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O'er those hallowed hills afar,
Where a waking God-child lay,
Down from heaven stole a star,
Shaming death and sin away.

With heaven's cooing of a babe,
And with the holy angel's chime,
A strain of hope and peace was made
That wakes the ageless halls of time.

That wondrous star, God's searching light,
Which gleams in every clime and land,
Dispels despair, soul-death, and night,
And heaven brings to groveling man.
OLE FRANKIE'S CHRISTMAS.

Harvey D. Coghill, '15.

SUKEY stopped her ironing, and listened through the half-closed kitchen door—

"I was lyin' at Hell's dahk do'
'Way in 'e Kingdom!
I nevah did lie so lo' befo'
'Way in 'e Kingdom!"

She sniffed in derision. The voice came closer—

"Satan shot a mighty ball at me,
'Way in 'e Kingdom!
Miss'd mah soul an' hit mah sins,
'Way in 'e Kingdom!"

Then a sound of hand-clapping and shuffling—

"Satan's mad and I am glad,
Miss'd one soul he thought 'e had,
'Way in 'e Kingdom!"

The singer, a small, wizened, black darkey, came through the door, walking with a sort of skip and a shuffle, like the playful antics of a circus baboon. His bullet-shaped head was surmounted by a grey, woolly crop, tied in serrated rows with red strings, stripped from a bandana handkerchief; his nose fitted flatly and snugly against an expanse of blackness, punctuated by small, pig-like eyes, while a grinning red gash, relieved by rows of dazzling white teeth, occupied the space between his nose and vanishing chin. He was dressed in a cast-off Prince Albert, of ancient make, green with the contact of years, and stained and tattered by many a jag, patched and darned until the identity of the garb was doubtful. His left leg had been broken in childhood, and, through lack of proper attention, had grown at an angle from the perpendicular, extending outward leftwardly from the knee—this accounted for his shuffling gait. Both legs were
tied just below the knee with pieces of twine. As was his custom, even in severest weather, he was barefooted. "Ole Frankie," as he was called, was what is known as a "character." He rarely, if ever, worked, his principal occupation being itinerant preaching, or "exhorting," at the negro school-houses throughout the county, and, occasionally, supplying a temporarily vacant pulpit. The money he derived therefrom went mostly for spirituous consolation. He was liked by the darkies on account of his unfailing good humor, and also from the fact that he never preached "hell fire," but, on the other hand, always painted the joys of the faithful when they should reach the Promised Land.

His wife was a marked contrast to him. She was of large, fleshy mold, a mulatto of unusually even features for one of her race. Why she chose to consort with Ole Frankie was one of the mysteries of life to white people for whom she worked.

"Ole 'ooman," he said; "what yuh got fur dinnah terday?"

"Doan yuh talk ter me, yuh lo' down trifling po' white-folks' nigger! Here I bin workin' mah hands ter de bone, an' yuh spreein' mah money at de cotehouse! Yuh ain' goin' ter git no dinnah, yuh heah me!" She lifted up the flat-iron from the board threateningly. "'Nutha thing, yuh bettah gimme back mah money what yuh don' stol' out'n mah Sunda' stockin's, or dere'll be a dead nigger a-standin' on yuh feet!"

"Lawse mercy! What yuh talking 'bout, honey? 'Splain yerself!"

"Doan yuh call me honey! Yuh lim' ob Satan! Gimme back mah money!" (The flat-iron assuming a more threatening position.)

"Hon', I 'clar foh grashious I ain' seen yuh money. I hope me die if I took yuh fi' dollahs!" (Placing his hand over his heart.)

"Den how'd yuh know 'twas fi' dollahs, yuh thievin' black nigger! Dat proves yuh don' stol' it!"

"Sukey, yuh orter be asham'd ob yuhself ter 'cuse an inster­ment ob de Lawd ob stealin'. 'Tain' stealin', kase de Scriptur ses 'A man an' his wife are ob one flesh,' an' I took dat money ter buy rimmetiz medisin foh de mizry in mah back, foh de benefit ob half ob dis flesh what we own."

"Insterment ob de debbil, dat's what yuh am! Here I been
s'portin' yuh in lugsry foh twenty yeahrs—me dat uther work foh de quality folks, who lived mons'ous high. Dey wasn't none ob yuh po' white-folks, like I has ter wash foh now; nor sah, dey was ob high degree, and dis heah nigger am quality! Now yuh git away from heah, yuh black spawn ob de debbil, and doan yuh come back twell yuh don brung mah fi' dollahs!"

"Sukey, yuh ain' goin' ter turn yuh poh ol' man out do's, is yuh? I sho' did need dat money ter buy medisin foh de mizry in mah back!"

"G'way from heah, nigger; yuh stol' it ter buy whiskey, dat'll give yuh a mizry all ober. I'se don' wif yuh, now git!" And to accelerate his motion she shot the flat-iron at his head, only to strike the swift-closing door.

Ole Frankie went sorrowfully down the road.

"Dunno what's de matter wid de ole 'ooman. She's gitten mighty perticuler. As de Skriptur ses, de cose of true lub nebber do run smoof. Well, seems like she means what she ses, so I'll hab ter skirmish 'roun' foh tree dollahs; two's all I got," eyeing the bills in his hand ruefully.

He went on down the road to the village. While passing one of the houses, a lady came out with a brown paper parcel in her hand. "Here, Uncle," she called. "Take this cat with you, and bury it outside of town. It died this morning, and we don't want it on the premises. Here's a quarter for your trouble." Taking the gruesome small burden, and thanking her, he shuffled over to the village store.

As he entered the store the clerk covered up the cheese, closed the cracker-box near the end of the counter, and put an unopened case of tomatoes on top of an open barrel of winesaps. His experience with Ole Frankie, when but a green clerk, was one calculated to make him suspicious of the old man. Soon after he took his place in the store Ole Frankie, timing his visit so that he found the proprietor out, had sold the young clerk a black cat skin (suggestively stretched and trimmed) as a mink, when black cats were only worth fifteen cents and minks were bringing six dollars. When the mistake was discovered by the wrathful proprietor upon his return, the clerk, rather than have it published, made good the loss out of his slim purse, and the matter
was kept quiet, but ever afterwards he watched the old man like a hawk.

In the store Ole Frankie was cordially greeted by Deacon Snow, of color black. "Howdy, Brer Johnson, whar yuh don' bin foh de las' two days?" he asked.

"Ober ter de cotehouse ter git some rimmetiz medisin. Ole man's been feelin' mighty porely lately, thank de Lawd! Got a mizry in mah back. Sukey she's mighty complainin', an' al'time worryin' me 'bout money mattahs. De Lawd only knows what'll becum ob His servant." (Piously rolling his eyes.)

"Whom de Lawd lobeth He chaseth, and encourgeth eby son He deceibeth," said Deacon Snow, consolingly. "But He always distempers de wind ter de shown lam', and pervides de fattet caf foh de prodigal, kase only dis mawning my Mandy she rais'd a fuss ober Crismuss bein' only two days off and no fresh meat in de house. I prayed ter de Lawd ter send down mannah, eben ef He had ter sen' it by de tuhkey-buzzards or sum sech critturs, like He did ter de prophets ob ole, and, lo, an' behol', as I was walkin' through Kunnel Kam'ron's place dis mawnin', he flung me a 'possum what dey had cotched las' night. Said he jes' hunted dem foh de fun ob it, and didn't like 'possum meat. Mighty po' tas' I calls it, but I'm mighty glad ob dis yere 'possum." Here Deacon Snow borrowed some brown paper from the clerk, and wrapped the opossum up, laying it on the counter.

"Hab a chaw ob 'baccy, Brer Snow? 'Tain' nothin' but nigger twis', but it's mighty fine 'baccy," said Ole Frankie, with a crafty look at Deacon Snow's bundle.

The offer was eagerly accepted, and, while his spiritual brother, with his back turned to the counter, his eyes intent on the portion he allotted himself, Ole Frankie swapped bundles, noting carefully that no one saw him.

Social courtesies over, the two friends went their respective ways.

His fortunes slightly bettered, Ole Frankie's spirits arose somewhat, and his wits began to work. He was now passing the rectory, near the outskirts of the village. The house, formerly a farm-house, sat a considerable distance from any other habita-
tion. It was a large frame structure, with a few out-buildings close in the rear, and a big garden, at the rear of which stood a log-house, formerly used as a corn-house. From past experience, Ole Frankie knew that turkeys were sometimes kept in this house to fatten. The minister was of a nervous temperament, and the noise the turkeys made disturbed him in his studies, hence this arrangement was deemed necessary. Skirting the rear of the place, walking as if in pious meditation, Ole Frankie reached the log-house, and was rewarded, upon peeping through the cracks, with the vision of a splendid big gobbler. "Hol' on, mah honey, I'se a-comin'," he whispered; "jes' yuh wait till dark."

Deliberating over his plans, he went back up the road toward his little cabin. When he reached a little pile of brush and leaves, near the edge of the woods surrounding the field in which it sat, he stooped over, and, pulling a jug therefrom, took a long gurgly swill. Smacking his thick lips with the air of a connoisseur, he said, "Doan see why sum ministers is so sot aginst dis blessin' ob de good Lawd; mus' be kase dey ain' nebber tas' it. All I kin say is dey'll nebber kno' what dey done miss'd when dey gits ter heben." Replacing the jug, he sneaked up to the cabin, found that Sukey was out, entered, and, placing the opossum on the kitchen table, retraced his footsteps back to town. On the way he met Sukey, who, still wrathful over her wrongs, gave him another severe tongue-lashing, but her wrath was somewhat appeased when he told her of the nice fat young 'possum he had left on the kitchen table, which would handsomely grace their Christmas dinner table. He told her he had raised part of the money, would get the balance somehow, and return soon after nightfall, and, with this assurance on his part, she left him, greatly mollified, thinking, perhaps, she was too hard on her old man after all.

In the meantime Deacon Snow had reached his humble domicile, and, upon being interrogated by his spouse as to whether he had brought any fresh meat, he said, "Well, ole 'ooman, I'se got a 'sprise foh yuh. Here's a nice fat young 'possum what de Lawd don' sen' us." (Handing her the bundle.) She opened it, in pleased anticipation, only to turn loose a storm of wrath upon his head. "Yuh deceivin' nigger, whatcher mean by tryin' ter projec' wif me, gibin' me a cat, and sayin' it's a 'possum!"
Deacon Snow looked at the cat, his eyes rolling in amazement.
"Foh de Lawd's sake, Mandy, somebody's conjured dat 'possum. It sho' was a 'possum when Kunnel Kam'ron gib it ter me dis mawnin'." He scratched his head reminiscently. He remembered wrapping the 'possum up in brown paper while in the store, also that he had laid his bundle down temporarily, and that Ole Frankie carried a bundle similar in size and shape.

"I'll betcher I don' swapped wif Brer Johnson," and, acting on this thought, he set out across the fields and through the woods to Ole Frankie's cabin. Finding no one at home, he entered, and, seeing a package on the kitchen table, took the liberty of opening it, to find his strayed 'possum. The second exchange, more to his liking, was quickly made, and he returned home.

Ole Frankie, after passing his wife, loafed around in the neighborhood of his jug until nearly dark. His plans complete, he soon reached the rectory, and, on a pretended errand to the kitchen, found, by talking with the cook a little while, that she and her mistress were presently going down to the town hall, several blocks away, her mistress to assist in decorating the hall for the union Christmas celebration, and she to carry a basket of tinsel, ornaments, etc., to be used in the decorations. After partaking of refreshments set before him by the cook, and giving her his blessing, he left the place, to watch the situation from a vantage ground. He decided to wait until the lady of the house and the servant left before carrying out his plans. He knew the rector's wife to be a shrewd business woman, attending to all matters pertaining to her household diligently, and with an eagle eye for tricks. The rector was different.

He had not long to wait. Soon he saw Mrs. Wright, the rector's wife, and Sarah Jane, the cook, come out of the front door and pass down the street.

With a noiselessness and deftness surprising in one of his age and infirmities, he went back to the corn-house, sprung the cheap padlock on the door by striking it sharply with a piece of wood, and, gliding in, lifted the turkey from the roost, gently, clasping his legs with one hand, his neck with the other.

A few minutes later the rector, busy with his Christmas sermon, heard a knock on the front door. Thrusting his pen
over one ear, holding a half-finished page of his embryonic sermon in the other, he answered the summons, finding Ole Frankie standing there with a turkey in his arms.

"Howdy, Marster Wright; hope yuh's feelin' well. I 'clar ef yuh ain' de spittin' image ob mah ole Marster Charles, what died yeahs ago. He was a gemman, he was."

"Well, Uncle, what can I do for you," said the rector, pleased by the compliment.

"Marster Wright, I'se got mo' tuhkeys foh Crismuss dan I kin eat, and my ole 'ooman a s ked me ter sell sum ob dem, so's we kin buy sum Crismuss presen's foh de poh fo'ks' chilluns."

The rector twisted the paper in his hands nervously. "I am not sure, Uncle, whether or not Mrs. Wright has provided one for the Christmas festivities. How much do you want for it?"

"Marster, sence yuh is so much like mah ole Marster, I'se gwine ter sell it ter yuh foh a dollah and a half, which am a dollah cheapah dan you kin buy one like it in town."

"That sounds very reasonable. I'll take it," said the minister.

The bargain was quickly closed, Ole Frankie going down to the corn-house to help him put the turkey away.

After bidding the rector good-night, Ole Frankie, apparently making for home, like a wary fox, circled in his tracks, landing, in about twenty minutes, back at the corn-house, where Mr. Turkey once more was removed from his comfortable roost to brave the terrors of night.

Ten minutes later the rector was again summoned to the door.

"Well, what do you want now," he said, rather vexedly. His flow of inspiration for the second time being rudely interrupted, he was excusable for his show of temper.

"Marster, arter I got home I found dat tuhkey's brudder kickin' up sech a row 'bout 'being' lef' behin', dat I jes didn't hab de heart ter lebe him dere suff'ring, an' thinkin' yuh wud need anothah tuhkey foh New Yeah's day, I don' brung him ter yuh, foh de same price I sol' his brudder."

The rector hesitated. "I really don't know what my wife would say. You had better wait until she returns. I expect her in about a half hour."
“Why, Marster, ef yuh doan want it, I kin sell it ter sumbody yelse, but yuh sho’ is makin’ a mistake. Yuh kno’ de good Book ses, ‘De man what doan pervide foh his fambly am wuss dan an infiddel,’ an’, furdemo’, ‘Behol’, now am de excepted time.’”

“Alright, Uncle, I guess I’ll have to risk it.” And once more he paid Ole Frankie a dollar and a half, and, taking his keys and lantern, they went down to the corn-house.

“Heah, gib me de lantern, Marster; I kin carry it better dan yuh,” said the wily old darkey. “Lawd hab mercy!” He stumbled, and swung the lantern, putting the light out. “Look what I don’ don’.”

Mr. Wright assured him that no harm was done, that they could see well enough to put the bird in the house, and they went on together. Once more the turkey was stowed away. The rector commented on the stillness of the first turkey. “He’s don’ been hoppin’ ’bout right peart terday, and I reckon he am too tired ter holler, an’ hab gon’ ter sleep, dreamin’ ’bout Crismuss.”

Again bidding the minister a pious good-night, with wishes for a “Merry Christmas,” Ole Frankie took his departure.

Making a detour, he was soon in possession of the turkey, and wended his way homeward, his heart light with thoughts of reconciliation to his home and fireside, his pocket heavier by three dollars, his mouth watering in anticipation of ‘possum for breakfast (so he had decided) and of turkey for Christmas dinner.

As he shuffled along he soliloquized in his sing-song way, “De skriptur wahns us ‘Be sho’ yoah sins’ll fin’ yuh out. I sho’ hope when mah sins come dey woan fin’ me in. I neber did like dem ’Piscalopians much nohow, wif dere uprisin’s an’ dere down­sottin’s and dere printed pra’rs. Dey woan ’low a nigger ter holler ‘Hallelujah’ or ‘Praise de Lawd,’ ’cep’n dey reads it out’n a book. Dey is ter de good ol’time Mefodis’ like de Filipinos wuz ter de chillun ob Izrel, but de good Lawd hab dis day delibered min’ enemy into mah hand, an’ I don’ slewed de pocket­book ob de Filipinos wid dis good right jaw-bone.” And he chuckled in appreciation of his own cleverness.

By this time he had reached his cabin, from whence streamed a cheerful light. He mounted the steps and opened the kitchen door with the air of a conqueror, or of the righteous stepping into
the Promised Land; but the next instant he thought he'd hit the wrong place, for a well-directed flat-iron, propelled by a massive yellow arm, struck him in the solar plexus, doubling him like a jack-knife, while a rolling-pin played a tattoo on his woolly pate; but, nevertheless, he held on to the turkey. When he had recovered his wind, he yelled, in desperation, "Sukey, Sukey, hol' on, honey; gib a po' nigger a sho'!" The yellow tornado stopped, still holding the rolling-pin in a suggestive manner.

"What yuh mean by 'saultin' yuh ol' man?'" (with a sorely injured air).

"What yuh mean by gittin' fresh wif me, tryin' ter pass a stale cat foh 'possum?" (throwing the defunct kitty in his face).

His eyes popped in astonishment. "Oh, Lawd, mah sins don' fin' me in!" he groaned. Then to his wife, "Ebil sperits don' been wuhkin' sho'. Ah 'clar 'fore Gawd it wuz a 'possum when Ah laid it on de table. Nebber saw a 'possum tuhn ter a cat befo'."

"'Splain yuhse'f, nigger!" she said, threateningly, brandishing the rolling-pin.

"Honey, I kan't' splain, but here's yuh fi' dollahs, an' here's a mons'ous fine tuhkey what Ah don' brung yuh."

Sukey caught sight of the turkey for the first time, and, with her heart softened to the core by this noble restitution, she dropped her weapon, threw her arms about the little darkey, turkey and all, and drew them to her ample bosom, ejaculating, "Praise de Lawd, we'se gwine ter hab tuhkey foh Crismuss!"
THE MODERN BUCCANEER.

Charles T. Montgomery, '16.

ALTHOUGH modern life is replete with romance and adventure, there is probably no profession in which the two elements are so closely blended as in that of journalism. The newspaper man of the present day lives in a sphere consisting primarily of these elements. This is true in all branches of the profession, but it reaches its maximum in the existence of the newspaper photographer.

"Buccaneers of the camera," some one has called them, and the name is decidedly appropriate. Theirs is the same daring life, full of bold enterprise, that characterized the life of those jolly rovers of the ancient mains. Nothing is too difficult for them to accomplish, there are no unattainable heights, everything is possible. The most complex situations, requiring ingenuity, nerve, and quick thought, are constantly arising and being overcome as part of the day's work. They are a fine set of fellows, too, these modern buccaneers. Persons in no other profession are quicker to adapt themselves to conditions, and there is no one who can equal one of the "boys" in telling interesting stories of past experiences.

They go anywhere, at any time, and are generally the first outsiders to reach scenes of accidents or of startling events of general interest. As a usual thing, they have but little time to prepare for a trip, minutes often deciding whether they will catch a train and reach the scene of action ahead of competitors, thus insuring their papers a "scoop." A Washington photographer packed his supplies, gathered together his apparatus, and caught a train in twenty-five minutes. He was among the first of the outsiders to reach Hillsville, and his photographs, for several days, were the only ones showing conditions immediately following the murder to reach the outside world.

Probably the first person to make a movement after the attempted assassination of Mayor Gaynor, several months ago, was a boy sent out to make pictures of the official's departure. The
second call had been made to those who were to return to the wharf, and still the lad remained to make one more picture. Suddenly he saw a man draw a revolver and fire point-blank at the Mayor. Automatically he pressed his camera button, and recorded, beyond all question, one of the greatest events of that month.

Unwillingness on the part of prominent people to be photographed for the press frequently makes it necessary for the camera man to go to extremes. Several of them, working together, have been known to surround a man who, with a paper, or other similar article, was endeavoring to cover his face. No matter in what direction the victim would turn he would face a camera, and at each turn the click of the shutter would sound, and one or the other of the photographers would get his picture. Cases of this kind are frequent in photographing criminals. One of the best pictures ever made of Pierpont Morgan was obtained by men who resorted to this means. The finished photograph showed the irate millioniare, with cane raised at one of the camera men, and was an excellent study of his face when under excitement.

To obtain pictures within court-rooms, after the judge has issued instructions for the exclusion of all photographers, probably taxes the ingenuity of the camera men to the utmost. Many and unique are the methods devised to get the precious negatives. One photographer had a small camera built into the head of a cane, and kept the court sergeants of New York in a state of wonder for months as to how the pictures published each day were obtained. Another smuggled a small camera in under his coat, and, cutting a hole in the top of his derby hat, through which the lens protruded, made fine pictures for many days before he was finally discovered.

Flash-lights play an important part in the routine of a newspaper photographer also, and frequently get him into difficulties. The flash-powder itself is dangerous, unless carefully handled, and several men have been injured for life by premature explosions. It is when making this kind of a picture that they often have to prove their rights to ten-second honors. One man recently attempted to make a flash-light of the crowd kneeling in prayer before the palace of the sick Emperor of Japan. He made the
flash all right, but was unable to make safety after doing so, and was torn to pieces by the enraged crowd. Many of the best photographs appearing in our papers are made by flash-lights, the most remarkable ones of the past decade probably being those obtained in New York harbor when the "Carpathia," carrying the survivors of the "Titanic," steamed in. A number of the pictures of men in the public eye are made by daring photographers in hotel lobbies or halls.

However, this is but one side of the photographer's eventful life. The other side concerns that spent in making pictures from the top of the structural iron work, as that of the Woolworth building, from aeroplanes, in subterranean tunnels, dens of vice, and from the firing line during the course of battles. Great fires, accidents, and crimes often tax the courage of a photographer, but it is seldom that a man sent to get a picture by one of the metropolitan papers fails. If he fails to get the photograph, there is but one rule to follow, and that is—fail to return to the office. The average camera man is so full of nerve that you can almost see it bubbling over on the outside.

And romance—that something that makes mere existence approach the borders of real life—is closely entwined with his adventures. Not that the photographer is quicker than other persons to notice its presence, but that he is probably given more frequent opportunities for noticing it. The picture of the survivors of some disaster, published throughout the country, may bring some relative or sweetheart hurrying to the assistance of the girl left penniless by the accident. Families are often reunited, after years of separation, by the publication of one or another's photograph.

Generally these things are noticed without making any lasting impression on the man whose work made them possible; but, on other occasions, he may be more greatly impressed, and the romance may actually enter his own life. Such is part of the story of a Tommy O——. Tommy once made a series of photographs of a society belle's pet poodle at the bench show. To show her appreciation, she smuggled him into a Fifth-avenue house one evening, and made it possible for the lad to get away with one of the best flash pictures of a society mask-ball that has
ever been made. And such is the story of Louis N——. It was during one of the worst cold spells of a severe winter that Louis was sent out by his editor to get pictures of the suffering poor. He had traveled miles with the ambulance, but had gotten few pictures really worth while, when the message came that a young girl was in dire need of attention. He decided to make this last trip in the hope that he might get the kind of picture which he wished. He got it. The girl was a stranger to the city, and had come there in search of a position. Her money had given out, and, after going for more than a day without food, and with but scant clothing, she had dropped in the streets. Louis was sent back the next day to make a picture of her in the hospital. So great was the change in her appearance, and so nice did she seem to Louis, that he returned to the hospital the next day. The second time he came he brought flowers, the third day more flowers, and a stuttering, previously-prepared speech, and the day following (or several days following) he brought a minister.

With all of these various kinds of experiences, it would be impossible for comedy to be lacking. Divided roughly, the fun that enters into the life of a camera buccaneer is of two kinds—that which he gets from making the pictures, the actual humorous instances arising when the pictures are made, and that in laughing at the public, which gobbles up anything which he chooses to hand it as being Gospel truth.

Arguments among the residents of Hillsville as to what each would have done had he been in the court at the time of the shooting were exceedingly common while the town was in the excitement immediately following the outlaws' escapade. No one in that section of the country was more certain as to what he would have done than was Jailer Burnette, and he spent hours each day telling any one who would listen what he would have done had he "jest been in 'ere." He was holding forth to a crowd in front of the jail one afternoon when a photographer set off a flash inside. The roar of the explosion sounded like a cannon. "My God!" exclaimed the astounded and terrified jailer, "old Floyd is shooting again." A second more and there was not a person to be seen within several squares of the building. It was some time before the picture man was able to induce the frightened custodian to return and let him out.
During a trial held in the vicinity of Richmond the judge issued orders that no pictures were to be made in the court-room, and one day, seeing a photographer shooting through the window, he ordered the sheriff to arrest the man. The sheriff started on a run, and the camera man did likewise. Dodging into the crowd, the photographer was able to elude his pursuer for several minutes. When finally caught, he raised the question as to how the sheriff knew he was the man. The sheriff was certain because he knew the man he wanted had a large camera, and he had seen this particular man with a camera before, and because this particular man had run. This particular man did not have a camera, however, and, although the box which belonged to the photographer would hardly have gone in a barrel, the sheriff was not satisfied until he had felt even within the vest pockets. He returned, puzzled and grumbling, to report his failure to the judge, little dreaming that the photographer had slipped his box to a partner, when he dodged into the crowd, and that that young man had instantly vanished, to insure the safe-keeping of the plate.

However, no small part of the life of the work comes in fooling or "faking" the public. It frequently happens that it is necessary to fool the editor also, and when this happens there is real bliss for the buccaneer. Assignments contrary to all laws of photography are frequently given by editors who know nothing of the art. They merely wish a certain kind of picture, and expect the picture man to bring in the results. This happened not so long ago when an editor ordered a picture of a holiday street crowd taken at night. To make one showing anything of a perspective under those conditions was impossible. The photographer hastened up to the most crowded portion of the street that afternoon and made a negative. He went back that night, and made one at the same spot, showing the electric lights and signs. Then he printed them together, and turned in the picture wanted, with none but himself the wiser.

One of the most recent examples of good "faking" occurred with the publication of the Presidential candidates riding those particular animals supposed to symbolize the various parties. The one showing Colonel Roosevelt riding a bull moose down a river was a masterpiece. It was a picture of the ex-President.
in riding costume, taken probably some morning in the park, and worked onto that of a moose, taken probably years before the other, and far up in some Canadian backwoods. A clever artist can do wonders in helping a photographer to turn out amazing results.
Helen A. Monsell, '16.

Oh, I'm the daughter of the sea,
The playmate of the waves;
My school, my home, my life, my all,
Are its vast unfathomed caves.
The earth is nothing, the sea is my all,
I hate the abodes of men.
I hate the earth; from my very birth
I've loved naught but my watery glen.

'Tis I who gather those precious drops
Adopted by the sun;
Who watch them drawn into the sky,
Their journey well begun.
And 'tis I who welcome them back again,
When, from the rivers wide,
They are wafted down to my ocean caves
By the arms of the kindly tide.

When the ocean is lashed by the driving gale,
And a whirlwind is sweeping the deep,
I hie me round to some fisherman's hut
To wail round his dwelling and weep.
They say 'tis the banshee's moan that they hear,
And the good-man is drowned at sea.
They weep and they wail, and all through the gale
Their moaning is music to me.

Then, when the rage of the tempest is spent,
And the ocean's anger is o'er,
I gather the wrecks of their puny boats,
And cast them high on the shore.
While children weep for parents lost,
And maids for their lovers at sea,
While widows moan and mothers groan,
I laugh with a fiendish glee.
For I'm the daughter of the deep,
   The playmate of the waves,
My joys, my home, my life all lie
   In its dark, unfathomed caves.
The earth is nothing, the sea is my all,
   I hate the abode of men.
I hate the earth; from my very birth
   I've loved only my watery glen.
HAVE been deeply concerned about your growing intimacy with George for some time, and I have been wishing to speak to you about it.”

The cold, grey eyes of the millionaire sought the face of his daughter as he spoke. She evaded his gaze, and he went on: “I realize that it is only natural for you to be grateful to him for befriending you last summer, but what you must learn, daughter, in this selfish old world, is to draw the line between gratitude and love.”

The words came from him in the pointed, practical manner of one who had fought successfully the merciless battles of a commercial world—from one whose heart-strings stirred to no music save the voice of his only daughter and the clink of a dollar.

“Father, I have found George Oswald to be a gentleman,” she retorted, when he had finished, two wicked little demons dancing in her eyes.

“I know. You don’t understand. There are other things to consider.” His voice lowered, and his countenance softened to one of sympathy. “Clara, I am getting old; we must look to the future, you know. I refer to my fortune. You and I are left alone. Everything is yours; it must be left in safe hands. You know, as well as I, that George has nothing, and that he is absolutely incapable of management. There’s his uncle’s estate, it’s true,” he continued, reflecting, “but I’ll warrant George gets none of it; those brothers will manage to get it all. If he would show some ability to take care of his own affairs—but he doesn’t. Knowing that he broke his last engagement with you, I thought it might serve as a reason to let him go. It was this that I wanted to advise,” he concluded, drawing near her affectionately, and fingering her golden tresses in a caressing manner; “and I wish to assure you that it is always your interest, Clara, that I have at heart.”

Her father retired abruptly from the room. She was alone.
She opened the little note which she had received just before her father came in, and read it again:

"Dear Clara,—Just a little note of apology. Hope you will not be anxious. Uncle has been very sick; besides, I have been detained for other reasons, about which I will probably tell you later. My watch ticks eternities until I see you again.

"Affectionately,

"George."

She paused at the word "probably." What did he mean? And why did George entertain any idea of keeping a secret from her? Surely he could confide all to her. It was puzzling. She reasoned, and chewed the corner of the envelope, and reasoned again.

When George Oswald saved Clara Gordon's life, the summer before, they became intimate friends. Friendship had ripened into love, and love—but why repeat that same old story that has been whispered in the cozy corners of the universe ever since Eve wore the original hobble skirt of leaves, and made eyes at Adam in the shade of the old apple tree of Eden? The fact that she was the only daughter of Charles T. Gordon, the great gold magnate of Glendale, forbade that her courtship go on unmolested. The old gentleman had now decided to wage an active campaign of interference. Had old Gordon believed that he could secure for his daughter the estate of Henry Oswald, George's crusty old bachelor uncle, no doubt he would have sacrificed his daughter at the altar of matrimony. The estate of this infirm old man would be divided between George and his two brothers. It consisted of fertile valleys and low mountain ranges, comprising, in all, twelve hundred acres. Save for scant timber, the mountains were considered worthless. Since Uncle Henry's illness, there had been much speculation among the people of the village as to which one of the boys he would bequeath the most valuable part of his estate.

The day came when Uncle Henry Oswald breathed his last, and the village was in a state of excitement.

"Heard about old man Oswald?" asked the village blacksmith, as Si Perkins rode up.
"No; how is he—worse?"
"Dead."
"Dead?"
"Yep; died this morning," taking up horse-shoe nails, and placing them in his mouth.
"How about the estate?"
"The valley divided twixt the oldest boys; George gets the mountains, so I hear. That was his will—whoa!"
"In the name of Nancy Hanks! Is that so? An' that whole mountain ain't wuth a peck o' pinders, is it?"
"No—whoa, I tell yer!" clinching a nail, and taking up another hoof.
"Did you learn what was the trouble twixt George and his uncle?"
"Dunno; somebody said that George has sorter been courtin' that gal o' Hal Smith's here o' late. The old man has hated the Smiths like old Harry ever since that big law suit twixt him and the old man, you know."
"Well, well, I thought George Oswald was flying roun' that gal o' Charles Gordon's."
"So he was, everybody says, until a few days ago—well till the old man got sick, I believe Susanna told me last night—but he stopped, I reckon. Ain't heard nobody say, but I just allowed that the old man Charlie give him his walking papers, and told him what was what—anyhow he quit going."
"Well, if that George ain't the biggest gump; 'spose he didn't know how his old uncle would take it when he went with the Smiths?"
"Guess so. I allus heard that Henry Oswald told them chaps of his brothers that if they kept company with the Smiths they'd be sorry for it. But that's jist like that George—ain't got no management—to go ruin everything, and turn his uncle against him."

Thus such a deluge of sentiment was poured out against George Oswald by the critics and hypercritics of the village as would have occasioned the fall of a worthier man. He stood condemned. Why did he want to make an ass of himself anyway, everybody wondered.
That afternoon, when Charles Gordon came home, he found Clara alone on the piazza.

"Papa, Mr. Oswald is dead—had you heard?" she asked, as he joined her.

"Yes, Clara, and what did I tell you about the property? Just like I said. George has nothing. No diplomacy—absolutely none. And been going with Smith's daughter recently, I hear."

"With Josephine?" she demanded, starting.

"Yes; it's all over the village," he said, knocking the ashes from his cigar.

It was more than she could bear, and she went bursting into her room. "Been going with that horrid Josephine Smith," she sobbed aloud. "And that was why he broke our last engagement. I would not have thought it of him; I have always trusted George"—and then more sobs.

She sat thinking it over, and wondering how it could be. It seemed so incredible. The wedding day was only a month away. "And what if papa knew that?" she sighed. How she had looked forward to that time with a heart fluttering with fond anticipation! But that her father would not submit now to her marriage was only too evident. But if George had proven false! Surely it couldn't be! She must have the statement from his own lips.

In an effort to dismiss the matter from her mind, she espied the newspaper on the table before her.

She read in bold head-lines:

"A BIG FIND—Gold discovered on Henry Oswald's estate yesterday. Mines thought by many to be most valuable in country. Much agitation among gold men here."

The paper slipped to the floor. Her eyes grew moist. But scarcely was she conscious of the source of her joy when Josephine Smith came hurrying and bustling through her mind. It jarred upon her sensibility. The very thought was odious. The detestable thing! She hadn't liked her anyway, since that day Josephine bit her at school. And pray, what right did she have to come between George and herself?

By the next day the news of the big find on George's land had become generally known. At the blacksmith's shop it was
the sole theme of conversation. After many innocent dry goods boxes had been carved and shamefully mutilated by pocket knives, and much tobacco juice spilt over the subject, the sages of the village came to the very logical conclusion that it certainly was a piece of luck for George Oswald.

It was that same afternoon that George went to explain to Clara. It had been a warm day, and they had retreated to the little brook that babbled among tall lilies in the meadow. They were sitting upon a bed of green grass, while tall, purple yesterbells nodded about them on their long stems with each caressing breeze.

"And you knew all the while that the gold was there?" she questioned, wide-eyed, as he explained it to her.

He chuckled wickedly.

"And you knew your uncle didn't like the Smiths, too—you naughty boy!"

With parted lips she was gazing admiringly towards his estate that lay purple under the setting sun. But his eyes had not followed her gaze toward the western hills. He was silently adoring the symmetry of a dimpled arm that lay near him in the tender grass.

"And just think what your diplomacy has won," she whispered innocently, waking from her revery.

"Yes; just think," he laughed, teasingly.

A little conscious blush bloomed for a moment in her cheeks, and was then partly hidden by a coat sleeve, as he folded his inheritance in his arms.
CHRISTMAS AMONG THE NATIONS.

Anna Bear, '15.

CHRISTMAS is the celebration of the birth of Christ. The origin of it is very interesting; it grew out of a pagan festival. For centuries before the Christian era every country in the world held its chief festival at the winter solstice, or turning point of the year. It is undoubtedly true that pagan forms, taken from festivals like the Saturnalia, marked the early Christmas celebrations. Later, various portions of the Druidical rites were added, and then some of the ceremonies of the ancient Germans and Scandinavians. In this way Christmas is a continuation of the pagan festivals, although it was the desire of the Christians to supplant the heathen celebration, not to continue it.

The Christian idea of Christmas, with its love, charity, and forgiveness, has probably found its most striking realization in the Julafred or Yule peace of the Scandinavians. The courts are closed (old quarrels adjusted) old feuds are forgotten; while on the Yule evening the shoes, great and small, of the entire household are set close together in a row, that, during the coming year, the family may live together in peace and harmony.

In Germany the Christmas holidays are substituted for the pagan festival of the "Twelve Nights," which extended from the 25th of December to the 6th of January. The "Twelve Nights" were religiously observed by numerous feats, and were regarded by the ancient Germans as the holiest and most solemn festivals.

During the Christmas in Bohemia, Styria, Carniola, and other German provinces, it is customary for a number of persons to associate themselves together in a dramatic company, and perform Christmas plays during Advent. The story of the Saviour's birth, his persecution by Herod, and the flight of the holy family into Egypt, constitutes the simple plot.

In many parts of Switzerland and the Netherlands St. Nicholas still distributes his presents on St. Nicholas's eve—the 5th of December, instead of on Christmas eve. In the Nether-
lands and adjoining provinces it is very interesting to know his popularity. He is the only saint who has obtained his full credit, even among the Protestants. For days previous to his coming everybody is busy. Housewives have been secretly conspiring with the bakers in gilding nut cakes and ginger-bread into the most fantastical forms, from which the good saint may, from time to time, replenish his supplies. As for the children, St. Nicholas is the burden of their prayers and the inspiration of their songs.

In France, though New Year is generally observed, rather than Christmas, for the distribution of presents, it is the Jesus bambin who comes with a convoy of angels loaded with books and toys with which to fill the expectant little shoes, that tiny hands have so carefully arranged in the fire-place.

In Italy, even at the present day, masters and servants not unfrequently meet, and are seated together at a common Christmas table.

In Spain Christmas is observed very much as it is in Italy, the Christmas dinner playing a very important part.

In Russia Christmas is observed somewhat as among the English. It has its gift-hung tree, its presents, and merry-making. There the rice and raisins take the place of the plum-pudding among the English; and this meal, by an ancient custom, is eaten on Christmas eve. On Christmas day the priests visit neighboring families to hold a short service, during which every one and everything—the worshipers, the walls, and the furniture—have holy water sprinkled over them, the gratitude of the people expressing itself to the priests in cash, according to their means. Superstition is prevalent in Russia at this time. For instance, a glass of water is placed before the image of some saint, the yolk of an egg is dropped into it; in the morning the yolk, by the shape it has assumed, will give a clear sign of the future.

In Poland it is believed that the heavens are opened, and the scene of Jacob's ladder is re-enacted, but only the saints can see it.

The Roman Catholics observe Christmas mostly in services. Three masses are performed during the holiday—one at midnight, one at day-break, and one in the morning. The day is also celebrated by the Anglo-Catholic Church; special psalms are
sung, a preface is made in the communion service, and the Athanasian Creed is sung.

In every country the Jew rejoices that the Christmas sentiment is speedily and beautifully progressing toward realization in action. When he sees the lights leap into glory in his neighbors' homes he breathes forth a fervent prayer for their happiness. As far as in him lies, he helps make their joy more genuine. He gladly contributes his part to the happiness of his friends, and such as share with him the hospitality of his hearth, but are not of his religious fraternity.

Christmas in England is scarcely the shadow of its former merry, brilliant self, when all classes of society united around a common banquet table in the most unrestrained joviality and merriment. The singing of Christmas carols, which was once so popular, even at court, has fallen into great disuse, and is now principally confined to the lower classes. Even the traditional mistletoe, around which gathers so much of poesy and romance, is now excluded from the churches, as a relic of paganism. The superstition that cattle kneel at midnight on Christmas eve, in recognition of the anniversary of the Saviour's birth, is still said to exist in parts of England, and water drawn at 12 o'clock is miraculously changed into wine. The Christmas log, with its warm welcome, is being gradually supplanted by the Christmas tree, its introduction into England being of comparatively recent date.

It seems strange that the North American Indians have not developed from their own sources anything corresponding to the Christmas idea in America. They have memorial festivals, at which they offer gifts to their deities, partly in gratitude for having brought their tribe through some great crisis in the past, but more particularly by way of insuring similar favors in future crises. Some of the tribes preserve the ancient Sun Dance spirits that constitute the nearest approach to the Santa Claus. The kinds of gifts that are made to the children at Christmas are very small, consisting of bows and arrows, moccasins, and wooden dolls, made by the parents themselves. In the schools, the teachers write to the parents of the children, reminding them of the approach of the festival, and the parents respond according to their means.
Christmas in America is observed by religious services, giving presents, Christmas trees, the use of fire-works, and other merry-making.

The things that are used in Christmas are all from different sources—the Christmas tree comes from Germany, Santa Claus from Holland, the Christmas stocking from Belgium to France, while the “Merry Christmas and Happy New Year” was the old English greeting shouted from window to street, and from street back to window, in the long, long ago.
Sunset. Before the storm’s approaching frown,
    The anxious shepherd gathers in his sheep;
With scurrying feet his charges hurry down,
    Home to the fold, to warmth, and rest, and sleep.
But one has fallen out beside the way—
    A tender lamb, unwatched, has gone astray.

Twilight. The cold wind chides the whirling snow
    In accents shrill, with biting breath and keen.
All trembling stands the lamb, with head bent low,
    Its quivering form but dimly to be seen
Amid the blinding clouds the Storm King flings,
    To hurl it from the rock to which it clings.

Dusk, and the little creature’s cries of fear
At last have reached the kindly shepherd’s ear.
    Through brakes and torrents, up the rocky crest
He toils, and takes the suff’rer to his breast;
And, gently gathering up the little form,
Safe home he carries it from out the storm.
The changing seasons have ever been the hereditary possession of the poets. With the talisman of budding spring, blooming summer, ripe autumn, and blasting winter, the hearts of all mankind have been laid bare from time immemorial. Should the poet wish to interpret youthful love (love whose month is ever May), his thoughts turn naturally to the spring, with its freshness, its beauties, and its possibilities. So natural, indeed, is this relation, that love, with its spontaneity and extravagance, is known as the spring-time of man. Should the poet think of the realized embryo, his expression of the thought is ever in terms of summer, with its richness and fullness. If he has passed through the exuberant stage, come to the contemplative frame of mind, valuing each thing in life at its intrinsic worth—in a word, if he has reached the prime of life—it is the autumn, with its touch of melancholy, sadness, and exquisite beauty, that seems to speak his inmost thoughts. When grim death appears, it is the cold blast of winter that whirls and scurries and shrieks at his door, and, at last, breaks in and extinguishes the spark of life.

All of us, to be sure, have our favorites among the seasons, in which our moods seem in perfect harmony with nature. We come almost to believe that our organisms are musical instruments upon which only one of the seasons may play. If one is of a sad and melancholy temperament, it is but natural that autumn, with its sombre shades and premonition of coming winter, should furnish the outlet our minds seem to crave. To such a one the crisp air, with the swaying of the trees in their various shades of russet and brown, imparts a sense of the ripeness and fulness of nature, as well as a beginning of the end—winter.

Man would make but a sorry picture were he deprived of the rich setting given him by nature and the seasons; for nature alone has furnished many an artist, in painting and in literature, the sole subject for some great masterpiece. There is something
in the human breast which seems to respond to the slightest stimulus from this cause.

In their love of the delicate and their horror of the harsh, some poets shun the winter as they would death, and live only in the spring and summer; some, again, seem to start from spring and summer, and come suddenly to a halt in the death-like winter, depicting an inner trouble which has brought about this quick transit from the richness of summer to the coldness of the grave. Perhaps in no other way can we so adequately portray man than in his inter-relation with the seasons. The months and seasons give us the ever-recurring life and progress of nature, and in life we have just these same stages—one an animate, the other an inanimate growth and progress.

"The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiem's thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wanted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which."

Not only is this relationship general, as in the above case of the seasons, but the separate months themselves come to mean just one thing to us. For instance, not one of us, asked to give his conception of the spring months, but would remember the little doggerel:

"March winds and April showers
Bring forth beautiful May flowers."

So it is with the other months and seasons; they stand apart, and mean one particular thing. Particularly is this the case with Shakespeare, whom we find very exact in his mention of them. From references, we find that January to him meant coldness and bleakness; February, storm, cloud, and frost; March, wind and penetrating cold; April, changeable (as regards sunshine and rain); June, heat; July, length of days, stillness, and intense heat; August, weariness of body from heat and drought; December,
short days, snow, sharp, cutting, and biting winds—a month altogether undesirable.

It is very amusing to find some people so superstitious over their birth-stones for the different months, with their innate qualities if born in certain seasons—so superstitious, indeed, that we sometimes wonder if there be not a grain of truth in the idea that environment, in the sense of the season in which one is born, may have no small influence in man's later development. ("He will weep you an' it were a man born in April."—Troilus and Cressida.) This is a poetic notion, at least, and, since science has killed so much poetry, it might be well to disregard cold reason to some extent.

Shakespeare let no chance escape that could aid in the interpretation of his characters, and lend them setting; consequently the months were to him very distinctive.

In his plays Shakespeare shows a preference for the spring and summer months, not referring once to September, October, or November. This seems curious, and we are somewhat at a loss to explain the omission. The autumn, as a season, is mentioned, though only rarely, but the months themselves are not mentioned at all.

It may be far-fetched, but it does seem that this preference for the spring and summer, and avoidance of the autumn, those sad and reflective months of the folly of mankind, mark Shakespeare as an optimist. Undoubtedly, Shakespeare was an optimist, even in the heights of his later romances, and the statement gains greater force from the very fact of this omission. Not that any poet consciously refers to such matters, but is drawn into them unconsciously, by the nature of the subject itself. In the atmosphere of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is it to be wondered at that so many references to summer and the summer months are found, and that the mass of summer flowers, fruits, and trees abound? Even the title suggests the attitude of the play, and certainly the seasons, the flowers, and the fruits must keep the atmosphere ever before us.

Could we, however, from a mere glance at the references to the seasons and the months, judge from them the general character and atmosphere of the play? Could we foretell, for
instance, from the references in “As You Like It,” the sylvan scenes, the freshness and beauty of the trees and the spring-time, and of the characters themselves? Decidedly not, for, of the eight references to seasons in it, seven are to winter and the remaining one to spring. The winter and its coldness and bleakness is mentioned only in contrast to the then present atmosphere. Thus we see the folly of trying to draw specific conclusions. At best, they can only be general. Shakespeare’s favorite month seems to be May, with April and March following, respectively, showing that he must have loved the spring and understood it. To him things seemed new-born and fresh—the world was not “stale and unprofitable.”

Can it be that in England the season, autumn, and particularly the autumn months, are not distinctive, and that the progress from summer to winter is so rapid as to leave the autumn scarcely any state or condition it may properly call its own? Or is it that Shakespeare himself, in the full bloom of his fame and renown, met with some severe blow, and was carried on to the cold and desolate winter season, “frosty, but kindly,” without passing through the calm, reflective fall of the year?

With him the months are so intimately related with certain conditions that their use becomes indiscriminate, as “the April was in her eyes,” “the winter of our discontent,” etc. This use is very frequent and very poetic, simple though it is in its expression and so readily enjoyed.

Even the summer months do not seem to appeal to Shakespeare very particularly, as he has only seven references to them in his plays, though summer, as a season, occurs very frequently. We gather, then, this truth: In the early childhood and in youth the stages are very marked, but, upon maturity, the periods become so blurred that we retain no fixed impression of their significance. Is it not a fact that the experiences of youth are those we keep forever in the sacred places of our being, and to which we refer with the most pleasure in after years? Who will ever forget his school days and the proverbial “white bread” which he ate then? Isn’t it just such a distinction that keeps the remembrance of the spring months so clear in our thoughts? But you contend that December is another well-remembered
month. Truly it is so, for what more natural than that man should keep before him the end as well as the beginning?

We must not forget that the calendar proper was undergoing a change in Shakespeare's time, from March as the first month to January as the first, and in Shakespeare's mind December meant the end of the year, with January and February as a kind of nondescript period of underground work not visible to the eye, but having its outward effects shown in the beauty of a new spring.

Can anything be gathered from the fact that March is mentioned seven times in "Julius Caesar"? What does March mean? Does it not have the significance of troublesomeness? Do we not always think of it as a treacherous month? Finally, does not the character of the play carry out this idea?

Some of Shakespeare's examples of personification of the months are very beautiful, as:

"Men are April when they woo,
December when they wed; maids are May
When they are maids, but the sky changes
When they are wives."

Yet, as numerous as the references are to months and seasons, no poet could have made them so naturally, and almost unconsciously, as did Shakespeare. In every instance, nothing save the mention of the month itself could so adequately express the desired effect. Could anything be more delicate, yet exquisitely natural, than the reference to the slips of green just making their appearance in the spring,

"Flora peering in April's front,"
or the general atmosphere indicated in

"He writes verses, he speaks holidays, he smells April and May."

The autumn, when he does mention that season, seems to have implied the harvest time of the year, when the reapers were busy in the fields gathering in the year's increase. He speaks of her as "autumn teeming" with ripe fruit and grain.
As rich and full as the autumn months are in America, and particularly that period known as Indian summer, so full of hazy romance and faint remembrances of the more lasting summer just passed, we would like to have had more individual mention of them from Shakespeare, as with the other months, each one of which he has so aptly and concisely described.
A Forest Fire.

Mary F. Barnes, '13.

The mist rose from the valley below till it formed before us a great, wide sea of whiteness. Here and there a tree-top showed like a small island, and, away on the other side, loomed the hills, a dark base to the twilight sky. It was Indian summer; so Whitehead and I sat on under the stars and pondered. We had reached the time of life when memory is sweet. Slowly a bright line traced itself over a distant peak, and down and up again in a trail, like the sunlit edge of a thunder cloud. We watched in silence, both recognizing the progress of a forest fire. Whitehead had dropped his head in his hands, and sat buried in thought for many minutes. Then he turned towards me.

"Jack, I never told you of the time when I had fever during the war, and stayed with the Crowans. Whenever I see a forest fire I go back to those days, and marvel anew at the heroism that can be wrapped up in a frail little woman.

"I had been ill for six weeks, but the fever was getting better, and I was able to see something of what was going on in the house around me. The Crowan father and boys were in the army, so there was no one at home but Mrs. Crowan, Annie, and the black servants. Annie was a slender, pale wisp of a girl, about eighteen, but she had more energy than any other like amount of flesh and blood I ever saw. She ran the place. The mother was a pale lily of former days, who had always been shielded and protected, and, being physically weak, it was hard for her to get accustomed to the new life. She still walked and spoke with the slow grace and dignity of the queen of an ante-bellum home. It was a pleasure to have her come in and converse with me, as if I had been an honored guest, invited there merely for social enjoyment.

"Annie was pale and graceful, but she had the buoyant vitality of a new generation. She still shielded her mother, made her sleep late, often took her meals up-stairs to the bed-room when
she wasn't feeling well, and protested all the time that, with so few in the family, there was no need for more help in the housework. I thought she did need more help. How the child ever got through with it all I don't know. The blacks were willing enough, and did the rough work, but Annie arranged the meals, kept the house dainty and fresh with flowers, made old clothes into new ones for every person on the place, planned how the farm should be run, and, when I dropped down on them, too ill to go any further, she nursed me. The negroes helped, of course; but at my worst she stayed by me for hours and hours, and I know I have to thank her for being here now.

"As I said, I was getting better, although I was not yet able to walk. I was even counting the days before I should go back to the boys. Then I heard that Captain Parker was in the neighborhood with his men, and I felt that I couldn't let them go away without me.

"One evening a negro came running in, greatly excited, with the news that a company of Yankees had come down to capture Captain Parker: 'Jes lightin' out ter bag de hull camp 'fo' dey know anybody's arter 'em.'

"Annie blazed up, 'How did they go? Round by Turner's pond? Then I can make it there in time to warn them. They are camped only five miles off through the woods.'

"'Are you crazy?' I cried. 'Look!'

"The woods were filled with a red glare; the fire—kindled by the Yankees very likely—was running along the ground, licking up dry pine-needles and underbrush like a vivid carpet of death.

"'Child, you can't. A man bent on suicide would not attempt that.' I was on my feet, but she was out of the room, and I couldn't follow. Then I cursed my illness as never before. It is awful to feel impotent while weaker ones are bearing the burdens meant for you.

"They told me that she put on a woolen dress and long winter coat, paused barely to kiss her mother, and was off across the fields. Jake, the old butler, went with her, to carry water for wetting her clothes when she should reach the edge of the fire.

"Her mother, most of the slaves, and I sat together all night,
hoping, fearing, praying. Sometimes we reasoned that the strip of fire would probably be narrow, and she could get through safely. More often Mrs. Crowan and I said nothing; sick fear of the fire, of stray bullets, of every horror of the night almost overcame us. The negroes moaned and prayed by turns. Finally, old Jake returned. 'Lawd, dat fire hit stretch far's I cud see. I beg young miss ter tun back; 'twar sinful ter dare de Lawd dat way. Ef He want dem sojers saved He gwine save 'em widout her killin' herse'f. But, Lawd! She am paid no more 'tention, jes' wet her coat 'n dress 'n tied somethin' wet roun' her haid. Den she say: "Jake, tell de folks at home I know de way cross dis neck er woods jes' es well. I can mek de creek aisy, 'n over dat dere likely isn't no fire. I'll kum back soon's I can, but don't be onaisy.'"

"So we waited until dawn. Then Annie returned. Captain Parker came with her. She was laughing and blushing, and saying she'd done nothing more than any one else would have done; but the Captain didn't think so, and we didn't think so either. It seemed that those Yankees had gone back faster than they came. 'But, no doubt, we should ha~e been with them, if it hadn't been for our heroine,' said the Captain, looking long at her.

"And what do you think that man did? He came back when the war was over and married Annie."

Whitehead stopped, and looked again over at the jagged, crimson line, twinkling against the dark sky, and I wondered if that were the secret of his bachelor life.
THE VICTORS.

Ike, '15.

Bloody on the field he lay,
Pale with death at close of day;
The victor bade him bow.
And, near-by, in a darkling wood,
A mighty armored giant stood,
With laurels on his brow.

I stood there on a later day;
The gruesome vision fades away,
And, from that sun-lit lea,
I saw a dare-death bird-man fly,
With rigid face to do or die—
His was the victory.
EDITORIALS.

Perhaps to no one are the Christmas holidays more welcome than to the college man, with its accompanying visit home, and the week of real bliss, when they cast off the burdens of study and work, and are left free to enjoy, to the utmost the pleasures of a gala season. On such occasions he and his experiences at college are an ever-ready topic of conversation in
household circles, and he comes to feel himself a somebody of importance. Besides, then, if ever, he experiences the delightful sensation of being a visitor in his own home; his little faults are overlooked, his slightest wants lovingly filled by the adoring parents, and, mirabile dictu, his opinion asked for on rare occasions. Yes, absence does create a certain respect for the youngster's mental capabilities, and, when absence is backed up by the mention of a book or two of Latin, or the use of a French or German phrase, the subjugation is complete.

Then, too, there is always the pleasure, in the case of freshmen particularly, of comparing notes on the respective merits of the institutions they attend. One never grows weary of explaining just how one college won such and such a game, or lost another, and how the fellows attending one school are the best on earth. Let us pray that the spirit will never die out, for it is such a spirit that makes the colleges of to-day the units they are, that, in the eyes of the general public, differentiates one institution from another.

It is such a season that we have now reached, and it is with the greatest sincerity that we wish each of our readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Before thus summarily closing up the events of the year, we cannot fail to remark on the improved "rooting" of the past foot-ball season. Never before in the history of the College has the "rooting" been so good; the number of new songs has been increased, enthusiasm of the "rooters" excited to a high degree, and the general system improved. This has happened, too, in the face of a rather unsuccessful year, showing that Richmond College spirit is alive, and is back of the teams. All of our readers are, no doubt, already familiar with the fact, but we cannot refrain from thus publicly commending the work of the "Chief Rooter" and his assistant in what they have accomplished this past season.

Another matter, which has not yet been touched on in our
columns is the inter-fraternity agreement regulating the rushing, bidding, pledging, and initiation of new men into the various Greek-letter fraternities. Last spring the fraternities decided that some regulation must be agreed on whereby no new man could be bid to join a fraternity before November 16th, or be pledged before November 29th, and, finally, could not be initiated into a fraternity before he had passed one term in two or more classes, giving him a total of seven college points. Such a rule was adopted, and the enforcement left to a Pan-Hellenic Council, composed of one man from each fraternity, acting in conjunction with Dr. Loving, Professor Metcalf, and Dr. Bingham.

It is a difficult matter to institute such a regulation with fairness to all parties, but we think the thing has been accomplished. Despite some unpleasantness at the commencement of the session, matters have been amicably settled, and, now that the most difficult terms of the regulation have been complied with, we feel safe in saying that all are satisfied with the result. The mad rush for "goats" is over, for the most part, though here and there we find a freshman reluctant to decide between two or more equally good friends. As a matter of fact, it is time to settle down to hard work for exams., and we are glad that we are free to do so.

We feel sure that the regulation is an extremely beneficial arrangement to all. Though the former method of rushing the "goats" to death during the first few days may have been a very pleasant scheme, still it was an equally destructive scheme, so far as work was concerned. Furthermore, neither the fraternities nor the new men were, under such conditions, given sufficient time to choose correctly, and, as a result, men often found themselves one of a club with whose members they had nothing in common. The fraternities, too, were not always pleased with their choice, and recognized the disadvantage of the old scheme. Under the new plan, these difficulties are obviated, and both fraternity and "goat" are given abundant time in which to make their decision. Besides, the new regulation relative to the initiation only after a certain standing has been
attained will tend to raise the general level of scholarship among fraternity men, by which intellectual, as well as social, distinction will be theirs.

It should be the duty of every student in Richmond College to keep the institution, in every department, up to the standard set by the other colleges in the State. Now, it is a fact that every other college in the State has a basket-ball team, while, up to the present year, Richmond College had no truly representative team. Is it a fact that Richmond College would decline to enter this field merely because her team, the first year, would be unable to carry off the State laurels? That would, indeed, be showing a bad spirit, for all beginnings are hard, and a given sport must be encouraged at a college before it can hope to reach its true place.

Early in the year the basket-ball adherents brought the matter before the Athletic Association, but were unable to obtain any substantial aid from that organization. It is true, the Association was in debt, and could scarcely be called on to support a new sport. However, it was hoped that it would give its sincere encouragement. On the contrary, it was with some difficulty that the team was allowed to represent the College, and the Association refused to aid it financially, or recognize it officially by the awarding of letters. With this the team had to content itself.

However, those interested in basket-ball met, and elected a manager, who was to arrange as good a schedule as was possible under the circumstances. This he has done, and arranged three games before Christmas; one with Fredericksburg, one with William and Mary, and the third with the Howitzers, of this city. Though the team met with defeat at the hands of Fredericksburg, it was only by a very narrow margin—20 to 18—and, considering the fact that it was the team's first match game, and that game on the opponents' own territory, we should not be discouraged. At least this can be said, that the way will be made easier for the team which Richmond College must necessarily have after she goes into her new building, with its fine gymnasium and other athletic advantages.
CAMPUS NOTES.

John W. Edmonds, Jr., '13.

At a joint meeting of the Senior Academic and Law Classes, November 21st, J. B. Duval was elected Editor-in-Chief of the 1913 Spider, and John W. Edmonds, Jr., Business Manager. The assistants to the Business Manager are L. L. Saunders, for advertising, and M. L. Straus, for subscriptions.

Poarch (in sermon, picturing the roads to heaven and hell): "The road to heaven is a beautiful one; the one to hell is lined with bar-rooms and dance halls."

Old Sport (in back room): "O! grave, where is thy victory. O! death, where is thy sting?"

Dr. V. (in German A.): "What is a bloomer (Blume)?"
Innocent Co-ed.: "A flower."

The Dramatic Club held its first meeting on Friday, December 5th, in the Junior Law room. A goodly lot of prospective actors and actresses were on hand to elect the officers for the year.
After much delay, and many political outbursts, the following officers were chosen: President, D. S. McCarthy; Vice-President, Miss Sydnor; Secretary, C. H. Willis; Treasurer, J. J. Wicker, Jr.; Annual Representative and Press Agent, H. E. Willingham; Executive Committee, Dr. Montgomery, honorary chairman, R. H. Wingfield, and Miss Cornelia Harris, and all of the officers. The Executive Committee has met, and, after conferring with Dr. Metcalf and Mr. Olmsted, has decided to send for several plays from New York. As soon as these arrive a choice of plays will be made and work immediately begun.

Crabtree (in Bible class): “Why was Eve ever made?”
Jessie More (brightly): “For Adam’s Express Company.”

The Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society held its fall “open night” on Friday, December 6, 1912. Ladies were up in full force, and all agree in voting the affair an immense success. The program was very much appreciated, especially the debate, which was a plea that the old bachelors be taxed to support the old maids. Contrary to expectation, the three ladies who were appointed judges decided against the tax, giving, as their reason, their personal interest in the outcome of the debate, and stating themselves unwilling to so far demean themselves as to accept charity at the hands of the bachelors. After the program was completed, refreshments were served, and all left with a good taste in their mouths.

The sister society held its festive occasion on the Friday previous, November 29, 1912. In this instance the ladies were not only present, but participated in the program. The recitations by Misses Barnes, Johnson, and Dudley were very much enjoyed. The preachers must be persuasive indeed to be able to coax the ladies to take so active a part in their program. The Mu Sigs. envy them, I can tell you. Professor Donahue added much to the program by the introduction of his young pupil, who rendered a selection on the violin.

“Kid” O’Neill (who has been invited to go to the Bijou, but
has been instructed to call for his ticket at the box office, as his friend is unable to escort him down): "Say, Dick, do you know whether he told me to call at the box office or the ticket office?"

Mr. Beale (laughing): "No, 'Kid,' you'll find them at the stable, in the rear."

A few nights ago, after retiring, Luck was awakened by a cat rubbing against his face.

Luck (thinking that O'Neill has called him): "Huh." But, falling off to sleep again, is awakened, in a few minutes, by the same occurrence, and pitches the cat on O'Neill's bed.

O'Neill (asleep): "Scat, damn you, scat."

Query: "Has Miss —— gotten her 'quarter back'?"
Another foot-ball season has gone by, and again the cup reposes in other halls than our own. The bitter pill of defeat was well sugar-coated, however, as the "Spiders" were able to score in all three of the remaining games, and in the first one, with William and Mary, we wiped out last year's defeat in a way they will remember for some time. This game was played on the 9th of November, and belonged to the "Spiders" from the start. The visitors' line could not check the plunges of our back-field, and each of the backs, Riley, Berger, and Coburn, went across for a touch-down. The game ended with a score of 20 to 0 in our favor. The "rooters" were simply wild, and that night there was a good, old-fashioned night-shirt parade. After letting everybody in town know the good news, we had a huge bonfire and pandemonium in general.

The next game was on November 16th, with Rock Hill College. This was a team that we knew nothing about, but which we subsequently found out could use a forward pass. They did almost no line plunging, but resorted to a forward pass on nearly every down. Many of these were successful, and, although the "Spider" back-field tore their line to ribbons, and, with time for another play, would have shoved the ball over for a tie score, yet they took the game from us, 14 to 7.

The 23d of November marked the eventful day in which the fate of the cup was to be decided. If we won, it tied the cup so that no one would get it, and every effort was made to get the team in shape. Randolph-Macon was also straining every nerve to win. Having beaten Hampden-Sidney and William and Mary, Richmond College was the only team between her and the cup. Afraid to take any chances, she cancelled a game
with the Richmond Blues, which was to have been played on November 16th. The two teams met, each in good condition, and each determined to win or die. In the first half the "Spiders" played Randolph-Macon off her feet, and Riley took the ball over for the only score we made. At the end of the third quarter the score was tied. Then Berger got hurt, and the "Spiders," who had been fighting desperately the whole game, gradually weakened before the fresh players that Coach Reiss sent in. Randolph-Macon intercepted forward passes, making long gains, and, in one case, a touch-down, and the game finally ended with the score of 28 to 7 in their favor.

Thus the foot-ball season came to a close. The team was unfortunate from the start. Captain Tyler found it impossible to return, left-tackle Johnson was injured in the Roanoke game, and kept out for the remainder of the season, three of the men had collar-bones broken; both of the regular ends were out of the game permanently by the middle of the season, and the greater part of the team were new men. Against these odds, it is a wonder, indeed, that the team was able to make any showing at all; but the earnest efforts of Coach Dunlop, and the loyal support of the "rooters" sustained the team, and at no time can it be said that they suffered defeat without giving their opponents all they had in them.

A word in regard to the "scrub" team is certainly in order. On the "scrubs" of the previous year the 'Varsity of the following year has to depend, for the most part. To the "scrub" who sticks out the season under the hammerings of a superior team, a great amount of credit is due. The 'Varsity man has his letter to look forward to. Would not a modified form of this letter, showing the wearer to be a member of the second team, be an incentive to bring out more men for the practice?

The "scrub" team did good work against the 'Varsity this year. In a post season game with Fork Union, they defeated them 13 to 6.

The following men are this year wearers of the "R": Johnson, Duval, R. C., Berger, Carter, Cole, Coburn, George, Hutchinson, Jones, O'Neill, Perkins, Riley, Saunders, Winfree, Manager.

The Richmond papers of December 6th contain the following item:

"President R. E. Blackwell, of Randolph-Macon; Dr. F. V. N. Painter, of Roanoke College, and Dean J. M. Page, acting for President Edwin A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, awarded the Rhodes scholarship from Virginia to Terry C. Durham, formerly of Appomattox, Va., but now an instructor in Greenville Female Institute, S. C."

Durham is an alumnus of Richmond College, M. A., 1910.

J. W. Durrum, of Bainbridge-Street Baptist Church, has been called to the First Baptist Church, of Roanoke.

J. T. Hadley, of Stockton-Street Baptist Church, has been called to Memorial Church, Hampton.

ANNUAL REUNION OF ALUMNI TEACHERS.

The key-note of the recent Teachers' Association, held in our
city, was "contributory service," or the debt of the school to the community life. It is pleasant to remind ourselves that Richmond College has long been rendering large service to society and the State through the teachers whom she has sent out. Not only has she been furnishing more high school principals than any other privately-endowed college in the State, but her men out-number those from all the State colleges save one. Last session there were eighty-seven of her graduates teaching in Virginia public schools. And the many important positions held by her men abundantly attest their efficiency.

But we are writing this to call attention to the fact that this large group of workers have not forgotten their love for alma mater, nor lost interest in each other. A large number of them gather annually about the festive board to tell over the tales of college days, and to plan for more united and effective efforts in widening her usefulness. The dinner this year was at Murphy's Hotel, Richmond, Va., Friday evening, November 29th. There were present eight women and some thirty men. Prof. J. C. Harwood, B. A., '92, principal of the John Marshall High School, was toast-master; responses were made by President Boatwright, who told of the progress at Westhampton; by Superintendent C. W. Dickinson, B. A., '05, of Cumberland county, by Mr. N. T. McManaway, B. A., '06, now a graduate student at the University of Virginia, and by Prof. J. B. Terrell, B. L., '09, of the State Department of Public Instruction. Professor J. C. Metcalf brought greetings from the College faculty.

We are proud to note that the President of the State Teachers' Association for the coming year is Julian Burruss, B. A., '89, of the Harrisonburg Normal School.

Let every Richmond College man and woman who is teaching in the State resolve now to attend the Association next fall in Lynchburg, and to give his or her presence and hearty co-operation toward making the reunion of Richmond College teachers a happy and inspiring occasion.

R. E. LOVING.

The November issue of The Acorn is very entertaining. There is not a single article in it which does not hold the attention. Even the essays, which so often are rather tedious to the reader, are full of life. This is especially true of "Art in the South," in which the author shows his knowledge of the subject, and yet does not smother us with facts. "The Rise of the Republican Party" is not quite so strong. The fall of the Republican party would probably have been a more acceptable topic, in view of the circumstances. However, the author shows a comprehensive study of his subject. "The Awakening" is an exceedingly interesting story, though the end is a decided disappointment. We are totally unprepared for it, as the problem which has been presented is evaded. Another fault is that we are not sufficiently introduced to the characters. The secret of the trouble seems to be that the subject is too large for the treatment given; we have a minute biography in eight pages. "A Case of Reconsideration" has, for the most part, the same faults as "The Awakening," but they are not so pronounced. We would like very much to know whether Abraham solved his problem by giving his daughter a position. The Acorn is very well arranged, and we commend the large space devoted to local matters.

The William and Mary Literary Magazine is of mediocre value this month. There are only two articles in it worthy of especial comment—"When John Graham Awoke" and "A Secret of the Sea." The poem "Lucy" is, to say the least, tiresome. If the author had devoted his talent to what he was saying, more than to how he said it, the production would have been worthier of merit. In contrast
to "Lucy" we have "The Muse of Industry," which has real thought and music in it. More poems of this quality would add to the magazine. "The Development of English Comedy" is not a very exceptional essay in any way. The class-room would probably be a more appropriate place for it than a literary magazine. It is a subject on which many scholars have worked in the past, and the truth is easy to learn. Therefore, the only merit lies in telling it in a new way. "Two Cigars," as the name suggests, is a double story, but we do not think that the author is warranted in his violation of unity. This lack of unity makes the story hard to digest. If the author wished to contrast two conditions of life, it could have been more easily accomplished by treating them together. Otherwise the story is very good. It is well expressed and moderately interesting. "When John Graham Awoke" is an excellent story of a reunion. The author has treated his subject very skilfully. His ending is a pleasant surprise, but not abrupt. "A Secret of the Sea" is very attractive, because of its ideal, though not unreal, unselfishness. The story is well told, and harmonizes well with its theme. This and "When John Graham Awoke" do much to raise the quality of the present number. We hope that now, since winter has set in, the William and Mary writers will settle down, and give us more of the genuine quality which we know they possess.

The November issue of The Hollins Magazine is up to its usual high standard, though the local department is rather weak, and the lack of an Exchange Department in a magazine of this standing is almost as rare as it is lamentable. The poems are exceedingly short and few in number, but the quality is good, "Bubbles" being the best. "The Voice of Time" has a natural touch, and is written in good, clear style; but there is nothing exceptional about it. "The Rest" is a very entertaining story, and its idealism is well tempered, so that it does not seem unreal. "The Coming of the Huguenots to Colonial Virginia" is an essay of high merit, both as to style and material. "Two English Maids" is the best essay we have seen this month. It is both interesting and instructive. It shows fine style and
thorough work. The essay department of this magazine stands far above the rest of the issue for this month. We hope that next month the whole magazine will be of the quality of these two essays.