul also is the song of a lover."

But, poetic and mystic though he is, Nietzsche never writes mere high-sounding phrases without any definite ideas behind them. His thought is like the diamond, hard, brilliant, glittering, and his bitterest contempt is lavished on those thinkers who try to conceal vagueness and inconsistency of thought under the cloak of spiritual depth and refinement.

Another feature of Nietzsche's style is his remarkable mastery of the art of satire. The rapier-like thrusts of his wit combine the earnestness of Schopenhauer with the light and carefree banter of Matthew Arnold. His essay against David Strauss was so keen and biting that the object of its satire is said to have died of mortification. But Nietz-

sche is always conscientious, according to his own standards, in the use of this power. Unlike Bernard Shaw, he never aspires after brilliance for its own sake. He only turns his batteries upon objects which he considers worthy of ridicule and opprobrium.

It was almost inevitable that such a brilliant, all-inquiring and skeptical mind as Nietzsche's should have brought itself to many false theories and erroneous conclusions. The ill health and solitary life of the philosopher often leads him to lose his sense of perspective and to resort to unjustifiable violence and intemperance of expression. A mind which sets logical accuracy as the sole test of a philosophical system can find in Nietzsche contradictions and inconsistencies without number. But a larger, saner, more tolerant outlook, even though it may reject most of Nietzsche's views and theories, will gratefully acknowledge the spirit of sincerity, originality and genuine culture which animates his whole work. And in regard to the frequent shifting of his viewpoint on life we may well remember the words of a certain Chinese sage: "Only the foolish and the dead never change their opinions."

Finally, a few words as to the possible effect of Nietzsche on America. There is certainly very little danger, from present indications, that the United States will be in any way harmed by Nietzsche's radical ideas on religion and morality. A nation whose observance of Sunday is surpassed in strictness only in England and which has recently given such abundant testimony of its capacity to respond even to the crudest religious stimulus is hardly likely to succumb to a wave of skepticism. So the possible evil effects from Nietzsche's teachings are reduced to a minimum. On the other hand, even the warmest admirer of America can hardly deny that she would be improved by a considerable infusion of Nietzsche's better qualities; his entire freedom from fanaticism, the clarity of his thought, his merciless condemnation of mawkish sentimentalism, under whatever guise. Few unprejudiced observers will deny that the most pressing need of the United States is culture, with all of refinement, discrimination and mental clearness that the word implies. And among those who have always carried on the difficult battle of culture against Philistinism and materialism, very few, in devotion and understanding, are superior to the maligned and abused Friedrich Nietzsche.

—*W. H. Chamberlin, '17.*

The Cancelled Reservation

THE boys in the office said I was pale and had a thin "citified" look about me. I told them that lawyers were generally pale and necessarily "citified," but this didn't stop them from persuading my father who incidentally was my employer, that I needed a vacation.

"Son," he said one morning, "you've been working hard, I think the firm can live without you for a couple of weeks. Take a holiday and go somewhere for a rest."

I felt as well as a Mellin's Food baby, and told him that I couldn't break away and leave everything in the lurch, as if New York were built for my especial benefit.

He eyed me keenly and declared: "The only thing you can't leave is a certain light-haired, blue-eyed lady. Now you just forget your fiancee for a while, and remember that she doesn't want a sick man for a husband. Take Sam with you and beat it my boy. If you need money let me know."

I might have known that I couldn't fool Dad. I was engaged all right, and had learned to my surprise what a difference one little person could make in your happiness, in your plans and your pocket-book.

Miss Dorothy Allen was my first cousin, and when I look back on the times when we romped about together masquerading in each others clothes, I find myself wondering how that boisterous tom-boy has ever blossomed out into my Dorothy-so-sweet, and so feminine in every way. Had anyone told us in our childhood that some day we would marry, I believe that we would have joined hands and thumed our noses at the person for the lack of some better way of expressing our surprise. Since that time her laughter and animated spirits have always been like wine in my veins. When, to my shame, I reached that feverish unsatisfied period of manhood, in which a wife seems an immediate necessity to one's welfare, it was natural that I should turn to Dorothy to fill the bill. It was also natural that, when I had my wife all "reserved," and only waiting to be "called for," that I should be a little loath to leave town.

How ever, that night I ordered Sam, my grinning, colored valet, to pack my things, and told my father that I would take his advice. While we were talking, Dr. Bennett our family physician dropped in to see Dad and learned of my intended trip and of my reluctance to leave.

"By the way" remarked the grim "medicine-man" "Miss Allen is your sister's child is she not?"

Dad looked at him in surprise. "Of course she is, and a little peach too."

"Has your son thought of the possible danger of marrying a cousin?" he inquired.

"He has consulted a specialist, who said that, in a good healthy pair, there isn't one chance in a hundred of any trouble. They've been in love for years—he wouldn't lose her for worlds! Would you my boy?"

I made some little speech about "having her or nobody," and fled the room. The subject didn't appeal to me.

The following day I departed with Sam and my gun. Dorothy came down to see me off and I remember distinctly how she told her brother to await her, on the dock,——how tightly she gripped my arm with her little hands as we walked up the gang plank—how she said,— "Horace! Please change your mind, won't you? It isn't too late. Somehow I'm afraid to have you go 'way off there alone. I feel that something may happen. Please————

I kissed her protesting lips and told her how foolish she was.

In a few minutes a deep voice sounded down the deck. "All ashore that's goin' ashore" she left me smiling bravely and dry-eyed, for which I was very thankful. Weeping maidens are embarrassing at best, and if you love them they are unbearable.

I waited on deck till the flutter of her little pink handkerchief was no longer visible and then went to my cabin to unpack.

* * * * * * * * *

In four days time we were comfortably settled in a squatty little bungalow on the Island of Pass a Grille. This was the most admirable spot we could find—a little strip of land in the Gulf of Mexico, seven miles long and so narrow that you could throw a stone across it. Sam was one broad grin from morning 'till night, until the third day when he saw a mirage on the Gulf, and came in to me crying "Gude Lawd Sah! de ocean done vomit up it's bottom!"

Our favorite sport was coon hunting We hired some dogs, and in a few nights we had cleaned up what few were on our island. Sam was not satisfied; it was the delight of his soul to see the hump-backed, beady-eyed creatures fall out of the trees, when shot.

Then one memorable night, we decided to try the mainland some few hundred yards across. We learned from the natives of a place that was especially good, and departed about eight o'clock in our little boat.

If you have not been there, you do not know, and never can know, the madness and the wild fascination of a night on the Florida gulf. It was as fantastic and unnatural as the fairyland of my childhood books. As we "chugged" through the sheet of inky black water, great globules of phosphor burst into flames behind us and left a stream of light on either side of the boat. There was no moon, but the palms and the semi-tropic woods were dimly visble as we glided by the shore. The stars seemed to be hanging just over our heads, and the whole sky with its thousands of glittering points seemed merely a curtain hung above us, with the real heavens hidden behind it. The air was soft and the night was so still that our exhaust rang out like rifle shots, and echoed away into the darkness. The night seemed unreal and unnatural, and when I look back on the events that followed, they all seem blended in a weird dream—yet a dream as real, as it was horrible.

According to directions, we turned to port around a jutting point, and entered a quiet "baiou." This little lake was a picture that would have done proud to Venice, or Italy. The moon was just rising, and its mellow light came filtering through the wavy air-plant, which, like the shrouds of a ghost, hung from every branch, and swayed sleepily in the soft breeze.

As we grounded on the white sand a weird cry, half wild,—half human, drifted to our ears from the opposite shore.

"What's dat?" snorted Sam suspiciously.

The dogs answered him with nervous little barkings, as we jumped ashore. Sam grabbed his knife, I, my gun and shells, and up the beach we marched at an eager pace. To my surprise we found a fair sized house placed in the woods, a few yards back from the water. Still and dark, it nestled among the palms, with the tall trees waving their twisted arms above it. A little wharf stretched out into the water, and a huge pile of oyster shells covered the beach. Row boats were lying idly floating, and the place seemed to be the home of a thriving oysterman.

"Wonder who lives there, Sam!" I commented.

"Sure I don' know sah! No one but de debbil himself would come way off here ter live."

We passed on, after a few curious glances.

"Look!"

Sam suddenly pointed up the beach.

A woman was dimly visible against the darkness of the trees. She came nearer. She passed, just on the edge of the water, as if trying to avoid us.

"Bet you dat's a witch" my companion mumbled nervously.

I almost agreed with him. Her hair was down, head lowered sullenly; an old black skirt rose and fell with her shuffling gait. Her face never turned aside and she seemed not to notice us, but I saw that her feet touched the water as if she were keeping away from us when we came near.

We found our coons in plenty; on the mud flats their tracks were visible everywhere. In an hour our keen dogs had treed a dozen for us. I left Sam to skin them and strolled back towards the boat. The shooting had jarred my nerves. The bang of a shot gun and the smell of powder seemed out of place in the still, pale, glory of that night. There was a warm radiance suffused through the air, which lulled my brain. It seemed a time to think of love and dreams—a spiritual hour, when heaven breathes on earth, and worldly things are far away.

Suddenly, as I was slowly passing the house, I came upon the woman sitting dejectedly in a row-boat, high upon the beach. My curiosity aroused, I spoke to her.

"Beautiful night isn't it?" I remarked pleasantly.

"Huh?" she looked up blankly.

"Do you live here?" I ventured.

"Yes—I do. What of it."

I remembered how she eyed me suspiciously, as though I were challenging her.

Just then I glanced up the path, and saw, in the shadows, a tall figure coming haltingly down from the house. She heard the footsteps also, and I noticed how tensely her eyes were fastened on me.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked in dismay. He was reeling from side to side like a drunkard. The woman did not answer but her head sank wearily on her thin breast.

The man came down to us, and such a sight I have never seen. He was stark crazy. His powerful frame was partly covered with filthy clothes. He stared at me for a moment with dizzy crossed eyes; his lower jaw fallen, he was drewling disgustingly from the corners of his mouth. Inarticulate sounds were gurgling from his throat, and his fingers twitched like a nervous child's.

A startling noise like the baying of a wolf sounded from across the little "baiou" and with the leap of a wild beast, the fellow went suddenly bounding away.

The woman saw the surprise on my face and volunteered.

"That's my boy; don't look at me like that!"

"Your boy madam!" I repeated in amazement.

"Yes," she replied wearily. "I got five more like him. He went to answer the call of one of his brothers. What do you want 'round here?"

I studied her tired, pinched face in the moonlight and wondered why such people were left alive to suffer in that solitude.

"Won't they sleep at night?" I asked gently.

"Sleep! No. They never sleep. They roam about these shores and cry to each other like animals. Hear 'em?"

I knew the gruesome call, as it echoed through the night like the shriek of a ghost; It was the same sound that had frightened Sam at our arrival.

"Wish they'd calm down a bit! I need sleep" the woman sighed wearily.

Her features were blank and expressionless as she gazed dully over the waters; her dejected figure setting alone amidst all the beauty of the night seemed like an awful mistake—an ugly scar in the perfection of nature.

Her presence revolted me, I turned to go, but something held me back.

"Your husband, where is he?" I asked.

"Sleep I guess!" she replied.

"Why doesn't he look after them?"

"He don't care. Relations never do. I should ha' known that long ago. He's my first cousin."

The words fell on my ears like a thunder bolt, and for a moment I staggered as if stunned by the shock.

"Good God your cousin you say!" In my excitement I siezed the old woman by the wrist.

"Leg'go, What's the matter with yer" she grumbled. After a time I questioned her carefully, with a little persuasion she told me of her youth, of her love and marriage, of her children,— whole life-tragedy, too harrowing to repaeat in this tale.

My pulse was pounding hard when she finished: one moment I could have choked her for telling me, and the next, my heart was torn with pity. Unable to express my feelings, I simply said "good night" to her, and fled back to the boat.

My mind was dazed as I sat waiting for Sam. Once a wild uncanny cry drifted to my ears, and startled me pitifully.

At last he came. I can't remember what I thought, or did, on the way home. Sam said afterwards that I was "like in a dream."

It was not until he had gone to bed, and I strolled out to the shore

of the gulf, that I was able to think collectedly. Even then, the face of that fellow haunted me. I saw it again and again peering out of the darkness, and saying "Take her, take her, and you'll have one like me,—like me—see!" Then his jaw would hang down, and his mouth would stream, and I would shut my eyes in horror.

In those wild, lonely hours of early morning, I thought of everything in my life. Dorothy come to my mind unceasingly—her words at parting, her kiss, her etherial sweetness. It was inhuman, unthinkable that she should have a child like that blabbering brute: I felt that God was just and fair,—that he could not send desolation, to such a holy tender love as was ours.

I looked up to the sky as if to find the answer to my problem, but it was all changed, the moon was a ghastly yellow, the warm air stifled me, the darkness was fearful, and full of hidden despair.

I walked all night in the worst mental battle that I have ever waged. I defied myself and God:—told him entreatingly that our love was good, and not to be paid for in tears—told him defiantly that, if she and I were married, He would not dare to curse us with an idiot-child. Later, when the night was far spent, and the moon had waned, the answer came as though from the skies. We were doomed to bear the lesser struggle of denial, and save ourselves the torture of breaking nature's law. My steps seemed to have been guided by a predestined fate. It surely was the kind hand of God that had led me to that spot, out of all America, to show me the price that I must pay.

In the early dawn I went home and wrote Dorothy a long letter breaking our engagement. I told her the whole story of what I had seen, and of how I believed that Providence had spared us, by showing me the living sample of what our fate might be.

—C. Van Dam, '17.

Idling

WHO has not known the luxury of absolute idleness, not warranted idleness but illegal ill-timed idleness? We do not advise such a one to go forth and seek that luxury. None the less one who is prone to such occasional indulgence has much to offset the sneers which the industrious visit upon them.

Take for instance, a day last September which was snatched from the calendar and prostituted in its entirety, to idling; an entirely useless day in the way of accomplishment. A day in which our mind floated lightly on clouds of unreality and our limbs moved lazily in an atmosphere of ethereal lassitude. The most real thing in the world was the blue smoke from our pipe, moving slowly across a view of drifting clouds and wooded valleys.—(Somehow we had dragged ourself to the top of a hill where green turf bordered the road and a snake fence afforded back rest when we tired of lying at full length.) The most illusory phantasm in the universe, was the day's labor we had shirked. A grown-up school boy playing "hookey" and with the same lack of conscientious pangs for the deed—such we stood revealed.

But had we striven with all our might and the might of ten thousand more, all our sweat and effort would not have brought us what our fancy did as we lay at full length in the shade. After all what is the joy of effort, but a fancy of convention? Our fancy works at such a time, more extensively than could our muscles in a millenium. We pass from earth to heaven on the back of a cumulous cloud. A more extended journey is made than the most zealous drummer would undertake. A goal is reached in an afternoon, which combined the hopes of the Hindoo and of the christian; Nirvana and Paradise—absolute forgetfulness and the blissful peace.

We see the clouds from our pipe, and the fleecy phenomena of the sky and imagine we smoke some divine pipe of peace with the Creator. Our oneness with nature assures us we commit no blasphemy.

We glance lovingly at the winding road and imagine summer to be a twelve months affair and ambition to be a silly obsession. We think our forefathers must have numbered vagabonds untold in their midst and that we receive the reward, and pay the price.

Our pipe goes out. We fill it once more and apply the match. The smoke has lost its taste. A lead colored cloud is on the horizon. We arise with a sudden distaste for ourselves, a sensation of "something wrong" suffuses us, and we step out briskly for home and work.

—E. M. P., '15.

A Poet of the Forecastle

THE Germans may blow up three or four more British Dreadnaughts and reduce Tommy Atkins' ranks several hundred thousand more, but, with all their boasted "kultur," will they ever be able to obliterate England's imperishable sea literature? The war certainly cannot affect "Mr. Midshipman Easy," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," or Kipling's "Captains Courageous." These marks of English devotion to the seas will last as long as there is a reading public to peruse them. But as for the future, those who believe that war deadens literature, naturally look for the death of England's sea literature. However it is improbable that the English people and especially the men of letters, can possibly neglect the great part that the British navy is playing in the present conflict. Sea poetry, and fiction as well, will, I think, be revived, and in this revival, the virile pen of John Masefield should play a preeminent role.

The popularity of the sea tale has somewhat dwindled in the the United States, and the ideal of every scapegrace runaway, is not, as formerly, to take ship and sail the "ocean wild." Still captain Marryat and W. Clark Russel have not been wholly blotted out of the minds of the American youth, and Mr. Masefield's faithful delineation of life under the mast, should receive a favorable reception in this country.

Masefield's poetry is, as it were, an offspirng of the sea itself. His youth and young manhood were spent in an environement entirely different from his later peaceful domestic life, in the vicinity of London, where he has come to be referred to as a coming "literary lion." This early training proved to be invaluable, as it resulted. At the age of fourteen he began his eventful career as a seaman. For a number of years he sailed in all kinds of vessels over all seas; twice he navigated around the world, once he left the sea and became a tramp for a short time, but soon returned again to the old life. His second departure from the sea resulted in his employment as a bar tender in the old Colonial Hotel of New York city. Later he returned to England, where he settled down, and was prevailed upon by his friend, Mr. Jack B. Yeats, brother of the poet, William Butler Yeats, to write of his life experiences.

It must not be thought that all of Masefield's art has been devoted to the sea. This is by no means true, for he is extremely versatile. "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow In Bye Street," his first successes, were written in an absolutely different vein. These two poems, though they served to first attract the attention of England to the appearance of a new poet, are too much reminiscent of Masefield's

bar-tender days. Their unpleasantness and over-realism are not ideal for any poet's consideration. The sea is always more poetical than John Barleycorn or pugilism. Then again, Masefield's rough metre and forceful, Billy Sundayesque vocabulary are admirably suited to a reproduction of life on the high seas. It is in this latter field, I think, that Masefield's best work has been done.

To support this statement, we have but to turn to the poet's works. His best sea tale is, doubtless, "Dauber, The Story of a Round House." Dauber is interesting for several reasons—its gripping theme, its excellent psychological study of the hero, the delicate marine painter, tormented by his heartless round house mates. Finally it is interesting by its very form, for it represents a daring and successful revival in poetry of the long narrative which has suffered a distinct decline since the time of Tennyson and William Morris. One critic in the "Review of Reviews" goes so far as to make this startling commendation of the poem. "There is perhaps nothing in the English tongue, not of Swinburne's nor in Noyes' magnificent epic of the sea, "Drake," that excels it." Rather fine praise, but not altogether undeserved, as a careful reading will testify.

Masefield seems to be the only modern English poet who uses the versified short story. This form holds forth much promise to future poets, Masefield uses it again to advantage in "Daffodil Fields" a work which suffers, in its unfolding, by comparison to that masterpiece of romance, "Enoch Arden."

In the same volume with "The Story of a Round House" is "Biography," a poem of varying merit. Its thought while often obscure and pessimistic, is strongly personal, and therefore of special interest. The poet recalls some of his maritime adventures; in the description of the crew race of the rival cutters he is excellent. The following also is vigorous:—

"Good swimming days, at Hog Back or the coves
Which the young gannet and the corbie loves;
Surf swimming between rollers, catching breath
Between the advancing grave and breaking death.
Then shooting up into the sunbright smooth
To watch the advancing roller bare her tooth."

In "Sea Fever," the poet yields to the call of the ocean:—

"I must go down to the seas again for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied,

And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying
And the fleeing spray and the blown spume and the sea gulls crying.
I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way when the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,
And quiet sleep and sweet dream when the long trip's over.

"Salt Water Ballads" a collection of poems written by Masefield in his early manhood, is another of his consecrations to the sea. This volume may best be described by saying that it is an ambitious attempt to do for the sailor what Kipling's "Departmental Ditties" and "Barrack Room Ballads" has done for the British soldier in India. There is nothing to match these short tales in giving the local color and inner meaning of the seaman's life. They are light, whimsical, and often ironical. "The Yarn of the Loch Achray" and "Sing a Song O' Shipwreck" are full of this grim irony which saves them from becoming oppressive. Although they describe shipwreck and disaster, the reader hardly realizes it, so filled are the poems with the carefree, elements-defying attitude of the mariners.

Many of the ballads are monologues, and in them the speech of the typical sailor is ably counterfeited. He is full of oaths and slang, but through it all runs a covering of rough heartiness. The sailor's superstitions are pictured, his fear of Mother Carey and her man, Davy Jones. In the "Burial Party" is presented the peculiar legend that a dead body will not sink in the ocean if buried at night. In the same poem occurs this line: "for its *bloody* soul's afraid of the dark 'n' sticks within the throat."

The use of the adjective, "bloody" is interesting on account of the profound disfavor into which this awful word has fallen in England today, which Shaw has capitally satirized in "Pygmalion." Masefield evidently defies public opinion, for he has used "bloody" at least thrice in this one volume.

"Philip, the King," Masefield's recent work is not a sea-drama, yet it contains a vivid and striking description of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The following extract will give a good example of the terseness and vigor of the phrasing:—

> "*The wind and sea were fair*
> *We lay at anchor there;*
> *The stars burned in the air,*
> *The men were sleeping.*
> *When in the midnight dark*

Our watchman saw a spark
Suddenly light a bark
With long flames leaping."

Another poem, "The River," in the same volume is more characteristic of Masefield. It is a narrative describing the wreck on the shoals of the full-rigged ship, "Travancore." It has the flavor of the sea in every action. Only a poet who has seen and was perhaps himself the survivor of such a disaster, could have written "The River." His training, no doubt, witnessed several such wrecks.

A comparison of the sea poems of Masefield and Kipling is possible, but not favorable to Kipling. Both have absolute command of the sea's jargon, but both do not make equal use of it. Kipling's sea poems, with one or two exceptions are heavy and dull. The swing, lightness and humor usually present in his work are absent. "The Rhyme of the Three Sailors" and "The Liner's She's A Lady" alone are worthy of comaprison with Masefield. Kipling, in general, personifies the ship and pays only incidental notice to its sailors, while Masefield's whole effort is to humanize the sailor. The latter method is much the better and productive of better results. However, the comparison between these men is not quite fair, considering the fact that Kipling has given his best work to the soldier, in which field he has no rival. Masefield, indeed, has an opportunity to make the "Tommy Atkins" or "Mulvaney" of the sea. Can he do it? What a splendid chance is given him just now when his country's navy is engaged in a desperate struggle to maintain its disputed supremacy in European waters.

—*George A. Dunlap, '16.*

The Dew

On summer morn it teguments
The grass with gleaming filaments,
Until the sun the sky frequents
And drinks the crystal dew.

It dazzles on the lily pad,
Where perches many a pert Naiad
In colors of the rainbow clad,
To startle me and you.

—*R. G., '17.*

The Light of Truth

Time: *Night.*
Place: *A Hill.*
Dramatis Personae: *A Man and a Woman.*

(*A storm. Loud thunderbolts. A flash of lightning, followed by a long silence, save the low murmur of the western wind. The bleat of a lost sheep. Or the cry of a child from the hamlet in the valley. But silence invariably follows.*

At length the storm abates. As after any storm, the air seems to hold some surprise for one. Some uncanny suspense pervades the atmosphere.

Presently a voice is heard. A man's voice. It is gruff and harsh. The man is swearing drunkenly: oath after oath breaks the silence.

Other sounds. Somebody coming up the hill from the village.)

THE MAN. O God! Who in the name of —— is it?

THE WOMAN. I am. . . . . a woman.

(*It is indeed a woman's voice. A tired, hoarse voice, full of discords. It inspires sorrow; no doubt its owner has suffered much. Still suffers, perhaps.*)

THE MAN. A woman! Why here? at this time! in this weather!

THE WOMAN. I ask also, why?

THE MAN. Well, it's an ungodly night. Sit down here.

(*He makes a place for her on a heap of leaves.*)

THE WOMAN. Thanks. I'm tired.

THE MAN. Why did you stop here?

THE WOMAN. Well. . . . . But you?

THE MAN. I don't know. Lost.

(*The woman looks at him. She seems to read him.*)

THE WOMAN. I see. Drunk again.

THE MAN. What! . . . .

THE WOMAN. Deny it then! You can't. You were drunk. I can smell it—the stink of whisky.

THE MAN. Yes. It is true. But you?

THE WOMAN. I am here because . . . .

THE MAN. Well?

THE WOMAN. Because I have nowhere else to go.

(*The Man does not understand. The Woman explains rapidly, sadly.*)

I live nowhere. I sleep in the ditch to day, in the saloon tomorrow—or on a hill—like tonight. You see there was no man drunk enough—brute enough.

So I sleep on the hil! tonight.

THE MAN. Then you're a . . . .

THE WOMAN (interrupting). Yes . . . .

THE MAN. I'm glad you stopped my calling you a . . . (*again checks himself.*) Anyhow I am not much better. A drunkard!

THE WOMAN. (*With the conviction of one who has learnt from experience—from sad experience, but from true.*) No better.

THE MAN. What?

THE WOMAN. No better!

THE MAN. I don't understand.

THE WOMAN. Yet it's easy. You sell your soul to drink. Your body. Your strength. And I sell mine to men. Drunken beasts. Like you.

THE MAN. But . . . .

THE WOMAN. Then there is yet another difference. You are what you are because you are weak. A love affair, or something. Jilted! So he drank. (*Laughs pityingly.*) But I am what I am because I had to choose—choose between poverty and shame or honor. I chose poverty and shame. Because I would rather be true to myself.

I am not a good woman. But I might have lived with what people call honor as long as I was not found out. Anyhow I preferred the honor that brings shame and tears. So I am better than you. For I am true to myself. I deceive no one. I live in the Light of Truth.

THE MAN. I see what you mean. Yes, you are more honorable than many people known as respectable people. You are indeed.

THE WOMAN (*takes his hand.*) Thanks, my friend.

THE MAN (*holds hers.*) You are pure too—impure in body perhaps, but pure in soul—in ideals—in Truth.

THE WOMAN. Ah!

THE MAN. And I love you.

(*He moves toward her. Sways. Tries to seize her waist—madly, passionately.*

She thought she had to do with other love. Not physical as his, but ideal. Alas for her! she had forgotten the Light of Truth.)

THE WOMAN. Stop. . . .

(*She speaks with firmness, yet gently, pityingly. Something indescribably beautiful in her voice compels respect. And he is a good man—good in spite of his sins—or because of them.*)

THE MAN. I'm sorry I did that.

(*And he really is.*)

THE WOMAN. Thanks. I'm glad. Glad you're sorry.

THE MAN. I don't know why I stopped. I have never respected woman before.

THE WOMAN. No. You see you don't understand Love. I do. In spite of the Men—Men—drunken beasts—like you. All you love is Passion. And Drink.

THE MAN. (*Defiantly.*) Yes.

THE WOMAN. I also have met your gods. Have known them—have been happy with them. But lately I learnt to see Truth. And when one knows Truth one cannot be happy. Ignorance is always bliss; true happiness is the incapability of appreciating things at their right value. You never prayed—never mentioned God's name, except in oaths. But I have prayed. And I shall go to Heaven. For my sins are not grave sins—merely faults. And I am penitent. Do you understand? This is my Trial. My crucifixion. But one day it shall be over. And then I, who have realized what Life is, shall live eternally—in Paradise.

THE MAN. Then Life is . . . .

THE WOMAN. Life is the supreme test. Realize that it is a test, a martyrdom, and do not try to be happy. Then you will be right. Deny this and live in a fool's paradise.

THE MAN. Ah! If only you could prove this! (*Eagerly, pleadingly.*) O pray to your God! I want the Light of Truth.

THE WOMAN. Then prepare never to be happy again.

THE MAN. I am ready.

(*The Woman is thinking hard—puzzling. He moves expectantly toward her. Suddenly she seizes his arm, and speaks, quickly, confusedly, tremulous in the triumph of her discovery.*

THE WOMAN. The veil of centuries is lifting. Look, brother! Look! I will show you what you were—what I was—what we were two thousand years ago.

(*Yells with excitement.*) Look! Look and learn!

* * * * * * * *

The same hill. It is Day. Bathed in glorious sunlight.

On a heap of leaves, a Man and a Woman. Despite the sunlight a melancholic something fills the air. . . .

THE MAN. Yes, I know it is sad. But we must bear it.

THE WOMAN. Why? Why? (*She weeps.*) Stay, please stay!

THE MAN (*gently, but with emphasis*). No. I cannot.

THE WOMAN. Would you desert me? Your wife!

THE MAN. Be good. Be reasonable. I am not yours.

THE WOMAN (*with bitterness*). Yet you asked *me* to be *yours*.

THE MAN (*sadly*). Yes. I had not received the Call then. The Call to Christ.

THE WOMAN. But you asked me first. . . . . .

THE MAN. Enough! I belong first to God, to Christ, to the Church. Then to you, to myself.

THE WOMAN (*weeping piteousiy*). Oh! Why did we join a church that separates man from woman, that forces the wife to become a widow; the children to become orphans!

THE MAN. It is sad—very sad.

(*Exalted, exultant.*) But I must go. To the Savior. To Christ. He is now before the Pilate. And although the Pilate is a just man, yet they may condemn him.

(*Shocked.*) Good Lord! Condemn the Son of God to Death!

(*Determinedly.*) But I will die too. Be crucified with Him!

(*With faith.*) But no. He has reserved me for a higher destiny.

THE WOMAN (*fiercely*). To leave your wife!

THE MAN. Yes. To make sacrifice after sacrifice, to be scorned, spat upon. Like Christ. But to teach His word. To go far away, in distant lands. And proclaim His Gospel. Preach His teachings—with him of Tarsus—him whom they say to have become of our Faith.

THE WOMAN (*sobbing*). And our Love?

THE MAN. First is God. And Christ—Love of Mankind; then you. Myself—Love of Woman.

THE WOMAN (*moans.*) Oh! Oh! Oh!

My husband!

THE MAN. O Lord! Give me strength. Strength to go and preach Thy word. And her—strength to live without me. And make Thy Holy Face to shine upon us—upon her and me.—For the sake of Him they say to be Thy Son.

THE WOMAN (*clutching the end of his gown*). Stay! stay!

THE MAN. I cannot. Jesus calls me. Calls me to Him. I must go. Go to the Son of God. Farewell!

(*But still she clings to him.*)

Be gentle. Be good.

(*He pushes her back with force. She seizes him again. At last he tears himself away from her.*)

THE MAN. Let me go!

The Woman's head falls on a heap of stones—and they cut it. She bleeds. A red stream runs down, over the stones, on the grass, staining it. Many purple blotches in the mud. She buries her head in the dirt.)

THE MAN. God forgive me. But it is for Christ!

(*Slowly, regardless of her frenzied cries, he kneels down amid the stones and dirt. He looks into her face. He kisses her blood-smirched lips. Her*

hair blows in his face. And smears it with blood and mud. He presses her to him. Gently, ever so gently. Then, he goes away—slowly, down the hill. To his destiny. To Christ.

The woman stays there. Her face buried in the dirt. She still sobs. And bleeds.)

THE WOMAN. Ah, God! You have separated us!

I might as well have been a harlot,

And he a drunkard. Oh! Ooooh!

(*She curses loudly—fiercely defiantly.*

But the sun is gradually sinking in the western heaven. And she is left there as darkness comes. Her voice, fierce and broken, sags as the long shadows of the mountain creep silently up to meet the kindred shadows of the Night.)

* * * * * * * *

(*The scene is as at first. But it is not so dark. And the wind has ceased.*

In fact it is morning. Shadows of Night float away and are replaced by the grey mists of dawn, heralding the Day about to break.

Dew is on the grass—Tears of God.

The Man is speechless. And the Woman. Like people dumbfounded. They have not realized. They are still waiting to see more. But it is not to be.

The veil hanging between Past and Present has been wrung down. Nor will it ever be lifted again.

A bell tolls from the Convent, down in the valley.)

THE MAN. Good Lord! I've have seen. Looked. And learnt.

THE WOMAN. What?

(*The Man is sitting very close to her. And he loves her. Not physically because they have both seen it: the Light of Truth. But spiritually; for she is his wife. Or mother. Or sister.*)

THE WOMAN. Have you understood?

THE MAN. Yes. I have seen the Light of Truth.

And you have shown me. You, a woman.

THE WOMAN. Yes. Are you grateful?

THE MAN. Very. Grateful because you have lifted the veil of falsehood from before my eyes.

THE WOMAN. And how have you profited?

THE MAN. I was a libertine. A drunkard. I gave way to Passion—to everything and everybody save God.

THE WOMAN. Yes.

THE MAN. And I am grateful to you for having taught me.

Taught me about Nature. About Love. About God. And about myself. I know Nature's fickleness. (*Bitterly*) Ah God! what irony to say that it consoles us. A mother! Never! Nature cannot console me. Nor will she. For I have seen what she is. Eternally insulting.

THE WOMAN. And Love?

THE MAN. Love! Love is a lure—a pitfall set for the best of us. For me. Because I am a King among men. A trap set by the ironic powers of Life. A chance to make us pay for a second's pleasure with a lifetime's pain. This is Life and Love! As they *really* are—not as people say they are.

THE WOMAN. And woman?

THE MAN. Woman is ever impure—In mind. And body.

And woman—tenderly, unwittingly—is no kinder to us than Nature.

But Love has some good in it. It is a passion—a Martyr's like Christ's. A crown of thorns. And not one lacking.

Love is the atrocious torture of crucifixion.

I know Life—not wisely, too well.

But I shall live happy—as happy as I can.

THE WOMAN. And God?

THE MAN. . . .Has deserted us. Like He deserted Christ and let Him bleed. Bleed on the Cross. Ever since He failed to answer his Son's plaint he has been eternally silent. He will be forever.

Alas that there should be a man worthy of the name to pray to One who has abandoned him. Left him alone, opposite sin, with nothing better than a name. A meaningless name. Ah! I have paid for the True Philosophy by my disillusion.

THE WOMAN. What is the True Philosophy?

THE MAN. Self. I shall live in Myself. For Myself. And by myself. I am my solace.

I love pain. Grief. Woe.

I am an Apostle of Human Suffering.

The utter futility of Life makes a hero of me. A god!

For I stand up against life.

Let my life be one sweet song. One sad sob to others.

But I shall not weep. My life shall be the working in obscurity. I shall work in the Dark—for Myself, by Myself, in Myself. Thank God I've seen the Light of Truth!

(*But the Sun is about to rise in the heaven. Dawn is in its turn fleeing. Fleeing before the host of morning rays. The vapors of day float up to mingle with the last shades of dawn. A cock crows, melodiously. Or hideously, But shrilly. In the distance.*)

THE WOMAN. It is Day. And I must go.

THE MAN. I am sorry.

THE WOMAN. And I. I have been very happy here.

THE MAN. You have made me happy too. For I have seen Light. Thanks.

THE WOMAN. Alas! You will not be happy soon.

THE MAN. (*draws himself up proudly*). I have myself. . . . .

THE WOMAN. Not happy in the eyes of the world.

THE MAN. No. For their happiness ignorance is essential. I know Truth. You see they will call me a fool. You made me a fool—by revealing Life to me. But I am glad to be a fool.

THE WOMAN. Farewell.

THE MAN. Farewell. And thanks.

THE WOMAN. Thanks too. Adieu.

(*The cock crows again. Loudly.*

There is a sound. A sound of many voices.

Music. From the convent in the valley.)

VOICES. Ave! Ave Maria! Gratiae Plena! Sancta Mater Dei! Ora pro nobis peccatoribus nunc et in hora mortis.

(*The voices die down. Silence.*

Then a swell. Songs of Thanksgiving Te Deum Laudamus! Nuns singing and praying. To a deaf God. Ah! the irony of it!

The air is heavy—full of sadness.

The hill seems full—full of the tears of the world.

The echo of many songs. Refreshingly sorrowful. Sweetly lugubrious.

Songs of birds. Dainty chirruping; But sad! oh, so sad!

At last the sun rises. Its rays cover all.

There is no longer melancholy. But joy. And light.

Yet it is not the True Light. Not the Light of Truth.

And the tears that filled the hill, the tears of all the world, seem to float away in the music of a distant brook.

The man stands alone. Alone at the crest of the hill.

He follows the Woman with his eyes.

And she stumbles away—far away—in the glory of the morning sunshine.

The Man sighs. Another Day. Another thorn in the crown. But in the glory of his pride he does not fear it. He is an Apostle of Human Suffering. So he does not fear the grief in store for him. But faces it proudly. Exultingly. For he has seen the Light of Truth.)

—*J. G. C. LeClercq, '18.*

The Argosy of Promise

Thick upon the headland grows the purple, scented heather;
There the night wind stoops to kiss a saffron sea,
And there the wavelets whisper and the ripples laugh together
As they splash about the rocks in childish glee.

I wonder, is it fancy that has conjured up the maiden,
Like a pearl that lights the sombre throat of night,
Who is questing to the Westward for the galleon treasure laden,
For the ship that sailed away at break o'light.

But out upon the ocean 'tis the wintriest of weather
And the tempests lash the breakers to be free,
While amid the leagues of darkness, far from aid of Love's endeavor,
Drifts a wreck that answers not the helms decree.

—F. M. Morley, '15.

The Simile Ship

A ship set her sails on a blue-green sea,
And her wings gull-white,
All unbedight,
Like a Goddess' drapery,
Gave her, in the breeze of the coming night,
A perfect symmetry.

And on and on in smoothest dips
She bows with curtsiful grace,
While curling swells in eager race
Kiss gently her maiden lips.

And so let me sail on a warm spring day
In my simile ship, the cloud,
On my ocean the gray-green dale—
Away from the cruel city's crowd—
Away, away and away.

—D. C. Wendell, '16.

Only Eighteen!

May 1st.—A clear day. This Spring is the most beautiful I can remember. My new gown finished. It fits beautifully; but Mother thinks it ought to be taken in a little at the bottom, so we sent it back for repairs. I hate dressmakers!

Father promises to arrange my coming-out affair for early in June. He is an old dear, is Dad!

Charlie V— called and said he had tickets for Vajima—the new musical comedy—for Saturday night. Charlie is awfully kind, but a horrible dancer.

May 2nd.—Bright. Calls. Met a Miss Hartshorne from Chicago at Sylvia's. I think she is rather a prig. Read story of Joseph before going to bed. If I had a husband like Potiphar I would get a divorce. Joseph must have been divine.

May 3rd.—Went to Vajima with Charlie. (Oh! I forgot to say, it was a horribly sloppy day.) The music was rather catchy, but Don Vino was not a bit handsome. I like handsome heroes—it always seems so much more romantic and fairy-taley.

May 4th.—Beautiful. I met them—all four—at Dorothy Varden's house-party. Two are light and tall; one is dark and rather short; and the other has red hair and is—oh! horrible! (Sylvia calls the light-haired ones Castor and Pollux.) They *are* good-looking and—nice.

May 5th.—Served tea on the lawn. (Wonderful day.) Castor and Pollux were here, and the dark one, and Torchy (Virginia says he's just like the fellow in those Sewell Ford stories—I've never read them). We had the Victrola out, and Roland (that's my little brother, ae., 10) played it while we danced. Castor is a won-der-ful dancer, and so tall and interesting, and not a bit fat. I hate fat ones. Castor danced *eight* times with me. P. S. I have given up reading the Bible at night—I am always so tired. (Roland spilled tea on Virginia's dress. He is an imp!)

May 6th.—AWFUL day! Rain. Wet. Read Bible tonight!

May 7th.—Sunday! Church. Poor sermon: all about generosity. (Roland takes collection at the services, and he said Mr. Stack gave a talk on generous giving and then put a black penny in the collection plate!) I don't like generosity like that. Charlie called tonight. Poor Charlie! he is worried about the new chaps and their looks.

May 8th.—DANCE—dance—dance, at Elizabeth Dale's. Perfectly glorious time. Castor was there and—so was I. We had *many* dances together. (He knows a dandy new fox-trot.) Then one dance he said it was so warm and proposed (no, not really!) sitting it out. So we

walked through the garden. Dale's have a beautiful garden; it was made by special Japanese architects—or constructors—or whatever they are. So, with the flowers and sparkling fountains, and moonlight and—well, it was all very wonderful! Castor has traveled a great deal. He helped on the Panama canal, and is a broker with offices on Wall Street! Did not read Bible.

May 9th.—My greatest ambition fulfilled—met a real, live Duke. De Maussin or something is his name, and he has a string of titles yards and yards. Good-bye, Castor!

* * *

June 2nd.—I am terribly excited, with my debut only three days off; and getting ready and all. Went canoeing with the Duke this morning, and he called tonight. I don't like him quite so well as I thought. He is so egotistical and rather a bore. Castor came around to take me motoring this afternoon, but I was out.

June 3d.—Am all nerves. Nice day. Come out tomorrow. 150 invitations. Three gowns. Will wear white satin crepe and a bouquet of orange blossoms. That Duke is around all the time. I dislike him now, he is so officious. Castor is lovely; wants to help send invitations and everything. He is the nicest man I know. I believe, truly, if he proposes I will accept him.

June 4th.—It's all over! I believe I am getting old. Not that "the coming out" wasn't a success. Everything went all right, and the dance and congratulations and stupid presents. But oh! here comes the sad part! A man named Blaine was here from New York, and he knows the men at the houseparty and told me all about them. The Duke is bogus! (Well, that didn't surprise me so much. I always did hate him.) But Castor is MARRIED! ! ! ! ! !—

My romance is over. I shall remain an old maid. But still—there is Charlie!

—*Robert Gibson, '17.*

The Intruder

OUT in the convent garden the stillness was profound. A light mist had settled above the plants and shrubs near the moist earth, and the heavy leafage of the trees was bending low in the monlight as though drunk with sleep. The still air was ladened with the fragrance of flower-beds carefully laid beside white paths.

The only visible life in the peaceful garden was a sister wandering

aimlessly and gazing at the moon. Occasionally she would bend over to smell the flowers or sit for a minute on the rustic bench next the high wall.

Believing herself alone with her thoughts she was startled when a man's voice spoke just behind her. He had climbed the wall and approached unheard on the soft grass.

"Sister Alice?" he questioned.

When she turned he stood still as a statue and the moonlight showed a tall figure with a handsome youthful face.

"You are not allowed in here sir. Please leave the way you came," she ordered.

"It is you!" he murmured gazing at her intently. "You almost smiled at me in church last Sunday, then I saw you and you looked down and blushed. You remember it?"

"No! will you leave or shall I call father." She answered quickly. She dared not tell him she remembered.

"Sister, Sister, he can do us no good. I expected to find you here. I must talk to you, and you must listen." His tone was eager and tense.

She shrank back glancing nervously towards the windows where the other sisters were sleeping.

"How do you know my name? I have nothing to do with you?" The words came in a half frightened whisper.

"Nothing except that I've watched you Sunday after Sunday in church and thought of you every night for so long that at last I swore you should not be only a dream to me."

"You may continue your reveries sir. I must go in." She declared coldly turning away.

The man seized her arm, and held her firmly.

"Do you dare stop me" she whispered.

"I don't dare let you go. I'll never see you again, Sister."

"How did you know I would be here?" Her voice trembled slightly.

"I didn't know it, but I've watched you before and one night you remained to walk alone. I prayed that you would to-night."

His voice became listless and gentle, and somehow the sister began to lose her fear. His manner was refined, his bearing manly, and his tone almost reverent. Thoughts of the past came flashing confusedly through her brain and tore at her will power. His presence made her cheeks burn and thrilled her pulses. Her fear of him vanished and she became afraid of herself.

There was a moments silence with no sound but quick breathing. Then he took her by the shoulders and gazed into her upturned eyes; he saw that they were no ordinary eyes, but large, deep and beautifully

set in a little oval face, under long lashes. He spoke convincingly:

"You're not happy little girl! That's all you are! Your face in church is sad. You never smile. You don't belong in here. You're full of healthy vigor to shut your heart in like this. It flies away at times. You're put here in this world to live in the fullest way you can Sister; not to let a convent shelter you from the blows of life. It's a coward's business to shirk the fight because once it proved too strong."

She shuddered as though the words stung.

"You mustn't talk like that! How do you know these things? I've told them to no one but God." was her amazed reply.

Ignoring her, he continued, "You were out here to-night dreaming, dreaming of what you'd lost—crying with every fibre in you for the life you left behind."

"That' a lie. My thoughts were good—until you came." she declared closing her eyes as if to shut him out of her mind.

Suddenly the man seized her in his arms and kissed her beautiful mouth fiercely, almost cruelly; The touch of his lips seemed to flow through her veins like poison, the moral shock seemed to paralyze her, and she lay limp, half fainting in his arms. That minute had wiped out two years of a holy life lived voluntarily with no obligation but to herself and God. It had dragged her back to her starting point and discounted the one strong deed of her life, when that deed was about to bring her peace. The times when her heart cried for the world had grown fewer and fewer until she had begun to feel the spirit of the sacred life take possession of her and shut out the world like a dead dream of the past. Now her devotion was turned into a mockery and she was no longer worthy of her place among the sisters.

When she looked up at him again the words of scorn died on her half parted lips. His voice was vibrant his eyes filled with tenderness. The words were the simple message of one soul to another.

"Alice, I've looked for someone like you for a long, long time. When I saw your eyes in church, I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful in my life. Had I dared, I would have spoken to you then. Instead, I stole in here to-night to see those eyes shine in the moonlight, and to hear the voice that I knew must go with them; God made dream-nights like this for such as you and I, Sister. You're half spirit, half human; that's why I love you. Don't try to be all spirit. You are made of flesh and blood and you can't get away from the fact. Come out with me and live the life of action; self-restraint in a world of sin, is a higher tribute to your Maker than it is behind these sheltered walls. I love you darling, and you'll find more of God in love than in all the prayers and churches of the universe."

She had listened like one enchanted. A new light had come into her eyes. Then when he took her in his arms her lips met his, almost willingly. As he slowly released her she removed her cowl and cloak. There she stood, the moonlight falling on her short hair --just a little, little girl, gazing at her lover like a thousand others might.

"Take me" she said simply, "I can't go back and confess this. It would kill me. I did see you in church, but I wouldn't let myself watch you. I thought I had forgotten all about love and now—"

She stopped helplessly. For a time they walked quietly, talking in undertones, then he lead her out the gate, leaving it open behind him.

"Where are we going?" she whispered. "I have no clothes but these and oh" she held back half frightened" "I don't even know your name or what you are, or anything."

"Have faith Sister, don't be afraid. We're going to my home."

For the first time the man seemed a little nervous, but the girl was too excited to notice it. He looked about him from side to side as they walked rapidly down the narrow street. They had reached a dark building and were about to pass, when they heard voices in the shadow. The man stopped.

"What is it?" the Sister asked fearfully

In a moment they were surrounded by a crowd of boisterous youths. Cries of "*you win.*" Oh you *Lady-killer.* She fell *Flat* for you," filled the air.

The girl slipped into his arms trembling like a wounded bird. The man held her for a moment, then, as the fellows surrounded the pair he gently released her.

"Sister forgive me. It's only a bet. I can't marry you." he said softly.

A little scream of horror escaped her as she shrank away from him. They were all handing him money. Wild eyed the poor girl saw her price being payed. Then with a sob, she stretched her bare arms straight above her in appeal.

"O Christ forgive!" she murmured brokenly.

The crowd became hushed. Hats were removed. With transfixed eyes they saw her beautiful head sink upon her breast as she turned and walked away.

Her betrayer watched for a moment with teeth set: an angry scowl came into his face.

"The devil take the money!" he cried, and hurled it away into the darkness.

—1917.

THE UNEASY CHAIR

"UNEASY *lies the head that wears a Crown!*" Little foresaw Henry IV, the portentous weight of this exclamation for future generations of ill-omened monarchs. The universality of the statement is irrefutable; in fact it is almost becoming a household expression.

As the schools and colleges enter upon another year's work, the world situation is almost as uncertain as at the end of spring, and the clouds of war still hang dark upon the horizon.

We may count ourselves fortunate to be in the peaceful and elevating atmosphere of Haverford, in these trying days. Realizing our opportunities, we renew our collegiate tasks with increased vigor.

Naturally, with new faces where the familiar ones were, and new officers in the various activities, the questions of policy and purpose make their annual reoccurrence.

Since the advent of man in the garden, his Promethean nature has led him to invent schemes to outwit the gullible public. But the said public has proved times innumerable to be ingullible, so why waste time in outlining a policy for this magazine?

It is not patting the former editors on the back to say that the present board aspires to continue the HAVERFORDIAN as it has been edited in the past—with one exception. We do wish the HAVERFORDIAN to be a little more representative. We want every man in college who is able,—and how much ability is dormant—to contribute and feel that his contribution will obtain impartial consideration. It is possible to better the magazine. Will you help?

Eaglesmere is almost forgotten at this time of year, and yet its mention awakens pleasant recollections in the minds of those privileged to represent Haverford at the recent Y. M. C. A. convention. Too much stress can not be laid on the importance of maintaining the present number of the college delegation, and if possible increasing it.

The benefits derived from association with the class of men that attend Eaglesmere conference, is traceable indirectly by the constant increase of representatives at these conventions.

From the moment the fellows spied the quaint narrow gauge railway, which ascends to the enchanting spot, until they unloaded to gaze upon the beauty of the place itself, and to enjoy the wholesome comradeship of clean men, they were ready to give a lusty "Long and Fast for Eaglesmere."

"*All day long the noise of battle rolled.*" Arthur and his Round Table have long since vanished in the misty past. But, chivaly and mercy are not entirely extinct. The work done by Haverfordians in the war zone has been noble.

THROUGH THE GLASSES

The Birth of a Nation, Forrest Theatre

The "Birth of a Nation" is the first really great moving picture with a national significance. So great was the feeling stirred by its first presentation in Boston that race riots resulted, and in another Northern city the negroes used every means to prevent the arrival of the films. In the West, there have been no succeeding demonstrations, due possibly to the inactive part those states played, in the Civil War, though in Philadelphia the results of the unexpurgated film are yet to be seen.

Such troubles are due directly to a misunderstanding of the true motive. The average white man is simply stirred by the thrilling scenes and the negro sees only the unflattering position in which he is placed. The true American will find a great lesson in patriotism. He will see the great struggle of the Civil War and the dark days succeeding it as the tremendous efforts of a country to become a unit.

It has been remarked frequently that the United States, a republic, is lacking in that patriotic fervor which characterizes some of the countries of the Old World. More of "God save the King" and "Allons enfants de la patrie" would further the fundamental spirit of the "Birth of a Nation."

The moving scene where Northern and Southern friends meet in battle and die together, never fails to bring the handkerchiefs into full play, and a laugh always comes when the negro takes off his shoes and stockings in the Legislature.

Unquestionably the negro is placed in an unfavorable light, but shame is cast upon the Northern who made the colored man a tool. The most exciting episode is probably the night riders' rescue, where three thousand horses are claimed to be used, but whether three thousand or not the film is worth seeing, and viewed in the proper light is a force towards greater America.

—*E. T. P.*

BOOKS

A Far Country, BY WINSTON CHURCHILL, *The MacMillan Company*

Mr. Churchill has reassumed the role of a modern Isaiah in this work which rips our social fabric to shreds with the same scathing criticism that characterized the author's portrayal of the church in "The Inside of the Cup"

Briefly, the life of one Hugh Paret is taken, a boy born of Puritanical parents. Full of ambition which is curbed at home he goes through Harvard Law and works up to be one of the foremost lawyers in the state. Still full of ambition, he forges on never satisfied with his wealth or home or wife and children.

Here the question arises definitely—Can a man of his power be straight? Hugh Paret, as his first success, pulled a bill through the Legislature which was a rank piece of special legislation. From this level he descended to wholesale bribery, firmly convinced through his training in the law office, that this was the only method "right" could win.

This is the "far country" where he was obliged to eat his husks. Early training had taught Paret that wrong was wrong, yet he believed it could be made right. Hence in this unnatural moral code, everything was confused and he could find no pleasure. Perhaps the natural step came in a surreptitious love affair with a former sweetheart, but certain it is that having once thrown aside our present social and moral standards, he was devoid of any ethical standard. Even Nancy, the lover, now the wife of a wealthy polo-player, though returning his love, refuses him. Here Churchill strikes a blow at modern philosophies. Nancy says:

"I have read some of the moderns. I have caught their mania for liberty, for self-realization, but their remedies are vague, they fail to convince me that individuals achieve any *quality* by just taking what they want."

One interesting element is brought out by the teacher of Paret and by one who is called Banker Personality. This last is the spirit of a greater business. The Government should not be fighting legitimate business and business should not regard the Government as a meddlesome and hostile authority. This thought is intensified by the life and work of Krebs, a socialist leader of a new type. His life was

consecrated to paving the way for a logical economic evolution. It was his belief that the lower orders of society would be raised by the co-operation of all the forces into a greater democracy and a greater freedom.

Such new doctrines preached to Paret at a time when his discontent and realization of failure were highest turns him from his business life to seek his wife and to her alone he devotes himself forever.

As a novel the heart interest never plays too obtrusive a part, hence the lessons to be drawn, are the greatest value of the book. Like "The Inside of the Cup" it exposes the abuses of an existing institution, but gives assurance that out of this existing chaos a new order will appear.

—E. T. Price, '17.

ALUMNI

The Alumni Department is in receipt of several items, the full particulars of which it has as yet been unable to gather. These notes will be published in detail in the next issue. Among these are: the deaths of John T. Morris, '67; John Bacon, '87; W. W. Pusey, 2nd, '02 and the marriage of Eben Spencer, '11.

College opened Thursday, September 23d, with an enrollment of 180.

There has been only one change made in the faculty. Dr. Edward D. Snyder a former fellow of Harvard and instructor at Yale, has become instructor in English, filling the place of Dr. Victor O. Freeburg. Dr. Freeburg is now a member of the faculty at Columbia University.

The card system which this department uses makes it impossible to reach all the Alumni. It would facilitate matters if every Alumnus who has any news would send it in without a direct request. The Alumni Department is undoubtedly one of the chief features in the success of a college magazine, so the editor will appreciate you co-operation.

The following open letter to Theodore Roosevelt was sent to the leading dailies in America, and published by many of them on September 5th.

It was signed by eight Haverfordians:—

Theodore Roosevelt has clearly drawn the issue between a military and a non-military policy. The question is of vital importance; it is the most absorbing topic now before our nation. As earnest pacifists and college graduates representing several professions, we challenge the methods he so forcefully proclaims and are sending him the following open letter which is herewith released for publication.

Signed
Henry J. Cadbury, '03
J. Passmore Elkinton, '08
Edward W. Evans, '02
M. Albert Linton, '08
Alfred G. Scattergood, '98
Francis R. Taylor, '06
L. Hollingsworth Wood, '96
Stanley R. Yarnall, '92

Philadelphia
September 3, 1915

AN OPEN LETTER TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The vigor and sincerity with which you have recently pressed the cause of military preparedness and have condemned pacifists as mollycoddles, demand a reply.

In branding the motives of the pacifists as cowardly you are less generous than the pacifists themselves. They concede your sincerity. They, too, uphold the ideal of herosim and self-sacrifice which endure suffering and meet death for righteousness, justice and honor. But they condemn the method of warfare as a means to attain these ends, because the act that renders warfare effective is not the sacrifice of one's self but the killing or maiming of others; because the war spirit with its inevitable elements of ill-will, revenge and hate cannot further the highest ideal of our Christian civilization. On the other hand the true pacifists do not advocate mere passive non-resistance. They sound the call to the heroism of an aggressive, self-sacrificing, unrelenting good-will, which will endure suffering or death, not to kill or maim an enemy, but to overcome with good the evil that is in him. The method is not based upon mere impracticable sentiment. It has proved supremely effective.

Jesus of Nazareth founded a kingdom upon love, and, rather than maintain his cause by violence, died forgiving his enemies. In the uplift of mankind, what soldier has surpassed him? Seventeen centuries ago the spirit of the early Christians was victorious despite the cruelest persecution by the Roman Empire.

The great need of our country to-day is leaders to fire us with the same victorious spirit, to inspire us with the same high heroism. Young men and women will give their lives for this service as cour-

ageously as ever men went forth to battle. They await the summons from the men of vision and influence in our nation. It may lead to martyrdom but it will lead to victory.

(Signed as above).

It is with regret that we reprint the obituary of Dr. John Evans Sheppard, '79, from the *Brooklyn Eagle* of September 13th.

Putnam, Conn., September 13—Dr. John E. Sheppard of Brooklyn died today in the Day-Kimball Hospital here, after an illness from cancer. Prior to admittance to the hospital Dr. Sheppard was at his summer home in Woodstock.

Dr. John Evans Sheppard, who lived at 130 Montague street, had been for many years one of the most eminent otologists of this country. He was born June 1, 1859, at Woodland Farm, Greenwich, Cumberland Co., N. J., being the son of the late George Wood Sheppard and Ruth Bacon Sheppard. He was educated at a private boarding school of Yardley Warner's Daughters of Germantown, Pa.; Westtown Boarding School of Chester County, Pennsylvania; graduated from Haverford College in 1879 and from the Medical College of the University of Pennsylvania in 1882. He took post-graduate studies at the University of Vienna, Austria, and the University of Munich, Germany, together with hospital work in London.

He began private practice in Atlantic City in 1883, then in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, and of later years at 130 Montague street, with an office also in Manhattan. He was aural surgeon of the Brooklyn Throat Hospital, instructor in otology in the New York Postgraduate Hospital, Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital, the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, professor of otology at the New York Polyclinic, attending otologist of the Church Infirmary and Dispensary, member of the Medical Society of Kings County, charter member of the Laryngological Society, New York Otological Society, Brooklyn Pathological Society, member of the Medical Club of Brooklyn, professor of otology in the Long Island College Hospital and in the New York Polyclinic, a Fellow of the American Otological Society and a member of the Cresent Athletic Club. He wrote on dietetics as related to the ear and throat and was the author of many publications, including "Head Injuries With Aural Complications," "Pathology of the Mastoid Process," "Removal of Ossicles," "Boric Acid in Aural Therapeutics," "Deaf-Mutism" and "Mastoiditis."

Dr. Sheppard married in Brooklyn August 11, 1894, Janet Argyle Campbell, who, with their daughter Ruth, survives him. His parents were members of the Society of Firends. He was a member of the Bedford Presbyterian Church, Nostrand avenue and Dean street, Brooklyn, where his funeral services will be held Wednesday afternoon at 4.30 o'clock,

conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. S. Edward Young. The interment will be made on Thursday morning in the Friends Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

'75

Charles E. Tebbetts who is General Secretary of the American Friends Board of Foreign Missions, with headquarters at Richmond, Ind., spent ten weeks during April, May and June in Missionary Conference work within the limits of Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa yearly meetings.

'99

Francis A. Evans was married to Miss Anna Rhoads Elkinton on September twenty-fourth, at the Friends Meeting House, Fourth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the bride, 3613 Powelton Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans will be at home after December 1st, at 127 East Cliveden Avenue, Germantown.

A. Clement Wild is now associated with Lyman, Adams & Bishop in the general practice of law, with offices at 1610 Chicago Title & Trust Building, Chicago.

Ex. '00

Major John Addison Logan has been one of the four foreign military officers with General Joffre and the French general staff at the front. Major Logan has been in this field since December, 1914.

'02

Joseph J. Barclay is running a chicken farm at Bedford, Pa. He is enthusiastic over country life.

'03

Dr. Henry J. Cadbury left college on September 9th for Richmond, Indiana, where he is to have charge of the Biblical department at Earlham College for the first half-year, on leave of absence from Haverford. Dr. Cadbury will resume his work at Haverford for the second half-year.

'04

H. H. Brinton is a member of the faculty at Guilford College, N. C.

'08

A son was born to M. Albert Linton on September 7th. The boy was named for his father.

'09

Andreas Bryne was announced as dead at an Alumni meeting in June. A letter from Mr. Bryne was received later cheerfully denying the report. A brother of his, of the same initial, died last winter, which accounts for the erroneous rumor. Mr. Bryne has just taken an M. A. at Harvard. His address is 13 Farrar, Cambridge.

'10

E. Page Allinson has recently published a poem in "The Journal of the Home of the Merciful Saviour."

Guy S. K. Wheeler has been engaged during the summer in the

preparation of a monograph "The Age of Contempt." He expects to read this before several groups of serious thinkers during the course of the winter.

We reprint the following item from the "*Fourth Estate*" of July 17th., 1915.

Meigs O. Frost, city editor of the Galveston (Texas) News, has been compelled to take an extended vacation on account of eye trouble. Mr. Frost is spending thirty days in the mountains and hills about Llano, Texas.

'11

L. Arnold Post is connected with the American ambulance corps at Nenilly sur Seine, France.

Through the courtesy of President Sharpless, we print the following letter from Mr. Post:

July 17th.

Dear President Sharpless:—

It might interest you to know that I have taken a second in the school of Litterae Humaniores or "greats" at Oxford and am expecting to get a B. Litt. next year. There was little hope of my getting a first. The only two American Rhodes scholars who have ever done it, took three years. Just at present I am helping take care of some five hundred French soldiers who are more or less disabled and helpless. The work is extremely interesting and exacting. There is room here for orderlies almost always. Besides the initial expense a dollar a week would cover everything. Greetings to yourself and all my friends at Haverford.

L. Arnold Post.

'12

James McFadden Carpenter, Jr., was married to Miss Paulette Hagemans, daughter of the Consul General of Belgium, on August 25th at the Overbrook Presbyterian Church, Overbrook, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter will be at home after November 1st at 324 Mitchell Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

K. A. Rhoad has announced his engagement to Miss Mildred E. Bonnell of Redlands, Cal.

William E. Lewis was married to Miss Amy Lorraine Lindenmuth, on August 25th at Allentown, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis will be at home after October 1st, at 27 N 15th st., Allentown.

Mark Balderston is teaching this year at Guilford College, N. C.

'13

Norris F. Hall was awarded a George H. Emerson Scholarship

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for study in chemistry for work done in the Graduate School of Arts, and Sciences, at Harvard University.

'13

L. Ralston Thomas was married to Miss Alice Stanton Bennett, on September 1st, at Pottsville, Pa.

W. S. Crowder is now with the Girard Trust Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Joseph M. Beatty has changed his address to 81 Garfield St., Cambridge.

A. H. Goddard attended the University of Pennsylvania summer school.

George Montgomery is a teacher of English in the West Philadelphia High School.

H. V. Nicholson sails for Japan this month for service as Secretary of the Friends Mission at Tokyo.

Ricbard Howson is at present with the Southwark Iron Foundry.

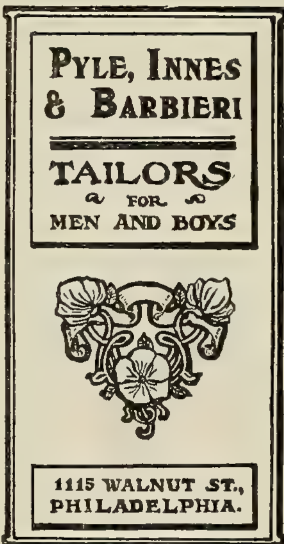
Ex. '13

Dr. Charles G. Darlington was married to Miss Mabel Isabel Heinz on June 16th in the city of New York.

'14

L. B. Lippman is now in the employ of the New Remington Arms Co., at Eddystone, Del.

ALL READY



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Douglas Waples has returned to the Gilman County School, Baltimore, Md., where he is teaching.

J. K. Garrigues has resumed his work as an instructor in the Haverford School.

'15

K. P. A. Taylor is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

Cyrus Falkoner is attending the Agricultural School at Cornell University.

E. N. Votaw is studying law at the University of Pennsylvania.

W. E. Veil is an assistant in chemistry at Harvard University.

L. P. Crosman is with the American Linotype Company, Philadelphia.

Paul K. Whipple and Edgar M. Bowman are teaching fellows at Haverford College.

D. B. Van Hollen and Hubert A. Howson are studying in the Harvard Law School.

G. H. Hallet is studying mathematics in the Harvard graduate school.

Yoshio Nitobe was a reporter on the *Public Ledger* staff during the summer.

C. Brinkly Turner is with the Girard Trust Company.

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Vol. XXXVII HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1915 No. 6

Colby Dorr Van Dam, '17,

We have the pleasure of announcing the election of Colby Dorr Van Dam, '17, to the editorial board.

In This Issue

Special Features

The Panama Expositions........Joshua L. Baily, Jr., '12 221

The Prophet of Holy Russia..........W. H. Chamberlin, '17 229

Preparedness..................Carroll D. Champlin, '14 240

Little Albert........................C. Van Dam, '17 249

Stories

The Spectre of St. Andrew's Church...Donald G. Baird, '15 234

Circumstantial Evidence................Robert Gibson, '17 245

Verse

For the Slain.....................Albert H. Stone, '16 239

The Blind Beggar...................Donald G. Baird, '15 248

Departments

The Uneasy Chair.................................... 253

Alumni.......................Donald H. Painter, '17 254

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1915 No. 6.

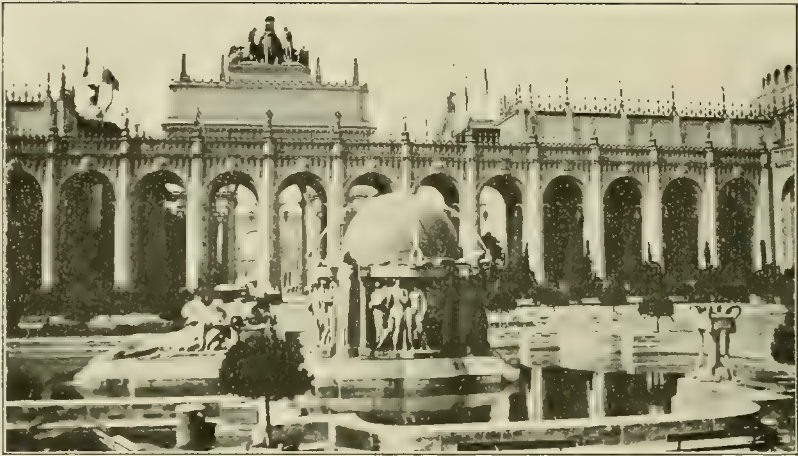
The Panama Expositions

IT is always asked by visitors from the East why there need be two expositions commemorative of the same event, and the answer is the old story of Remus and Romulus quarreling over the site of the city. San Diego claimed the fair on grounds of priority, the expense fund having been subscribed as early as 1910. The following year San Francisco entered the field with six times the population, and consequently six times the money and advertising.

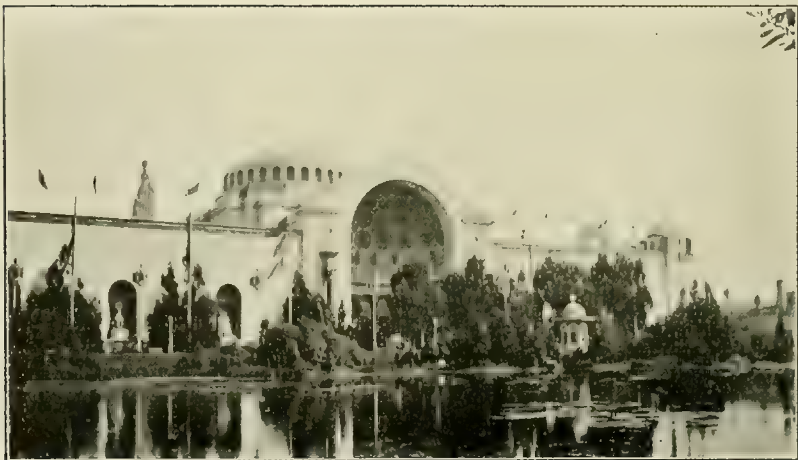
The Philadelphian finds much on the map of San Francisco to remind him of home. Among the streets may be mentioned Market, Filbert, Chestnut, Sansom, Pine, Green, Lombard, and Montgomery Avenue. There are also the ferries at the foot of Market Street, and Laurel Hill Cemetery. Here the resemblance ceases. San Francisco has water on three sides, consequently its expansion has been somewhat limited, but it extends upward further than any city in the East. It is no uncommon thing for the difference in altitude between the ends of a city block to exceed the height of a six-story building. This slope is steeper than the angle at which gravity overcomes traction, and trolley cars are enabled to negotiate them by means of an endless cable, so that the car descending the grade pulls the other up, the two balancing each other.

Although San Francisco has two parks of considerable size, neither was available for the Panama-Pacific exposition, and it was necessary to reclaim 600 odd acres from the bay for the purpose, a remarkable operation successfully accomplished. The ground so made is divided into three parts, devoted to the amusement concessions, the exhibits, and the state and foreign buildings. The whole is surrounded by a wall made of wooden boxes in which mesembryanthemum, the California substitute for sod, has been planted, producing a very beautiful and individual effect.

The most conspicuous object in the grounds is the Tower of Jewels, so called on account of the artificially manufactured jewels ornamenting it, making it a "scintillant coruscation of beauty." Searchlights con-



COURT OF ABUNDANCE (P. P. I. E.)



PALACE OF EDUCATION (P. P. I. E.)

cealed all over the grounds play upon it by night, making it sparkle like the cotton batting snow so much in demand at Christmas time. But a more extreme lighting effect is produced by the Scintillator, a device that imitates the Aurora Borealis. Unfortunately, it is very seldom employed. The screen on which it is thrown is an artificial cloud, generated by a steam locomotive kept for that purpose.

The lighting system reaches its highest development in the Court of Abundance. Two high altars send up clouds of incense, and red electric lights concealed in the altars illuminate the smoke. Serpents whose bifurcated tongues serve as gas jets are conspicuous among the ornamentation of still other altars, while more artfully concealed lights shed a diffused red glow on the architecture, with no line of discontinuity between darkness and light.

The most beautiful building in the exposition is the Palace of Fine Arts. The San Franciscans appreciate this, and are raising a fund to convert it into a permanent structure. Unlike all the other buildings in appearance, it is semicircular in shape, embracing a lagoon, on which the black swans glide slowly about, admiring the fidelity with which the fluted columns of the Palace are reflected on its surface. The statuary lining the edge of the lagoon is well worthy of the attention it receives, one statue in particular of Franklin, by Dr. R. T. Mackenzie, of the U. of Pa., being of great interest.

Architecturally, the exhibit buildings show little variety. In fact, they have a rather incomplete appearance. Many have half-domes on the walls, making them look as if turned inside out. The expansive walls are unbroken by windows, giving them a barren aspect, and the skylights seem truncated. But inside the exhibits present great diversity. Possibly the best are those of the Bell Telephone Co., in which a conversation between New York and San Francisco takes place, and the Edison Kinetophone is demonstrated, and of the Ford Co. in which Ford cars are assembled in twenty minutes. The story goes that a man called up the manager of the Ford exhibit and asked if it were true that they assembled a car in such record time, and on being answered affirmatively replied, "That must be the car I bought."

Among so many exhibits it is difficult to select any as being unusually good, and different people will naturally be impressed in different ways. My own personal selection would include exhibits by the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Carnegie Institution, and the U. S. Commission on Fish and Fisheries.

The state buildings are for the most part rather uninteresting, as they contain few exhibits. The New Jersey building is interesting be-

cause it contains so many photographs, but the best drawing card is the Pennsylvania building with the Liberty Bell; but when the latter is taken to San Diego there will remain nothing of peculiar interest to the Pennsylvanian except the bulletin board where news items are posted. The California state building is an exception, as it is full of exhibits, but it is grouped with the main exhibit buildings, and one never thinks of it as a state building.

The effect produced on the mind of a visitor is that of immensity. There is so much to be seen and heard that while one may be deeply

PALACE OF FINE ARTS (P. P. I. E.)

impressed, the impression is very likely to resemble that of a negative on which multiple exposures have been made. It is very different at San Diego. To compare the two would be like comparing a Liszt symphonic poem to a Mozart string quartet. The most satisfactory distinction that can be made is perhaps that the Panama-Pacific appeals to the emotion, while the Panama-California appeals to the imagination. The Panama-California exposition is in three dimensions, instead of two, as that at San Francisco. San Diego has perhaps a larger park area in proportion to population than any other city in the world, and no more ideal location for an exposition could be imagined than Balboa Park (surveyed by a Haverfordian, it is interesting to note). The entrance to the fair is by way of the Puente Cabrillo, named for the discoverer of San Diego in 1542. It is a seven-arched concrete bridge, 135 feet above

the lily pond beneath it, leading to the ocean gate, beyond which is the Prado, lined by exposition buildings.

Within the gate, the grounds are a wild riot of variegated and brilliant coloring. The floral exhibits (the best of which are the canna beds by Conard and Jones, of West Grove, Pa.), the peacocks and golden pheasants strolling about the lawns and Gardens of Montezuma, the richly colored marquesitas above the windows, and the tiles on the domes, all seem to rival each other in presenting to the eye of the visitor their azure, orange, and scarlet. The prevailing type of architecture is Spanish-Renascence, characterized by a wealth of ornamentation and statuary about the doorways.

The most significant building, architecturally, is that of the state of California. Its dome is modeled after that of the cathedral at Taxco, Mexico, the most beautiful church in America. About its base runs a Latin inscription from Deut. 8: 8, and no more appropriate inscription could be found. The tower has its prototypes in Seville and Cordoba, and the fachada is said to be the finest in existence. In its niches stand statues of noted characters connected with San Diego history, Cabrillo, Viscaino, Portoba, Vancouver, Ascension, Jaume, Serra, and others, together with the arms of the four nations that claimed San Diego: Spain, Mexico, California, and the United States.

Within the building is an exhibit by the American Institute of Archaeology. This association has been engaged in making very extensive excavations in Yucatan and Guatemala, and the space beneath the dome is occupied entirely by models of temples and monoliths from Guirigua, Palenque, Chichen Itza, Uxmal, etc. In the vestibule is a replica of the Farnham Historical Frieze in the Pan-American Union at Washington, one of the "most important achievements in modern American sculpture." Above the front door the date of the opening of the exposition, Jan. 1st, 1915, is inscribed in Maya hieroglyphics.

There are other exhibits of interest in this building, such as the pictures of the Santa Ysabel and Mesa Grande Indians, by Mr. Edward H. Davis, one of the few white men to be elected "El Capitan" by an Indian tribe; the series of pictures illustrating the evolution of exposition architecture, the Franciscan Chapel, the Fine Arts exhibit, and the Pioneers' exhibit, but only passing mention may be made of them here.

The Science of Man building contains the most complete anthropological exhibit in the world. Here are fac-similes of the bones of the men of Spy, the Laquina woman, the Neanderthal man, the Heidelberg man, the Piltdown man, and the Java ape-man, Pithecanthropus. This collection has greatly increased in value since the European war, so

many of the originals from which these casts have been made having been destroyed. There is also a series of twelve busts, by the Belgian sculptor Mascre made just before his disappearance, also a victim of the war. They are restorations from the bones described above.

There is one more archaeological exhibit in addition to these—the Indian Arts, in which baskets, blankets, pottery, implements of stone, obsidian, and hardened copper, totem poles, tepees, and Eskimo igloos, are to be seen, an interesting exhibit, but one whose full significance can not be appreciated except after long-continued study.

Just outside this building is the Plaza de Panama, a large open square, stocked with 5,000 pigeons, which have become very intimate with the tourists, many of whom have their pictures taken feeding the pigeons that are roosting all over them.

In a semitropical climate like that of San Diego a glass-roofed botanical building would have added but little, consequently the greenhouse is built of lath and serves as little more than a windbreak. In front of it is the Laguna de las Flores, a pond in which lilies of three colors, and lotus flowers and hyacinths, luxuriate, and on whose banks grow pampas grass and papyrus, where the goldfish play and the humming birds taste the blossoms of the century plants by day, and the hylas pipe their song by night.

The outdoor organ is of importance, being the largest in the world, and many artists who have visited San Diego have sung to its accompaniment. Much more characteristic music may be heard, however, by attending the entertainments by the Hawaiian and Spanish troupes, who are constantly performing at some point in the grounds.

The state of New Mexico is the only one to refuse to divide its appropriation, consequently its building has not been duplicated at San Francisco. The Forestry Service maintains an exhibit on the second floor of this building, which is a reproduction of the old governor's palace at Santa Fe, and the best state building, except that of California, on the grounds.

In addition to the state buildings are the California County buildings, whose exhibits are largely of local interest. Possibly the best of these is the potter who makes small articles, and sometimes large ones, too, on a potter's wheel. He is quite an artist and is developing an American fictile art.

It is not generally known that there are three fairs being held on the Pacific Coast this year. The third is at Tia Juana, Mexico, and in some respects is more truly Spanish in spirit than either of the other two. Here one may gamble according to the most approved or disproved meth-

LAGUNA DE LAS FLORES (P. C. E.)

CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING (P. C. E)

ods; one may stake a fortune on a throw of dice or turn of a wheel, here one may bet on a cockfight every afternoon, and witness a bullfight every Sunday. The laws of Lower California do not permit horses in the arena, so other spectacular events are staged, such as fights between a bull and a tiger, or a bull and a lion, a bull dog and a wild cat, or coyote, or a man and a chimpanzee. Most of these events are farces, but two of the wealthiest interests of the vicinity, one from each side of the line, are co-operating to build a track for horse-racing that is to surpass that at Ciudad Juarez. Tia Juana is just far enough north to be of easy access from San Diego, and far enough south to be out of the jurisdiction of the United States, which explains the slogan, "The Lid is off at Tia

EL PRADO (P. C. E.)

Juana," and ever since the gambling concessions on the Isthmus at San Diego have closed, the Tia Juana fair has prospered mightily.

There has been much expression of thought on keeping the Panama-California exposition open one more year. In such a case, many of the exhibits at San Francisco will be brought south, especially those of the belligerent nations. The race track at Tia Juana will prove an active drawing card for eastern visitors, and a movement is on foot to establish museums in any of the buildings which may be vacated, so that there will be something to appeal to every one who takes advantage of the opportunity to visit Nueva Espana by the Harbor of the Sun.

—*Joshua L. Baily, Jr., 1912.*

San Diego, Cal.

The Prophet of Holy Russia

IN accounts of the great struggle that is now devastating Europe, one's attention is sometimes arrested by the phrase, "Holy Russia." The question naturally arises: why are Russia's claims to sanctity any more valid than those of Germany, France, England, or Belgium? Perhaps the most satisfactory solution of this problem may be found in a study of the works of Fedor Mikhailovitch Dostoievsky, one of the most distinguished figures in the small group of Russian novelists, who have done so much to exalt their country's literature.

Dostoievsky was born in Moscow in 1821. His father was an official, of one of the lower grades. After receiving the education of a military engineer, Fedor decided to take up the profession of writing. He contributed to a number of magazines and published his first novel, "Poor Folk." But his career was abruptly suspended by an event which was destined to exert a compelling influence on his life-work.

The revolutionary year of 1848 acted as a stimulus to independent thought, even in despotic Russia. Dostoievsky joined a progressive debating society, whose topics of discussion, harmless as they seem to us, were regarded by the Russian government as highly treasonable. Arrested, with a number of his companions, the young writer was condemned to death. He had actually been led to the scaffold, when an officer rode up, bearing an imperial decree, commuting his sentence from death to exile in Siberia. In the period of his exile (1849–1853) Dostoievsky's views on life seem to have undergone decisive modification. Far from despising his fellow-convicts, he sought to recognize their good qualities, even humbly acknowledging that many of them were far better men than he himself. He had no faith in the intellectual aristocracy of Plato, Nietzsche and Renan. The culture which appealed to him was that which aimed at the enlightenment and uplift of all humanity. "I see no reason," he says, "why all the millions of my fellow-Russians should not become cultured, happy, and contented." Equally notable is his attitude towards the reactionary government. which had so cruelly persecuted him. The sentence of death, the long years of tedious exile in Siberia bred in him no vindictive desire for revenge. On the contrary, he always spoke of the action of the government as having paved the way for his spiritual regeneration. Like his successor, Tolstoi, he preached the doctrine of unconditional non-resistance.

So much for the psychological effects of his exile. The remaining facts of his life may be briefly summarized. Returning to Russia, he achieved his most significant literary triumph with the publication of

"Crime and Punishment," in 1866. The success of this novel in Russia was enormous, and its reputation soon spread to other lands. The book is still the most widely read novel in the Russian language. Dostoievsky devoted the last fifteen years of his life to literary activity. Among his more important works may be mentioned, "The Brothers Karamazov," "The Idiot," and "The House of the Dead." (The latter is a record of the writer's Siberian experiences.) He died in 1881, and was escorted to his grave by thousands of his countrymen, who paid to his genius a tribute more spontaneous and sincere than any ever accorded to czar or emperor.

We are now led to inquire what elements in his mind and heart could have inspired such enthusiastic devotion. Let us first consider him purely as a novelist. Upon a first consideration of his works, the most unskilled critic cannot fail to detect a number of serious flaws. His books are written in a loose and cumbersome style, which often necessitates excessive length. He delights in melodramatic coincidences, and lacks altogether the smooth polish which is such a notable feature of the work of Turgeniev and Tolstoi. But the reader completely loses sight of his faults in the contemplation of two qualities in which Dostoievsky is surpassed by few writers in any tongue: dramatic power and psychological analysis. A few examples from his works may help to illustrate these points.

The hero of "Crime and Punishment," unbalanced by lack of food and long, solitary brooding, murders an old woman moneylender and her sister for the sake of their gains. As he is about to flee from the scene of his crime, he hears someone beginning to ascend the stairs. The picture of the bloodstained murderer, crouched behind the locked door, listening, in frenzied terror, to the inexorable approach of the steps, is worthy of Shakespeare in his highest moments of tragic power. Take another scene from the same novel. The murderer, half-crazed by morbid remorse for his crime, falls in with a young girl, who, through no fault of her own, through an irresistible combination of hostile circumstances, has fallen into the mire of prostitution. Bitterly the murderer rehearses the dark arguments of his atheistic philosophy. And, in reply, the girl, in the face of her shame, her misery, her dark forebodings and doubts, opens the Bible, the only book she has ever known, and, by a miracle of triumphant faith, reads the account of the resurrection of Lazarus, filling herself once more with confidence in the existence of a divine justice and mercy, in the possibility of a new life of hope and regeneration. The effect of this scene can only be compared to a burst of glorious sunshine from skies of leaden darkness. And there is another

scene in "Crime and Punishment," which possesses elements of thrilling dramatic power. A worthless debauchee, cynic and sensualist, Svidrigailoff by name, is inspired with a mad passion for a pure and innocent girl. Having, as he thinks, lured her into his power, he is suddenly confronted by two loaded pistols. Cynically indifferent to danger, he advances to seize his prey. The girl fires one shot, missing him by a narrow margin. He continues to advance; suddenly she throws away her other pistol, and sinks down, helpless as a trapped bird. Svidrigailoff turns and leaves her, inspired with a vague, ineffable longing for something higher and nobler than anything he has ever known; he commits suicide the next day.

Surely even the bare outline of these scenes must give some indication of the titanic power of the man who created them. But one could go on with similar descriptions indefinitely; for "Crime and Punishment" is a succession of dramatic climaxes, piled high on each other, like the fabled peaks of Ossa and Olympus.

Nor is Dostoievsky's psychological insight less remarkable than his tragic power. In "The Brothers Karamazov" we have a remarkable picture of the development and interaction of a number of complex characters. One feature of Dostoievsky's character painting is his ability to recognize and express the base and noble sentiments of his characters simultaneously. In "Crime and Punishment" we have the spectacle of the drunken Marmeladoff, sunk in the lowest degradation, still retaining a genuine and passionate interest in the welfare of his family. A Puritan moralist might sneer at such a combination of noble feeling and ignoble action; but we cannot but feel that this very combination is only too characteristic of weak and erring humanity. Dostoievsky never paints a character of one hue. The perfect hero and the melodramatic villain are conspicuous by their absence in his works. His characters are living, breathing men and women, whom we love in spite of their faults, and whose virtues never blind us to their humanity. With all his mysticism and religious faith, Dostoievsky is an uncompromising realist, as genuine and convincing in his depiction of character as Flaubert or Zola.

But equally fascinating with Dostoievsky, the dramatist and psychologist, is Dostoievsky, the mystic, the interpreter of the vague spiritual yearnings of Holy Russia. For, in almost all his books, we find a rich vein of religious and philosophic thought, out of which we are able to construct the author's peculiar and interesting views on life. The foundations of Dostoievsky's mystic philosophy are laid in humility, abnegation, sacrifice and expiation. His conception of the duty of self-

depreciation is especially wide and far-reaching. No matter how bad a man may be, one has no right to condemn him, even secretly. In "The Brothers Karamazov" the pure monk, Alyosha, the embodiment of Dostoievsky's spiritual ideals, feels no impulse to condemn, or even to despise his disreputable rake of a father. Dostoievsky follows out Christ's principles of non-resistance and unconditional submission to violence and wrong to their logical extent. Another strong element in the Russian writer's work is a mystic yearning for self-sacrifice, for expiation. It is not very easy to attain a complete understanding of Dostoievsky's views on this point. He seems to feel an overpowering consciousness that everyone is, somehow, partly responsible for the sin and misery of mankind, and that it is the duty of everyone to offer expiation, in some way, for this responsibility. It is this strange, vague, but powerful impulse that drives the saturnine murderer of "Crime and Punishment" to confess his crime and suffer its penalty. Another very striking feature of Dostoievsky's philosophy is the emphasis laid upon love and pity. His God has none of the wrathful attributes of Jehovah; no human sin can exceed the divine pity and forgiveness. And his conception of hell-fire is the torment of those who are unable to love their fellow-men. Dostoievsky's whole religion may be summed up as a creed of moral and intellectual democracy, founded on the principles of faith, love, and humility. And his democracy is the more real and convincing because of its utter freedom from the affectation, from the straining after effect, which one is sometimes led to suspect in certain other noted republicans, such as Rousseau, Hugo, and Walt Whitman.

But, it may be inquired, why is Dostoievsky to be taken as the authoritative spokesman of the Russian people? Why do his personal theories necessarily represent the ideals of a great part of his countrymen? Such objections certainly would apply to any treatment of Kant, or Schopenhauer, or Hegel, or Nietzsche, or Eucken, as the *typical* German philosopher. But in Russia we do not find any such diversity of philosophic belief. The influence of the Radicals and Nihilists is largely confined to the cities. And there can be little doubt that the unconscious thought and feeling of the Russian peasant finds its best expression in the genius of Dostoievsky and Tolstoi. The immense popularity of Dostoievsky's works in Russia, the extraordinary homage paid to his memory at his funeral, are convincing proofs of the firm hold that he has upon the hearts of the Russian people.

The reasons which led me to choose Dostoievsky, instead of his more celebrated compatriot, Tolstoi, as the representative of spiritual Russia, may require some explanation. Tolstoi, like our own Walt

Whitman, was filled with a burning desire to get away from the world of fashion, of culture and dilettanteism, and to reach the common people. And, by a curious irony of fate, both the Russian novelist and the American poet are now chiefly interesting to the literary critics and dilettanti whom they despised and contemned during their life. For the "common people" of America do not read Whitman. If they read poetry at all, they prefer a writer who expresses a simple message in melodious verse, a poet of the type of Longfellow or Tennyson. And the same condition applies, if in lesser degree, to Tolstoi. The exquisite beauty of "Anna Karenina" may well have a general appeal; but only professional critics or devotees of a personal cult can derive much enjoyment from the pages of metaphysical and moral discussion which bulk so large in "War and Peace" and "The Resurrection." Dostoievsky, on the other hand, makes no effort to "reach" the people; he is one of them himself. His style is easy and colloquial, even if it is loose and long-drawn-out. And, above all, he is a novelist of emotion; while Tolstoi is often inclined to subordinate every other consideration to the working out of some abstract intellectual problem. Hence it can easily be seen that Dostoievsky gives a much clearer and simpler picture of the people with whom he is in natural accord than Tolstoi can give of the people whom he is striving to reach.

So Dostoievsky stands out, with peculiar vividness, as the Prophet of Holy Russia—not the Russia of the Romanoffs, the Jew-haters, the Black Hundreds; nor yet the Russia of the militant anarchists and atheistic radicals, but the Russia whose spiritual ideals of humility and self-abnegation, sacrifice and expiation have received the seal of the Great Teacher of Galilee. And it is to this Russia, to Holy Russia, that the spiritual psychologists of the future may well look for light on some of their most vital problems.

—W. H. C., '17.

The Spectre of St. Andrew's Church

HENRY FIELD was merely an organist, in a little town in Connecticut, of the familiar type which teaches the mischievous boys of small cities and villages to sing praises to their Maker for the munificent sum of fifty cents per month and twenty-five cents extra if their conduct so merits. There was no mystery or romance in his life, it was decidedly uneventful. Never deviating from his musical studies, he had not dealt in those healthy, innocent love affairs so natural to a young man. Women were distasteful to Henry, particularly young women. Whenever he found himself in their presence, his hands felt twice their normal size and his collar seemed to be several inches smaller.

It was his custom to leave Mrs. Quilley's "select" boarding house, where the pretty young schoolmistress scientifically laid snares for him and the old ladies discussed him over their tatting and knitting, at exactly four o'clock in the afternoon to practice at St. Andrew's Church.

The diminutive organist walked down the lively little street in a most absent-minded manner, seeing no one that passed or saluted him, his mind dwelling in a perfect maze of notes, bars, sharps, flats, double sharps and scales.

Henry's mind was never fully upon a conversation; instead, he would go browsing off into musical clover fields. It was said that he sometimes played divine music without being conscious of it. This was simply because he had mastered the art of improvising.

On this eventful day he left Mrs. Quilley's at the usual time, and ambled down Center Street toward the church. He was an odd sight, this little organist, with rather unkempt brown hair, a black suit that had the appearance of never seeing a clothes-brush, and a black and white necktie up almost under his right ear. His mild brown eyes were very nearly eclipsed by a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, which perched high on his aquiline nose.

When Henry entered the church it was his custom to lock the door on the inside, because he preferred to be alone during practicing hours. There had been a time when he left the door open, but all the old ladies in the parish congregated there to listen and give vent to many soft "Oh's" and "Ah's" when the divine music stirred their doting old souls. With the old ladies there came very often, especially in Lent, some of the young girls of the little city, which disconcerted him not a little.

Henry Field, although he did not know it, was a desirable "catch"; he was honest, received a comfortable little salary, and his father, the

military band leader and composer of stirring marches, had willed him a good fortune. This accounted for the presence of some of the young ladies.

Having locked the door and walked up the nave into the chancel, he dusted the organ bench with a soiled handkerchief, turned on the water-motor and arranged his music. Henry worked by schedule, playing first the hymns for the coming Sunday, then the anthem, then the Te Deum, and winding up with the offertory. When the work was thus dispatched, he would play—as he said; any average mortal would call it work.

He had just finished something by Sullivan, and was beginning on a dainty little composition by Mozart (you have heard them, they begin 'way up in the third manual in the reeds) when from the darkest corner of the nave came a mournful, heart-rending sigh which was echoed in whispers among the heavy rafters. What can it be? thought Henry. He had locked the door! Probably imagination. Yes, surely, that was it. He began again. Again that mournful sound, and a rustling as of skirts. A woman! What was a woman doing in there at this hour? This was deplorable that he should be bothered in this way! He would certainly have Mr. Phipps, the sexton, reprimanded very severely for not keeping the lock on the church door in order.

Henry made another attempt. Again that pathetic sigh, and more rustling and ripping of cloth. Sheer peevishness made him bold, and without turning around, he asked:

"Oh, I say! Would you mind not wheezing in that silly way? It's—it's very annoying, you know."

"Very well," answered a sweet feminine voice.

The organist was progressing beautifully when he was startled by a rush of damp, ill-smelling air which seemed to fill the church and—"Why has the governor not hanged *you?*"

Here Henry made two fearful discords and put on the trumpet-stop in his excitement.

"What—what —why should I be hanged?" he managed to stammer.

"They hanged my sister and they hanged me," replied the voice, "because that my sister made sweet music on little rods of iron, and I helped her."

"You were hanged!" gasped the organist, and here his eyes managed to pierce the deep gloom of the church. What he saw there made him break into a cold perspiration, and the back of his neck felt drawn and bristly. One of the large stone slabs with which the nave was paved had been raised up, and beside the dark hole that it left stood a very beautiful young girl, clumsily wrapped in a cheap cloth shroud.

The cloth was mouldy and brown with age. She had pushed the wrappings back from her head and allowed her dark hair to fall down her back. Henry, being extremely artistic, could not help showing admiration even in his terror. The girl noticed this.

"Yes, there was a time when I was very fair, but they spoiled it all," and she tore her arms free from the soggy cloth and rubbed her neck gently. Henry could vaguely see, as she moved nearer, that there were hideous deep blue lines and ridges on the white skin.

The girl moved closer to the chancel steps and the organist began to feel panicky, but he realized that the only way to escape was through the organ loft, and his knees were too busy knocking against each other to bear him up the ladder. So he decided to engage her in conversation.

"Wh-who are you?"

"Mercy Clawson, sir."

"When were you—ah—executed?" he asked. He was becoming bolder since it was evident that she intended doing him no immediate harm.

"On the second day of May in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and sixty-two," she replied, "about forty paces from the north side of this church. It may be known to you that they did build this church over part of the Potters' Field in which we were buried.

"Sarah yearned always for bright things and music, and when she found that she could make music with little pieces of iron she would leave her spinning to go up in the loft and play and sing. It happened that Hannah Dinsborough, the daughter of our nearest neighbor, heard Sarah playing one day and said that she was a witch, and that I aided her in entertaining the devil with his warlocks and witches. It did us no good to deny it. All of the townsfolk believed her, and they accordingly seized us and took us to the witch-finder, who pricked us with sundry long pins, but we could not make outcry for very shame."

"Why did the girl say that you were witches?" asked the organist.

"In truth she was afflicted with jealousy, because Jonathan Bassett's son paid court to Sarah."

"Why didn't you make a noise and object?" asked Henry.

"We did so, but the people said that it was the devil prompting us. Anyhow, they all were anxious to have an execution, because the governor was coming to town and it was their desire that he should enjoy himself, as they desired to stand strongly in his favor."

"Weren't you frightened?"

"Indeed yes, but that did us no good. The governor came into town from Hartford, and when he heard of the execution in his honor,

he was much pleased, and asked to see us. (This our gaoler told us.) He came to the door of our cell, looked sharply at us and said, 'Hum! Truly these are witches.' But his eyes were bleared with drink and he could not have known.

"Here ended all hope for us. My poor mother was nigh unto death with grief and fright. They would not suffer her to see us or embrace us; she could only speak from outside a narrow little window. Here she spent most of her time sobbing and trying to comfort us." Here the girl bowed her head and shook with sobs; then, calming herself, she continued: "Goody Trumbull happened by and said to my mother—

"'You should rejoice that yon witches are to be killed, even though they be your children; 'tis for the good of the colony.'

"''Twould be better for the colony if they would hang those that spread such evil reports, and those of high authority who sanction this ill-treatment of innocent women,' said mother.

"'Hush!' said Goody Trumbull, 'those words, if overheard, are apt to bring trouble.'

"'I care not,' said my mother, and fell to weeping bitterly.

"The time appointed being come, our gaoler led us out. Pale we must have been, but we did not tremble or shrink, and even that assembly of crazed folk who awaited us outside the prison murmured their admiration.

"Never shall I forget the little town of Winsor as it was on that spring day, with the meeting-house shaded by the two great elms and the birds singing merrily. When we turned the corner of the meeting-house, there, stark and black against the sky, stood the gallows. But we kept on.

"We were led into the meeting-house, where many of the elders were present, and that great assembly of people filled the room. The governor came in with the rest of the magistrates and sat within the bar. The trial was tedious, but in short the accusers were called forth and bidden to give their evidence. This they did, and out of a few simple psalm tunes and jingles and tinkling iron grew up the most gruesome and horrible falsehoods. The people were mad, and the magistrates were eager to please. We knew before trial what our fate would be. Were not the gallows ready?

"Finally we were asked sundry questions, one of which I remember distinctly. It was this: 'Now will you confess that the devil and witches visited you frequently, and that you played and sang unholy music for his revels?'

"We remained silent. Then the people—the folk who had called

themselves our friends and had known us as children—spat on us, struck us, and tore our clothing almost from our backs. They were crazy—crazed with superstition and lust of blood.

"The magistrates decided that our guilt was so evident that our execution must be carried out straightway. Then we were taken from the meeting-house to the place of execution, with the throng howling about us and calling us vile names.

"My sister was led up the ladder first and when she was standing ready and praying softly, young Jonathan Bassett shouted out against them all and tried to save Sarah, but they cried that she had bewitched him and held him back, although he struggled hard to get free. When the plank fell I swooned, and when I was revived I was told that my poor mother had been led from the accursed place quite mad, which was a blessing."

"What then?" questioned Henry.

"Then I walked up the ladder as the blood-red sun sank below Winsor hills, commended myself to God, and bowed my head for the noose——"

Suddenly Henry again felt that rush of damp, foul air and the figure seemed to sink as the paving stone dropped back into its place.

When Henry Field came to himself he was lying on the davenport in Mrs. Quilley's sitting room, with a doctor and the young schoolmistress by his side. The latter was gently applying witch-hazel to his throbbing head and calling him pet names. Henry was astonished to find that this was not at all unpleasant; in fact he rather enjoyed it, and lay there blinking under the anxious gaze of the exceedingly pretty schoolmistress.

"What happened?" the bewildered and entranced Henry finally managed to ask.

"Ceiling of organ-loft fell; beam hit your head; sexton found you. Don't talk," growled the doctor.

Henry dozed off again, with the hand of his fair attendant tightly clasped in his own.

The next week Henry and the schoolmistress spent a day at Hartford,and at his suggestion they went to the Library, where Henry asked to see a certain book. When it was found, Henry carefully searched its crisp pages, brown with age. On page 44 he found—

"May it please yr Honble Court, we the grand inquest now setting for the County of Winsor, being made sensable, not only by common fame (but by testamonies duly billed to us) that Sarah & Mercy Clawson daughters of Thankful Clawson, both of Winsor, remain under the suss-

pition of useing witchecraft, which is abomanable both in ye sight of God & man and ought to be witnessed against. We do therefore (in complyance to our duty, the discharge of our oathes and that trust reposed in us) presente the above mentioned persons to the Honble Court of Assistants now setting in Winsor, that they may be taken into Custody & proceeded against according to their demerits.

"in behalfe of the Grand Jury,
"Joseph Dinsborough, foreman.

"Winsor 15th, Apr., 1662"

And written below in a strong hand was—

"Clawson, Sarah and Mercy; daughters of Thankful Clawson. Executed for witchcraft May 2, 1662."

Henry quickly closed the book and handed it back to a library attendant, who carefully placed it in its lined box.

"Why, Henry! I didn't know you were interested in the Salem witchcraft scare," said the schoolmistress.

"Oh, tolerably, tolerably," mumbled Henry as they went out to lunch. He was too faint to say any more, and his collar seemed too small for his neck. But the fact remains that Henry never told what he saw and heard in the dark nave of the church on that eventful afternoon.

—Donald G. Baird, '15.

For the Slain

White waves that beat in vain,
Storm-cloud and driving rain,
Tempest and hurricane,
Wail for thee.

Long shadows creeping slow,
Sad gusts bemoaning low,
Rose leaves that withered blow,
Mourn for thee.

Gray fields that silent lie,
Chill rain from leaden sky,
Willows that droop, and I
Weep for thee.

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

Preparedness

DISCUSSIONS on preparedness are the order of the day. In times of international crises and world-wide disturbances, it is well to be awake to possible exigencies. But the world is always at war. Every day is a battle to which we are all called by the great conscription of nature, and for which a college education aims to provide a complete and incomparable preparation. There will be found herein no treatment of armaments, so called, but of ornaments which are a safer and more substantial defense to individuals than dreadnoughts and regiments are to nations. Historic and current events prove the fallacy of the claim that a nation is immune from attack when primed for resistance; but that personal preparedness is a preventive against abuse and injury cannot be so readily refuted. I wish to write regarding two aspects of this better kind of preparedness.

The physical equipment of men is the first phase to be considered. Digressing a little at the start, America's peace proclivities are due in great part to the combative natures and practices of her citizens, paradoxical as this may seem. Halls of legislation, stock markets, athletic fields, etc., are the scenes of continual conflict; and it is in such places that we Americans express our passion for rivalry and competition. We energize our instincts in a harmless manner, yet in a profitable way withal. We are so occupied with our daily struggles for intellectual, business, and athletic supremacy that we allow no such cankerous hatreds to arise as the peoples of Europe seem to have for one another. Especially are our diamonds and gridirons excellent safety-valves for draining us of any desire to plan and perpetrate wars. Team enthusiasm and rigorous training are efficient substitutes for military discipline. Doubtless the European powers will imitate us eventually.

Our many games have their individual benefits, but it is impossible to continue some of them after graduation. They are too violent for the indulgence of the average man, as he advances to middle life. Furthermore, our arms will need the most attention, for men must of necessity do much walking in performing their daily duties. A few minutes of judicious boxing twice a week will enable any man to keep the muscles of his arms on a par with those of his legs. Men who box are quick and strong because they box; they do not box because they are quick and strong. Boxing is a practical and pleasant form of life insurance; and there are no premiums to pay. A man can have no more healthful and fascinating physical hobby. Nor is this sport so strenuous as some are inclined to believe. The aim should be skill and generalship, not mere

slugging ability. Judgment of time and distance are essential for success. Boxing broadens the shoulders, strengthens the neck, and forestalls obesity. Moreover, the expert performer is always courageous and confident in times of attack, and he is always phlegmatic and composed in the midst of excitement. Men are ever in danger of assault from rioters and thugs, but he who knows what to do and how to do it, is comparatively secure. The boxer is seldom boastful or given to brawling. It is a well-known fact that order is easily maintained in those parts of a large city where boxing clubs are located. The fighting spirit is curbed rather than stimulated by boxing. The day of doom for firearms is fast approaching—the present increased output to the contrary notwithstanding; and the régime of the fist is about to begin. Do not let any prejudices give an unfair connotation for the term fist. Since the future is sure to relegate guns, and since thieves and assassins will be compelled to rely more upon clubs and blows, it behooves men to learn for themselves and to teach to others, the manly art of sparring. This is no knock at the college sports of to-day. In short, my thesis is this: ability to box should be the crystallization of all athletic endeavor, the culminating achievement of all physical training. The perils of life are many. Are we ready to defend ourselves and those who will be dependent upon us?

The second part of this paper is concerned with the art of oratory, and here I must not be so brief. He who can present his thoughts logically and forcefully to others is an orator. The oratory which interests us as college men is the oratory of the mind and of the heart. The artifices of the elocutionist or vaudeville monologist have nothing in common with this subject. Word juggling and vocal inflections are irrelevant matters. The force of the true orator is within, not without. Men can be eloquent without being clever or loud. Clarity of ideas and sincerity of convictions are the foremost attributes of the true orator. Socrates once said, "All men are eloquent in that which they understand." An appreciation of and a devotion to a cause will do much toward making a great orator. The temperance and equal suffrage movements have made orators of many who had thought themselves without talent. A more general interest in political and social reforms would react favorably upon the number and quality of our platform workers. Emerson wrote, "Eloquence is the appropriate organ of the highest personal energy." Mathews eulogizes the art in the following manner: "Of all the efforts of the human mind, there is no one which demands for its success so rare a union of mental gifts as eloquence." In another place this last-named thinker has written that to make a success of oratory is

"the greatest triumph of which the human mind is capable, and that in which its divinity is most signally revealed." We have philosophers, then, for the claim that oratory is no mean art.

Although Cicero was right in claiming that "poets are born such, while orators are made such," it is indisputably true that oratory demands an unusually wide range of intellectual faculties. Sound reasoning, a fertile imagination, quick wit, profound judgment, a strong memory, and a deep appreciation of the beauties of nature and of the realities of life, are the necessary ingredients of the orator's mental equipment. Is it not obvious that all our education tends to make orators of us? Certainly Cicero was correct. Then why is the standard of ability so low among college men? Our failure in this regard is due to a lack of what may well be called *rhetorical reflection*, caused by the almost infinite number of things for us to see and to hear and to do. Our hurried American life is detrimental to oratory as well as to poetry, for both require the practice of meditation. He who is ambitious to become a public speaker should have for his slogan: in times of silence prepare for speech; just as for our physical preparation we should lay up a reserve of vitality when well, in order to tide us through any illness that may overtake us later. And incidentally the practice of oratory itself is a splendid aid to good health. Anemic orators are as scarce as flat-lunged prima donnas. It is a profitable practice to think in terms of complete and well-balanced sentences. During spare moments create a paragraph that would pass creditably the blue pencil's test. While waiting for trains, when dining alone, during idle moments under all conditions, organize the thoughts of your wayward mind into literary form. Experiment with your mind's fringe, transforming vague notions into clear-cut ideas. When reading a book, sum up every few pages, just as if you were giving the resume aloud to friends. In studying your college textbooks, anticipate the professors' questions, and recite to yourself in fully expressed sentences. The fluent man is not necessarily gifted. He has simply refused to waste time day-dreaming. The speeches of many orators seem to be delivered extemporaneously, when in truth they were composed piece by piece on many different occasions. Webster reasoned out his ponderous arguments during the recesses of the Senate, and he coined many of his most striking phrases while angling along the river banks of New England. Clay performed before cows and horses, imagining them to be his opponents and judges in debate. Bryan had been preparing his memorable Chicago address during the three or four years prior to its delivery. Countless other cases could be cited to show that both orators and orations are

created by the mind's proper use of time. Think in terms of sentences, and the day will come when you will be repaid for your painstaking. Talk seldom, but be ready to speak *always*. Be patient and persevere, for some day the world will listen while you speak. You will have not only the thoughts to convince, but the language to captivate as well.

How different history would be if certain men had not been intellectually prepared for the crucial periods. Greece and Rome were wise in educating their youths for the rostrum, and this ability for argument was the power that saved these nations time and again. As long as Demosthenes and Cicero were permitted to express their views, Greece and Rome were able to give liberty to their citizens; but when they were silenced, tyranny and despotism prevailed. Pitt, Burke, and Gladstone, through the influence of their oratory, preserved for posterity England's best political ideals. In America, Otis, Henry, and the Adamses spoke our independence into being. The logic of Hamilton established our government, and the eloquence of Webster saved it. But the old style of oratory will not do to-day. The average audience will not tolerate verbosity and bombast. The simplicity and sincerity of Lincoln are more acceptable than the classicism and labored language of Everett. To be natural is always the first lesson in oratory, although the aspirant should strive continually to improve that which nature has furnished. When studying the masterpieces of the past, affect only the lofty ideals that led to their delivery. Read to get imbued with ambition and familiar with the arrangement of arguments, but imitate *never*.

The benefits from public speaking are manifold. The memory is made tenacious, when one carries out faithfully those exercises that aid the orator. The essential points of any subject are made permanent by being brought repeatedly before the consciousness. The orator acquires a fondness for reading and composition, that will serve him well for other purposes than speaking. Letter-writing becomes a pleasure, and listening to lectures and sermons becomes the best of treats. Oratory makes a man self-confident and fearless. Orators develop rugged features as well as vigorous constitutions. Continual preparation for public speaking conduces to the higher life and prevents morbid wanderings of mind. It teaches its devotees to be students of human nature. None can analyze a heterogeneous collection of men so well as the experienced orator. Lawyers and preachers become keen students of language and literature. They dissect and criticise the works of the masters. They saturate themselves with the gems of art, and thus build up a fringe that will be of use in times of need. A deep and

abiding interest in poetry is often aroused by looking about for apt excerpts to quote; and many an orator has learned to respect the Bible from his professional contact with it. Ex-senators Dolliver and Beveridge were always learning new poems and anecdotes for their speeches. In this way the habit of illustration and a vast fund of information were acquired. Their language became automatically elegant from the frequent perusal and use of eloquent passages. Finally the long-continued practice of oratory creates in man a passion for perfection. These advantages are worth any effort. Let us not feel that we are missing much in not receiving instruction in oratory, for life itself is the best school of expression. Observation and self-culture can do more for us than the most capable corps of instructors. Grace and power will come with practice and depth of feeling. Oratory has been used in stirring up wars. Let us use it in helping to bring about peace among men. Are we prepared to use this potent weapon both for ourselves and for our fellow men?

As the ability to box is the apex of all athletic attainments, just so is oratory the climax of all intellectual training. As the manly art of self-defense is the practical aspect of physical culture, just so is public speaking the application of knowledge; for what profit is there in discovering the Truth and not being able to impart this elixir of wisdom to the world? The ability to box has saved many a life, and the power of oral expression has prevented many a man from suffering embarrassment and disgrace. Boxers are the least pugnacious of men, and orators are no more loquacious than grand opera stars are ostentatious of their musical prowess. Public speakers are too busy to talk; their time is spent in thinking and speaking within themselves. May we college men bring our training to such a culmination that we shall always control completely and know how to use most advantageously our athletic and intellectual capabilities. Let us be *prepared* both physically and mentally to meet the emergencies of life.

—*Carroll D. Champlin, '14.*

Circumstantial Evidence

FRANK NORRIS must undoubtedly leave Haverford. This was no surprise to Teddy Perkins—Teddy the busybody, the tale-carrier, the spy, the all-around nuisance, the jackal which hangs at the rear of the chase. Teddy had long been convinced that Frank was a sneak. Now he was doubly certain. Things were being missed by the fellows. Stickpins, watchchains, and even money were being purloined from the dormitories by some mysterious agency. The President made theft the subject of his talk in Tuesday morning collection. Teddy, under cover of his Trig. book, darkly insinuated to his neighbors that "he knew things about some fellows which were best kept dark." There was a general air of annoyance and uneasiness among the classes, and the Rhineys were roundly hissed because their Jack-a-Napes had surreptitiously left his seat and was squelched into an apologetic blush. The miasma of distrust was polluting the wholesome comradeship of the college. And between Teddy and the authorities it was pretty certain that Frank Norris would be expelled. Not publicly, but tacitly, tactfully. To be sure, Frank had never been caught in any of the misdeeds attributed to him. There was no first-hand witness of his guilt. In fact the affair was a disagreeable surprise to his close friends. Frank had always been so straightforward and honorable that he had won the respect of his associates. The *thinking* men could not readily admit that their esteem was unwarranted. A good reputation was not a bauble to be cast aside at the slightest provocation. However, there were other men in college—men who wore the distinguished insignia of the fraternity of "Knockers." Critiques "par excellence," they observed their official dignity with solemn importance; and being themselves in that enviable state of idleness, they assumed a divine power to hold inquests over the actions of their more productive brethren. Teddy Perkins was an important functionary in that cosmopolitan society. He was well versed in its tenets and consequently was proficient in the art of holding a grudge. Well he remembered the time Frank had displaced him as quarterback on the "Scrub" and had eventually become the varsity star. And the girl—but here he smiled vindictively. Time would tell! Of course the evidence was not conclusive. But his face assumed an expression of malevolent satisfaction as he took a gold watchchain from his pocket and eyed it reflectively. He had found it by Frank's door—undoubtedly dropped on a hurried return from one of his doubtful escapades. The blow would fall tomorrow, then....

Now for Sunday evening supper (he grimaced), Y. M. C. A. (he was smug), and then a quiet session with the Dean.

Fall twilight on the campus. Y. M. C. A. in the Union at 6.30.

From Lloyd issue the strains of a "rag." On the second floor of the same, four stolid figures are playing bridge. From the kitchen comes the clatter of dishes. The library is lighted and a spectacled youth pores over a book. Several fellows are rambling towards Merion via the bushes. In the Annex an animated "game" is already in progress. In Merion Cottage a "familiar" figure is ensconced in an armchair, in a posture of extreme fatigue, smoking a cigarette. The talk ends in the Y. M. C. A. The music—"Now the day is over" . . . . . A small group issues from the Union.

And over all, the Spirit of Classic Haverford looks below and frowns.

Frank Norris rushed out of Y. M. C. A. in a tumult of emotions. He had an intuition that he was "in bad"—quietly black-balled by popular verdict. Hester Prynne with her shame incarnadined on her breast could not have felt more poignantly the agony of soul which Frank was undergoing. If his shame were blazoned from the trees,—shouted in the highways,—it would be preferable to this awful, silent, accusing finger. What would his parents say? What would she—ah! the bitter tears came into his eyes. She—whose friendship had meant so much;—a friendship which he fondly called love. But it was even more than love. She had spurred him to great efforts. She had stimulated his ambition. He was content to pursue his work without the vague, unprofitable ramblings of so many other fellows,—with, of course, an occasional visit to her. And now he must confess his disgrace.

Stunned in mind, unconscious of movement, he made his way up Lancaster Avenue to her house.

She was sitting by the log fire, crocheting, and received Frank with the sweet naivete he knew so well. She was *very* attractive in her little white frock, with the funny ruffles on the bottom. She knew it was his favorite . After the conventional greetings (the servant girl was just disappearing), Frank sat down on a chair *she* had placed before the hearth for him. The fire burned brightly and threw a rosy light upon his pallid countenance. His nervousness was apparent. She glanced at him curiously.

"Why, what is the matter tonight, Frank? Not like your old self at all. What *can* be the trouble?" She drew her chair closer in a delightfully confiding manner.

"Oh—nothing—" he began, at a loss how to break the news. Then, his position unbearable, he blurted: "Yes, everything is the matter! I have to tell you—I am going to be fired!"

She paled instantly. "Fired? Why, what do you mean? They—you don't mean——"

"Yes, expelled from college," he interrupted savagely.

"Oh! Frank, you aren't? What for?"

"Stealing!"

She drew back in horror. "Stealing? You! Oh! it's not true! It can't be! Tell me it isn't true," she pleaded.

Frank attempted to answer, but failed. He could not frame the words which would express his innocence. He covered his face and gritted his teeth to keep back the tears.

Then—marvel of marvels!—he felt a soft hand on his head and a sweet, sorrowful voice whispered in his ear:

"Never mind, Frank, dear. I know there is some awful mistake. It will come out all right. I——"

She did not finish. Frank sprang to his feet and, without a word of farewell, rushed hastily from the room.

She heard the door open and shut, and then sank limply into her chair.

All was silent in the room save for the merry crackling of the flames, which now flared brightly and then subsided.

Outdoors the sky was black. The wind howled dismally through the trees, and, like a silent guardian of the campus, old Barclay opposed her somber walls to the raging elements. A sudden gust,—a sound of rending wood, -a mighty crash! One more of the historic college trees had bowed to the hand of time.

The next morning Frank awoke with a start from a troubled sleep. Lewis had just entered with the mail. He leafed over it. One letter—two—three—nothing! Frank breathed a sigh of relief. Just then a knock at the door. Cap bowed his apologies. "You are wanted by the President immediately, sir." Frank's heart sank.

"All right, Cap"——He hastily pulled on his clothes. He *was* to be fired, then! The Dean had intimated as much the other morning. *Somebody* had given him the suspicions—and the watchchain. Frank burned with rage and mortification. He pulled on a brown shoe and a black pump with nervous haste, and tied his cravat in a sailor's knot. Then he ran for the office. It seemed ages before he reached Roberts. In reality it was only thirty seconds. Every incident in his college life

seemed to flash before his eyes. His mind was a jumbled phantasmagoria. His hopes, his successes, his failures,—all the little odds and ends of his happy three years were crammed into that one mental picture. Now he was to. . . . . . .

Frank Norris knocked at the President's door with a firm hand. He would at least "face the music."

The President volunteered a grave "Good morning." Frank almost fell upon his knees to beg leniency. This man, whom everyone respected so much, inspired a ray of hope in his breast.

"Norris, you will have to attend church if you stay at college on Sundays. You overcut above all allowances the last quarter. That is all. Good morning!"

"Wha—" began Frank, then ran to the window. There were shouts on the campus. A crowd was collecting in front of Barclay. Frank rushed out to learn the trouble, forgetting in his excitement the plight he was in. "Only kidding the old-clothes man," he surmised. A jostling, laughing mob surrounded the big chestnut tree, which had blown down the night before. Frank shouldered his way to the front, where he could see what was causing the disturbance. The tree, rotten and hollow from age, had broken close to the ground. And there among the shattered branches, on a glittering heap of coins, pencils, pins, and all imaginable articles, sat a very excited gray squirrel, chattering defiance at the boisterous crowd.

—Robert Gibson, '17.

The Blind Beggar

Men speak of sun on the Temple wall,
The bright-robed throng within the mall,
The brazen sun enlight'ning all—
Light! Light! Light!
While I who sit forever blind,
Begging alms from the passers kind,
Can picture only in my mind—
Light! Light! Light!
Of what avail the gushing tear?
The gods I worship draw not near.
Consigned to Darkness and to Fear,
Blind! Blind! Blind!

—Donald G. Baird, '15.

Little Albert

CAST OF CHARACTERS

A German Guard of the Imperial Army
Little Albert,—A youthful Belgian
His Mother

THE scene is a street corner in the shattered city of Louvain on the morning after it has been destroyed by the Germans. Wreckage and smouldering timber extend in the background. In front to the left, a German guard is sitting in the shadow of a ruined cathedral, reading a newspaper. It is nine o'clock in the morning.

A little boy of five enters on the right, threading his way through the fallen masonry and glass which fill the side walk. He is neatly dressed in a blue linen suit, his golden hair is Dutch cut and socks expose his chubby legs. He looks about him in a bewildered fashion and then steps up to the guard and touches him on the shoulder.

Little Albert—Have you seen my daddy anywhere?

Guard—Why no, sonny! I haven't seen anybody to-day. (There is a pause) Guess most of the men that live 'round here are sleeping late, eh? (He smiles).

L. A.—What for?

G.—There are no alarm clocks in eternity my boy.

L. A.—Then that's where my daddy is; he loves to sleep. How can I get there?

G.—A real little Belgian just crazy to die. Well . . . they all seem to like it pretty well, but (indulgently) you can't get there! Come here and tell me how you happened to be left behind.

L. A.—(Perplexed) I haven't been left anywhere. I live right over there. Where are all the people, and what's the matter with all the houses? They're all falling apart.

G.—Where were you yesterday? Did you miss the little party we had?

L. A.—Yes; mother kept me in the house all day; and we had an awful thunderstorm. She was afraid. I saw her crying once and laughed at her; I wasn't a bit afraid. It was a bad storm though and I couldn't go to sleep, so I went up in the attic closet away from the noise and lay down on some blankets. I woke up this morning with all my clothes on. I couldn't find mamma but she'll be back; she often goes out early. Every one was gone: the dining room and kitchen were all mixed up,

so I came out here. I wish mamma would come back, I want some breakfast, I'll go and see if she is home yet.

G.—She isn't. You stay here with me; I'll give you something to eat.

L. A.—Thanks. Say, what happened to all the houses anyway?

G.—I guess they were all struck by lightning in the storm. You see it was a new kind—a German thunderstorm. They're much worse.

L. A.—Are you a German?

G.—Yes.

L. A.—Fighting in the big war?

G.—Yes.

L. A.—Then why don't you shoot me?

G.—Oh, that wouldn't do any good.

L. A.—Does it do any good to shoot the other men?

G.—Yes, they must be shot so that they can't shoot.

L. A.—Oh! (He sits down beside the Guard) Have you got a little boy?

G.—Yes, I have.

L. A.—Like me?

G. —A little younger. (He hands him some bread and jelly).

L. A.—Thanks; (Eating) That's good, it tastes like mamma's.

G.—Perhaps it is. (Amusedly).

L. A.—Say, does your little boy miss you like I miss my daddy?

G.—I hope so.

L. A.—Then why don't you go back to him? There's no more men to shoot.

G.—I wish I could, my boy.

L. A.—I wonder if his mamma cries like mine when there is a German thunderstorm?

G.—(Startled) I'm afraid she would, but—er—we don't have them.

L. A.—(Seriously) I don't think it is nice of God to send them to us when no one else has them.

G.—God will send them to all Europe before long. "Some" storms they will be, too. The Allies will need umbrellas and raincoats. It will be raining bullets. Ha! Ha! Ha! (He slaps his knee at the thought.)

L. A.—What! God doesn't send bullets, it rains water.

(*A woman enters suddenly at the right. She is still youthful in appearance though her hair is disheveled and her shirtwaist torn. She rushes to the boy and clasps him fiercely in her arms.*)

The Mother—Thank God I've found you!

L. A.—(Puzzled) Where have you been Mamma?

M.—Been? I've been searching for you all night; where were you?

L. A.—Upstairs in the closet. I went up there at bed time because of the thunder.

M.—To think what I've suffered for nothing. (She draws her hand wearily across her forehead.) I thought you had gotten out, you had been wanting to go all day, and I found the door left open. (Then noticing the guard, she draws herself up to her full height and faces him scornfully) Well, Sir? What do you want, him too?

G.—No, mine Frau.

L. A.—Oh! mamma, he knows where daddy is and we're going to find him.

M.—Hush, child. (She closes her eyes and draws in a quick breath)

G.—He was hungry and we had something to eat.

L. A.—It was good too!

M.—(Addressing the Guard) What are you left here for? Are there houses which your shells have missed? Or has someone been left alive by mistake?

G.—(Laughing insultingly) No; I'm the porter left to watch the stage after the play is over. It's rather slow too, now that the curtain has gone down.

M.—(Looking at him with startled eyes) Good God, is it all a joke to you? Have you Germans all gone mad? Where are your minds and where are your hearts?

G.—(Earnestly) My heart is with my children and their mother. As for my mind, men do not stop to think in war—they act. If we should stop to think, half of us would go mad. We obey the command of our officer as if he were a god, and follow the man in front.

M.—Officer!—I suppose you mean Lutwitz, he ought to be a galley slave, not an officer. Because, in desperation, our men killed and wounded fifty Germans, he orders the city to be wiped out. He'll be an officer in Hell soon.

G.—We fight for lives as other men do. (Coldly).

M.—No: you fight because you love it. It is your pride and your pleasure. (Scornfully) Aren't you proud now? Doesn't it rejoice your heart, that you have crushed Belgium?

G.—Mine Frau—We will not complain whether we win or lose. We have learned that it is a privilege to die for our country. If you were a good Belgian you would think the same and not wail at your losses. Because we bite the dogs at our throats, you think us heartless,

but we fight to the end, and if we lose we smile; our women smile; our children smile, and say, "We've done our best for our Fatherland!"

M.—(Stepping close and gazing into his face with burning eyes) And you've done your best for Belgium too. (Seeing him smile amusedly) Yes, and you're proud of your conquest, you brutes! How brave you have been to attack this little country just one twentieth of your size. (She comes close to him with her fists clenched) I'm a good patriot as well as you. I gave my husband to be slaughtered. Yesterday I received a damnable little slip of paper saying that my nineteen year old boy was dead. That boy didn't belong to Belgium. He belonged to me. *I* suffered to bring him into this world; it was *my* breasts that nourished him; *my* arms that rocked him to sleep, and *my* lips that kissed away his baby tears, and in the name of God, will you tell me what right they've got to kill him.

G.—Mine Frau, War is not "right." It is one huge sacrifice. Men give their blood, and women give (He hesitates with a grim smile) . . . their tears. It is all they've got to give, but it's an even bargain, I guess.

M.—(Fiercely) Don't we bear the men that fight and aren't our hearts torn worse than their flesh? (Then slowly she turns to little Albert who has been watching her in amazement) I didn't mean that you should know all this, Albert, try to forget it, won't you?

L. A.—But Mamma, he knows where Daddy is.

M.—And so do I, darling. He and brother are together and happy, I hope. We can't see them again, Albert, but if we are good and brave, they will look after us. We'll forget all this and just love each other, won't we, darling? (She smiles bravely at her boy, then turning to the soldier: she bows courteously) Thank you for feeding him, sir!

G.—I'd do it for any boy, M'am, I got one too.

M.—Come Albert, (She takes him by the hand).

L. A.—Are we going home, Mamma?

M.—No dear, we're going to America, away from all this horror and death.

L. A.—Do they have German thunder storms there, Mamma?

M.—No, there the sun shines, and there is peace. (She takes him in her arms and walks slowly off stage).

CURTAIN

—*C. Van Dam, '17.*

THE UNEASY CHAIR

THE CASE OF DR. NEARING: INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM VERSUS CONSTITUTED AUTHORITY

THE dismissal of Dr. Scott Nearing by the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania last June attracted such widespread notice and comment that it would be superfluous to go into the early details of the case. Recently Dr. J. William White presented a justification of Nearing's dismissal in the columns of the "Public Ledger"; and the Board of Trustees, moved by the torrent of protest aroused by their action, has issued a written statement of the ostensible grounds of their action. But neither Dr. White's well-expressed arguments nor the reasons of the Board have altered the case for the better. The truth of the matter is that Dr. Nearing's dismissal, in one respect, is very similar to the rape of Belgium and the sinking of the "Lusitania." It is so bad that the most skillful defense only makes it look worse. Dr. Nearing is accused of setting radical economic theories before a "class of people that is incapable of understanding properly such unsettling doctrines," and of "compromising the University by an inordinate desire for personal exploitation." In regard to the first objection, it may be observed that Dr. Nearing's theories, if true, may very well be communicated to those who are most affected by them; while, in regard to the second, it would seem that the University could hardly object to any excess of coarseness and vulgarity after giving its unreserved sanction to that remarkable religious, histrionic and financial genius, the Rev. William A. Sunday, during his stay in Philadelphia last winter. Dr. Nearing's thorough knowledge of his subject, magnetic personality and power of inspiring his students with genuine enthusiasm are unquestioned. And yet, despite these facts, despite the recommendation of Nearing's colleagues of the faculty (the only proper judges of a professor's competence), the Board of Trustees dismissed Dr. Nearing merely because he had certain radical economic theories and was not afraid to express them. A more damning proof of the disgraceful subservience of the University to corrupt business and reactionary politics could hardly be required.

But Dr. Nearing's case, while interesting in itself, is peculiarly instructive as illustrative of the age-long battle between individual free-

dom and constituted authority, the bulwark of those unfortunate individuals who feel divinely commissioned to relieve their neighbors of the trouble of thinking for themselves. It is a battle which has taken many forms; but which has had, and always will have, only one result. Charles I and Archbishop Laud tried to relieve the English people of the responsibility of doing their own political and religious thinking; and the English people sent king and priest to the block. The Bourbons made the same attempt in France, with the same result. And the whole tendency of history has been slowly, but irresistibly inclining away from the divine right of the Church, from the divine right of the State, to the human right of the individual to self-expression and self-development. It should be the part of every college student who believes in true democracy, to work for free thought and free speech to such an extent that a repetition of the Scott Nearing outrage will become impossible.

—W. H. C., '17.

ALUMNI

The Haverford undergraduates of this and future generations owe much to the memory of John T. Morris, Ex-'67, whose death occurred during the late summer. Not only did he contribute the money for building the Morris Infirmary, but he personally supervised and provided for every detail of its nearly perfect construction and equipment. And he spared neither time nor thought nor money to do this. Only those who have been so unfortunate as to have been sick in the three rooms on the top floor of Founders Hall, which formerly served as an infirmary, can fully appreciate this debt.

To do things as nearly perfect as was humanly possible was his predominant characteristic. Only that which was real, genuine, perfect, held his interest. And what he did was done without the noise of trumpets, without expectation of reward, other than the lasting satisfaction of having performed his undertaking to the best of his ability. A friend of long standing, when told that he had offered to build the proposed Haverford College Infirmary, remarked, "If they"—meaning the college authorities—"will keep their hands off he will build the finest college infirmary in the country."

He never took any credit to

himself for what he had done, nor did he wish any given him, rather holding the opinion that the part he had played, first in making Haverford's Infirmary possible, and then nearly perfect, was of but little moment. It was most fitting with his other traits of character that only those who were close to him, only those who gave him their love and who held his love, should have known of his extreme kindliness of heart, his ready sympathy and his generous instincts. A good, kind, brave, honest man of strong convictions has begun a bigger life—a stout heart that recognized and held to the genuine beauty of his world, in spite of its rush and cold, has gone on.

—By An Alumnus.

The sad report of two more Haverfordians who have crossed the bar and who are now only cherished memories to their friends, includes Alexander A. Richmond, Ex-'54, and Wilson L. Smith, Ex-'89.

Alexander A. Richmond was born in New Bedford, Mass., July 11th, 1836, the son of Joshua Richmond and Hannah H. Hussey. He entered Haverford in the year 1851 and was here for only one term, leaving in 1851. On October 13th, 1868, he was united in marriage with Miss Emma Frost. Their home was in Peekskill, N. Y., where occurred the death of Mr. Richmond on October 15th, 1915.

Wilson Longstreth Smith died at his home, 135 South 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa., on Sunday, October 3d, after an illness of three weeks. Mr. Smith was born in Philadelphia, April 28th, 1867, the son of Horace J. Smith and Margaret Longstreth. He was a direct descendant of James Logan, who came to this country with William Penn. Mr. Smith entered Haverford in 1885 and left at the close of his Sophomore year. On September 21st, 1893, he married Miss Frances Evelyn Busiel, of Laconia, N. H. He was a member of the Art Club, the Huntingdon Valley Country Club, the Philadelphia Historical Society and the Rumson Country Club, of Rumson, N. J. Funeral services were conducted at Mr. Smith's home by the Rev. A. J. P. McClure, of the St. James' Protestant Episcopal Church.

President Sharpless received in June the honorary degree of LL.D. from Harvard University. "He resisted," said President Lowell, "the lure of numbers and insisted on upholding the ideals of scholarship and character."

At a joint meeting of three committees, consisting of the President of the College, the Chairman, and a special Committee

from the Board of Managers, and the Alumni Extension Committee, Richard M. Gummere, '02, was appointed *Assistant to the President*, to assume his duties at once and correlate the work in which Alumni and Faculty and undergraduates have been interested. He will assist the President in any detail matters which the President consigns to him, he will act as an intermediate and connecting link between Alumni and undergraduates in all lines when those bodies come together, and he will have charge of such matters as the correspondence which has grown up in various Eastern newspapers. He has a desk in the Dean's office, Roberts Hall, and can be reached there every morning.

'65

Professor Jones expects to deliver a Lowell Lecture in Boston the coming winter on "The Influence of the Quakers in New England."

'71

William D. Hartshorne has had published recently by the Rockwell and Churchill Press, of Boston, Mass., a monograph on "The Relations Between Humidity and Regains on Wool and Cotton."

Mr. Hartshorne, who has formerly published studies concerning the effects of moisture on cotton and worsted, purposes to show the results on weights of climatic changes. The article is explained by means of unit system charts based on readings from the Sling Hygrometer.

This work is of additional interest from the fact that the cotton industry is now facing serious problems.

Wm. D. Hartshorne, Jr., '11, attended summer school at Columbia University in New York last summer, as also did I. C. Poley, '12, and Stanley R. Yarnall, '92. A. G. H. Spiers, '02, taught French at this same summer school.

'84

Chas. Jacobs, who has taught modern languages at Moses Brown School for a great many years, is suffering fron a severe illness and will not be able to carry on his teaching this year.

'92

Christian Brinton has been appointed Trowbridge Lecturer at Yale University. He will deliver an illustrated lecture on "Impressionistic and Decorative Tendencies in Landscape and Figure," on January 10th.

'94

Dr. C. B. Farr, who recently got his M.A. from Haverford, is now Professor at the Polyclinic Hospital on Diseases of the Stomach.

'96

The engagement is announced of L. Hollingsworth Wood and Miss Helen Underhill, of Jericho, L. I.

Mr. Wood recently sent pamphlets to the students at Haverford, in an endeavor to eliminate the smokers of cigarettes. The demand of the world is efficiency and, as Mr. Wood expresses it, "some important business interests are feeling the advantage of eliminating the smokers of cigarettes." The booklet, published by Henry Ford, is entitled, "The Case Against the Little White Slaver," and contains the comments of some of the successful business men of this country.

Mr. Wood was also among the speakers at the International Peace Congress held at San Francisco, California, on Oct. 10th, 11th, 13th.

'97

T. N. Maxfield, who is assistant in Philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania, recently delivered several lectures on Psychology at Haverford.

'98

Dr. William W. Cadbury had published in the October number of *Present Day Papers* an article on "The Method of Presenting the Essence of Christianity to a Non-Christian People." Dr. Cadbury is a member of the faculty at Canton Christian College, Canton, China, and is well fitted to treat this subject, in which he is especially interested. The article proves that Christianity contains the most complete and perfect revelation of the fundamental truths of religion. Therefore it is the duty of missionaries to study the attitude of their people toward religion and life in general, in order to "present Christianity from the point of view that will win their interest and attention." Dr. Cadbury goes on to show how these methods have been applied in Canton.

Dr. Cadbury is at present in this country, and spoke at a recent meeting of the College Y. M. C. A.

'01

E. Marshall Scull was one of the speakers at a meeting of the "Society for the Promotion of Liberal Studies," at the Orpheus Club Rooms, 1520 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, on October 29th.

'02

Dr. P. Nicholson is assisting Dr. Gittings on the Children's Hospital service.

Children were recently born to C. R. Cary and to W. V. Dennis.

'05

Sigmund G. Spaeth, who is the music critic on the "New York Evening Mail," has recently announced his engagement.

'06

Roderick Scott has accepted a position as assistant professor of English at Oberlin College, Ohio.

'07

Dr. Joseph G. Birdsall is associated now with Dr. B. A. Thomas, Professor of G. U. at the University and Polyclinic Hospitals.

Dr. Wilbur H. Haines is associated now with Drs. Uhle and McKinney in the Williams Building and the German Hospital.

Chas. R. Hoover is associate professor of Chemistry at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

'08

Fisher C. Baily has provided the Alumni Department with a pamphlet advertising "*The Baily's Baby Bathtub*," the new, portable, collapsible, detachable, seamless, sanitary baby bathtub, scientifically made. To prove the superiority of the new method, a B. B. B. baby is pictured standing on the North Pole, kicking an obsolete instrument of torture into space.

Price $5.00 at all progressive dealers.

T. Morris Longstreth has had published by the Outing Publishing Co., of New York, a book, "Reading the Weather." This volume is one of the Outing Handbook Series.

'10

H. S. Hires has been made New York manager of the Hires Root Beer Company.

W. P. Tomlinson attended the University of Wisconsin summer school.

'11

Wilmer J. Young, who has been teaching at the Friends' Boarding School at Barnesville, Ohio, for the past four years, will teach Higher Mathematics at Moses Brown School, at Providence, R. I., during the coming year.

David Hinshaw's address is now 565 West 113th Street, New York City.

'12

Guy Wheeler and David Colden Murray attended the Convention on Football that met recently in New York.

Lance Lathem is with the Heminger-Nicholson Evangelistic Organization—a miniature Billy Sunday troupe. They will carry on religious campaigns in Pennsylvania towns during the coming winter, having begun at Leighton, Pa., early in September.

'13

Carrol Crosman is engaged on the Publicity Bureau of the Hershey Chocolate Co.

Norris Hall is teaching two sections of freshman Chemistry at Harvard University this year, and doing further work towards his Ph.D. degree.

Ex-'13

E. T. Kirk announces the arrival on July 22, 1915, of Mary Evelyn Kirk at State College, Pa.

'14

Carroll D. Champlin is assistant to Dr. Snyder, the instructor in English at Haverford.

'15

P. R. Allen is in the employ of the General Radio Company, Cambridge, Mass.

W. C. Brinton is engaged in business with his uncle in Philadelphia, Pa.

N. B. Coleman and E. N. Crosman are with the Rhoads Leather Belt Co., Philadelphia.

J. W. Gummere is studying at the General Theological Seminary, New York.

P. C. Hendricks is the secretary to Dr. Hancock, former professor of English at Haverford, at Atlantic City, N. J.

Thomas Hoopes, Jr., and W. H. Leland spent the summer traveling to California by "auto."

E. M. Levis is in business with his uncle.

Joseph McNeill is studying at the Princeton Theological Seminary.

E. L. Moore is in the stock business at the Galloway Stock Farm, Easton, Md.

F. M. Morley is a member of the Haverford ambulance corps in France.

E. M. Pharo is a reporter for the *Atlantic City Review.*

Elmer Shaffer is studying Biology in the Princeton Graduate School.

Yvo Waln is teaching at the University of Maine.

E. R. Dunn is one of the teaching fellows at Haverford, instead of E. M. Bowman, as was stated in the October HAVERFORDIAN.

E. M. Bowman is assistant in French.

Andrew Harvey is an assistant in Chemistry at Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

Edgar C. Bye is teaching in the West Chester Normal School.

We are pleased to publish the following communication:

To the Author of "The Intruder,"
Haverford College,
Haverford, Penna.

DEAR SIR:

I am sorry for the evil mind of the author of such a diabolical plot, the only redeeming feature of which was that the "Lady Killer," Judas-like, threw away the unholy coin.

If, as in my case, your only daughter was a Sister of Charity, and you knew the real life of the Sisters, you would employ your talent in a different direction and not endeavor to throw a slur on defenceless, holy women, who, from supernatural motives, have given up everything in life which the world holds dear, to serve God and their fellow-beings.

Your picture is not truthful about the Convent walls—except where fallen women are looked after, and the idea is possibly derived from the stories of "escaped nuns" or "The Menace." The idea of a Sister wandering around the grounds in the moonlight, while all the rest were asleep, is only intended for the ignorant or bigoted. I enclose you an article describing the motive and life of a Sister of Charity, which would be well worth your perusal.

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There is one thing to be noted about the article, for which I give you credit, and that is that you were probably ashamed to write your name at the foot of it.

Yours truly,

A. A. HIRST.

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VOL. XXXVII HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1915 No. 7.

We are glad to announce the election of DONALD PAINTER, '17, to the editorial board, and of J. STEWART HUSTON, '19, to the business board of the HAVERFORDIAN. The ability shown by the former in versification and essay writing, and the conscientious work of the new assistant business manager, make them both welcome additions to the magazine.

In This Issue

Special Features

The Philistine.................... W. H. Chamberlin, '17 265
?.................................. Robert Gibson, '17 276
Billy Sleeps Late.......................... C. Van Dam, '17 278

Stories

Five to Two on Ima.................... D. C. Clement, '17 270
Sons of Attila.................... J. G. C. LeClercq, '18 285
A Summer of Psychology.............. G. A. Dunlap, '16 288

Verse

A Ballade of France.................... F. M. Morley, '15 269
La Soledad........................ Albert H. Stone, '16 275
Dreams.......................... Donald H. Painter, '17 277
The Last Robin........................ Robert Gibson, '17 284
The City.......................... D. C. Wendell, '16 287
Nox Advenit.......................... J. W. Spaeth, '17 291

Departments

Books.............................. E. T. Price, '17 292
The Uneasy Chair...................................... 293
Alumni.......................... Donald H. Painter 294

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1915 No. 7.

The Philistine

THE term Philistine, while always suggestive of an unfavorable meaning, has been subjected to a large variety of interpretations. To Matthew Arnold the word brought up a vision of the smug self-complacency and spiritual barrenness of the English middle class. Nietzsche brands the academic pedants of his time with the phrase "Culture-Philistines." Robert Schumann, an able critic as well as a great composer, divides his brother-musicians into two groups, the *Davidsbundler* (League of David) and the Philistines. Needless to say, the former group was supposed to include the musicians whose work was true and enduring, while the latter was designed to contain the composers who sacrificed genuine art to meretricious brilliance. And Schumann gave his idea an excellent setting, when he wrote a stirring piece of music, entitled, "The March of the Davidsbundler Against the Philistines." But it is evident that, when the word Philistine is used to express obtuseness and bad taste in so many fields, very few can be altogether free of the charge. So Tolstoi, consummate master of the art of literature, is a sad Philistine in questions of art and music. Wagner, a monarch in the realm of music, is a novice when he tries to interpret philosophy. On the other hand, Schopenhauer, for all his mastery of pessimistic philosophy, displays puerile taste in music. Hence it may readily be perceived that, while very few are entirely free of the taint of Philistinism, very few, on the other hand, are so unfortunate as to conform to the perfect, or ideal type of Philistine. But, for the sake of convenience, let us assume that the perfect Philistine exists, let us imagine him as living in our own America of the twentieth century, and let us see what sort of figure meets our gaze.

In the first place, the true Philistine is very active in church work and very eager to impress the world with his devotion to religious and spiritual interests. Nor can he be justly accused of hypocrisy. The Philistine is too sincerely convinced of his own wisdom and virtue to admit the conscious self-contempt which is almost necessarily involved in hypocrisy. He is an ardent upholder of dogmatic religion, partly

because it relieves him of the painful trouble of thinking for himself, and partly because he has a vague, but strong conviction that, if it were not for the Church, and his support of the Church, society would, somehow, sink into a state of hopeless demoralization. If atheism were the prevailing rule in the "best" circles, he would be an atheist with equal firmness of conviction and absence of reason. Another advantage of religion, from the Philistine's standpoint, is the opportunity that it gives him to introduce his own ideas as direct revelations of the Deity. To deserve a high place in the ranks of Philistia one must have an overweening confidence in one's own judgment and a firm conviction that it is a sacred duty to impose that infallible judgment upon one's less fortunate neighbors. The oppressive laws for Sunday observance, which still linger on in our eastern states, bear eloquent testimony to the handiwork of the Philistine.

In politics our Philistine will give his heartiest support to the most corrupt political machine, if he derives any personal advantage from its success, and will very probably convince himself that his course is worthy of Washington and Lincoln. If he does not have any direct interest in the triumph of the machine, he may pose as a reformer and work himself into a noble fit of righteous indignation over the way in which the ignorant voters are misled by unscrupulous politicians into voting against the candidates nominated by the Philistine and his brethren of the "better classes." He may even head a reform ticket, and receive a respectful obituary notice the morning after the election. But it is safe to assume that any movement looking to genuine progress will meet with resolute opposition on the part of the Philistine. His political activity is based sometimes on personal interest, sometimes on personal vanity, never on enlightened patriotism.

Very similar considerations enter into his views on the industrial problems of the day. He will give liberally of his time and money to committees for the suppression of the social evil; and pay less than a living wage to the women and girls in his employment. The eloquence with which he thunders against union labor and the violence which is an occasional accompaniment of strikes, is worthy of Webster. But that eloquence is, somehow, conspicuous by its absence when the disorder and violence are initiated by the agents of the employer, rather than by the strikers. For Germans to kill women and children in Belgium is quite shocking; for "deputy sheriffs" and "militia," in the pay of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., to turn machine guns on the helpless wives and children of the strikers—that is altogether different. We all remember the tirades of perfectly just and proper indignation with which the

reactionary Philistine press received the conviction of the McNamaras. But we have observed very few strictures on the far worse outrages recently committed by Rockefeller's private army in southern Colorado. However, reason and consistency are not Philistine virtues. Let us return to our observation of the individual Philistine.

It is in the realms of music and literature that we find the Philistine most formidable, roaming about, seeking what he may devour. American music, to be sure, is at so low an ebb that very few composers would even be recognized as compatriots by the Philistines of Schumann. The syncopated rhythms of the ragtime composers are distinctly suggestive of a barbarous or cannibalistic origin. Perhaps the most genuine exhibition of Philistinism in music is to be found in the conduct of the typical American audience, which arrives late, departs early, and consumes the intervening time in talking, yawning, gazing aimlessly about, and reading the programme advertisements.

But in literature the Philistine finds his most congenial field. There is nothing that appeals to his soul so much as to take a work of genius and subject it to the moral standards and conventions of Mudville, Arkansas. Give him a book with a thousand noble thoughts and but a single phrase of doubtful or suggestive meaning, and he will pounce on the phrase like a vulture on carrion. By some curious process of reasoning the Philistine considers an abnormal quickness to scent out what is suggestive and immoral as a convincing proof of superior morality. The French provincial fanatics, who prosecuted Flaubert for writing "Madame Bovary"; the American Postmaster-General who, by virtue of his own surpassing personal purity, took it on himself to bar Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata" from the mails: these are examples of prurient literary Philistinism *par excellence*. The petty and ignoble mind of the Philistine takes a malignant delight in attacking, slandering and misinterpreting the products of genius which transcend the limits of his narrow understanding. The Philistine of one generation sets up statues to the men whom the Philistines of the preceding age have hounded and persecuted.

Volumes could be written of the eternal struggle between genius and Philistinism, a struggle which has been waged with equal fierceness in every age and country. It is impossible to estimate the number of masterpieces which have been lost to the world through the blind hostility of the Philistines. And what a terrible struggle has fallen to the lot of those indomitable spirits who have resolutely forced their genius upon a hostile or indifferent generation! Let us take a brief glance at the artistic history of the last century. We see Turgeniev, one of the

world's masters of fiction, producing his greatest artistic triumph, "Fathers and Sons," only to be greeted with a chorus of silly partisan abuse. We see Wagner, driven to the verge of suicide by the Philistinism of his contemporaries, saved and enabled to carry out his priceless artwork by the caprice of an inspired lunatic. We see Flaubert, receiving, as his laurel crown for creating one of the world's finest novels—a trial for immorality! And, if the artists of the most highly cultured nations of Europe suffer such an abundance of persecution and misunderstanding, we can only dimly imagine the trials of a true genius in our own America, which, with all its good qualities, real and assumed, is undoubtedly the most Philistine country on the face of the globe. Fortunately, the true genius is as stouthearted as the doughty hero of Israel, who overthrew the mighty Philistine champion of yore.

If any genuine Philistine should happen to notice this article he will not be affected in the least. He will either miss the application entirely or, perchance, take the description of himself as highly complimentary. But there are many who cannot justly be ranked either with the powerful host of the Philistines or with the small group of masters who have attained the fullness of Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light." There are many who have, in conjunction with certain very human and very Philistine impulses, certain other impulses that drive them onward to the heights of truth and freedom. It is for them to remember that it is far easier to combat Philistinism in the flesh than in the spirit; that it is far easier for one to point out the Philistinism of his neighbor than to develop the sweetness and light within himself. For there are times when we are all Philistines. To join in the popular chorus of abuse of an unpopular man or idea, to accept blindly an outworn dogma or tradition; to yield to the specious fallacies of a demagogue—who can boast that he has never fallen into these pitfalls of Philistia? The difference between the Philistines and those whom, in deference to Matthew Arnold, we may call the "children of light," is that the former are proud of their servitude to the conventions of the moment, while the latter are conscious of a vague, but irresistible longing for something higher and nobler. And it is in the transformation of this vague longing into definite mental and spiritual ideals that we have the best hope for the ultimate annihilation of Philistinism and the establishment of a genuine culture, founded on the eternal principles of truth and freedom.

—*W. H. Chamberlin, '17.*

A Ballade of France

(With memories of French III with Dr. Spiers)

Nowhere does grain more golden grow,
Nowhere there beats a sea more blue
Than girts the land that legends know,—
The land of rosemary and rue.
Here lapping wavelets ripple through
The reeds, to join in merry dance,
Whilst morning glints the flashing dew
Amid the sunny fields of France.

'Twas here once swaggered Cyrano,
And Villon, prince of comrades true;
From hence rode Huon of Bordeaux
To teach the paynim how to woo.
And Pantagruel a giant slew
Beneath that very elm, perchance;—
With other deeds of derring do
Amid the sunny fields of France.

Softly, from flowered casement low,
Floats sadly sweet the word "adieu"
To knights who forth to combat go,
So proudly riding, two by two.
Ah! Did not Chivalry imbue
With all the virtues of Romance
Their children, blithe yet doughty too,
Amid the sunny fields of France.

L'Envoi

Gone are the days that knighthood knew;
Stilled is the crash of shield and lance;
Yet ever burns their soul anew
Amid the sunny fields of France.

F. M. M.,
3rd September, 1915.

Five to Two on Ima

Being a Tale of the Idle Rich

"WELL, my son, at last four unprofitable years are ended, and although I never expected you could acquire a degree, by some strange oversight on the part of your instructors you possess a diploma. I consider the time wasted at Harvard a serious set-back in your future life, but nevertheless you may survive even under the pressing strain of being the heaviest social man to graduate in many years.

"You are your mother's own son, you are a credit to her, but as your father I tell you that to succeed in this world you must be a lot more than 'the best dawncer at Hawvad.'"

Cries of "all aboard" and the starting of the train from the Grand Central brought this lecture to a sudden close. Reginald Dawson breathed a sigh of relief and swung quickly to the Pullman step, carelessly waving his hand to his father on the platform below him.

Reggie sauntered idly through the car, nodded nonchalantly to a few friends and flung himself into the chair, over which hung a fawning porter.

His well-proportioned but useless six-feet lay stretched out at full length, the target for a dozen pairs of busy eyes, and a dozen whispered breaths passed his name to a dozen inquisitive companions.

The object of their interest was an extremely attractive youth of perhaps twenty-two years, light-haired, blue-eyed, with the build and grace of an athlete, but the brain and ability of a goat. Here in all his glory reclined the "prince of Newport," the man who caused the hopeful flame to burn in the bosoms of a score of the "season's buds"; the man for whom nets were being prepared by dozens of aspiring "mammas" of Newport. And here, poor unsuspecting creature, he was sailing right into the harbor of disaster, for this very night would find him at the Vandoria's ball in the midst of the most dangerous mines and submarines.

At the station Reggie was met by his old friend Jim Experience. Reggie had been forced on Jim as a room-mate by two conspiring mothers in freshman year, and since they had interests in common, a firm friendship resulted. Jim, however, was anything but the helpless young infant that Reggie proved to be, and it was only under his careful guidance that Reggie ever reached senior year at all.

After the usual demonstrative greetings Reggie broke away from

the admiring group which had gathered to welcome him, joining Jim, who awaited him in his Mercer runabout.

Neither spoke for some time. Then Reggie, suddenly assuming the gravest importance, turned to Jim and in a voice pitched especially deep for the occasion, begged for a drive through the open country, before turning towards his "tiny cottage."

"For you know, Jim, old fellow, the real purpose of your meeting me was this drive. You see I must slip one ovah on fathah, he is *so* insulting. Says I'll never be a business man and all that! Now, I really know lots about business; you know that from college, Jim."

Jim smiled to himself and headed for the open country. About twice a year Reggie got these spells and he knew just how to take them.

"Jim, I have a tip from Wall Street, you know. Wheat is extremely low, but really, Jim, it's to rise very high before this week is ovah. I know that for a fact. I want you to invest my million from grandfathah for me," and he shoved some papers into Jim's lap.

Jim was an experienced driver, and he knew Reggie, but nevertheless he nearly ditched the Mercer before he could recover.

"Certainly, Reg, but you know you are running a great risk; you must remember that your father has sworn to disinherit you, if you don't possess that million when he dies, and that time isn't very far away."

"Oh now, Jim, don't be absurd, this is my pahty, you know. If I lose I should certainly be inconvenienced, but dash it all, Jim! I cawn't lose, I say it's a sure thing. Oh, I know it."

"All right, Reg, old fellow, after all it's your money. I'll fix it up for you Monday. Shall I drive you home now?"

Reg and Jim parted at "the cottage," which, by the way, would have done justice to any ordinary mansion, but then the Dawsons were not ordinary people.

Reggie was the first of the family to arrive at Newport.

"Oh, what a beastly bore!" he murmured to himself, as he lazily reclined in an easy chair on the spacious side porch after dinner, "to be heah all alone with all these stupid servants! I suppose Emily is at the boat races at New London about this time, and Jack—let me see, Jack is probably at Bay Head. Mother and Tillie are abroad. How silly to go abroad! It's such a nuisance moving about. And fathah, oh, of course he's back on Wall Street. Beastly dull, this! Oh—ah, heah's the cah at lawst."

* * * * * * * * *

This dance simply couldn't be passed by; in fact Reggie generally managed to be at every large dance, and this one in particular meant

missing the boat races, a golf tournament, and a house-party, but then a dance at Newport looked "ace high" to Reggie, so here we find him at eleven-thirty on the night of his arrival, in the very heart and soul of Mrs. Nicodemus Vandoria's sensational ball.

"Reg," Jim was speaking, "I want you to meet Miss Hunter. You've often heard me speak of Ima Hunter of Chicago?"

"So this is Reggie Dawson? You know I've heard so much about you, I feel as though I'd known you perfect ages. How is sweet little 'Tillie'? You know she and I were such friends at Radcliffe. Yes, I was there a year. A perfect bore! I hated it. Isn't this a perfectly lovely dance? Every one is here. I'm thrilled to death, that attractive Van Dyke man has been giving me the heaviest rush all evening. Oh, I've really been having a most perfect time. Yes, I'd love to dance."

Not that Reg had said anything about dancing, in fact there hadn't been the least opportunity for him to say anything.

"Jim," he said laughingly, later on, "I certainly am strong for that Hunter person, and oh, how that woman can dawnce!"

Then, still later, "Oh, Jim, who is the sweet little girl over there, with all those unnecessary clothes? You know it's so foolish to weah all those clothes this time of the yeah. They're not doing it this yeah, you know."

"Oh, that's Patience Love. Mighty sensible girl from somewheres outside of Philadelphia. Heaven only knows where—one of the provinces, I suppose." Reg did not get the humor of this last remark, he was too much attracted by Patience Love.

"I want you to meet my old friend Reggie Dawson, Patience. Reg, this is Miss Love."

"I'm so pleased to meet you, Mr. Dawson. Your sister Emily and I were mighty close friends at Westover; she used to tell me so much about you."

Reg was a lady-killer, that can't be denied. He usually started with a look and then swept them off their feet with a long monologue of flattery, deviltry and what-not, but somehow this girl was different.

She certainly was intelligent looking, and attractive. She dressed simply but stunningly; she was dignified, but she had a winning smile; he could tell from her manner that she was completely at ease, would be able to talk with the "best of 'em," and in short looked as though she were "lots of fun." And yet she showed that she was always to be the mistress of the "situation." This time it was Reggie who suggested that they "dawnce."

That night, or rather the next morning, for fully an hour, two faces

kept slipping before his eyes, keeping him from the "restful sleep" so much desired, causing him to start, turn over, rub his eyes, only to find the first rays of the sun creeping through his darkened room. He had left the ball long before the end, for Patience and Madge, as he now called Ima, had both left early.

Finally, with an oath, he burrowed into the depths of his pillow and slept till noon.

* * * * * * * * *

Three days later Ima and Reg were motoring through the country districts of Rhode Island. It was a typical July day—hot, stuffy, and dusty. The two had been seeking some place where a breath of wind was stirring, but for three hours they had sought uselessly. For a long time neither spoke, in fact half a dozen sentences hadn't been exchanged during the entire ride.

"Reg, I'm as sorry as I can be I'm such a perfect devil today. but I just can't get comfortable." No answer.

"I'm sure you haven't the least idea where you are going anyhow. I'm as hungry as an old bear. When do we have lunch?"

"We're almost there, Madge."

"Reg, forgive me, you're an old dear, and I'm a silly little fool." No answer.

"Reg, you know you should really be frightfully afraid of me." This with a coy smile.

"Why?"

"Well, here I am miles from everywhere with you, you're such an admirable catch. I'm such a designing woman. And then you must remember this is leap year. Why, just suppose I should propose to you!" This with mock gravity from Madge, but with the subtlest of meanings.

"Who's afraid, Madge?"

"Will you marry me, Reg?" persisted the girl, breaking into a rippling laugh, but perfectly serious in her purpose.

"Chure," bantered Reg mockingly. Then: "Truly, Madge, I'd love to, but I proposed to Patience last night, and do you know, really, Madge, she accepted. Of course we don't love each other, but mothers must be obeyed; but I'd do anything for you, Madge. I do love you. Will you marry me, Madge? Please?"

Reg lied, he did love Patience, but in his uncertain mind he thought he loved Madge a little too; Patience of course the most, but then Patience was only after his money. She was so undemonstrative, and

Madge was so sincere. Yes, Madge loved him, deserved his money, and would be his wife.

* * * * * * * * *

It had come to a showdown:—three weeks after this event, Madge and Patience had "come to blows," and were demanding an explanation from Reg on the side-porch of the Casino.

"Reg, dearest," began Ima, "by the way, is it true that you invested all your money in wheat?"

"Yes, Madge," answered our despondent hero.

"But didn't you see in the paper this morning, the wheat market has gone to smash?"

"Yes, Madge."

"You lost all your money?"

"Yes."

"And your father?"

"Will disinherit me, but what does it matter, Madge? People think I'm spoiled,—that I live only for money. It's a lie, deah girl, I don't; all I want is a wife who loves me."

Ima was outrageous.

"Silly idiot! Reg, are you crazy? Do you suppose I can truly appreciate you as a pauper? Don't be so conceited! Why, how could I marry you now?" and the indignant Ima stalked pompously away, leaving him to Patience and confusion.

"Does it really matter so much to you, Reg?" Patience was the first to break the silence.

Reg began to "come to". "Why—ah—"

"I'm so sorry, Reg. You loved her so much. Why, she isn't worthy of a husband."

"Patience, no. I love you, but—forgive me, dear. Can you ever forgive me? I thought it was your mother forcing you on me for my money. You were so unresponsive."

"No, dear boy. I loved you. I couldn't respond and be kicked about like an old shoe."

A half-hour later, they were interrupted by Jim. "Congratulations, old man, you're worth three million. We sold your shares at double their former price this morning."

"But how—why?"

"Didn't you see? Copper!"

"But wheat—"

"Wheat nothing! I knew it was doomed, so I put the money on copper. Oh, it was a sure thing. I knew it couldn't fail."

Whereupon Reg and Patience fall into each other's arms.

(Curtain.)

—D. C. Clement, '17.

La Soledad*

La Soledad now sleeps among its ruins;
Within its crumbling walls the owl and bat
Now mope in darkened corners; o'er the walks
Once pressed by holy padres, swiftly glide
The noiseless lizard and the glistening snake;
Or motionless as shadows, on the walls
Of thick adobe bask in noonday sun.
The sandaled padres pace no more the paths,
The gardens, groves or cool, dim corridors,
Nor chant the early mass; and vesper bells
That called the dusky children of the hills
To prayer, are long since silenced. O'er the fields
Once tilled with care, a flock of straggling sheep
Nibble at withered weeds on sunburnt slopes.
At dusk the shadowy coyote sneaks along
The low brown hills, a patch of gray against
The fading west, and shrills his long-drawn cry.
The moon makes ghostly shadows through the ruins,
And lends a glamour of their golden days.
The warm wind stirs the gnarled pepper tree,
The owl and bat begin their nightly flight,
And La Soledad sleeps on in solitude.

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

---

*An old Spanish mission, now in complete ruins, 145 miles south of San Francisco, Cal., founded Oct. 9, 1791, by Padre Lasuen.

?

HE is dead! I can see his distorted face as he lies half under the table. The flickering grate fire casts a lurid glow over his body. The room is dark except for the somber illumination of the hearth, and the furniture makes grotesque shadows on the wall. And I—ah! I am free at last! Free from his dogging step and hated presence! How vividly I recollect his sneering smile!—even in the throes of death-agony his features were twisted in that ghastly, mocking grimace. But he will smile no more. He is dead!

I remember how he would come to my room when I was engrossed in study and unfit for company. His perpetual good-humor wore upon me, distracted me, and at last haunted me like a demon of mockery. It became unbearable. My nerves were completely unstrung, my endurance goaded to the quick. I strove to bury myself in work—in vain! In despair I took to long walks and rambles, and finally threw myself unreservedly into the whirl of pleasure-seeking. All in vain. He was always with me,—suave, imperturbable, inexplicable. From this frenzy I found no relief. The nervous tension at last gave way to a morbid hypochondria. Day after day I moped, locked in the seclusion of my room. But then there would come a tap on the door, and there he stood smiling and wishing me health! Insistently he kept entreating me to walk with him, until in sheer abandon I was forced to comply. He would lead me down the broad highway, lined with leprous birches, and on to the great bridge which crosses the river. Here he would watch the passing boats and objects of interest, calling this or that thing to my attention. Then he would turn facing me and smilingly—always smilingly—enquire if I did not enjoy it. Enjoy! The antithesis of my feelings made me shudder. The azure sky, the green leaves, the songs of the birds,—alike were hollow mockery to my dazed senses. But he, oblivious to all but happiness, rejoiced like a child in the commonplaces of nature.

Revenge!—was it revenge? The word sticks in my throat. He had never really harmed me. Nay, in fact, he always tried to be pleasant and to yield even obsequiously to my wishes. But his smile!—his dogged, unwearied, ever-present optimism! They drove me to the deed. Yes, I am justif—Ah! do I see a smile around the corners of his mouth? Yes! There it is! Horrors! even in death! The firelight reveals his face. His lips are drawn in that ghastly grin! He mocks me! He defies my revenge! I am faint. . . .so faint. . . .

I am on my deathbed. It is only a matter of a few hours now. I feel as if I had lain for months in a raging fever. My body is only a shell. All inside—vitals, heart, soul—is burned and shriveled by my malady. Soon life itself will be seared from its slight hold by this disease which defies medical aid. I try to sleep,—but it is only a wakeful dream. And in that dream, as my strength ebbs, I see before me, with its lips distended in a smile, the corpse of my pet collie.

—*Robert Gibson*, '17.

Dreams

Summer sky, azure sky,
Come and smile sweet on me.
Millions of sunbeams are dancing wild,
And the sighing and rustling of breezes mild
Come from thy blue, blue sea.

Murmuring wind, sobbing wind,
Come and blow cool on me.
Tell me of myst'ries born in the East;
Whisper of sadness of northern waste;
Let me be wild with thee.

Spirit of beauty, god of light,
Carry me far away.
Let me live in a sunset cloud—
The golden-tinted Olympus' shroud—
Come and pipe soft thy lay.

—*Donald H. Painter, '17.*

Billy Sleeps Late

(*Comedy Sketch*)

Cast of Characters:—
Billy Davis
James Conrad
Daisy Conrad, his wife
Helen West, her younger sister

Time: 9 A. M.
Place: San Francisco.

The curtain rises on the disorderly bedroom of the Conrad apartment. The chairs and bureau are strewn with a profusion of male and female garments. At the back, curtains lead to the dining-room. Somewhere in the big brass bedstead Billy Davis is yawning lazily, luxuriously. His sleepy eyes espy a letter on the bureau. He reaches over and seizes it.

Davis. Strange letters always amuse me: just bits of personality, lying round bare. (*Reading.*) "Dearest Daisy, how are you and how is the baby? He must be a bouncing angel boy, from what you say." O, they're always bouncing angels to mothers, and little bawling devils to strangers. (*He laughs.*) Suppose Daisy's his wife. I didn't know they had a kid.

(*Suddenly he hears the outside door open with a latchkey, and quickly tosses the letter back on the bureau.*)

Davis. (*Softly.*) In the name of bouncing babies, who's that?

(*He hears light footsteps enter, and a gentle song reaches his ears.*)

Great Heavens! He told me no one would be home!

(*Hearing someone in the dining-room, he coughs discreetly.*)

Feminine voice. O, Jimmie! I thought you'd gone!

(*Receiving no answer, she peers through the curtains. Billy, being a modest man, and a trifle bashful, ducks under the covers. She enters, a charming little blonde, clothed in smiles and a filmy pink morning dress.*)

Helen West. You can't hide from me, Jimmie!

(*She giggles, and sits at the foot of the bed. Billy's head slowly appears, and she rises automatically.*)

O! (*She stares.*) Goodness! Where did you come from, and what have you done with Jimmie?

Davis. (*Crimson and infuriated.*) Perhaps he's under the bed. I haven't looked!

Helen. (*Recovering, she sits on the bed and shakes her fluffy head.*) O, no: Jimmie's fat. He wouldn't fit. (*Innocently.*) Have you borrowed our flat or something?

Davis. (*Angrily.*) Mrs. Conrad, I came last night with your brother George. He said no one would be home.

Helen O, I am—(*She stops suddenly, and decides not to tell him who she is.*) George is a dear kid; I've told him to come any time we weren't here. He seldom does come, though——

Davis. He had to.

Helen. How was that?

Davis. We missed last train out of town.

Helen. And he is gone this early!

Davis. Yes, worse luck! Left me asleep here! (*He scowls at her.*)

Helen. Now, don't be angry! Because I couldn't help finding you. I'm glad I did. (*With a winning smile.*)

Davis. O, I'm not angry: just a little—er—surprising to receive a young lady caller like this. (*He reddens at the words.*)

Helen. (*Airily.*) O, but I'm married, you see! It would have been foolish of me to run away when I came upon you here. Men in bed are nothing to me. (*He opens his eyes wider.*) I used to be a nurse. Er—what is your name?

Davis. My card! (*He reaches his wallet from the bureau and hands her a card, in the manner of a butler passing a plate of soup.*)

Helen. (*Deadly serious.*) O! The formality of these "retired" gentlemen of leisure! (*Reading.*) William Davis, Philadelphia. (*Impulsively.*) O, Billy! you're a long, long ways from home!

Davis. (*Coolly.*) Yes, Mrs. Conrad—about 3000 miles.

Helen. (*Entreatingly.*) You don't mind if I call you Billy? I hate last names!

Davis. (*In an angry tone.*) Not at all! Help yourself.

Helen. Do you know (*she ponders*), I like your pajamas!

Davis. (*Exasperated.*) Indeed!

Helen. Yes, I adore pink silk. It's so soft,—so delicate. They look just like Jimmie's. (*She blushes.*)

Davis. (*Unsuspecting.*) They are his. I didn't bring any to the dance. Suppose we change the subject!

Helen. (*Looking quizzically at his feet, then at his head.*) My! but you must be tall. You're quite good-looking too. Your cheeks almost match your pajamas. (*She smiles with wicked, laughing eyes.*)

Davis. (*Tortured.*) Mrs. Conrad, I really must get up!

Helen. (*Unconcerned.*) Not at all! You look so comfy there. I'll get you some breakfast. How do you like your eggs?

Davis. Never eat them. I've GOT to get up.

Helen. Why? Don't you like my company?

Davis. (*Quickly.*) O, charmed! But suppose your husband comes home?

Helen. He can't.

Davis. Why not?

Helen. (*Lightly.*) We won't let him in—besides, he's in the country.

Davis. (*Keenly.*) You weren't with him last night?

Helen. Me? No, indeed!

Davis. Have you quarreled?

Helen. Now, Billy, do you think I *could* quarrel with anybody?

Davis. Husbands aren't "anybody." They're quite "somebody" in particular.

Helen. (*With feigned earnestness.*) You bet they are!

Davis. (*Suspiciously.*) Where is the baby?

Helen. What baby?

Davis. Your baby!

Helen. (*Flustered.*) Of course! You said it so suddenly, Billy. Why—er—I loaned him.

Davis. What!

Helen. Just temporarily! O, he's a darling!

Davis. (*Skeptically.*) He must be: I suppose you charge rent for him.

Helen. (*Annoyed.*) Well! how did you know I had a baby? I didn't tell you.

Davis. (*Growing very red.*) Why—er—(*He flounders—then smiles.*) There are—er—clothes around here which adults would find it difficult to use. (*With conviction.*) I would never have guessed it from seeing you. I should judge you were still in school if I didn't know.

Helen. (*With a wise air.*) He's lots of comfort, but he's an awful nuisance.

Davis. (*Smiles.*) I know he is.

Helen. How do you know? (*Horrified.*) Are you married?

Davis. (*Easily.*) Well—not that I know of: but the men who know most about babies are not always fathers—but the doctors and neighbors—and proud relatives. You see the novelty of bottles and rattles and nightly cries and daily "goo-goo's" soon wears off for the father, while strangers see so little of it, that it remains interesting.

Helen. (*Dreamily.*) O! I see! I hope mine won't be like that!

Davis. (*Puzzled.*) Isn't he?

Helen. (*Blushing.*) My next one, I mean.

(*A bell rings. Helen registers perplexed uncertainty—Davis abject terror.*)

Davis. (*In a whisper.*) It's your husband!

Helen. (*Fervently.*) I hope it is!

Davis. (*He reaches over and grabs her arm suspiciously.*) Are you crazy? What do you mean! I must get out of here somehow.

Helen. There's only one door, and the window's a long jump! Let go of me!

(*She leaves to answer the bell. Davis in a mighty rush pulls on his socks, and trousers over his pajamas. He mutters nervously.*) The little fool! Nice mess, this! Hope she'll keep him out till I get dressed!

Helen. (*Re-entering as he is buttoning his shirt with flying fingers. Carelessly.*) Take your time, Billy. No hurry! I've put him in the parlor. Just gave him his mail to read and he's as quiet as a baby kitten.

Davis. Er—how much mail did he have? (*He pulls on his shoes frantically.*)

Helen. Lots! But—but—Billy! I hate to have you go.

Davis. (*Wildly.*) You little fluffy-haired rascal! You want to see me get my head punched in, don't you?

Helen. I know Jimmie better than you do.

Davis. That's all right! You're his *wife*—not mother, or sister, or aunt, or great-grandmother-in-law, but *wife!* Do you get that? He doesn't know me from a hole in the ground.

Helen. (*With ill-restrained giggles.*) Can't help it! You're going back to Philadelphia. I'll never see you again, Billy. He's *always* hangin' round. (*She bends her head thoughtfully, then suddenly throws her arms about his neck.*) I like you. Will you come again? (*Tenderly.*) I shall miss you, Billy! (*She kisses him impulsively.*)

(*Frightened, he tugs at her strong little hands at the back of his neck.*)

Davis. For God's sake, let go of me!

(*The curtains part and Mr. Conrad, tall, imposing, rather stout, gazes at them with a puzzled, half-amused expression. As he enters Billy backs up against the wall like a caged tiger.*)

Helen. (*Blushing prettily.*) Billy, this is Mr. Conrad.

(*In a stupid stare, Billy gazes at the offered hand, then steps forward and shakes it as though it were a bear's paw ready to bowl him over.*)

Conrad. (*Turning to Helen.*) You didn't tell me you had company, dearie!

Helen. George brought him in last night—fresh from the East! He's cute, isn't he? (*She smiles sweetly up at him, as he stands there, collar half on, necktie in hand, looking like a fish out of water.*)

Conrad. (*With a grim smile.*) You little terror! What will you be up to next? (*He kisses her and leaves.*)

Helen. (*Triumphantly.*) *That's* the kind of a husband to have!

Davis. (*Weakly.*) Guess I better be going.

Helen. (*With sympathy.*) Are you still afraid? He didn't hurt you, did he?

Davis. (*Glaring at her.*) You—you little fluffy-haired skallywag! I've had enough of this "fun." You've had your inning! It's my turn now!

(*The outside door is opened with a latchkey and slammed to.*)

Helen. (*Suddenly terrified.*) O Lord! I guess it is! I didn't think she'd be home. Billy! Listen to me! Quick! I'll get in the closet. Don't tell her I'm in here with you. Please! I've been nice to you. Please! Please don't tell her till I can get out. Promise! Jimmie won't tell her if you don't. You won't, Billy dear? (*She disappears into the closet.*)

(*The curtains part again, and Mrs. Conrad, stylish and young, appears with baby in arms. She has come straight in without seeing her husband.*)

Mrs. Conrad. (*In much surprise.*) Oh! Who are you?

Davis. (*In fearful uncertainty.*) I—I came with George West last night.

Mrs. Conrad. (*Smiling.*) O, all right. I beg your pardon. I couldn't think who you were.

(*He feels he must say something or explode into fragments; and a healthy sense of his compromising position tells him that the closet door must be kept shut.*)

Davis. (*Calmly at last.*) I suppose you are the neighbor who was taking care of the baby? Mrs. Conrad said it would be all right to leave it. The father is here.

Daisy Conrad. (*With a look of hopeless mystery.*) What in goodness' name are you talking about?

Davis. (*In crimson agony.*) Damned if I know!

(*He tears open the closet and exposes Helen huddled in one corner, crying.*) Come out of there, you! It's my bat now! What's all this mean? Who is this woman with your baby?

Helen. (*Between sobs.*) Billy—I—think—you're—horrid!

Daisy. (*Glaring at her angrily.*) Helen! What are you doing in

there? I'll tell your mother this. She's had enough of your antics. It's high time you went to boarding school to learn some common decency. You can't behave yourself anywhere!

Davis. (*Turning suspiciously on Helen and pointing imperiously to the infant.*) Is that your baby?

Helen. (*Crying.*) No-oo-oo! I—I haven't got any baby. I hate the things.

Davis. Who are you anyway?

Helen. (*Looking up with tearful eyes.*) I'm Helen Travers West.

Davis. (*Excitedly.*) Well, why in—

Mrs. Conrad. (*Breaking in.*) She is my young sister, Mr.——

Helen. (*Dejectedly.*) His name is Billy.

Mrs. Conrad. (*Disgusted.*) Where are your manners, Helen? You are a disgrace to me positively. Mr. ——Mr. Billy, I hope you will accept my apologies for her. (*Billy stands mute, thinking many things.*)

Helen. I won't be apologized for; why won't you be a sport like your husband?

Daisy. (*With much concern.*) What do you mean, Helen?

Helen. Go and ask him. (*Daisy retires.*) (*Relieved and brushing away her tears.*) Thank Heavens she's gone! The old crab! Jimmie's the only thing that would pull her out of here; just 'cause she's married and got a baby, she thinks she can rock me in the same cradle with it.

Davis. (*Surveying her with a grim, incredulous smile.*) Well, "Helen," what have you got to say to me?

Helen. (*Smiling naively.*) "Nuffin." We're quits!

Davis. That's like a girl!

Helen. Well, what else do you want? (*She steps close and looks up into his face.*) I'm not married any more! (*She puts her lips dangerously near his, but he gazes into her searching eyes with perfect calmness.*)

Davis. No, Helen, I won't kiss you. It wouldn't help your condition in the least; besides, sister might come in and I'm afraid you wouldn't let go; but I'll give you a bit of advice; the next time you change your name, don't do it on your own hook.

Helen. (*In feeble defense.*) Next time you go visiting get up on time and you won't meet little "fluffy-haired skallywags" like me.

Davis. I guess perhaps I can eat some eggs now, Helen. This has been a hard strain on a man with an empty stomach. (*He smiles good-naturedly down on her.*)

Helen. (*Stubbornly.*) I won't cook for a man who won't kiss me.

Davis. (*He laughs.*) Two eggs for one kiss.

Helen. (*Deadly serious.*) No; kiss apiece.

Davis. Well, a man must eat. (*He kisses her twice.*)

Helen. (*She hesitates.*) Now—I'll see if we've got any eggs. (*She skips out laughing, and Davis follows.*)

(*Curtain.*)

—*C. Van Dam, '17.*

The Last Robin

Forever? Ah, never! the breeze is at play
In the rustling tassels of fall's yellow corn.
The river? A-quiver, with shimmering ray
Of the sun as it peeps through the willows that mourn.
Can joy ever vanish? My carol is gay:—
"Forever and ever, and ever and aye!"

Comes stealing a feeling that brooks no delay.
Unwilling, my long absent comrades I mourn,
For cold grows the weather; I follow their way.
I grieve for the summer, my dirge is forlorn,
And gone is the joy of my old roundelay:—
"Forever, and ever, and ever, and aye!"

—*R. G., '17.*

Sons of Attila

IF you consult the Official Bulletin of the Servian Government you will find that on the 25th of August, 1915, the French Government sent a dozen French officers to help the defensive of their Slavonic allies, and amongst the twelve you can read two names: Captain Jean-Francois-Victor de Morlaix and Lieutenant Count Arnaud de Vesigny. No doubt you will also read that a week later the only two casualties which occurred in the entire Servian detachment near Belgrade were Lieutenants Radotzki and Blankowitz. Again, on the 2nd of October, the bulletin declares that there was "no encounter of any sort with the enemy on the Belgrade front," and that "the two officers who are on the Casualty List died while manning a small gun captured the day before."

If you are a man of reason you will doubt this latter statement, for two reasons, viz: first, the officers of the Servian army do not handle guns at all; and second, guns are not manned when there is "no encounter of any sort with the enemy."

How, then, did Lieuts. Radotzki and Blankowitz really meet their death? One moment, gentlemen, while I get something in my glass and light a cigarette. Now, I'm ready to tell you the tale.....

On the night of October 2nd, four officers left camp at about a half after eight. Two wore French uniforms, the other couple were Servians. Their names, gentlemen, were Captain Jean-Francois-Victor de Morlaix and Lieutenant Count Arnaud de Vesigny, of the French Officers' Detachment, and Lieutenants Radotzki and Blankowitz, of the Third Servian Hussars.

Riding fast, these four soldiers arrived at Nogovitz, at the Inn of the King's Arms, at nine o'clock, sat down in the empty tavern, ordered several bottles of wine, two packs of cards, a box of cigars and some Russian Levant cigarettes. They played quietly for an hour or two, the Frenchmen losing steadily and drinking with their allies as the smoke blew up to the ceiling; the coins jingled and the glasses clicked.

A gay air of camaraderie seemed to reign; indeed, Radotzki had been a great deal in Western Europe, having even attended the University of Oxford with Prince Paul of Servia, whilst Blankowitz had met the Count de Vesigny at Paris while he was Servian attache of Legation in the "Ville Lumiere."

"*Nom d'un nom!*" muttered Captain de Morlaix, "I have almost lost my patrimony. One, three, seven—why, I've lost seven thousand francs," and he laughed carelessly.

"You old miser!" grinned de Vesigny. "I've lost nine," and neither

noticed the look of contempt exchanged by the two Servian officers.

"One more game," said Radotzki, "at a franc a point."

"Waiter, some more wine, cigarettes and cigars."

And the game went on.

Radotzki dealt out the cards, Captain de Morlaix keeping his eyes on him; the game progressed, the Captain watching the Servian's every movement. Greater and greater grew the winnings of the Servian, when, all of a sudden, during the last trick but one, Captain Jean-Francois-Victor de Morlaix pushed his chair behind him, got up and pushed his cards across the table:—

"M. le Lieutenant," he said to Radotzki, "I have the honor to inform my friend, Count de Vesigny, that you have cheated him and me to the tune of twenty-five thousand francs."

"I thought so," cried Vesigny.

Radotzki was silent.

"In fact, Monsieur," continued the Captain, "I have the honor to call you a scoundrel and ask for a duel."

"You are a liar! But I will fight."

"M. de Vesigny will be my second. I presume your accomplice in cards will be your second in duelling."

"Very well," they assented ungraciously.

"The terms are to be as follows: M. Radotzki and I are to stand at opposite ends of the bar; at a given signal from M. Blankowitz, my friend, Count de Vesigny, will turn out the light. Each of us fires six shots: if at the end one of us is killed, then M. de Vesigny and M. Blankowitz may try conclusions whilst the survivor gives the signal to them. After that, the lights may be turned on. Agreed?"

He was a master-duellist, was Captain Jean-Francois-Victor de Morlaix, and they all agreed rather breathlessly.

"All right," muttered Blankowitz.

Radotzki filled his glass and lit a cigarette nervously, and walked to his end of the bar.

"Ready, M. le Lieutenant?" asked the Captain.

"Yes."

"And I also," nodded de Morlaix.

Blankowitz signalled to Count de Vesigny, who turned out the light. The two latter stood aside and watched what they could of the drama that was being enacted.

Six shots in rapid succession came from the man smoking the cigarette, then the cigarette moved in the dark and stood immobile, its smoker evidently crouching behind the bar.

Not a noise from the Frenchman's end, then, of a sudden, Captain

de Morlaix laughed: "One hit the third finger of my left hand and the rest missed. They're poor shots, these Servians. But I'll pick his right ear off for him."

A shot, the crash of a glass, the fall of a cigarette.

"Oh, la, la!" mused de Morlaix, "I'm sorry for the poor devil."

As he walked over to the chimney his steps drowned the groan of M. le Lieutenant Blankowitz, of the Third Servian Hussars. "We Frenchmen are sportsmen," and he shot five times up the chimney.

Blankowitz walked nervously across the room and turned on the light.

On the bar a broken wine glass and the ashes of a cigarette.

In the grate, doubled up and convulsed, with five shots through his body, lay Lieutenant Radotzki.

"Good Lord!" said Morlaix, dumbfounded.

"Drunk or sober," muttered Count de Vesigny, "a Frenchman is a gentleman. But these Slavs! Pouah! I would we had as allies those gallant Austrians. They, at least, are gentlemen," and with that the two Frenchmen turned on their heels.

But Blankowitz heard not a word, as, bent over the body of his dead friend, he wept bitterly and prayed brokenly, for it was he who had advised him to hide in the chimney.

A shot!

And Blankowitz had joined his friend.

—J. G. C. LeCercq, '18.

The City

Square-cut against the deepest blue,
Stands out the 'Scraper with its granite-somber hue.
Around its top re-echoes the muffled sound
From far below, of rumbling Crowd,
With whirr and clanging on asphalted ground—
Now low, now loud.

The twilight bathes in softening gray
That Tower of Commerce; one by one
It opens square unnumbered eyes—Night's business is begun.
A brown-black church with piercing spire
Broods on aside in gloomy ire
At heedless passers-by,
Whose lives are measured by a day.

—Douglas C. Wendell, '16.

A Summer of Psychology

THE orator at the annual Commencement exercises of a small Pennsylvania college was Dr. Edward Melvin, Professor of Philosophy at an adjacent institution of the Quaker City. Thaddeus Christopher Bothwell, A.B., one of the new graduates, seemed to take little stock in his talk. For the tenth time within the five short minutes that had elapsed since he had received his diploma, "Christy," as he was familiarly called, turned around to gape at a certain feminine figure seated on the other side of the hall. The object of his gaze was an expansive brown straw hat with cherry blossom trimmings. Little else was visible, for it was one of those ill-balanced headpieces that hide the wearer's face except when she is looking squarely at you. Only twice did Christy catch her in the act. But still he had little grounds for complaint, for a full two weeks' acquaintance with the owner of this cherry-blossomed affair qualified him to enlarge eloquently on the details then invisible. His description would have contained these items (and more, no doubt): tanned face, dark hair somewhat bleached by exposure, broad shoulders, and general massiveness belonging to the stroke-oaress of a co-ed navy, but, in this case, indicative of constant indulgence in lawn tennis, especially mixed doubles, for which Christy had found her an excellent partner.

Mr. Bothwell, Senior, lawyer, and friend of the speaker, witnessed disapprovingly his son's inattention and frowned at him. The frown was not wasted, for Christy was frightened at the blackness of it, and kept his eyes front for one whole minute. In that interval he managed to catch several fragments of wisdom from Dr. Melvin's address.

"Beware, young gentlemen, of the tangoing, bridge party type of girl, but tie yourselves to that rare jewel, a young maiden who can make edible pie."

The above-quoted remarks, and the girl in the cherry blossoms were for Christy the only bright features of the day. He acted upon both. Concerning the fragments of wisdom, he wrote to the Professor for more. To the girl, Miss Mollie Parker, he wrote also, desiring to continue a warm friendship begun in mutual fondness for cherry-blossomed hats, the fruit itself, and what is made from the fruit—cherry-pie. But she went to Bar Harbor, and he to his father's home in sanely "slow" Philadelphia.

II

During the pleasant cherry-picking days of late June, young Christy Bothwell sat down one morning about 9.30 to a breakfast composed of predigested cereal, freshly-picked cherries, and two letters.

"A good showing," he remarked.

"Yes, Mr. Christy," said the bald-headed butler, his confidant since childhood, "I knew that you liked cherries."

"I meant the letters, of course, Henry. See! Here's a letter from Shorty Knox. And, what luck!—one from Bar Harbor! Sugar and cream on the cereal, please, Henry, while I'm reading this."

There was silence for two minutes.

"You may ask it, Henry. She's well, thank you. Having a fine time, and is sorry I can't come up, but may be in the city herself before long. It all depends on her guardian's plans for her."

"Mr. Christy, pardon my liberty, your latest, is she?"

"The latest, Henry! My first and only! Wish us luck."

Ten minutes later, Christy, leaning back in a comfortable arm-chair, cigarette in mouth, read Shorty's letter.

"I have sold my first story," he read, "to ———'s Magazine for twenty-five dollars. not bad, is it, Christy? I feel encouraged and will write more. Say, Christy, can you picture your old classmate, Shorty, a real author, the first month out of college? Some class, eh? But why don't you try the writing game yourself? Those college yarns of yours used to be quite clever. Let's hear from you.

Sincerely,

Shorty."

About two o'clock in the afternoon a heavy hand was clapped upon Christy's shoulders, as he lay back, lost in reverie.

"Where are you, Christy? Want to play some tennis?"

"Sure, Tom." Christy rose hurriedly from his *Eazy Chair* "But don't ever do that again, for you gave me such a shock that I almost choked over the demi-tasse, and right in front of His Nibs, the Editor, too. You know, I was dining with him by special invitation, to discuss my promising revival of the college yarn."

III

Christy, a trifle early for breakfast, had already digested the pre-digested when the postman's customary step and ring were heard.

"The long-expected counsel from Professor Melvin, "said Christy, opening one of the two letters. "But let's see first what the publishers say."

He opened the second letter. "Weep for a disconsolate author, Henry. Another rejection slip. How many of those did I get yesterday?"

"Two, Mr. Christy."

"And one Wednesday, and two Thursday. It's getting pretty tiresome, I think, Henry."

"Don't be discouraged, Mr. Christy."

The latter turned to the Professor's communication. He waved it excitedly. "Here's luck! He's got a job for me, and listen to this, Henry! 'For the young man who handles himself well in this position, I know of a good opening for next fall as a college instructor in psychology.'"

The taciturn butler beamed at this.

"It sounds good to me, Henry, and anyway it can't be worse than waiting on the mailman every day as I have been doing lately."

A few minutes later, Christy entered one of those popular-priced restaurants that so bountifully dot Market and Chestnut streets. A manager, or equally important individual, accosted him.

"So you're the young man recommended by Professor Melvin, are you? All ready for work? Well, the Professor suggested that we station you in front of the big window there, cooking hot cakes, 'browning the wheat' for the benefit of hungry passers-by on the outside. How does it appeal to you?"

"But the Professor wrote me something about training for an instructorship in psychology," objected Christy.

"He has queer notions, the Professor."

"So it seems. There may be various and widely different methods of studying psychology, but there's such a thing as too much publicity while you're doing it. Now, writing the college yarn is quite different, and don't offer any danger of embarrassing encounters with old friends as standing before this monster window all day would probably lead to—"

"Take the case of this young lady Professor Melvin brought here just before you," interrupted the manager. "She's a good waitress certainly, but she ought to be up among the summer colony at Bar Harbor or Newport, instead of here."

"What young lady are you talking about?"

"Oh, one of the Professor's many experiments. She's here to learn domestic training, and how to make cherry-pie, as far as I can make out."

"Cherry-pie! What's this girl's name, Mr. Manager?" Christy inquired eagerly.

"Professor Melvin's ward, Miss Mollie Parker," replied the restaurant manager.

"I guess I'll stick around a while," said the delighted Christy. "I believe that the Professor was right, and this *is* a good place to study psychology after all, and the presence of a certain husky young lady with bleached hair and a cherry-blossomed hat, shouldn't hinder me in the least."

—*George A. Dunlap, '16.*

Nox Advenit

By the stream's green-bosomed border,
Near the bridge's stony arch,
Long we sat as evening's twilight
Deeper grew;
All about was pregnant silence
Save for locusts' plaintive calls,
Or when fairies swayed the branches
In their shaded woodland halls,
Moist with dew.

In the meadow sprung the daisy,
Sparkling from its bed of green,
Gleaming whiter with the twilight,
Like a star;
On the water's glassy surface
Glowed the dying sun's last rays,
Like some dryad's magic mirror
In the tales of fairy days
From lands afar.

Overhead in heaven's deep ether,
As from artist's adept touch,
Stole a thrush on outspread pinions,
Homeward bent.
In the speckled clouds of whiteness
We could trace a castle's height;
E'en we saw the gates of heaven
Circled with a flood of light,
Angel-sent.

East to westward flows the music,
Tuned to nature's silent nod,
Till it swells in full ensemble
Round the sapphire throne of God.
—*John W. Spaeth, Jr., '17.*

New Books in the Library

Patrie, BY VICTORIEN SARDOU. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

A translation from the French recently published by the Drama League of America. With the Flemish revolt under William of Orange as a background, the plot traces the mental struggle of a man torn between love of country and human passion. A kindly side to the Duke of Alva is conceived contrary to the usual opinion. Descriptions are vivid and the scenes flash forth with startling clearness.

The Jewel City, BY BEN MACOMBER. *John H. Williams, San Francisco.*

An illustrated booklet that wonderfully portrays the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. Accompanying the seventy-five photographs are chapters devoted to description and criticism. It is the most readable exposition "Baedeker" we have seen.

Collected Diplomatic Documents on the Outbreak of the European War.

Sir Gilbert Parker has given to the Library a copy of the official communications of the warring nations. Most interesting are those documents issued by Belgium about August 1st, 1914.

The German Enigma, BY GEORGES BOURDON. *J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London.*

A Frenchman's sincere attempt to understand the German point of view. Personal interviews with prominent Germans before the war convinced M. Bourdon that Germany would avoid a war with France—that England was their sole enemy. He strikes a severe blow at Pan-Germanism.

—*E. T. Price*, '17.

THE UNEASY CHAIR

THE subject of compulsory church attendance has caused as much, if not more, comment about college than any other single issue. There has been considerable agitation to open the pages of the college periodicals to a discussion of this matter. So far the editors have resisted this temptation and preserved a neutral silence. It is argued, with some justice, that the college magazines, as purporting to offer a medium for the expression of college topics, should comply with this demand in the present instance, and enter into the *pros* and *cons* of compulsory church attendance. The propagandists of the present condition argue the method as good, saying that we, under the existing regime, are not in a position to judge the advisability of voluntary attendance at divine services. If, in after years, we look back upon the matter and conclude that the compulsory attendance was inimical to our future welfare, then, and then only, can an adequate decision be rendered. The "antis," on the other hand, say this is an incomplete and mistaken conception of the principle. Furthermore, compulsory church attendance does not accord with the liberal principles advocated by the Society of Friends. That church attendance should not be classed in the category of the college curriculum. That Sunday, per se, is a day of cessation of rules. The arguments for both sides are manifold. As regards the correctness of either, it is difficult to say. If we should give an opinion in either direction it would be, like Banquo's ghost, continually occupying the Uneasy Chair. It would seem to be an iteration of the spirit of so-called "freedom" rising in the mind of man under any form of restraint. But apart from any feeling of restriction, it is a condition which is basically for the best, and is best borne with that Hamletian anticipation of "something after."

—*R. G.*

COMPULSORY CHURCH ATTENDANCE

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS has always taken great pride in the fact that its history is entirely free from the stains of religious intolerance which deface the records of nearly every other denomination. The liberal principles of Roger Williams and William Penn have now been endorsed by the laws of every civilized nation and by the concensus of enlightened opinion. One would naturally expect such a progressive

institution as Haverford College to develop these liberal principles to their fullest extent.

But the authorities of Haverford College, in the question of enforced attendance at religious services, seem to disagree both with the most eminent pioneers of Friendly practise and with the universal spirit of American legislation. It is really rather difficult to understand the grounds upon which the gentlemen responsible for the present condition of forced religion at Haverford justify their attitude. Do they undertake to maintain that the whole policy of the United States government is wrong, that we should return to the state of religious intolerance whose high moral effects are so delightfully apparent in the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? Or do they contend that the typical college man is unworthy of the religious liberty which is guaranteed, under the laws, to the humblest day laborer?

Surely neither of these reasons can have much weight in the twentieth century, however strongly they might have appealed to Philip II. and the Duke of Alva. Surely a fuller and more careful consideration of the question will lead the authorities of Haverford College to exchange their present narrow and illiberal attitude in this matter for one which is more in harmony with the broad and liberal conception of religious liberty which Haverford College ought to stand for.

—*W. H. C.*

ALUMNI

This letter was written by Felix Morley, '15, now serving with Ambulance Train No. 16, "somewhere in France."

A. T. 16,
B. E. F.,
France,
October 3, 1915.

MY DEAR K.:—

I have just filled my *racine de bruyere* pipe with ration tobacco—which sings through a man's nostrils like the fresh unharnessed breezes of the North Atlantic—lighted it with a ration match (Bryant & May's, a make for me permanently associated with Cranbrook and the happy summer days of 1904), and am hoping against hope that I may be able to inflict some sort of scrawl upon you in the brief intervals between sterner duties. It is just 11:35 P. M.

I have been working continuously since four this morning and have an hour and a half more to go before I may snatch four hours to resuscitate me for unloading and cleaning up to-morrow.

The battle of Hulluck has faded into the past, the three or four square miles of bloodstained earth has been "consolidated" by its captors; the great American public, so far as it considers the matter at all, is probably licking its chops in anticipation of another advance, and here, a full week after the battle, we still labor day and night cleaning away the shattered, sodden wreckage. The rush started on September 26th—nine days ago now—and in that time we have made six trips with heavy loads of wounded, four of them all-night journeys, one of twenty hours' duration. Not only do we carry wounded from the front to the base hospitals, but also from the hospital towns to various seaports, the technical term for the latter loads being "convalescents," as they consist of men sufficiently free from danger to be safely removed to England. To-night's trip—we loaded up about 4 P. M., and will get in to-morrow morning at six o'clock or so—is technically a convalescent one, but they are clearing the hospitals so rapidly in preparation for further severe casualties, that the term is a decided misnomer. Usually when the men are certain that they are really going back to Blighty, as they affectionately term England, they are a cheery, patient lot, but to-night, in my ward at least, the poor devils are extremely querulous. One notices it the more because as a general thing they bear the most horrible wounds with such surprising fortitude, and would rather endure discomfort than ask you to relieve even trivial wants.

Is it a blessing or a curse that our powers of assimilation are so inadequate? I would give something to be able to give you an adequate idea of the past week with me, but to do so would overtax the powers of a Milton. You have seen the ocean at a stormy nightfall—gray, ominous, oppressive; and you have looked on those same waters the next morning rippling and dancing in the gracious sunlight. It is a surprising phenomenon, yet it affords an applicable metaphor in this connection. I often wonder how I can sleep, still more how I can eat and joke and laugh amid the scenes one witnesses here. Yet these I do, and all of them—except perhaps the third—successfully. Were we otherwise constituted, the very nature of war would negate its possibility, for no brain could stand such hellish scenes as have been emphasized in this last battle. From a mechanical standpoint we are singularly inefficient, both at

receiving and imparting our impressions.

My ward is a "sitting-up" coach. That is to say, it is an ordinary third class Great Western corridor carriage with eight compartments, two lavatories (one of them used as a pantry), painted khaki outside and white within, the seats upholstered in dark blue with a maroon pattern. Usually I have patients who are sick or so wounded that they need not necessarily lie flat in these compartments, and when we have a full quota of 64 [censored here] my partner and I consider we have enough to occupy our odd moments. At a time like the present, however, the sick and slightly wounded must take their chance, for the Ambulance Trains, working full blast, can only accommodate the worst cases. By placing the two cushions of each compartment on the floor between the seats—cloth-covered springs are not so hard as you might imagine—we can make each compartment hold three men unable to help themselves; $3 \times 8 = 24$, five such coaches—120, and four lying-down coaches with beds for 36 each gives a total of 264. The trip before this, however, we brought down 320, which is, I believe, a record load of stretcher cases. I should have liked to walk the length of the train that night with any American who thinks our country should plunge into this bloody maelstrom. Such sights are damping to the Jingoistic spirit. About midnight my partner came on duty, and before turning in I wandered up through the dimly lighted train. To walk amid such concentration of smashed humanity is something unforgettable; through crowded wards where the Red Cross fights its unequal battle with shrapnel and high explosives; through scenes indelible of imprint, awaiting only the pencil of another Dante to seal the end of war. White faces, distorted, huddled figures, swathing bandages, and clumsy, binding splints. Everywhere wounded men—lying in the crowded sitting-up wards in such cramped postures as I have described to you, filling every bed in the lying-downs—on the floors, in the corridors, in the dispensary, in the store room, in the brake van. A weird and gruesome labyrinth through which to pick one's way. You are in a lying-down ward and must crawl through the precarious passage way left between the stretchers in the aisles and the triple tiers of beds. The train is rattling over miserably laid French switches, and every jolt brings forth its quota of groans, half suppressed by a brave effort of pallid lips. Here is a bad face wound, a bandaged, ghastly, inhuman, mummy-like head dabbled in blood and matter, and redolent with the fetid, noxious smell peculiar to

such wounds. If it were daytime and August the flies would be clustered black about that septic mouth, but winter, while it accentuates most miseries, will at least alleviate that one. In a bottom bunk nearby is a man with a bullet through his head. He is unconscious, his face gray and sunken; his eye sockets a livid, ghastly purple. For him at least the war drums beat no longer, and the order has gone out that he is to be unloaded at our first stop, so that he may die in the hospital. Here and there are gas cases—sound in limb and body, but terribly pathetic to look upon as they sit propped up with pillows, panting for air with frantic, rapid gasps. Unconscious under merciful opiates, here is one who has had an explosive bullet through both thighs. [Censored here.] Opposite, another has a bullet in the bowels, so that a ceaseless agonizing stream of putrid matter passes through the wound. There are several amputations, mostly of the feet and legs, and one young Scotsman, who every now and then starts wildly up from his stretcher in the aisle, glares terror-stricken round with staring, sightless eyes and relapses limp and trembling amid his blankets and hot water bottles. Finally, at the further end of the coach, a motionless figure beside whom an orderly must watch unceasingly. Shrapnel has blown away his entire abdomen, and Death is already folding her black wings around his head.

The catalogue is far too horrible for amplification, easy as were that task. Nor would I wish you to think that all my time is spent in such surroundings, for the past week has been unusual, though doubtless there will be more such pressure before winter sets in. Not infrequently when the work is done there is leave for three or four hours at a time, which affords opportunity for wandering through the towns where we are stationed, and even for brief excursions into the neighboring countryside. There is good company on the train—several University men—and not the least agreeable hours are those spent in relieving our monotonous rations round the table of some quaint estaminet. The French omelette exerts a potent call to the true believer, and the slimmest of purses will always encompass a glass or two in this land of vintages. On the whole, the life, while exacting, is novel and by no means distasteful. D. V., I shall stick it six months either here or possibly at the Dunkirk station—after that, Quien Sabe?

I trust F—— has had a favorable inception into Haverford; the life there seems very, very dim and precious viewed from present surroundings.

Letter from Felix M. Morley, '15.

'85

Haverfordians will be interested to learn of the success of Professor Theodore W. Richards, '85, who has received the Nobel Prize for Chemistry, carrying with it $40,000. The article is reprinted from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

London, Nov. 12.—The Nobel Prize for Physics for 1914, says a Reuter dispatch from Stockholm, has been awarded to Prof. Max von Laue, of Frankford-on-Main, for his discovery of the diffraction of rays in crystals. The Chemistry Prize for the same year has been awarded to Prof. Theodore William Richards, of Harvard University, for fixing the atom weights of chemical elements. The prizes for 1915 will be awarded today.

For the first time since their establishment, in 1903, one of the Nobel prizes, carrying with it more than $40,000 in gold, has been awarded to a Philadelphian. Professor Theodore William Richards, who was born in Germantown and graduated from Haverford College, has been awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry for 1914. Doctor Richards is now director of the Gibbs Memorial Laboratory at Harvard University.

According to the dispatch, the award was made for the discoveries of Doctor Richards in fixing the atomic weight of elements. With his assistants, he revised the atomic weights of oxygen, copper, iron, nickel, calcium, sodium and many other elements. His investigations in physical and organic chemistry and his monographs on the significance of changing atomic volumes have given him high prestige in the scientific world.

Doctor Richards was born in Germantown on January 31, 1868. His parents were William T. Richards, an artist, and Anna Matlack Richards, an author. He was graduated from Haverford in 1885 with the degree of bachelor of science. Harvard gave him an arts degree in 1886 and the degrees of master of arts and doctor of philosophy in 1888. He then studied at the Universities of Gottingen and Leipsic and at the School of Technology, Dresden. A score of universities in Europe and America, including Yale, Harvard, Oxford and Cambridge, have given him honorary degrees. He is a member of the International Commission on Atomic Weights, and was awarded the Davy medal by the Royal Society in 1910 and the Willard Gibbs Memorial by the American Chemical Society in 1912.

November 8, 1915.

The Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN.

SIR:—

The enclosed letter from W. W. Comfort, '94, I cut from the New York *Times* of November 7th.

It has occurred to me that it would be within the province of the HAVERFORDIAN to call upon a few

representative alumni, whose opinions are worth printers' ink, for their views on the momentous issue of national defence.

I for one am most anxious to know what the most thoughtful of American Friends think about the problem. Are we to abdicate our old easy pacificist ideals? Or are we to try to maintain them in the face of the overwhelming landslide toward "adequate defence"?

It seems as though this is a question of peculiar interest to Haverfordians. There are a great many alumni who continue to look to the HAVERFORDIAN as an organ wherein the sober feeling of the college expresses itself. Why not ask Dr. Comfort, and someone of equal ability who holds the other side of the argument, to debate the problem?

Faithfully yours,

C. D. MORLEY, '10.

RESULTS OF PREPAREDNESS

Will Force Upon Us a New Foreign Policy and Unnecessary Wars.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

One may assume that the writers of letters to the press for and against preparedness as a means of keeping our country at peace are sincere, but their statements are often confused and their arguments often easy to confute. It is relatively unimportant whether the country can afford the colossal expenditures contemplated, or whether the money will find its way into the pork barrel, or whether internal improvements are more urgent, or whether the vessels built now will be scrap iron in fifteen years, or whether any foreign country has designs upon us. The country must do some straight thinking on a high level. One must not shrink from taking an extreme stand when moral truth is engaged. There is no virtue in compromise when the historic policy of America is threatened.

Christianity stands for the superiority of spiritual over physical force. It is not only an abstract truth, but a practical truth, to which all history and progress bear record. To compromise with a principle for which Christianity and our own nation have stood is a serious matter, and one may well tremble at the prospect. For a century we have kept out of European broils without losing self-respect or the respect of others. Our wealth, our happiness, and our place in the sun have steadily grown, though we have been unarmed—just as the wealth, the commerce, and the importance of Germany have steadily grown during half a century of peaceful conquest. It is not a question exclusively of our present peaceable intentions. Is there on record a case of a nation with a well-equipped fighting arm which has not devel-

oped a class of professional militarists, men who have stagnated in peace and who lust for war if only to display their prowess? These blood lusters already exist among us, and against them we must be on our guard; ruin lies in their way. In their cry that such a great nation as ours must maintain its dignity, they will be joined by all those who are now providing munitions in return for blood money and who will not wish to see their new plants lying idle after this war. Further, with a large, but not the largest, navy we shall be courted for foreign alliances, which we shall not refuse, but which will sooner or later embroil us, as one nation after another has become embroiled in this present war of alliances.

Not long since Japan armed and became a world power, and now she is courted and distrusted. We know what the Occident fears should China follow suit. If we do the same, we cannot prevent other nations from concluding that our foreign policy has changed, that we have seen a great light, and have gone on the warpath to impose our dignity. Is there any European nation for whose dignity we would exchange our own just now?

An armed nation flings abroad a standing challenge. The chance of peace decreases as preparedness for war increases. We have been caught in the back wash of the European war. After our generosity and compassion with suffering, it is proposed to follow in precisely the methods which have brought on the war, and which we have but recently execrated. With the opportunity in our hand to lead the greatest movement in human history, a new dispensation, we are asked to go back to the Old Testament standards from which the European nations and the European church have not yet emerged. We are the only nation whose hands were clean enough to attempt the heroic task, the only Government which Europe would trust.

Do our people realize that in every parallel case preparedness has led to war? We may be at a turning point in our career, when we are about to sell out our birthright for the mess into which preparedness will lead us. Most of us want to do the right thing in the wrong way. We are starting on a long road, for the experts take good care not to say just when they will be adequately prepared to maintain peace. They cannot tell us, because preparation for peace by preparation for war is a contradiction of eternal law.

W. W. COMFORT,
Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.,
Nov. 1, 1915.

1910

The following is of interest, as indicating that even in war there are some bright spots.

The announcement has reached

England that Mr. P. J. Baker, one of the most famous of sportsmen and scholars, is shortly to be married to a lady with whom he has been working for some months at the front, Miss Irene Noel, cousin of the Hon. Neville Lytton, the great tennis player. Her father is at present in Greece, where he has a large estate.

Mr. P. J. Baker is the popular commanding officer of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, which has been doing magnificent work at the front. Miss Noel is attached to the Unit, and is said to be a most accomplished lady. She is full of energy and business, and has been out all the time, regardless of shell fire and sundry spills from motor-cars. That Mr. Baker's future wife has already been a great help to him is evident from the following extract from a letter from a member of the Unit:

"It is entirely due to her and to Mr. P. J. Baker, with the help of efficient officers, that the Unit has been able to accomplish such excellent work as a voluntary unit, which is always difficult out here in getting clearing stations, the armies occupying every nook and corner."

The Unit, financed by the Quakers' Friends' Society, besides clearing the wounded, undertakes various other duties, such as helping to cleanse towns by inoculation against typhoid, supplying apparatus to make pure water, helping destitute civilians with food and clothing, hospitals for civilians, and two or three other kinds of hospitals.

At Cambridge Mr. Baker made a great name for himself, being President of the University Athletic Club and the Union Debating Society at the same time. He was equally famous as a scholar, taking a Second Class in the Historical Tripos, and then securing a First Class in the Economics Tripos, besides winning the Whewell University Scholarship for International Law. Some little time before he went to the front he was appointed Vice-Principal of Ruskin College, Oxford, and has since been elected into a Fellowship at his old Foundation, King's College, Cambridge. It was his Tripos work which prevented him from training thoroughly for the last Olympic Games.

The wedding will take place at Crabbet Park, Surrey, on June 12th, and will attract considerable attention.

Mr. Baker is the son of the Member for East Finsbury. He first went to the Bootham's School, York, and besides his very remarkable career at the University, has studied in America and Germany.

Mr. Baker's full record on the track is as follows:—

FIRST YEAR

Won Freshmen's Mile in 4 min. 35 2-5 sec.

Won Freshmen's Half-Mile in 2 min. 0 3-5 sec.

Won Strangers' 1,000 Yards Handicap, conceded 6 yds., in 2 min. 20 2-5 sec.

Won Strangers' Half-Mile Handicap from scratch in 1 min. 59 2-5 sec.

Won College Mile in 4 min. 51 3-5 sec.

Won Inter-'Varsity Mile in 4 min. 27 3-5 sec.

SECOND YEAR

Won Strangers' 1,000 Yards Handicap from scratch in 2 min. 19 sec.

Won C. U. A. C.—L. A. C. Half-Mile (beating Lieut. Patterson) in 1 min. 59½ sec.

Won College Quarter-Mile in 54 1-5 sec.

Won College Mile in 5 min. 0 2-5 sec.

Second in College 100 Yards in 11 sec.

Won College Half-Mile in 2 min. 3 sec.

Won 'Varsity Mile in 4 min. 29 sec.

Won Inter-'Varsity Half-Mile in 1 min. 57 3-5 sec.

THIRD YEAR

Won College Half-Mile in 2 min. 7 1-5 sec.

Second in College 100 Yards in 11 sec.

Won College Mile in 4 min. 43 sec.

Second in College 100 Yards in 10 3-5 sec.

Won College Half-Mile in 2 min. 7 1-5 sec.

Won College Mile in 4 min. 49 sec.

Won College Mile in 4 min. 38 3-5 sec.

Second in College 100 Yards in 10 3-5 sec.

Won College Half-Mile in 2 min. 10 2-5 sec.

Won College Three Miles in 15 min. 47 2-5 sec.

Won Inter-Collegiate Mile in 4 min. 31 3-5 sec.

Won Inter-Collegiate Half-Mile in 2 min. 8 sec.

Won 'Varsity Mile in 4 min. 30 3-5 sec.

Won 'Varsity Half-Mile in 1 min. 58 sec.

Won C.U.A.C.—L.A.C. Mile in 4 min. 30 sec.

Won Inter-'Varsity Half-Mile in 1 min. 58 1-5 sec.

Won Inter-'Varsity Mile in 4 min. 29 2-5 sec.

Won Oxford and Cambridge v. Yale and Harvard Mile in 4 min. 27 2-5 sec.

FOURTH YEAR

Won College Mile in 4 min. 54 3-5 sec.

Won College Half-Mile in 2 min. 6 3-5 sec.

Won C.U.A.C.—A.A.A. Half-Mile in 1 min. 59 2-5 sec.

Won Strangers' Two Miles

Handicap from scratch in 9 min. 55 sec.

Won College Mile in 4 min. 42 1-5 sec.

Won College 100 Yards in 11 sec.

Won College Half-Mile in 2 min. 5 sec.

Won College Quarter-Mile in 52 1-5 sec.

Second College 100 Yards in 10 4-5 sec.

Won College Half-Mile in 1 min. 59 1-5 sec.

Won 'Varsity Mile in 4 min. 24 4-5 sec.

Won 'Varsity Half-Mile in 1 min. 57 3-5 sec.

Won C.U.A.C.—L.A.C. Half-Mile in 1 min. 50 4-5 sec.

Won Inter-Varsity Half-Mile in 1 min. 56 3-5 sec.

'88

Howell S. England has removed his law offices from Wilmington, Del., to 633 Dime Savings Bank Building, Detroit.

'95

Samuel H. Brown spent the year 1914–1915 studying history in the Graduate School of Harvard University, taking his A. M. degree in June, 1915. While there he refereed quite a number of soccer and other games, notably the Harvard–Columbia Intercollegiate match.

Mr. Brown has returned to his position as teacher of history at Westtown.

'96

L. Hollingsworth Wood was married to Miss Helen Underhill, of Jericho, L. I., on October 28th. They will live at Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

'98

Dr. Wm. W. Cadbury has gone to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital at Boston, where he will do special research work in Oriental diseases for several months.

1900

John Pim Carter's address is now 3113 Blakiston St., Holmeburg, Philadelphia.

'03

The University of Chicago Press has published the Ph.D. dissertation of J. E. Hollingsworth under the title "Antithesis in the Attic Orators from Antiphon to Isaeus."

'08

Thos. M. Longstreth has published a book with the Outing Publishing Co., entitled "Reading the Weather."

J. Carey Thomas, 2nd, is at present teaching French and English in the Riverview Academy at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'09

Gerald H. Deacon's address is at present McKean Ave., Germantown, Pa.

'11

Henry Ferris, Jr., was married on November 9th to Miss Mary Keeney Harris, of 1623 Master St., Philadelphia. Mr. Ferris is employed on the *Public Ledger* Display Advertising Staff.

J. Jarden Guenther was married to Miss Dorothy Erwin Henderson at Paoli on October 30th. Walter Whitson, '08, and John Bradway, '11, were ushers.

'13

The Class of 1913 held a class supper at Lauber's Restaurant October 22nd at 6 P. M., previous to attending the Freshman Cakewalk at the college. The following were present:—

Crowder, Diament, Hare, Hires, Howson, Longstreth, Maule, Offerman, Tatnall, Thomas.

Chas. O. Young, employed in the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry, has been moved from Washington to Los Angeles, Cal. His address is 142 S. Anderson St. Mr. Young's residence there will probably be temporary, as he may be moved again next spring.

Lloyd H. Mendenhall is now located in Puerto Padre, Cuba,

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engaged in Friends' missionary work. His wife and son are with him.

Edward Rice, Jr., who graduated from Haverford College in 1913, has been serving with the Friends' ambulance unit in France for the last five months, and has been sent by that organization to this country to tell Philadelphians of the progress of the work of the unit and outline its financial needs. Mr. Rice has been spending a few days in each department of the ambulance in order to more clearly explain its work.

—*Ledger, Nov. 12.*

'14

Samuel E. Stokes is captain of the Moorestown Soccer Team.

Jos. C. Ferguson, 3rd, Stewart P. Clarke, and Roy MacFarlan are attending the night school of the University of Pennsylvania.

Walter G. Bowerman on November 1st assumed a position in the Actuarial Dept. of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York.

'15

Ernest N. Votaw is a candidate for the University of Pennsylvania gym. team.

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The Haverfordian

Contents

Keats, Verse .... Albert H. Stone, '16 308
The Question of Advertising .... John K. Garringes, '14 309
Rainbow, Story .... C. Van Dam, '17 312
The Question ,Verse .... Donald H. Painter, '17 318
" The Devil is Among Us " ..... W. H. Chamberlin, '17 319
Lalun, Verse .... D. Oliver, '19 321
Adventure, Story .... Walter S. Nevin, '18 322
Memory, Youth, and Age, Verse. Charles Hartshorne, '19 323
A Sentimental Disinterment ...... Robert Gibson, '17 324
Nanon, A Character Sketch ...... Albert H. Stone, '16 327
To Taj Mahal, Verse .... D. C. Wendell, '16 328
The Message of Poland 1917 329
Compulsory Church Attendance Not Compulsory Religion .... J. W. Spaeth, '17 331
The Statue of Truth, Verse .... Robert Gibson, '17 333
The Last of the Hohenstaufen, Story .... W. H. Chamberlin, '17 334
The Uneasy Chair 339
Off Probation, Verse .... DeWitt C. Clement, '17 342
Alumni .... Donald H. Painter, '17 343

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VOL. XXXVII HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1916. No. 8

Keats

Idolater of Beauty, Child of Truth,
What wordless ecstasies within thee burn,
As, lost to time and place, thy pale hands turn
The sculptured tale of maid pursued by youth?

Art thou a statue sitting thus so still?
Dost catch the glorious sweep of Homer's strings?
Or notest thou the nightingale that wings
To wooded dale beneath Ionian hill?

In fancy do thy slender fingers press
The stops of oaten reed of piping Pan?
Or stretched in cedarn shadows dost thou plan
To win some artless Dryad's shy caress?

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

// THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1916 No. 8

The Question of Advertising

THERE seem to be two general headings for activity in advertising a college—advertising what we have, and getting what we want to advertise.

In regard to the first question, I find that in most colleges both undergraduates and alumni share in the work. Undergraduates know the college as it is, and are in a good position to disseminate this knowledge. Princeton, for instance, has a School Club, which, on a neatly crested paper, keeps the various school periodicals informed on the activities of school representatives in college. I have seen more than one school paper somewhat monopolized with Princeton news. The effect of this is that the members of the school begin to draw closer to Princeton and to feel a stronger attachment there. Union College of Schenectady has an organization much on the same lines, called the Press Club, membership in which is considered one of the greatest honors. This club, besides keeping in touch with school papers, sends to the papers in the home towns of various students glowing accounts of their achievements and successes. Thus many communities are not allowed to forget that Union "is on the map."

There is another service which is also effected by these clubs. They take charge of getting schoolboys to college to see the place and enjoy a touch of college life. So again the boys draw closer to the college and acquire an interested attachment. There is a great possibility, however, of overdoing this entertaining method, whereupon the "victim" is sent off gasping for breath. There are many seniors in school who are easily dazzled by the adulation process; but the strongest minded and those most worth having generally approach a college with a far more critical mind. Therefore, it seems to me, no matter what club Haverford may choose for the promotion of its good name, the motto should be, "Let's show them what we've got."

Unfortunately, it is not always possible to have the majority of "possibilities" out to College. Then another factor comes into play,

that of delicate and convincing fluency. The Alumni can help in this even more than the undergraduates. College news, like our subtle Virgilian friend "Fama," can speed on and rise with incredible swiftness. This desirable fluency can be worthily backed up with the heavy artillery of college publications, and if one is only willing to talk loud enough and often enough the deepest entrenchments may receive the happy word.

The organization of the alumni under some secretarial head is a method adopted by the large universities, and it seems to deserve the time given to it. A co-operative alumni is a most powerful body. Through the services of a special agent (who, by the way, must be a man of unusual tact and personality) even the method of direct talks in schools may be adopted. It is, as a rule, the work of this secretary, or whatsoever he may be called, to distribute college publications and catalogs. I know of one institution which has in pamphlet form some extremely interesting articles by professors on salient questions in regard to college life. Class records of many colleges can also be found on library tables in schools. Many a schoolboy has taken pride in opening such a book and pointing out John Doe, "who went to school while I was here," or, "who lives right next to me," and such things ad infinitum. So much for making more obvious "what we've got."

Now for getting what we want to advertise. Scientific schools make their names by aiming directly towards efficiency. Haverford, as a place of general education, has no aspirations that way and has a more difficult problem to face. I have heard more than one Haverfordian admit, with mingled emotion, that when he got out of College he was completely bewildered as to what business should claim his attention. Although Haverford wants, I believe, to avoid specialization, is there, by any chance, some greater application of potentiality possible, which will give more satisfaction to the student body? This means, of course, a fuller use of academic possibilities after special training is tabooed as undesirable for such a place.

In reference to this matter it seems to me that the accusation of a certain Yale professor that Haverford is "somewhat provincial" should be seriously pondered upon. It is a strange paradox for an institution of such broad training to be provincial. However, let us make sure that this critical statement strikes no soft spot. Washington and Jefferson felt in regard to this matter that more business courses would help to solve the problem. Therefore, in that college one may place on his schedule courses in business statistics et al. More than one small college has given civil engineering a greater place. Union College gives some time to applied mechanics, as does also Williams. Spanish is now

a language of rapidly increasing importance. Would it be detrimental to a broad education to give more courses in that language? Perhaps it is the duty of college authorities to decide on this matter, yet we all have an influence in the college management, which we may assume if we so will. It seems to me that chemistry, for example, might receive greater stress in Haverford. A course of commercial chemistry might help to lessen the number of fellows who uncertainly wander out of Roberts Hall in June with a degree which points nowhere in particular. Although business schools assume the responsibility of supplying business knowledge, perhaps a course or so of vital bearing in this direction might help. It is a hard thing to draw the line, but the more we think of it, the more competent we shall be to do so. It is obvious that to grow as so many wish Haverford to grow, there must be a great increase of interest and activity in behalf of these important advertising questions.

The matter of exploiting athletics is an easier matter to handle. Our big games and meets more easily reach the papers and the public eye thereby. The athletic organization of the College is undoubtedly very good. We, however, may aid the finished product by guiding more athletes to the College by showing them just what the College organization is. Complimentary tickets should never be wanting and, in fact, never are wanting for schoolboys. A point worthy of notice is that Haverford supplies athletics for the majority and not the chosen few.

To sum up the purport of this article, there is a big call for an additional effort of alumni and undergraduates towards the advertising of Haverford. We have to be everlastingly fluent and eternally zealous, one and all of us, if our ideal is to be realized. The problem of readjustment and expansion is one which cannot too diligently be considered. I have taken the liberty of expressing my views on this new and vital issue, trusting that perchance I may aid somewhat in an increase of interest, or at least stimulate some somnolent pen to further expression on the same subject.

—John K. Garrigues, '14.

Rainbow

"'Twas no woman that you gazed at,
'Twas no maiden that you sighed for."
—Longfellow's Hiawatha.

IN TWO PARTS

IT was a still, starlit evening at the Canon—the hour when the Hopi Indians danced for the amusement of the hotel guests, and extracted from their plentiful pockets the largest sums of money for the least possible values. The Hopi House, placed a short distance from the hotel, was well-nigh bulging with a cosmopolitan crowd of tourists, happy and laughing in the quickly made friendships of the traveler, for which propinquity alone is responsible. Some were buying Indian trinkets at a double price for the rush season, others craning their necks at the skins and pictures which covered the walls, and all were chattering in the care-free manner of sight-seers who have nothing to do but spend a definite sum of money in a specified time. In one corner of the room the Indians, feathered and beaded within an inch of their lives, were lolling idly, awaiting word from the fat little manager to begin. There were chiefs and squaws, young men with heavy muscles and piercing eyes, maidens, children and papooses, all displayed to view, like advertisements of a circus.

Presently the manager elbowed his way to the center of the room, and the crowd drew back. He made a flowery and highly exaggerated speech about the "only genuine living members of the once powerful and influential Hopi tribe," then withdrew with profuse bowings, to usher in the entertainers. At his last words, a number of them had risen lazily and formed a ragged line. Their dance, which was devoid of every artistic sense save rhythm, would not have done credit to a party of children playing Indian with sticks in some back yard. The faces of the crowd expressed at first eager interest for the novelty, then changed to mild tolerance, and at last broke into derisive laughter which the Indians acknowledged, either with a bow or a good-natured smile. They showed little interest in the opinion of the crowd; for there were no more Indians to be had, even if they did nothing but stand around and look fierce.

Again the manager appeared and addressed his amused audience in oft-repeated words. "Our next number will be a love dance by the Indian maiden, Rainbow, famed from coast to coast for her beauty and

grace. The dance will represent the spirit of the Indian girl who rejoices in the first sweet pangs of Cupid's arrows."

Faces again showed real interest; all eyes turned towards her as she left her corner and came slowly forward into the opening. Clad in a simple coat and skirt of skins,—with a band of wampum about her head and sandals on her feet,—she seemed more civilized and human than the others of her tribe. Her face, framed in braids of glistening black hair, recalled the wild, natural beauty of the woods—the light in her dark eyes was the shimmering sparkle of the sun behind a waterfall. Her dance was a series of slow and measured poses, shifting gracefully into one another, and plainly telling a tale of love and disappointment. Old ladies were murmuring "Isn't she pretty?" "Sweet face," and one young fellow expressed his more prosaic opinion in the epigram, "Some kid!" While the girl collected the reward for her dance, an incident happened which made the audience gaze again in curiosity. They saw a young man, richly dressed, and rather handsome, thrust a hand into his pocket and carelessly drop a fifty-cent piece to the floor. It rolled to the other side of the room, but not before the girl, on her knees, had seen the motion of his arm. She picked it up and cast a swift glance towards the manager, whose back was turned. Then, crossing the room, she stepped up to the donor and pressed the coin back into his hand.

"No take from you," she whispered.

There was a puzzled look on the face of Dean Mathew, New York banker, as he slowly replaced the coin in his pocket, and watched those two black braids and that erect figure disappearing in the crowd.

"Wonder why she did that," he said to the man next him.

"Liked yer looks. Can't never tell what them Injuns'll do," the other answered decidedly.

With an amused smile Mathew turned away and wandered back to the hotel, where he found his pretty young wife and little girl sitting on the porch.

"Where have you been, Dean?" she inquired.

"Watching the Indians dance. There is a beautiful Indian girl there. You must see her before we leave."

"Why didn't you tell me, Dean? I would love to have gone," she said disappointedly.

"You were talking: I didn't want to interrupt you," he replied quietly.

She turned away, visibly annoyed. Dean had found her hard to understand of late. Her temper had flared up on several occasions. She had been full of arguments, suspicions, and complaints. Mathew

believed himself a normally easy man to live with, and at times had felt keen disappointment in her. He had taken the Western trip to please her whim, and even now she did not seem content. Once or twice Dean had caught himself looking into the future with a forecast that was far from bright.

After it was all over, it seemed to him a strange combination of chance and calculation that, on the following morning, he should miss the daily party into the canon, that his wife should not care to go, and that Rainbow should be out at the corral just as he came to look for a burro.

"You want guide?" she queried, with restrained eagerness.

Dean smiled and answered in the affirmative. The smile melted momentarily as he looked up and saw the figure of a powerful Indian youth standing in the doorway of the Hopi House. His brute features were distorted in a scowl, his eyes glued on the man and the girl. Then the pleasing thought of having a pretty Indian to lead him into that vast, silent canon, stopped the question on his lips, and he thought no more of the matter.

When, suddenly, the canon lay below him, Dean felt about as large as a grain of sand on the shores of the Pacific. Just to the left a smooth wall of rock dropped a sheer thousand feet. Dean's eye followed on down over the steep brown banks, scantily clad with stunted shrubbery, to a rolling plain with a barely visible white line running through it.

"What is that line?" he asked, pointing it out.

"Trail, half-way," his guide answered simply.

For two hours they held their jolting, jerking pace down into the jaws of the canon. The narrow trail was ankle-deep in dust, and a cloud arose at every step. Back and forth it wound like the path of a snake, now on the edge of a hideous cliff,—now through a mighty ravine. As Dean gazed off through miles and miles of thin blue atmos phere without a trace of any life—out over a dozen smaller canons, any of them large enough to swallow up New York City without an effort, he began in a small way to realize the distances which at first sight mock the eye and deceive the reason.

When the maze of trail straightened for half a mile into the fly path on the plain, Dean, hot and thirsty, was glad for the shelter and the cool spring at the half-way house. He stretched himself lazily on a tiny patch of grass and addressed his companion.

"Rainbow, are you one of the regular guides?"

"No." She shook her black braids in denial.

"Then why are you taking me? I understood at the office that one of the boys was to go with me."

"Me gude guide; me hate 'em; take all business and all the money."

"You no want me?" she asked, her glance keenly questioning.

"Far from it: I'd lots rather have you Rainbow. Tell me, why you gave me back that fifty cents last night."

"Me not get it anyway," she evaded after a moment of confusion.

"No; that's not it! Tell me why," Mathew asked gently. He did not understand this girl, so sudden in her ways, so primitive—and yet altogether as charming a little being as ever looked into his eyes. Mathew was a steady man, cold by nature, and careless of a pretty face or feminine attraction; but his time was free, his thoughts idle: the canon held him in its grip bodily and mentally; he had stepped so suddenly from a crowded city into this boundless space that he felt like a prehistoric man in a prehistoric world. This girl beside him who knew every rock and crevice for miles, fitted her surroundings as completely as the sea-gulls fit the sea. Just as their white soaring-wings cut the salt air,—incarnate spirits of the ocean,—so this girl seemed to hold in her proud, fearless breast, the spirit of the canon.

He watched her sitting by his feet, breathing deeply, eyes in the distance.

"Tell me," he repeated.

"I like you: I dance for you for nothing," she replied, for the first time using the correct pronoun.

"Are you not going to marry one of your tribe?" asked Dean curiously; it seemed strange that she was not already married.

She flashed a stormy look upon him.

"Black Cloud want me for his squaw now! Me hate him; lazy, stupeed, cruel; Indians no good no more," she answered scornfully.

"It would be a shame for a girl like you not to marry, Rainbow. Don't you love any one?" he inquired with a smile.

She started at the question and hesitated.

"I love this." She stretched aher arms out towards the depths below, and their silence answered her back.

"You're a wild little thing, aren't you?" he mused with twinkling eyes.

She laughed.

"Yes. By golly! we must go or we not get back."

The English slang sounded strange from her untaught lips.

"There's lots of time, Rainbow," he assured her.

"We go to ze river?" she queried uncertainly.

"Surely! By all means! I want to see it."

Then a thought flashed through her quick brain which was destined to turn three lives upside down, and follow through the years, as history of the canon.

An hour had slipped by before they unhitched their burros. Another hour of blistering heat brought them to the head of the gorge which cradles the river within its vaulted depths. The trail branched suddenly,—they turned to the right and continued over stony ground on a path, apparently less used than the one that they had left.

"Where's this go?" inquired Dean.

"Quicker," was her brief retort.

Dean marveled at the trail clinging like a vine to the sheer wall. The noise of rushing water echoed from the caverns underneath. Slowly they descended until at last, after endless winding, they reached the banks. The burros drank at the water's edge and their riders sank down on the sand.

"This is good place," remarked Rainbow.

"For what?"

"To rest: for the night."

"What! We're going back. It's—it's only 4 o'clock."

"We no can get back tonight," she laughed softly. "It take four hours to go up. We fall off and kill ourselves in darkness."

"But the others do it in a day," he exploded.

"Not this trail. This is long," she argued appealingly.

He stood angrily over her, and she turned her large eyes up at him with shy guiltiness.

"Why did you bring me this way?" he demanded tersely. His reservations were made for the following morning and he foresaw no little inconvenience by the delay. At first he was thoroughly aroused., then, as he contemplated the wild little creature before him, the simplicity and daring of her unique proposal, twisted his pursed lips into a reluctant smile. He enjoyed novelty like any other normal business man. His previous recreations had been refereed by a jealous little wife who kept all stray women from the side-lines with never-failing constancy of purpose. Dean had been diplomatically usurped, in other words; though his three years of married life had slid by in a whirl of business and society, nevertheless the lingering shadow of a wife hung over him and earned him the epithet "Dutiful Dean" among his gayer feminine friends.

Rainbow dug one little sandaled foot into the earth and furiously

tried to formulate a few words which would say a whole lot. She spoke with a tenderness utterly foreign to her normal manner of speech.

"I no can call you by name, but we are all alone, so I no have to. I loved you when I danced for you. I could not take money for it. I say you shan't get away and me never see you again, like the others. They come, they speak kindly to me and they go away and never think of me afterwards. You say I am Indian: but I am human too. I can love like the white girl, and better, O much better! Me not need a city to be happy—not clothes, money or fine house, but just space and stillness, and the canon—and you. Now you will go away and then it is good-bye. Then I shall think and think for a long time of this night, and pray to the Great Spirit that I see you again sometime—somewhere—"

She raised her eyes to his face, and smiled—a rather hopeless little smile. Dean turned away. The man who had braved the glances and tears and loves of New York's fairest, quailed under the grip of her simple, artless confession. He knew his wife could never make a speech like that, love how she might, and wondered if the polishing process of civilized custom had not utterly defeated its aim—whether it were not better to be reared alone, in the presence of the Spirit "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, the round ocean, the living air, and in the mind of man." For a brief moment the toiling city seemed an evil dream of some distant world. The beauty and grandeur of the sunset shadows aslant across the canon sides,—the inspiration of the evening hour,—the raw and weird interior of earth and rock,—the little spirit beside him, embodying it all,——these mental breezes blew at once on the dead leaves of Dean's conventional soul and aroused within him feelings which kindled and disturbed.

She watched him standing lost in thought.

"You are angry?" she ventured.

"Me? Angry? No. But you mustn't love me, Rainbow. I'm—I'm too old, for one thing, and—"

"Tell the river to stop flowing," she replied simply.

"Don't you see that it's foolish, Rainbow!" he tried to explain. "You will only make yourself unhappy, and if you knew what an old bum I really am, you'd be disgusted with me."

"Love that is unhappy is sometimes the sweetest. If you are a bum, whatever it is, I'll look a long time for another one, but I never find a bum like you again."

She wondered why he smiled.

"I hope you won't; a little Indian goddess like you would be wretch-

ed, with a white bum for a soul-mate. You're too free and wild to love a mere man, Rainbow."

Her eyes looked bitter reproach. She answered in her abrupt, prophetic way:

"Some men have souls to love."

"Perhaps so," he conceded with a grim smile.

The shadows were settling in black masses behind the crags and ridges. The red after-glow was quickly dying in the narrow strip of sky above, and the swift-dropping night had soon shut them relentlessly in blackness. They took blankets from the burros, and there they lay down on the soft sand,—two tiny things between high walls, that seemed to brush the stars. They slept to the splash of the river, and the eternal silence of the canon. After hours had passed Rainbow awoke, her hair wet with mist. She leaned over and gazed at Dean's face in the faint starlight.

"Me wish you no had squaw," she murmured longingly.

But her prayer was already answered.

(To be concluded)

—C. Van Dam, '17.

The Question

Thin crescent wanes in western sky,
A mocker of man's hopeless cry,
"Ah, whence is all this world, and why?
Why, oh why?"

The crescent sinks; the clouds roll by,
Chill shrouds for all, for all must die.
"Oh, shall we know," the sufferers sigh,
"Bye and bye?"

—Donald H. Painter, '17.

"The Devil is Among Us"

FROM the earliest times men have had a vague belief in the existence of some supernatural being that is potent for evil. This belief has waxed and waned in proportion as reason and science, or ignorance and superstition, have dominated human thought.

Morbid conceptions of a tormenting devil found little place in the clear minds of the Greeks. We find no trace, in their poetry and philosophy, of the pleasant idea of a malevolent deity with no better object in life than a constant chase after the souls of poor harassed mortals. Their Hades was a creation of poetic fancy, not a grim theological dogma. And their belief in the Furies had, at least, the excuse of reason and justice to support it.

In Persia we find an early belief in the perpetual strife between the Power of Good (Ormuzd) and the Power of Evil (Ahriman). At the end of the world the Persian imagined a stupendous Armageddon, in which the power of Ormuzd would save his worshippers from the ignominious defeat which was prophesied for the rest of the world. Here we have the idea of eternal, irreconcilable conflict between Good and Evil, which is the philosophic foundation of Wagner's "Tannhauser."

But his Satanic Majesty is really ushered into power by the introduction of Christianity. The early saints record many struggles, both physical and spiritual, with the insidious adversary who is continually striving to lure their footsteps from the straight and narrow path. Monks and hermits, who wasted the greater portion of their lives in idle meditation and unhealthy penances, found relief from *ennui* and salve for vanity by ascribing the disordered fancies which were a natural result of mental emptiness and physical debility to the malevolent influence of Satan and his attendant fiends. Asceticism was probably the most important factor in creating a belief in a real, personal devil.

The power of his Satanic Majesty reached its zenith in the Middle Ages, that period of implicit religious faith, moral laxity and mental stagnation. Physical combats with the Evil One were frequent, and His Majesty sometimes received very rough handling. So Dunstan, one of the most disreputable figures in the overcrowded calendar of medieval saints, put the Evil One to rout by seizing his nose with a pair of pincers. Everyone knows how Martin Luther, even in a more enlightened age, was forced to ward off the assaults of the Tempter by using his inkstand as an offensive weapon. And in the darker ages we often find records of prolonged battles between the powers of evil and the bones, genuine or otherwise, of local saints. The fear of the devil was

strong in the hearts of men in the Middle Ages: anyone who has the slightest knowledge of medieval history must see how patently absurd is the contention that superstitious fear is a powerful factor in man's moral betterment. Needless to say, that great medieval ruler, whose genius nearly broke the immense power of the medieval Church, the Emperor Frederick II, was branded as a veritable Antichrist. A curious illustration of the naive faith of the Middle Ages is found in the declaration of war sent by Charles of Anjou to Manfred whom he was trying to rob of his throne. "Tell King Manfred," said the pious robber, "that I will either send him to hell or he will send me to heaven."

With the dawning light of the Renaissance implicit faith in his Satanic Majesty commenced to wane very decidedly. Men began to conceive the possibility that the figure of a malevolent Evil Power was a subjective figment of their own diseased minds; not a stern objective reality. In Milton's noble epic Satan's character assumes the dignity and grandeur of a tragic hero, unshaken and resolute, even in his struggle against an invincible power. Goethe takes the legend of the devil much less seriously. In Mephistopheles we have a semi-comical figure, shrewd, witty, utterly innocent of the very conception of morality. In fact Goethe, throughout his "Faust," treats the powers of the upper and lower worlds as freely as if they were the fabled deities of antiquity.

The downfall of his Satanic Majesty, which was initiated by the Renaissance, was brought to completion by the more recent wave of scientific thought and progress. Shorn of his once dread power, the devil sank into a mere myth, a figment, a rather emphatic figure of speech in the mouths of gentlemen of hasty temper and limited vocabulary.

But such a popular and powerful monarch as his Satanic Majesty could not be buried in eternal oblivion. Nearly every revivalist of note has made more or less successful attempts at resuscitation. The devil had a considerable vogue in the revival which was carried on in Philadelphia last winter. Mr. Sunday expressed himself very emphatically as believing in a real heaven, paved with golden streets, and a personal devil, with all the paraphernalia of horns, tail and cloven hoofs. The very efficient financial methods of the evangelist make his first belief quite intelligible; while he probably considered the existence of a genuine, old-fashioned devil as a necessary rebuke to presumptuous advocates of higher criticism and evolution.

Yes, the devil *is* among us, notwithstanding the conscientious efforts of reason and culture to drive him out. In revivals, in camp-meetings, in all places where ignorant and unthinking conservatism receives the impetus of fanaticism, we find his sinister figure stalking

about with an aspect of truly medieval horror. And it is not likely that he will ever depart from our midst. To certain minds it is an ineffable pleasure to stigmatize the arguments which they cannot refute, as inspirations of Satan, to regard all with whom they differ as agents of the Evil One. And the prejudiced and ignorant multitude, who form the public opinion of every age, could not forego the charitable satisfaction of condemning the men whom they cannot understand to the future pangs of hell-fire and the society of Satan and his demons. Julian the Apostate, Frederick II., Robert Ingersoll, Friedrich Nietzsche—but why go on with the list? It is safe to predict that the devil will remain among us and that every man who does not agree with the prevailing convictions about religion and morals will be ranked among his satellites.

—W. H. Chamberlin, '17.

Lalun

(It is an Eastern custom that any married woman caught in intrigue with a man must lose her eyesight, and the man generally his life.)

The moon has risen behind the mosque,
And glimmers pale in the garden pool
Where cypress shadows long and dark
Cast bars across dim waters cool.

"*The garden is still, the air is sweet,*
Frail musk-rose petals droop and fall.
I wait your pattering sandall'd feet,
Heart of my heart, O, hear my call!"

* * * * * * * *

A circle of light, a gurgling groan,
A shadow stealing over the wall:
And Lalun's dumb eyes begging sight,—
'Tis the East's revenge—the blood lust call.

—D. Oliver, '19.

Adventure

INSIDE their oaken ribs remain undisturbed the costly presents to a dead king, the treasures of grandees of old Spain, tons upon tons of gold and silver. Shaded by growths of pink and white coral, pillowed amid beds of sponge, rests this treasure of bygone days until—"

The harsh clang of a bell brought a young man, reading on a truck of waste, to his feet with a jump, and he sprang up the steps of the huge Hoe press. With every muscle taut he raced against time, oiling rollers, smoothing ink, adjusting plates, for in this scientific printing plant every second counted.

His press, usually the first to start, was delayed by one thing after another until his pressman, fearing the boss, profanely urged him to greater efforts. After several false starts the rollers began to turn, then grinding, roaring, chewing up paper, belching out the finished product, the press started its monotonous song.

His work now was to see that the press did not run out of paper and ink, and seating himself back of the press he prepared for the deadening grind of the night. His face, revealed in glimpses of a swaying electric light gave evidence of power, but it was his eyes, touched with the brooding fire of imagination, that attracted.

Tonight they were lit with resentment, for everything was conspiring against him. It had been too warm to sleep for the last few mornings, and now his appetite was gone. Too familiar with night work not to know that this was the beginning of the end, he faced a future that spelled death.

Did life hold anything for him? Was he to keep in the treadmill until death relieved him of his harness? Mechanically he performed his routine duties, his mind obsessed with this thought.

Little things, long ago forgotten, swam before his vision self-born. That song about the open sky and stars,—what was it? Yes, he remembered, "under the wide and starry sky," and the same longing that swept him when he first heard it returned and shook his troubled mind with its pent-up force. Then that Sunday afternoon he walked in the park with his "steady," and the thrush sang in the pine tree. How cheap her red hat and powdered cheeks had seemed! The story he had been reading just before the bell rang, supplied the match to his inflamed mind. Had he not the right to live, to find the adventure dear to his heart?

"I will! I will!" he cried, his voice grating against the press's clank, "I will find my adventure."

A grip of steel on his arm and a hoarse voice in his ear brought him to action. Dodging the wrench in the hand of his pressman, white with anger, he plunged up the steps and hurriedly began to ink the forgotten rollers. His left foot, in his haste, projected a couple of inches over the narrow foot-board, and, thrown off his balance, striving too late to catch the hand-rail, he fell shrieking into the insatiable maw of the press. He had gone on his adventure.

—*Walter S. Nevin, '18.*

Memory, Youth, and Age

The memory is a magic forest glade
Of time—mysterious, zephyr-tuned trees,—
From whence, regarding not the soothing shade,
The soul of youth, enticed by phantasies,
Strains longing to the sky, where luring float
Ambition-tinted, visionary clouds;
But Age with lowered eye alone doth note
The withered leaves, like swiftly falling shrouds.
In youth the streams of life flow onward fast
From labyrinthine vales of memoried past
Into the future's endless, fateful sea;
In age the backing waves the rivers climb,
Till turns in death the surging tide of time:—
Then roll they down, of time forever free.

—*Charles Hartshorne, '19.*

A Sentimental Disinterment

"STRANGE," drawled the Kindly Critic, through a cloud of nicotinous ether, "what peculiar emotions one undergoes upon a retrospection of the literary attempts of his past execution. I was occupied in that delightful pursuit this morning, and had just succeeded in rising to Parnassian heights of imaginative greatness, when the traditional 'man from somewhere' entered my room, and my fancy suffered the untimely fate of *Christabel.* By the way, I often wonder just what Coleridge said when he returned to his desk to find his mind as recalcitrant as a balky horse:—probably a very classic remark, worthy to be catalogued among the 'great unfound' in Literature. I often compare myself to Coleridge, in that respect."

Here the Kindly Critic luxuriously stretched himself, and emitted a very egotistical yawn.

"Yes, when I think of the times my Muse has soared on Pegasean wing only to find myself unable to give vent to my feelings! Oh, that most annoying sensation, which I have named 'The Quest of the Elusive Word'! To sit back in one's chair, with eyeballs rolled upward, in a state of ecstatic receptivity and allow the little elfin to set your type for a wonderful production. But when you get to the very culmination of beauty, a sly young devil flies up the chimney with your longed-for word, chuckling in impish glee at your plight. Such must have been the case when Keats was writing *Hyperion.* I try to conjecture what he would have added to:—

" '*Apollo shriek'd; and lo! from all his limbs*
Celestial———.'

"Mayhap, there was to have been an emanation of the 'divine fire' frequently used by certain itinerant revivalists. Or perhaps, like Laocoon, he was to have been bound by serpents, in revenge for his mother Latona's insult to the reptile kingdom by turning the rustics into frogs."

At this juncture, the Kindly Critic, noticing my discreet, but not-too-hidden yawn, smiled cynically.

"You, I perceive, are typical of the twentieth century:—an example of the force of Science over Literature. The classics are absolutely neglected. The white samite of chivalry is crushed in the dust by the ruthless heel of Pragmatism. Poetry is—Oh! why bore you further?—But speaking of poetry reminds me of a friend of mine who claims there are only two perfect examples of *poetry* in the English language. Listen!"—He struck a pose expressive of mysterious awe and whispered:—

"'*A savage place! as holy and enchanted,*
As ever beneath waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover.'"

Then a tear stood in his eye as he murmured:—

"'*Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,*
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast. . . .'"

His voice trailed off into a whisper.

"Before ever I heard those lines, I had given inner expression to them. But never, never could the vehicle of speech give vent to the song of the 'tongueless nightingale' within me. How often you hear people—and dear, good, kindly souls they are—say 'Oh, why couldn't I have expressed that idea! I have had it *so* often, but could never quite clothe it in words.' Ah! the poor 'Voiceless!'—the hungering, aspiring beating of wings against the portals of dumbness—the many who *would* cry out and can not—those who 'die with all their music in them!' It is unfortunate that there are so few valves on the great boiler of humanity. Everybody has a period when they feel that if theirs were the golden word, 'such harmonious madness from *their* lips would flow,' that the world, indeed, would stop in wonderment to listen."

The Kindly Critic paused and impressively knocked the cold ashes from his pipe. I handed him a pouch and he refilled the calked bowl, at the same time resuming his conversation.

"Those commonplace ideas—I mean not common in its vulgarian sense, but those ideas which occur to many people—remind me of the great *analogies* of Life. We are doing the same, thinking the same as our fathers and mothers before us. Perhaps we *are* somewhat original; perhaps we *do* make innovations;—but they are paltry in comparison with the mighty currents, which like classic Menander, wind in and about and through our lives, ramifying and binding them, until we are all united by indissoluble bonds.—Bound, as it were, to the adamantine foot of God's throne with chains more slender and unbreakable than ever subdued the horrid limbs of Fenris, the Wolf. Man is like one of these mechanical pens,—I misrecollect their name,—which are fastened to a wooden pin, and can trace all sorts of peculiar patterns. Yes, the pen may execute a design more beautiful and more exquisite than any of its brother pens, but it must work in its little circle, *beyond which it can not go*. Faust realized this when he reflected on the 'Macrocosm' or greater world. But Faust tried to *go beyond* and Faust was destroyed; for *beyond* is death.

"'Nature to all things fixed the limits fit
And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit."

"But wasn't I speaking of analogies? Oh, yes! Well, have you ever traced an 'analogy' through Literature, for instance? Try it. The experiment is most interesting, and will empirically show you just how little human minds differ. They only differ in expression. 'Yea,' saith the Preacher, 'the sill on the threshold of speech is a very high one.' Getting back to our 'analogy,' let's take the idea of the *poignant sorrow which results from the contemplation of past joy.* I shall cite only poetic examples:—

"Dante's Francesca exclaims:

"'*There is no greater pain than to recall a happy time in wretchedness.*'

"Tennyson's version is:

"'*A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.*'

"Byron, in his 'Marino Faliero' says:

> "'*Joy's recollection is no longer joy*
> *But sorrow's memory is sorrow still.*'

"And in the 'Giaour':

> "'*My memory now is but a tomb*
> *Of joys long past.*'

"Goldsmith's plaint is:

> "'*Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,—*
> *Swells at my heart, and turns the past to pain.*'

"Denham cried:

> "''*Twas man's chief punishment to keep in store*
> *The sad remembrance what he was before.*'

"Isaac Clawson preaches:

> "''*Tis vain and worse than vain to think on joys,*
> *Which, like the hour that's gone, return no more.*'

"And so on, *ad infinitum.* Was not that what Job meant when he—— Really, my dear friend I regret that my discourse is so Lethean. I really believe you are dozing. La! La! These modern fellows are a strange set. They vary from the simplicity of 'Lo, the poor Indian' to the imperial pretensions of 'Me-und-Gott'; but, each and all, they languish in *ennui* at the mention of a Homeric simile or of the 'mare rubrum' of Vergil. 'The great god Pan *is* dead'!—— Hark! friend, wasn't that the dinner bell? By Jove! it's six o'clock. By the way, this is ice-cream night, isn't it?

—*Robert Gibson, '17.*

"Nanon"

A Character Sketch from Balzac's "Eugene Grandet"

OF the several animals that man has domesticated and made to serve his ends in performing various kinds of heavy work, the ox deserves honorable mention for unfailing reliability, long-suffering and enduring patience. Slow in its movements, to be sure, but patient, gentle, and obedient, large of body and strong of muscle, it bends to the task in hand without questioning the will or wisdom of its master. Slow to learn but sure to perform, the ox, despite its many shortcomings, has filled its place in the world in a very creditable and satisfactory manner.

Of such a character and disposition is "Nanon." Large of body, strong of muscle, slow of mind, patient as eternity, and devoid of personal initiative, she, notwithstanding her humble position, is one of the greatest and most lovable characters in Balzac's "Eugene Grandet."

It is perhaps difficult at first to regard her in the light of a human being as we see her performing her daily tasks with a slow, machine-like monotony, seldom speaking, preparing the frugal meals from the scanty portions which her miserly master measures out; scrubbing the floors, lifting heavy burdens, and in the evening when all the tasks of the day have been carefully performed, spinning or knitting by the light of a solitary candle shared with the other members of the household. This feeling is still further emphasized when we see that she alone is able to go near or manage the fierce watchdog which old Grandet keeps chained in the house. One feels a desire to attribute this influence to the mutual friendship which seems to exist between some of the lower animals. And yet when we see her devotion to Eugene and her mother, her little intrigues to secure for them the small pleasures and comforts which old Grandet stingily withholds, and her human interest in the love affair of Eugene and Charles, there is shed upon her character a side light that reveals a warm and loving nature, which asks little or nothing in return, but gives freely and unselfishly from a large heart.

—*Albert H. Stone, '16.*

To Taj Mahal

Thou bodied soul of Beauty's purest heights,
Well sentineled at corners four
By minarets: a white quatrain
Of Purity to Love and Death.
To India, thou, a diamond white
Set in a veined emerald quartz
Reflecting tropic sun with such a flashing ray
The shadows in thy fretwork seem the blacker.
A sepulcher;—and yet within,
As white as gleaming outer dome,
A soul more bright than sun of Ind
Makes glow with ceaseless light
The Robes of Death and tropic's moist decay.
Invisible it is, yet permeates the spot
Because of her who died
And him who builded first for her,
And followed soon thereafter.
They say his love was pure,
And deeper far than Death;
This tomb he built,
This Taj Mahal—
A monument to Love,
To Life, to God and her.

—D. C. Wendell, '16.

The Message of Poland: Past, Present and Future

"AGAIN and again we return to the thought: how symbolical this Poland is. For in this period what other lot than that of the Pole has every one had, who has loved freedom and wished it well? What else has he experienced but defeat? When has he seen a gleam of sunlight? When has he heard a signal of advance? Everywhere, everywhere, the fanfare of the violent, or the organ peal of the bold-faced hypocrite. And everywhere stupidity as the bodyguard of the lie, and everywhere veneration for that which is paltry, and everywhere the same vulgar disdain for the only thing which is holy.

"Yes, Poland, thou art the great symbol. The symbol of pinioned freedom, whose neck is trodden upon; the symbol of those who lack any outlook, yet hope against all probability, in spite of all."—*George Brandes.*

* * * * * * * *

An expectant hush settled over the crowded Academy of Music as Ignace Paderewski, world-famous virtuoso, commenced his plea for aid for the suffering millions of his Polish countrymen.

"I have to speak about a country which is not yours, in a language which is not mine." The first sentence, spoken in a rich, softly modulated tone, dispelled all doubt as to Mr. Paderewski's ability as an orator. Through the entire forty minutes of his speech the audience listened with the closest attention, occasionally interrupting him with bursts of spontaneous and enthusiastic applause. And in the whole address there was not one phrase, not one word that was unworthy of a great artist pleading for a great and most unhappy country. Commencing with a brief review of Polish history, Paderewski received a storm of applause when, with just pride, he asserted: "There has never been a race, a creed, or a language persecuted under our Polish rule." A still more enthusiastic outburst of applause took place, when, his voice ringing with just indignation, he cried out, in reference to the partition of Poland: "But Poland did not fall alone. With her fell the honor of three empires, with her fell the apathetic conscience of the civilized world; and they will not cleanse themselves until our freedom is restored again."

With love and tenderness he touched on the genius of Poland's romantic poets, Mickiewicz, Krasinski, Slowacki. He paid a still more eloquent tribute to Frederic Chopin, the composer whose masterpieces have endeared Poland to the whole musical world.

His description of the appalling misery of Poland at the present

moment was simple, impressive, utterly free from any trace of rancor or sensationalism. A groan of horror swept over the audience as he asserted, "on the most reliable authority," that there were no children under eight years old alive in Poland to-day. The closing sentences of his speech were touching and effective in the extreme.

The strain of delivering such a long and intense speech in an unfamiliar language might well have exhausted a more robust man than Paderewski. And yet, after a very short interval, the Polish pianist returned and gave what is probably the most remarkable Chopin recital ever given in the Academy.

The first number, the A Flat Ballade, is peculiarly interesting because it was inspired by a poem of Mickiewicz, one of the leading figures in the school of Polish romantic poetry. Paderewski played it with peculiar delicacy and fire. The first two movements of the B Flat Minor Sonata were played with the titanic power of a Rubinstein; the Funeral March tolled forth a veritable "Dies Irae"; while the ghosts of Europe's myriad slain seemed to flit about in the wild, weird measures of the *Finale.* The fragrant beauty of the G Major Nocturne, the plaintive lament of the A Minor Mazurka led up to the heroic phrases of the Polonaise in A Flat, one of the most thrilling battle hymns in pianoforte literature. Under Paderewski's inspired playing the departed glory of Poland seemed to rise again. Amid the thunder of the giant bass octaves one saw again those invincible Polish warriors of old: the warriors who crushed the mighty Teutonic Order at Grunwald, who ground the Cossacks to pieces at Berestechko, who bore the main part in the successful defense of Vienna against the invading hordes of Turkey.

With his usual generosity Paderewski played two encores, another Mazurka and the popular Military Polonaise. It seemed as if the whole message of the artist had been delivered. The glory of the past, the misery of the present had been expressed, eloquently in his words, still more eloquently in his music. But Paderewski evidently felt that Poland had still another message to give. He sat down at the piano again—and the Academy resounded with the noble strains of the Polish national anthem. And the audience that rose as one man to do honor to the noble hymn could not but feel a new inspiration, a new hope that the day will come when Poland will be restored and the universe will behold the triumph of Justice, Freedom and Humanity over Injustice, Despotism and Barbarism.

—1917.

Compulsory Church Attendance Not Compulsory Religion

(After the speech delivered by President Sharpless in a recent Tuesday morning Collection, a renewal of the subject of compulsory church attendance may appear overbold. However, in justice to those who did not profit by the President's talk, we are printing the following article written by an undergraduate.—Ed.)

In the last edition of the HAVERFORDIAN, Mr. Chamberlin presented an editorial which bore the title "Compulsory Church Attendance"; after even a cursory reading, however, during which the reader meets such recurring phrases as "religious intolerance" and "forced religion," it is very apparent that the article is not a protest against the institution of required attendance at some church on Sundays, as we might expect it to be, but a polemic against a state of enforced religion which seems to exist only as a bugbear in the writer's mind and certainly not as a reality at Haverford. For however distasteful to us individually the existing required attendance may be, however much we may regard it as an infringement of our personal liberty of action, I utterly fail to see how it could be justly called religiously intolerant.

Let us see what the rule of compulsory church attendance on Sundays demands. It requires that each student remaining at the College over Sunday shall attend divine service at some church or meeting-house, either morning or evening, two absences per quarter being allowed; over the student who returns home at the week-end the College exercises no jurisdiction in this matter. We note first of all that there is absolute freedom in the selection of the place of worship; the College, while its founders were and its administrators are of the Society of Friends, makes no effort to force belief into the channels of Friendly practice. And right here, it seems to me, the conviction that the motives of those who have the religious interests of Haverford at heart "might have appealed to Philip II and the Duke of Alva" is strikingly inapt; for it was for one set of religious believers against all others that these two warred and perpetrated their infamous atrocities. And surely Haverford College can never be accused of narrow sectarianism or denominationalism.

Moreover, we observe that the requirement has no force for those who have returned to their homes to spend the Sabbath. The College

supposes that there the parents have reassumed their jurisdiction; she has temporarily, from the nature of the case, relinquished all claim to authority, only to re-establish this claim upon the student's return. But the case of the student who remains at College over Sundays is different; here the duties of the college as a parent are practically unbroken and more exacting. And here it is that a college differs from a university; the latter teaches, the former both teaches and guides. The university is concerned with learning, the college's chief concern is the student himself. The college, therefore, in assuming this wardship from the real parent, like a true guardian looks to the spiritual side as well as to the intellectual and the physical. Thus it is that attendance at church service on Sundays is required, for the college feels that without some spiritual suggestion,—spiritual in the true sense of coming from the "still, small voice within,"—of whatever kind it may be, the very purpose of the day might be defeated. Gladly would she consent to have substituted for the attendance at church some good book of thought,—ethical, philosophical, truthful, nay even Nietzsche's "Zarathustra" if it satisfies. But only too well she realizes "the ills that flesh is heir to"; only too well, through years of experience with humanity and, in the case of Haverford College, through trial has she found that the average individual committed to her charge requires all the guidance that she can bestow. For, left to themselves, too many students would do what is easiest but not therefore always best; we would live for the present to the detriment of the future. Surely religion is not easily appreciated and understood; neither is Greek to many, but its difficulty does not justify its being eliminated from the curriculum. The student is required neither to believe nor to disbelieve what he hears, for forced belief is neither possible nor desirable; he is asked merely to listen and to learn as his nature bids. Spontaneity is truly the basis of all virile spiritual life; but spontaneity, if not acquired, is certainly developed by training and practice.

The college, then, would be neglecting her real duty if she were not conducive to a student's spiritual development. Haverford College, founded by Friends and maintained largely by Friends, should naturally be expected to uphold the Christian religion as a means to spiritual health and vigor, for it is largely a Christian community which she is to serve. But even an unchristian person could not very well claim religious intolerance in this forced attendance on Sundays any more than he might protest against required courses in the life and teachings of Jesus or in Christian ethics; if confirmed in his belief or lack of belief, he could do less harm to it by the Sunday requirement than might come from the

courses mentioned. And since most of us are far from confirmed in our beliefs, but only moulding them, surely the guidance and assistance of more level heads than ours should be not spurned but welcomed.

—*J. W. Spaeth, '17.*

The Statue of Truth

In a lost Egyptian city, by the jungle overgrown,
Stands a poet's dream of beauty that is frozen into stone;
And a voice from out that monument of a departed race,
Cries, "Come, O Man, and draw my veil, and look upon my face;
One glance into my living orbs shall animate thy soul
To a state of perfect knowledge like to that thy father stole."
But a louder voice with clarion tone from out the universe,
Cries, "Stay, O Truth! Virgin art thou, canst thou the fates reverse?
No man born of woman may draw thy veil and live.
By death alone can it be drawn; and death is Mine to give!"
And Truth stretched out her arms and wept, because of her disgrace:—
Her wooers could not win her, nor look upon her face.

—*Robert Gibson, '17.*

The Last of the Hohenstaufen

ON a mild afternoon in the summer of the year 1267, two boys were reclining on the summit of a high hill near the ruins of an old castle, in southern Germany. Both were silent and motionless, as if captivated by the beauty of the surrounding landscape. And well they might be, for it would be hard to conceive a more charming and varied view than that which was presented to their contemplation. Far to the south the foothills of the Alps, covered with forests of pine, rose in grandeur. Turning to the west, the eye encountered a dark and misty line, indicating the outermost fringe of the Black Forest. And in every direction one's view was rewarded by the picture of an undulating region, with nodding cornfields and wide pasture lands, dotted here and there by smiling villages. The day matched the beauty of the scene. Feathery white clouds moved slowly over the surface of the deep blue sky. A gentle breeze was flowing from the south. The rays of the sun shed a genial warmth that was free from oppressive heat. Nothing seemed to mar the perfect harmony of earth and heaven—an eagle suddenly shot across the blue vault above, and, flying with remarkable swiftness, disappeared in the direction of Italy.

"A happy omen, Konrad," cried the older of the two boys, rousing himself from his reverie. "Your ancestral eagle hastens to announce our coming to our southern friends."

His companions did not immediately reply; and we may take this opportunity of describing the outward appearance of the two youths. Frederick's open features were expressive of boldness, sincerity and resolution. His hair and eyes were dark, his limbs well formed; and his whole carriage gave the impression of daring and confidence far beyond his years, which scarcely exceeded eighteen. In the frame and countenance of Konrad we saw an abundant reflection of the more virile qualities of his friend; but his dark blue eyes seemed to indicate a spiritual depth which was wanting in his gayer and more carefree companion. Now lost in deep meditation, now lighted by sudden emotion, they revealed the hidden fires of the hero, the poet and the dreamer. Let us return to the conversation, which had recently been opened.

"You seem troubled to-day, my friend," said Frederick after a short pause.

"How can I be otherwise, Frederick," replied Konrad, "when I think of the fearful odds against us. Is it possible for me, a simple, unskilled boy, to withstand the power of that Church, which has crushed the aspiring genius of my imperial ancestors? And how can I frustrate

who this morning, so smoothly offered me the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, would they not betray me to the Pope, or to the French tyrant, whom he has set over my ancestral kingdom?"

"Ah, my prince," cried Frederick, "is this the spirit of those imperial ancestors whose deeds of glory you love to recall? Think of your grandsire Frederick, who conquered the German Empire when he was but a year older than you are! The guile and treachery of which you complain will vanish before the truth and justice of our cause like mist before the rising sun. Not even the papal benedictions can longer disguise from the Italians the cruelty and greed of the French adventurer, who sits on the Sicilian throne, that is rightfully yours. Your triumph in this expedition will be only the prelude to a glorious career which will finally seat you on the imperial throne."

"Your hopes run high, dear Frederick," said Konrad, with a quiet smile; but you are right in reproving my weakness. Pride and honor alike summon me to vindicate my own rights and to liberate my Italian subjects from the oppression under which they are now laboring. The Hohenstaufen have never lacked daring and resolution. Let us go."

The two youths rose and departed for their neighboring country-seat. The shades of evening were falling rapidly. The hazy line of the Black Forest became more and more indistinct. The old castle stood out in the twilight like the creation of a ghostly fancy. Far in the distance the eagle's shriek resounded from his eerie.

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A full year has passed. Konrad a victor beyond his wildest dreams, stood on the border of the Neapolitan kingdom, at the head of a large and triumphant army. It seemed that the evil fate which had so long pursued his house had finally expended itself. His progress through northern Italy had been rapid and successful; the Pope, driven from Rome by a popular uprising, had been forced to launch his excommunications from the safe distance of Anagni; a brilliant coronation within the Eternal City itself, the substantial assistance of Don Henry of Castile, one of the most noted soldiers of fortune of the time, a vigorous insurrection in Sicily againt the French tyranny, all seemed to point to a speedy and complete victory for the lawful claimant of the crown. But one could detect little exultation in the features of Konrad, as he sat in front of his tent on the eve of the battle, which was to decide his future fate. His glance swept his own camp and that of his rival, which was pitched on the opposite side of a little stream, with calm thoughtfulness; then rested, with the ardent gaze of a poet and an ar-

tist, upon the melting loveliness of the Italian sunset. As he was thus engaged the tent door opened and Frederick stepped out.

"Well, my friend" he said, "to-morrow night will see you the undisputed King of Naples and Sicily."

"We will have some hard fighting first," replied Konrad, pointing to the opposite camp, "those French are good warriors."

"You don't think that there can be any doubt of the result."

"One never knows; the evil fate of our house."

"That evil fate has now expended itself. With to-morrow's battle a brighter era is destined to begin."

"God grant it may! But it is growing late, Frederick; and we will need all our strength for to-morrow."

The two young princes withdrew into their tent. The two hostile camps were wrapped in profound silence. The moon shone high in the heavens. Myriads of stars looked down with compassion on the erring mortals who were to clash so soon, in deadly combat. The night was still, breathless, oppressive. Only the persistent hooting of an owl broke the deathlike silence.

* * * * * * * * * *

The morning dawned with the clear heat of August. The two armies were quickly drawn up on opposite sides of the stream. After a little preliminary skirmishing, Prince Henry of Castile, at the head of his mercenaries, attacked one wing of the opposing army. Everything went down before the furious impetuosity of the charge; and the fiery Spaniard dashed wildly in pursuit without regard for the second division of the enemy, which now advanced against the German knights under the leadership of Konrad and Frederick. Now, at last, the young Hohenstaufen had an opportunity to experience, in grim reality, the warlike deeds he had so loved to read of in the chronicles of his ancestors. And the warrior blood within him thrilled to the challenge of the fierce conflict, the hoarse shouts of the combatants, the shrill neighing of the horses, the harsh grinding of steel on steel. Ever accompanied by his faithful friend, he plunged into the midst of the fighting, dealing and warding off blows, cheering on his followers, surprising himself by the fierce ardor of his onset.

But the conflict was not unduly prolonged. Discouraged, alike by the defeat of their other division and by the unaccountable absence of their King, the French knights finally yielded to the continued attacks of their antagonists and retired, leaving Konrad master of the field. Seeing no other enemy, the Germans withdrew to the French camp,

seeking rest and refreshment after their exertions. Soon the whole force was dissolved in careless relaxation.

"What band is that?" said Konrad, as he observed a troop of horsemen on the crest of a neighboring hill.

"They must be some of our own men, returning from the pursuit," replied Frederick.

"No, those are not our standards," cried Konrad, after a keener observation. "To arms! To arms! The French are upon us!"

The warning call came too late. Before the Germans could be roused from their lethargy, the picked band, which the wily French monarch had concealed in ambush, was dealing death and destruction in the midst of the camp. Taken completely by surprise, the unarmed and unorganized Germans could make but little resistance. Konrad himself, vainly striving to rally his shattered troops, was borne along in the headlong rout. A similar fate befell Don Henry of Castile and his mercenaries. Returning from their too hasty pursuit, they were surrounded and soon overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the French. And so the evening of August 1268, fell on the ruin of the last hopes of the Hohenstaufen.

* * * * * * * * *

Two months have passed. By a hideous mockery of law and humanity, which shocked even the callous spirit of the thirteenth century, Charles of Anjou, the Papal King of Naples, had *sentenced* Konrad, whose only crime had been an attempt to recover his rightful kindgom by fair and open warfare, to a malefactor's death. And early on a bleak October morning, set for the execution of the sentence, Konrad sat alone in his prison, struggling to control and collect his wandering thoughts. Everything since his fatal defeat seemed a confused blur: the defection of his partisans, his own betrayal into the hands of his cruel enemy by a nobleman, who owed his fortune to the Hohenstaufen rulers, the mock-trial, the sentence, and now—the execution. A deadly fear came over him, not of his impending death, but of weakness to which he might yield before death. He could imagine himself dying, as his uncle Manfred had died, gloriously, on the field of battle; but death, on the scaffold, before an ignoble mob—he shut his eyes to drive away the monstrous, horrible thought. Desperately he strove to fix his attention on something trivial, irrelevant. The vision of his mother rose before him with overpowering force; momentarily crushing him, it suddenly inspired him with new courage and new hope. "I have made my mother weep; I shall never make her blush," he said to him-

self, and his new found resolution received fresh strength as he reviewed the departed glories of his mighty ancestors. Picture after picture of devoted heroism rose in his mind: Barbarossa leading the victorious hosts of Christendom against the Mohammedans; his grandfather, Frederick II, broken in body, but fighting the overwhelming power of the Pope to the last with unflinching courage; his uncle Manfred, beaten by the cowardice and treachery of his own followers, rushing into the thick of the opposing army to find there a hero's death. And it was with a firm and resolute step that he followed the officer, who had come to fetch him to the place of execution.

The scaffold had been erected just outside the city wall. By a melancholy irony it commanded one of the fairest views even of that beautiful country. The glorious expanse of the Bay of Naples, now touched by the rays of the sun, appeared to the west. The coast both to the north and to the south presented an unrivaled view of lofty cliffs, broken by inlets. Vesuvius towered ominously in the distance. Having contemplated this marvellous scene with unshaken composure, Konrad turned to the officer in charge of the execution, who asked him whether he had any requests to make. The young prince replied that he had two: the first, that he might be allowed to address the assembled crowd; the second, that he might perish before his beloved Frederick, so that he might be spared the anguish of witnessing his friends' death. Both requests were granted. Thereupon, Konrad, turning to the crowd, pointed out, in calm but forcible language, the injustice and cruelty of his own execution, reminded his auditors of the peace and happiness they had experienced under the rule of his grandfather and uncle, and finally closed his address by hurling his glove into the midst of the crowd with the request that it might be taken to one who would avenge him. The heroism, beauty and misfortune of the young prince might have moved a heart of stone to pity and revenge; but the Neapolitans were so thoroughly enslaved that they only expressed their sympathy by tears and groans. The French soldiery repressed any more active demonstration. Konrad, seeing the uselessness of his appeal, turned quietly aside, crying: "Jesus Christ, King of all Kings, Lord of Honor, if this cup may not pass from me, into thy hands I commit my spirit." Then, as he knelt to receive the fatal blow, he suddenly exclaimed: "O mother what tidings will they bring to thee of this day!" After this last expression of filial devotion he quietly laid his head on the block; and a moment later the cruel axe extinguished the dreams, the ideals and the aspirations of the Last of the Hohenstaufen.

—W. H. Chamberlin, '17.

THE UNEASY CHAIR

ARE SUNDAY CONCERTS SACRILEGIOUS?

THIS very interesting question has been raised by the recently expressed opposition of the Presbyterian ministers of Philadelphia to the projected free Sunday concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra. The reverend gentlemen appear to base their objection on two main arguments: first, that secular music in general on the Sabbath day is an abomination in the sight of the Lord; second, that the proposed free concerts are a subtle design on the part of the Orchestra to pave the way for future moneymaking entertainments on the Lord's day.

The first objection must seem to indicate a most lamentable ignorance of the true significance of music, even to one who has the most imperfect knowledge of the works of the great composers. In Schubert's Unfinished Symphony one may well find more genuine religion than in the whole creed of the Presbyterian Church, or of any other church. It would be an eloquent preacher, indeed, who could duplicate the glorious spiritual message of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. And it is safe to say that, if our nation would pay more attention to the masterpieces of music and less attention to Billy Sunday and "The Menace," we would be, as a people, more civilized, more humane, more cultured, even, perhaps, more Christian. The attitude of the ministers in belittling every form of spiritual inspiration which does not proceed from their own pulpits is indicative of a regrettable spirit of narrow, jealous bigotry. But, perhaps, the reverend gentlemen are to be pitied rather than blamed. Certainly anyone who has had to endure the typical Protestant Church music every Sunday of his career might be pardoned for cherishing an inveterate grudge against the whole art of music.

The objection on the ground that the motives of the Orchestra are purely mercenary is equally unworthy. If the reverend gentlemen had taken the trouble to investigate the facts of the case, they would have discovered that the Orchestra, far from being a moneymaking institution, is only maintained by heavy guarantee contributions from a number of public-spirited citizens. And if the mere receiving of money on the Sabbath is a heinous sin, then no church, and, certainly, no evangelist in our country can be called free from blame.

But the time has passed when the Church could effectively block the progress of culture and reason. Every citizen of our Commonwealth who believes in progress should take the ill-advised medieval action of the Presbyterian ministers as a direct challenge to his principles and an incitement to work all the harder for the complete eradication of the ridiculous "blue laws" from our statute books.

VICARIOUS THINKING was the subject of an article in *The Nation* for November 11th, written by a college president. This article deplores the present state of intellectual torpor among the college students of America. "Too much thinking," says the writer, "is done for college students by tutors and lecturers and writers of textbooks. As long as boys and girls are satisfied with such predigested food, we can hardly expect them to have *moral* or *religious* convictions. The first need among college students is a quickening of intellectual enthusiasm." Is the writer entirely justified in issuing this tearful statement? If so, the situation is lamentable. *Is thinking* one of the lost arts among modern students? *Is* brain-work by proxy more popular than honest labor? *Is* a movement in the grey-matter of the modern young man or woman attended by volcanic upheavals of the will? Surely, the educational system of today is not an edifice which has been built slowly and laboriously only to find too late that its foundations are of sand. The writer seems determined to ignore the better side of modern education, and dwells insistently upon the lachrymose statements of a few disgruntled undergraduates. "Almost any course is easier for the young people of our time than staying with their difficulties, and *bearing* the *birth-pains* of new ideas, until they have builded their own durable bases of faith."....They must come to feel the zest of the struggle—the keen joy of studying their way through....." What application do these statements have to the normal college student? The writer probably forgets that college is, at best, a *training* for the "struggle." The "struggle" itself is not college—it is life. The boy goes to college to *learn*—original theories and practical achievements come later. If education were cumulative—if one could inherit the knowledge of the past—then a definite starting point would be had from which the student could advance. But we have to re-learn and un-learn.

Undoubtedly the colleges of America contain many drones and "vicarious" thinkers. But one grows weary of the "O, how fallen! how changed!" "Not-like-it-used-to-be-at-good-old-Hawvad" plaints. If the status of modern education is deficient, and if the world is in danger

of the "modern young man's neglect of its problems," the solution must come from the arraigned undergraduate himself, and not from the stricture of the authorities.

SOCIAL LIFE AT HAVERFORD

IF ONE glances over the list of colleges, it is seen that Haverford is one of the very few where dancing is not permitted. Naturally the very force of custom makes any radical changes seem greater than they are in reality. Haverford as representing the ideals of the Society of Friends has lived up to the principles and observed the requirements of that body. But the very Society of Friends itself has been undergoing a change. Its outlook has of necessity been broadened to accommodate the usages of a very practical, and mayhap ultra-modern world. Would it not be in accordance with that change to enlarge the possibilities for social life at Haverford? Outside of Junior day, and the class teas, there are very few occasions and opportunities to mingle with the gentler sex. Of course, one can go outside of the college and "socialize" to his heart's content. But would it not be a good thing to enlarge such opportunities at college?

A gymnasium meet, followed by a dance, would be infinitely superior to the former alone, and would appreciably increase the spectators. A full-dress suit at a gym. meet seems such an inane affair, without something to look forward to.

Can there be any harm pointed out which would result from the adoption of dancing at Haverford? Would it not lessen the percentage of fellows who wonder what to do with their hands when they are in company, and give an ease of comportment which is so essential, and will at any rate, have to come later?

Why do the *Board* of *Governors* keep saying "Some day perhaps," when it is the present that is of consequence? Why not yield a point in this case and be

> "Not the first by whom the new are tried
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside"?

Off Probation

Blow, tempestuous winds! Also
Blast, ye thunder! Lightning, crack!
Come, ye torrents, hail and snow!
I care not, my cuts are back!

Lost for many moons and more,
Doleful hours, moments slack,
Freedom seemed a bolted door.
I care not, my cuts are back!

Fall, ye mountains! Crumble, walls!
Suffer, world, in ruin, and wrack!
Free at last from studious halls,
Thank the Lord! my cuts are back!

—DeWitt C. Clement, '17.

A Rondeau

Through with her! the hazel bush,
Which lightly we aside did brush,
Is shaking still. The golden thyme,
Which foot profane with muddy grime
Dared, heedless, in a pulp to crush,
Half rises, as its vitals gush,
And speaks of blossoms, sweet and lush,—
In verbal bouquets I ofttime
Threw with her.
But no more on cushion plush
Her pillowed cheek will ever blush:—
For now she spends her wasted time,
On suffragistic stands sublime;
And I'm—while she hands out the mush—
Through with her!

ALUMNI

DECEASED

'00

James S. Hiatt died at his home in Harrisburg on November 20th. After graduating at Haverford he was for several years connected with the public and private schools of Philadelphia. More recently he held the position of private secretary to Governor Brumbaugh.

We are pleased to print the following communication:

November 24, 1915.

THE HAVERFORDIAN,
Haverford, Penna.

Gentlemen:—

On my return from my wedding trip I have your issue of November, 1915, in which you say:

"Mr. Wood recently sent pamphlets to the students at Haverford in an endeavor to eliminate the smokers of cigarettes."

I am sorry that just that wording was used, as I have no desire to force my opinion down the throat of any man, but I did want the student body of Haverford to read the opinion which some successful men have developed in regard to the smoking of cigarettes, and to realize that an increasing number of employers are discriminating against the smokers of cigarettes.

It seems to me that a great deal of cigarette smoking is quite a thoughtless entertainment which is part of the carefree attitude we so much appreciate in College life. Although not a smoker myself, I realize that it is probably only the result of circumstances and not of any exalted moral standard, and I would not have the fellows at Haverford get the idea that I wanted "to eliminate the smokers of cigarettes," for I would eliminate many of my best friends if that were my aim.

I would appreciate your giving this letter space in your magazine, which it is needless to say I read every month with great interest.

Very truly yours,
L. HOLLINGSWORTH WOOD.

We beg to call to the attention of your readers the following communication from J. D. Kenderdine:

DEAR MR. GIBSON:—

I intend to sail for Paris on December 4th, for a few months' hospital service with the American Red Cross. I sail on the S. S. "Rochambeau," December 4th. I shall be one of a party of four. We plan to work in a ward of a small hospital in Paris, although our plans are, of course, subject to the instructions of the Red Cross. My individual work will be that of chauffeur—transferring wounded soldiers among the various hospitals. We expect to be gone about three months. I have obtained a leave of absence from my business—circulation manager of *McClure's Magazine* and *The Ladies' World.* I will be in a position to take with me a large quantity of supplies for wounded soldiers. I am told that the need for clothing and personal necessities is appalling. The hospitals are overcrowded and thousands of convalescent soldiers face a bitterly cold winter in awful need of assistance.

Any contribution you care to make should be governed primarily by quantity. All deliveries should be made to me care McClure's, 137 E. 25th St., New York City., to reach me at the latest *Thursday noon, Dec. 2nd.* If you care to enclose with your contribution a personal letter for the recipient, I shall try to see that your letter is delivered with your contribution.

Almost anything will be of value in the way of clothing and personal necessities. Here are a few suggestions:

Heavy underwear	Heavy socks
Shoes and slippers	Soft hats and caps
Whole or part suits of clothing	Overcoats

Scarfs (Mufflers)	Heavy gloves (preferably woolen)
Soft shirts and Flannel shirts	Large handkerchiefs
Cigarettes	Tobacco
Cigarette papers	Pipes
Soap	Blankets
Sheets	Coverlets, etc.

J. D. Kenderdine, '10.

At the session of the Friends' Educational Association held at Fourth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, addresses were given by J. Henry Bartlett, '94, on "The General Need for Private Schools"; by Stanley R. Yarnall, '92, on "The Methods of Financing these Private Schools"; by President Sharpless on "The Need for a More Cosmopolitan Quakerism"; and by Miss M. Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College, on "The Part which Bryn Mawr has played in Quaker Affairs." Morris E. Leeds, '88, presided.

We quote from the *Haverford News:*

The first luncheon of the New England Haverford alumni was held recently and declared a great success, since it shows the result of the newly-stimulated "Get Together Spirit." Among those present were R. Colton, '76, C. K. Cottrel, '90, Wilmot R. Jones, '90, W. W. Cadbury, '98, W. S. Hinchman, '00, F. M. Eshleman, '00, E. J. Cadbury, '10, C. Wadsworth, '11, J. Van Sickle, '13, J. Beatty, '13, N. F. Hall, '13, Howson, '15, W. E. Vail, '15, G. H. Hallett, '15, Y. Nitobe, '15, D. B. Van Hollen, '15.

Among Haverford men who attended the meeting at Garden City, L. I., called "The Fellowship of Reconciliation," were Pres. Sharpless, Dr. Rufus M. Jones, '85, Dr. H. J. Cadbury, '03; L. Hollingsworth Wood, '96 Secretary of the League for Disarmament; Edward Evans, '02; Harold Evans, '07, and Jos. Stokes, Jr., '16, President of the College Y. M. C. A.

President Sharpless has been appointed president of the Friends' Historical Society of London, England.

'72

Dr. F. B. Gummere attended the annual meeting of the American Institute of Arts and Letters held in Boston from November 17th to 20th.

'77

Frederick L. Baily was chosen as one of the governors of the Merion Cricket Club, to serve until 1918.

'78

Francis K. Carey and Mrs. Carey are among the leaders in Baltimore of the *League Opposed to Military Expansion.*

'79

John B. Newkirk was married

on December 1st to Miss Mary C. Borton of Moorestown, N. J.

'86

Jonathan Dickinson is teaching at the Kemper Military School, Bloomville, Mo.

Ex-86

Samuel P. Lippincott has given to the college library a model of a Japanese warrior dressed in hard wood and leather armor and equipped with two swords; also a stuffed alligator about five feet long; and 150 books from his collection, comprising works on travel, biography, fiction, and the navy.

'89

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Congdon Wood on November 14th. The boy is named Gilbert Congdon Wood, Jr.

'90

After the Haverford-Swarthmore game a number of the members of the class of 1890 motored to Wynnewood where they were entertained at dinner by Mrs. Wm. Simpson.

'92

A class reunion was held at the University Club, Phila., on the evening of November 20th, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were able to attend. Those present were A. W. Blair, B. Cadbury, E. S. Cary, H. L. Davis, J. W. Muir, W. H. Nicholson, Dr. G. J. Palen, W. E. Shipley, W. N. L. West, and S. R. Yarnall. Letters also were received from C. G. Cook, M. P. Collins, I. H. Brumbaugh and A. Hoopes.

Stanley R. Yarnall was elected president of the Philadelphia Classical Club at its first meeting this year.

'93

John M. Okie has been appointed Assistant Real Estate Officer of the Girard Trust Co. of Philadelphia.

'94

David S. Taber has presented the college library with a copy of the first edition of John Fox's Journal bearing the date 1694.

Henry S. Conard of Grinnell College will be the Visiting Lecturer in Botany from that institution to Harvard University during the second half-year, 1916.

'96

Milton Clauser, who is Supervisor of Manual Training in Salt Lake City, Utah, has written a pamphlet entitled *Manual Training Outlines*.

L. Hollingsworth Wood, Secretary of the *League for Limiting Armaments*, spoke within the last

month before the Baltimore *League Opposed to Military Expansion.*

'97

A. M. Collins has during the past year accomplished work of considerable value in geographical research by his journeys in South America. He has been elected president of the Main Line Citizens' Association.

The Class of '97 held its annual reunion at the college on the eve of the Swarthmore game, and after dinner attended the college "smoker" in a body. At a previous business meeting Elliot Field, who has done so much to foster music at the college, was re-elected president.

Rev. Elliot Field is giving a series of recitals this winter in New York and Philadelphia, among them being Poe's "Raven," Eugene Field's "Lullaby Land," and Riley's "Land of Childhood."

'98

Walter C. Janney is the father of twins, born on October 2nd.

Ex-'99

Gilbert L. Bishop, Jr., is serving in the capacity of Assistant Trust Officer of the Girard Trust Co. of Philadelphia.

'01

E. M. Scull addressed the Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of Liberal Studies on the 29th of October. The subject for the evening was "The Value of Liberal Studies to the Business Man."

'02

C. Wharton Stork, who is connected with the Department of English at the University of Pennsylvania, on December 16th lectured at the college on "The Younger American Poets." He brought forth the fact that there has been a great deal of good poetry written lately, and by men who are under forty years of age.

To illustrate his talk Dr. Stork read selections from several of these modern poets—some from Mr. Hagedorn's works, and several passages from "The Cage," by the anarchist Giovanniti. He took several mildly ironical thrusts at the "Imagists," who constitute a new and revolutionary school of poetry.

Edw. W. Evans has written a powerful poem which appeared in the *Haverford News* in a November issue. The poem is a plea for peace entitled, "The Belligerents." Mr. Evans is connected with the legal department of the Bell Telephone Co. of Philadelphia, and is quite prominent in the Boys' Club and philanthropic work.

At one of the sessions of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, when the Association split up for separate meetings according to subject-grouping, Dr. Richard M. Gummere spoke on "Correlating the Classics with Modern Professions" and Dr. A. G. H. Spiers on the "Revision of College Entrance Requirements in French."

'04

D. Lawrence Burgess is author of an article in the November issue of the *Westonian* entitled, "The German Summer School at Middlebury, 1915."

'05

Dr. Maurice J. Babb has been chosen Worshipful Master of Cassia Lodge, F. and A. M., of Ardmore. The lodge, with a membership of 486, is one of the largest in the suburbs of Philadelphia.

'07

J. P. Magill, Pres. of the Founder's Club, headed about a dozen alumni who joined with the undergraduate members of the Founder's Club at dinner at the college on the evening of November 12th.

C. Clayton Terrell was married September 29th to Miss Helen E. Coffin, of New Vienna, Ohio. They will live at New Vienna.

'08

Dr. Wm. Haviland Morriss, after having spent the summer doing relief work in Belgium, is now located at the New Haven Hospital, New Haven, Conn.

Walter W. Whitson is General Secretary of Associated Charities at Peoria, Ill.

Ex-'08

W. Wesley Kurtz served as manager of the Fourth Street Club baseball team during the past season. This was Mr. Kurtz's second year in that position. The team won the Club Championship of Philadelphia.

Wm. C. Stribling was married October 20th to Miss Fanny S. Hall, of Lynchburg, Va.

'09

A daughter has been born to Mr. and Mrs. F. Raymond Taylor. The little girl, who was born on December 11th, has been named Martha Rebecca. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are now living in their newly-built bungalow at High Point, N. C.

'11

LeRoy Jones had an article in the November issue of the *Westonian* entitled "The Mission of the Country Church." This article was originally read in the form of a paper by Mr. Jones at South

China, Me., at a meeting held to discuss the state of society.

Henry T. Ferris, Jr., was married to Miss Mary K. Harris on November 9th.

'13

Wm. S. Crowder is employed in the Trust Department of the Girard Trust Co. of Philadelphia.

'14

Benj. J. Lewis is engaged in farming near West Chester, Pa.

B. K. Richardson is with J. P. Pfeiffer & Co., of Baltimore.

Robt. G. Rogers is studying for the ministry at Cambridge.

During the summer the engagement of Wm. S. Patteson to Miss Beulah Allen, of Rochester, N. Y., was announced.

Mr. Patteson is in the lumber business at Penn Yan, N. Y.

Edward Rice, Jr., who has returned temporarily from the war front in France where he has been engaged in the service of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, spoke before the college body early in December. Mr. Rice is receiving contributions for the maintenance of the hospital work in France and Belgium.

Hadley H. Kelsey was married on September 4th at Amboy, Indiana, to Miss Estella G. Culver, of Wabash, Ind. Mr. Kelsey is now principal of the Friends' Academy at Bloomingdale.

'15

Donald B. Van Hollen, in an article in the November *Westonian*, discussed the "Young Friends" work in which he was engaged the

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past summer. He described the visitations which he, together with a number of other young Friends, made in Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland.

The engagement of Percival R. Allen to Miss Winifred Hunt Knapp, of Auburndale, has been announced.

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Contents

An Adaptation From the Egyptian...Robert Gibson, '17 352
Haverford's Athletic Opportunity. Kenneth W. Webb, '18 353
Sleep Triumphant, Verse............D. C. Wendell, '16 357
Rainbow, Story......................C. Van Dam, '17 359
The Fruit of Solitude, Verse...........E. R. Lester, '18 365
Phillips and The Poetic Drama...George A. Dunlap, '16 366
Disappointment, Verse..........................1917 372
The Path of Retribution, Story...J. G. C. Le Clercq, '18 373
The Middle Ages: A Study in Emotional Psychology
W. H. Chamberlin, '17 380
The Uneasy Chair.................................... 386
Alumni.......................Donald H. Painter, '17 387

February

1916

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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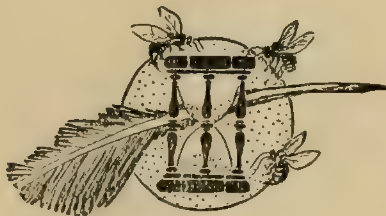

An Adaptation from the Egyptian

[The author of this poem wishes to correct the impression that the philosophy is original. The views are not his; he has merely adapted a chant, discovered on the tomb of an early Egyptian monarch of the first dynasty, to the following meter.]

They told me she was Love:—I clung to Her
As one in blind despair clings to a friend;—
Seeking in her beauty to transcend
The sordid elements of earthly care.
She, in her queenly attributes, did blend
The fairest graces that are mortals' share.
But if my joy of loving has to end,
The sable stole of sorrow need I wear?

They told me it was Sin:—I only know
My passion built a mystic bridge for me
To span convention's unforgiving sea,
Which, as I crossed, hissed hungrily below.
But there the grape was ripest on the tree,
And sweetest. What if I did throw
My soul away? Would I have been more free?
My sin-scarred craters now are healed with snow.

They told me it was Death:—I only fear
That life may prove recurrent, as they say,
Who boast a knowledge of the passing day.
A slumber, free from all, or dark or clear,
May lock my bones, and I will pass away,
Content to die. The negligible seer
May vaunt his empty warnings.—My decay
Is mine! O, Death, draw near, draw near!

—Robert Gibson, '17.

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Haverford's Athletic Opportunity

"AN Indictment of Intercollegiate Athletics" by William T. Foster in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is a powerful article which has aroused considerable discussion as to whether there is not open to Haverford an opportunity to improve her athletic standards. Before, however, we can reach conclusions as to any such opportunity, it would be well first to observe such warnings as other colleges may be able to offer. From them we can perhaps learn a lesson which otherwise might be experienced all too late in our own case. Mr. Foster sums up the evils of intercollegiate athletics in the statement that "athletics to-day are being carried out on a business rather than on an educational basis"; and gives the following three purposes of athletics run upon a business basis: first, to win contests; second, to make money; and third, to attain individual or group fame or notoriety. Stated in such cold terms these are at the best unsavory ideals along which to develop college sports, but even a superficial examination of the proofs of these declarations shows that there is much more truth than fiction in them.

To win is the great desire in all American sports. Defeat is borne so badly, especially among our American colleges, that it seems as if universal satisfaction will only be found in the discovery of a system by which nobody will have to lose. This evil has reached such a point that a college's success for the year is marked largely by the result of her big football games. Examples of this are plentiful. Every Haverfordian during the past winter has probably had one or more outside acquaintance arouse him to wrath with the remark, "Had a bad season out at College this year, didn't you?" Without his even suggesting the reason, you knew it to be the Swarthmore defeat, and you also knew that your friend had formed this snap judgment perceiving that Haverford had one of the strongest teams she has ever had and one which played wonderful football in the Swarthmore and every other game. But though you gritted your teeth in rebellion and muttered something about luck being against you, you and he both knew that the stigma of defeat had

in the public eye branded Haverford's 1915 season as more or less of a failure.

After observing how all-important victory or defeat is for a team, we can almost understand the lengths to which many colleges are willing to go in order to obtain the former. Under the pressure of a demand for a winning team, school athletes are made love to for several years before they even know whether they want to go to college or not. Beneath the same pressure there has also caved in the former distinction between amateur and professional athletes, since all regulations have been unable to prevent such favors being granted as "friendly gifts" or "merit scholarships" either through private or official agency. This is well illustrated in the recent recognition by the big New England universities of "summer baseball" as an occupation which should not injure amateur standing.

Is not the paid coach himself an example of the way in which an evil system will to-day be recognized as legitimate if it will only produce a winner? The professional coach knows that there is only one crime which he can commit—and that is to lose a contest. Any other crime is accepted as an example of his astuteness.

One of the most unfortunate results of business methods being allowed to run riot on the athletic field is the loss by the colleges of the true purpose of sport. Cannot this be forcefully illustrated in the preparations which a college makes for a big football game? When Michigan leaves Ann Arbor early Wednesday morning, before any work has been done, to recuperate and practice a few days at Wayne before playing Penn the following Saturday, and when Cornell leaves Ithaca Monday morning for several days at Atlantic City before coming up to Franklin Field on Thursday for a single hour of actual football, it certainly seems as if the craze for efficiency had in this field gone too far. Such training trips may be well likened to the training trips taken by professional baseball teams, and yet no one will admit that a college should run its football season by the questionable business methods used by such professional organizations as control the most-advertised and best-known teams in such sports as baseball, basketball, and even horse-racing. Still, a closer study of the comparison reveals the college management of sports to-day to be a most excellent parallel.

And now what is Haverford's position on the question? It undoubtedly is one of compromise, and this attitude seems the best one to adopt under existing conditions. It is apparent in the College's policies regarding both intercollegiate contests and the coaching system. In regard to the latter Haverford has thought it advisable to obtain pro-

fessional coaches for her major sports, but she has taken the greatest care to see that her selections have complied with the highest standards of gentility and good sportsmanship. As regards the other question—that of intercollegiate contests—there are few Haverfordians who would advise the immediate or even eventual abolition of intercollegiate athletic relations which Mr. Foster advocates, but there are many indeed who would be very willing to plunge still more deeply into the popular trend.

It is evident, however, that there must be potential arguments against such a plunge. Let us consider conditions in a representative college which has made the plunge, and then picture them prevailing at Haverford. At such a college run on principles of "good business," "intercollegiate athletics provide a costly, injurious, and excessive regime of physical training for a few students, instead of an inexpensive, healthful, and moderate exercise for all those who need it most." This sums it up in one sentence. At such an institution the athletic activity of at least nine-tenths of the students consists principally in watching varsity games from the stands and in reading about them in the papers, while the student sees his A. A. dues, which should contribute towards the opening of athletic facilities to him, really go for quite a different purpose. Furthermore, we have all met the man who, after sizing up this unnatural attitude of colleges towards sports, decided for this reason in addition to others to take a business course which would give him the actual instruction he desired in a fraction of the time spent in a college course. In the latter position he saw that he had open to him athletic facilities better than those of the college under discussion. He could obtain more actual exercise at one of the now-abounding athletic or country clubs than he could at an institution which encourages only stars to engage in her sports and which shirks her fundamental athletic functions as far as is convenient. Again, he would argue that, when he wished to see a spectacle, he could see a public professional contest much better than any one of a string of semi-professional college contests which, if he were at college, he would feel compelled to attend under that overworked lash called "college spirit"—a weapon of finance which is always wielded to the limit by the athletic management. Picture such a judgment being made of Haverford's athletics and then decide whether there would not be considerable danger in fostering here college athletics of the type represented by the example above.

Now, at last, we are in a position to consider what opportunity Haverford has to develop its athletics along lines which would offer opportunities for exercise to everybody in College. There is no doubt

that we have already accomplished much. This past fall approximately a hundred candidates turned out for the football and soccer squads, and, notwithstanding the Swarthmore defeat, Haverford's 1915 football season should certainly be ranked as one of her best, because it was the first year that four complete teams turned out regularly for practice. This excellent response from so small a student body is but one of the many incidents which seem to warrant the starting of more contests within the College itself for those students who cannot qualify for outside contests. We have a few such games in the Inter-class and "Wogglebug" series, but not nearly enough to keep everybody interested and active all the time. This lack is especially noticeable in the winter and spring, and is a strong argument in favor of the introduction of new sports such as swimming, basketball, and baseball, which would attract many men not interested in gymnasium work, cricket, or track. Inter-class games could be started immediately in these and other new sports regardless of whether varsity teams were organized or not. In such a discussion the financial side has not such a strong appeal perhaps as others, but it is well to remember that in sports held within the colleges the usual expenses which accrue from fees for officials and referees and from traveling expenses are reduced to the lowest minimum.

Another sport which has not received enough support is tennis, which is played by more students than is any other game, and yet for which the facilities are comparatively very poor. We have so few tennis courts that their over-use makes it impossible to keep them in good shape. But when last spring a campaign was started to get our courts in good condition and to build new ones, the results fell far short of what was desired because it was found that lowly tennis courts did not make the splendid appeal to the imagination—and to the pocketbook—which is truly made, for example, by any proposal to construct a costly new grandstand or "bowl"—the most popular gift to a college nowadays, but one which is not under any conditions an agent for real physical exercise.

Again, we should expect the Faculty to be more interested in the future in seeing that we get the right kind of athletics, because: first, it is an excellent way to bring the professors in closer touch with the students; and secondly, because athletics fundamentally are a part of the curriculum. Athletics are a branch in which every student should be able to elect several good courses each year, and this can best be made possible when the Faculty shall have at least as much power in deciding the athletic policy of the College as do the Alumni, the student body, or the outside coaches.

Finally, it might be well to prove that this policy of getting everybody active in athletics is sure to assist rather than to conflict with the other desire—that of having a strong Varsity for intercollegiate contests. If this harmony were not possible, the Varsity team should be the one to suffer, because it is the College's first duty to open athletics to everybody. But a clear example to show that these two policies can be successfully carried out together may be found right at our own door. Recently we celebrated the winning of the intercollegiate soccer championship. Naturally we had one of the best Varsity elevens in the College's history; and yet in conjunction with this team we ran three other soccer elevens who also played good soccer and got real enjoyment out of it, besides giving practice to players who might quickly develop into first-team material.

Thus with the assurance that these two lines of development are not incompatible, let us co-operate to make it worth while for everybody both to support our Varsity teams and to participate in the College sports themselves. We can strike a happy medium between semi-professional athletics on one hand and purely local athletics on the other, and after working ahead for some time with this new ideal in mind we shall find that Haverford will not be classed among the colleges which have misdirected their efforts, and that she will have a better understanding of the true purposes of sport and of the advantages which it holds forth to all.

—*Kenneth W. Webb, '18.*

Sleep Triumphant

Sleep whispered—whispered to my soul;
To my lips he held a bowl
Of dark delight—
Of skies and night
Deprived of light.

And drink I would in ecstasy,
For my mind had lost supremacy,
And pleasure-pain
Approved the gain,
Yet held a stain:

A stain that, swiftly running, spread
As a lightning bright with dread
In distant sky
At thunders' cry
To flash and die.

With pulsing glow and silent-slipping speed
Sleep rode a winged spirit steed.
I saw him go,
Like sun-kiss'd snow
Or river's flow.

I watched his pale and vibrant face
Reel and whirl in vaulted space,
While high in air
He fought Despair
And haggard Care.

"Give, God," I prayed in grim suspense,
"To the great life-warming Sense—
To Sleep—his crown
Of swan-white down,—
His stolen crown."

From Heaven's vaguest mist-gray clouds,
Subtly streaming, silent shrouds,—
Fair Sleep returned
My plea unspurned,
My soul unburned.

As Morning Glories close at eve,
So my eyes he shut, to leave
Me brilliant dreams
Of gold sunbeams
On silver streams.

—D. C. Wendell, '16.

Rainbow

(*Concluded*)

WHEN Black Cloud saw the little idol of his heart departing with Matthew, his pulses leaped suddenly and his hopes fell to a sickening despair. Rainbow, by the consent of his gods, of his people, by his own vow to himself, by everything except her infernal stubbornness, was decreed to be his. She was the pride and darling of the tribe; he, the strongest and proudest of the young chiefs, a fitting mate for her. He had wooed her with every art in his power. He had dogged her steps on long walks into the canon; ridden untold miles alone with her; sat at her feet untold hours while she wove baskets for the tourists. Formerly she had been smiling and kindly toward him: then her mind outstripped his; her perceptions grew keen, and she found him dull company. But the faithful lover still persisted until hispresence irritated her and his stupid sentiment approached in interest the mumblings of the insane. Rainbow tolerated him with a noble fortitude; she looked with calm self-restraint on these last convulsions of a dying love and hoped soon to lay it peacefully in its grave.

All would have gone well had it not been for Matthew. To have a "pale-face" step suddenly into the ring and climb in a single day to a firmer place in her heart than his years of devotion had won, was a little more than his fiery temperament could endure. An innate racial hatred, and a new-born jealousy put a scowl on his face and a smouldering madness in his heart. His wrinkled old mother sat in her accustomed corner and watched him with worried eyes. His formidable frame passed restlessly in and out of the Hopi house. He had not been at the mid-day meal, and she knew that something was wrong. A dozen times his eyes had swept the trail below for a glimpse of his beloved little tyrant. This sudden jealousy and this unexpected rival made his arms ache for her as they had never done before. The old woman called him abruptly, and dismissed the dirty children which were tumbling and sprawling about her. She spoke softly to him in Indian, and bade him sit by her and tell her his troubles. But Black Cloud looked down on her sullenly and replied that his troubles weren't for women's ears; then, brutally telling her to get busy at something, he stalked away. As he left her, she had the weary look of one who receives not a smile, not a kind word from those she loves, on which to build some hope in heaven, for her declining years.

When, toward evening, the thirsty, aching tourists filed up the

head of the trail, Black Cloud watched for Rainbow, half a-tremble with a mingled emotion of love and hate. His bursting feelings might have been swayed by her lightest word into a spasm of rage, or a transport of joy. As each dusty burro and rider turned the last twist of the trail, he gave an involuntary start; and then no more came. At first he stared foolishly as they dragged by. She was not in the party! With the sudden realization his eyes flashed wildly; he collared one of the guides and pulled him off his animal as though he were a boy.

"Where Rainbow? Where Rainbow?" he demanded hoarsely.

The tough little Western cow-puncher looked up with a snarl:

"I ain't seen yer Indian doll: loose that half-hitch on my neck 'fore I fill yer full o' lead, you——!"

Black Cloud, had he understood the language, would have learned much about himself in the next half minute, but he merely flung the fellow aside and pounced on another. He found out nothing. She had not been seen going or coming. Completely bewildered, he wandered back to the Hopi House. Perhaps some accident had befallen her. Then suddenly he felt that there had been no mishap. She knew the canon far too well to lose her way. Her steps were as sure as the goats' that pastured on its barren sides. The white man had kept her, and she had stayed willingly. The thought was bitter indeed!

That night the last traveller had wandered back to the hotel, and the Indians were dropping wearily to their blankets; but still the anguished lover paced restlessly up and down the canon's edge, staring gloomily into the mocking gulf of darkness at his feet. When finally he sought his rest, the lights were all extinguished, and the sound of heavy breathing was plainly audible from the prostrate figures among whom he took his place.

Sleep did not come to him. He lay wide-eyed, thinking over in detail his relations with Rainbow since the first day when he had discovered that she was a woman, and no longer a child. He lingered eagerly on those happy times when she had cared for him—when her aged father, since passed away, had chosen him as a mate for his daughter. Her recent coldness and utter scorn of his advances made his teeth clench and breath come fast. Finally there arose before his eyes, out of the blackness, the picture of Matthew and Rainbow alone together, at the bottom of the canon. He knew her nature too well: that if she ever loved, it would be no passing trifle in her life, but a new and sacred experience for which the highest price in self-sacrifice would be lightly tossed away.

A slow-rising hatred of the man who had robbed him began to fer-

ment in his brain. It grew stronger as the minutes passed, until he was writhing on the floor in an outburst of animal temper. Then came an uncontrollable desire for action and vengeance; here was no vague power threatening his happiness—no subtle change of mind or heart against which he was powerless, but a man of flesh and blood who might be overcome,—wounded,—murdered,—except for a dozen miles of twisted trail which the darkness rendered hopeless. His feverish brain worked on. He pictured her lying in the white man's arms, with the little face that he had loved so well, pillowed on the white man's breast—the kisses of which he had dreamed so long, given in a single night to a white man's mouth. He sat up and stared dizzily through the clinging darkness. A voiceless rage deep within the fibres of his being was craving some expression.

He arose unsteadily, crossed the room, slowly feeling his way, and fumbled about in the souvenir case. He found what he wanted, wiped his brow and stepped outside. For a moment he stood in the breathless stillness: every trace of life and sound was hushed into oblivion.

"By God, he no have two squaws!" he muttered determinedly, then, noiseless as a shadow, glided across the garden, up to the hotel porch. As he moved, the slanting rays of a new-risen moon gleamed on the knife in his hand. A window opened gently and he disappeared into the hotel.

At the office desk he lit a match. It was but a moment's work to find her number on the hotel register. He spelled the name out slowly to be sure of no mistake; then, bounding up the stairs with light steps, he passed along a quiet corridor and stood before her door. He listened intently, but not a single sound jarred the sleeping stillness. Slowly he turned the latch—then a faint draft sighed down the hall, and the door was shut behind him.

Their room faced the canon, and the low moon shone full through the open window. On the wide bed Matthew's wife was sleeping soundly. Beyond was a cot with a child's light head dimly visible on the pillow. With infinite precaution the Indian deftly lowered the bedclothes, and disclosed in the pale light, the white figure of the dreaming mother. She stirred uneasily. Her shoulders shook in a little involuntary shiver of cold. Then, without a sound, and with the accuracy of a panther's spring, the Indian took his revenge, and drove the knife home into the warm breast of the half-awakened woman; when she finally aroused herself, she was groping blindly in another world.

* * * * * * * * * *

A frail little chambermaid knocked at Matthew's door on the fol-

lowing morning. She knocked again, receiving no answer. Then, believing they had gone to breakfast, she entered, laid her towels on the wash-stand, and turned to make the bed. The shock sent her half-way across the room, with a tiny scream. She did not look a second time, but put her hands to her head and fled downstairs as though chased by a ghost.

In spite of the hotel authorities, the news of the murder was public property inside of an hour. Matthew's door was locked and a guard stationed outside. The baby girl was entrusted to the care of the proprietor's wife. It was discovered that Matthew had not returned the evening before. The guides were questioned. Yes, he had gone with the Indian girl. The knife—a souvenir from the Hopi House—Rainbow and Black Cloud once in love—the cold-bloodedness of the murder—these facts soon drew the little band of men appointed by the proprietor to represent the law, towards the Hopi House. In the lonely wilds of Colorado there was no time for a fancy code of justice.

They found Black Cloud leaning lazily against the counter, smoking his pipe. After his deed was done he had slept well till morning; he turned to his accusers with stoic indifference.

A man of the crowd acted as spokesman.

"Black Cloud, you committed murder last night on Mrs. Dean Matthew. Do you confess to it?"

The big Indian eyed him devouringly. The corners of his mouth curled faintly, in scorn.

"What you say?" he grunted slowly.

The man repeated his accusation. The crowd watched with threatening eyes. The Indian took a step backwards, and the others unconsciously came forward.

Black Cloud, with a swift motion, raised his arm to strike, but a revolver was thrust in his face, which still gave no trace of emotion. His arm dropped to his side. Then deliberately, in a tone heavy with anger, he spoke:

"He got my girl. I don't want his. He don't get two. He like Rainbow: she like him. Now he can have her."

"Then you murdered her?" came with a grave finality from the leader.

The Indian nodded his head casually. The impromptu jurors sighed in relief. They had looked for a struggle. Many of them, peaceable citizens, were not a little scared by the ominous appearance of their captive. His wrists were bound, to which he submitted quietly. He was then left temporarily with two armed guardians, while the council withdrew to discuss his punishment.

Matthew and Rainbow had arrived in the meantime, weary and dusty. An acquaintance with whom he had been seen in the hotel, was picked to tell him of the tragedy. As Matthew parted from Rainbow at the hotel steps, the unlucky fellow, white and torn with pity, summoned him to a quiet little parlor on the first floor. It was quickly over with, but when the pair emerged, there was one who had grown haggard and worn in the few brief minutes.

He went first to see his baby and then to the ill-fated room. The knife had been removed and the clothes changed. She lay there before him, eyes lightly closed, pink-cheeked, as restful and natural as he had ever seen her in life. With his glance fixed upon her face, he was mutely trying to tell his startled self that she was not sleeping but dead,—lost to him until eternity. His mind rebelled under the sudden stress, and he found himself slipping away from the weight of the truth, and believing, with a childish faith in the justice of things, that it was all a mistake and unreal. He covered his face with his hands as if his thoughts hurt him. Then, before he knew it, the door opened and Rainbow was by his side, with eyes fastened on the bed.

"Let me be alone," he said in a cold voice.

"No! please! a leetle while!" she begged.

Then slowly she picked up a limp hand from the cover and held it between hers.

"Me didn't believe it," she said incredulously.

"I am trying to," was the submissive reply.

"You loved her," the girl continued, wistfully watching his face. "But she is happy now. You must forget her. Me am sorry for you, not her. See how quiet she sleeps. She's lucky. She go to sleep on earth and wake in your heaven and leave you all alone with baby. It's nothing to die, but it's hard to live."

"How do you know?" he demanded in spite of himself.

"Because me has got to go on living."

"Well, what of it?" said the man abruptly.

"Me will be alone like you, when you are gone."

"What about your Indian lover?" Matthew's voice trembled.

"Me not think of him. He's lucky too. He gone to the Great Spirit. They hanged him. Big crowd shouts: stones: rope from a tree: and last of all he smile calmly, and say he kill her because he love me."

"Why the devil didn't you marry him instead of running after me?" he cried.

She seized his arm, and turned her troubled eyes full on his face.

"Me did not know him was so jealous. Me have not loved him

for years: me would lie there dead instead of her if me could. I only got one life before I go where they are gone; and I give that life to you."

The thought of her offering herself to him in the presence of his dead wife horrified him. For the moment he saw Rainbow as a little vampire who had set out after him with shameless abandon, and was now before him with two deaths in her wake, ready to finish the conquest.

He glowered down on her fiercely.

"I want a wife and not a sqaw. Get out of here!" he thundered.

She turned pale and her eyes filled with tears. Then, like a flash, she fled from his presence.

It took Matthew several days to get away from the canon with his wife's body. There were difficult telegrams to send, trunks to pack, two lead coffins to be procured, all of which he felt little able to do. Rainbow kept discreetly out of his way. He had time to think his troubles over and adjust himself to new conditions. Finally he began to understand the Indian nature in Rainbow—her quick emotions, her fearless, primitive methods and the simple, lingering tenderness towards him in spite of what he did or said. He saw that her only crime was a heedless, youthful love,of which she could not see the consequences. He saw too that death was less strange to her than life; that her sudden intrusion upon him meant no irreverence to his dead wife.

On the evening before his departure he came upon her sitting on a smooth rock at the very brink of the canon. He was walking alone and almost stumbled over her before he discovered her.

"O, it's you!" he exclaimed.

"You going away?" she asked quickly.

"To-night."

"You ever come back?"

"Not if I can help it."

He could only vaguely distinguish her form against the ocean of darkness behind her, but he felt her gaze upon him; he felt, too, the compelling attraction of her strong, unique personality. She was only a little figure with her head just coming to his shoulder; but when he saw the burning light in her eyes,—the same that he had seen that first evening, he knew that it told of a deep emotion, yet even more, of an ancient race "born with the wind and rain," afraid of nothing, and untamed.

"Me hate you for leaving me: but me am Indian: and you no want me. Go away and forget. Only kiss me once, for life is long to live alone."

Perhaps from pity, perhaps because it seemed like a last wish on earth which he dared not refuse, he leaned over and kissed her. In after years he was often puzzled over it, but that night he did not think of hesitating.

Several hours later he departed for New York with his little girl, and his wife's body.

But Rainbow sat, tranquil as the living rocks about her, dreanmig of an ideal love,—of fairy heights of young happiness, all built up from the fabric of a single kiss.

(*The end*)

—*C. Van Dam, '17.*

The Fruit of Solitude

When in communion with thy inmost soul,
Withdrawn from out the surging sea of life,
And that rough shore where its mad billows roll,
Withdrawn from all the world, so full of strife;
If chance so be, near some cool brook reclined,
Sad at the thought that few great minds agree,
In vain thou pond'rest one bright truth to find
That shall thy soul inspire and set thee free;
If, oft by this same idle quest beguiled,
At length in desperation thou dost faint,
Think not thy life disorder'd is and wild,
Such doubts do come to God's most favored saint.
But struggle on nor count the fearful pain;
Peace comes at last, a golden crown to gain.

—*E. R. Lester, '18.*

Phillips and the Poetic Drama

THE death, last December, at the age of forty-seven, of Stephen Phillips, English poet, dramatist, and editor of the *Poetry Review*, brought to conclusion a life bravely sacrificed upon the altar of poetic drama. That his attempted revival of poetry upon the stage was not a complete failure is amply attested by his successful productions, "Herod," "Paolo and Francesca," "Ulysses," and "Nero." But his later career was a distinct disappointment, as viewed from the splendor of the promise of his earlier works. One of the purposes of this article is to attempt to show why this was so, and why a poet, whose first dramatic offering was greeted by the *Spectator* with the comment, "No youthful poet, save in the case of Keats, has written blank verse of greater promise," should have had his later works received with indifference and disfavor. The character of the man—his devotion to classical traditions, the peculiar combination in him of the practical and the impractical, the praiseworthy and the repulsive, also compel attention.

Stephen Phillips was born at Somerton, near Oxford, England, in 1868. His father, a clergyman, and the Precentor of Peterborough Cathedral, carefully provided him with an education suitable for one of the professions. But the younger Phillips, after a year at Queens College, Cambridge, decided to abandon higher education for the stage. He, therefore, joined Frank R. Benson's Dramatic Company, a traveling troupe which specialized in Shakespeare. He remained with this company for six years, especially starring as the *Ghost* in "Hamlet." He played this part "with a dignity so awful," writes Edmund Gosse, "that he was positively called before the curtain, a distinction believed to be in this role unparalleled."

The end of his stage career came with his marriage to Miss May Lidyard, an actress in Benson's Company. His motive for leaving the stage was that he might devote himself entirely to literature. His wife gives this interesting insight into his character at this time: "It was his desire, he said, to give up all the world and chiefly live for that glory in his soul, the glory which he felt had been placed there that he might give it out again, as a beauty and protection for the people, as a stimulus for creation and a splendor that would live forever in the eyes of God. He would often tell me that I was necessary to him for this, and often he would ask me to pray that God would not take me away from him; but sometimes he was very sad in thinking that the Almighty had given him this wonderful gift."

The first public expression of this gift was a thin volume called

"Eremus," printed in 1894. This was merely a poetic experiment, and was never reprinted. But in the following year appeared "Christ in Hades," a poem which the public accepted with the utmost respect. Appended to this volume was a short, ballad-like poem, "The Apparition," which Mr. Gosse praises as the first real evidence of the appearance of a new voice in English poetry. Phillips's next volume, that of 1897, contains the best of his early poems. Critics gave this book an enthusiastic reception, especially the *Academy*, a literary journal which hailed the volume as the most important contribution to the literature of the year 1897. And, what was more practical, the *Academy* enriched Phillips by the gift of one hundred guineas. The fame of Stephen Phillips, however, has arisen, not from his short poems, but rather from his poetical plays.

Mr.—now Sir—George Alexander, being impressed with the new poet's work, asked him to write a verse play for him. Phillips consented, and chose for his subject that immortal episode of the love of Paolo and Francesca which appears in Dante's Inferno. His experience as an actor made him well equipped, as it was, to write a play, but additional aid came from Sidney Colvin, the eminent critic and biographer. The drama, "Paolo and Francesca," was published in the winter of 1899, and the opinion of the critics was almost unanimous in its favor. Edmund Gosse thus comments on that fact in the *Century Magazine:* "This time the complacency of the critics was so universal that it was almost alarming. All the laws of circumstance seem to be turned topsy-turvy when the *Quarterly Review* and the *Edinburgh Review* compete which shall praise soonest and loudest the work of a very young poet." Among other adverse critics, Sir Arthur Pinero ridiculed its acting qualities, and remarked that it "would not run ten minutes." As a matter of fact it did run 130 nights at the St. James's Theatre, three years later.

While "Paolo and Francesca" was still waiting to be staged, Phillips was not resting on his laurels, but was writing still another play. For a subject he turned to Josephus, and selected as his hero, Herod the Great. He was attracted by Josephus's record of the love between Herod and Marianne. He strove, to quote his own words, "to paint in dramatic verse with an Eastern background, the most tremendous love story in the world." The interview between the poet-dramatist and Herbert Beerbohm Tree, when Phillips read his "Herod" to that famous actor-manager, is very entertainingly reported by the poet himself: "The last act of this ('Herod'), Mr.—now Sir—Herbert Tree was induced to hear me read. As I was reading this to the best of my ability, but naturally in a state of extreme nervousness, for I knew what

depended on the impression made, I happened to glance over the manuscript to watch the expression on the managerial countenance. To my consternation Sir Herbert's face was relaxed into the most unmistakable of smiles it was possible to imagine. He appeared highly amused, and when I had read anything on which I particularly prided myself, he would interrupt with a hearty laugh.

"When I had finished, I had, of course, given up all hope, for the play, I might mention, was not—intentionally at least—a comedy, but was amazed to hear him declare that he had practically decided on producing it, which, as a matter of fact, he subsequently did at His Majesty's Theatre. When I questioned him at a later date, as to his disconcerting reception of 'Herod' he replied that he had thoroughly enjoyed it, and was unable to resist laughing outright. In any case, the play ran close on one hundred nights, and that was how I really began."

"Herod" had its initial performance on October 31, 1900, with Beerbohm Tree in the title role. *The Spectator* and other London journals lauded the play and its author to the skies, and this was but the beginning of a series of extreme compliments which London critics almost as one showered upon the new dramatist. Unfortunately, much of the praise was worthless by its mere extravagance. When the reaction came, several years later, Phillips was not prepared for it, and fell an easy victim to indifference and neglect.

The year 1902 is the high-water mark of achievement for Stephen Phillips. In the early part of this year, two more of his poetical spectacles were staged in the English capital. The dramas were "Paolo and Francesca" at St. James's and "Ulysses" at His Majesty's. Opinions were divided as to the relative merits of the two dramas, though many critics favored the Italian tragedy to the Greek epic-drama, on account of its romantic appeal. The significant fact, however, is brought out by *The Spectator*, "To have two poetic plays running simultaneously at great London theatres is an achievement of which any poet in his age might be proud."

But it is just at this time, as Mr. Padraic Colum points out in *The New Republic*, that Stephen Phillips became the unhappy victim of that peculiar system of London reviewing, according to which it changes completely in character every five years, due to the fact that the young reviewers pass on to something else after that period of time. It must have been that in 1902, "a new batch of reviewers," to quote Mr. Colum, had "arrived, and the *parole* amongst them was that Stephen Phillips was of no account poetically. Older men, eminent critics on important journals, remained to praise him. But what they said of him now was

discredited by the extravagance of the things they had said before. William Archer's compliments on 'Paolo and Francesca' and 'Herod'—'Sardou could not have ordered the action better, Tennyson could not have clothed the passion with words of purer loveliness'; 'the elder Dumas speaking with the voice of Milton,'—were remembered by the younger men, and they smiled."

The *Quarterly Review* got in the deepest and most deadly thrust at the poet. It was from the pen of Mr. Arthur Symons, himself a poet of note, and recalls the *Quarterly's* memorable criticism of Keats's "Endymion," that for so long was believed to have hastened that poet's early death. Even the most prejudiced lover of Phillips would be forced to admit the cleverness of the article, and the general sanity of its reasoning. But, for his careful avoidance of the smallest attempt to praise, for his failure to credit Phillips with an extraordinarily daring effort to revive the poetic stage drama—an attempt which had baffled Tennyson and Browning before him—the review should be severely arraigned.

"Poetry," writes Symons, "is an act of creation which the poet shares with none other among God's creatures. Poetical feeling is a sensibility which the poet may share with the greengrocer walking arm-in-arm with his wife, in Hyde Park, at twilight on Sunday......To express poetical feeling in verse is not to make poetry." After frankly accusing him of modeling his verse on Tennyson and Landor, the reviewer finishes up Phillips's poetry in this summary manner: "Now in all Mr. Phillips's verse we find *poetical feeling;* never the instant, inevitable, unmistakable thrill and onslaught of *poetry*." Thus he would place Phillips on a par with the above-mentioned greengrocer. Concerning his stage productions, Mr. Symons writes in part, as follows:

"Mr. Phillips has written for the stage with a certain kind of success, and he has been praised, as we have seen, for having 'written a great dramatic poem which happens also to be a great poetic drama.' But this praise loses sight of the difference which exists between what is dramatic and what is theatrically effective. In 'Paolo and Francesca,' in 'Herod,' and in 'Ulysses,' there are many scenes which, taken in themselves, are theatrically effective, and it is through this quality, which is the quality most prized on the modern English stage, that these plays have found their way to Her Majesty's Theatre and to St. James's. But take any one of these scenes, consider it in relation to the play as a whole, think of it as a revelation of the character of each person who takes part in it, examine its probability as a natural human action, and you will find that the people do, not what they would be most likely to do, but what the author wishes them to do, and that they say, not

what they would be most likely to say, but what the author thinks it would be convenient or impressive for them to say. What Mr. Phillips lacks is sincerity; and without sincerity there can be no art, though art has not yet begun when sincerity has finished laying the foundations. One is not sincere by wishing to be so, any more than one is wise or fortunate. Infinite skill goes to the making of sincerity. Mr. Phillips, who has so much skill, devotes it all to producing effects by means of action, and to describing those effects by means of verse."

After 1902, Stephen Phillips continued to write for the stage, but his will was broken, and only one of his later dramas measured up to the high standard set in "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod." This was "Nero," a tragedy, presented by Beerbohm Tree, in 1906. The *Spectator*, always his friend, has this to say of his "Nero":

"In the play which was produced at His Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening (January 25, 1906), Mr. Stephen Phillips has made clear advance in knowledge of stagecraft. In many respects it contains less poetry than 'Herod' or 'Ulysses,' but it is incomparably better drama. There is a keener perception of character, a firmer grasp on life, and a general subordination of other interests to the dramatic effect."

Three other plays were produced by the poet, "The Sin of David" in 1904, "Pietro of Sienna" in 1910, and "Faust," in collaboration with Mr. Comyns Carr. The first-named play was a symbolical drama, with its scenes laid in the time of the Commonwealth. Sir Hubert Lisle stands for David, and his sin was to fall in love with Miriam, wife of Colonel Mardyke whom he sends off on a military expedition, where he meets his death. The play suffers principally from the author's choice of subject, and it was on this account that the British censor banned it. It was afterwards produced in Germany. "Pietro of Sienna" was not a success, and "Faust," according to the *Athenæum*, "was chiefly a spectacle providing opportunities for the scenic artist, and more picturesque poses than philosophy, for the actors."

Meanwhile Phillips's art had been revealed to America. The first of his plays to be seen in this country, "Ulysses," was marred by incompetent acting. But in 1906, Mr. H. B. Irving, eldest son of the late Sir Henry Irving, brought over "Paolo and Francesca," and gave it, from all accounts, a very adequate presentation. The New York *Nation* thus comments on it: "Rich as Mr. Phillips's work is in literary graces, as strong as it undoubtedly is dramatically in some of its scenes, it can scarcely be called a great play." Of the fourth act, however, the *Nation* reviewer finds that "thenceforward the dramatist is absolute master of the situation, and unfolds it with a fine perception of theatrical effect, as

well as artistic law." The dramatic critic of the *New York Sun*, Mr. John Corbin, was more severe. He accused Phillips of lacking "the authentic inspiration of the dramatist. One feels that Mr. Phillips is inspired by *literature*, not by life."

In the fall of 1909, another Phillips drama was staged in the United States when "Herod" was put on at the Lyric Theatre, New York, by William Faversham. Turning again to the *Nation*, we find this comment on "Herod's" first night: "To say that the representation was in every respect ideal would be a grave exaggeration, but it was generally adequate, often excellent, and in places, exceedingly impressive."

One would have supposed that these successes in England and America, coupled with the returns from his published poems and plays, would have insured him financial prosperity throughout his remaining days. But account must be taken of the man's extravagance, his lack of a keen business sense, and finally, his return to an old weakness—drink. His fine mental faculties began to be seriously strained, and his poetical work suffered thereby. It is not unjust to suspect that the unrelenting nagging of such destructive criticism as that in the *Quarterly Review* above quoted, had a great deal to do with his downfall.

But there is another cause, and one which discloses a more intimate side of the poet's life. The *Independent* for February 23, 1914, printed a touching revelation of "Stephen Phillips In His Home," as narrated by his wife, and in this article is related the death of the poet's young daughter, Persephone.

"The loss of our baby girl," writes Mrs. Phillips, "exercised a vivid and cruel influence over my husband, for it would seem that he never would be comforted. After this I would frequently lose him, and days and sometimes weeks of terrible suspense were added to my gloom. He could never bear to see me sad, and if ever I forgot myself in my extreme poignancy of thought, however much I tried to cover it away—if ever a shadow of this crossed my face, he would at once decline all work, or comfort, and rush from the house in a state of utter frenzy..... Sometimes he would send me a wire or a note, asking my forgiveness for these rash and sudden outbursts, which he would most deeply lament, or he would send a short, sad message, imploring me to come at once to wherever he was, to save him from madness or suicide."

The closing years of Stephen Phillips's life may be noted briefly. In 1909 he was driven into bankruptcy. Three years later he accepted the editorship of the *Poetry Review*, which post he occupied till death, writing sound, intellectual articles on modern literature. Also he published several volumes of poems, and occasional short verse in English

and American magazines. His "Lyrics and Dramas" of 1913, and his "Panama and Other Poems" of 1915 were hailed as a return to his former successful style, and many looked for a permanent revival of his powers. But death cut short his poetical "come back" on December 9, 1915, at an age when there should still have been much more to come from his pen. It is interesting to surmise what future generations will have to say of this poet's courageous attempt to revive English classical, poetic drama.

—*George A. Dunlap, '16.*

Disappointment

Oft in the night
My thoughts take flight
To verdant plains of sweet Elysian fancy.
Quickly I rise,
Rubbing my eyes,
Intent to write a sonnet gay for Nancy.
Full shall it be
Of mystery
That fills the notes of wild Æolian measures.
Great my dismay
When fast away
Fly all the dainty lines, my sleepful treasures.

The Path of Retribution

I.

A SKY, black as ebony, the moon as a large round amber which has been incrustated by mistake amid the stars, like mother-of-pearl. A zephyr wafts the fragrance of rich flowers, blended with the bitter-sweet scent of acrid pines; one can hear the melodious ripple of a brook as it plashes its distant way down the hillside. The dewy grass or the hard gravel paths of the terrace are occasionally illumined with the glow of a shimmering firefly and one hears the poignant accents of some lonely and abandoned bird calling its fickle mate back to the deserted nest.

The long verandah overlooking the terrace is deserted save for two figures, seated too closely not to show two lovers' passage. And then it is a night of love, so why not? In one chair a young woman of great beauty, small and slender, with soft grey eyes, a pink complexion, a small mouth, and hair golden as the honey of sweet Hybla bees or the rich hue of yellow saffron. Her beauty is that of some wild, shy nymph of the woods, never yet beheld of man, whose days have been passed in commune with nature, ignorant of the mystery of sex or any of Life's other great—and yet petty—problems. No words can describe that pure, sincere, unadulterated beauty of countenance, the apotheosis of virginal womanhood.

Her companion is of a different type: very thin and tall; with placid blue eyes, heavily fringed with dark lashes; a long, straight nose, whose dilated nostrils seem ever yearning for the bitter odor of far-distant lands. He has a world-weary expression; he is no doubt the son of some robust father; he is one of that generation which pays for the military glory of its sires; yet tired of living in an age which has nothing glorious or sublime in it, and of smoking innumerable cigarettes and holding lengthy discourse on idealism, he himself has gone to the wrong source for consolation, as bespeaks the somewhat sensuous curve of his mouth.

And yet this cynical and Byronic youth is here, talking in fervent accents, talking with passionate ardor to the beautiful girl at his side: "One hears the music from the ball-room—a commonplace tune, but gaining in beauty as it meets you in your loveliness until it seems to embody all the harmony of every master, like a divine canto restored again to man after having sojourned among the gods. And I here, at your feet, paltry and weak, pale and careworn, with you in your fairy splendor, like some wondrous goddess of old!"

"Ah! more, more! Speak to me further of this love of yours."

"From awful discouragement and ghastly ennui, you and your ineffable loveliness and sweetness rescue me, and bring me to heights unknown before, to the realization that Life is but one sweet song, ten times worth the living. Ah! and you have taught me loves are pure. Mélissande-like, you have inspired a man to bring his all to worship you at the altar of beauty. You have stirred a hopeless realist to the core and moved him to idealism. And in this new-found happiness and adoration, in this heaven of delight, I often ask myself if it is not too beautiful, if I shall not bump my head against the clouds.

"I am not theatrical! For the beauty of two fair eyes, like troubadours of old, I have travelled over troubled waters to find my lady ;and in the coming, if disconsolate her name has brought my spirits back, when sick, the mention of her peerless beauty has invigorated my weary, aching limbs, and given life to my bruised, lovesick heart."

"Yes, yes," she whispers breathlessly.

"The forest brings with it the intoxicating perfume of its plants: not one-hundredth as pure as the perfume of your hair; the music of belated birds travels us-ward: yet more harmonious is the music of your voice. And the music of these very birds, travelling through the woodland, will have met the soul of some majestic maker of melodies, some Mendelssohn, and grown richer and fuller amid sleeping nature. The yellow moonlight shining palely over the grey roofs in the valley, and a little lake, placid and beautiful, trembles like a magic, mysterious mirror —nature's offering, not one-half as fair as you. Ah, your lips! All that is evil in me is banished by that kiss—as the famous kiss of Roxane. And you and I, our names will ever be linked together; I will immortalize them, they will be as Hero and Leander, Cyrano and Roxane, Konigsmark and Sophia-Dorothea of Zell........"

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The music lulled and then reached a crescendo; he looked dully down to the ground and stopped in the middle of his sentence; the girl also leaned back, vaguely conscious of coming danger. Then, amid a triumphant bar of music, She entered. Tall and graceful, like the pale-Titan woman that haunted the dreams of Baudelaire, statuesque, like the women Titian loved to paint, but with a full, red mouth—inherited from some Rebecca who loved an Ivanhoe of yore and loved in passionate futility—wonderful white skin, a lithe figure, large black eyes, and raven black hair. Her kind drive men to drown their unrequited love in mellow wines or sapping poisons, or, more often, poor devils think of her, com-

mend themselves to God, and blow their brains out with her name on their lips.

Who was she? It really does not matter.

Proudly she walked past them , paused one second and looked into his eye, then on she went. The past, the awful past, in its yellow horror, came to his mind and an accusing finger pointed at him, mindful of his sacrlet life: "What hast thou made of thy youth?" What, indeed! Passion-wrecked, then cast away by this woman, like an old pair of shoes.

Then this black-haired woman came back, bent over him and, "Come, my love," she whispered, "come and dance!"

"Oh, do not go!" pleaded the Lady of the Grey Eyes.

"Ha! ha! You will not dance with Lola! Fool! You shall dance the devil's dance in hell with your Lolita! Come, you will hold your Lolita in your strong arms and press your lips to her vermilion mouth and whisper: 'Lolita, my Lolita! I love you! God! how I love you.'"

Then, sinuously, in time with the soft music from the ball-room, she danced. Her red gown fluttered as the embers of a dying fire being blown by a wind; her fair, white shoulders moved up and down in the dim moonlight, pulsing with passion; her gorgeous jewels shone; her breast throbbed in the sensuous dance. As none but Salomé or Lucrezia Borgia might have danced, she twined and twisted, bending her wonderful body in myriads of different positions; her eyes, black and afire with lust, on his; her hair, which had fallen over her shoulder, glistening against the white flesh where it lay, knotted and braided; watching him like the tigress for her prey and noting his coming surrender.

Then she stopped. "Come," she whispered. "My love, come and dance."

"God forgive me!" he cried, and crushed her in his arms.

And the Lady of the Grey Eyes? A heart-rending sob from her, full of pathos, the tragic burst of all the pent-up sorrow and tears in that virginal heart. There are griefs, pain, sorrows too deep to describe; the agonized sob, the bitter tears, the aching head, the lifeless limbs! What are they? But the crushed soul, the martyred heart........

"Come, my love, come and dance," she sobbed. "My love, come and dance."

II.

The sky was as a black cloak, which might have belonged to Lucrezia Borgia. The stars were as incrustated jewels and the moon as a big, yellow grease-spot. A hot wind blew the smell of pungent poppies from the over-rich garden, mingled with the fetid odor of poisonous

plants from the forest, and one could hear the annoying plash of a far-away creek as it sped down the mountain-side. Occasionally some fierce, wandering bird would croak its passionate welcome to its fellow through the darkness in throaty and guttural appeal.

Five years had elapsed. You and I might not have noticed the difference between that night five years ago when Lola had triumphed over the Lady of the Grey Eyes and to-night; but then you and I have not been through five years with Lola!—five years of agony, of death, of hell upon earth.

The verandah is deserted save for two figures: the same. The girl is beautiful still, since she is young—and youth and beauty go hand in hand along the road of happiness; or they should. Yet a wistful sadness, a nostalgia, a "weltschmerz" is in those laughing eyes of yore, adding *un petitrien* to the *ensemble*, making it too pathetic for words. She is as some dryad, who loved a hunter and has just fallen, pierced through the heart by an arrow from his bow; she has learnt Life and all its sorrows, just felt the bitterness with which we pay for our laughter and joy, for those few, short minutes of love and happiness. But this is neither here nor there.

He—well, he has lived the life. He has already seen his destiny and has accepted it. Fate plays us all tricks; he has abandoned himself to what lay in store for him. The happy people are those that can do this. To be sure, it was rather painful, but then Byronic despair was (and will, I feel sure, be again) *à la mode*. And then it is rather sport to be the despair of all the ladies with marriageable daughters. Besides, with a little imagination one can magnify one's sorrow, pity oneself and think of oneself as a hero. "Irremediable" is rather a good word; one is constantly using it to characterize one's woes. And—it's really true—one begins to enjoy this superb, imperturbable, heroic despair. So like Alfred de Musset, you know, dear Alfred de Musset! But all this has nothing to do with my story.

He is speaking: "I am unworthy of forgiveness: your words do me infinite honor and bring me infinite joy. And I am too unworthy to accept your offer; I love you too much to harness this bulk of wickedness to you. I have delcided to live an almost negative, purely passive existence. Marcus Aurelius has given us the secret of life, he's said all this far better than I can. I shall never be surprised by anything, never put out........But thank you for your goodness. I have come to say good-bye to the woman I love; after many days of wandering in the desert of loneliness and despair I am here to welcome you as an oasis of purity. The hope of this day has kept me alive, has fed me, like Heaven-

sent manna kept the wanderers and brought them to the Promised Land. And now I have found you, now I weep, for we must part; and I shall have left the memory of years of guilt and one sweet, precious hour of unadulterated purity. I shall ever remember what might have been but wasn't."

"Oh! why not? I want you. Can you not stay here, as my husband?"

"No, it would be a crime to maryr you. You will find some young, fresh man, more worthy to be your mate, and you will have nice, clean children, as beautiful as you. And God will give you a happy life, for He knows you deserve it. We, you and I, have been as two ships that pass in the night; my ship, as a ship on fire, has stopped for help from yours, and, for a moment relieved and ready to sail again, it goes its way far to the westward, injured and bruised, yet willing to go on, and forging ahead through thousands of waves, sailing it knows not whither........ But your ship, having given aid, looks regretfully at mine, now a dim speck on the horizon, and sails triumphantly into the harbor, flags flying, in all glory. In the haven it meets quietness and rest after toil, and perhaps gives one thought to its fellow, which has weathered every rock and is no doubt sailing, sailing to its Destiny........"

III.

The Foreign Legion—*La Legion Etrangere*—is made up of "bold, bad men." In fact the dregs of civilization find their way into it, earn a *sou* a day, in an awful African sun (their food, incidentally, is not worth one-half their pay) and die in the tropics from malaria or enteric fever, or, often, from a shot in the back. Of course, nobody likes the Legon. Speak of anything except murder and nobody can answer you; but speak of that and the *legionnaires* wax eloquent about how they got away from the police and enlisted. Once they are in the Legion, the police shuts its eyes and lets them fight and die.

He—our Byronic hero—had joined the Legion because times were troubled. German gold had bought the natives and they had arisen in arms against the French. These Africans were no mean fighters; in the two battles that had been fought, they had had all their own way: many of the *legionnaires* had died and some had deserted. He also had wanted to desert and had had a chance, but then he decided to stay and undergo his self-inflicted penance. Later, in three or four years, he would return, and perhaps, if—oh! how he loved her! Dreams of her haunted him. After a few months he became a sergeant—and, on my authority, to rise from the ranks in a short time in the Legion is almost unheard-of. And

a jealous little Italian had tried to stab him the night following his promotion; he had just saved himself in the nick of time. Such are the children of the Foreign Legion, who work like dogs in the hot sun of Africa, and die like flies when the big blacks throw poisoned arrows at them, and are sometimes buried, but more often not.

* * * * * * * * * *

When Caesar ordered out his *decima legio* it was to save the army from a difficult position at the sacrifice of some of the finest soldiers the world has ever known; when the little Corsican cried, "*Faites donner la garde*," it meant that somebody had to pull the chestnuts out of the fire and the best soldiers, big giants with huge moustaches, rushed into the fray. But when no glory is to be won, when only "dirty work" is to be done, when lives and lives are to be lost ingloriously, then the Legion is called out, and it goes and does its duty rather well.

They were to fight the natives that day.

At last the Legion was called out and began to drill. A young officer, out in Africa for his first three years of military service, fresh from Saint-Cyr and redolent of Paris, rode up and spoke to him in low tones: "The Colonel had me come round to see you a moment. He might find it necessary for you and about thirty-five men to charge. If he wishes you to do so, be ready at a moment's notice. Au revoir and good luck!" He rode off.

Then the men started marching. They were glad, these big men, to be fighting for their country: it was a great chance for some of them to make up for their awful past, for others to desert and away! back to Europe in the morning.

The savages were all lined up behind a hill in the valley: the colonel decided to use about one hundred men for a charge, down the hill, while the rest of his band would encircle the enemy on the left. So he was to charge! Well, it probably meant death, but still, one never knows.

A word from the colonel to an aide-de camp who came over to our hero: "You will be ready to charge when ordered."

"*Bien, mon lieutenant.*'

A hoarse order, and a hundred men beginning a mad, headlong charge down the hill. Now was the time! now or never! He thought of the Lady of the Grey Eyes! How he wondered what she was doing! Had she married? Had she the big, strong husband? Had she the clean children he had predicted? Yes, she must have........

Down the hill, down the hill, thirty red and blue Frenchmen rushing down to death.

The Legion never get praise or glory; for they are the scum of the earth, and praise and glory are not for the scum. The pick of the Legion, scum of the scum, dregs of the dregs, charging, fighting madly, with awful force, dying for their country.

"*Vive la France! Vive la France!*" they yelled.

"Laigraki! Laigraki!" screamed the blacks. "Laigraki! Laigraki!"

They loved to charge, led by this young sergeant; they knew him to be infinitely superior to themselves: "*beau comme un Jesus*" they thought him. Down the hill, down the hill, madly charging!

Good Lord! A black devil had the flag! the tricolore.

He rushed at the savage and struck him with his bayonet, seized the flag. "*Allons, mes enfants, en avant! Vive la France!*"

Fighting for their life-blood, fighting for France! All that is left of good in them rises to the fore; they fight as they never fought before.

"*Bravo, mes enfants!* Fight for the *patrie.*"

"Laigraki! Laigraki!"

On, on, fighting like devils. At last the army comes on the left; the savages fight as never they fought before, fighting like doomed men. A big black rushes at him; he slips. The savage's huge knife strikes him in the neck and he falls bleeding to the ground.

Then another slash from the black and merciful death brings unconsciousness and perhaps forgiveness.

* * * * * * * * * *

A doctor passes over the field.

"Here," cries his attendant, "a sergeant with the flag in his hands."

The doctor bends over the body. "Dead, poor devil! Dead as a doormat. He does not look like the usual *legionnaire.* Poor dog! I wonder how he came here."

"'Twas he who led the charge."

"Bravo! It was a great fight. And clutching the flag in death so hard, that I have difficulty in getting it from his grip. What fine fellows! Grim even in death."

"Yes, the sergeant looks as if he were ready to fight again."

"He is in a land where no battles are ever fought," said the doctor. "He has found peace and quiet, like a ship come in to its haven at night. God grant he find the thing he fought for."

—*J. G. C. Le Clercq, '18.*

The Middle Ages: A Study in Emotional Psychology

THE time has passed when educated men looked upon the Middle Ages with feelings of unmixed contempt and superiority. To be sure, we know that the period from the Norman Conquest to the Renaissance was one of religious bigotry, intellectual pedantry and political systems which fluctuated between despotism and anarchy. But we also recognize that in certain points the Middle Ages were equal or superior even to our own era, blessed as it is with railroads, telegraphs, submarines, universal peace agitation, vocationalism, and Henry Ford. Among those points we may reckon capacity for enthusiasm, simple-minded devotion to ideals, and readiness to make the most Quixotic sacrifices even for fantastic or mistaken ideas. Above all, the Middle Ages were possessed of rich and varied psychological significance. Men were simpler, more childlike, far more ready to respond to various emotional stimuli. And, by reason of this quality of ready emotional response, the romance of the Middle Ages is by no means confined to "Goetz von Berchlingen" and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The explanation of this romance is not far to seek. Elaborate political organizations, highly developed respect for law and order, while very satisfactory from the viewpoint of material prosperity, are not the conditions most favorable to the expression of individual daring and initiative. Now, in the Middle Ages the grand Roman imperial system had completely broken down, as far as western Europe was concerned; while the modern political organisms were barely in their infancy. The sole unifying element, which saved Europe from utter anarchy and confusion, was the medieval Church, one of the most interesting political and psychological experiments ever undertaken. But in secular matters there was absolutely no unity or solidarity. The ambitious soldier of fortune of the Middle Ages found no carefully adjusted balance of power, no firmly rooted feelings of nationality to oppose the accomplishment of his schemes. The aspiring warrior of that time did not have to worry about international credit, munition supplies, railroad communications and labor strikes. War, while not so far-reaching and destructive, was far more common and easier to bring about. The titanic achievements of Napoleon are only the repetition, on a grand scale, of the exploits of countless medieval adventurers. Now, it is obvious that an epoch when men's passions were so imperfectly controlled by any outward restraints would almost certainly produce some very interesting cases

of emotional psychology. In fact, it is only from the emotional standpoint that the period is worth studying: for intellectually it makes a sorry showing. The dry, voluminous tomes of Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus offer little encouragement to the modern student of philosophy; while Matthew Paris and Otto of Freising have little interest for any save the professional historian. The poetry of the time is too crude and uncouth to appeal, as a rule, to modern taste; the art is formed on arid Byzantine models. Speculative thought was rigidly circumscribed by the Scriptures, the early fathers of the Church, and the recognized Church councils; books like Abelard's "Sic et Non" were few and far between. But, if the age was, on the whole, destitute of great books and great thoughts, it was not lacking either in great men or in great deeds; and it is by the study of a few of the strongest medieval personalities that we shall, perhaps, attain the clearest view of the true spirit of that remarkable epoch.

Undoubtedly the best exponent of the noblest aspirations of medieval religion was St. Francis of Assisi, one of the sweetest singers in the whole choir of mystics. The outward facts of his life are certainly not without numerous medieval parallels. Born in 1182, the son of a rich Italian merchant, Francis spent his youth in gayety and frivolity. A number of events, including a serious illness, brought about a complete change in his manner of life; he cast off all worldly goods and devoted the rest of his life to preaching and charity. So far there is nothing very remarkable: the Middle Ages were peculiarly liable to outbursts of religious fervor, and other evangelists, such as Peter the Hermit, had accomplished even greater external results than Francis. But there are certain elements in the character of the Italian mystic, which not only raise him above the religious teachers of his own age; but also make him one of the leading figures in the whole history of man's spiritual development. The first of these elements, perhaps, is the absolute sweetness of his nature. His disciples did not signify their zeal in Christ's service by attempting the forcible conversion or extermination of all non-Christians. The pure and lofty character of St. Dominic will always be tinged with the stain of the horrors of the Albigensian Crusade. Even the pious Louis IX offered holocausts of heretics to the glory of God. But, so far as we are able to ascertain, no act of religious bigotry can justly be attributed to the influence of Francis of Assisi. His character was also free from the more harmful features of asceticism. True, we find in his life much of prayer and meditation; but also much of practical charity and social service. His artistic love of beauty in nature is illustrated by many passages from his works. One of the most

significant and touching events in his life is his sermon to the birds, which strikingly expressed the wide range of his sympathies. The sweet, joyous faith of his character seems to have touched even the ferocious bigotry of his own age; and his innocent pantheism never involved him in the suspicion of heresy. Francis has left behind him a very tangible memorial in the Order which bears his name. But he has left a more enduring impression upon the religious life of his own and of every subsequent generation. He typifies the peaceful revolt against the hard dogmatism of the medieval Church. Wherever religion is a thing of the heart rather than of the head, wherever the spirit of Christ obliterates the letter of the law, there we find an expression of the personality of Francis. At various times his teachings have had great influence on every European country. This spirit has been especially strong of late in Russia, where we can almost hear the gentle saint of Assisi speak in the pages of Tolstoi and Dostoievsky. In his life and works we find the purest and noblest expression of the spirit of religious romanticism. A true child of the Middle Ages in his exaggerations, in his naive faith, in his devoted idealism, his gentleness of character and keen, artistic love of the beautiful preserve him from the harsh and grotesque features which appear in so many of his contemporaries. His life is a glorious symphony of faith, hope and joy.

But if St. Francis may be considered to represent the poetry of medieval religion, its prose found expression in Pope Innocent III., the mightiest pontiff who ever wielded the keys of St. Peter. Under Innocent the theocratic ideal, which was so characteristic of the medieval Church, reached the very height of its development. This ideal, put briefly, was that the Pope was the Vicegerent of God on earth, with full authority to execute the divine commands. The rulers only held their divine power by sufferance of the Pope, who could rebuke or dismiss them at will. The Papacy was to be a sort of Hague Tribunal, a grand court for the settlement of all disputes and the redress of all grievances. This theory was strikingly similar to Napoleon's conception of a grand European empire; and Innocent may well be called the Napoleon of the medieval Church. While his ideal of absolute theocracy was extreme and impracticable, it was noble and original; and Innocent's character and abilities were not unequal to the great task which he imposed upon himself. His pontificate (1198-1215) represents the highwater mark of the medieval Church. At no time, before or since, probably, has religion wielded more absolute power over the minds of men. Free speculative thought was non-existent; and the practical power of excommunication and interdict was almost unbounded. Nor can it be denied that much good

came out of this state of affairs. As we have already seen, the Church was the only cosmopolitan force in medieval Europe. Constant intercourse between ecclesiastics of different countries in a common language formed a bond union between the nations and prevented them from sinking into isolated anarchy. We must give Innocent our ungrudging admiration for his championship of the innocent and persecuted Queen of France, for his manly opposition to the German adventurers, who overran Sicily after the death of Henry VI. But we cannot forget, on the other hand, that it was Innocent who stirred up the Albigensian Crusade, that it was Innocent who was, at least indirectly, responsible for the horrors of the civil war which raged in Germany between Philip and Otto IV. And Innocent himself seems to have felt, in his later years, a harassing consciousness that he had, somehow, fallen short of his ideals. Too noble to be satisfied with mere material power, he died with a bitter realization that all his absolute authority had not produced the higher spirituality which he so ardently desired. Innocent is one of the heroic failures of history: a man who failed, not from any lack of constancy or devotion to his convictions, but because his convictions themselves were hopelessly impracticable and incapable of accomplishment. But, although the mighty Pope did fail from the standpoint of his own higher aspirations, he stands forth as one of the genuinely great men of the Middle Ages, as the supreme incarnation of the ideal of medieval Christianity, in all its strength and in all its weakness.

Very often the psychological history of an epoch is enriched, not so much by the men who express its ideals and convictions as by those who contend against them. This is peculiarly true in the case of the Emperor Frederick II., unquestionably the greatest man of the Middle Ages, and one of the most fascinating figures in the whole range of history. Descended on his father's side from the mighty imperial race of the Hohenstaufen, and, on his mother's, from the bold Norman adventurer, Robert Guiscard, Emperor of Germany, King of Sicily, Jerusalem and the Arelate, the glories of his ancestry and the extent of his dominions were alike far surpassed by the splendor and brilliance of his intellect. Single-handed, pitted against the wonderful organization of the medieval Church, fundamentally at war with almost every ideal and tradition of his time, this veritable Superman of the Middle Ages, by sheer brilliance of mind and magnetic personality, held two of the most active of the medieval Popes at bay in the most titanic conflict, physical and spiritual, that the Middle Ages ever witnessed. A brief review of the main facts of his career may serve to bring out the remarkable character of his achievements. Born in 1194, he won the imperial crown, when he was

only seventeen years old, chiefly by his own daring and initiative. Forced by the threats of the Church to embark on a crusade, whose folly no one could appreciate better than he, hampered by the rancorous hostility of the Church, he recovered Jerusalem from the Mohammedans. The years from 1231 to 1235 were spent in drawing up a wonderful code of laws for his beloved kingdom of Sicily. This judicial system, composed largely by two noted legists of the time, Peter da Vinea and Thaddeus of Suessa, under Frederick's personal supervision, was the legislative triumph of the Middle Ages. The abolition of feudal tyranny, enlightened methods of taxation, equitable courts of justice are only a few of the reforms contained in Frederick's code. And, at the same time, his brilliant court at Palermo foreshadowed the glories of the Renaissance. But this peaceful epoch of the Emperor's life was not destined to endure. The intensely medieval Pope, Gregory IX., viewed the brilliance of Frederick's court with jealousy and alarm; and a succession of disputes between the temporal and spiritual power brought on the bitter and protracted war between the Church and Empire, which lasted from 1238 until Frederick's death in 1250; and was carried on with continued vindictiveness by subsequent Popes against the descendants of the Emperor, until the cruel murder of Konradin at Naples in 1268.

It must be a source of unfailing regret to modern students of Frederick's career that the mighty Emperor did not have a Thucydides, a Tacitus, or a Gibbon to record his achievements and give a fair picture of his character. The history of the period is entirely in the hands of prejudiced ecclesiastics, whose pens are sharpened by the rancor of political and religious hatred. And their enmity is quite natural: for never did the medieval Church encounter so formidable an enemy as this mighty Hohenstaufe, who was strongly suspected of being a Mohammedan, a heretic or an infidel. And yet, through all the mists of prejudice and hostility, we get occasional glimpses of a man, superlatively great and noble of soul, struggling, Prometheus-like, against the resistless power of contemporary thought and feeling. Who can repress a thrill of admiration at these noble words, written by Frederick when the clouds of misfortune were gathering thickly about his cause: "Before this generation and the generation to come shall I have the glory of resisting this tyranny; let those who now shrink from my support bear the disgrace, as well as the galling burden of slavery!" Of all the medieval sovereigns who contended against the Papacy, Frederick alone maintained his cause with resolute firmness, even on his deathbed. The closing moments of the great Emperor's life reveal no abasement of the proud soul, no weakening of the powerful intellect in the face of death. In his will he directs his successor never to give back the rights and

property of the Church, which he had seized, until the Church fully restores the rights and honors of the Empire.

Frederick bore much the same relationship to the medieval Church that Hannibal bore to Rome; and the contemporary ecclesiastical chroniclers attack his character and reputation with even more venom than the Roman historians show towards the brilliant Carthaginian. In fact, the lot of the mighty Hohenstaufe has been peculiarly unfortunate. Far too advanced and rationalistic for the comprehension of his own age, he is too romantic and picturesque for ours; and the venomous bitterness of his contemporaries is only equalled by the utter neglect of more modern writers. A fit companion for Caesar and Napoleon, Frederick is not even placed on an equality with men like Charlemagne and Otto the Great, who, compared with him, are mere barbarians. But, although Dante places Frederick in hell, although countless monks were regaled with pleasing visions of the damnation of their great enemy, although history has treated him with singular injustice and neglect, yet the life of the glorious Emperor was far from vain or fruitless. The spirit of Frederick lived again amid the splendors of the Renaissance. And, although that brilliant burst of light was sadly clouded by the religious fanaticism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, nevertheless, in the later Renaissance writers, in Goethe, in Stendhal, and in Nietzsche, we find a strong reflection of the proud, brilliant, sceptical culture, which is so evident in the life and character of the Emperor. Of all the interesting figures with which the pages of medieval history are crowded, that of Frederick has the most universal, the widest significance. He belongs to no age, race or creed; he belongs to humanity. In breadth of culture and width of sympathy he has few equals, ancient or modern. Surely no one who believes in the sacred right of the individual to spiritual and intellectual freedom can withhold the full measure of admiration from the man who when the human race lay crushed beneath the iron weight of the medieval Church, dared to combat the physical and spiritual tyranny of that powerful institution with all the strength of his being. Though Frederick may have failed, in the narrow material sense of the word, the principles for which he fought are invincible and imperishable. The picture of his devoted heroism will be an eternal inspiration to all who contend against tyranny, in any form. And if Frederick were in the hell where his ecclesiastical enemies have so charitably placed him, we should still hear the voice of his unconquerable spirit crying out:

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul!"

—*W. H. Chamberlin, '17.*

THE UNEASY CHAIR

ONE of the delightful privileges enjoyed by an editor is that of reading the ideas of others towards his magazine. Especially interesting are the comments in that department of college and school publications, which for lack of a better name is called "Exchanges." A quotation from certain papers which we refrain from exposing, will show a specimen of the subtle and heart-easing interchange of compliments disseminated among the gentle readers for the edification and eschewment of the pleased *literati*.

We quote from the ——— ———:

"The ——— *Monthly*, which is otherwise a good magazine, would do well to publish more essays, stories, and verse. Its personals were very interesting."

And from the *S*——— *Q*———:

"The ——— for February shows a goodly line-up of promising poets. The poem entitled 'What's What' contains several exquisite stanzas. The 1st and 3rd are the best:—

1

"*I asked my soul a question,*
Which it answered in reply,
"*I give to you the best-I-own,*
And I will never die."

3

"'*The moon, which up to this was hid,*
Now rose in fell dismay.
The solitary katydid
Needs must her song delay."

What author with mind so obdurate as to withstand this facile expression of sympathy and appreciation? But let not the erring reader think that all is eulogy. Nay! nay!

"The *M*——— *P*——— contains an attempt at a sketch which is very crude." This then is admonition; not captious criticism but friendly reproof.

While not indulging in the gentle art of "Knocks and Nosegays," we concur heartily in a "Long live Exchanges!"

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

This motto may cause some comment. Editorially speaking, what we mean is this: that if one writes erotic effusions he is not necessarily suggestive. Surely, the college man, who has at his disposal the fiction of America, is not so narrow as to embellish the mere suggestion of natural love with hordes of unmeant possibilities. We want our readers to understand that the writers of the stories which are published in the HAVERFORDIAN, mean not to pervert the morals of our youth; but they do mean to write naturally and to the best of their ability of life as we *know* it is. Surely the mention of a kiss or of physical charm should not be taken in the light which we fear that many do take them. You must consider that the writer may be sincere even if the reader is not. Of course we realize the tendency, in the light of the unfortunate trend of modern fiction, to pick out just such points as we have mentioned, as examples of impropriety. But please! dear, gentle reader! when a girl happens to be in conversation with a man, in the momentary absence of a chaperon, please do not throw up your hands in horror and say, "There goes that sex problem, again!"

ALUMNI

DECEASED

'50

Coleman L. Nicholson died January the 16th at the age of eighty-four years. He was the father of Dr. Percival Nicholson, of the Class of '02.

The Alumni Quarterly is to appear soon. It will contain the following:—

An editorial by Jos. H. Haines, '98, Secretary of the Alumni Association.

The report of Winthrop Sargent, Jr., '08, Chairman of the Haverford Extension Committee.

A review of the work of Theodore W. Richards, '85, winner of the Nobel Prize in Chemistry, by Prof. G. P. Baxter, of Harvard.

Four letters on work with the ambulance corps in France and Belgium. The first of these letters is written by Dr. W. H. Morriss, '08, who has been working at Lapanne, Belgium, and is now a resident of the New Haven Hospital. The second is by L. A.

Post, '11, Rhodes Scholar at New College, Oxford, and during the summer an orderly in the French hospital near Paris. The next letter is written by Edward Rice, Jr., '14, with whose work many Haverfordians have become familiar as a result of his recent return visit. The last letter is by Felix M. Morley, '15, who has been working with Rice on an ambulance train operating from Boulogne.

An article by S. W. Mifflin, '00, on "Preparedness and Plattsburg."

A review of college athletics.

An abstract of college news up to Christmas, written by Wendell, '16, undergraduate member of the *Quarterly* Board.

Reviews of books by E. R. Dunn, '15; Dr. H. S. Pratt; Dr. R. M. Jones, '67; Dr. Clifford B. Farr, '94, and T. Morris Longstreth, '08.

The second annual dinner of the Founders' Society was held on January the 11th at the Franklin Inn Club, Philadelphia. About sixty Haverfordians were present. Dr. F. B. Gummere, '72, acted as toastmaster. The speakers of the evening were President Sharpless; Walter Carson, '06; Warner Fite, '89; and Jas. P. Magill, '07.

The officers of the Founders' Society are J. P. Magill, '07, President; Wilmer M. Allen, '16, Vice-President and Secretary; and Jos. Tatnall, '13, Treasurer.

At the luncheon of the New England Alumni held at the Hotel Esssx, Boston, on December 18th, the following were present:—Benjamin Tucker, '56; Reuben Colton, '76; C. H. Battey, '88; C. T. Cottrell, '90; W. W. Cadbury, '98; W. R. Chamberlain, '00; F. M. Eshleman, '00; C. N. Sheldon, '04; David Phillips, '09; Paul Jones, '05; C. D. Morley, '10; E. S. Cadbury, '10; C. Wadsworth, '11; W. S. Young, '11; Albert Wood, '13; J. V. Van Sickle, '13; C. H. Crossman, '13; H. A. Howson, '15; W. E. Vail, '15; G. H. Hallett, '15; W. Farr, ex-'16.

About a week previous to the Christmas holidays a number of Haverford ex-soccer players, now at Harvard and vicinity, tied the Moses Brown School with a score of 1-1. Gifford, '13, shot the goal for the Alumni. The following constituted the team: goal, C. Crosman, '13; r. f. b., Hallett, '15; l. f. b., Howson, '15; l. h. b., Nitobé, '15; c. h. b., Wilmer Young, '11; r. h. b., Van Sickle, '13; o. r., Gifford, '13; i. r., N. Hall, '13; c. f. b., Van Hollen, '15; i. l., Wadsworth, '11; o. l., E. Cadbury, '10.

'68

Louis Starr, M. D., has recently published a book with P. Blakis-

ton's Son & Co. entitled, "The Adolescent Period."

'82

In the article entitled "Interpretation" in Vol. VII. of Hastings' *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics* (p. 395), Geo. A. Barton is named as one of the nine Americans selected as worthy of mention for their work as interpreters of the Bible.

'85

Rufus M. Jones during the holidays attended the North American Preparatory Conference held at Garden City, L. I., to make plans for a world conference of all religious denominations. Dr. Jones was appointed a member of the world council, a body consisting of one member from each denomination.

The purpose of the conference is to unite more closely all the divisions of the Christian Church. The movement is being directed by John R. Mott and financed by J. P. Morgan.

'94

Parker S. Williams has been reelected solicitor of Lower Merion Township.

W. W. Comfort during the first half of January delivered a series of three lectures at the College on the life and works of the poet Cowper.

Dr. Comfort also addressed the Germantown Tea Meeting, giving an outline of conditions in Europe as he saw them during his recent stay there.

'96

The Class of '96 held its annual dinner and reunion at the University Club, December 27th. Those present were Babb, Brecht, Hinchman, Maier, Scattergood, Sharpless, Webster and Wood.

'97

Alfred M. Collins, '97, delivered a lecture at the College January 18th on "A Hunting and Scientific Expedition in South America."

'98

The engagement has been announced of Jos. H. Haines to Miss Helen M. Whitall, of Germantown, Pa.

'00

The 1900 Class Letter has come out, dated December, 1915. It opens with an account of the class reunion in June, 1915, and of the pleasures of baseball and French-cricket on the "campus of dear old Haverford" again. Letters are published from W. W. Allen, Jr., Wm. B. Bell, R. J. Burdette, Jr., J. P. Carter, F. R. Cope, Jr., H. S. Drinker, Jr., John T. Emlen, Frank M. Eshleman, Ed. D. Freeman, H. McL. Hallett, W. S.

Hinchman, MacMillan Hoopes, F. S. Howson, H. H. Jenks, Wm. W. Justice, Henry H. Kingston, Jr., H. L. Levikc, John E. Lloyd, Frank E. Lutz, S. W. Mifflin, J. K. Moorhouse, J. Irving Peele, S. F. Seager, F. C. Sharpless, H. H. Stuart, A. G. Tatnall, E. B. Taylor, Frank K. Walter, Linden H. White, W. W. White.

Walter Swain Hinchman has recently published a book with Doubleday, Page & Co., entitled, "The American School."

J. Rendell Harris, former professor of Biblical History at Haverford, has published recently a pamphlet entitled *The Origin of the Cult of Apollo.*

'02

We quote from the *Haverford Nwes* of December 21st:

"Ten members of the Class of 1902 gathered on Saturday evening in the Assembly room over the Dining Hall for a banquet and general discussion of things Haverfordian. In the order of business was a letter from a classmate, Reeder, now in California, who appealed in behalf of the work of Robert L. Simkin. Favorable action was taken on this matter, and a subscription was also made to the fund for additions to Walton Field. In view of the death last August of W. W. Pusey, resolutions were passed that a letter of sympathy be sent to his family.

"Those present were: the President, C. Wharton Stork, Secretary E. G. Kirk, H. L. Balderston, C. R. Cary, R. M. Gummere, S. P. Jones, W. C. Longstreth, P. Nicholson, G. H. Thomas, E. E. Trout."

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander C. Wood, Jr., on the 9th of January.

C. L. Seiler paid a visit to the College during the Christmas holidays.

C. W. Stork has appeared each month, for the last several months, with translations of Scandinavian poetry in the pages of the *American-Scandinavian Review* of New York.

Chas. W. Stork is publishing this spring two volumes of poetry. The first is an original narrative poem called *Sea and Bay* and is being published by John Lane Co., The second consists of translations of some of the poems of the Swedish lyric poet, Gustaf Fröding, and is to be put out by MacMillan Co.

Dr. Stork was awarded the short-story prize of the *Browning Society* for his story entitled *The Gravellotte Rhapsody.* He has also published several book reviews in *The New Republic.*

'03

S. N. Wilson is now Assistant Head Master at Swarthmore Preparatory School. He is teaching Geometry and acting as House Master of the Gables (Senior Dormitory).

The engagement of Henry J. Cadbury to Miss Lydia C. Brown has been announced. Miss Brown is a daughter of Thos. K. Brown, principal of Westtown School.

J. E. Hollingsworth read a paper on "The Evolution of a Figure of Speech" before the Classical Association of the Pacific North West at Seattle, Wash., November 27th.

Dr. Henry J. Cadbury attended during the Christmas holidays the annual meetings in New York of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, and of the Biblical Instructors in American Colleges and Preparatory Schools. At the former meeting Dr. Cadbury read a paper on "Christ and War."

'04

The Class of '04 held a banquet at the College on December 27th. Fifteen members were present.

'09

Jas. W. Crowell was married to Miss Helen Hunt Chambers, of West Grove, on December 31st. The bride is a graduate of Cushing Academy, Mass., and of Drexel Institute, Philadelphia. Mr. Crowell is instructor in Spanish and Portuguese at State College, where he and his wife will reside.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lowry, Jr., on January 16th. She is named Lydia Collins.

R. L. M. Underhill returned to Harvard from Switzerland, where he has been recuperating from a severe illness contracted while studying there. He will resume work for his Doctor's degree in a short time.

'10

The engagement has been announced of Edward W. David to Miss Annie F. Merrill, of Enosburg Falls, Vt.

A son was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Roberts, of Moorestown, N. J.

'11

A. S. Young spoke before the College Scientific Society January 11th on electrical instruments. Mr. Young is with the Leeds and Northrup Co.

The engagement of Charles H. Crosman to Miss Dorothy Craven, of Dayton, Ohio, has been recently announced.

The engagement is announced of James E. Stinson to Miss Dor-

othy Beacom, daughter of ex-State Representative James S. Beacom, of Greensburg, Pa.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Froelicher on December 27th. The little girl's name is Elizabeth Lowry Froelicher.

We print the following letter submitted to us by President Sharpless. L. A. Post of the Class of '11 is a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford.

Office of the Provost, University of Penna., Philadelphia, Dec. 17, 1915.

My dear President Sharpless:

I just received a letter from Mr. Wylie, Oxford Secretary to the Rhodes Trustees in England. There is a sentence in it that I want you to read:

"Your present Rhodes Scholars—Post and Boyd—are excellent fellows, and we are entirely satisfied with them. I hope you will find us a good man for 1916."

Yours sincerely,

EDGAR F. SMITH.

'11 and '13

Charles Wadsworth, '11, and N. F. Hall, '13, are carrying out research problems under the direction of Prof. T. W. Richards, '85, at Harvard. Prof. Richards, it will be remembered, is winner of the Nobel Prize in Chemistry. He and Wadsworth have a paper in the February number of the *Journal of the American Chemical Society* entitled *The Density of Radio-active Lead.*

'14

The engagement has been announced of Paul H. Sangree to Miss Margaret Dodd, of Cam-

bridge, Mass. Miss Dodd is a member of the Class of 1917 of Bryn Mawr College.

Herbert William Taylor was married to Miss Irene Lawrence on December 28th at the home of the bride in Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are at home in the Lamar Apartments at Forty-sixth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia.

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Contents

In Memory of A. E. H. .... Carroll D. Champlin, '14 396
Carthage and Athens: A Warning and an Inspiration
W. H. Chamberlin, '17 397
A Summer Day .... W. S. Nevin, '18 401
The Marsh Rat .... Colby Van Dam, '17 402
Whence Came Man to Inherit the Earth
E. R. Lester, '18 411
College Pests .... Albert H. Stone, '16 412
A Song of the Night .... Donald H. Painter, '17 412
Till Death .... Russell N. Miller, '19 413
To the Wild Gray Geese .... D. C. Wendell, '16 416
Dreams That Never Come True .... H. P. Schenck, '18 417
At the End of the Day... J. G. Clemenceau LeClercq, '18 419
The Song of Work .... Robert Gibson, '17 423
Among the New Books in the Library
Edmund T. Price, '17 425
The Uneasy Chair 426
Difficulties .... Charles Hartshorne, '19 427
Alumni .... Donald H. Painter, '17 428

March

1916

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VOL. XXXVII HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1916. No. 9

Announcement

In lieu of the retirement of D. C. Wendell, G. A. Dunlap and E. R. Moon, it gives us pleasure to announce the election of Walter S. Nevin, '18 to the editorial staff; of Arthur E. Spellissy, '17, as business manager; and of Horace B. Brodhead, '17, as subscription manager.

Robert Gibson has been re-elected editor-in-chief.

In Memory of A. E. H.

Thy soul aspired to know what waits beyond.
Thy faith, from him who made loved Pippa sing
And bold Ben Ezra trust, will ever bring
To us a courage that cannot despond.
The magnet mind we knew—that blessed bond,
Which stirred us with ambition's fateful sting—
Is now at rest; we mourn for those who cling
Bereft, but peace the spirit self hath donn'd.
We followed thy footsteps on earth; above
We'll welcome joys that friendship gives again.
But while incarcerated here, we'll love—
As thou didst show us how—our fellow men.
We glory that our master sleeps and dreams;
He earned death's ease and Heaven's soothing streams.

—Carroll D. Champlin, '14.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1916 No. 9.

Carthage and Athens: A Warning and an Inspiration

MORE than twenty centuries ago the city of Carthage stood forth as the commercial mistress of the western world. Carthaginian fleets covered the Mediterranean, Carthaginian explorers visited the unknown coasts of Gaul and Britain. The commercial supremacy of the African city was equally undisputed on land. Carthaginian caravans penetrated to Arabia and the interior of Africa. The coffers of the rich aristocrats who directed the policy of the state were bursting with wealth. If ever a nation seemed to rest firmly on the foundation of material prosperity, that nation was Carthage in the third and fourth centuries B. C. We all know how this imposing edifice of power and wealth fell before the attack of Rome; how the proud city was crushed in the dust and humbled even beyond the desire of her most vindictive enemy, Cato. The causes of the material downfall of the city are obvious enough. Lack of patriotism, reliance upon mercenary soldiers, oppression and perfidy in her relations with her subjects and allies, internal jealousy and factional dissension, all these causes, and many more, worked for the undermining of the state. The really brilliant military genius of men like Hamilcar, Barca and Hannibal was neutralized by the jealousy and inefficiency of the narrow plutocrats who held the pursestrings of the city. The surprising thing about Carthage is, not that she perished, but that she left nothing for the intellectual appreciation of future ages. Greece and Palestine, although conquered by the military power of Rome, have far more spiritual interest for us than has the Imperial City herself. But when we take an inventory of the contributions of Carthage to posterity we find nothing but two great men (Hamilcar and Hannibal) and the inspiration for one brilliant novel, Flaubert's "Salammbo." For a race to exist in power and glory through many centuries, and then to pass completely out of the range of human interest and sympathy, certainly argues some radical defect in their culture and civilization. What was this defect? This question may best be answered by drawing a contrast between Carthage and her Greek contemporary, Athens.

In the first place, let us compare the Greek and Punic feeling in regard to trade and commerce. To the Carthaginian, material wealth was the highest good, the supreme object of worship. The aristocrats of the city, far from considering wealth an unworthy object of pursuit, vied with each other in the splendor and vastness of their commercial enterprises. The Punic aristocracy, like our own, was founded purely on wealth. On the other hand, the typical Athenian felt that any intimate connection with trade, commerce or manual labor was something of a degradation. Nowadays we feel certain qualms of conscience about enjoying leisure; a Greek would have felt a similar uneasiness about the life of bustling material activity,which is the main goal of the average American. However impracticable and unattainable the Greek ideal might be to-day, it certainly stands out immeasurably superior to the blind worship of material wealth, which, for lack of a better term, we may call Punicism.

The contrast in spirit between Hellenism and Punicism is nowhere better exemplified than in the religious observances of the two cities. The Greek gods, as described and expressed in the works of the great poets and the great sculptors, embody the supreme Greek ideal of Beauty —physical, intellectual, and aesthetic. The chief deity of Carthage was Moloch, a hideous iron monster who could only be placated by the sacrifice of young children. The Greeks, equally removed from asceticism and from license, believed that the highest ideals of living were realized in temperance and moderation. The Carthaginians, typically oriental in their utter lack of restraint, celebrated their religious observances by unnatural celibacy or more unnatural orgies. Hellenism is a worship of the spirit; Punicism, a worship of matter. And this contrast permeated every phase of Greek and Punic life. It was the consciousness of a national spiritual heritage, of a national soul, that inspired the Greeks to hurl back the gigantic armaments of Darius and Xerxes. And it was the lack of any such high inspiration that made Carthage, with all her material resources, fall before the rising power of Rome. But the difference between Greece and Carthage is most strikingly emphasized by the influence that the two nations have had on posterity. Take the comparatively insignificant question of military success. Hannibal's victories at Thrasymenus and Cannae arouse no sympathetic thrill in our own time. At best we feel only a cold admiration for the wonderful genius of the Carthaginian leader. But no lover of freedom, in any age or country, can listen unmoved to the story of the glorious victories of Marathon and Salamis, of the more glorious defeat of Thermopylae. True, Greece and Carthage alike

succumbed to superior material power; but the very name of Carthage was buried in the embers of the burning city; while the names of Athens and Thebes, of Corinth and Sparta, will remain as living realities as long as the love of art and the love of freedom persist in the human breast.

But the contest between Hellenism and Punicism is not merely a question of academic or aesthetic discussion. It is an intensely vital problem, just as significant to-day as it was two thousand years ago. For these two ideals are not supplementary; they are irreconcilably hostile. From the very first pages of history every nation has been compelled to choose between the worship of Moloch and the worship of Athena. It was at Carthage and at Athens, respectively, that the ideals of materialism and aestheticism met with their fullest acceptance. But the war between these ideals could not even be checked by the advent of universal peace. In certain epochs, notably in the Renaissance, Hellenism has experienced a new incarnation. At other times Punicism has held the ascendancy. Just now, in our own country, it must be said with regret, the spirit of Carthage seems to be enjoying a moment of triumph. Without indulging in useless lamentations or vague generalities, we may easily point out a few of the more blatantly Punic elements in our national spirit.

One of the most Punic features of our civilization is our attitude towards education. The principle of vocational training, beneficial when confined within its proper limits, has been carried to such an extreme that some of its advocates are seriously claiming that all education which does not directly increase the earning capacity of the student is superfluous. A school of profound philosophy has arisen in the Middle West, which proposes to supplant the antiquated theories of Plato and Aristotle with a new educational panacea called "The Wisconsin Idea." The dangers of such a tendency in the education of a comparatively young and unformed nation are hardly to be overestimated. Arthur Schopenhauer, the famous German philosopher and critic, predicted that, with the threatened decline in the study of Latin, literature would sink to the lowest depths of barbarism and worthlessness. It is not too much to say that the present extremely low level of American fiction bears abundant testimony to the truth of Schopenhauer's prediction. Moreover, good writing is almost inextricably involved with good thinking. It is difficult to conceive a nation, whose literary taste is largely puerile and tawdry, embracing a wise or enlightened policy of statesmanship. Hence the present neglect of the classics is a serious menace to our country, not only from the literary, but also from the political and economic standpoint.

Even more ominous than the excessive enthusiasm for vocational training is the spirit of commercialism, which is far too prevalent in some of our colleges. The temple of culture is only too often turned into a den of thieves and moneychangers. One of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania frankly admitted that he favored the dismissal of Dr. Scott Nearing, because the presence of such a radical economist on the faculty was a hindrance to donations from wealthy gentlemen of a conservative turn of mind. Of course we are making progress in the right direction here; a repetition of the Nearing case would scarcely be possible at the University now. But, on the whole, the battle for academic freedom has yet to be won in America. The governing bodies of many of our higher institutions of learning are far more Punic than Hellenic in their viewpoint.

But perhaps the worst sign of all in our present age is the absolute self-complacency that is so characteristic of the typical American. Take, for example, our policy in regard to the Great War. We have maintained strict neutrality, in the face of some rather serious provocations; we have made immense financial profits out of Europe's Armageddon. Now this policy, while it may be very sensible, is certainly not characterized by any particular heroism or self-sacrifice. Yet many of our countrymen seem to be firmly convinced that we have played a singularly noble and exalted role; nay, more, that the warring nations in the future will look to us to lead them from the slough of militarism to the heights of universal peace. Before we indulge in any such flattering dreams we would do well to take an inventory of our own spiritual possessions; to enquire, in all humility, whether *we* could duplicate Belgium's immortal sacrifice on the altar of national faith and national honor. We pride ourselves on our democracy; but democracy, without the capacity for devotion and sacrifice, is nothing but selfish anarchy. Let us pause for a moment and review the history of the great republics of the past.

Five centuries before Christ an army of two million Persians hurled itself upon the tiny city-states of Greece. The whole population of Greece was probably inferior to the mere fighting strength of the invaders; but the invincible spirit of freedom was triumphant over the material power of despotism; the invasion was repulsed, and the priceless heritage of Greek art and culture was saved for posterity. Again, in the Middle Ages, at the battle of Sempach, a handful of Swiss peasants routed a large army of Austrians and founded the republic which has survived to this day. Late in the sixteenth century, the peaceful, untrained peasants and artisans of Holland, fighting for their civil and

religious liberty, proved more than a match for the powerful armaments of Spain. What our own forefathers did in our two great wars is too well known to require repetition. It may well come to pass that the responsibility of a great battle for freedom will soon devolve upon us. It is for us to decide whether we will meet this responsibility in the spirit of the ancient Greeks, or in that of their degenerate Byzantine successors.

We are now, as a nation, at the parting of two roads. The one leads to the worship of material wealth, to the neglect of the things of the spirit, to indifference to our national obligations, to cynical contempt for the higher emotions, which really make life worth living, to ultimate and speedy ruin, spiritual and material. This is the road of Carthage. The other leads us away from materialism, away from selfishness and cowardice, up to the heights of art and freedom, of courage and self-sacrifice. This is the road of Athens. Which will we choose?

—*W. H. Chamberlin, '17.*

A Summer Day

A robin call across the calm of morn,
A tender breeze that ripples in the corn,
A phoebe piping woodland notes forlorn,
At dawn.

The fever of the blazing sun on high,
The haze of heat that dances 'fore the eye,
The rill that laughs in liquid melody,
At noon.

The tree-entangled stars that shyly peep,
The saffron moon that slowly climbs the deep,
The boundless, brooding sea of lulling sleep,
At night.

—*W. S. Nevin, '18.*

The Marsh Rat

(Those doubting conventional readers who take the commonplaces of life as a proof that the normal, rational thing always happens;—those who call the unusual the impossible, had best not read this story; for they will only cast it aside with the over-used epitaph of literature, "O, it couldn't happen in life.")

BETWEEN the shadows of the prison and the lights of fame there is a pitiable sea of mediocre beings, who are not strong enough to climb above the average to their goal, and still are afraid to fall very far below: they are neither very good nor very bad, very great nor very small; they hold the middle ground and spend half their lives to gain what they are throwing away the other half,—ineffectual arbiters between virtue and sin who embrace enough of one to ease their souls and enough of the other to ease their bodies,—whose lives when they come to lay them down, balance up to a little more or less than zero.

Jean Beaupuy was this kind, but the world did not know it, and he spent more effort concealing the fact from himself, than it would have taken to play the *real* man; for he was one whose insight into right and wrong was keen; but he kept deceiving himself until his pricking conscience was at last pampered into a calm conviction that he was doing the right thing, and the only thing a man could do under the circumstances.

There was still a trace of uneasiness on his pale, slim face as he gazed with a heavy stare at the tapestried walls of a swell cafe, blew rings into space, ordered more whiskey and reflected that Paris was very boring in war times. Then his eye caught the sign on the wall for the fifteenth time. He turned his chair around nervously. It was becoming uncanny the way that call for volunteers forced itself on his attention. He had looked at it so often that the soldiers in the picture began to move and point their fingers at him in shame. The red letters of the pleading word "wanted," would dwindle away into small type, then loom up again assuming monstrous proportions as though trying to cry out their country's call.

The spacious grill that he had last seen echoing with life and laughter was an empty desert of tables and he, its sole occupant.

"Mon Dieu! this place is lonely," he muttered.

An old white-haired man brought his drink.

"Any news from the front?" demanded the customer abruptly.

"If monsieur were there, he might find out," the old man quietly suggested.

Jean Beaupuy bit his lip. Some one was continually touching the raw nerve of his thoughts. If it was not the bartender, it was the newsboy, the girl conductor on the trolley, the bootblack, or the bell hop at the hotel. Those unfortunates whom old age or youth kept out of the trenches looked with curiosity at a healthy young man in citizen's clothes loafing about Paris.

But why should he fight? His father was a Frenchman reported killed in the war of 1870. Jean had never seen him, but intended to profit by his lesson. His mother was Austrian and the memory of her was as dear as life itself to him. Somehow life had lately grown dearer than ever before; he had little interest in the selfish motives that caused the war, and a healthy dislike for guns and powder and corpses. His conscience would not let him take arms against his mother's country and Paris had been his city since youth. So rather than do an injustice to the Allies or to Germany he decided not to fight at all.

But under these neutral conditions, Europe made it plainly seen that it did not want him hanging around. Every eye that saw him, every voice that spoke, seemed to say, "Not fighting, eh? Then get out of the ring." So he got out, with little thought as to where he was going or when he would get there.

The first misfortune that befell Jean Beaupuy was the fact that out of the five continents at his disposal, he should eventually land in New Jersey. When he crossed the ocean he had expected to find a country, novel in scenery and wonderful in its progress beyond the Old World; but New York was painfully prosaic and uninteresting; he soon was eager to get away from the crowds. They made him lonely where every face was unfamiliar and every glance casual and cold. New York was mercilessly inhospitable, he decided; perhaps the "country-folk" were more thoughtful of strangers. He was fond of shooting, and it was the fall season. Some ignorant "native" told him that ducks and New Jersey were synonymous; and this is how Jean Beaupuy happened to land, one brisk October day, in a tiny barren summer resort, where the ocean roared, and the four winds blew unheeded against the boarded windows of deserted cottages. The place was merely a narrow strip of land fitted in between the marshes and the Atlantic. The little group of frame houses looked pitifully lonely and unprotected against the wide sweep of ocean and sky. They were only a few feet above the surging level of the ocean, and the moaning breakers licked hungrily up the beach, toward the sand-locked posts which were their sole support.

The newcomer decided that the name Beaupuy, although good enough in Paris, might not be appreciated by the score of longshoremen who were of necessity to become his only neighbors. After considerable debating with himself, he became John Dunn, which seemed to him sufficiently uneuphonious to be American. The natives received John Dunn into their circle, and the stranger soon began to enjoy their slow semi-negro dialect, and the dry, unconscious humor of their simple talk. They would gather, of an evening, around the big fire in the post-office to talk fishing and shooting and tell the tales of their lives, until John Dunn wondered if there was any knowledge on any subject, that was not stored in the shaggy, grizzled heads of these old sea-crabs.

Two quiet, peaceful months slipped by. He grew fond of the new country. The air was fresher and the sunlight brighter. He left his old self completely behind. This new man, John Dunn, was a more genial, light-hearted, sensible being than Jean Beaupuy. The shadow which had darkened his happiness in Europe, faded away and he entered eagerly into the simple lives of the longshoremen. Sometimes he would stand on the beach with the wind in his face and the beat of waves in his ears, gazing long and steadily at the blue horizon. At first a guilty flush would climb into his cheeks while he thought of the bleeding sacrifice to which he might well contribute his small part. But as he lived his days in rest and peace it became easy to think as he wanted to think. He had not strength enough to tell himself the truth, but carefully soothed his feebly-fluttering conscience with the magnanimous thought that it was wrong to kill his fellow beings under any condition.

When, one bright morning, he joined a ruddy-faced, good-natured throng of men, in the kitchen of the house where he boarded, all thoughts of war and Europe were as far from his mind as those foolish notions of a duty to his country. There seemed to be an unusually humorous topic in question, for some of the old boys were bent double and quaking with laughter. As Jean entered, one of them pounded him hilariously on the back and thrust a mug of beer under his nose. He took it and began laughing because everyone else was. After some minutes he found out what he was laughing at. It was the old Marsh Rat, who was thus named because he lived alone on the marshes, with the fiddler crabs as his only neighbors. He had come to town the day before to buy some baking powder. The jocund old store-keeper had just discovered that he had given him roach-powder by mistake. The men were speculating as to the appearance of the bread which he would produce.

John Dunn, being a little more thoughtful, and a little less prone to spasms of laughter, than his beer-excited companions, felt a touch of

pity for the old man whose description he heard in such graphic phrases. He went off that afternoon with a gun and a lunch box, and after a half-hour's rowing, pulled in on a mud bank behind the tall, waving grass. As he climbed on to firm ground he saw a tiny box-like hut over by the other water edge. A well-worn path, and a single plank over a stream led him to the solitary home of the Marsh Rat.

The little dwelling was very simple and poverty-stricken in appearance; there was only a scanty pile of kindling wood by the door; for wood was very scarce in the marshes. The outside was of unfinished boards, with no pretense of paint. Jean knocked on the door, and received no answer. He stepped to the small, dirty window and peeped through. Perhaps the owner was asleep. Seeing no one, he pushed the door open and entered, thinking the fellow was off fishing.

Inside he looked blindly around until his eyes became accustomed to the tangle of shadows that changed the varied contents of the hut into a futurist picture without reason or definite form. The first thing he saw was a pair of fencing foils, above a tall bookcase filled with curious looking volumes. In the corner a stove glowed dull red in dim light. Beside it was a chair, a table, and another bookcase. Jean picked one up. It was a treatise on the soul, by Maeterlinck.

"Studious old devil," he muttered in surprise.

"Eh, who's a studious old devil?" said a small, thin voice from the corner of the room.

Jean whirled about. There was the wizened little Marsh Rat curled up in an armchair behind him, blinking and squinting like a bat brought to the light. He had apparently been asleep.

Jean eyed him in blank disgust.

"Are you the Marsh Rat?" he demanded.

"No, I'm not a rat. Are you?" snapped the little man viciously.

Then he blinked again, thrust his head several inches out of his dirty old coat, twisted it in a critical glance, and drew it back again with his ferret eyes suspiciously watching the stranger's face.

"You frightened me somewhat," said Jean.

"I wouldn't hurt yer," the Marsh Rat replied slowly, shaking his scrubby, dirty head.

"Well, that's nice of you!"

Jean looked at his funny little host; he could not suppress a smile.

"The little animal rolls up nicely!" he thought. For the Marsh Rat had not moved an inch.

"Sit down, sit down," he suddenly piped. "You want an old man like *me* to get up and fix yer comfy? Not I! Not I!"

"Thank you," said the guest, and pulled out a cigarette. He would have offered one to his companion, but somehow he did not look used to cigarettes and Jean had an incongruous idea that he might set fire to his stubby whiskers if he brought a lighted match too near his face. For the said whiskers bristled in all directions like a well-filled pincushion and there seemed no safe place of approach anywhere below his eyes.

"What can I do for yer? Did you enter my home fer information, fer food, or fer *trouble?*"

He uncoiled slightly, and his eyes dilated angrily at the word "trouble."

"You are not used to callers, I see," said Jean.

"Used to be. Since I moved out here, me callin' list's grew smaller."

"I came to see how you'd digested that roach-powder," continued the house-breaker with a smile. The little fellow seemed to have a "past"; what was more, his seed-grown head was not as empty as one might suppose.

The stubble whiskers swayed and separated somewhere near the middle, and Jean gathered that the Rat was smiling. He pulled out a black clay pipe and lighted it up.

"You got rats an' roaches mixed," he snickered after several puffs. "Yer know—yer know," he confided with some show of enthusiasm, "the grocer made a mistake, but I should 'a noticed it; I wouldn't 'a told him of it. 'Tain't no joke ter make a mistake like that. Might'a hurt his feelin's, yer know!"

"He *was* worried about it," said Jean laughing.

The Rat was indignant.

"He must think I'm blind, and noseless. Say," and his neck protruded noticeably, "I ain't as big a fool as I look."

"I don't believe you are at that!" replied Jean, glancing at the rows of books behind him. "I heard the men on shore talking about you; I was out looking for mudhens, so thought I'd stop in."

Then the little man uncoiled, and soon became very congenial and talkative. Jean found out that he had been living in Jersey for ten years; that he had given up his fellow-beings as a bad job; that he was sixty years old; and *did* have a past.

"You must find these barren stretches scanty food for contemplation," suggested Jean.

"Lord bless you, son! I don't think about the mud. I live out here to be alone: yer can't trust people, so why not get away from 'em? Them that loves yer the most can hate yer the hardest; so I just quit

folks in general, an' come out here, see! I'm king o' the marshes, o' the mice an' rats an' fish an' birds, an' I'm happy."

He arose with a cackling laugh, and hobbled over to the stove, a bent, ragged, frail little figure. Jean watched him in silent wonder.

"Were you ever young?" he asked in all seriousness.

The Rat paused where he stood about to put some wood on the fire.

"Now yer askin' questions, ain't yer?" he said slowly and earnestly. "Was I ever young? Sometimes I'm a-wonderin' if I ever was. 'Twas a long time ago. I ain't told no one in years, but I'll tell you," he continued decidedly. "When I was young I was a good-lookin' feller."

He stopped short to see if Jean laughed; but Jean was thoughtful and he continued.

"The girls used ter like me purty well. I didn't have no time fer 'em—gigglin', simperin' things, always lookin' ter be kissed."

Just at this point he pushed a handful of wood into the stove and shut the door with a vehement bang.

"Then one spring morning, when the birds was a-singin' an' the flowers a-bloomin', I went clean plum crazy an' married one of 'em."

Jean was sitting in the semi-darkness, chair tilted back, half jovial, half serious, thoroughly interested in the shrivelled personality which was appearing where he had thought there was only ignorance, and dejection.

The old man approached Jean so close that the stubble whiskers bristled dangerously near his nose. He spoke slowly and stamped his swampy foot to emphasize his point.

"I married the purtiest girl you ever unfolded yer shutters on, an' she loved me too!"

He shuffled across the room, took something from the table, and brought it to Jean.

"There she is; an' that much of 'er is goin' ter be buried with me."

Jean took the photograph, which was brown, and cracked with age. He moved over to the window, for the red sun was sinking low on the marshy plains.

"What!" he said suddenly, gripping the piece of cardboard in trembling hands. "Who—who is this?"

"That *was* my wife. Ain't she cute?" chirped the little man proudly.

Jean, as if by a miracle, was gazing into the calm, kind eyes of his own mother.

"What was her name? Where did she live?" he cried, clutching the hope that it was a hideous mistake.

"You don't know her; she ain't from this country. No more am I. I'd like ter see 'er again," and his voice lowered; "don't know if she's livin' or dead"—

"Where was she from?" cried Jean, seizing the Rat by the throat.

"Lord love me! From Vienna," ejaculated the tiny captive, thoroughly frightened.

"God!" Jean muttered, releasing him.

"Was she a friend o' yours?" inquired the Rat timidly. He stretched his neck to make sure it was still working all right.

"She—she resembles some one I used to know." He controlled himself with an effort.

"She was a fine gal, only seventeen when I married her," said the old man sadly. "We got on fine at first. Lived in Paris in a dandy little home; don't yer tell no one this," he snapped suddenly, with a suspicious glance at Jean, who was sitting with head bowed, to hide his face.

"Go on," he ordered tensely.

"Well, then the war came with Prussia. She had high-flown ideas about duty an' heroism. 'You must fight and make a name for yerself,' she says. 'Ter write on my tombstone,' I says. Then she called me a coward and says, 'Fight or it's quits 'tween you an' me.' Them weren't the exact words, but that's what they meant. An' I was scared blue. I tell yer this now, but I wouldn't a' told the Lord Himself then; I was proud as Lucifer; but we get over that, all of us! Well, there was one hellish battle, an' I seen it coming. So I faked my writin' an' writ Renée a letter—that was her name, Renée—and told her that her husband was shot an' died bravely. Then I just slipped across the water. I missed her terrible at first; but I ain't dead yet an' I guess she is." He giggled as though the way he had tricked fate, amused him.

But every word had sunk into Jean's soul like a hot brand. The veil of excuses was torn away and he felt his red blood turn pale with shame. The thought that he was no better than the Rat sickened him, and made him hate the breath he drew. Then he did the most heart-tearing thing in the world: he sat and gazed at, and pondered over the living impersonation of his own hideous defects, carried on to their inevitable conclusion.

For some minutes the suffering man sat motionless in the shadowy silence. His thoughts underneath were wild and explosive, yet crushed down by the futility of any remedy, until his senses became drear, void, and stagnant, without a pang or a hope. He knew that he had been a coward to flee Paris, and his self-respect, the honor of the name he bore, and his faith in himself were trampled in the mud by the Rat's filthy

feet. Jean stared at him with a look of terror. He had a mad desire to shriek out, "Father! father! father!"

But the Rat smoked away, blissfully unconscious of anything tragic.

"Guess you loved a gal that looked like mine, didn't yer?" he mused squeakily.

"Yes, I did!" said Jean in a hollow voice.

"She *was* a cute kid. I don't—"

"Shut up, or by Heaven, I'll—"

"O, all right!" ejaculated the Rat, raising one withered hand with an appeasing gesture.

"Didn't know yer thought that much of 'er. 'Pears we think alike, eh?"

"No, we don't think alike!" answered Jean with emphasis. He was wondering how his mother could have married that distorted excuse for a man. His sacred memory of her was suddenly and completely destroyed, leaving him desperate; there was nothing else left to put faith in, and the feeble moral structure of his life was tumbled about his feet.

"Yer look worried!" said the Rat with apparent concern. "Lord knows I worried 'nough over her once. You'll get over it. I did. We all do."

"I wonder if we do," muttered Jean dully.

"Shure! Shure we do! Say, it's gettin' dark. Don't want ter hurry yer. But it's bad travelin' over them waters at night."

"Is it?" said Jean absently.

He arose and moved toward the door.

"Say! Keep quiet about what I told yer!" coaxed the Rat.

"You bet I will!" and somehow Jean's tone reassured him.

"An' come over and see me again. It gits lonely over here sometimes. Used to have a dog an' he drowned himself. Here's this roach-powder. Take it back fer me, will yer? Tell him I wanted *bakin' powder!*"

He thrust a box into Jean's passive hands.

"Rat-poison,—you mean!" he murmured inaudibly.

"Come again! Come again!"

"I'd love to!" said Jean as he stumbled out across the marshes, with his heart bursting in dumb agony.

* * * * * * * *

One bright day of the following spring, when the breezes were soft, the sea still and shining,—when the little town was awakening for the summer season and white trousers and colored frocks moved about the

narrow streets—when white wrinkled sails were being hoisted above the clear green water—on such a morning it was, that the postmaster, excited and gesticulating, appeared in the grocery store and hailed the lord of that domain in eager tones.

"Hey, Joe! Look 'ere! Look 'ere! he cried, thrusting a well-creased magazine over the counter.

"Ain't that him, as I live! John Dunn, that skinny-faced, serious feller what came 'round here last fall! An' look at that name, Bupee! O, my lord! He *was* kiddin' us!"

He slapped his knee and roared with laughter. The grocer eyed the picture carefully.

"It's him!" he said finally.

"John Dunn! Somehow I never thought that name fitted him, yer know!"

"What about 'im?" said the grocer keenly.

"Dead, man! Read!" cried the other impatiently.

"I can't read this damned stuff; no more kin you!" retorted the indignant grocer.

The magazine was a French illustrated monthly which one of the cottagers had left in the post office.

"It says John Dunn was killed in a scoutin' expedition an' decorated for bravery!"

"How do you know it says that?" demanded the grocer skeptically.

"Me wife did it! All herself! She keeps them language dictionaries!"

"Still waters run deep, yer know. I knew he was a brave man. Yer can always tell!"

Before the day was done, all the natives knew of the death of their former companion who had left so suddenly and mysteriously. They hashed it over that night in the post office and on the fishing pier, and concluded that John Dunn was a fine fellow all around.

The next day the Rat came rowing over in his little boat to buy provisions.

"Hullo," he snapped to the grocer as he poked his little head through the swinging doors.

"Hullo! Say! Remember your messenger you sent back with that roach-powder last fall? Well, here he is with the durndest name under him that I ever see in print."

He thrust the paper over to the Rat, who placed it three inches from his nose and blinked, and squinted for several seconds.

"O! O!" gasped the Rat. Then he tottered, wavered, and fell

backward to the floor with a thump. The grocer lifted him up, all crumpled in a heap. He was trembling and panting for breath.

"What's the matter?" ejaculated the grocer, holding the bushy little head in his lap.

"He's—he's my—" A convulsive shudder passed through the little man's body and he never finished his sentence.

"Well, I be——" muttered the surprised storekeeper. "Guess I got a corpse for sale! His heart went back on him all ter once. What in the name of Mike was he tryin' ter say?"

Colby Van Dam, '17.

Whence Came Man to Inherit the Earth?

Outside the pale of History's fitful light
Long centuries lie hidden in the gloom;
A host of men have tried to pierce the night
And drawn these threads from Fancy's mystic loom.
Semitic bards of yore creation told,
How that the earth was made in six brief days;
Then down from Hellas Emanation rolled,
Prometheus' tale the poet sang in lays;
And last did come great Darwin's mighty brain
Unfolding Evolution well worked out,
That caused mankind to think in diff'rent train.
Yet much remains unseen beyond a doubt.
This truth doth shine out bright: All is not learned,
Nor can be learned, till Time's last page is turned.

—E. R. Lester, Jr., '18.

College Pests

Dear, gentle reader, *entre nous*, just let me whisper this to you: I have in mind a little plan whereby I really think I can your idle moments quite beguile in true Walt Mason jingling style; and crack a few moth-eaten jests beneath the title "College Pests." Perhaps the greatest pests of all are those wise ginks who have the gall to saw a rasping violin, to pick guitar or mandolin; or from the flute or piccolo, a few cracked, wheezing notes to blow; to claw the keys from morn till night; who feel they have a perfect right, when coming home at two A. M., to bellow forth some amorous hymn. Some fellows are so asinine to think their music so durned fine that they can saw and blow and pound, and make a most infernal sound, and all the rest of us the while will sit and twirl our thumbs and smile. What care they if the stude next door must o'er his studies sit and pore? What care they if his scattered wits throw forty epileptic fits? They shriek their discords just the same, and tortured notes, halt, blind and lame, that almost raise one's very hair, burst forth upon the gentle air. It makes one wish for wheels and racks, on which men used to stretch their backs; the pillory, ducking stool and stock, the whipping post, the headsman's block—yea, even for the guillotine, to lop off some boob's empty bean. I'm sure there is no one who feels opposed to music at his meals—who, as he sips his demie tasse, objects to some real stunning lass, in glad rags a la gay Paris, warbling a high-brow melody. I will admit I may be crude, but when I take my mental food, to tell the truth, I cannot say I quite enjoy a cabaret.

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

Song of the Night

Oh, shrieking darkness filling all the deep
Throughout infinity from end to end,
How long shall vaulted heav'n her azure keep,
And morning's sun her silent arch ascend?

Ah, roaring silence that surrounds us still,
Why waste our little on thy frigid ears?
For thou canst not our hearts with gladness fill,
Nor from our eyes dry up the welling tears.

—Donald H. Painter, '17.

Till Death

EIGHT years had passed for Larson—years of toil, pain and memories. Eight years ago James L. Dawson had disappeared, and eight years ago Dr. Larson had appeared.

It was on a day such as this, mused Larson, as he stood staring out of his window,—bleak, cold, with a heavy, wet snow, eight years ago. On that day his wife had gone off with another man, and he had never seen or heard from her since. Once a distant lawyer had written to his own lawyer asking whether he, Dawson, would oppose a suit for divorce. His lawyer had answered that Dawson would never stand in the way of his wife's happiness, and Dawson had never heard nor sought to find out whether the divorce had been granted or not. He had loved his wife and had sought relief from the blow by leaving his office on Broadway and plunging into work among the settlements. Here he was known to the poor people of that district as the "Good Doctor"; many were the tales related by the poor women of the miraculous cures of the great Larson, and many were the prayers, offered by grimy, calloused men, of thanks for "Jim" Larson.

In his life among the poor people he had met Alice Levant, a settlement worker. He often aided her and was her almost constant companion during her visits to the tenements. They had beome close friends; whether that friendship had deepened in either of them could not be told: they showed but a close personal friendship to each other.

Larson's meditations were interrupted by a pounding on the door. He went out and saw a small flaxen-haired boy with a pair of wistful brown eyes.

"A pwitty lady told me to bwing 'is to you," he said slowly, holding out a note.

Larson took the note and read it. It was from Alice, asking him to accompany the child. She had found a woman sick and weak from lack of food, the note ran. "Your fame has reached the poor woman's ears and she has a wonderful faith that you can cure her." Larson took up his coat, hat and grip and followed the boy.

The boy took him to an old, black, and gloomy place with dark sullen rooms. There was a dirty alley alongside leading to a dirtier street. An empty dog-kennel, some bones of animals, fragments of iron hoops, and staves of old casks lay strewn about. It was the picture of decay and misery. But Larson was used to such conditions and had no compunctions about entering as we might have. He was led to a dim room whose only daylight entered by one pane of glass. On the bed and

covered with a sheet lay a pale, wan slip of a woman with cheeks sunken and hollow, and in a fit of coughing. She was turned away from the entrance, and by her side sat Alice, trying to ease the pain and fever of the woman by wiping her head with a cold cloth.

As the doctor entered Alice rose and whispered to him.

"Please see if you can't do something for this poor soul, doctor. She is very poor and but for that would have sent for you long ago. But she has declined to accept charity, until I told her it was absolutely necessary for her to receive medical attention. She is so delicate and so out of her element. She is proud, and has become weak and thin through starvation, refusing to send for aid. Please cure her, if possible."

The last was uttered in a pleading, questioning tone, and the doctor looked down at her and tenderly answered, "I'll do what I can, *for you*." The last words were directed to the pleader and were uttered aloud. Upon hearing them the sick woman turned and looked at the doctor. She gave a gasp and leaned forward.

"Jim! You!" she cried.

The doctor bent over. "Mary!" he exclaimed. "Why, why—"

But the woman was seized with a fit of coughing, and the doctor hastened to relieve her. He gave her some medicine and felt her pulse. Alice arose and said, "I'll get some food," and went out into the hall.

"Tell me," said the doctor, when the woman was again settled comfortably upon the pillow, "why are you here and in this condition? Where is—he?" He could not bring himself to mention the name.

"He died about a year ago, leaving me with a few dollars. He never worked. He was a café runner, and married me for my money. When that was almost gone he took sick and died. He drank. Oh, how I have suffered these years! Believe me, Jim, I have paid the cost,—paid with interest. He, the brute, would sometimes, in fits of drunkenness, beat me and make me give him money. He was fine till after I got the divorce, but then he showed himself for what he truly was. Oh, what I have endured! Jim, Jim, please take me back, Jim! Oh please!"

She tried to raise herself up, but fell back exhausted.

"Be quiet now," said the doctor. "You need rest and food even more than medicine."

The sick woman grasped his hand and leaned back in the pillow. She closed her eyes and sought sleep. Across the bed sat the boy, who had been a silent witness of the little drama. Not wishing to disturb the resting woman, the doctor refrained from asking any questions. Soon the heavy breathing told that the much-needed sleep had taken

hold of the wearied body. The doctor arose and went into the hall, where he met Alice returning.

"No doubt you were surprised at what occurred," he said. "But let me explain. That woman in there is my wife. She is not so according to law; but I believe in a higher law than civil rule. I am bound by no creed of church when I say this, but I remember when I said, 'For better or for worse,......till Death do us part." Then he told her his story. Why his wife had gone he did not know, but he believed it to have been because of jealousy. She had always been jealous, and especially of the women who came to see him at his office. Their visits were the cause of numerous outbreaks and threats on her part. It was in such a fit of jealousy, he believed, that his wife had spitefully gone off. "That is why, Alice, I have never asked you to marry me. I will never feel myself free of her until death causes it. I always loved her, and now that she is come back, I will no doubt love her the more."

"But you are no longer bound to her," cried Alice. "She is divorced and has married again: she is no longer your wife."

"I am bound by a higher law than man's."

"But although you have never said it, you love me, and I love you. We have been the best of friends for these many years. Is not this new, sweeter love stronger than the old one which has burned out and perished?"

The doctor slowly shook his head. Just then the door opened and out came the little boy,. "What is your name, boy?" asked the doctor.

"James, sir," respectfully answered the boy.

The doctor started at the name.

"Alice," he said, "there is one question I wish to ask my wife. Upon her answer depends my answer to you. But whatever her answer, let us still be good friends. Will you?"

Alice said not a word, but choked back a sob and wiped away the tears that were fast filling her eyes. She went into the room, the doctor turned and followed her. She had placed the provisions on the table and turned to the door. The doctor stood there silently and she passed out. He sat down by the side of the bed, his head between his hands.

Many hours passed and the doctor still sat there thus. The boy had eaten some food and had lain down beside the woman and gone to sleep. After a while the woman gave a movement and turned. The doctor rose in expectancy and waited. The woman's eyes opened and she saw him.

"Jim," she said, smiling contentedly.

"Mary," he whispered hurriedly, "tell me quick,—whose boy is he?"

"Ours," she said, looking up at him lovingly. "Yours and mine: our Jim."

—*Russell N. Miller, '19.*

To the Wild Gray Geese

Into the velvet black of night
I search with longing gaze, from under dripping eaves,
Counting the gleams of the Pharo's light.
Thick holly trees rustling gently round about
Envelop the lonely house, while shadows in a rout
Whirl o'er the weathered eastern side
As rhythmic shafts of light, beacon sent,
Flash and fade, silent as a turning tide.
In undertones across the bay deep roars the distant ocean;
No stir of wind—yet giant swells roll in with listless motion.

Hark! From the South comes a call
Full to my listening ear;
A clarion note, now harsh, now clear,
And its melody breaks to a harmony,
Wild and scattered and near,
Then far, to a soothing symphony;
And I know, though I cannot see,
Through the dark there sails a V,—
A speeding north-turned wedge on wing,
Calling, question-asking, full of Spring.

So on and on through clouds and gloom,
Over moorlands brown, by cliffs where breakers boom,
Swift of flight and strong of pinion,
They seek their home, their wild dominion.

L'ENVOI

Faint call, clear call,
Call that stirs my breast,—
Honk of the wild gray geese
And all Spring's vague unrest.

—*D. C. Wendell, '16.*

Dreams That Never Come True

JOHN was in a dreadful hurry. At this inopportune moment the collar button which normally occupied the opening in the rear of his neck-band fell to the floor and bounded beneath the dressing-table. John was not a profane man normally, but we are all human and John mumbled several words which his wife, waiting patiently some distance away, fortunately did not hear, for John was an elder in the church besides being a Sunday-school superintendent and manager of the firm of Duds and Tyes, Haberdashers.

"Do hurry, John," groaned Mrs. John patiently.

The hero of this tale, however, was groping under the dark recess which almost all furniture possesses beneath it under certain circumstances of illumination, and, being unable to answer orally because of the dust, he wiggled one foot in approbation of his wife's sentiments and continued his search. At length the collarless form emerged from the depths, bearing in triumph the elusive article of male attire. Sad, sad to relate, however, the shirtfront was streaked with foreign matter, making necessary a change of that instrument of torture.

At last he was ready. His spotless tie was the only article necessary to complete a spotless appearance. Just as he was at the critical point in the management of the bow and walking back and forth over the Turkish rug, he trod upon that section of space where the rug ceased and the nicely waxed floor began. Not only was the accomplished bow an achievement yet to be accomplished, but several square inches of polish was removed from the Jacobean table in the process which Mr. John followed in making the rapid, not to say ungraceful, journey from the normal upright to the normal reclining position. A new shirt was imperative.

Just then the telephone rang and John hastened to answer, leaving Mrs. John in a condition intermediate between convulsions and tears. It was a mistake. They didn't want John's house at all. The operator called it a mistake, but what Mr. John called it cannot be printed. On the way back to his chamber he pulled out his watch. It was just—the watch was stopped.

He pulled on the coat with his superbly white teeth gritted in a savage grin. But, in spite of all, a gleam of sunshine suddenly broke over his intelligent countenance. The triumph that was to be his was at hand. In a crested box, tied with black and white ribbon, was the hat of the year. Made by a London hatter, and imported for this occasion, it was to be the climax of the manager's appearance at the opera.

He gamboled to the table where the box crowned his various tobacco jars and books. He fingered it with loving touch. With systematic method he cut the sealing ribbon. He removed the lid, revealing masses of pink tissue paper. With delight he delved into the mass and pulled out—a brown derby.

The grandfather's clock in the hall below struck ten times. Mr. John, however, stood as if transfixed with horror. He gulped three times, but words failed him. A sound broke upon his wounded soul. It was the dulcet but sarcastic voice of his wife. For a time he could not fathom the meaning of the words she spoke. Gradually, very gradually, he grasped the sense of what she said. Again she repeated them.

"Oh, fiddlesticks! Let's stay home."

* * * * * * * * * *

Mr. John awoke with a start. He reached for his watch. Ten o'clock. He walked to the hall and looked up the stairs with malice in his eyes. A rustle of silk could be distinguished by a very careful listener. Mrs. John appeared at the head of the stairs in all the glory of her finery.

"Think I'm going to anything this time of the night? I'm going to stay home."

Mrs. John broke into tears as Mr. John started the Victrola. Tears always grated on Johh's nerves, and somehow that confounded dream clung to his inner consciousness.

"All right. Let's go in town and have something to eat at Spoofin's, dear," he said.

—H. P. Schenck, '18.

At the End of the Day

"And I say unto thee that thou shalt find blessed calm and perfect peace at the end of the day."

Characters

A Saxon doctor, in the service of the German Army.
His aide, a Prussian.
Henri Guyon, a corporal in the 34th Infantry.
Dying soldiers.

The scene is laid in that portion of what was the first line of the French, now in the hands of the Germans. All over the stage lie soldiers in the throes of death, or some only slightly wounded. Groans are heard now and then all through the action. A doctor, kneeling, is bending over a soldier: his aide stands erect at his side, as

The curtain rises.

Doctor. See this man here?
Aide. I do, sir!
Doctor. I'm afraid
He'll never fight again in his brigade.
A hemorrhage—he's in a hopeless plight.
(*He moves on a few feet to the next.*)
It was a foolish but heroic fight.
Aide. What I can't understand is why retreat
Was not resorted to . . . As for defeat . . .
We all do meet it once . . .
The Doctor (*carried away by his admiration for the plucky soldiers*).
Because the French
Will never leave the enemy a trench,
Because a Frenchman's blood within him boils
If he before the enemy recoils.
Because—it matters not how great the pinch—
A Frenchman dies before he yields an inch.
Aide. Doctor, come let us save another life;
We better go where you can use your knife
In better cause. A German yonder lies . . .
Doctor. Silence! My life work is higher to rise
Than petty race distinction. I discriminate!
Thank God that far above all hate
My mission is. I try to save all life.

All men my brothers are, e'en though the strife
Which Germany, God bless her! now does wage,
Makes others only German pain assuage.
(*A silence. The doctor moves on from man to man until he has examined all those on the stage.*)
Now we'll pass on. This poor man cannot brace . . .
And soon he'll meet his Maker face to face.
(*Another silence. Now and then a soldier stirs. Groans everywhere.*)
A soldier. Brother, I die,—
Another. The "Boches" our trenches cross'd . . .
The first. Our fight was glorious and if we lost
'Tis fine to fight as we. A thousand died . . .
A third. Good Lord!
Another. What agony!
The second. I die!
The first. My side
Is bleeding . . .
The second. O, the yawning wide expanse
Of my wound . . .
Henri. Noble blood of dearest France!
Magnificently shed to save . . .
The first. Thank God, on French soil we will find a grave,
Wherein to lie! O France! . . . a million dead.
I'm faint. I cannot move! . . . O help! . . . my head!
(*Another silence. Two of the soldiers have fallen back; the death-rattle of one is heard.*)
The first (*rising up suddenly*). Dupont! Farewell, Dupont! Dupont!
I'm done . . .
(*He falls back.*)
Henri. Thus to have lost is really to have won . . .
I'm done. I've fought for many weary hours.
Thank God, I die where erstwhile were French flow'rs.
Farewell, dear son! I come, O loving wife!
Good-bye to all! Good-bye! I leave this life!
(*The bell of an ambulance-car rings.*)
What's that? I hear an ambulance-car's bell . . .
My life was but a many-sounding knell!
What time is it? A bullet in my breast
Is lodg'd . . . I'm tired . . . peace and calm . . . a rest . . .
What was it I just said? . . . Ah yes! the bell.
My life was but a many-sounding knell.

The first that I remember was at home,
Where—happy, careless lad!—I used to roam
Amid the Gascon pastures green and sweet,
Loving to hear the herd's low and the bleat
Of lost, wandering, and far-straying sheep . . .

Lord Jesu! God! I pray my soul to keep.

(*He guffaws as he says with all the bonhomie and rough wit of a "pion-pion"*).
Sweet bells! Ah, life, it is absurd . . .
That—playing youth—I loved the sound of bell,
And to that music I will march to hell.

I hear the shepherd's music in the shade,
Regardless of the careless sheep that stray'd.
I hear the tired flute-player's loud wheeze;
I hear the winds make music in the trees . . . .
I hear the southern tunes and anthems wild;
I hear the songs I sang, a little child.
And as this mem'ry my soul agitates
It is the heart of France that palpitates
Within me; and into my weary soul,
Comes all the beauty of a Gascon knoll,
With Gascon grass and Gascon sunshine fraught . . .
It . . . indeed . . . a glorious fight . . . we fought.

I hear the bell that summoned us to church;
I see the peasant girls without a smirch
On their best Sunday dresses. Ah . . . I see . . .
The whole dear little village . . . comes to me.

I hear the kind old curé read the mass;
The more he reads, I listen less, alas!
My eyes around me wander till I spot
My Ermintruda . . . I loved her a lot . . .
And pretty Ermintruda was my bride.
She walk'd up to the altar at my side.
Ah! wedding bells! your music God above
Pleases . . . and to the blessings on our love
He adds the hope that soon a little son

To us will be: and our sweet love, begun
Under a bright, clear, and auspicious star,
No earthly cares or troubles e'er will mar.

I hear the bells ring as the priest baptized
My son, my dear Jean, whom I idolized.
Sweet bells of innocence and purity,
I hear you now in my obscurity.

The bells! I hear the bells! Dear Christ! I die!
The bells! Brass bells of death! Alas, I lie
Upon the ground . . . in awful pain . . . and pray
That merciful death soon will come my way.
The bells . . . my blood . . . a word . . . my soul . . . O France,
I have indeed enjoyed this pretty dance
You led me . . . O dire death! . . . What should I fear?—
Jean, darling Jean, I feel you drawing near.
Come, come . . . Ermintruda . . . my wife . . . my son . . .
O, will you praise me for the work I've done?
Good-bye, dear friends . . . Good-bye . . . we meet again,
Where brave men dwell . . . in calm . . . together . . . pain,
Ah, death! . . . I cannot breathe . . . and it compels . . .
The bells, the bells, the bells, the bells, the bells.

—*J. G. Clemenceau Le Clercq, '18.*

The Song of Work

Morning bell and whistle shrill
Summon me at break of day
To the factory on the hill;—
Place I take at shrieking drill,
There to eke my life away.

No comrades—just me alone;
There to work and ne'er to play,
While the wheels and levers moan,
Bodies sweat and spirits groan.—
Here I eke my life away.

Morning bell and whistle shrill,—
Will my labors never cease?
Will I work and work, until,
Stricken with a fatal ill,
I earthward turn for peace?

There's the cough—it's growing worse.
Dust has settled in my lung.
Well—Sheehan has a pretty hearse—.
I didn't think I'd ever curse
The place I'd got to, rung by rung.

It's hot in here—so blasting hot;
But I must hold the iron tool,—
A slip means death—but still I'm not
So shaky at the awful thought.—
The earth is soft and cool.

A newsboy once, and full of hope,
I faced the world with youthful pride;
I didn't smoke and didn't tope,
The people said I'd climb the rope.
But now I wish I'd died!

It seems an awful thing to say
With me a-holdin' down a job
At sixty per fur nine a day.

It ain't the hours, it ain't the pay,
That makes my temples throb.

It's just the thought of bein' here
Fur every day—fur every day,—
Without no hope—without no cheer,—
Drat the sweat—that wa'n't a tear.
It's just the same—the same alway.

They say that some go loony by
A never-quit monotony.
I may too, before I die.—
But now my throat is awful dry,
And drink don't satisfy.

Then—there is Mary and the kid.
I'd work a million years fur them!—
Still,—there's my life insurance hid.
That's one good thing, at least, I did
Fur Mary and fur Lem.

I wonder will she think of me
When I am gone? She will not rave
Nor weep hysterical. I see
Her cryin' quiet-like, as she
Transplants a pansy on my grave.

Well, here I am a-talkin' like
I was a corpse without no life.
Pluck up a bit, you clumsy kike!
I'll turn the kid a wooden bike;
'Twill tickle him and please the wife.

* * * * * * * *

Morning bell and whistle shrill,
Have you no pity in your sound?
Dost note the workman stark and still,
Who lies so white upon the hill?
Think'st thou his peace is found?

—Robert Gibson, '17.

Among the New Books in the Library

THIS period of the year usually brings a dearth of good fiction, but the Library, contrary to its custom, has added to its supply. "The Haunters of the Silences,"[1] by Charles G. D. Roberts, is an interesting portrayal of the ways of wild animals, and is similar to the author's "Kindred of the Wild," published several years ago.

A Haverfordian has presented us with a copy of his works, viz: "A History of English Literature,"[2] by Walter S. Hinchman, of the Class of 1900. All periods of English literature are covered, from Anglo-Saxon times down to the present. Stress is laid on the facts of English literature by outlining the lives of the authors, no attempt being given to an interpretation of their works.

With this work on English literature is another of almost equal interest on "American Literature since 1870,"[3] by Prof. F. L. Pattee. No other book quite covers that period of our literary history which is distinctly American. The changing spirit of the country since the Civil War is traced in the writings of our great authors. The chapters on Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, and "The Shifting Currents of Fiction" are most interesting.

"Our Philadelphia,"[4] by E. R. Pennell and Joseph Pennell, is a book to thoroughly enjoy. It is a collection of reminiscences of Old Philadelphia, characterized as the "most distinctive city in America." Inserted are several hundred sketches by Joseph Pennell, and these recall sections of the new Philadelphia, familiar to all.

Another gift to the Library is a copy of "Disguise Plots in Elizabethan Drama,"[5] by Dr. V. O. Freeburg. It is pointed out that the use of the disguise motive forces itself into all literatures, and in the Elizabethan drama this use is particularly extensive. Over four hundred plots are discussed with various forms of disguises.

These are a few of the more interesting books in the New Case. Scattered in among volumes on missions and Quaker biography are a few books of travel, a distinctly new departure. "Through Persia in a Motor Car" and "Travels in Alaska with John Muir" appear to be the most promising. A new play by John Masefield, "The Faithful," also relieves the biography above mentioned. "The House on Henry Street," judging from its title, would give promise of a lively best seller, but one finds the title merely a disguise plot to a book on social work.

—*Edmund T. Price, '17.*

1. L. C. Page Co., Boston.
2. The Century Company.
3. The Century Company.
4. Lippincott.
5. Columbia University Press.

THE UNEASY CHAIR

WHEN the Uneasy Chair heard the news it squeaked and groaned. "Do I have to bear your weight for another term?" it sighed, and then it squeaked and groaned a great deal more. Sorry to cause the patient creature so much mental anguish, I dusted it gently with my coatsleeve in the hope of lulling it into its customary long-suffering silence. Having heard much of the quieting effects of judicious rubbing of mules' necks, dogs' ears, and cats' paws, I applied this simple home remedy to the Chair—for it too is a quadruped, in spite of hard usage. I stroked it gently on the neck, behind the ears, and all the places a little boy hates to have washed, but beyond a plentiful accumulation of black dust, my efforts were in vain. The Chair seemed actually to be weeping. Incredulous, I looked around to ascertain the cause of the good article's grief. Wendell and Dunlap, our Senior members, were waving farewell to the Chair. The call of the Diploma was upon them. The loyal old Chair was bobbing and beckoning in return, as if in acknowledgment of services rendered. As the forms of the departing editors passed out of sight another figure entered by the door marked "Admission Only on Business." The Chair brightened visibly, and after introducing Walter S. Nevin, '18, to the members of the mystic circle, it motioned the newcomer to a vacant chair with the caption "Welcome" above it. All was silent for a moment. Then in through the office burst the mighty E. R. Moon.

"Good-bye, fellows!" It came like a blow. Ed attempted to be gruff,—but ah! Ed has a kindly and a sympathetic nature concealed in that Spartan frame. The brusque farewell ended with a cough, and Ed's face was suffused with that famous smile as he handed over the business keys to Art Spellissy. Then knock! knock! knock! like the tapping on the gate in "Macbeth," and in came another famous smile, which none could mistake for other than that of H. B. Brodhead, '17. Beal walked over to a very new little desk labeled "Subscription Manager," which had been out of use for a long time. But Beal seated himself with an air of propriety and raised the rasping cover.

I continued to dust the Chair subconsciously. A long period of silence followed, and —Z-z-z-z—was that a snore? I looked in astonishment at the Chair. Yes—it was asleep. Its eyes were fast shut and

its lower lip protruded just like the picture of the giant's head after Jack cut it off. "I'm ashamed of you, Chair," I started to say, but checked myself in time. If it would sleep, why disturb it? For it needed rest *so* badly, don't you know.

"Well, fellows, we're off again. What about a motto?"

"Well," drawled a sleepy voice from a corner, "what's that about.:—

"Dauntless the slug horn to my lips I set"........?

Difficulties

A pool's surface gleams brighter in the sun
When breezes ripple o'er it; brooks sing proud
Their gayest tune, when they o'er great rocks run;
The landscape is ennobled with a cloud:
E'en so the soul's dull mirror shines more bright
When ruffled by misfortune; streams of life
All tuneless flow till rocks of fate they fight;
Perfecting shades in spiritual world are rife.
The finest trees grow close in forest clustered,
Upspringing skyward through obstructed growth;
The barest cliffs with columbines are lustered;
From bleak sands the mirage to flee is loth:
So souls opposed to souls together grow.
In stoniest ways the love of God will show.

—*Charles Hartshorne, '19.*

ALUMNI

We regret to announce the sad death of Paul C. Hendricks, '15, who was burned to death in the hotel fire at Atlantic City, N. J. Death in any case is awful, but the death of one who had just entered upon his life's career touches us with more than ordinary sadness. Paul Hendricks was a man well-beloved of all who knew him.

He came to Haverford from Mercersburg Academy; was a corporation scholar during Freshman and Sophomore years; was a member of the Glee Club and Cap and Bells during Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years; was on the cast of the play called "The Importance of Being Earnest," Sophomore year; was Assistant Business Manager of the Class Record; and was Class Secretary during Senior year.

The first dinner of the Chicago Haverford Alumni occurred on the same night on which the Alumni dinner at Philadelphia was held—January 29th. Sixteen Haverfordians were present, ranging from Charles Tatum, '53, to the Class of 1915. This organization was formed in order that visiting Haverfordians might get in touch with Chicago men, and that the name of Haverford might be better known in Chicago. The officers elected were A. C. Wild, '99, president; Wm. G. Audenreid, '90, secretary and treasurer. The association will meet on the third Monday of each month at the University Club of Chicago.

Alumni annual banquet was held January 29th at the Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia. Charles J. Rhoads, '93, acted as toastmaster. President Sharpless was one of the speakers. David Bispham, '76, sang for the gathering.

The Alumni Association of New England held its annual dinner at the Lombardy Inn, Boston, on February 18th. Walter S. Hinchman, '00, acted as toastmaster. Speeches were made by President Sharpless and President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard. Among those present were Reuben Colton, '76, President of the Association; Henry Baily, '78; S. K. Gifford, '76; J. H. Gifford, '79; P. C. Gifford, '13; Theodore Richards, '85; Charles P. Wadsworth, '11; N. F. Hall, '13; W. E. Vail, '15; J. V. Van Sickle, '13; D. B. Van Hollen, '15; Yoshio Nitobé

'15; G. H. Hallett, Jr., '15; E. S. Cadbury, '10; W. W. Cadbury, '98; C. T. Cottrell, '90; F. M. Eshleman, '00; B. F. Eshleman, '67; C. N. Sheldon, '04.

President Sharpless spoke before the Military Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington, on February 9th, against further military and naval preparedness.

C. C. Morris, '04, and W. R. Rossmaessler, '07, entertained our Intercollegiate Soccer Championship team at a banquet at the Merion Golf Club, February 10th. As many Alumni were present as undergraduates. Certificates of 'Varsity "H's" served as place cards for the members of the team. C. C. Morris acted as toastmaster. Dr. R. M. Gummere on behalf of a committee of Alumni and others presented each 'Varsity man, and Manager Maxwell, with gold soccer balls about one-half inch in diameter. Speeches were made by President Sharpless, who was guest of honor; Captain Cary, '16; J. H. Scattergood, '96; A. S. Cookman, '02; A. G. Priestman, '05; S. W. Mifflin, '00; and W. R. Rossmaessler, '07.

We quote from the *Haverford News* of February 15th:

"On Monday, February 7th, Dr. Rufus M. Jones delivered in Kings Chapel, Boston, a Lowell Institute lecture on the Quakers and their contribution to the religious life of New England. This was one of the series of lectures on the leading religious denominations of New England which had been arranged for one of the Lowell Institute courses for the winter. Dr. Jones also gave a number of other addresses in Boston and Cambridge during the period of his visit."

The following Haverfordians are active in the civic affairs of the College neighborhood: Alfred M. Collins, '97, President of the Main Line Citizens' Association; President Sharpless, member of the Committee on Law and Order Legislation; R. M. Gummere, '02, member of the Committee on Parks and Playgrounds; Jonathan M. Steere, '90, Chairman of the Finance Committee; Edwin M. Wilson, '94, member of the Finance Committee; Charlton Yarnall, '84, member of the Committee on Law and Order Legislation; Dr. A. Lovett Dewees, '01, member of the Relief Committee; John L. Scull, '05, member of the Village Improvement Committee.

The following humorous poem was found by Wm. Ellis Scull, '83, among some old papers belonging to his father. Its date and author are unknown.

At bright and glorious Haverford,
Near twenty years ago,

Vacations ran full rapidly,
And sessions all ran slow;
Then Smith ground us in Ethics,
And Gummere in Surveying,
And Dennis did Jugurtha,
While the Juniors did the playing.
The Seniors studied hard and late,
For Private 'Xamination,
And got themselves (in August)
Into mental perspiration;
And in their dormitories,
With a bed-quilt o'er the door,
They burned the midnight tallow dip,
To light the hidden lore
Of Euripides and Calculus, and
When the halls were quiet,
Would meet below in classrooms,
To forage for some diet.
'Twas then milk toast did suffer,
And Cas'tner pies of mince,
With ginger pop and lemonade
Their thirsty throats to rinse.
But now, I'm told, the provender
That "Mater" gives her chicks
Is edible, and "chicken feed"
No more with "lerse" they mix:
Then, when a batch of sour bread
Was baked, we were unable
To get more till 'twas eaten,
Or we "loafed" it from the table.
Those were "Hard Times" for some of us,
Aye, "Hardy" times were they,
When we were watched, like little mice
For cunning cat the prey.
The chamber door at top of stairs
Was left 'most times ajar,
To catch the first faint mutterings
Of distant civil war;
But sometimes, when the blue specs.
Beyond the jamb were seen,
A quick discharge of Hessian boots
Would drive them in again.
At last, one stormy session,
Each night the din waxed loud,
The Faculty was nonplussed,
The officers seemed cowed;
The boots flew right, the boots flew left,
And lights were put all out,
And whistling, singing, screeching
Made a veritable rout.
Friend Davis then determined
To see what could be done,
To catch the leaders in the act
Of this high-handed fun.
There's a dormitory vacant
Right in the battleground;
'Tis chosen by his Corpulence,
While on his daily round.
At eleven at night when "glims are doused,"
He fastens down the latch;
The boys expectant stand at doors
The grand finale to watch.
Why watch they—have they learned
Who occupies the room?
And vowed that bed of daisies
Should be friend Daisy's doom?
'Tis silence, save the heavy feet
Upon that chamber floor;
'Tis darkness, save the glimmering light
Over that chamber door.
The light is out, the bedstead creaks
With unaccustomed weight,
First one slat, then another slat
Betrays their ticklish state;
A long scratch, then a splurge,
Then a bulging, thundering sound,
A shriek, "'Tis robbers!" echoes
Through the empty halls around,

And bursting in, the boys do find
Three hundred weight on the ground.
A lamp! quick! quick! or blows will fall
On this devoted head.
A light! A light! or trampled soon
Will be this Daisy bed.

We had a great procession, once,
When Hardy ruled the roast;
Of banners, and of lanterns made of melon,
It did boast,
And through the woods, and past the holes
Left by the trees, it wound;
Tin pails, and pans, and flageolets
Sent forth a hideous sound,
As if all operatic elves,
That night, did go their round.
"Assistant Sup" beheld the sight;
His blue specs. off he laid,
And on swift feet he hied him
All to the greenwood shade.
"Ah! now," said he, " if only I
Can catch this Robin Hood,
And hold him till the Council meets,
My service will be good."
But ah! without his blue specs.,
How could his course he see?
For as he watched the lanterns,
Into a hole fell he;
The splash into the soft ooze
Was heard by all the clan,
And, quickly dropping banners,
To the College Halls they ran;
No one was "dipped" but Hardy,
Who mostly in such games,
"Was under the necessity of
Taking a few names"—
That night at Reading and in Halls,
No more his face he shows,
But the laundress was heard to speak
Of stiff mud on his clothes.

And thus full many a folio
Of such matter I'd relate,
But just now going a-fishing,
I'm in a hurried state.

PHILOMATER.

'72

On Friday, February 11th, a dinner was given at the College by a member of the Class of '72 to Thomas S. Downing, '72, who is spending the winter with his sister, Mrs. Godler, near Haverford. The dinner was laid in the small Math. room, which was part of the old study-room when the class was at Haverford as students. Stories of old Haverford enlivened the evening, which was an unusually pleasant occasion. The members of the class present were R. T. Cadbury, Thomas S. Downing, Dr. F. B. Gummere, W. H. Gibbons, Wm. M. Longstreth, E. M. Wistar. Prof. A. C. Thomas attended as a guest.

Dr. F. B. Gummere is to represent Haverford on a committee in charge of the Shakespeare Celebration in colleges and universities in Philadelphia and vicinity. This celebration will be held during the first week of May.

'82

George A. Barton is author of an article entitled "Tammuz and Osiris," which appeared in the December number of the *Journal of American Oriental Society.*

'87

Frederic H. Strawbridge presided as a member of the firm at the Annual Meeting of the Strawbridge & Clothier Relief Association, held at the store on Thursday evening, the 10th of February. A word of greeting from Mr. Strawbridge; two or three vocal and instrumental numbers by members of the store chorus and orchestra, and an illustrated lecture by Dr. Herbert J. Tily (manager) constituted an interesting program.

'89

Dr. William R. Dunton, Jr., of the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital at Towson, Md., has written a book for nurses which is published by W. B. Saunders Co., of Philadelphia. It is called "Occupation Therapy," and is intended to instruct nurses in companionship and in re-education of mental invalids.

J. H. Painter is principal of Steele High School, Dayton, Ohio.

'92

Gilbert J. Palen, M.D., is author of two pamphlets on medical subjects. The first is entitled, "Focal Infection," and is reprinted from *The Hahnemannian Monthly* of September, 1915. The other one is called "The Tonsil Operation," being a reprint, with illustrations, of an article in *The Journal of Ophthalmology, Otology and Laryngology* of July, 1915.

Christian Brinton delivered a lecture at the College, February 24th, on "Impressionism and the Modern Spirit in Contemporary Painting." Mr. Brinton was Trowbridge Art Lecturer for 1915 at Yale University.

Dr. Henry S. Conard, of Grinnell College, Iowa, is exchange professor in Botany at Harvard the current half-year. An article from his pen appears in the February *Westonian* entitled, "Botany and the Citizen."

'96

Dr. T. H. Haines had an article entitled, "Relative Values of Point-Scale and Year-Scale Measurements of One Thousand Minor Delinquents," in the *Journal of Experimental Psychology* of February, 1916.

'97

A. M. Collins lectured at the University Club of Philadelphia, February the 3rd, on his South American hunting trip.

'00 and '02

Walter S. Hinchman, '00, and C. W. Stork, '02, have contributed poems to a magazine called *Contemporary Verse*, published at Chestnut Hill by Howard S. Graham, Jr., editor.

'00

A son was born on January 21st to Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hinchman at their home at Groton School, Groton, Mass.

J. Rendel Harris is author of an article entitled "The Place of the Woodpecker in Primitive Religion," which appeared in the February number of the *Contemporary Review.*

'02

A. G. H. Spiers delivered a lecture at the College, February 9th, on "Two Fundamental Traits of French Literature." This was one of the faculty lectures. Dr. Spiers on February 2nd lectured at Westtown Boarding School on "Idealism in French Literature."

Edward W. Evans has resigned his position as legal counsel of the Bell Telephone Co. in order to devote himself to the work of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Wm. V. Dennis was instrumental in arranging for the exhibition visit f the College gym. team to Friends' Select School of Philadelphia.

'03

H. J. Cadbury is scheduled to read a paper sometime this spring before the Philadelphia Classical Club.

'04

E. T. Snipes has become associated with the law firm of Kane and Runk, Philadelphia.

'08

James C. Thomas, 2nd, is teaching at Riverview Military Academy of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'11

Mr. and Mrs. Victor F. Schoepperle have recently had a daughter born to them.

'13

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd H. Mendenhall are in Cuba working under the American Friends' Board of Foreign Missions.

'14

J. C. Ferguson, 3rd, is studying business in the University of Pennsylvania night school.

S. P. Clarke is taking the night school law course at Temple University.

'15

E. N. Votaw and K. P. A. Taylor are working on the University of Pennsylvania gym. team.

Edger C. Bye has announced his engagement to Miss Clara A. Williamson of Media, Pa. Mr. Bye is now teaching English in the West Chester State Normal School.

'10

We have received from James Whitall, who is living now at 217 King's Road, Chelsea, London, S. W., a number of translations of Greek and Latin poetry and prose in pamphlet form. Mr. Whitall and some friends are engaged in translating these classical selections for the sake of a wider propagation of culture. We print below their prospectus.

To give some idea of the nature of the contents of these very interesting pamphlets we quote the following:

GIROLAMO AMALTHEO (1507–1574)

A Leave-Taking

Farewell, sun-smitten mountain peaks, farewell, shady haunts among the valleys: Iolas departs from your recesses. Hapless Iolas! No more will you see the meadows that are so pleasant to the lowing kine with odorous marybuds and marjoram.

Hapless Iolas! Sunk in the cool grass of the sloping hill, you will no longer see the bullocks warring fiercely with their horns.

Not the murmuring of sliding rills, the whispering of ilex-boughs, shall soothe you, nor the wind lure you to the land of sleep.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO

The Stars of Night

The stars of night gathered round the moon will veil their bright faces when she grows full and lights everything with silver.

'74

We are glad to print the following letter and clipping from the *Times-Star*, Cincinnati, Ohio, sent us by Samuel E. Hilles.

Jan. 6th, 1916.

THE HAVERFORDIAN,
Haverford, Pa.

Gentlemen:—

I am enclosing a clipping as to Warden Osborne at Sing Sing, which, it seems to me, might be of interest to your readers.

It was certainly an interesting experience on my part, to see the improved conditions there under Mr. Osborne's methods, and the wider publicity that can be given to his work there, in its new efficiency, the more the idea will be put into effect elsewhere.

The letter of the convict came to me through the *Outlook*, and I endeavored to copy it verbatim, errors and all, as being thus more

impressive;. so if you print it, I think this would be the best plan.

Very truly,

SAM'L E. HILLES.

Mr. Osborne has written me that he is scheduled to lecture on Penology at Yale University. It would be interesting if you at Haverford could also secure him, for one or more addresses.

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C. G WARNER'S

AS TO WARDEN OSBORNE OF SING SING

To the Editor of the *Times-Star:*

My paper this evening tells of the pledge made last night by every one of the 1,600 men in Sing Sing prison to "live up to the principles of the Mutual Welfare league, and to continue order and discipline."

To me, who spent a night there recently, by appointment with their Entertainment Committee, and thus, though a stranger, now largely understand the situation, the news that led up to this pledge is of stirring interest, and I wonder if the Westchester county authorities have been fully justified in the action reported against the warden.

It is not so much that Warden Osborne is a grandson of Lucretia Mott, the revered Quaker Abolitionist and preacher—nor that his antecedents at Auburn, N. Y., were as a successful manufacturer and respected citizen; but that he is the man who, in a year's time, has changed a moral pesthole into a self-respecting and mutually helping community—prison though it be—this it is that has appealed to me, as to so many others.

Last October I stood in their mess hall, where formerly, under the old regime, 80 guards, with drawn clubs, were frequently unable to keep order; but now, under the Osborne methods, two or three guards only stood near the men just admitted, and the men were quiet and orderly, though no longer forbidden conversation, or even to turn their heads toward a neighbor. Without fear I went anywhere among them, and I met eyes that met me straight, and hearty hand-shakes. The able-bodied men were at work. They were imprisoned for various offences, some of them serious, but in no case did I inquire. Now, at least, they were largely a law unto themselves, in the best sense—they were on the honor system. Even the old leaders in trouble (and I met them) were proud to behave themselves, in their new sense of loyalty to the warden, and I inspected the careful records of their own patrol system, which my friendly guide, a convict, was anxious for me to understand.

As one of the prisoners has lately written: "When I came here I was crushed in spirit, broken in body, and full of bitterness against everybody, same as most of the men who came here. In the shoe shop where I worked were three keepers, but the days could not be passed without fighting with knives or other instruments and sometimes the fights were very bloody. We worked very little, and we did not work well, and sometimes we wasted raw material and damaged the State property, because the rage and the bitterness was so great in the man's heart against the prison officials and against the society who sent us here with long

sentences, that we could not fight against our own feelings.......When we came out again we were not a bit better, but a good deal worst, sick, disordered in mind, full of vindictiveness, and we longed for revenge."

He continues: "About a year ago came Mr. Osborne, and with him his new system and the league. Mr. Osborne understood our condition........He trusted and treated like a father would treat his sick children, and we wondered from his goodness. He presented us with his confidence and founded our faithful friend, the M. W. L. (Mutual Welfare League). A new epoch is started with the league. It is a body of prison self-government..... The new system of the league made a great change all over the prison. We do not use drugs any more. Our excited temper became calm, and so in the shoe shop this year not a single fight occurred, and only a very few happened in the other shops. Now everybody is willing to work, and do our work with care, and winningly. ......We do not dream revenges, but we work steady, and teach ourselves to do good, and so we are going to show the people our real character."

And when these trusted men—and all are trusted who show themselves worthy of it—now go out from Sing Sing, they are sought by employers of labor; the stigma of prison life is removed by their own good conduct in the institution, and most of the 600 or more who are released each year find honest employment and are saved for useful lives. It may not be according to old ideas of vindictive punishment, which in so many cases made a confirmed criminal of a first offender, but the gain, by Mr. Osborne's methods, is tremendous, measured by results—by men. And so I would ask your readers to suspend judgment in this present case—to give at least some credit for what has been done at Sing Sing since Mr. Osborne took hold, and to believe that the men themselves believe in him.

SAMUEL E. HILLES.

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