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The Connecticut College Quarterly

December, 1923

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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"INNOCENTS ABROAD"

"LONGES', wiles', drunkenes' night Ah ever see in dis club!" whispered old black Mitchell to himself, as he gathered the last of the sticky alcoholic punch cups on his dark, bony fingers, picked up a gentleman's discarded overcoat, a ladies' lip-stick and flame-colored fan from the billiard tables, and labored up the basement stairs to the first floor.

It was nine o'clock in the morning—the day of the Havard-Yale football game—and it had been a long night at the Club, that night before the game.

Students had crowded the place—had mobbed and surged in and out of the big oak doors. Policemen had guarded the entrance inside and out—admitting only those with the Club's card. The banquet had brought back old grads in veritable droves. Gleaming white shirt-fronts had checkered the beautiful old house from roof to basement. And there were women sprinkled abundantly through the ever-moving mass — beautiful women and bizarre women,— their white arms and shoulders, the color and shimmer of their gowns contrasting vividly with the black of the men's clothes and the shadows of the dark-pannelled rooms.

Saxaphones shrieked and sobbed, violins wailed plaintively, the piano tinkled, throbbed and crashed—now in harmony, now in wierd wild discord. Drums and bells had rattled and clinked. Feet had shuffled, pranced and cavorted abandonedly to the barbaric rhythm. Voices had shouted, pleaded, whispered and hummed — harsh, hoarse, unsteady voices — neurotic, vibrating, shrill voices — mingling, rising and falling with the throbbing

of the music — until, at a short distance, it became an uncanny savage roar — like the voice of a mad supernatural creature pitched tirelessly, ceaselessly.

There had been the smell of gin in those hot rooms — and the reek of a thousand cigarettes. The air had hung heavy, smokily opalescent under the dim lights —

“Longes’ wiles’ drunkenes’ night Ah ever see in dis club! — Six whole cases ob gin! Nebber helped t’row out so many drunks in mah life. Good Lawd Mistah Fairchil’ — what yo’ doin’ ’sah?”

In the middle of the wide hall on the first floor, a rumpled tousel-headed lad wept softly to himself as he stepped uncertainly into an open suitcase that lay before him and endeavored to strap himself therein.

“What yo’ doin’ sah? Ah didn’t think yo’d wake up fo’ an hour!”

Old Mitchell dropped his burdens and hurried toward the bungling, twisting, snivelling club-man and the suitcase.

“Gettin’ in — an’ takin’ myself f’r trip, Mitch, — goin’ on a long trip — f’r a rest.”

“Yo’ ca’int sah — one reason bein’ you’ve pushed yo’ foot right through de back of it, sah. Ah don’ advise yo’ to take no trip in dat suitcase, sah!”

“Bes’ f’r man not to take — trip in his own suit-case? — Um-Mitch — But I’m tired — ver’ tired.” He crumpled disconsolately, his swollen, half-shut eyes closing entirely, his young mouth sagging wide open.

“Yessah,” soothed Mitchell, “We’ll jest pick up dese things an tuck ’em in yo’ suitcase — an’ put ’em away — an’ then ol’ Mitch’ll take yo’ up to yo’ room — an’ yo’ can rest.”

He lifted with all the strength of his rheumatic body, tried patiently to guide the sprawling legs, to bear the sudden uncertain burden of the lurching body. The club-man wept again — as he clutched at the wide polished rail of the stairway.

“Tell you, — Mitch — *don’ wan’* that taxi, — haven’ any — place t’ put n’ ol’ taxi!”

“Don’ yo’ worry Mistah Fairchil’ — yo’don’ need t’ take it! Reckon de taxi-man’ll be tickled enough t’ keep his taxi an’ de money yo’ paid fo’ it too!” consoled the old negro. Then — “Look out, sah!” But he was too late. — The unsteady legs had entangled themselves hopelessly, and the lad stumbled, swayed, turned and toppled headlong down the long stairway. Like a sodden sack of flour he rolled back to the first floor into a dark Tudor-panelled corner of the hall.

Startled — fearful — old Mitchell hobbled after him — his frightened eyes straining to see if the heap at the foot of the stairs still breathed. A quick step sounded down the corridor.

“Good Lord, Mitch — was that Dick? Hope the youngster hasn’t broken his neck!”

"Yessah — Mistah Blakewell — he slipped right out o' mah hands like a jack-rabbit!"

"No need f'r any 'citement — I'm quite — quite comf'able — Been lookin' f'r place — t' sleep f'r long time! Quite comf'able — thanks."

"Good gosh, man — I've been waiting all night for you to come in. We've hunted the town over for you! Do you realize your folks 'll be here in an hour and a half — comin' down for the game — an hour and a half — you *mother* comin' — d'y hear me?"

"Sah" — wailed Mitchell wringing his black hands — "He's gone an' bought another taxi, sah! De man just druv him heah a few minutes ago — an' he's waitin' outside' sah, to know where Mistah Fairchil' want him to leave de taxi."

"*Bought it — another taxi?*"

"Yessah! De man say Mistah Fairchil' pay him eighteen hundred dollars. He wanted to go long distance an' when de man 'fraid he wouldn't pay de fare, Mistah Fairchil' he jest says to de man — "Pay yo', - dammit? — Ah'll buy yo' bloomin' ol' taxi!" And he wrote him a check right there."

The lad in the corner grinned foolishly at them.

"I'm one of the nation's flowers — Nannette tol' me so — Great ol' girl, Nannette — girl with apprech — apprech'ation — Says I'm one of the nation's flowers!"

"Before I knock that bun off you, Dick — d'you 'spose you could tell me, by any chance, what you did with Nannette? Her father's dead. They telephoned at four o'clock this morning for her. Lord, man — I've telephoned every road - house for fifty miles around!"

Getting a grip on the collar Blakewell raised him bodily, and pushed him into a stately Tudor chair that seemed to stand apart — to hold aloof in the shadow of the wide hall. Perhaps the shade of an old grad — who had lived in saner days — had drawn it back there in the dim corner — and had slipped amazedly into it to watch with grieved ghostly eyes the astounding antics of his young brother. Perhaps it was the quick escape of the phantom that made the great chair careen indignantly on its beautiful Tudor legs, as the sodden young "flower of the nation" sank into it, precipitately.

He protested weakly, from out of the shadow — his white face haggard in spite of its puffiness, — his eyes entirely closed.

"I say — you need'n be so damn rough —"

Old Mitchell retreated tactfully down the corridor.

"Where's Nannette?" Blakewell — a seriouse-yed young fury stood grimly over him. "Do you realize — her father's dead — dead, I say? What did you do with her?"

The swollen eyes opened to the narrowest of dull slits. The loose mouth smirked.

"Took her home — Think flower of the nation wouldn't see a girl home? Bought taxi — n' saw her — two hundre' miles —t' her ol' man's funeral!"

"Good goat, Dick!"

Two bathrobed figures appeared on the landing of the stairs, above — bizarre youths — sad, tousled, Navajo creatures. Still another clubman appeared—in a black and gold lounging robe—sleek and sinuous, the paleness of his face and the dull gold of his dressing-gown gleaming faintly on the dim stairway. His brocaded slippers pattered nimbly down.

The slim Navajos seated themselves dejectedly, quietly, on the landing—their long pajamaed legs stretched out disconsolately on the stairs, before them. They watched dully, half disinterestedly. The flare of a match leaped unsteadily for a moment as one of them lit a cigarette.

The black and gold youth looked sympathetically on the limp clubman in the chair.

"Pretty well plastered, isn't he Blakewell? Pretty sad bird! Then—"Took Nannette home, eh? Didn't marry her by any chance, did you? Three of the men stole a car and were married last night, after the dance — Say, Dick — you didn't marry her, did you?"

"No!" The swollen eyes widened surprisingly — "No — an' didn' steal a car either! Bought one. An' you can hold off that stuff 'bout marryin', Nannette — anyway."

"Get on your clothes, Steve, and help me sober him up. His mother and Dad'll be here soon — and he's simply got to be sober."

"Good Lord! — Say — how about puttin' him through the baths?"

"I had thought of that. He's half dead — but he can stand it I guess. Get your things on and help me carry him over."

"Check! I'll be with you in a minute!"

Up the stairs leapt the black and gold dressing gown and gleaming slippers—past the silent, smoking Navajos on the landing.

"Steve was as drunk as the rest of us las' night. Holds his liquor well, for a kid," observed one of the melancholy Navajos to the other.

"Hasn't been at it long. A year more an' he'll not feel so smooth. Hey Mitchell! — How's for some black coffee, on the second deck?"

Mitchell, hobbling thro' the hall, paused a moment.

"Yessah — yessah — Ah'll sen' Reginal' up d'rec'ly."

The tousled Navajos rose and climbed jadedly toward the second floor. Past them sped the sleek youth — a Hart, Schaffner and Marx perfection — long-limbed and smooth-haired.

"Some of the men are having a couple of Clarke's barbers over in an hour or so — what d'y say we put 'em to work on Dick? They'll make him look like a million after we've sobered him up."

Blakewell nodded, and together they lifted the sagging dead weight out of the chair. Mitchell, hurrying obligingly out of the shadows, opened the tremendous oaken door. Sunshine and cold air struck them — clean and fair.

"Cheer up, Blake — you take it all too darn seriously!" Steve grinned charmingly, reassuringly, over the rumpled head that rested against his shoulder. "He'll snap out of it. He's too much of an aristocrat to have a little liquor bother him much!"

"That's the devil of it. He's too darn fine underneath — to rot along with the rest of you."

"You're a funny duck, Blake — You'll die before the rest of us — worry-in' 'bout things. — Gosh but he's a heavy bird when he's blotched!"

A sleepy taxi-man turned heavy eyes toward them as they neared his lone car standing in the sunshine.

"Is this — er — the taxi that belongs to this gentleman?" asked Blakewell.

"It is, sir — I've been waiting to find out where the gentleman would like me to leave it. He gave me a cool eighteen hundred for it, sir."

"So I heard. Run us down to the Turkish Baths — and when you've had breakfast, the gentleman will be in his right mind and no doubt sell your car back to you — to your advantage."

"Yes sir! I thought he might, sir!"

* * * * *

It was dusk — and very cold. A frosty mist veiled the vast crowds, as they swarmed out of the exits. Furs, pink cheeks, hordes of great overcoated, red and blue feathered students, proud parents, old grads with their wives and children, laughter and incessant cawing and crowing of automobile horns and klaxons. An endless stream of cars filed past, their powerful lights piercing the mist and the fast gathering darkness. People surged on every side, stamping their cold feet and stretching their cramped limbs. It had been a great old game — for Harvard.

The Railroad station seething with people, was the height of bustle and excitement — a chaos of smartly dressed youths, of happy-voiced vivacious girls, of suitcases, bags, overcoats, blankets and porters, of prosperous interested parents.

"Never mind son. We haven't seen you trimmed often! I only wish we didn't have to go so soon — but Father's possessed to get South as soon as possible. He does hate the cold you know, Richard!"

Plump and smiling in her long sable wrap and smartly tilted hat, Mrs. Fairchild leaned happily on her son's arm.

Ah — he was a dear lad! She liked to look at him under the bright glow of the station lights, the clean fine line of his young jaw, the set of his mouth, the seriousness and direct look of his dark eyes, and the little thought lines drawn between them. He had developed those since he had been at college — her little Dick — yes he had grown older. She didn't know just what the change was — but he had grown a great deal older. All lads had to grow up sometime she supposed — to grow thinner, — to get worry lines between their eyes, to gradually lose their way of prattling, to line up with the rest of humanity with all its cares and trials. But Dick need never worry. She and Daddy would take care of that.

"I'm afraid Nannette's grief has saddened you a little bit, Dick. I'm so sorry — and I shall write her. But don't let other people's sadnesses weigh upon you too much, dear. It's not good for you. It shows its effect upon you."

"No, mother." He looked at her searchingly, for a moment. Then turning, he called,

"Train's posted on time, Dad. You'll just about make it."

"Dad" walked beside young Blakewell — deep in a discussion of the shipping-board. Though he too was plump, he somehow seemed pinched and weazened — in spite of his corpulence. The cold mist had penetrated the blankets, his heavy overcoat — and had chilled him through and through. But he wanted to be there — for the boy's sake. Fine lad — Richard. He smiled and nodded in response to his son's call.

"Mother, there's Steve Schuyler! He's looking at you. That's the little Rhinelander girl with him."

"How do you do, Stephen!" murmured Mrs. Fairchild bowing across the heads of the crowd to the sleek-haired, charming Stephen.

"Ah, Richard dear — he has grown older too. His mother will see a great change in him in the Spring!"

"—Eh! Great change you say? Um-m-yes — I s'pose he has — er — grown older. — Hurry, Dad?"

"Goodbye, Dickie boy. We've enjoyed it so much. We'll write you, dear, as soon as we reach Miami! Goodbye, Mr. Blakewell. Come, Daddy!"

On surged the mob through the gate — carrying the plump mother and father, both still waving to their Dickie.

Later, settling back into their big cushioned chairs on the train Mrs. Fairchild loosened her sable wrap and settled her smart little hat.

"Daddy — did it seem to you that Dick looked very differently — older — and not quite as well? I think he is over-studying, worrying —"

"If he's over-studying — it's the first time in his life he's done it. And I'm sure he has no worries. He has everything money can give him. He's just growing up that's all, Carrie. Can't expect him to stay a kid *all* his days."

"No — it's not that — He's tired, and next Spring I believe it would be well for us to send him to Italy. It would do him a world of good. They work the lads too hard at college. I noticed Stephen Schuyler looked different — tired — older."

"Nonsense my dear! I didn't see any change in Blakewell. He's the same that he was when he entered college with Dick," Mr. Fairchild protested.

"But he's different, dear. He's not like our boy — nor young Schuyler. He's not their kind. Why, Dick tells me he's not even a club man! — No — I tell you, Daddy, Dick's working too hard — he's tired — worn out!"

"All right — my dear, — all right! He shall go to Italy. Porter, can't we have a bit more heat in this car?"

ON POETRY

I HAVE been reading poetry and I have a feeling that I ought to become a poet. It is quite easy—requiring few brains, a quill pen, a pensive mood, and a little stimulus. A small glass of some sparkling beverage or a half dozen "Lucky Strikes" will serve admirably. You see, there are only three classes of poetry to-day — so you have not much of a field to cover. The first type is Nature Poetry. It is not like that of Tennyson or Keats. There are no immortal lines of great length and beauty such as are found in the works of these glorious bards. No — the poems of to-day are short and snappy, mean nothing, and could be written by an idiot. As evidence to that may I quote from some of my verses :

A light —
 A Star —
 And then afar
 The Moon —
 A glow —
 So Pale —
 The freshest Dew —
 My God! It's you!

As you notice from this choice bit, capitals are quite "en vogue" as the French will have it. They don't mean anything but they look well. Here is another bit — a little different but just as good you will find.

A field — trees —
 A Shining sun —
 Birds on the wing —
 O! For a gun——

The merry Choristers
 Of Heaven they thrill
 My Soul, my All——
 Tis Spring——

It is not necessary to have rhyme in modern poetry. In fact it is whispered that rhyme is quite "passe" in the best circles. This makes the task of the poet so much easier.

The second type is characteristically passionate, appealing to the senses only. It is supposed to be fraught with meaning but really hasn't very much sense. The poet is relying upon the credulity and evil mind of his reader. All the young things devour it and quote it in whispers. It is best appreciated when read in a darkened room, or under the mystic stars of June. There is always a line about

Her lips inviting, vivid, red,
 or
 Her swaying, swinging, sinuous form.

You see this style comes easily to me. And since you urge, I will quote a bit of my choicest art. It is called "Bashuba"—not because it has anything to do with Bashuba but because that has an Indian sound and things from India are always intriguing. I can rely on the fact that none of my readers will know what Bashuba means, and that none of them will take the time to look it up or to show their ignorance by asking some friend, who, doubtless, would know little more than they themselves.

Her lips alight with deepest passion
 She sways and beckons—nay beck not—
 My heart, My soul are answering, answering—
 The lights of London do shine through a fog! *Bashuba*

She sleeps, her lashes gently quiver
 On Cheeks of rosy softness
 She dreams, she smiles, begins to shiver
 He — silently intent, looks on and— *Bashuba*

Would that not wring the heart of a stone? You are right—it would not! But I can see by the smiles on your sleeping faces that you are strangely stirred by this bit of exotic verse.

The third type is hopeful, enthusiastic poetry, full of faith and joy. Books which contain collections of such verses are sure to be entitled "Star Points", "Dawns", or perhaps "Sunbeams". They are supposed to urge you on to a new interest in life to inspire you! Think of it! Think of inspiring the very soul of man to greater things — and you, too, can do it! See what John Smith did after ten lessons in our famous Correspondence School of Joy Poetry (advert.) Don't suppress your talent! Let this course bring it out! Only ten dollars — and you are a poet! Read the following verses and see what this School did for me. I heartily endorse this course.

What if your mother has passed on
To life beyond the grave
You are free, you're on your own
You're now nobody's slave.

Another cheering stanza is :

If life brings hard luck to your door
Just smile and smile again
And when you find yourself quite poor
Smile still at your fellow men.

You like that. I can tell by the sparkle in your eyes. But no — do not urge me to say more — I feel inspired but must to bed and hence to sleep —

Along the path of sleep I'll tread
God grant that soft will be my bed !

THOMAS JEFFERSON, THE FIRST DEMOCRAT

THE only charges made against Thomas Jefferson by his contemporaries were that he was a liar, an atheist, a revolutionary and a libertine. Unhappily the all-inclusive term "Bolshevist" was unknown then; else they would no doubt have added that too. These charges were made when he was a candidate for the presidency. All they really meant was "We don't want him elected." On the theory that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, we might suspect that these charges were at least partly true; but the wiser conclusion regarding campaign accusations is that the existence of a malodorous rumor evidences not corruption but more probably just the activities of the party pole-cats.

When Jefferson retired from public life, the scandalous stories about him were largely forgotten. Nearly twenty years later he took that step which

changes a mere politician into a statesman and translates even a mud-spattered intriguer into an eminent patriot: that is he died. Henceforth posterity gradually elevated him on a pedestal of saintliness so lofty that its top might serve for a seat in Heaven. As a matter of historic fact, he was vastly more interesting than any of these devilish or angelic caricatures of him.

Thomas Jefferson was a democrat. When he wrote, in the Declaration of Independence, "all men are created equal," he wrote only what he believed, and tried to practice too. Up to and including the day of his inauguration as president of the United States, he took his meals at a simple boarding house, and there occupied not the chief place at the table but one of the lowest, assigned to him in order of his arrival. He would have no other, though he was vice-president and later president-elect. He carried his democratic simplicity over into the White House, and thereby gave some horrifying jolts to certain of the pompous foreign ambassadors and their still more pompous wives. Slightly varying records tell us, for example, that at one of the new president's unstately dinners of state, Anthony Merry, the rather stupid gentleman who represented Great Britain, lost his wife, his dignity, and his temper all at the same time in the sprightly scrabble for places at table. Jefferson had gravely announced that the "pell mell" method of precedence would be observed in seating the guests; then, with admirable taste, he had hooked his arm into that of the fairest of the ladies, Dolly Madison, and marched gallantly in to the head of the table. Ambassador Merry foolishly took time to gasp at this novelty in diplomatic procedure, and thereby lost his chance to get a good seat. He soon came to, however, and grabbed the best that was left, wondering meanwhile what old King George III would think of his pompous minister's being thus jockeyed out of his usual place near the top. Then the disgruntled Merry began to look around the table to see who was there, and at about the same instant he seems to have recollected that he was a married man, and that he had forgotten all about finding a place for his lady-wife. He turned pale at this horrid thought, and the longer and faster he gazed about the table, the paler he became. "God save the King," he muttered, "where is she?" He had expected, of course, to be told whom he was to escort, and also that some other stately gentlemen would have been told to convey in to dinner the dame-ambadress, his very punctilious and disagreeable wife. But under these new Yankee rules it was all different. You just seized whomsoever you liked the looks of, and Lady Ambadress Merry was not the type of beauty that ordinarily gets "seized," unless by apoplexy. For the glory of the empire on which the sun never sets, the horrified but hopeful Merry prayed a little prayer that just this once somebody might have seized Lady Merry and be now bringing her in: "A very near-sighted

man, O Lord, or even one a trifle tipsy." But she didn't come. At last, in despair, disgust, and disgrace, the ambassador of the King of Great Britain and Ireland rose up from his hard won place at table, sneaked out and found his abandoned wife, then led her in after everybody else was seated, and with some difficulty found a place for her to sit, much as he might have done in the rush hour at a Childs restaurant or a Waldorf self-service lunchroom! It was a veritable diplomatic "incident." If this ambassador's wounds had pained his government as badly as they did him, it might have caused a war.

Thomas Jefferson was the first Democrat (spelled this time with a capital D). It was his shrewd and tireless political management that created the Democratic Party and led it to victory in 1800. With him the game of politics was only the means for saving the new nation from aristocracy, or even monarchy, and giving to the common people a real chance to control their government. In his secret diary he tells how, in 1790, he found official circles in Washington honeycombed with desire for monarchy: "a preference of kingly over republican government was evidently the favorite sentiment," he writes. President Washington was loyal to the republic "but Hamilton was not only a monarchist, but for a monarchy bottomed on corruption." Against this danger Jefferson labored so earnestly that ten years later he was elected to the presidency by his new party, a party consisting largely of farmers; not unlike the Populist of nearly a century afterward, and quite as much feared for their radical ideas.

In this election of 1800 the campaign liar, alluded to above by a fragrant title, enters upon our political scene, inventing scandal about the "dangerous and depraved Jefferson." Although these lies were nailed hard and fast, they are still useful as an aid to the proper interpretation of present day campaign fiction. Jefferson, they said, was full of ideas from the French Revolution, the beginning of which he had seen while in France; he hated the Constitution of the United States and would subvert it in order to introduce democracy. He had gained his estate by robbing a widow and fatherless children of funds intrusted to him. He was the father of numerous mulatto children: "Mr. Jefferson's Congo Harem" became a party slogan. Lastly, he was an infidel and an atheist; moreover he did not believe that the flood that floated Noah's Ark was a "universal flood." The only grain of truth in this bushel of lies seems to be in the last one. Posterity as well as contemporaries have inquired, "Was Jefferson an atheist?"

He believed he was a Christian, but he stoutly demanded for himself and for others full liberty of thought and worship. Toward the end of his life he wrote, "I have ever thought religion purely a concern between our God and our conscience, for which we were accountable to Him and not to the priests.

I never told my own religion nor scrutinized that of another. I never attempted to make a convert, nor wished to change another's creed. I have ever judged of the religion of others by their lives." Jefferson prepared for his own spiritual benefit a little book which he entitled, "The Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth," extracted textually from the Gospels in Latin, Greek, French, and English. That is, he pasted in parallel columns the New Testament clippings in these four languages giving the story of Jesus. "A more beautiful or precious morsel of ethics I have never seen," he writes. "It is a document in proof that I am a *real Christian*, that is to say a disciple of the doctrines of Jesus."

Two days before his death, he placed in his only surviving daughter's hands a quaint little poem which he had written as his last message to her, entitled "A Death-bed Adieu." It is not the work of an atheist, certainly (nor yet, alas, of a poet !):

"Life's visions are vanished, its dreams are no more;
Dear friends of my bosom, why bathed in tears?
I go to my fathers, I welcome the shore
Which crowns all my hopes or which buries my cares.
Then farewell, my dear, my lov'd daughter, adieu!
The last pang of life is in parting from you!
Two seraphs await me long shrouded in death;
I will bear them your love on my last parting breath."

But we must at once rescue Thomas Jefferson from the appearance of "saintliness" here presented. He was quite the reverse of sanctimonious or smug; the very soul of hospitality, a genial host and a charming companion and by no means incapable of gallantry with the ladies.

At the inauguration of Madison, his successor in the presidency, Jefferson was joyous as a schoolboy on the first day of vacation. As the ladies pressed near him, a friend whispered jestingly, "You see, they will follow you." "That is as it should be," he replied, "since I am too old to follow them." "I remember," he added, "when Dr. (Benjamin) Franklin's friends were taking leave of him in France, the ladies almost smothered him with embraces. On his introducing me to them as his successor, I told them that among the rest of his privileges, I wished he would transfer this one to me. But he answered, 'No, no; you are too young a man.'" Evidently both Jefferson and Franklin would have enjoyed Browning's poem, *Rabbi ben Ezra*, which begins:

"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be!"

Jefferson seems to have been immensely popular with his own family ; his children and grandchildren, that is, his wife having died, (to her husband's almost insane grief,) early in his career. "His grandchildren," writes a visitor "would steal to his side while he was conversing with his friends, and climb his knee or lean against his shoulder, and he would quietly caress them." "As I passed the terrace," continues this friend, "Mr. Jefferson came out and joined us. The children ran to him and immediately proposed a race. We seated ourselves, and he, after placing them according to their size one before the other, gave the word for starting and away they flew. The little girls were much tired by the time they returned and came panting to throw themselves into their grandfather's arms, which were opened to receive them. He pressed them to his bosom and rewarded them with a kiss. They now called on him to run with them, and he did not long resist and seemed delighted in delighting them." Which seems to indicate that he was the right sort of a grand-daddy, does it not ?

If anyone would like to supplement these pitifully inadequate glimpses of this great patriot, statesman, philosopher, and most likeable human being, by a charming biography of him, such an one is cordially advised to read James Parton's "Life of Thomas Jefferson." Though this book was written fifty years ago, it is still the most readable, though unfortunately not the most accurate, of the biographies of this third president of the United States.

"DREAMS"

ANYTHING truly big cannot be narrowed down to the confines of a single definition. Who can define religion, beauty, creed, with one word? It is impossible. Thus, the atmosphere Olive Schreiner conveys with such delicate artistry in her "Dreams" cannot be fully expressed with one word. It is impossible. If it were necessary to choose the word most adequately covering my impression, that word would be beauty ; beauty handled with such a fine sensitive touch that I begin with trepidation my task of approaching its web-like weavings with so gross a hand.

As the thread of even a web can be traced, so can one trace the threads woven into the atmosphere of "Dreams", allegories of great beauty and profound thought. That beauty can be created by simplicity of style is a fact that many of our modern authors have overlooked to their own disadvantage. Olive Schreiner's choice of words makes it almost possible for a child to read, though the thought conveyed with such austere simplicity is far beyond a child's comprehension :

“And the wise old woman answered, ‘O fools and blind. What you once had is that which you have now. When Love and Life first meet, a radiant thing is born, without a shade. When the roads begin to roughen, when the shades begin to darken, when the days are hard, and the nights cold and long — then it begins to change. Love and Life *will* not see it, *will* not know it — till one day they start up suddenly crying, ‘O God, O God we have lost it. Where is it? They do not understand that they could not carry the laughing thing unchanged into the desert and the frost, and the snow. They do not know that what walks beside them still is the Joy grown older. The grave, sweet, tender thing—warm in the coldest snows, brave in the dreariest deserts—its name is Sympathy; it is the Perfect Love.’”

Olive Schreiner is never guilty of that heavy obviousness that is destructive to so delicate a thing as beauty. The suggestiveness of her allegorical style would stir up the most stagnant imagination :

“Then from the shuttle of Imagination he took the thread of his wishes, and threw it on the ground ; and the empty shuttle he put into his breast, for the thread was made in those valleys, but the shuttle came from an unknown country.”

Generally I await with a certain amount of tenseness the close of the book I am reading. A single sentence and the effect of what has gone before is sometimes marred beyond recovery. The disappointment I feel in reaching the end of one of the dreams, is tempered with a certain degree of eagerness ; I am sure of her. I know there will not be one word to mar the beauty of the whole ; with the end of one of these dreams we get true art. In the “Hunter”, a picture is given of a man who seeks the Truth—“a vast white bird with silver wings outstretched sailing in the everlasting blue.”—but who succeeds in attaining but one feather from Truth, gained only after he realizes that there must always be someone who, by his suffering without success, prepares the way for another. The finishing touches add much.

“Then slowly from the white sky above, through the still air, came something falling, falling, falling. Softly it fluttered down, and dropped onto the breast of the dying man. He felt it with his hand. It was a feather. He died holding it.”

In “The Garden of Pleasure” Duty demands the highest sacrifice. Again we are shown of what worth is an artistic ending :

“— and took out of it one small flower she had hidden there, and lay it on the sand. She had nothing more to give now, and she wandered away, and the gray sand whirled about her.”

Perhaps what contributes most to the atmosphere of beauty is the fragrance of the old school. Her style reverts back to the style of the Bible. As the passages I have quoted prove, "Dreams" contains some of the essentials of poetry: rhyme and picture language. The simplicity of the dreams helps to create the impression that the style and even the phrasing is somewhat Biblical:

"And I said to God, 'What is that?' For amid the sound of the singing and over the dancing of feet, and over the laughing across the wine-cups, I heard a cry.

And God said, 'Stand a way off.'

And he took me where I saw both sides of the curtain."

As Mr. Chapman says, "The Bible goes down deep, reaches up high, and clothes itself in picture language that fits." — The very essence of this thought permeates "Dreams."

Attempting the impossible, I once tried to define literature in a single sentence: books are only worth while when they leave with you some of their inherent beauty. "Dreams" would most certainly meet that definition.

"THE BIG THREE"

WE realize that we cannot bring to our subject that wealth of tender detail that is the accumulated treasure of the sons of any of the three great Alma Maters; experiences gained through four years within their walls, reverted to in memory and added to at alumni reunions. But we have trod the "green", the "campus" and the "yard", and we have played with the guardians of the Bulldog, the Tiger and Johnny Harvard. And so, after acknowledging our limitations, and with some temerity, we yet dare to undertake a characterization of the three angles of the American Collegiate Triangle, Yale, Princeton, and Harvard.

Given the triangle Y. H. P. and taking the left base angle Y, we prove that the angles are unequal. For Yale stands for Brawn, Princeton for "Being a Gentleman", Harvard for Brains. "Brawn" we mean to include all that comes under that great phrase, "Yale Spirit". Your big man at Yale strokes the winning blue, is monarch of the Gridiron, or holds highest points on the diamond. On Tap Day he goes Bones or Keys. He is the typical clean-shaven, straight-limbed American, slightly heavy of jaw, with a gleaming Pebecco smile. His hair has a seal-like sleekness. This is exhibited to full advantage in the Senior, hatless even in a northeast blizzard, but the under-

classman drags a shapeless felt down to his ears, where it meets his carelessly turned-up coat-collar. This daily hat is mauled into a headpiece whose contour defies classification, but when week-ending in New York, or at "the big game", the true son of Eli supports with his ears that survival of the barbaric helmet a derby. He walks with a slightly lowered head, but sometimes his eyes are lifted to the horizon, not to wonder what is beyond, but to be proud that it is Yale blue, and to notice that the sun itself suggests our great gold standard. For there is no wonder in the Yale man about anything intangible; he much prefers "Artists and Models" to "Sun-Up".

Of himself he is absolutely sure. The crew coach does not hesitate to announce before a race that "Yale is in a winning mood". The race ended, the mood has changed. Patriotic alumni explain it by the exhaustion of Connecticut soil. Others less enthusiastic recognize the fallibility of Yale spirit. The discerning see some of these same shortcomings in the politic Billy Phelps, over-ready to fill his book reviews with superlatives and personal anecdotes. But most of the world is not discerning and joins in a glad rah! rah! for all the activities of the sons of Eli.

Taking the right base angle P we have for our proposition "Being a Gentleman". The Princeton man means by this the old Greek standard of "Nothing in excess", but he does not use that phrase—instead he calls the failure to meet that standard "running it out". He condemns loudness of dress, wears his quiet, handsome clothes with easy grace, carrying his own good looks with a recognition of their value, but not self-consciously. His tweeds and knickers are of the finest quality. The foolish Spring Beer Suits of the Seniors do not hide silk socks and expensive sport shoes, nor disguise the natural grace of carriage and well-proportioned figures that seem to be the natural heritage of the princes of Nassau. The Princeton man condemns noisy boastings of athletic ability. Before a game little is said, but the sons of Nassau fill the stands and "support the team" winning or losing.

The "Greasy Grind" is an abhorred individual, and the man who obtains the "gentleman's mark" of "C" in his courses is admired, but it is an even bet with each Senior Class as to whether their choice of greatest honor will be the winning of Varsity "P" or Phi Beta Kappa. Athletes and editors sit side by side in Senior Council.

While the great garish musical comedy of the Triangle Club is enthusiastically supported, the cleverness of "Le Theatre Intime" is only indulgently tolerated, for the typical Princetonian is a little afraid of being "fritty".

The writer of many of the Intime plays does not make a club perhaps he has an excess of brains. Socially he will be damned thereby, though perhaps

academically he is admired. And here is Princeton's great fault—the snobbery, within her own walls and in her judgments of the world. The “gentleman” she sets up has to be as high as her limited ideas of him, but never any higher. He must conform.

Taking the apex angle H, conspicuously alone and yet so unassuming, we have Brain. Your Harvard man is not a “Greasy Grind”, and yet he more nearly approaches the true intellectual than anything the American university has yet developed, for he looks on life beyond his own college.

Of “college spirit” he knows nothing. He does not go out to the big games to “root for Harvard”, neither does he stay at home because he has no interest in college athletics. As a vital part of his university, the crew and teams command his respect and support. Never are they all-essential, never over-estimated, but take their natural place in the sane existence of a true sportsman. For after all true sportsmanship is true sanity, whether in the game of football or the game of life. And it is because the Harvard man plays the game of life that his “college spirit” has been merged into a greater emotion, the spirit of life.

A careless slouch characterizes his walk. His clothes, probably carefully chosen would seem to have not been chosen at all. Nor are they ill-fitting. Simply do they have the secret of inconspicuous perfection. Shell-rimmed spectacles he wears without affection, and his well-modulated voice has just a hint of an English accent.

Harvard clubs are made up of men athletic both physically and mentally. They are, perhaps, exclusive, but they only exclude the man who has no preceptible kind of individuality. Here the men are not afraid to discuss something of more value to humanity than athletic prowess and selected text-books. They do not always hurry through dinner and run to the nearest movie, but linger to exchange ideas—real ideas. They are essentially simple in a refreshing way, could the world but understand them. But because they do not care what the world thinks, they are condemned as America's greatest snobs. That is because the world does not know the difference between snobbery and discrimination.

And so, having completed the triangle Y. H. P., base angles Y and P, apex angle H, it is found that the angles and colleges are unequal and differ each to each.

Q. E. D.

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