

SERMON BY REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLS

THE OPTIMISM OF GREATNESS VERSUS THE DOUBT AND FEAR OF MEDIOCRITY

Text—I hear the tread of coming rain.

AMONG the great men who have made history we must make a large place for the prophet of a new era, Elijah, the optimist. From every point of view he was the outstanding man of his time. Single-handed, he stayed the movement toward idolatry, turned the stream of superstition and idolatry back in its channel and recovered men to faith in them. For that reason he shares with Moses the honor of being associated with Christ in his transfiguration scene. Elijah differed from the great emancipator, Moses, however, in one striking particular. If Moses was a constructive man, who ushered in new institutions, Elijah was essentially a destructive nature, overthrowing old and bad customs. As such he was the typical reformer, rough, of granite-like endurance, a narrow man, narrow enough to have a cutting edge; a broad man, broad enough to have weight and momentum. His symbol was the flail for separating the wheat from the chaff, the knife that cuts away the wound, the tongue of fire that consumes all evil.

Like John the Baptist, he was an ascetic, dwelling in the desert, wearing a coat of skins, and living on locusts. Like Bernard, he broke with his sovereign, and was hunted over the hills by the soldiers of his King. Like St. Francis of Assisi, he was a prophet of the open air, in the stroke of the whirlwind discerning the stroke of God's footsteps; yet like the Mystics, he recognized God's footprints chiefly in the still, small voice. In an era when the King was Queen, and the reactionary movement toward the worship of Baal, Elijah braved public opinion and stood out boldly against the political leaders. It was as if one man should go with naked breast against an army of soldiers armed with spears, and when he was 21 years of age, Abraham Lincoln wrote these words in his journal: "If at any time my soul expands until I feel that I am the son of God, it is in the hour when I imagine myself standing alone in the face of all the people who try to frown me down. It is for others to say we are the last to desert our country. I will say, I never deserted her." And Elijah was the forerunner of our great Emancipator, sublime in his optimism and in his faith in justice and in God.

A Dramatic Scene.

The scene in which this doubting servant and this optimistic prophet play their parts is one of the most dramatic in history. For months the clouds had withheld their rain, the mountains were bare and the earth iron. Through fierce heat the sun had burned the grass into its roots, shriveled the olives and flung upon their trees, made the Jordan itself a sinuous thread of heated and bare stones. All this, too, in a land where harvest meant water and drought meant famine for man and beast. In their despair all the people rushed together before the King's palace. In their fear they exclaimed against God: "He has forgotten his promise; he said that Summer and Winter and seed time and harvest should not fail; but they have failed." With one accord they turned toward idolatry, rushed to the altars on the hills and offered sacrifice to Baal. Then stood forth the man of God. Men jeered and scoffed, but Elijah wrapped his mantle about his face, and, though there was no stain of vapor in the air, he answered: "I hear the tread of coming rain." Going apart from the people, the man of God sent his companion to the hilltop to look for the approaching storm. Six times he returned to answer, "There is nothing," and six times Elijah, with hands upon his knees and face within his hands, not even lifting his face to look toward the horizon, answered: "I hear the tread of coming rain." Returning the seventh time, the youth beheld a cloud rising like unto a man's hand for size. He answered: "I hear the tread of coming rain." Then came the ominous rumble and roar of wind that preceded the storm, bursting o'er the land. In long, stinging rays the clouds poured forth their treasure. That night the King in his chariot rode wheel-deep through



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"The cloud is black, but light is behind it. These are but the whispertings of his wisdom, the full thunder of his love who can understand." And here is Elshah, hunted by his enemies like a partridge o'er the hills, and at last driven to cover in a little village. His companion exclaims, "There is nothing!" but when the young man's eyes are opened, lo! the mountains are filled with the chariots and the horsemen of God. And here is the despondent prophet, who exclaims, "I alone am left! Now take away my life." And, behold, there were seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal. Here are the pessimists of today. They are appalled by the might of cruel wealth and organized corruption. They think the forces of evil are already waxing. Indignity seems rampant, the wicked flourish like the green bay tree. The righteous are clean forgotten of God. But this voice is the voice of mediocrity. The great man today stays his heart on hope in God. "What do you see?" said one to the dying hero in a dark hour for the church. Then answered an intrepid soul, "What do I see? I see Jerusalem falling upon the Christ; I see Rome falling upon Jerusalem. I see the Goths falling upon Rome. I see the Lord arise to go forth and smite his enemies." And the hero conquered by faith in that God who subdueth all enemies by sheer weight of love.

What History Says.

History is God uttering himself through events. In this divine book he speaks through the experiences of divine souls, the prophets, the apostles and the martyrs. In the book of Nature he speaks through the laws of light and heat. Among the nations he speaks through events in their causes and sequences. Let history, therefore, utter her voice and speak, enforcing this principle. Perhaps events will determine whether there is ground for the fears and doubts of mediocrity, and whether or not the centuries have justified the optimism and faith of great men. The generation that lay before the coming of Christ was an era of fear and doubt. It seemed as if every intellectual torch had been extinguished, leaving the world in the night of ignorance. Slowly all the

that men said "there is nothing?" That elaves and gladiators and people were sullen in hopelessness? And yet in that very hour, when weak men trembled, as did Elijah's servant, the great man could answer, "I hear the tread of coming rain." In the hour when other lights were extinguished, the star that made others dim by force of brightness arose; when intellect perished, the supreme intellect of all the ages stood forth to teach. Where had been the uncleanness in palace and slave market, was heard one saying: "Blessed are the pure in heart." After Anthony had put to death his greatest enemy, Cleo, there came a teacher saying: "Love your enemies; pray for them that despitefully use you." To a generation that looked toward death as an awful plunge into darkness, came one saying: "Let not your heart be troubled; in my Father's house are many mansions." Verily it was darkest just before the dawn. Verily the light burned low, only that it might flame up in new and unwonted brilliancy. Surely the events of that epoch have justified the optimism of the great souls that answered doubt and fear, saying: "In this our drought I hear the tread of coming rain."

Beginnings of Christianity.

Then three and thirty years passed away. There came a time when fear seemed to have a right to say: "There is nothing." The last year of Christ's ministry was drawing to a close. The first year of his teaching was the year of public curiosity. The next year was the year of popular favor, when people pressed and thronged about the new Teacher. During the third year of his ministry he went into the remote region of Tyre and Sidon, and into the country beyond the Jordan. To those who sat in darkness he preached the coming kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of righteousness and love, set up in the city of man's soul. It was true that the leaders feared him, and that the rulers and scribes were plotting a conspiracy to compass his overthrow. It was also true that he had won the attention of the rulers and the common people heard him gladly. With what expectant hope looked he forward to the coming of the passover. For the disciples and their Master events seemed propitious. It happened, also, that the passover year was a favorable one for the incoming of strangers. Never was there such a system of university extension invented as the Jewish passover system. Once each year the Jews assembled for two weeks in the home capital; merchants from the East, the bankers from Alexandria and Antioch, the financiers from Ephesus. A full half million people were assembled in Jerusalem and their white tents covered all the hills round about. For two weeks the people listened to the great rabbi, who returned from many a distant town to unfold the Messianic scriptures. At last the ripe hour had come. Every moment was big with promise and also destiny. When the people met their Master with banners, strewed palm branches in the way and brought him in with trumpets and trumpets, the disciples entered into their full victory. Then when a few days passed, lo, every hope went crashing down in ruin. It was as if some satanic Samson had bowed himself to pull the temple of Jewish civilization down upon the Christ and crush him midst the universal ruin. First, the chief priests made common cause with the Roman governor. Then the great teachers from foreign cities grew cold and doubtful. Thereupon the common people caught the contagion of fear, and they, too, fell away. When all passers-by frowned upon him, he called his twelve disciples into an upper room, but even this company began to fall in pieces. First, Judas took his part and was gone into the night. Then Christ forebore the denial of Peter and the flicker of fear on young John's face. He felt that even this beloved disciple would soon follow afar off. Six hours later he was alone in the garden, deserted by all his band, surrounded by enemies assembled to compass his death. Little was to be said: "There is nothing; all is gone. God himself hath forgotten." But the one "whose name is above every name," said, "Let not your hearts be troubled." If the Jewish priests and the Roman rulers and the common people all deserted him, he said to the twelve, "Fear not." If Judas betrayed and Peter denied, and all played the coward and fled, he kept his untroubled heart, even in that hour. Was his faith justified by events? Was there solid ground for this optimism? Leap over

the next 40 days. The disciples are back, henceforth a solid band, unyielding as rock. With them have come the great company of three thousand. Three days later there are five thousand. Twenty years later they are two hundred thousand. A century later there are two millions. And now, these disciples, each with a torch in his hand, are marching straight away from Jerusalem into every corner of the earth, that they may kindle a fire, that will never die out, upon the altars of the human heart. Verily again events have justified the Man of God, who answered the fear of the time of drought, "I hear the tread of the coming rain."

A Dark Hour and the Bright Hope.

Now pass over another century. Let us not speak of the era of that Nero who slew Paul, and led his guests through his gardens that at night were lighted up by rows of Christians wearing coats of burning pitch. Come to the era of Commodus and Diocletian. Unmolested and depressed, Christianity has been growing in secret. It was a leaven that worked silently, but it worked, and, oh, how rapidly. It had its initial impulse from the Apostles, and from men like Paul, who went with quenchless enthusiasm into the huts of slaves, and into the cells where gladiators lived, who assembled the soldiers in their camps and brightened many a stormy night. In this life the poor had no hope, and they gave eager heed to these messengers whose souls were overflowing with hope and joy. Also the wise word of Christ, the beauty of his parables, his stainless life, the winsomeness of his love, his enthusiasm for public and sinner, and the high hopes of the life beyond that he held out melted all hearts. Could we go back to that far-off scene we should see many an old disciple in the darkness, surrounded by a little handful of the poor, and while he talks the story of this wondrous teacher the tears fall on furrowed cheeks all un-void to tears. The scholars went over first, and secretly, and the poor followed hard after. Last of all the middle class began to move. By the year 120 the memorabilia of Christ had taken final form in the Four Gospels. By the year 140 Celsus and Lucian and the adherents of Jupiter and Apollo had become alarmed, and turned the whole force of their wit and ridicule against the new religion. Then the Emperor began to feel alarmed. Plainly Christianity could be no longer ignored. The better also the Emperor, and the more patriotic and the more faithful to the Roman law, the more zealous in persecution. Diocletian made a stand for his nation's faith. The old Roman's spirit put on its coat of mail, whetted its sword and went forth to exterminate. The conflict between the two was like a duel between an armed knight and a man of straw, whose only weapon is her stainless innocence. Dr. Hittchcock has beautifully said that the Roman spirit and the Christian faith entered the amphitheater and the gates were shut. The noblest writers, like Origen and Justin Martyr; the greatest heroes, like Polycarp and Ignatius; the most beautiful women, like Perpetua and Felicitas, were burned or tortured, or torn by wild beasts or tossed on the horns of a bull. The flames of persecution were exceedingly fierce. If the heavens wept with any rain, the drops were red with blood. And in the sands of that arena the cruel knight fought with the spirit of Innocence, that had no weapon and

Sun's Rays Beneficial to Mankind

Theory Advanced by Army Surgeon—Portland Safe Refuge.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian).—That we Americans, like Hamlet, are "too much of the sun," are light-draft to an alarming degree, are nerve-worn and over-stimulated by sunlight; that the darker our immigrants the further south they should settle, and vice versa; that we are but small corner of the United States where blond and black men can thrive, unless the former take to the mountains or to the Pacific Northwest; that the blonds have been the brains and rulers of the world and should be still; that they are degenerating because leaving their cold and cloudy zone; that they should wear white outer garments and black underclothes in Summer; that there were two Gargames of Eden—one for roses and the other for long heads; that the Adam and Eve of each were brunettes. These are some of the deductions to be made by Major Charles E. Woodruff, surgeon, United States Army, in a forthcoming treatise which, among man students, promise to be the scientific sensation of the year.

Death Proportional to Sunshine.
"The death rate of a place is proportional to its sunshine and inversely proportional to its latitude—other factors being eliminated." This Dr. D. Woodruff fits to the United States. The zenith sun of the tropics gives the greatest light, and the amount of rays per square foot of surface diminishes as the angle of the sun's rays set up from the tropics the greater the layer of air which the rays must pass through to be absorbed before they strike man.

Some solar rays are poisonous to man. The slowest other waves are from 100 to 150 feet apart, and among them are those used in wireless telegraphy. Shorter and faster are the dark heat waves, and slightly more rapid still are those influencing the eye, giving it the sensation first of red and then, as they grow still faster, of all colors of the rainbow up to violet. These faster than violet light rays, the "ultra-violet," are invisible to man; although some lower animals see them perfectly, and this see in a room dark to us. The short violet and ultra-violet rays set up very rapid movements without becoming heated. Among them are X-rays and radium rays, the latter sometimes penetrating an inch deep in metal.

Sun Rays That Kill.

Each ray has its effect on life. Those dangerous to man are the short ultra-violet, violet, indigo and blue. Dark pigment of the skin excludes them, but admits the harmless green, yellow, orange, red and longer rays. The red, violet and ultra-violet rays are "deadly drugs," curative when used in moderation, like arsenic, also stimulating, like alcohol. They kill mildew, but have the same effect upon our protoplasm as upon that of the disease germ. They can paralyze our sense nerve, and thus act as an anesthetic, like cocaine. A Russian physician performs operations under a lamp giving

would not resist. When the duel was over, Christianity, like a young girl, bore the wounded knight in her arms out of the arena, and healed his wounds and nursed him back to life again. Meanwhile the force of persecution had driven the disciples over the Alps into the forests, who dwelt like the Germans. Westward into the borders of Spain and England, eastward toward the Ganges, south toward the head waters of the Nile. Again, if in the hour of persecution, fear and doubt, said, "There is nothing," the faith and optimism of greatness answered, "I hear the tread of the coming rain."

Hope Safer Than Fear.

Pass over the centuries familiar to us all. Recall only for a moment the darkness of that era when the Florentine monk was burned, only to be followed by the era of faith and light; the time of drought that fell upon the land of the Huguenots, to be followed by that burst of enthusiasm and faith unparalleled in history; the time of Luther, when there was only a German monk to stand up against the excesses of the age of indulgences. Though a generation later this monk had given Germany a new language and ushered in the great modern Protestantism. Come on to the time of our own Puritan fathers. It is the time of Charles the First. The church has grown rich; it has lands; it has gold and silver. Its pope lives in a palace. When the Prince is welcomed by that pope the magnate lifts his jeweled fingers and points towards his coffers overflowing with coin, saying, "The day has gone and the church must pay silver and gold have I none?" To which the Prince answered, "Yes, and the day has gone also when the church says, rise up and walk." Wishing to gain the power of gold, the King becomes a spiritual lord, passes acts of uniformity. He orders prayers to be written; assumes the right of sovereignty over every man's conscience. And when the people rebel the King lifts his mailed hand to strike. In London the great scholar and pastor was scorned in the market place and his ears cropped off. On a single day 400 pastors are led from their homes in chains. Sir John Elliot dies in London Tower. John Bunyan goes through Bedford Prison. The women in Scotland are stalked out amid the rising tide. Our forefathers leave their manor houses, their lands, their native land. They make their way to Holland, and when life there is no longer tenable they march down to the sea in the hollow of his hand, and sail forth to meet savages, Winter, famine, pestilence, that leaves half their number dead, lying under the snow, ere the first Winter had passed. All over Scotland and England and in the new colonies doubt and fear exclaimed: "There is nothing left; God has forgotten; oppression is overcast; righteousness goes to the wall." But amidst the fear and the darkness our Puritan fathers answered with the optimism of greatness: "God is abroad. He has not forgotten. We hear the tread of coming rain. We are a handful, but we shall become a great company." And when Fear said, "There is no future for us," lifting his hand to his ear the Puritan listened, and in the optimism of his greatness answered: "I hear the tread of coming rain, keeping step with God's footsteps and leading the hosts into the promised land." And now behold, Wisdom and knowledge have come as a host. The millions knock at the gate of this republic. Liberty rejoices. Humanity is glad. The poor are become too strong to be oppressed. All the nations have gone to school to the history of our people. History is a story that presses and the press and the radio tell that those from red to yellow—the long ones—calm. "It is well known," said Dr. Woodruff, "that red has a tremendous psychological effect on the bull, and it is generally acknowledged that red is more or less used for erotic purposes by the demigods. It is quite likely that red is a general psychic excitant, as it has been said that some manufacturers of photographic plates have been compelled to remove the ruby-red light and substitute another for the darkroom, because prolonged exposure caused psychic irritation to the employees. It has also been popularly supposed that men accused of crime in Russia and confined in cells so as to be immersed in violet and blue light have been so depressed, mentally, in a few weeks as to offer resistance to the police investigation, and that if carried too far the depression is permanent and may even result in profound, incurable melancholia. The light of various colors is now being used in the treatment of the insane through its stimulating or soothing effect, as needed. It is said that some remarkable results have been obtained in the treatment of New York. The diseased nervous system thus shows itself to be very susceptible to these short rays."

We Have Gone Light-Draft.

"We moderns of the intelligent classes," says Dr. Woodruff, "alone violate the mother's instinct to hide away in the dark with her baby, and we ruthlessly thrust it out in the sun's rays—actually strapping the poor little sufferer into their carriages and torturing them with the direct rays of the sun, pouring down upon their faces. Every now and then a physician has to call attention to the damage done. We are the only people who have gone draft on the subject of admitting streams of powerful light into schoolrooms and nurseries far more than is necessary and well. We are also draft on the subject of letting the light stream into the living-rooms and consequently suffer from all kinds of nervous effects unknown to our ancestors, so careful to keep their children closed up in each case—light or caffeine—too much seems to be harmful, for they are powerful agents for destruction."

Light in Evolution—Two Edens.

Light rays have been powerful factors in human evolution, the surgeon opines. The first men were brunettes, but not so dark as the manlike apes. There probably were two cradles of the human race, both cold, light countries. Central Europe was the cradle of the long-headed and Central Asia that of the broad-headed men. A huge inland sea separated Asia from Europe, but as the years went on this disappeared, leaving a narrow strait. The bigger, heavier, broad-headed brunette men came across from Asia and overran almost all of Europe, except Southern Italy, parts of the north and Iceland. They overpowered the native long-headed brunettes, but their descendants have never become blonds.

About 20,000 B. C. some of the long-headed Europeans, Eresse at the rear from Central Europe, had gotten into Scandinavia. The glacial ice sheet had receded and they found their asylum foggy, misty, dark and cold. They were a great destruction of the small, frail, darker and stupid. The forests which had sprung up after the ice sheet had receded afforded darkness, needed to filter out the short rays of the sun's sunshine, rays that burn the hair, his eyes blue. The rigors of the climate allowed only the most intelligent to survive. Thus Scandinavia the cradle of the brunettes, the blonds and the Arryan race. Later, from their Baltic home, the blond Aryans flowed like waves all over Europe, submerging all brunettes met with. Here a history of the brunettes, the blonds, the autonomy and royalty even in lands densely populated. At least 100,000 and perhaps 200,000 years ago, some brothers of our brunette ancestors from the north part of the cradle of the race and went toward the equator. They became black about 80,000 years after they started, although it took only 10,000 years for the Arryan blond to evolve from his brunette ancestors.

Cause of Color and Features.

Man's color pigment is his natural armor against short rays, and its depth became proportionate to the intensity. Hence the negro of the pure brunettes went entirely black, most severe, is nearly jet black. Going north, complexions gradually lighten as more cloudy, cold and forest-clad climates are reached. But in countries where light is as white as the men are red or yellow, which colors exclude dangerous short waves of light, but conserve those of heat. The Eskimo, therefore, lives in darker climates. He must be protected against the long Arctic day and the fierce snow-glare, but yet must have heat. The Indian has not been here long enough to greatly vary his color.

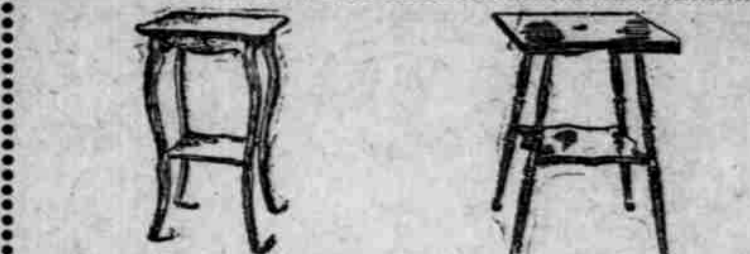
Darkness Increases Weight.

Livestock are found to greatly increase in weight if kept in the dark. Darkness is soothing. Babies are quieted by it. Man can do without light, "in spite of his fanatical faith in its absolute necessity." Miners live to a good old age, generally, Paris sewer-workers, in spite of foul gases and germs, are as healthy as, or healthier than, office workers. The darkness, instead of injuring them, has apparently helped them, for they have not been damaged by light waves. The employees of the London, Paris and New York subways will be better off in Summer than those exposed to the surface glare of the streets.

Dark houses are harmless, according to Dr. Woodruff. The houses of the hardy Scotch have always been small, dark, and the early cave-dwellers were in perfect health for millenniums. The Eskimos, Russian peasants and Siberians are virtual cave-dwellers. Chinese street workers, Europeans are found to thrive best when huddled together in cellars. In St. Petersburg 150,000 people live in parasitism in the cellars of the wealthy. Contagious diseases among the large underground populations of London and New York are no greater than among inhabitants of lighted rooms subjected to the same conditions of overcrowding. Houses of the poor Irish peasants are little better than

TABLE IN TABLES

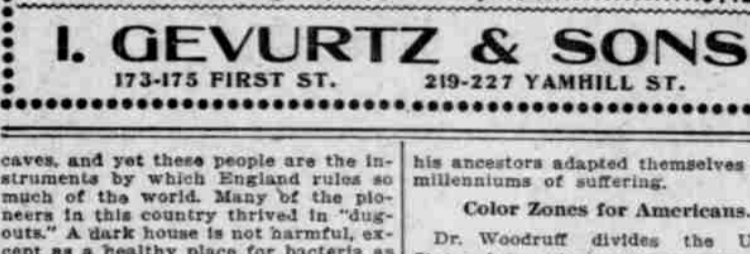
Have you a corner in your hall, parlor or bedroom in need of a table or stand to make its furnishing perfect? If so, you will here find what you need at prices cut closer than at any sale this Spring. They are our Anniversary Sale prices. Choose your table this week.



No. 578 is a Golden Oak Stand, top 15 by 16 inches, braced, with shelf like cut, nicely polished; is regularly priced at \$25.00. This week it is marked down. Call for the number and take it at this week at... \$2.75



No. 585 is a Golden Oak Stand, top 15 by 16 inches, legs with brass and glass bases; a very popular table. This sale sells it at only... \$1.75



No. 586—if you are looking for something real choice and at a give-away price, we have it in this Golden Oak, plain, quarter-sawn, anywhere in town for \$12.00. If you want the number and take it at... \$7.25

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Color Zones for Americans. Dr. Woodruff divides the United States into color zones corresponding with those to which the races became accustomed in the Old World. In their proper zones of states and in about thirty receive just the amount of short light rays that their pigments allow them to withstand. If any race oversteps its zone, degeneration must result, as it is already resulting.

Our color zone where only brown, red and yellow men can thrive lies between the 30th and 40th parallels. It includes our southern tier of states and is about the same as lower Egypt, where negroes must eventually die out. This belt is wholly unfit for whites of any complexion. Southern white families who do not leave it and who do not marry with negroes are feeble. Indeed, degeneration and extinction is the rule among them there, he finds.

Our zone for only dark brunettes and people with olive skin lies between the 35th and 40th parallels. This embraces the states where the negro does not flourish and was not profuse in slavery days. It is the zone of Southern Spain, Southern Italy and Greece.

North of the 40th parallel is the remaining northern half of the United States whose boundaries reach only to 40 degrees. In this zone only the brunette immigrants from Central Europe can flourish.

Small Corner for Blond.

Outside of the forest-clad mountains with their misty air and foliage, which combine to filter out the short rays bombarding all men in sunny climes, there is but one possible refuge for the golden-haired "Nordic" man, and that is in our entire domain. This is the northeast corner of our Pacific Coast, including Portland, Seattle and Tacoma. The region offers almost the same dark, cool conditions as the cradle of the blond race itself. The winters are cool to cold and there is an average of only one sunny day per week. The white people there are "sturdy healthy" and the children "almost burst with rugged health." They should thank God that they are protected from his sunshine, says the surgeon. "Portland, Seattle and Tacoma are fairly bristling with brilliant blonds, with complexions which the Eastern people envy." Our blonds will thrive also in Southern Alaska and even in the Adirondack and Green Mountains; but in the sunny lowlands never. Blond Norwegian immigrants who settled in Illinois are found to be melting away from consumption. In fact, the American blond is degenerating physically wherever out of his small zone. Everywhere in the country are examples of degeneration of Americans in general due to mis-zoning. White women almost invariably break down in Arizona and New Mexico. Cloudy days are found to have a quieting effect on the neurotic people of Denver, who should have the complexion of Tibetans to withstand their bombardment of short rays.

Foreigners to Thrive Best Here.

The Armenians, Slavs, Greeks, Hungarians and Bulgarians now flocking to this country are the people who will flourish here, because not deserting their zone, whereas the blond immigrants are too far south even in Boston. New York is perfectly fitted for the Jews of Poland and Central Europe. The blond will, however, continue to stream over here from Europe and may learn to avoid the dangers of light. But to reduce his mortality so that his appearance will be only gradual he must devise some artificial protection from light. To accomplish this his outer clothing for a Summer day should be white, or at least gray or yellow, to reflect heat rays. His underclothing should be black or yellow, preferably the former, which will shut out the short violet and ultra-violet rays not reflected with those carrying heat. The hat should be broad-brimmed and might well be lined with tuffol, opaque to all solar rays. The hair should be long during the Summer when the short rays are brightest.

The Ublan.

Thomas Walsh in Century. Young Hugo's an Ublan. His horse is the Kaiser's. But Hugo is mine. To the cry of the clarion rides he swears—"The reddest of whippers I make him obey." Though sunlight flash bravely on saber and lance. I fear that he trembles in meeting my glance. But fearless to battle my Hugo can be—As fierce to the foe as a tender to me. As, faster, lighter pennon, away to the strife: On my tinted flag I balance his life. For Hugo's an Ublan, An Ublan an Ublan, His horse is the Kaiser's, But Hugo is mine.