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THE MARCH WIND.

Helen A. Monsell, '16.

I sprang full grown from the storm-tossed deep;
   No breezes that murmur on sweet, grassy lea,
Or blow for a moment, forever to sleep
   On limpid waters of inland sea,
Combined to form me, a being of power—
   Me, whom no forces can check when I roam;
But on the great ocean, where waves skyward tower,
   I first saw the daylight, and first made my home.

Where cataracts rage in the caves of the ocean
   I lingered and harked, 'til I learned their great roar;
Then onward I rushed, ever joying in motion,
   'Til in loud, fitful gusts I broke over the shore.
The strongholds of heaven, in madness I shattered,
   And the clouds that in billows so peacefully slept,
Their barriers broken, on all sides were scattered,
   As sand on the shore by the tempest is swept.

The snow, in small patches, on hillside was lying,
   And winter was dead, while the spring, scarce alive
To the voices of nature that loudly were calling,
   Awoke at my voice, and began to revive.
In dull, lifeless stupor she still would be dreaming,
   Her power still dormant, if soft summer breeze
Had sought to disturb, or the sun with his beaming
   Alone sought to rouse her from deep dreams of ease.
Then loudly I come from my cave in the ocean,
A being of fury, a creature of might,
I rage without ceasing, or die in a night.
Delighting in speed, I rush faster and faster;
Unbridled I roam under heaven's vast arch,
My strength is mine own, for I live without master,
Unchecked and unbounded, the wild wind of March.
THE INTER-COLLEGIATE SOCIALIST SOCIETY.


Very few organizations should have more respect and co-operation from the collegian who is earnestly interested in solving the great social problems of to-day than the Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society. Several times, within the last two decades, inter-collegiate organizations for the study and discussion of modern conditions have been formed, only to be dissolved or disbanded in a short while. The collegians seemed to be afflicted with a hopeless case of disinterestedness.

In September, 1905, a number of well-known Socialists and radicals issued a stirring call to the American collegians to study the Socialist movement, and, as a result, the Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society was organized. Several local chapters were formed, and the national office kept up a campaign of agitation and education among the student body of the colleges. All collegians were eligible to membership who would endorse the Society's object, "To promote an intelligent interest in Socialism among college men and women," and a number of prominent professors in our higher institutions of learning also endorsed this object publicly; indeed, the professors in the economics and sociology departments often actively engaged in the organization of study chapters.

In addition to the systematic study of the different phases of the Socialist movement, many of the chapters have adopted novel methods of propaganda. Harvard has a splendid society of several hundred members, and forms the backbone of the radical sentiment—single tax, progressivism, woman's suffrage, etc.—at that institution. A grandson of Dr. Eliot, President emeritus of the University, was the secretary, and, later, the president of the Harvard chapter, while Dr. Eliot was giving various anti-Socialist lectures. After Dr. Eliot had given such
a speech, under the auspices of the Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society chapter, a reply to his charges was printed, and over five thousand copies of this Harvard Social Tract, No. 1, were distributed to the student body and alumni. Michigan inaugurated an extensive lecture scheme, under which a number of lectures were given throughout the State, thus interesting many collegians and professional men. There are strong, active chapters at Union Theological, Meadville Theological, and the Y. M. C. A. College at Springfield, Mass., showing a tendency to seriously study social conditions in religious circles. The New York Dental Colleges publish a Socialist magazine, *The Progressive Dentist*, for the benefit of their fellow students and other dentists. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Kansas, and Utah Agricultural Colleges have organized study chapters. The graduates of these agricultural colleges may hasten the time when the farmers will see their only hope for better conditions to be in the socialization of industry. The Princeton society was able to use the interest aroused in political questions by the entrance of Dr. Wilson into politics for the advancement and establishment of their chapter.

In addition to the sixty-odd under-graduate chapters, there are eleven alumni chapters, composed of the alumni of all colleges and universities, in as many of the larger cities of America. The Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society also includes Canada in its territory, and the Alberta Chapter is especially active. The Inter-University Socialist Society of Great Britain may be affiliated with the Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society within a short time, thus establishing unity among English-speaking collegians, and strengthening both societies.

It is interesting to note that the Richmond College Study Chapter of the Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society was the first to be organized in the South, George Washington University being second. During the latter part of May, 1912, a charter was secured from the Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society by Frank Gaines, William Simpson, E. E. Sumpter, A. J. Goodman, J. C. Duke, and Miss Alice Spiers, but no organized work was undertaken that year because of the approaching end of the session. This year it is hoped that a study course in the main principles
of Socialism, composed of about six weekly meetings, will be organized during the spring term. A number of students and graduates have signified their willingness to assist the Society, and several of the professors are very favorably inclined.

A new civilization, which will be as far superior to the glorious Utopias of Plato and More and the communistic societies as the modern machine is superior to the hand tool from which it has evolved, is about to succeed our present system, even as it has succeeded other eras. What shall be the stand of the collegian in the social crisis? Will he brand this movement as "Utopian" before he honestly investigates it himself? Different men see the same things in a different light. Capitalists and laborers naturally look at Socialism from different viewpoints. All that the Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society asks of the collegian is that he study the question intelligently and impartially. For your thoughtful consideration, we ask two questions: "Are the laws of sociology sound?" And, "Are the theories of Socialism based on those laws?" If so, we are on the eve of a better civilization. If not, we want to know what you are going to do with our social questions and the thirty million Socialists who honestly believe they know the remedy. We want you to "get off the fence," because it is not a dignified or honorable position for a collegian or any one else.
NOTHER hog path," muttered the jewelry drummer in the far corner of the smoker, contemptuously, as our train began slowing down for the third time in thirty minutes. "If this is a fast train, God pity the locals," added the fat man by the window, and, one by one, the other passengers vented their feelings in expressions of impatience and disgust, more or less severe, because of the schedule by which we had been running for the last few hours.

As a matter of fact, our train was making as good time as it had made at any time that day, but we had all become restless and peevish because the monotony of the thing had gotten on our nerves. That morning we had left New York cheerful, happy, and care-free, and the first few hours had passed swiftly as we became acquainted, told of our various professions, the missions that were carrying us into the far South, and the prospects of success which awaited us. Then, when all had become well acquainted, the time sped even more rapidly as we listened to the jokes and yarns of the drummers, and discussed all the matters of interest with the easy familiarity that the smoker always inspires. Now all was different. It was getting dark, and the snow-storm, which we had run into early in the afternoon, showed no signs of abating. The white covering without gave a monotonous sameness to the landscape, which left us even more dependent upon each other for entertainment than we had been; but, unfortunately, our supply of jokes had been exhausted, or, more likely, our mood for such a diversion had passed; at any rate, we had become more and more quiet, until, finally, no one made any attempt to keep the conversation going at all. It was thus that we had passed from hilarity to silence, and, finally, to moroseness.

The stop which had provoked so much sarcasm proved to be a very brief one, but it was, nevertheless, important, for it had added a new member to our party in the smoker—the first to join
us since early afternoon. He was a man of medium height, well
dressed, and with bright, expressive eyes. The ease and delibera-
tateness with which he addressed us and removed his coat to
place it with ours in the corner won our respect and interest,
and, when he was recognized by the jewelry drummer a moment
later, and introduced to us as Mr. Lewis, an old college-mate of
his, we gave him a hearty welcome.

When we had made room for him on our seat, and all had
settled down once more, I attempted to take a nap, so I do not
remember clearly what happened for the next half hour or so.
I only remember the new-comer's complaint of weak eyes, and
his turning down the lights after getting the permission of each
of us, and the soothing effect of his voice, as he talked of the pranks
and friendships of college days. When, finally, I had given up
all hope of sleeping, and opened my eyes, I found that the entire
party was being entertained by the reminiscent friends.

"Remember that championship base-ball game with Mauldin
College in '96?" the jewelry drummer was asking.

"Sure! Tell 'em 'bout it," the other replied promptly; and,
while the drummer began the introduction of his yarn, by telling
of the rivalry between his school and Mauldin, the intense interest
which centered in that particular game of '96, etc., our new
acquaintance went over to his coat for tobacco. The car was
rocking more than usual, and I was struck by the gracefulness
he exhibited as he kept his balance, and swayed lightly with the
motion of the car; but suddenly I was conscious of the fact that
he was looking at me, and seemed to resent the rudeness with
which I stared, so I immediately turned my attention, with the
others, to the story teller.

"We'd gotten to the last half of the tenth inning," he was
saying, "and the score was still 2 to 2. Buck Williams was
first up, and got a two-bagger. I followed with a bunt and stole
second. The next man was out on a pop fly, and then Dick
Evans, the weakest hitter that ever swung a bat, came up. An-
other weak batter would follow him, so it looked as though we
still wouldn't be able to land that winning run. Then old Coach
Wren began doing a little head work, though, and pretty soon
there was something doing. The coach off third whispered to
Buck, and signaled to me to be ready for a steal, and when the pitcher began delivering his second ball Buck started home, with me following. Course the catcher had the ball long before we'd started good, but, when he went to tag old Buck, that fool hit him with head, shoulders, and spikes all at once, and nearly killed the fellow. As luck would have it, though, he fell near enough the plate to tag me just as I was stepping on the rubber—got me squarely on the ankle, and tripped me, so I fell clean over the plate without touching it. Well, sir, we were a disappointed set of youngsters; our last hope of winning was gone. About that time I happened to look at the umpire, and I saw, at a glance, that he had missed the play completely. He was trying to read his decision from our expressions, so I pulled off the bluff of my life—swore the catcher hadn't touched me, and, of course, he was too badly hurt to contradict me, so we got the decision and the game. Gentlemen, I was the hero of the hour!"

"There's a sequel to that you've never heard, George," Lewis said, as he came back to his seat with pipe and tobacco. "That game was half responsible for wrecking a life. Didn't know that, eh? Well, listen. I'd been brought up with high ideals, and when I went to college I took 'em with me. You may remember I had a pretty good 'rep.' for honesty, sincerity, and all those sort of thing when I first got there. I had two theories that kept me straight—'A lie's a lie; there's no difference in size or degree,' and 'A gentleman is always a gentleman.' Now I knew we'd gotten that game by a lie, and every man in college knew it; but, to my surprise, they didn't seem to mind that at all. 'All's fair in love and war,' they quoted, and I had to admit that Mauldin games were always 'war.' Even the college president, who I knew saw the whole thing, kept his mouth shut, except to congratulate the team on its 'victory.' That upset me; to see men whom I had thought honorable defend such a trick, and make a hero of the liar, started me to wondering if my theories weren't wrong, after all. Then, too, Buck's treatment of the catcher, just because he was such a good player, and we were about to be beaten—there wasn't anything gentlemanly about that; yet Buck had always seemed a gentleman, and there were lots of other gentlemen in college who praised him as though he
had done something really honorable; so I began wondering if it were true that one could be a gentleman and yet act like a coward at times, according to that 'All's fair' theory. Now that's the part your game has had in wrecking my life; half influence, I called it. Want the other half?"

"Sure; go ahead."

"Good! Do you remember Lillian Koy?"

"I married her."

"You did, eh? Well, I'll be ———. Anyhow, she exerted the other half of the influence. I went with her a good deal, you know, and so did one of the town fellows. Well, she claimed to dislike him, and pretended I was the whole show, until, finally, in the early spring, she led me to propose to her—poor, unsophisticated fool that I was—and then laughed at my stupidity; told me she had been engaged all the while to the town guy, and was heartily amused because I had believed her yarns. She quoted the same old 'All's fair' theory, and, in addition, advanced the claim that a woman has a right to tell 'falsehoods' about such matters. I guess I got even with her, though, 'cause she boiled over when I labeled her 'falsehoods' lies, and called her a liar. But I'd had so much confidence in her, though, that when I found her out I decided my standards were too quixotic, and everybody was a liar. That's how 'twas I fell when my temptation came. I saw that everybody had some exception to the 'Thou shalt not lie,' and thought I had a right to make my own exception. Funny part was that you, and Lillian, and Buck should have been among the first to shun me."

The train was slowing down again, and, having finished his narrative, our companion put on his coat in his deliberate, easy manner, and stepped across to the entrance of the smoker.

"Good night, gentlemen," he said, with a courtly bow, "I'm delighted to have met you. This has been a most profitable evening for me, I assure you, and I will ever be indebted to you. Farewell, old pal. Regards to your wife, and whenever you have occasion to think of me in the future be charitable. 'All's fair in love and war,' you know, and one or the other of those is the motive for everything in life. Good night."

"What was his temptation?" I asked, as soon as the train had started again. "How did he wreck his life?"
"Cheated on exams., and then signed the pledge," was the slow, thoughtful reply of the jewelry drummer. "I remember there was some talk about 'extenuating circumstances' in his case. An invalid father to shield, who would have been disappointed had he failed, or something like that. Faculty wanted to re-instate him, but we ran him from school. I hadn't heard of him since. Didn't know what had become of him."

Then we plied him with questions about the affair, and for more than an hour we listened to accounts of the appearance of Lewis at college, his early record there, his popularity, etc., until, finally, the fat man, becoming sleepy, took up his coat, and bade us "good night." In a few moments he returned, wide-eyed and flushed. "Seen a watch and pocket-book?" he blurted, as he dived into the pile of coats, and cast them right and left. In a moment we were all searching, but in vain. There was not a watch nor a pocket-book to be found in the smoker. We had all been fleeced. "Well, which was his motive this time?" asked the fat man, with a "make the most of it" air, as soon as we were certain that our possessions were really gone.

"Keep your fool questions to yourself for a few days," stormed the jewelry drummer, impatiently, "and I guarantee you'll get a chance to ask them of him yourself in less than a week."

They caught the poor fellow a few days later, and, though he maintained his innocence to the last, he received a sentence which for him will most likely be a life term. My conscience hurt me, as I read of his pleas for justice and freedom, and once I came very near doing that for him which no one else in the world could have done—prove him innocent. But why should I? Is not freedom as sweet to me as to him, and did he not himself say, "All's fair in love and war"?
CONQUEROR OR CONQUERED?


I stood on the shore of the ocean,
And saw the ship go by,
I thought of the brave man’s devotion,
Who was willing to do and die.

Many months later I waited
By the shore of that same sea,
And slowly across the ocean
They bore him back to me.

But his eye was no longer kindled
With the fire and hope of youth,
And the face which was once so lovely
Lay silent and still, uncouth.

They told of the brave man’s courage,
And of the noble few
Who had followed him to the Southland,
O’er the ocean wild and blue.

They had planted the flag of their country
’Mid the ice ’neath the clear, cold sky,
And yet, at the height of their glory,
They were left to suffer and die.

Did he succeed? you ask;
Then, truly, what is success?
He finished his undertaking;
He found his object of quest.

And yet, in his hour of triumph,
Laid low by the hand of Death,
He paid the price of his victory
With the gift which was his best.
SMITH, Brown, and Jones were in the baggage-laden crowd that got aboard the boat at Calais in early October, 19—. These three young men were Rhodes scholars, but, by reason of their English clothes, they were indistinguishable from the bank clerks and other respectable middle-class English returning from a "week end" in Paris. They had won the sobriquet of "The Three Moustacheers" from the fact that they were invariably together, as the three friends in Dumas' great novel of similar name, and that each disported a hirsute adornment on his upper lip. The said "misplaced eyebrow" bordered on the crimson in each case, and the friends of Smith insisted that his was a foot-ball moustache—i. e., eleven on a side. Rhodes scholars are as yet far too few in number to be called by their right names in an otherwise true sketch, hence the bright and original expedient of Smith, Brown, and Jones.

Have you ever crossed the English Channel ("The Sleeve," as the French call it)? It is this crossing before which the most intrepid traveler quails. It is, indeed, a watery Waterloo, and the majority of us turn pea green at the mere thought of that Calais-Dover trip.

Now, Smith never claimed to be a sailor—in fact, he never wished to become one. It was the last vocation in the world that he wished to pursue. He was not a Christian Scientist, therefore he knew that the unavoidable was coming. No sooner had the boat started than he felt qualms from the inner man. Jones had disappeared below. His funds had run low, and a third-class ticket was all that he could muster cash for.

"Brown, if you love me, find me a place to die. A bench! a bench! my kingdom for a bench!"

Brown led the weak-kneed Smith to a pile of rope in a sheltered spot. A few feet from them was an elderly man, unmistakably English, with a little boy. The latter was quite easily
a winner in the game of *mal de mer*, and, though he made no verbal boast of it, his superiority was very evident to all who saw or heard him. Smith, though not of a jealous nature, resented the sight of this easy winner, this top-notcher, and thought he might show up to better advantage were his rival removed—at least such was his motive, as he told it later. He called to Brown in languid tone:

"Say, I do wish people were a little more thoughtful and considerate. Why doesn't that man take the kid over to the other side of this heaving torture-rack, and give the fish on that side a chance? I just know they're jealous of the ones on this side. Of course, I have no personal interest in the matter."

The old man had overheard, and, in the most English of English accents, came the scathing words:

"It was a silly, unmanly thing to say. Come, Rupert, we will relieve these persons of our presence," and, dragging the ghastly Rupert by the arm, he stalked inside.

"If I had not been brought up to consider it very bad form to laugh at a funeral, I should be inclined to smile. But, oh, me! I am so near dead that— Now, what do you want?"

A blue-coated, beef-faced individual had approached, shouting, "Tickets. Hall tickets."

"Go 'way. Let me die in peace. Well, if you insist."

Smith raised himself on his elbow, and found his ticket in the tenth pocket.

"But this is a second-clarss ticket, sir," said the blue-coat.

"Of course it is. Now that you have robbed the dead, why can't you leave the corpse alone? Why pursue this unwelcome and uninteresting conversation?"

"But yer ridin' first-clarss, sir. Second-clarss is back of that rail. Rules is rules, sir. 'Avin' rode first, hit's pay first."

"Brown, argue with the brute. Oh! Oh!" The boat had just given a fine pitch and roll combined.

Argument was useless. The blue-coat was adamant, or, perhaps, I should have compared him to the crust of his own native bread, had I desired to deal in superlatives. Positive, hard; comparative, adamant; superlative, English bread. Smith declared that he was too sick to move. He could not walk to second-class, and he refused to be shaken up by being carried.
"I guess it's 'avin' rode first, pay first," repeated Smith, as he handed over the extra coins.

As the boat swung into calm water in the Dover pier the corpse revived, and, when the gang-plank was thrown out, Smith was the first to disembark. Jones, in the meantime, had had an uneventful journey in third-class, and was at the gang-plank as soon as his friends, who had traveled in state, albeit through compulsion.

"Tickets. Hall tickets," shouted the blue-coat. Jones handed over his ticket, together with the slip telling age, condition, etc., necessary to those who choose third-class.

"British subjects or balieu, sir?"

Now Jones is nothing if not a loyal American.

"Certainly I'm not a British subject."

"Show yer twenty pounds ($100.00)."

"My what?"

"Yer twenty pounds. Yer twenty quid."

"What for?"

"That's the law. Every balieu must 'ave twenty quid on 'im, so's 'e can henter."

"But I haven't got twenty pounds with me."

"Then you'll 'ave to go back on this 'ere ship. Yer cawn't land. Stand down. Don't yer see yer blockin' the 'ole bloomin' line?"

"But I go to Oxford. College opens to-morrow. I'm a Rhodes scholar."

"Never 'eard of 'em. Stand down, sir."

"Gee! but this is a pickle," thought Jones, or words to that effect. I merely wish to give you his mental attitude, not his exact words. "My personal inclinations are back to Paris for 'muh,' but I've simply got to be in Oxford to-morrow."

Then he spied Smith and Brown looking for him on the pier. He bawled his troubles to them over the side of the ship, much to the interest of the onlookers, who raised their eyebrows and muttered, "Those Americans." Together the three moustacheers were able to convince the ticket collector that Jones's purpose in coming to England was not to swell the army of the unemployed, but to drink at the Oxonian fount of learning.
As the guard slammed the door to their compartment in the London coach, Smith leaned over, and, with a wink to Brown, said, in as good an imitation of an infuriated old Englishman as he could command, "How could the ticket collector have been so mistaken in Jones? It was a silly, unmanly thing to do."

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

B., '13.

Out of the boundless deep—
    The countless æons of unnumbered years—
Our spirits take their origin, and soar
    For a brief day amid life's joys and fears,
Then turn to dreamless and eternal sleep.

Out of the misty night
    The feeble spark mixed with the sordid clay,
Bewildered by its unaccustomed life,
    In vain, through puzzling darkness, gropes its way,
In upward strivings for eternal light.

Brief is the span from dust to dust,
    We pass but once the mile-posts of life's way.
Let not in vain our journey be on earth,
    But something worthy give each passing day,
And, upward pressing, leave the dross and rust.
THE "WAYS" OF THE "STERNER SEX."

S. A. Ryan, '15.

At a very tender age "we girls" learn, with unbounded delight and enthusiasm, these beautiful (?) and inspiring lines:

"What are little girls made of?  
Sugar and spice,  
And everything nice—  
That's what little girls are made of!

"What are little boys made of?  
Snips and snails,  
And puppy dogs' tails—  
That's what little boys are made of!"

With the ideas thus implanted, and our inheritance from "Mother Eve" fully aroused and operative, we early begin to generalize in regard to the important divisions of society on this vast and wonderful old planet of ours. To our minds, of course, its inhabitants are divided into two general classes—the daughters of Eve and the sons of Adam. The really important sections of these general divisions are, equally, of course, those most nearly approximating our own age, circumstances, and interests. We fall easily and naturally into the conclusion that, whether or not the two sexes are, all things considered, equals, we are, not only individually, but collectively, the "better half." Why should we not? It appears equally certain that if we derive our instinct of curiosity undiminished from Mother Eve, neither has the "party of the second part" materially changed his main characteristics since the Garden of Eden. This fact does not make him less interesting—for intensely interesting we certainly find him. No matter how rough and rude a boy may be, in his hobble-de-hoy age, however superior in his pride of strength, prowess, or intellect, or however disagreeably conceited or generally puzzling, our interest survives, and our imagi-
nation endows him with possibilities as mystical and wonderful as the fabled treasure at the end of the rainbow.

In return for this, it is only fair that a similar state of things should exist in the masculine mind, but rather more idealistically exaggerated. At least there is warrant for supposing that such is the case, for it is undeniable that womankind, to the general mass of mankind, occupies a pedestal so exalted, a sphere so delicate and refined, that the bare idea of our coming in contact with conditions which might presumably brush the down from our wings causes the strong-minded and strong-framed guardians of our honor to shudder with horror. It is needless to be more specific on this point at this time.

All this is intensely flattering, of course, and in complete accord with our own ideas of the eternal fitness of things. It does not fall within the boundaries of our subject, however, to consider this aspect of the situation. We are to examine, in lighter vein, the cruder evidences of the nature of masculinity in general, as they lie open to the surface observation of an everyday girl, blessed with a father, brothers, and male acquaintances.

The “ways” of the “sterner sex”? We admit them to be interesting—but how puzzling they are! And how may we decide if the emotions which they arouse are more those of amusement than of exasperation? At the moment of writing, it appears to me that the latter effect is the preponderating one. In four ways, at least, they try our patience almost beyond endurance. Since it has already been observed that the sons of Adam retain the main characteristics of the husband of Eve, it may be unnecessary to state that first in point of importance of their “ways” is the manner in which they usually contrive to shift the responsibility for whatever goes wrong upon the weaker, if better, half of the race. If this is first in importance, however, it is usually the last in point of discovery—fortunately? Next in order of exasperatingness would come their superior air of pity for woman’s lack of intelligence in some things—her impractical idealism; then, their (real or pretended) lack of curiosity, and, lastly, their (real or pretended) “bashfulness.”

To be concrete, one must be personal. I used to know a boy who, at twelve, said girls were “no good”; at fourteen, he
frequently ran down an alley to avoid meeting a girl school-mate, and vowed that no consideration could make him want to dance. But at eighteen he was not only an open admirer of other boys' sisters, but an indefatigable dancer. Such cases are occasionally found, even in Dixie-land. They may be leniently regarded as belonging to the period when men's habiliments are first fully donned, and the blushing youth has to run the gauntlet so trying to his susceptibilities. But how can you explain it when a graceless scamp of thirty-five, or thereabouts, manifests a similar tendency, and turns out of his way down a side street when he sees a perfectly harmless young lady acquaintance coming? And not once only, but twice; then a third time, braving the meeting, to retreat ignominiously upon a fourth occasion. Could the mysterious cause of this be akin to that which caused a boy of nineteen to dance with every girl on the floor except the one whom he particularly wanted to dance with, and who wanted to dance with him? For my part, I can fancy no cause adequate to provoke to such a course, save an overweening conviction that every eye in the universe is focused upon the least action of the performer.

Now it is quite possible for boys to be too, too bold, not to say "free and easy." Few girls but would really prefer the over-bashful youth to this variety. But why, oh, why! do we so seldom encounter a demeanor which accurately strikes the golden mean between the Scylla of impertinent freedom, on the one hand, and the Charybdis of "meaching" shyness on the other? Methinks this question deserves the attention of instructors of youth in colleges "co-ed.,” co-ordinate, or otherwise, as well as in the homes of our great and glorious land.

To pass from the more amusing to the more exasperating, let us consider an instance of masculine incuriousness. A father receives a letter from a younger man in whom his daughter is secretly interested. She recognizes the hand-writing as she brings it to him, and says, with careful indifference, that she guesses it is a letter from Mr. So-and-so. Her father lays it down, and continues to read the evening paper. After about an hour of suspense, she looks at the letter and says, absent-mindedly, "I wonder what Mr. So-and-so is writing to you about?"
He looks at the letter, and says, with equal (if not superior) absent-mindedness, "Um! Well—er—probably—well, I'll find out when I read it?"

Another hour of cunning but futile attempts to arouse the father's curiosity goes by, and the girl goes to her room, empties her bureau drawers out on the floor, turns over a few chairs, and sits amid the wreck, wondering why men are thus, or if all men are so. I have this upon good authority; also an affidavit that her father opened the letter as soon as she left the room. "'Tis a strange world, my masters!"

It is seldom indeed that a man can do an errand for his own womenkind with promptness and dispatch. How often has a wife found in her lord and master's pocket a letter which should have been mailed two weeks previously? (She was securing his buttons, not his small change, of course.) How often has the said lord and master gone down town with a string duly tied around his little finger, and returned to say, in limp discouragement, "I forgot!" But only suppose Mrs. Next-door-neighbor asks him to do an errand—does he forget it? Not that I ever noticed.

But of all things exasperating in the male of the species, the most exasperating (when not pitiful) is his attempt to establish himself in the eyes of his little world of women as a member of "the superior sex." It is often, and especially toward his sisters, that this air of superiority is seen in all its glory in the young man, though the same attitude, more or less closely veiled for politeness' sake, may occasionally be discerned toward others. He will tell us, and cite proof enough to take our breath away, that men are mentally far superior to women. He is aggravatingly and suspiciously willing to concede that women may be morally superior to men (a concession which ought, perhaps, to comfort us, but doesn't), but his self-satisfied air will convince us that at least he needs to be taken down a peg. If they are so sure of their mental superiority, why do they find it necessary to so constantly and loudly assert the same? Does the self-evident require constant vindication. He ought to know that we will certainly never admit masculine superiority in any tried field. Gracious! Right out loud, and to him? Never!
If a man finds himself about to be beaten in an argument with a woman, he does one of three things: He changes the subject, or he turns it into a joke, absolutely refusing to consider it seriously, or he hints that she is not intellectually capable of appreciating his point of view. Naturally, when this occurs, we are entirely "squelched"!

Whenever possible, most men will utterly refuse to take the blame for anything that could, in any way, be shifted to women's shoulders. The personal experience of this is, as a rule, attained only when the glamour of romance has been worn away, and life has settled down to its prosaic level. Perhaps "realization" would be a better word than "experience," for, whether we realize it or not, examples of the fact are never lacking where brothers and sisters foregather; but little sister may sometimes have the better of it, where the wife and mother has no escape. Bankrupts have laid their failure at the door of their wives' extravagance, although they had given her carte blanche at the stores, demanded the finest fare, faultlessly served, with a perfectly groomed appearance on her part; and have never had one frank conversation with her on financial matters. A man will tell his wife that it is due to her lack of firmness that the children are faulty or undisciplined, and that if he could only have them to himself a week he would show her how they should be managed. Then, if he chances to have his long-sighed-for opportunity, he will indulge them more in that week than he would have done in a year with her to watch him. But it is her fault if they are spoiled. Ah, well! It is the old, old story—"The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be? No! Not so. We are mounting the hill. Some day man and woman will severally and collectively lay aside the one his crass conceit and the other her petty vanity. Then the sons of Adam may improve morally, and the daughters of Eve advance intellectually, until, hand in hand, and shoulder to shoulder, equal, though still diverse, they shall re-enter the garden of Eden, to go out no more forever.
WHEN THE WHEEL CAME FULL CIRCLE.

H. D. Coghill, '15.

(Continued from Last Month.)

ARC VI.

Billy felt out of sorts. Another rejection in the day's mail had solidified the general feeling of depression with which he had awakened from a restless night. His countenance, usually sunny, was now clouded by a scowl of displeasure as he gazed at the short, curt note which accompanied the rejection. At first editors, or their readers, did not send notes with rejections—only blue or pink slips. Later, after the percentage of his accepted stories became larger, they were slightly more human, and, when his offerings failed to please, would frequently accompany the rejection with a short note, sometimes encouraging, sometimes the reverse. This note was typical of the latter. Some of the phrases hurt; for instance, "This idea must have been conceived in a moment of extravagance, born a monstrosity, and you have drowned it in an ocean of bathos." Besides this, there was the "surplusage" to be removed from the novelette, and that Philippine scene to re-write and color more accurately. In returning it for alterations, the editor had said, "No Filipino girl would talk to her lover like that." Billy wondered how the editor knew, and, if she wouldn't talk like that, how in the blue blazes would she talk? Maybe Dick knew, but Dick was gone—had been sent by his paper to cover the revolution in Cuba. Things were out of joint in good fashion.

But, on the other hand, there was the visit of Audrey and her mother to look forward to; they would arrive in about half an hour; he must be ready for them. His face brightened in anticipation, as he cleared the center table of its clutter of books and papers (which were thrust behind the screen, temporarily), and got out the tea things. While he busied himself thus his mind reverted to the rejected manuscript. He would show it
to Audrey, and get her opinion and sympathy. Her sympathy would compensate in part for the pain of rejection. Very frequently he read over and discussed his stories with her, and felt gratified because she always approved of them, on the whole. He did not once consider the fact that she was not a competent critic in literary matters—in fact, she took far more interest in dress, domestic science, the merits of cooks, etc., than in literature, unless the literature in question happened to have been evolved from the brain of Mr. William Regan. In basking in the sunshine of her approval Billy reminded one of the celebrated French philosopher (and in this alone) who had the habit of reading to his mother, his wife, and his dog everything that he wrote. None of them could read or write, but his mother would always say "That is fine," and his wife beamed her approval, and said "Splendid!" while the dog thumped his tail on the floor in approbation. Frequently, when Billy had enmeshed the hero into a web of difficulties, Audrey would endeavor to dissuade him from being so cruel to his brain children. The hero, even if he was a dub, deserved more humane treatment. But Billy would wag his head sagely, and say, "But what of the story? It has to go on," and this logic always silenced the opposition.

Billy's musings were interrupted by a knock on the door. "Audrey," he thought, as he sprang to open it, revealing, to his surprise, a strange young woman.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he inquired, courteously, thinking she had made a mistake, and desired to see some of the girls who roomed on the next floor.

"You," she replied, with a tremor in her voice, Billy thought, his surprise increasing. What could the girl want with him, at such a deucedly awkward time, too—Audrey and her mother were liable to appear at any minute now, and then there would be the devil to pay. His natural politeness asserted itself, however, and he invited the girl into the room. She was rather pretty, of a peach bloom type, simply but neatly dressed in a black tailored costume, which set off her trim figure to advantage; her golden hair surmounted by a black velvet toque. She remained standing, and, during his inspection, was darting nervous glances around the room.
"Well, ma'am, what can I do for you?"

The girl glanced at the preparations for the expected guests, and said, tremulously, "You are expecting my sister this evening, aren't you?" with a gesture towards the table.

"Your sister! Why, no: no ma'am," gulped Billy, in amazement. Could the girl be crazy? No, she did not look like a crazy person. What could she mean? The girl interrupted his reflections.

"Well, where is she? What have you done with her?" And there was both excitement and anger in her tones.

"Pardon me, ma'am, but I think you are in the wrong place. This is not a young ladies' seminary, neither is it the Lost and Found department of the Chronicle-Express."

The girl's cold blue eyes sparkled, and the severity of their glint caused Billy to feel like a criminal.

"When last seen my sister was in your company. She left home with you, and, less than a month ago, you were seen together at a hotel in this city."

"My dear young lady, I assure you that I haven't the least idea what you are driving at. I haven't your sister or anybody else's sister in my possession. You are mistaken in your man. You must pardon my seeming rudeness, but I will have to ask you to leave now, as I am expecting some ladies, and your presence in this room would be embarrassing."

"So! You villain, you are up to another game now, are you? You have lied to me! You do know where my sister is, unless you have murdered her. I have proofs, and, if you don't tell me where she is, I will have the law on you!"

Before the astonished Billy could reply there was a knock at the door. This time he knew it could be no other than Audrey and her mother. What should he do?

"Get behind that screen quick, and keep quiet!" Billy commanded in a low, tense voice, seizing the girl's wrist and assisting her towards the window. She readily complied, and, as Billy opened the door to his guests, the window shade was stealthily raised.

"Come right in and make yourselves at home. You can lay off your wraps in the other room," said Billy, with a cheeriness
which he was far from feeling. If he could only get them into
the other room he would somehow rid himself of his uninvited and
unwelcome guest.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" as the ladies sailed past
him, ignoring his outstretched hand. It seemed as if an iceberg
had entered with them.

"Mr. Regan, have you ever had any entangling alliances?" queried Mrs. Denvers, with a chilly air. Audrey was gazing in
the direction of the street window, through which the last rays
of the setting sun, partly masked by the paneled screen, were
slanting into the room.

"What a question! Certainly not. Audrey is the only
girl I have ever loved," protested Billy, plagiarizing.

"Mr. Regan, I am disappointed in you. I have given you
an opportunity to make a clean breast of your transgression, and
you have lied to me. We have just seen proof of your infamy.
I am glad to learn, before it is too late, what a villain you are.
I withdraw my consent to your engagement to my daughter."

"And here is your ring," said Audrey, tossing it on the table,
and continued, scornfully, "I never want to see you again. To
think that all the time you were hugging and kissing another girl.
I—I hate you!" her voice broke, and her lips quivered. Then the
flutter of skirts barely visible between the panels of the screen,
catched her eye.

Billy's head felt queer, and it seemed as if the iceberg was
closing in on him. Audrey was standing near the mantel, and
there was no sympathy in her gaze. Her speech aroused a storm
of protest in his breast, and he struggled to give it utterance.

"Audrey, I swear that I am true to you. I vow, by all that
is good and holy, that I don't know what you are talking about!"

"If that is true, then who is that woman behind the screen!" exclaimed Audrey, her indignation flaming out again, while she
pointed to the small shoes and portion of skirts not concealed by
the panels.

"The sister of the girl he has abducted and murdered!"
And Ellen Smith stepped forth from her concealment.

The other women screamed in unison. Then there came a
thunderous knocking on the door, and voices shouted, "Open, in
the name of the law!"
Billy was too dazed to respond, and a second later the door crashed open, admitting a detective and two policemen. Striding past the trembling, horror-stricken women, they seized Billy, pinioning his arms to his sides.

“What does this mean?” he managed to stammer.

“It means that we arrest you, in the name of the Commonwealth, for the abduction and murder of Mary Smith!” thundered the detective, as the policemen handcuffed the struggling Billy.

“Mary Smith! Good heavens!” And Billy fainted for the first time in his life.

ARC VII.

Landing in Havana on the morning of the third day after his hasty departure from Capital City, Dick MacMorris did not wait to imbibe local opinions or rumors, but took the first train to the front.

When, to the surprise and dismay of the passengers, the train was halted at Campo Florida by a telephone message to the effect that a battle was in progress at Jaruco, ten miles further on, Dick borrowed a track velocipede from the agent of the Havana Central, and in a few minutes was well on his way to the scene of action. He rounded curves carefully, expecting any minute to find the track torn up. Before leaving Campo Florida he had endeavored to communicate with Havana, only to find the wires dead. They had evidently been cut by the rebels. A private telephone line, running from a sugar-mill in Jaruco to a plantation near Campo Florida, was the only wire in the vicinity in working condition. It was not known to what extent the rebels would respect foreign property. The telegraph lines were owned by local capital, but the Havana Central Railroad was owned and operated by an English company, and any injury to its road-bed or rolling stock would very probably cause English intervention, and this was the last thing to be desired by the administration, who were, on this account, more solicitous for the protection of foreign property than for the lives of its citizens themselves.

As he whizzed along the shining streaks of steel Dick was impressed with the beauty of the surrounding country, the long sloping hills rising on the right and the low-lying stretch of cane-
fields on the left. The green of the hills and cane-fields contrasted strongly with the sleet-laden streets of Capital City, which he had left only two days before. Truly it was a pretty sight for a December day, as uncommon as it was beautiful. The balmy northern sea breezes wafted pleasant perfumes, spiced by a salty ocean tang. Truly it was good to be alive, and in Cuba, with the immediate prospect of witnessing a battle. He had never seen a battle. But he had a concept of how a battle should be conducted. Newspaper life had dissipated many illusions, but this one remained intact. In his estimation, the battle of Waterloo, as pictured by Victor Hugo, was a model of how a battle should be conducted, and the charge of the Gordon Highlanders a masterly and orthodox battle scene.

What was that? It sounded like a series of blasts. It must be cannonading. The battle couldn't be very far off. Now he was on a straight stretch of track, and the machine was fairly flying. Off in the distance he could see a small town, partly masked by heavy clouds of smoke lying low on the horizon, occasionally shifting and entirely concealing the town from view. Some houses seemed to be afire. Certainly that is Jaruco, he thought. The intervals between the big noises were now being punctuated by fainter crackling sounds. Patches of smoke appeared in the hills to the right and cane-fields to the left. The crackling sounds grew louder. The noises reminded him of a Fourth of July celebration. Certainly this must be the advertised battle. His heart-beats quickened. Every ounce of muscle was exerted on the pedals, and the speed markedly increased. The wind, coming from the east, swirled clouds of smoke towards him, and then, as the smoke rifted temporarily, he saw straight ahead what appeared to be a mountain of bags piled up on the track. He applied the brake, but it refused to work, and, back-pedaling frantically, a moment later he crashed into the obstacle. When he came to he thought it was raining. He was soaking wet. Looking up, he found he was surrounded by soldiers, one of them with a dripping bucket in his hand. Dazedly mustering his feeble supply of Spanish, Dick asked to be conducted to headquarters. As he stumbled across the breastworks, and through the town, he noticed several huts in flames. They had evidently been
struck by shells. The residents, assisted by some of the soldiers, were fighting the fires in bucket squads, and others were engaged in dismantling the adjacent structures to prevent the flames spreading.

Dick presented his credentials at the headquarters of the commanding officer, Commandante Lezama, who received him courteously, and turned him over to a young lieutenant, whose English proved to be of better quality than Dick's college Spanish. A few minutes' conversation revealed the fact that the lieutenant had spent two years at a military school in the United States. Yes, he had found English very difficult, especially the mastery of "th." Their conversation was interrupted by the screaming of a well-directed shell, which, a moment later, burst over the temporary barracks, killing and wounding about twenty men. Dick felt sick.

"De dam rebbels have wake up again," said the lieutenant, as he led the way past the barracks, viewing unconcernedly the dead and wounded. The lieutenant continued: "Dey have only one battery uff two guns. We silence it abowt fifteen min-u-tees ago, and sought we had dem whipped. Dey do not know what dey are up against—to use an Americano expression. We have nearly two regiments here—abowt seventeen hundred men, and six Maxeems, and our escoltas—scouts you call dem—say de rebbels have not more dan eight or nine hundred—all un-train-ned negros wif de exception uff a hundred vetteranos uff de Espanish-Americano war. Dey are command by Etenoz, a fule black, while de oder branch uff de rebbel army is under Ibonet, a mulatto—a yellow man.

"Come, and have a look at dem from here," leading the way through a maze of hut-like structures in the poorer quarter of the town, to the sand-bag breastworks, behind which soldiers were strung out, busily engaged in defence, some working the cannon, and others, in half-kneeling postures, loading, firing, and re-loading, more or less automatically. Occasionally an over-careless fellow would crumple up like a wilted rag and topple over, presently to be taken in charge by the ambulance corps and carried to the temporary hospital. The percentage of dead seemed to be very small, and few of the wounds were fatal, due, evidently, to the distance and bad marksmanship.
The noise now seemed continuous and deafeningly intense. The Federal guns had concentrated their fire on the small hillock behind which the rebel battery was masked.

It was in vain that Dick looked for a scene to fulfill his expectations. At first nothing was to be seen beyond the breastworks but a wire fence which surrounded the town. As the clouds of smoke shifted, presently, with the aid of field-glasses, he could discern, at a distance of 1,500 or 1,600 yards, an occasional black figure momentarily exposed, a puff of smoke, and then the figure disappeared. Most of the rebels seemed to be content to lie down out of sight and fire in the general direction of the town.

"Pshaw," said Dick—this wasn't what he came to see—a lot of fellows behind mounds of sand-bags, protected from a hand-to-hand encounter by close-meshed wire fencing, shooting at a lot of negroes who were distributed here and there, on the hillsides, behind boulders, trees, clumps of bushes, in patches of cane-brake; and the rebels lying concealed in the tall sugar-cane, on the other side of the town, where the country was level, at a distance of 1,700 to 2,000 yards, the smoke over their heads the only indication of where the bullets came from. Why didn't the negroes rush the town? Why didn't the Government troops sally out and chase the negroes off the landscape? Here they were, the negroes out of sight, wasting good lead in the general direction of the town, and the soldiers in the town, lying safely hidden, blazing away automatically at every little puff of smoke on hillside or field. If the negroes were up-to-date they would be using smokeless powder, but they were badly armed and ammunited and poorly officered.

The lieutenant appeared to regard them with contempt. He said there was no great fear of their doing much harm, unless the rebellion, which was now confined to about five thousand negroes, proved contagious, and the other blacks on the island, approximately half a million in number, should sympathize with them. Some people were afraid of this—they were constantly in dread of a repetition in Cuba of just such a catastrophe as the great Haytian revolution of the eighteenth century. Such a thing the lieutenant deemed impossible. Times had changed; the
negroes were more civilized—just enough to make them lazy and poor fighters. They had lost the savage spirit of the eighteenth century West Indian black.

The rebel battery was soon silenced, the rifle fire from the cane-fields grew weaker, and finally ceased, while the hillside volleys waxed hotter. Soon it became evident that the cane-field forces were being shifted, and this was confirmed when, a little later, through his field-glasses, Dick saw them in the distance, crossing the railroad track, and deploying circuitously in the hill country. The hill forces, strengthened by this addition, kept up a continuous popping throughout the afternoon. Not until nightfall did they entirely cease firing.

By the light of a camp-fire in the public square, Dick, seated on an empty ammunition case, wrote the account of his first battle. All the romance that he had failed to see in the real thing he was supplying from his imagination. He had not been very successful in kodaking scenes, as the smoke was too much in evidence, but he felt that he had done a good day's work. The next question was how to get word to his paper. He was interrupted by his new friend, the lieutenant, who said that returning scouts reported the retreat of the rebels in a southeasterly direction. The delayed train, halted at Campo Florida, was now in sight, and would arrive in the next few seconds. The wires between Jaruco and Mantanzas were dead. Four companies of soldiers, the lieutenant's company numbered among them, had been ordered to proceed with the train to Mantanzas, where a party of American actors had been bottled up for the past few days, and to escort them to Havana. There would not be any chance of sending a message to the outer world before manana, but, if Senor MacMorris cared to accompany the troops to Mantanzas, the lieutenant thought it possible that a message might be relayed to Havana by the southern route. Dick thanked him, and a few minutes later boarded the train for Mantanzas.

(Concluded next month.)
GOD.


The gloom about the arches high,
The flick'ring light across the aisle,
Shadows traversing the nave
Apace. Was God in these the while?

The organ; tones now low and sweet,
Now strident in the Conqu’ror’s name,
Obedient to his will who played,
Was He in this which speaks His fame?

Within the chancel rail, about
The altar, with its cov’ring sheer;
Near this of holies holiest,
Did God, the God of light, dwell here?

I heard the priest, in tones most clear,
Pronounce the parting blessing; heard
The choir upraise the hymn, which asked
For raiment, home, and daily bread.

The people, too, joined in, and rev’rently
They sang the final great “Amen,"
And with it came the revelation
That God dwelt here, in hearts of men.
YOU want some of my impressions of Vienna, you say? The chief characteristic of the people, as a whole—the term by which they are fond of describing themselves—is their "gemuthlichkeit," perhaps best translated by "good nature," and implying an easy-going, friendly disposition. And they are the most inquisitive, gossipy, busy-body sort of people I ever saw.

The middle classes spend a large part of their leisure time in "gasthausern" and coffee houses, in which latter places the men sit up all hours of the night, or, better, until the small hours of the night, playing taroch and billiards. On Sundays they all go out, either into the surrounding country, which is most conveniently reached, and very lovely for walking; or in the parks, or on the streets—anywhere to be out. When they go into the country they dress very practically, the men in what we would call golf trousers, I suppose, and the women in short skirts. In the late afternoon they come back to the little "gasthauser" (a sort of cheap restaurant) on the outskirts of the city, in which they drink beer and eat strange things, and then sit and talk for an hour or two afterwards.

A rather lovable people they are; narrow, fond of their wien (Vienna), somewhat behind the times, and slow, and the part that is German hate the Jews, and Bohemians, and Hungarians, and all other people of this type with all their heart. They consider that they may be in danger of being overrun by them at some future time; and, indeed, these Slavic peoples do seem like a big, restless sea, gradually taking more and more land for itself. I think the Viennese—the Austrians—hate the Jews and the Bohemians most of all. I suppose no city in the world is more cosmopolitan. I've seen negroes, Turks, Hindoos, Japanese, and I don't know how many other races here on the streets.

The Viennese dialect is also quite famous, that of the market-women and cab-drivers—that class. And correct "Viennese"
is quite a different thing from North German, I hear. It is much softer, and even I can notice a difference in many little things—e.g., the use of diminutive forms of nouns is very noticeable, and there are numbers of words peculiar to Vienna alone.

The city itself is a big, queer, quaint old place. Parts—the "Ring Strasse," for example—are quite up-to-date, and very beautiful. I saw no single street in London or Paris as fine as the Ring, I think. Other parts are old, old, old, with narrow, crooked, dark streets, where you look up at dingy old walls of no nameable color, with here and there an old church hidden away with its spire among the chimney pots; and here and there some old monastery, or old archduke's or prince's palace, with its coat-of-arms over the gateway; and the most delightful old archways, which you go under into quaint old court-yards, where are dirty-looking little shops, with still dirtier-looking people in them. And then you come out suddenly from one of these quiet old places into some busy thoroughfare like Karnthuer Strasse (where the most expensive things are), with automobiles and finely-dressed women, and fine noblemen's carriages with gayly-liveried footmen—out from centuries ago into the rush of the present. As a whole, there is a sort of staleness about the place, though; an air of finality, which makes one long a little for the breath of America—a breath of freshness. And to me there is hovering in the air of the place a faint and somewhat, but none the less sure, touch of the East. It's hard to imagine this element among a German people like this, but it's there just the same. It has so struck me that, though I sometimes think it absurd, the idea will stick.

There are the most attractive shop windows here I ever saw, many of them not at all large or pretentious, but displaying the most elaborate and costly articles. I notice this mostly in three kinds of shops—those for women's clothes, those of jewelers, and those of what we call fancy grocers and confectioners—here called "delicatessen Handlungen." These people do love to eat, and the admirers before the third class of shop windows are almost as many as those before those of the first class. And, indeed, I have never seen such exquisite stuffs—furs, silks, and the latest modes in all kinds of material—anywhere as
here. They say Vienna is almost as noted for its fashions as Paris.

And this brings me to the Viennese women you asked about. They are beautiful when they are beautiful, and most commonplace when they are not pretty. The type is rather inclined toward roundness of figure, rather than the now fashionable tall, slender type. And there seem to be about an equal number of the fair and the dark—one sees the blond German type, and very often a dark, either Jewish or Slavic type, rather pleasing and piquant. As I said, they are, perhaps, the greatest gossips of all, and one is constantly bothered by “familiar” questions from Viennese acquaintances.

I should not forget to add that there is a decided tendency among the women of all classes to an unpleasantly big amount of hair on the upper lip (particularly does this show on the dark ones), and among the big, fat, market fraus this amounts to a much more decent moustache than I see on a good many boys and young men, among whom the fashion is quite prevalent. I conclude that the reason for this is the all-pervading fondness of these people for meats—sausages, ham, and all sorts of greasy, heavy food. They have all sorts of queer dumplings and doughty things. But one thing they do have that is good is their soup. We have the most delicious soup here at my place.

I have become used to a good many of their customs, but I can’t like their beer, which is disgustingly bitter; nor can I get used to having to pay four cents if you come home after 10 o’clock at night. The houses are all apartments, most of them over shops, and there is one common big door, by which everybody must come in. This is locked at 10 o’clock at night, and you have to ring the portier, whom you pay twenty heller (four cents) for coming and opening the door.

I could write a lot more about Vienna, but it is late, and I must stop and save the rest for another time.
THOSE YESTERDAYS.

Ike, '15.

Gone. But through that mist of memory
That fogs eternal life's-swept strand,
Where the tide of time creeps on to kiss to-day;
There, scattered 'long the beaten line of echoing sand,
Haunting, blessing, still I see
The trace of deeds that mark the yesterday.

It fadeth with the rising flow to-day,
That path that marked the way I trod,
But to this present conscious self is hurled
The mighty thought that 'pon the fields of God
I carved an immortal yesterday
That shapes perhaps, in destiny, a world.
THE MESSENGER.

Entered at the Post-Office at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter.

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EDITORIALS.

It is with no little regret that we take up our pen for the last time, and bid our readers adieu. The work has, in some instances, been rather trying, but the editor of every college publication experiences the same difficulties. On the whole, we have enjoyed it, and are sorry to give it up. We repeat, for we spoke of it in an earlier issue, that too few of the
students contribute to the magazine—only about 5 per cent. of the student body ever submit articles. This makes it extremely difficult for the staff to obtain sufficient material for the various numbers, and it tends to lower the standard of The Messenger by reason of the fact that there is no competition—anything submitted must be accepted. Students of Richmond College, it lies with you to keep The Messenger up to the high standard of previous years.

There has been complaint—and a just complaint it is—that there is not enough variety in the literary department. We plead with the young chemists, physicists, and biologists to give us an occasional glimpse of their side of life. Nor would a word from the history, economic, or philosophy departments come amiss. For science, in its latest developments, is romantic, and can be made intensely interesting, while history and philosophy have always been rich in material.

We want to express our appreciation of the efforts of the loyal few, by whose interest and aid alone the magazine has been a possibility. With the hope that they will continue their support, we wish our successor all the success in the world.

Despite the pleasure of moving into new quarters out at Westhampton at an early date, we dare say every student of Richmond College experienced a thrill of pain upon witnessing for the first time the hideous signs fronting Franklin street, advertising the College grounds for sale. Every spot on the old campus is dear to the hearts of the students, and even the thought that the grounds which, for years, Richmond College boys have trod with happy step are now to be passed over to unfeeling outsiders, seems almost a sacrilege. No doubt the members of the class of 1913 rejoice that they leave the campus in its pristine beauty and freedom, and are not haunted by the memory of a strip of land torn up and disfigured for building purposes.

There was some talk after Christmas of selling the portion now used as the base-ball diamond. We are glad that that, at least, has not been done, for the boys would then be without a field for practice.
It has long been in our mind to speak of the attitude of the local newspapers toward the College. For some years back Richmond College has not received the proper support in the athletic department that an institution of her standing deserves. This has proved quite a detriment, not only financially, by reason of reduced attendance and gate receipts at our games, but it has tended to lower us in the eyes of the athletic world. Such a feeling of hostility is unfortunate, to say the least, and we are glad to see that the attitude has changed materially during the past year, and Richmond College is receiving much more consideration than heretofore. Still, other sides of the College life receive very little attention from the papers. If a series of lectures is to be given, to which the public is invited, only the most casual mention of the fact is made in some small corner of the paper. If there is to be a reception, nobody in town knows of it—certainly not from the papers. Only recently, in the same newspaper, we read, in large head-lines, that a youngster at Trinity College won some society medal, of no importance, while off in a corner, in small type, we read that T. C. Durrum, a former Richmond College student, had won the Rhodes Scholarship from Virginia. Yet this Rhodes Scholarship is one of the highest academic honors to be won in the State. One would almost think that it would be an advantage to be miles from Richmond, rather than be within the corporate limits and in close touch with the newspaper.

Now we think that this is an injustice to Richmond College—an injustice that should be rectified. Nor will the matter be a difficult one. The alumni of Richmond College are numerous and influential; let them bestir themselves, and see to it that their alma mater receives more consideration from the local newspapers. This should be done not merely because the present attitude of indifference is unjust, but because Richmond College is suffering from such a lack of interest. The College must be kept before the people, otherwise they will forget that it lies within easy reach. A little judicious advertising is just the thing, and I repeat that it is the duty of the alumni to bring their
influence to bear, so that we will get a "square deal" from the papers.

We wish to impress upon our readers the necessity of subscribing to The Spider. It is always extremely difficult to get out an annual, and the heartiest cooperation on the part of the student body is needed to make the undertaking a success. The expense is great, and, this year particularly, the finances are in a depleted state. Advertisers are as difficult to get as they were for The Messenger, and it is only with the financial aid of the whole student body that the staff will be able to put out a creditable annual. You must subscribe, every one of you.

Dear Mr. Editor,—From an experience reaching over several years in college, the writer has come to the conclusion that there is a pressing need in Richmond College to-day for some central and easily-accessible place where the business records of the various student activities can be filed for future reference. The need has been brought to me in the management of one of these departments during the past few months, and I can say, in the light of experience, that such a system would be invaluable.

Look, for instance, at the work of the business manager of one of our College publications, The Spider or The Messenger. He must, first of all, place his contract for engraving and printing, and, as a rule, he knows nothing of the experience of his predecessor in this important part of his work, and, even if he does, it is merely the price paid to the successful bidder, or some such minor detail. He knows nothing of the circumstances that entered into the awarding of the work to one firm and refusing it to another, and, in no possible way, can he find out all the details of the transaction—information that he should have before he can let his contract to the best interests of those whom he represents.

The manager of the foot-ball, base-ball, or track teams
meets with the same trouble. He does not know what the former manager paid for supplies, what guarantees he was offered or paid, or what inducements he gave visiting teams. The income from the games played the past season are not ascertainable, and hence he has no basis on which to compute the relative drawing capacity of the various teams—in short, he is utterly deprived of the invaluable experience of former managers, who have groped their way through the very same difficulties that he is striving to overcome.

These difficulties likewise beset the committees of the Senior class—caps and gowns, class-pins, and invitations. Why should an astute salesman of one of our best-known regalia houses charge the committee $2.50 each for caps and gowns in 1912, and, because of competition, reduce the price to $1.50 the following year? All such facts should be available to future committees, and, without them, they are placed at an unjust disadvantage.

But enough has been said, I trust, to show the need. What about the solution of the problem? In my opinion the best remedy for the existing evil would be for the College authorities to keep in closer touch with the student activities—not so much in a directing as in an advisory capacity—and I believe this could be done by appointing a member of the faculty to act as a kind of financial adviser to the leaders of the different student departments, and, in this way, connect up the terms of office of the successive committees or business managers. Each of these committees or managers should then, at the end of their term, file with this faculty adviser a detailed account of all the business conducted by them, as well as all important contracts, correspondence, and estimates, and any other information that would be of benefit to their successors. Some simple filing device could be used, and either the President or the librarian could easily furnish a suitable and accessible place for these records. Other details of the plan could be worked out in actual practice.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have used a good deal of your space, but if, in this way, this important matter can be brought to the attention of the faculty and students, and some definite remedy for this unnecessary evil be devised, I shall feel that your space has not been used in vain.

—D.
CAMPUS NOTES.


The Glee and Mandolin Club gave a concert on the night of February 28th, at the State Normal School, in Fredericksburg. The club was entertained in the afternoon by the State Normal Glee Club. The reception rooms were decorated in Richmond College and the State Normal School colors. Delightful refreshments were served, and every one voted the occasion a huge success. The concert was well attended by a highly appreciative audience.

The last concert of the winter term was given by the Glee and Mandolin Club at the Woman’s College, Richmond, on March 7th. This concert was for the students of the Woman’s College only. Needless to say, the boys had a good time. We hope that the girls did, too.

Following are some local “Daffodils,” pulled off by our two senseless comedians, “Pete and Joe.” The key to them, in terms of music, is C sharp, or they will B flat. Most good chemists will appreciate these, however, without the key:
If Dr. Bingham rides a freight train for convenience, what does fluoride?

If oxygen and hydrogen form water what does chloroform?

If twice four is eight, is quinine?

If "Doe." Thomas eats lunch in the Chem. lab., will iodine?

When Garland H. is hunting salts in the store-room, why does the sodium hydrox(h)ide?

On Friday evening, March 7th, the annual triangular debate between Randolph–Macon, William and Mary, and Richmond College was held. Richmond College debated Randolph–Macon in Richmond and William and Mary in Williamsburg, winning both debates. These two victories entitle Richmond College to the Triangular Debate Championship Cup. The College was represented against Randolph-Macon by R. A. Brock and J. A. George, and against William and Mary by E. C. Primm and H. G. Duval. After the debate a Faculty reception was held in the College library. While refreshments were being served by the co-eds., every one was made doubly happy when news of our victory in Williamsburg was announced. Everything broke loose at this intelligence, and every one was in a state of unparalleled exuberance and hilarity. Finally, good-night time came, when everybody went home, and "rested weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel."

Wanted—To know if Jordan is a "cigarette suffragette"?

The thirty-third course of lectures on the "James Thomas Lecture Endowment" were given in the College chapel on February 26th, 27th, and 28th. The lecturer was Prof. William Lyon Phelps, alumnus of Yale and Harvard Universities, Lampson Professor of Literature in Yale University. Professor Phelps is widely known as a lecturer, teacher, and author. The theme of the course was "American Literature." Following are the subjects of the three lectures: February 26th—"Two Representatives of Colonial Character—Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin
Franklin”; February 27th—“Nathaniel Hawthorne and Puritanism”; February 28th—“The Modern American, Mark Twain.” Very large and enthusiastic audiences attended the course of lectures, and every one was charmed by Professor Phelps’ personality. The student body was entirely won over by Professor Phelps in his “family talk” to them at chapel exercises on February 27th. It was a talk which will long be remembered by the students as the “best ever.”

Some more “effusions”:

If you are looking for a scrap will copper sulphite?
If a co-ed. is fooling around in the lab. will a Bunsen-burner?
Professor Olmsted went in the lab. yesterday, and hasn’t since benzine.

Harmless Law Student: “Say, Poarch, do they allow law men in chapel?”

Who is Miss Harding’s favorite author?
A(r)thur H.

If the Dramatic Club develops a star, will Mary Shine?

Covington, at track meet, during the relay: “Say, why do those men shake hands every time before running?”

On the evenings of February 11th and 18th the classes of the History Department were entertained by Professor and Mrs. Anderson in their home. Attractive games and music were indulged in, after which refreshments were served. The occasions were very delightful to the students, who were entirely won by the charming personalities of their host and hostess.

Warning! Do not be alarmed if, upon entering the library, you should hear a very grating and screeching sound; it is only Miss Ryland filing papers.
With not a single man of last year's star track team back, the prospect for a team that should make even a creditable showing looked exceedingly dim at the beginning of the track season. From among the men who answered the call of Coach Dunlap, the following men, Wilson (captain), O'Neil, Rennie, and Tillery, made up the team. How well they succeeded is shown in the following accounts of the track meets they were in.

On February 22d our team was pitted against the relay from Johns Hopkins University, who had, on the previous Saturday night, broken the South Atlantic record for track. Rennie led off for the Spiders, running neck and neck with his opponent, until he fell on the third curve, losing about twenty yards. Wingfield, running second, fell at the first curve, losing about twenty yards also. Wilson, running third, and O'Neil fourth, were able to pick up some of the lost ground, but not enough to keep Hopkins from finishing an easy winner.

The following Saturday, March 1st, the squad attended the meet held by Georgetown University, in Washington. Our opponents this time were from Maryland Agricultural College. Rennie, running first, got a bad start, but finished even with his man. Tillery, running next, tripped over the Marylander who had just finished, and fell on the first curve, dislocating his shoulder. He gamely finished the race, beating his man by a small margin. Wilson, running third, beat his opponent by twenty yards, and O'Neil added as much more to the distance between him and his man, crossing the line forty or fifty yards in the lead.

On March 8th the second annual Richmond College–Richmond Light Infantry Blues joint meet was held in the Horse-Show Building. Georgetown figured principally in this meet,
winning the cup with little trouble, and defeating Washington and Lee in the mile relay for the South Atlantic championship. Our second team, composed of Anderson, Gardner, Carter, and Wingfield, were easy victors in a three-cornered relay, composed of the Blues' second team, the Invincibles, and Richmond.

The last event was the relay between our team and George Washington University. Rennie, our first man, ran a close race with his man, sprinting ahead on the last straight away, and finishing five yards in the lead. Tillery, coming next, held the lead handed over, and finished up about the same distance in the lead. Wilson, running third, ran a beautiful race, walking away from his man a good twenty-five yards. O'Neil was also on the job, and finished up by a lead of forty yards.

The track meet was a financial success, and was witnessed by a large and appreciative crowd.

From the track we step directly into the diamond. Coach Griffin has gotten together the most promising bunch of players that has been seen on the campus for years, and, if our old friend, the Hoodoo, doesn't figure too prominently during the season, there is no reason why the base-ball cup should not join the noble throng already gathered in the case in the College library.

The unusual mildness of the early spring has given the squad opportunity to get in some good practice, so team work will feature from the start.

Three of last year's team are back, and are showing up well. They are Captain Beale, at his old place at short-stop; Ancarrow, on second, and Lewis, on third, all of whom played star ball last year.

Among the most promising of the new material are Dixon, Hulcher, Flanagan, Peake, Duval, Coleman, Goldsmith, Wiley, for the pitching department; Snead, Scales, Jones, Pitts, and George give a goodly group from which to select the catchers, and Hart, Ryland, Grey, Luck, O'Neil, H. Wiley, K. Lewis, and Underwood are other likely members of the squad.

A full and interesting schedule has been arranged by Manager Luck, and is as follows:

March 20th—Richmond Collegians, at Richmond.
March 21st—Maryland Agricultural College, at Richmond.
March 27th—Washington and Lee University, at Richmond.
March 28th—Richmond Club of Virginia State League, at Richmond.
April 1st—Fredericksburg College, at Richmond.
April 5th—Washington College, at Petersburg.
April 8th—Union Theological Seminary, at Richmond.
April 15th—Fredericksburg College, at Fredericksburg.
April 16th—Maryland Agricultural College, at College Park, Maryland.
April 17th—Washington College, at Chesterton, Md.
April 18th—Rock Hill College, at Ellicott City, Md.
April 19th—Mt. St. Joseph College, at Baltimore, Md.
April 23d—V. P. I., at Richmond.
April 28th—Trinity College (N. C.), at Richmond.

CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES.

April 30th—William and Mary, at Williamsburg.
May 6th—Hampden–Sidney, at Richmond.
May 14th—Randolph–Macon, at Richmond.
May 17th—Hampden–Sidney, at Farmville.
May 19th—William and Mary, at Richmond.
May 21st—Randolph–Macon, at Richmond.
ALUMNI NOTES.

D. S. McCarthy, Jr., '14.

“Our memory cherishes through the changeful days,
The olden friends, the olden times and ways.”

R. W. Gill, LL. B., ’11, is in business in Petersburg.
R. E. Centers, B. A., ’05, is in business in Richmond.
W. A. Simpson, B. A., ’12, is in business in Richmond.
G. G. Garland, LL. B., ’12, is in business in Richmond.
A. R. Kershaw, LL. B., ’11, is in business in Richmond.
T. O. Williams, LL. B., ’06, is practicing law in Richmond.
S. H. Shelton, LL. B., ’11, is practicing law in Emporia, Va.
H. B. Gilliam, LL. B., ’11, is practicing law in Petersburg.
E. Granger Ancarrow, B. S., ’12, is now at work in Richmond.
W. H. Davis, B. A., ’12, is at the Baptist Seminary, in Louisville, Ky.
G. W. Sadler, B. A., ’10, is at the Baptist Seminary in Louisville, Ky.
Frank Gaines, B. A., ’12, is principal of the Green Bay High School, Green Bay, Va.
“Fritz” Wright, B. A., ’12, is now with the Henrico Wood and Lumber Company.

G. S. Clark, LL. B., ’12, has become one of the shining legal lights at the University of Virginia, besides “starring” on the diamond.
D. J. Corner, B. A., '05, is the principal of the High School at Dandridge, Tenn.

C. H. (Hooks) Dunaway, M. A., '05, is teaching in the Richmond Public Schools.

Miss V. R. Roberson, B. A., '11, is teaching in Miss Morris's School for Girls, in Richmond, Va.

S. S. Cook, B. A., '12, is pursuing the study of medicine at the University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.


A. B. Bass, B. A., '10, and H. B. Bolling, B. A., '10, are now attending Colgate University. It is reported that H. B. Bolling is the proud father of a healthy young boy.

We were also glad to have a visit from Vaughan Gary, B. A., '12, and "Judge" Parker, B. A., '12, for the track meet. We would only wish that the alumni might return oftener.

J. H. Terry, B. A., '11; H. B. Jennings, B. A., '10, and J. E. Welsh, B. A., '12, are at Crozier Theological Seminary studying for the ministry. They are taking work at the University of Pennsylvania at the same time, Terry for his Ph. D., the other two for the M. A. degree.
There is an old proverb (or, if there isn’t, there ought to be) that “what is good is always prompt.” According to this precept, The Mercerian ought to be good, for surely it is prompt. We are in receipt of its March issue before ours has gone to the press. But its excellence does not rest on this proverb alone. Its intrinsic value is also of much worth. In the department of the short story we find three stories, which, though they are not the acme of perfection, make a very creditable appearance. “Adoniram Jenks, the Fervent,” is cleverly written, but we should call it more of a sketch than a short story. The author evidently is trying to imitate the sing-song mode of talking of a country preacher, which he succeeds fairly well in doing, only the “ra, ra’s” occur too often. The essays are all good, except the one entitled “English in the Transplanting.” This essay makes an attempt to imitate the writing of English by a Chinaman, but it does not appeal to us. Much praise is due to the critical essay, “Stephen Phillips.” A very good criticism, with no exaggerated praises of his subject, is given to us. In the department of poetry our main criticism is the lack of variety of subject. With the exception of one poem, entitled “The Coming of Spring,” which is the best in the magazine, the theme of all the poems is “Love.” O! blessed love! how many breasts thou hast inspired! The Mercerian shows good work. Keep it up!

Between the neat covers of The Gonzaga there is much to praise, and not so much to condemn. The subscribers must evidently be of Irish descent, for loyally do they stand up for St. Patrick and Ireland. Whether they lay claim to the Shamrock race or not is no matter, but we do wish to commend their practice of having
articles suited to the various seasons. The poetry is good. Among the "Irish Poems," so to speak, we wish to commend especially "After the Storm." Among the others, the poem "My Mother" appeals greatly to us. No! gentle reader, we are not home-sick, for we are a resident in town. "The 'Varsity Five" is much better than the average athletic story found in the college magazine, and here, again, we find a close adherence to the sport of the season. "The Stenographer's Mistake" presents a much-used plot, but treats it in a different way. What of that? "There is nothing new under the sun." Yet, this being all true, we cannot pardon the author of "The Power of Song," for we have seen the identical story before. We hate to question his originality, but it looks suspicious. The play, "Vincentius," is excellent, and we are thirstily awaiting the arrival of the next issue of The Gonzaga, containing Act II. Both of the essays in this magazine have the same fault—the diction in each is too heavy. A simpler style could be used to much better advantage. Other wise they are both good, and they show the results of deep study.

We see from the January and February issues of The Journal that it is celebrating its fortieth anniversary, the so-called "Golden Age." Allow us to extend our congratulations, and say that the magazine is well worth the celebration. All the departments are gotten up well, and we simply wish to make a few suggestions, which, we hope, will be of benefit. It is usually the custom of college magazines to put their editorials between the literary department and the various college departments. The appearance of the magazine will be improved greatly if this is done. The two short stories in the magazine are both fair, but we would suggest that three be published, if possible, for a magazine of this size demands not less than that number. Furthermore, the Exchange Department needs to be enlarged. Why not give more space to fellow magazines? We are sure that all of them will be benefited thereby. Again we extend our heartiest wishes for a good and prosperous future!

We acknowledge the receipt of the usual exchanges.
His Speech

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