"The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting;
And cometh from afar.—Wordsworth.

Our death is but renewal of the broken Life,
Our souls once lived beneath oblivion's flowery sod;
Once lived—then Death put in his claims—and we were born.

Ah! this is living death, this struggle through the world
In search of Life, that promised thing we know not what;
The rainbow has no end, nor has its wealth of gold.

We seek, obtain, yet feel not that we aught acquire;
We reach the top and weep because we are so low.
'Tis death to breathe, and still to know not that we live.

Once there was nothing to disturb our peaceful rest,
Perhaps some whisper from some living god there was,
Perhaps we heard some angel songs that deepened sleep.

But still we slumbered calmly on, content to feel
Securely wrapt in silence—then our death knell rung,
And we were born—Oh! this, indeed, was living death.

Yet when we are released from vast Ambition's throes,
And reach the brook 'twixt life and death, our eyes shall shut,
In endless sleep, though dead, shall wake to endless Life.
THE first german of the year was over, and John Forrest was in his room again, thinking over the occurrences of the evening as he prepared to retire, and from time to time, breaking out in bits of conversation to his roommate, Wilson Hobbs, generally known as "Hobby."

"Say, Hobby, did you meet Clara Gannett? No? Let me tell you one thing, my boy, you still have something to live for. I danced every set she'd give me and broke with her so often I really felt ashamed of myself, and that's a fact. I'll tell you twelve o'clock came so quickly that it broke in on my calculations. Did you notice her when I was dancing with her?"

"No, I didn't; but it's great to listen to you rant and rave about a girl you have had the pleasure of knowing for three brief hours. I might venture to observe that some seltzer might be helpful to clear your mind of those effeminate cobwebs. Didn't think you cared especially for the 'fair ones,'" said Hobbs.

"But," interrupted Forrest, "this one is so different—"

"Oh, that's what they all say," returned Hobbs; "but since you insist upon my noticing her, I believe I did see a girl in a pale blue dress, with hair that was almost frowsy, and a complexion like a peach on the side where the sun shines. Got anything further to add in describing her?" he asked in his terse, but tantalizing way.

"Really, old man, I'm sorry that I was boring you—but she is such a clever little dancer. And talk! She can talk your head off. And she has a way of looking straight at you, too. Gives your heart a little flutter, I tell you, when she looks up at you while you are dancing with her. And I don't give a tinker's hurrah what you say about her hair; it's just lovely. The light gets all tangled up in it and stays there like the myth of the pond lily. Golly, but I'm glad Alfred Doten brought
her around! He always was a friend of mine, and he’s doubly so now.”

“Well,” said Hobbs, “I’m going out for a little walk and smoke before I go to bed, and I hope you will be asleep before I get back—and will have forgotten all about the german and the girl, too,” he added under his breath.

As he walked out into the cool, clear night he began to wonder about the girl that Forrest had tried so incoherently to describe. He had seen her—had noticed her, in fact, closer than he had admitted to Forrest. That she was a pretty girl, no one could deny. But old ‘‘Woods’’ had seen other pretty girls. What in the world caused him to rave about her as he did? He must be in earnest, too, for all his jollying. Well, we’ll see.

“Let me see,” he mused, “blue eyes, dark brown hair, slim figure, and clear complexion, matched with light hair, brown eyes, tan skin, and athletic build. Holy smoke! They would make a great looking couple. Guess I’ll have to act his guardian if anything serious turns up. I’d hate to see him go off at a tangent though, and fall the easy mark of the first girl with a pretty face and wit enough to keep him on the go.” Thus he soliloquized. Tiring of his walk, he returned and found Woods fast asleep, as he had hoped. He watched the sleeper a moment, and then with a “poor, dear old Woods,” turned to his own bed.

The two boys had been associated together since their freshman year. Meeting on the train, they became so well acquainted that they had decided to room together, and since that time they had been practically inseparable. Hobbs had the stronger personality, but his appearance and manners were not as polished and elegant as Forrest, and consequently Forrest shone in society, where Hobbs was satisfied to plod along uneventfully. But it was largely through Hobbs’ patient care, criticism and clever manipulation that Forrest had entered his senior year “heart whole and fancy free.” And it was a fear that Forrest, whom he loved almost as a brother, would make a rash match, impulsive as he was, that troubled Hobbs. Forrest, while open-hearted, and open-handed, was very sensitive, somewhat high tempered and impulsive. Not that he didn’t want Forrest to
marry, but he feared he would get some one unsuited to him, and not worthy of the man he knew and believed his friend to be.

To his dismay, the ravings he heard the first night were followed by others, and a permanent friendship was established. Whenever there was a reception, theatre party, German, or even a walk, Miss Gannett was in evidence, and you could depend that Forrest would not be far distant. And he was really upset when he learned from the joyful Forrest that Miss Gannett was to spend the winter at the springs, but a short ride from the college. He was the unwilling confidant of Forrest. He followed the two in their ups and downs, for he found that the best way to handle Forrest was to let him say his say. Towards the end of the session, as the final exams. approached, the German Club gave its last "blowout" of the school year. It seemed to Hobbs that everybody looked better and everything outshone all former occasions. Forrest was there apparently having the time of his life. The affair moved off beautifully, and again Forrest came home raving. This had become rather usual, though, during the session, and Hobbs had become immune to it.

"I'll tell you one thing, Hobby," said Forrest, "that girl has got to turn me down point-blank before this session closes, and that's a fact. Man, I'm getting desperate! Here it is within but a few weeks, and I'll be out in the wide, wide world without a tie or an anchor-sheet, and if I let her go, I may never see her again. If I can't get up the courage to ask her outright, I'll write her."

Hobbs had about become reconciled to the fate he clearly foresaw was in store for his friend, and he said nothing to dissuade him, nor did he offer any advice. Two days later Forrest was suddenly called home on account of sickness. He endeavored to reach Clara by telephone, but as she had gone on a little trip up the mountains, he was unable to speak to or see her before he left. The continued illness of his mother prevented his return to college in time to graduate, and the exercises of the school closed. Hobbs knew that Forrest was terribly in earnest, and was interested to know the outcome of the affair,
but he could not find out more than that Miss Gannett had returned to her home in Northern Indiana. He visited Forrest a few days after school, and when Forrest came to tell him good-bye, he gave him his last confidence.

"Sit down, Hobbs, and I'll tell you the whole thing before you leave. I want you to know, although you will be the only one that will know the whole affair, I guess. When I went home, after I failed to reach her over the telephone, I wrote her at the first opportunity and made a clean breast of the whole thing. And she left without a single line. Not even an acknowledgment, Hobbs. I'll tell you, old man, how I wish I had taken your advice! I was completely taken in, and I trusted her so much—so much. I guess I was more grateful to Alfred Doten than was needful."

"Why don't you write her again and ask for some kind of reply? You know she certainly would say something," said Hobbs.

"Me? Write her again? And after such treatment? I thought you knew me better, Hobby. One mess of humble pie is enough for me. But I'll swear that was a raw deal. She might have let me down easy. Well, I won't burden you longer with my troubles. You've been a good friend to me. Here's hoping you will profit by my little experience, old man, for I've had to pay the piper."

* * * * * * * * *

"John, why don't you come to your breakfast? Your coffee will be cold. And the children will be late at school again. I declare you are getting worse and worse. After I get breakfast I can't get you to eat it in time for me to get the children off to school."

"All right. I'll be there in a minute," and in a little while John Forrest entered to breakfast. Across the table sat his wife, a bustling, hustling kind of woman with a business air and plenty of talk. He had settled down in the town of Welch, and was doing fairly well. But several years had passed since his college days, and those who had known him formerly could see that he had changed. The fire and sparkle was fast leaving his
eyes, and his step was not the elastic one of bygone days. Home and business life was plainly wearing on John Forrest. Before breakfast was finished the morning mail was brought in. When he finished, amid the clatter and chatter of his wife, he pushed back his chair and began to read his mail. Among the letters was one, enclosing another. Upon opening this, he read:

"In going through the effects of my son, Alfred, who, as you probably are aware, was killed in the Phillipines last month, I found the enclosed letter addressed to you, in the pocket of an old dress suit of his. I thought it would be best to forward it to you."

A glance at the writing on the envelope caused his cheek to pale. Only too well he knew that handwriting. Rising, he went to the grate, and leaning against the mantel, tore it open with trembling hand. As he read, he leaned still more against the mantel. He finished, and looking around at his wife and children, slowly folded the letter and tore it into bits and threw it into the grate. He watched it burn to gray cinders with eyes that saw not and ears that did not heed the sound of childish voices. "Why had the gods selected him for their plaything? Why had he received the letter at this late day? Why was his always the bitter cup?" She came back to him as he had last seen her so plainly that he could trace her face in the coals. But his wife's voice recalled him.

"Hope it was nothing important, John," she said, busily finishing her breakfast.

"No; nothing important. That is, nothing important now," he added, as he turned, taking his coat and hat, and went out to his work. But the clerks say the boss was mighty absent-minded all that day.
“Evelina” and “Henry Esmond” both give us a clear and realistic novelized version of eighteenth century life. In them we see that century bubbling over with gayety and frivolousness. Sham display and slavish imitation both carried to an excess became obstinate evils. Excess of the good is really the problem of that century. The people were on the right road, but they went too fast. The light fopperies of society, so entrancing to all, the increasing freedom of woman, the dandyism of men, the whole interplay of life—what was it all but the very soul, the very essence of life and society? Aye, essence. Imitation and display—this is all there was, and all there need be of society. Imitation is a product of association; display, of emulation. These two terms, association and emulation, are but words expressing what we commonly know as the two opposing forces, co-operation and competition.

True literati were scarce in high society. Dilettanteism was an effective cloak for their ignorance. The men of any literary attainments whatever were never members of either high or low society. They were always in a class by themselves. Coffee houses became popular with these men, clubs sprang up, and everywhere among these men the social side of life was extremely attractive.

Society in the eighteenth century seemed to cherish no fond hopes, no dreams of what was to be. Both high and low classes were alike in the dull monotony, sordid aims and superficial aspirations of their existence. There was but small difference between the airy lightness of fashionable talk and the impenetrable darkness of slum ignorance. One did not know and ridiculously tried to cover up its ignorance, the other did not know and left its ignorance uncovered to the world. One was an inevitable hypocrite, the other an inevitable clown. Tradition, Fashion and Respectability were the three almighty of all social action.

Thus, superficiality is the word that best describes the eighteenth century. They cast their boat upon the waters, content
merely to sail along and see nothing but a changeless horizon. It never occurred to them to dive down after the pearls. The borrowed and insincere philosophy of Pope, the sing-song monotony of the worshipped couplets, the fatal dearth of lyrical lays, the sameness of their judgments and the orthodoxy of their literary appreciations, are all examples of their literary superficiality. Conformity to the established rules of literary judgment stifled their literary progress.

What was true in the world of literature was also true in the social world. The eighteenth century was one long engrossing drama of Hedonism. In practice, if not in theory, pleasure was the be-all and the end-all here. It was the moral absolute. They did not seek pleasure for the happiness it would afford. They took pleasure for pleasure's sake. They did not allow themselves to look beyond to see what it all meant. The simple and sometimes dangerous enjoyment of the NOW is what concerned them most. They were at harking back in practice to the mild epicureanism of Hobbes' theories in the seventeenth century.

With such conditions as these confronting them there were many incorrigible pessimists who never ceased to tell them that the Banshee of society eternally whispered—"death." Like Babylon and Rome, they thought, after our wantonness and profligacy has caused us to seek ease and rest in sleep, the nightmare of a mighty social catyclysm will wake us in the night, and we are gone. A little pessimism is a good thing, but a superabundance makes fools of us. But it was just these opposite forces of optimism and pessimism, of tradition and iconoclasm, of the old and the new that redeemed the eighteenth century. Beneath all the epicureanism, the recklessness, the superficiality and social placidity of this age, a social ferment arose, germinating what really became the vital forces and ideas of the century that was to follow. The creative energies of the nineteenth century received their life from the primordial germs of social discontent and reform in the eighteenth century. It was the age of new movements in spite of its orthodox tastes. In literature, the overruling couplet was occasionally disturbed by some pastoral lyric; in philosophy, the people's every-day epicureanism was cooled by Berkeley's idealism; in political science the
traditional conservatism was jarred by the very modern theories of Adam Smith; in jurisprudence, Blackstone simplified the laws and Hume almost popularized science by reviving naturalism in every branch of learning. The eighteenth century, then, was the formative and life-giving period for the nineteenth century. It was an age flooded with the beginnings of new ideas, new processes, new forces.

In an age like this satire is sure to flourish. Social reforms are sure to be discussed. There were those who wanted to retain the old ideas and old institutions. Some dreamed of an Utopia, an ideal State, while there were still others who regarded progress as a slow, steady progress, an evolution, if you will. The conservatists had outlined their usefulness, the Utopians soared so far that the clouds beneath them obscured earth, but the last named were the reformers whose philosophy was common sense, and whose program was the adaptation of society to its new needs. Steele was among the reformers of this period. His "Tattler" papers are among the most entertaining of its kind in the English language. He deals with all evils, personal or social. At one time he is thundering against the individual for delinquency, and at another rushes away and points out some dangerous cancer taking root in the social organism—such as the custom of duelling, upon which he casts his deep, burning ridicule whenever a chance presents itself. But he never preaches; he rarely uses common-sense as a solution for any problem.

If one were to pick up the "Tattler" without knowing by whom it was written, one might say, "That fellow must be still living." Steele likes to write about marriage. He always takes the conventional standing on the question. He has nothing but contempt for the one who regards marriage as a legalized slave affair. And whatever be our opinions now on such a subject, we are forced, when we consider the need of stability in the eighteenth century, to sympathize with Steele.

The reformation of the stage occupied a great deal of Steele's attention. The purification of the drama, the education of the popular taste were among the things Steele strove bravely for. He was a dramatist himself. "The Conscious Lovers," acted
at Drury Lane in 1722 was a great success. Terence's "Audria," influenced largely the construction of this drama. One preacher testifies that "it is the only play fit for a Christian to see." Aitken, in his life of Steele, says that "Steele said that he hoped that the scene in which Bevil defied the false code of honor which then prevailed, and by doing so retained his friend, might have some effect upon the Goths and Vandals that frequented the theatre, or that a more polite audience might take their place." Numerous poems in praise of the good effect his drama had on the society of that day were sent to Steele. In another place the same author says: "He (Apollo) commended Steele for the service he had done in discountenancing immorality on the stage through the whole current of his writings.

Steele's discussion of such questions as raffling shops, public impostors, medicine quacks, duelling, marriage, marriage settlements, evils of jointures and settlements and drunkenness, smacks of the twentieth century spirit. I cannot emphasize this point too much—he would be modern in the twentieth century.

Richard Steele had some violent enemies, reformers and revolutionists always do. The government revoked his Drury Lane theatrical license and left him to seek other fields than drama. What was that? Oh, yes, he was an "undesirable citizen." He might break up the home—the home which, in millions of cases, was only a pig's wallow. He might also uproot religion, which as yet had not even taken root. That is a dangerous plea—merely argumentum ad hominem, it is made in these enlightened days. But Steele continued to fight the battle, and published a pamphlet called the "Theater," in which he ably defended his course of theatrical reform. He conquered at last.

Steele was one of the brightest lights in the haze of the eighteenth century. He set himself to the task of purifying the whole social life of England, and he did not do it in vain. He left a marked influence and helped to prepare England for the mad rush of the nineteenth century. He was a steadying force in social chaos, and is deeply loved, for he dedicated his life to progress.
A FAIRY VALENTINE

"FAIRY."
An elfin sprite in a cloak of green,
His brave lance bright with frosty sheen,
Swift treads the snow—
The bells in his cap are tinkling sweet—
With lightsome footsteps soft and fleet,
His love to show.

For this is the Eve of Valentine;
The crystal woods with the moon ashine.
A fairy token,
He searches for his lady fair,
His fairy love with golden hair,
And now has broken

The sparkling crust of dazzling snow
And found an acorn cup below,
Now of the shell
He makes a fairy basket tiny,
All gleaming gay with frost stars shiny,
And weaves a spell

Of all good luck with it to send,
His love from evils to defend;
And then he finds
The fairy flower of purplish blue
A mystic sign of lovers true,
To fairy minds.

He puts the flower in the acorn shell,
A valentine his heart to tell
To his true love.
His elfin bells so silver clear
Are gone—the moonlight far and near
Shines from above.
ESTHER

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

C. L. STILLWELL, '11.

Persons of the Play.

Ahasuerus, King of Media and Persia, and ruler over an hundred and seven and twenty provinces.

Mordecai, A Jew.

Haman, Chief minister of Ahasuerus.

Seven Wise Men.

Haman, King's chief chamberlain.

Bigtha, Harbona, Biztha, Zetha, Chamberlains.

Esther, niece and adopted daughter of Mordecai.

Adaiiah, Esther's maid, captured by the Persians from the Greeks.

Princes and Lords, Musicians, Dancers, Virgins, Maids, Chamberlains, Servants.

Scene, In the palace of Ahasuerus at Shusan.

Time, about 520 B. C.

THE PLAY.

Scene One.

The outer court of the palace. The king is seated on his throne. Princes and lords from the hundred and seven and twenty provinces over which Ahasuerus reigns, are gathered in the vast court. The candles from the silver candlesticks cast a brilliant light, and incense is burning. Everything is most luxurious; hundreds of attendants stand with eager watchfulness. The curtain rises while a dance is in progress; it lasts for several minutes, and then a song follows.
Song.

O'er the lands and o'er the seas,
O'er the palm groves on the plains;
O'er the deserts bleak and wild,
Great Ahasuerus reigns.

Swaying cedars wave their boughs,
Paying tribute to their king;
Harvests yield their richest stores,
Camels rarest treasures bring,

Valleys fill his barns with wealth,
Mountains give their dearest veins;
And the whole great earth is glad
That Ahasuerus reigns.

Ahasuerus (motioning silence);
Beloved princes, drink to health of all,
To Ethiopia and to Ind, and sip
The nectared wine in honor of our queen,
The lovely Vashti, fairest of the fair;
For, noble princes, in our wide domains
Is none to match in beauty Shusan's queen—
Go, Bigtha, go and bid her robe herself
In Syria's purple, and adorn her head
With diamonds and her lily neck with pearls,
Her arms and feet with pure refined gold,
Till all the world will blush with soulless shame
To grant too worthless carpet for such feet;
Bid her to come to me with royal crown
To show her beauty to the princes—go.

(Bigtha goes out.)

Most worthy princes, let us drink and sing:
Make merry, for our Vashti, when she comes
Will dance with winning grace to please us all—
(To Musicians):
Strike up your music on a thousand harps,
And make all Shusan bend her sacred head,
In giddy wonder at your magic art.

(To Princes and Lords):
Long live the gracious Vashti—drink.

(Princes and Lords):
Long live the gracious queen; long live the king.

(They drink while the music plays. Bigtha re-enters. Ahasuerus motions for music to cease.)

Bigtha:
My lord,
The queen bade me to say she will not come,
And tell thee that her beauty was not made
To play with as a tiger with a cub—
For age to bandy at dull youth.

(A murmur runs through the crowd.)

Ahasuerus:
What, what?
Dared she refuse to do my sovereign will?
To come at my command?—thou liest, thou liest!—
Gave she no other message?

Bigtha:
None, my lord,

Ahasuerus:
This conduct of the queen needs reprimand—
I pray my good and noble lords, forgive;
Your pardon grant for this most vile offence
And unbecoming humour of our queen:
I pray retire—

Princes and Lords:
Most righteous king, farewell.

(They all but Harbona and Aharuesus move out slowly, murmuring.)

Ahasuerus:
Harbona, fetch the wise men to me here—

(Harbona goes out.)

I took her from the sheep-cote to the throne,
Placed on her queenly head the costliest crown,
I clothed her with the richest cloths of earth,
And put myself and all at her command;
I kissed her, took her to my royal bed,
And loved her more than e'er I loved my throne:
And, oh! she's beautiful and fair, and e'er
Has been a tender wife through all these years,
And ne'er before refused me aught I asked.
Yet under sweetest lotus leaves may lie
A serpent, lovelier than all our jewels;
The rarest diamond in our Vashti's crown
May scar the golden cup on which it falls,
And purest spices, if inhaled too much
May end us; thus, ingratitude oft lurks
Within a heart hid by the fairest skin;
And Vashti wears a blacker heart than night,
I do repent me that I loved her so,
I will forgive her not—nay, she must go.

Ahasuerus moves swiftly and awkwardly out, throwing his arms into the air and waving them wildly. His heavy footsteps are heard upon the palace floor as he rushes through the outer court. Then slowly descends.
Scene Two.

The same scenery, thirteen months later. Ahasuerus and Zetha enter slowly.

Ahasuerus:

Think'st Zetha, there is one among the virgins Worthy to be Ahasuerus' queen In Vashti's stead, whom we so lightly prized, And cast off as a camel sheds his hair? Is th' one who has such Eden-scented hair, Such eyes of midnight blackness, or a form So stately as was Vashti's?

Zetha:

Aye, my lord, The maidens of thy lordship's vast domains Have all been sought, and loveliest of them brought For thee to choose from. There is one, my lord, More gentle than your oft-lamented queen; Her countenance is like a Sharon rose, Which seems far brighter when the summer's dew Lies on the petals; so the tears do bring A newer beauty to her cheeks. Her voice My lord, is softer than a psalmist's harp.

Ahasuerus (carelessly):

Who is it comes, my Zetha?

Zetha:

It is Biztha—

Know, O King, since first the virgins 'gan To purify themselves with precious thyme, With myrrh, and aloes, and with ointments rare, Sought for among the plains of Araby
Until thy servants cringed in weak despair,  
And prayed the masks of heaven's clouds to ope  
And swallow them—when oped the clouds indeed,  
But 'twas to scatter ointments at their feet,  
More fragrant than the frosty autumn dew—  
Since then, the wheels of heaven’s sun have marked  
On all the earth the space of twelve fair months.

Biztha (approaching):

O King is it thy lordship's will to choose  
Thy queen to-day?

Ahasuerus:

Aye, let the virgins come.

(Biztha goes out.)

Music plays. The king walks up and down the court for a few moments, and then seats himself on his throne. He motions Zetha to bring him the wine. Zetha pours it in the king's golden cup, sparkling with diamonds, and Ahasuerus drinks in silence. Then the musicians enter, and after them the Seven Wise Men, and they are followed by the maidservants and menservants who attend the virgins as the virgins come into the court one by one. Each virgin kneels before the throne; Ahasuerus, in sign of his displeasure, points the scepter downward, and the virgins pass out. Then Esther kneels before the throne. Her beauty dazes the king for a moment, then he extends the scepter to her and motions her to rise. She comes forward and touches the tip of the scepter. Ahasuerus motions her to sit on the queen's throne. The wise men come forward and crown Esther.

Ahasuerus:

Long live Queen Esther.

All:

Long live Queen Esther.
Scene Three.

Queen Esther's chamber. Some months later. Esther lying upon a couch asleep. Adaiah seated near her. The room is richly furnished. Very stormy. The beginning of the monsoon. Esther starts out of her sleep and calls:

Esther: Adaiah!

Adaiah: What wouldest thou, my mistress

Esther: Come, Adaiah, I have had a frightful dream. Sit by me lest these troublous visions kill Me with their horror. Seemed that I—but what Refell, I know not all—but I was back Among my people, wandering through the fields, And through the coated pastures and the woods That knew and understood my childhood, when I felt a wild boar seize me, and the sheep That I was tending, fled—I heard a roar, And saw ten thousand monsters. I forget What followed. I am weak. My heart is faint. Adaiah, play your harp and sing to me.

(Adaiah plays and sings.)

Song.

The wild wind breaks up the mountain slope
And rolls down in the valley,
And the wild wind sweeps o'er the tropic sea
And chills the heart of the galley.
The wild wind sits in the captive's heart,
While the echoes roll through the valley,
And it sounds the knell of the death to be
In the troubled soul of the galley.

And sorrow sits in our mistress' heart
As a thorn bush sits in the valley.
And a woeful frown steals fast o'er her face
As the knell through the soul of the galley.

Silence for several moments. Then Esther speaks.

Esther:
Adaiah, when didst thou see Mordecai?

Adaiah:
Sweet mistress, it was yester e'en I went
Into the garden, seeking flowers for thee;
The sun was low: the fragrant air was calm,
The smoke from myriad sacrifices crept
Upward apace, and then it seemed to rest
As anchored in the sky a veil of cloud
Dull blue, but soon around the edges, tints
Of purple touched the mass with beauteous light.
Fair Shusan lay beneath me with its temples
Closed, while homeward thronged the holy crowds,
A few lights twinkled as the shadows closed
And drove the lingering rays of sunlight out
From massive walls of dingy stone and brick,
And left the city wrapt in gloomy night.
And coming back 'twas after dusk, and yon
Before the royal chamber door I saw
A man, crouched on the steps. He slipt away
At my approach, full like a guilty dog.
His sober sackcloth scraped upon itself
And sounded like the subtle reptiles crawl;
'Twas Mordecai.
Esther: 

Saidst thou 'twas Mordecai?

Adaiah: 

Ay, mistress.

Esther: 

Didst thou see no more? And did
No word nor action speak itself? Didst speak
Thyself, Adaiah?

(Several of Esther's maids and chamberlains enter.)

Adaiah: 

Mistress, not a word.

First Maid: 

Fair Esther, it is known about Shusan
That Haman—whom the king promoted high,
And set above the princes of the earth—
For that a certain Jew named Mordecai
Would not in homage bow the knee to him
And do him reverence, as he passed the gate
Was wroth and sought to bring him to the dust.

Esther: 


Second Maid: 

Nay—yes,
Ahasuerus, under flush of wine
Heard Haman, and he gave his royal oath
To do whate' er he should entreat the king.
Then Haman begged of Shusan's king to grant
The death of all such people in his kingdom
As should disobey the sovereign laws;
The king took from his finger's signet ring
And gave it to this enemy of the Jews,
Who ordered posts to haste the letters thru
To all the provinces— which gave command
That all the Jews should perish, young or old.

Esther (very faintly):
Oh! oh! Beloved Mordecai!

(Another chamberlain enters.)

Chamberlain:
Thy kinsman, Mordecai, awaits, fair Queen,
To know if thou wilt see him.

Esther:
Let him come.

(Chamberlain goes out. The queen arises, crosses the chamber,
looks out of the window to the south. She stands gazing a mo­
ment, and then she re-crosses the chamber and sinks languidly
upon the couch. Chamberlain re-enters with Mordecai. Esther
stirs, and motions Mordecai to a seat on a divan near the couch.
He seats himself. Music and shouts are heard outside, to the
south.)

Esther:
What noise is that my uncle, that doth rend
The wayward night in strips of feverous fear?

Mordecai:
It is the people's cheers and shouts of praise
For Haman. They grow wild at his approach,
Call him the lord of lords, the peer of peers,
While Haman does but seek to rob them all.
He dresses in the finest linen, rides
The king's most fiery steeds and drives about
In Ahasuerus' chariot of state.
Last night I overheard him tell the king
Ten thousand evils certain ones had done,
Ten thousand laws that they had broke. He lied,
And lied until Ahasuerus urged
That all such people in the land be slain;
I later saw some letters Haman wrote
Which signed away the lives of all the Jews.

(Esther Swoons.)

Bring water, quick; help, help, Adaiah, help!

(They bathe Esther's temples. She revives.)

O Esther, my poor daughter, pray forgive
That I should tell thee such a heavy tale,
But thou must know.

Esther:

Thou didst repeat
What I'd already heard, my lord, and did
But wait thy words to learn if it be true.
Oh! wretched Jews! Oh! Mordecai! Oh!— me!

Mordecai:

Fair mistress, we must flee; ay, we must flee
As flee the cleanly from the leper's touch.
It is the only way: the sovereign laws
Once made, no mortal ever can reverse.
Fair Esther, we must flee at dead of night
Unto the desert wild, or flee unto
The thickest tangles of the wilderness.

Esther:

Nay, nay—to leave my people to be slain,
With none to plead their cause? Nay, Mordecai,
I must unto the king and mercy beg—
(Aside.)

'Tis thirty suns and all the changes of
The moon since he has sent for me, and he
E'en now, must long to see me.

Mordecai:

Nay, Esther, hear.

It is Ahasuerus' firm decree
That all who come into the inner court,
Till sent for, man or woman, play with death;
For if his scepter he does not extend
To let them live, they die. So, we must flee.

Esther (rising):
My lord, if Esther dies, she dies. But she
Will speak to save her people from the sword—
Go, Mordecai, assemble all the Jews
Of Shusan to their synagogue, and fast
Thou with them three full days; and so will I
Fast with my maidens. Then I'll to the king.

Esther stands majestically looking at him a moment, and then
turning, she sinks upon her couch, as slowly descends

CURTAIN.

(To be concluded.)
ELIZABETHAN HOMES.

BY MISS PHEBE BRUGH, '11.

As late as the year 1593 most of the Elizabethan homes were very primitive. The majority of the buildings were made of timber. Occasionally a very wealthy man would have his house built of stone or brick, and constructed in such a way that neither dairy, stable nor brew-house would be under the same roof. Every once in a while the castle would be remodeled into a palace, though still it retained its old appearance. except that now a chimney was added, for chimneys were being introduced at this period.

The clay with which the houses were coated was white, red and blue. The first resembled our chalk; the second was called loam; the third often changed color when it was worked up. The asbestos, or white lime, which was made from chalk, was spread over clay works and stone walls as a protection from the weather. Instead of the chalk, which was very expensive, the poorer classes burned a species of red stone, converting it into lime and using it for the same purpose.

In the Elizabethan reign the houses and daily life were marked by great improvement. Previous to this time the houses were low, and most of them were only one story, but in the latter part of Elizabeth’s reign there were many houses with three stories, the two upper stories projecting. Also the gables were very high.

The interiors of the houses were more elaborate and costly than the exteriors. The floors of the wealthy were covered with tiles, but in most cases they were covered with straw or reeds. Occasionally a carpet would be seen on the floor.

The inside walls of the homes were hung with tapestry and painted cloths, which were ornamented with beasts, birds and flowers. Pictures were sometimes seen. At first they were let into the walls or painted upon wooden panels over the fireplace. All pictures were covered with cloths. A great deal of color was used in the house. Brackets, hinges and knockers were of elaborate wrought iron or brass.
The wealthy had stoves, and lattice made of wicker, oak or horn was used instead of glass. About 1593 clear diamond-shaped glass was used in the windows instead of beryl or colored glass.

Up until 1563 people slept on pallets, with a round log under their heads for pillows. However, shortly after that time beds became common to all classes. In the bedroom were usually two beds; on one slept the occupant of the room, and on a trundle-bed slept the lady’s maid. The bed was covered with a costly counterpane brilliantly colored. The rich furniture of the nobles is described by Shakespeare in Cymbeline:

“Her bed-chamber was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver.”

Cypress chests elevated upon carved legs were used very often for bed-room furniture.

Next to the bedroom was the wardrobe for keeping the clothes. Drawers were not in use and chests took their place. Garments were sometimes hung upon the pegs about the room. The rooms were lighted by candles and torches.

Every house of any pretension possessed a library, although reading was not a common habit among the lower classes. It is not known exactly what books were in the library; of course there were the chronicles. A great deal of attention was paid to the binding of books. The covers were often held shut with clasps of gold heavily studded with jewels. Before 1563 people ate with their fingers, but about this date knives were introduced. Pewter, though expensive, was used for plates. Later on china plates and dishes were introduced. Wooden spoons were being replaced by those of silver or tin.

In food and hospitality the English were profuse. Great men dined at a high table in their hall, while their dependents sat at lower tables. The remnants of the dinner were given to the poor. Venetian glass, a great rarity, was the substance of which their drinking vessels were made. Gentry dined at eleven o’clock and supped at five. Farmers dined
at ten o'clock and supped at seven. Dinner and supper were usually served upon movable tables, which were covered with table cloths or linen, often called carpets. Dinner was usually served in three courses. First, meat; second, game; and lastly sweets. The last course, which was called the banquet, was served in the summer-house in the garden. A great deal more wine was drunk at meals then than now, and men often became intoxicated.

Servants were very plentiful, and the lady's maid, called a page, was always in the household. The duty of the page was principally to entertain her mistress.

The housewife understood medicine and nursing. She also had a knowledge of cooking, cutting of meat, making of cheese, care of poultry, distilling, and the making of garments from flax.

From the facts which have been given we easily see the rapidity of the improvement of the Elizabethan homes.
BEYOND THE VALE

By Macon E. Barnes.

In the bright untried hours of morning,
I took up the burden of life;
I'm toiling and striving and hoping
Till eve and the end of the strife.
There are sorrows and tears and heart aches,
And of joys there are only a few;
There is much of the sordid and worthless
And little that's lovely and true.

 Millions are bearing the burden
On down to the realms of death,
Each forced to tread the rough pathway
Till swept by oblivion's breath;
And my heart for them aches with a pity
That I feel for our useless lot;
The greatest and noblest successes
In the years are all forgot.

Why is the toiling and striving
And what is the ultimate goal;
Does the gain of a moment matter
In the ages that endlessly roll?
Oh Faith, be the light of our pathway
Nor let e'en the weakest fail
For all that in darkness lieth
We shall know beyond the vale.
They were toilsome hours through which the men labored, captor and captive alike, digging graves for their dead comrades who had fallen in the fight. Day was just breaking as the last body was lowered into its shallow resting-place, and the men prepared to leave the scene of the night's happenings.

No word came from the prisoners as they mounted their horses and formed into a square, awaiting the command to move. Now and then a sharp "close in there" came from some Confederate guard which brought forth the sound of a jerking rein and the tramping of horses' hoofs, as the prisoner obeyed. Now and then a restless horse champed his bridle, but it was in ominous silence that the little band moved out of the grove into the roadway. The sharp sense of desolation and solitude of the wood after their departure brought me to the realization of my position and of my purpose.

It was agreed between the Captain and me that I should follow the troops after a short interval. The story was to be told the prisoners that their supposed captured leader had been sent ahead under special escort. It was for this reason that I remained at the house after the departure, and then, too, I was loath to leave the girl to whom I had promised to return.

It was with feverish intensity that I mounted the slippery stairs to the upper story and knocked at the door of her room. There was no response, and I cautiously opened the door and entered. She lay across the bed and sobs shook, convulsively, her shoulders. I called her by name, and at the sound of my voice she raised her head quickly and looked long and hard at me through the tears that stood in her eyes. But only for
an instant did she thus observe me, for she slipped from the
bed, and rushing forward, clutched me by the arm.

"That man, that man," she cried; "is he gone?"

"Yes, Miss Wellford; he escaped me," I said with some
spirit, for I was heartily disappointed at my failure to capture
him, and even as I spoke I saw that I had indeed made a mis-
take. What had been only a suspicion heretofore, was now a
half-formed conviction. She perceived, too, that the light of
understanding had broken upon me, for the expression on her
countenance was one of pain and despair. For a moment she
regarded me with an expression that I was unable to read;
and then with a little sigh the beautiful head dropped upon
my arm, the tired body relaxed its muscles, and she seemed
to sink beneath her weight.

I picked her up in my arms and proceeded down the stairs
to the rear porch, where I knew that the fresh air and
water would soon revive her. It was but a short while before her
eyelids gave a little tremor and presently she was beholding
me with a steadiness of vision that was surprising. I held
her in my arms as if she had been a child, for she did not
weigh over a hundred, and thus we sat for a long while, neith-
er of us saying a word. What new mood of hers was this? I
looked down upon her, and for the very life of me I could not
forbear to draw her closer, so childish and helpless did she
seem. But lo! 'twas over. There sat the girl beside me, and
but for hands that trembled ever so little, was as steady of
nerve as I.

I did not dare to look at her, so great was my disgust at
myself. Once I turned and glanced at her, only to find her
regarding me with an almost imperceptible smile upon her lips.

"Well, sir," she said slowly, "are we going to sit here all
day?"

"What an ass I am," I said to myself, but to her, "No, Mad-
am, I only waiting for your strength to return so that you
could travel to some place where you might receive attention.
You are aware," I continued, "that this house is no longer
safe while that man is abroad."
"Yes," she said immediately, "you must take me to Aunt Evalint. She is my old nurse and lives over there about half a mile," indicating the direction with her hand.

I led Buck from behind the old house and set her bodily upon the nag's back, and with the bridle on my arm, proceeded in the direction she had indicated. The rain had now ceased to fall, but the morning was dull and gray. For a long while I walked, but spoke never a word, for my heart within me was heavy as lead at the thought of the discovery that I had so lately made. At an old cabin, nestling in a little grove of trees, she made me halt. I lifted her from the horse to the ground, but she did not take her hands from my shoulders.

"Can I thank you," she was saying; "thank you for your goodness to me?"

I took one of her hands in my own.

"Don't thank me," I said; "I have only done the duty of a man."

"You have done more," she said slowly, "you will be hunted like a wolf now, for that man will never rest until he has made way with you."

I said not a word, for I realized the truth of her statement. I was indeed in a dangerous position.

She seemed to read my thoughts and slowly turned her head away, but quickly she raised her eyes to mine and my clasp on her hand tightened.

"You must leave me now," she said. "It is unsafe for you away from your soldiers. You have been good to me, and I can never forget you."

For a moment we stood, and then in some manner my arm stole around her little waist, and as the light in her eyes did not forbid, I stooped and kissed her.

Buck went up the road under me snorting in amazement at the extraordinary pace required of him. We passed the old house in a gallop, and presently swung into the main road that led to the camp beyond. Involuntarily my thoughts returned to the night's happenings. It was true that we had been successful in capturing the Federal troop, but the most
dangerous man had escaped. That he was some blood relation to the girl was now certain to my mind. The thought caused my heart to sink within me, and it was with a misgiving that I vowed vengeance upon him if ever we should meet. Only for her sake did I acknowledge the issue of his being an enemy to my cause, but upon a second thought I could only regard him as my personal foe. For had she not trusted me and scorned him? Whatever their relation, the circumstance had now taken upon itself the semblance of a personal enmity. I was his foe, he was mine, war or no war, and I prayed that the day of reckoning was not far off.

It was thus I mused as Buck and I sped up the road at a brisk gallop, when suddenly as we rounded a bend in the highway the sharp "ping" of a rifle came from the wood on my left and my hat flew off into the road. The horse stopped abruptly, and on the instant there dashed into view over the crest of a hill in my front a half dozen horsemen coming on at a lively pace.

Their blue uniforms showed clear and bright against the sky, and when they caught sight of me they urged their horses to a rapid pace. I had but time to turn the good nag around and flatten myself upon his back when half a dozen shots rang out. But already Buck and I were speeding down the road in the direction whence we had just come, and their bullets fell short.

For full five minutes I lay flattened out over my saddle, and then glancing back over my shoulder I perceived that a safe distance lay between us. I straightened up and dug my spurs into Buck's flank. We passed the old house and sped down the highway toward the little town where I had first seen the girl.

The fact that they came from the direction of the Confederate camp proved conclusively one of two things to my mind. The Union Army had either moved during the night, as had been expected by the Confederate commander, leaving the detachment captured by us to harass our men and make believe that the Union Army was still encamped on the Washington road, or it was but one of the many unsuccessful attempts at scouting of
the Northern army. The latter I doubted, for the contemplated move of the Federals had been known to us for some time.

Moreover, the fact that the pursuers were approaching from our lines led me to infer that a rescue had been attempted and had been repulsed, or else I was the object of their search. Certainly circumstances argued the latter. Thus, as I mused, I became cognizant of the danger in which I was placed. I had kept a safe distance between myself and the Federals, now and then a shot being fired. I was upon a good horse, and many was the time that Buck and I had had a ride for our lives. If need be, we could ride again.

At intervals I turned and glanced back at the pursuing party, and with surprise I noted that there was no endeavor upon their part to shorten the distance between us. In that instant I realized that a trap had been set, and that I had rushed into it headlong. From their attitude I determined that there was a body of Federals at Chantilly that would prevent me from passing the town. Whether the escaped Captain had had time to order my capture at that place if I passed in that direction was a matter of conjecture. It was evident, though, that a detachment of Federals was at the little town, else my pursuers were employing odd means to run me down.

Mile after mile we had ridden, and presently I knew that we were approaching the village. If I could but reach this town without being seen I could take the road that led to Leesburg, and I did not doubt that Buck would outdistance the best horse in the party. Up a short hill we sped and through a culvert, at the end of which was a bend in the highway which prevented a view of the little town, but after passing around the huge impending rocks that formed the curve, the old hotel came into view. I glanced back at my pursuers, who continued to come on at a lively pace, and digging the spurs into Buck, I dashed around the overhanging boulders, and at a glance at the road ahead, I perceived that my conjecture as to the pursuers' tactics was correct, for there, not an hundred feet away, was a group of Federal cavalry.
In the brief instant that had elapsed since I had first seen them, I had formed a plan. Urging the nag to an even greater pace, I rushed among them, yelling commands at the top of my voice. So sudden was my advent that they fell back before my rush in utter confusion. I realized that I had only an instant in which to act. The pursuing Federals were not yet in sight, but from the sound of their horses' hoofs I knew that they were approaching the bend in the road.

"Charge that bend, men," I yelled, whirling Buck around; "charge the bend. There's only three of them!"

It was no sooner said than done. Quick as a flash the Federals were rushing toward the point, and on the instant the pursuing party came into sight. A dozen shots rang out, and I saw a horse stumble and fall, and three men reel backwards out of their saddles. What followed then I never knew, for Buck and I were speeding up the Leesburg road, leaving the scene far behind.

For a few miles we followed the highway, then turned up a fork that led towards the road upon which the Confederate camp had been located. That this was the safest route to follow I did not doubt, for the Union army, which I now knew to have moved, had journeyed along the Leesburg road. It was a dozen miles across a rough country to the Herndon road, on which I had just lately ridden, and I came out at a place I knew to be opposite the site where the camp had been stationed, but nowhere was there a tent in view. All along the highway the marks of horses' hoofs were evident, and all led in the direction taken by the great Lee conducting his invasion into the North. What the plan of the Federal army was remained to be seen.

Up the highway I turned the good horse. It was now the middle of the day, and the rain had again set in. The road was muddy, and the gullies alongside the highway babbled and gurgled. For a full half hour we rode, now and then stopping for a breathing spell before climbing a steep hill. At the foot of a long slope I allowed the nag to drink his fill of water, and slowly we began the slippery ascent. At the top of the hill a long level stretch of road wound in and out among great over-
hanging boulders and wooded slopes. We had proceeded for some distance at a brisk canter when Buck slackened his speed of his own will, and with ears thrust forward, stepped short and quick upon the highway. It was then that I became aware of peril, for it was ever true that the nag could discern danger when it was near. Suddenly looking up, I beheld two horsemen under a tree on the left of the road. At their command to halt I did so, but kept a hand ready upon a pistol under the long black coat which I still wore. They rode out from under their shelter and one of them, a trooper, covered me with a pistol. It looked as if I were playing my last card, but I resolved to play it manfully.

"You're the one we're looking for, pal," the other one remarked in a good-natured manner, and I observed that he wore a Captain's uniform, "unless," he supplemented, "you can produce a pass."

His words sent a thrill of delight through me. Inside my coat pocket was the pass and the dispatches of the dead Lieutenant whom I had fought and killed the night when I had first seen the girl. Reaching within my cloak, and being careful not to show my uniform of gray, I extracted the budget of papers and produced the pass of the dead Northerner.

The Captain took it and read slowly: "Lieutenant Gett is to be allowed to pass any and all lines of the Union Army." He returned it immediately.

"Sounds all right, Lieutenant," he remarked pleasantly; "heard the Captain speaking of you a few days ago. He's with McClellan on the Leesburg road now." This information was more than welcome to me. "Well, you can pass on, Lieutenant," he said in conclusion, as he and his comrade moved back to the shelter of the tree.

I cantered leisurely around the bend in the road, and then dug the spurs into Buck's flank. I realized that I had only gained a momentary respite, for the fraud would be discovered before another hour, and they would be in full pursuit. It therefore behooved me to lengthen the distance between the Federals and myself as much as possible. The rain had begun
to fall in torrents, and for a mile or more Buck and I splashed through the mud. Then we began the ascent of a steep hill and slowly we had to climb. At the top I turned and looked back down its slope, and there, riding as fast as their horses could carry them, came the two Federals. There was still a good distance between us, and we had the advantage of being at the top of the hill, though I perceived instantly that their mounts were fresh, while poor Buck had been traveling half the day and night.

Down the long decline and upon a level stretch of the highway Buck and I sped. Now and then I would turn and glance over my shoulder for a sight of my pursuers, and as I rounded a bend in the road I caught sight of them descending the long grade that led to the level below. For a mile or more the road winded in and out among wooded hills and great jutting rocks. Apparently we had kept the distance between us, but as we dashed out of a thicket and up a hill I turned and perceived my pursuers riding within pistol shot. It was evident that Buck and I could not for long maintain the unequal race, for the poor beast was blowing hard. He had covered forty miles on the run since morning, and the long ride and the slippery road was proving too much for his endurance. But we were still able to give them a dash for the mastery, and as we sped down a long slope and up another hill, I saw the Federals at the bottom and waved my hand to them. Down the hill we went like the wind, and around a sharp bend to a level stretch of the highway, at the end of which a road led to a nearby farm.

Instantly I conceived a plan. Pushing Buck up the slope into the wood, I dismounted, and led him out of sight behind a huge clump of shrubbery. In a few moments the Federals sped past, riding as fast as their horses could run. They had neither seen nor heard us, for I had muzzled old Buck with my hat. I watched them disappear down the stretch of the highway, and saw them turn up the plantation road.

The horse had gained a breath in the brief time that we had been concealed in the wood, and we sped up the road at his best pace. It was my endeavor to pass the fork that led to the farm,
and by the time they had discovered their mistake I would be a safe mile in the lead up the main highway. But a fool will always spoil his own game, and as I rounded the bend at the end of the level stretch I literally bumped into the trooper. The surprise was mutual, but I was the first to recover my wits, and before he could draw his pistol from his holster my old revolver had rung out and the poor fellow reeled from his saddle and fell into the road.

The dead trooper's horse became frightened at the sudden shot and the loss of his rider, and, bolting around, he sped down the road, forcing old Buck against one side of the culvert and nearly upsetting me. But our position was one of defense, for at that moment the Captain rushed around the bend from the plantation road. He had heard the shot, and it is likely he would have heard another had he not done as I commanded and thrown up his hands.

"I surrender," he said, with amiable ease.

(To be continued.)

A REVIEW OF "SHORT STORIES AND POEMS."

By E. L. A.

Worthy books of authors living in our midst should appeal to us more strongly than others, and particularly is this true when one knows personally or knows of the author.

Among the recent books published in Virginia is "Short Stories and Poems" by Nellie H. Owen, which should be of interest to Southern people, and especially to the people of Richmond and Virginia. The author has written and bound in an attractive little volume a number of short stories and poems, most of which contain local coloring.

The stories are written in a bright vein and are easy and pleasant reading. "Elmwood During the War" is especially interesting for the reason that its plot is centered around Rich-
mond, and, it seems, successfully reflects the spirit of the war times. The "Valley Farm" deserves mention since, in a measure, it characterizes the life of to-day in which many people rest during the summer by going from first one fashionable resort to another. Two of the characters in this story resist such martyrdom, preferring rather a place of real rest and refreshment.

The poems, which number nearly forty, are of a good variety and quite a few are about Richmonders of whom we all may be proud. Those which especially commend themselves to the writer are "He Simply Sleeps," "Neath the Palm and Willow," "A Sabbath Day with Mother's Bible," and "We Little Know."

DYING STARS.

FRANK GAINES, '12.

A little star in a darkling sky
Striving to pierce fathomless night,
Striving to send its rays on high,
A moment gleams, then fades its light.

Strange is our life—we long to sail
Thru gloom and doubt and unknown seas,
And find somewhere that tranquil vale,
And find from mortal care release.

Yet all-enshrouding is the night,
And souls are fettered fast to clay,
And dreams that bear us to the light
Are fantasies. There is no day.

A moment's strife, the battle's o'er,
One slowly painful indrawn breath,
And there is calm forever more
Within the silent halls of Death.
The reading of an editorial in the Davidson College Magazine has brought to light the fact that South Carolina has such a thing as a "College Publication Association." The editor read its constitution with interest. The good of such an association is manifold. However lamentable the fact, it is a fact that in comparison to their worth, college publications are too little recognized and esteemed in the State of Virginia. The colleges themselves invariably underestimate them. These periodicals have a hard life to lead. They are underpaid, not considered
by advertisers, and not treated right generally. Why? Well, some say one thing and some another, but whatever be the cause, the situation can certainly in some degree be relieved by the magazines themselves putting on a little more armor and taking up a few more weapons. This is what a College Publication Association in Virginia would mean. With organization the strength of the strongest would be imparted to the weakest. Ideas would be exchanged which would not be gotten in any other way. The different colleges would be drawn closer together, while friendly rivalry would become correspondingly more intense. In the strength of union we could compel notice from the public and advertisers. In every way the college magazine would be benefited, in no way harmed. Let's try it. Let us profit by the example of our sister State.

THE GLEE CLUB.

We would like to call the attention of every man in college to the donation recently made towards the support of the Glee Club in Richmond College. For a number of years we have been without any real live, active club of this character. The President has responded finely to this opportunity, and has engaged the finest musical director in the city, and, according to many higher critics, the finest in the South, to train such material as can be found in our college. Can you carry a tune? If so, it is your duty, and an easy one it is, too, to let Mr. Walter Mercer try you out. We have never had such a splendid opportunity, and it is given to us separately as well as collectively. Let us make use of this by all means.
Crackers and Cheese

R. C. Ancarrow, Editor.

We wonder what Bristow and Lankford were doing under Edmonds' bed the night that Dr. Boatwright investigated the fire-cracker celebration in Memorial Hall? We were glad to welcome "Lanky" Lodge back to the college on this occasion.

We noticed that in the conference called by Dr. Boatwright to settle the inter-dormitory fire-cracker celebration, that the number of students who held up their hands in defense of this was far short of the number who indulged in the practice.

The campus during the holidays was quite deserted. Only a few rats and a covering of snow.

Following the burning of the University College of Medicine in this city, we are glad to welcome the students of that institution to our chemistry and biology laboratories. But all the "stoods" now want to know who is the fair young Medic. Co-ed. taking pharmacy.
We notice with satisfaction that the windows of the chapel are getting their annual bath. We would recommend the same for Science Hall.

Prof. Van L., in English "B"—Mr. W., give me your opinion on this point.

Mr. W. responds with the opinion.

Prof. Van L.—Now, all who agree with Mr. W. hold up their hands.

Miss P. alone holds up her hand.

Prof. Van L.—Well you see, Mr. W., you have only one supporter; what are you going to do?

Voice from the rear—Get the other!

Simpson (relating his experience of having fallen asleep in a bath-tub.)

Gulick (breaking in)—Well, what is a bath-tub?

All future "Frosh," heed "Jack" Frost's plan,
Sleep till ten-thirty for Latin Exam.

Subject recommended for debate in the Philologian Society—
"Why is a Jasper?"

Wanted to know who swiped Mike's razor. Ditto for Stillwell and Gilliam.

Little "Heine" is getting quite a pugilistic reputation. He succeeded in smashing Wilson's nose recently on the basket-ball court.

Wanted to know if Little Lankford has yet succeeded in raising a lather with "Teddy's" camphor stick.

The Annual is coming on some. The staff had an enthusiastic meeting recently. There will be some class to the Spider this year.

Congratulations to Cutchins. "Oh, you Louis!"
MISS EUDORA RAMSEY, Editor.

The Fate maidens have woven the fabric, and woven it well, but that fantastic sister of whom we speak in an awed whisper, that maiden whose name we uncertainly and fearfully pronounce, Future, has undone the work of her more kindly disposed sisters; and what mischief do we hear that this maid has wrought? Dame Rumor tells us no more Co-eds, and some of our benevolent fellow-students grin inanely with a would-be triumphant sneer. "But Wyrd goes ever as she will," and, with Tutonic superiority, we are able to meet Dame Rumor with a smile and glean from her malevolent glance some vestige of cheer. Something in our make-up rebels against mediocrity: we all want some mark of distinction, something to set us apart from humanity in general. Since this group of Co-eds could not choose to be first, it is no small comfort to have the alternative of last left for us. In other words, we feel that the authorities must be loyal disciples of Darwin, and, realizing the acme to have been reached, are wise enough to let co-education at Richmond College die gloriously. So, even if Dame Rumor has not perjured her soul once again, we are not in total despair.
"Here comes E," said Miss Percival in an awed whisper, "let's go, for she is sure to take something I say and put it in that old Messenger; I can't help it," she concluded pathetically, "but every time I open my mouth I say something."

We are glad to find one in our midst who does not belong to the large class of those who "have nothing to say, and say it."

In the Literary Society the motion was put that invitations to the open meeting be sent to the professors and their wives. Miss Percival looked troubled for a moment and then exclaimed, "Please, let's invite those who haven't wives, too!"

"Do you like Philosophy, Miss Coffee?" some one asked just before Junior French. Dr. Stuart entered in time to hear the reply, "No, but I'm crazy about my teacher." Was it an evidence of masculine conceit that Dr. Stuart blushed profusely, and did not regain his composure that hour?

"We will begin Catullus to-morrow," Dr. Dickie announced.
"Who wrote Catullus?" Miss Morrisette asked innocently.

Miss Coffee (in Junior Greek)—Mr. Croxton, do you have a class the next period?
Mr. C.—No.
Miss C.—Well, I want you to come and call me out of "Phil."
Mr. C.—Why? Do you want to talk to me?

Miss Campbell (In Girls' Study Hall)—I wonder how Jonah felt when the whale swallowed him?
Miss Coffee—I bet he felt like he was on a shoot-the-shoots.

Miss Kratz wants to know where she will find Plutarch's "Life of Richard the Second."
Exchange Department

We wish to say first of all that the magazines for the past month are as a whole the best we have yet received. We are glad to see that the standard of literary work goes up as the year advances. College boys, college men for the most part care more for athletic pursuits than for any literary work. There is room for hope that in this winter term now before us, more attention will be paid to the literary side of college work, if for nothing more than that the outdoor sports are relegated to the rear at this season. If we could but turn more energy into this channel—a channel, in such need of that same vigor and force wasted so prodigally in other ways. For one can scarcely guess the sameness, the recurrence of hacknied phrases, the old well-worn themes one meets with in the college periodicals.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly

Our friends of the Monthly seem to have been overflowing with good things this past month. Not only have we received the regular December issue, but almost on its heels came a special Christmas issue. We rejoice to see such enthusiasm. The latter issue we wish to consider for a moment.

We have all read the story of the three wise men from the Bible, and most of us have read Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man," and so it gives us pleasure to read concerning the further work of the wise men after their return to their respective countries.

In "The Treble Coupler" the author has created so well the atmosphere of village life in the rural districts.

"His Night Before Christmas" is a story of a love affair between a cripple and his sweetheart. The Christmas must have
been in leap-year, and the lady, seeing her time was drawing short, fairly proposed to him and won him. There is very little action, being mostly of conversational interest—a love affair from the inside.

The play entitled “Dactylology” we would especially recommend. It is supposed to be a conversation between the man’s thumb and his lady love’s engagement finger. The idea is rather original, and carried out with faithfulness to the end.

The other stories are good; space does not permit a closer examination of each.

The poems, as a whole, are not very good, the best being “Mispah,” though in this we do not think that the poet has kept to the main idea, but rambles away a little.

In looking over the present issue of the University of Virginia Magazine, we are particularly pleased. “Judith and Holofernes” is a drama of some length—for a college magazine. The blank verse is passable and the action runs smoothly. It is the first real attempt at a play that we have encountered in our exchange list, and we commend the dramatist on his good work.

“Mammy Brown” is a tribute to the old-time black mammy, so essential a feature of ante-bellum days in our dear Southland.

We always enjoy reading Vignettes in Ebony, and our enjoyment does not wane in the present instance. “If Yo’ Don’ B’liebe’ is really “funny,” telling, as it does, of the various evil omens, according to the darkey’s viewpoint.

We must not omit the “Scarlet Fairy Book.” One can scarcely fail to grasp its veiled meaning and the delicateness of author’s touch. We, too, weep with the subjects of Splendorhead.

The present issue of the Furman Echo is a very full one. “The Awakening” is the usual type of story, the successful business man who, in the rush for wealth and fame, has gradually grown away from the friends of his youthful days. He is brought back to
a realization of their existence by a communication from the
girl he had loved in former days, but from whom he had drifted.
He is reclaimed, and the old flame is rekindled.

“Nemesis” seems to be rather long drawn out. The theme
is an old one, and there is no great force of expression in the
poem. The sentiment is maudlin more than anything else, and
as such should be condemned.

The story of the “Spanish Shepherdess” is highly improbable.
The characters are overdrawn, and the tale, moreover, does not
especially please us. It is too melodramatic, with no fidelity to
the existing facts in life.

“The Way of the Cumberland” is a war story of the sixties.
Though of no particular merit, it reads fairly well.

In the article of the English Language in America, the au­
thor’s point is well taken with respect to a question asked as to
what our language was. The answer comes back, “The best
English of Great Britain.”

We acknowledge receipt of following magazines: The Fur­
man Echo, Randolph-Macon Monthly, University of Virginia
Georgetown, The Guidon, The Red and White, The Acorn,
The Oracle, The Chisel, The Pharos, The Carolinian, Davidson
College Magazine, The McGill Martlet, Garnet and Gold,
Georgetown College Journal, John Marshall Record, High
School Messenger, Old Penn, Harvard Crewson, Eastern Col­
legian, The Buff and Blue.

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Josiah Moss, M. A., '99, Ph. D. of Clarke University, is now professor of psychology in Peabody Normal College, Tennessee, the most important normal college in the South. Dr. Moss is regarded as an authority on religious psychology, having written a number of articles for prominent magazines on this subject.

Garnett Ryland, M. A., '92, Ph. D. of Johns Hopkins, now professor of chemistry in Georgetown, Kentucky, was married on December 21, 1909, to Miss Lewella Payne. Dr. Garnett Ryland is the son of our beloved Dr. Charles H. Ryland. His many friends bid him God-speed.

J. B. Webster, B. A., '06, one of our old stars on the football field, is now missionary pastor of Calvary Baptist church, Richmond, Va. He is situated in China. We hope that he may prove a blessing to the brothers of our friend, Mr. Ah Fong Yung.

A. F. Yung, B. A., '09, has recently entered Columbia University. We hope that his career as a student there may be as successful as it was with us. We are sure that his new friends will find in him the same sterling qualities that we have loved so well.

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