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LEST WE FORGET.

Rowland.

Oh, *alma mater*, let this be thy constant care
When thou dost pass unto thy goodly new domain,
That thou forget not then for paltry gain
Thine ancient heritage, so proud, so rare.
Mere wealth, great numbers, often snare
The purposes of leaders, bringing pain
To loyal hearts who would thy faith maintain,
And keep for thee those things thou canst not spare.
Through four-score years thy sons have learned from thee
To prove all things, and yet hold fast the good.
Thy name of Seeker after Truth in strife
Or peace, of Unafraid, must ever be
Thy chiefest pride. Stand now as thou has stood;
As Learning’s Light take thou the Word of Life.
LAD in English knickers and Scotch stockings, we left London one cloudy Saturday afternoon in June. We were told by our weather-wise English friends that we might need bathing suits before we reached Windsor, and, indeed, might have need of them for a solid month, such was the uncertainty, or rather rainy certainty, of English weather. But time was precious, and it was now or never, so, in spite of some misgivings, we started. It was a voyage into the unknown, and, as such, charmed by its infinite possibilities. We were much pleased with our new bicycles—steel rims, clincher tires, rim brakes (front and rear), mud-guards, coaster pedals, luggage carriers, et cetera, purchased at a total cost of $23.00 each, complete, with a promise of half price if returned in good condition.

So, satisfied with selves and everything save the weather, we sped on through the crowded London streets. Even with the vision of a jail sentence and $25.00 fine confronting us, it was rather hard to remember always that we should keep to the left, especially when the left became congested, and we saw an opening to the right. After several narrow escapes from cross streams of buses, autos, et cetera, and making very slow progress dodging counter streams—we weren’t willing to take “bus” chances—we caught the subway at Paddington station, which landed us in the outskirts of London, where we again took to our wheels. By this time the irresolute sun had decided to smile upon us. His appearance we regarded as a good omen, and sped on with lighter hearts and bubbling spirits. We were now launched for fair, and resolved to make the most of conditions as we found them.

About 8 o’clock, just as the last bristles of light from the setting sun painted a golden red the turrets of Windsor Castle, we rode into the town of Windsor, stopping at the “Sign of the Star and Garter.” We chose this inn for two reasons. In London we had joined the Cyclists Touring Club, and obtained a road-
book with a list of inns granting special rates to C. T. C. members. The Star and Garter was the most romantic sounding name on our list. The second reason was the price—not quite so romantic. Our accommodations were good, and, with the exception of a half-hour serenade by some Saturday night revelers celebrating Commemoration Week, we spent a very comfortable eight hours.

Most of the small English inns are good, and their service, so far as cyclists are concerned, is better than that found in the larger, more pretentious inns, styled “hotels.” The hotels cater to the motorists; the inns to the cyclists. The best inns are those strewn along the wayside, either in the villages or isolated. As a rule, the inns present a cleanly interior; fresh-looking, smiling, rosy-cheeked maids, in close-fitting black frock, white caps, and quaint little bibbed aprons, beribboned and befrilled, immaculate as the virgin snow, presided at the bar, serve in the “commercial room” (dining-room), or answer the old-fashioned bell-ropes for one’s smallest needs. Bed and breakfast and excellent service—all for fifty to seventy-five cents—what more could one wish?

As to food, order what you may in the beginning, you will eventually fall in with the customs, and have eggs and bacon, cold meat, jam, and tea, for breakfast; a hot dish of meat and potatoes, cabbage, celery, etc., all boiled, or cold meat, salad, and cheese, for dinner, and tea and cakes whenever you feel hungry between meals.

Speaking of customs, we soon found that it paid to substitute Britticisms for Americanisms, in so far as possible, and say “swanking” instead of “slinging the bull,” “shunt” for “shift,” etc., and we soon caught on to the exact “than-kew” inflection, working it overtime.

The following morning (Sunday) we paid our respects to Windsor Castle, but didn’t catch a glimpse of royalty—it wasn’t receiving day. Leaving the castle, we cycled over to Eton College, passing the scene of Falstaff’s discomfiture at the hands of the Merry Wives of Windsor. On our way we saw a number of students in quaint-cut jackets, big collars, and stove-pipe hats—they seemed top-heavy with erudition, hemmed in by traditions and conventions. As we sped on, free as the air, we pitied them,
while they eyed us as if to say "Bally bounders from over the water!"

We stopped a few minutes at Stoke Poges, the church-yard of which is the scene of Gray’s famous elegy; saw the grave of the poet, and inspected the monument to his memory in the Stoke Park.

It was a typical English day (as we found English days)—neither too warm nor too cool. Light clouds were constantly veiling and unveiling the sun. It was just right for cycling, and we saw numerous cyclists, all ages and sexes; some on the way to church, others evidently out for a pic-nic, or “outing,” as they call it. We passed many “outing” parties, seated on the grass out from the road a little way, half hid by hedges or bushes, making merry in varied fashion, while their bicycles or motor—as the case might be—were standing near by.

Automobiles were the bane of our existence when within a forty-mile radius of any large town. We became entirely out of sympathy with them. Without a moment’s warning they would sweep by in a whirlwind of dust, which enveloped us, and left us coughing, choking, and blinded, with no very Christian tempers. “Lookout! Here comes a car!” was always a signal for maledictions. We did not approve of motoring as a method of sight-seeing. We reviled the motorists as being “lollypops,” sacrificing truth for pleasure’s sake. We figured that the rushing air presses against the motorist’s eyes, or the dust dims his goggles and distorts his perspective. If he sees the country at all, he gets only a cubist picture of it—blurs of green, splotted with red, grey, and black, in a hideous medley, as he follows with his eye the ribbon-like road stretched out miles on miles before him, ever intent more on keeping his skin whole and his car out of the repair shop than on the outer world and its panoramic beauty. And when he rides into a town or village he hardly pulls up except to observe the law, and darts on again, as if he were racing against time with the devil for a handicap.

The bicyclist is closer to earth; goes in a slower, more leisurely manner, gets a detailed picture of the beauties of nature, takes time to stop and drink in an especially pleasing scene, is in closer touch with the earth people, catches the spirit of the
locality. Cyclist togs admit one to the village tavern councils, to the cheerful hospitality of the roadside inns and tea places. The people think of you more as one of them than as a bounder, an interloper, a money-bag; but if you come in a car you have got to pay for it. Your landlord may be more respectful to you—for he feels the barrier of the automobile—but he doesn’t look upon you as a friend and a brother; he doesn’t feel privileged to gossip with you as he does with the cyclist. He can afford a cycle—almost any one can—but a motor is out of his reach.

Came a time when, for a brief spell, we sighed for the seats of the “lolly-pops.” When we reached Henley, at 3 o’clock in the afternoon of the day we left Windsor, every nerve, muscle, and joint of our bodies protested against going further. So we put up at a quaint old inn that might have served armored knights centuries ago, left our cycles there, and went for a quiet row on the Thames. Henley is a boating town—myriads of boats, canoes, eights, fours, double and single sculls, punts, and plain row-boats were drawn up on the river front, and the water was teeming with them, while anchored in the peaceful shadows down the river were dozens of house-boats with gay parties aboard, music sounding and banners streaming. Every year Henley races the English universities, and its crew almost invariably makes a good showing against the Oxford and Cambridge fours and eights. Oarsmen come from as far as Canada to enter the regattas.

Reaching Oxford next day, we employed a guide, and spent the afternoon among the many colleges. Our guide, though very intelligent, could not inform us as to the whereabouts of the Caedmon manuscript, nor could any of the several librarians we interviewed. We were referred first to a Hebrew, then to a Greek, and, finally, to a Sanscrit scholar. After sounding the heights and depths of their ignorance, we eventually located the manuscript in the Bodleian Library, where we were repaid for our trouble not only by the sight of the famous original manuscript of the Anglo-Saxon poet, but also by the interesting Shelley memorials, celebrated autographs, and the fine old ceiling, with exposed beams richly carved and decorated.

In the chapel of the New College (one of the oldest colleges
in Oxford—eleventh century) we greatly admired the big Reynolds window, and speculated as to the history of how Lady Hamilton came to be painted as one of the Christian graces.

Even when all the forces that go to make up the spirit of a town are in full play, the spirit is so elusive that it is difficult to capture. There were few students in evidence at Oxford, and many of them were East Indians, gravely sauntering about in cap and gown, with here and there a full-blooded African, similarly attired; so it was impossible to pen the spirit of the university town as we saw it—the town seemed to be dead or dormant.

Stiff and sore in every joint and muscle, and every nerve jangling, we bought some liniment, and gave each other a first-class foot-ball rubbing down before we retired that night; and next day, though moving gave us painful thrills, we moved with less friction. However, we were heartily glad, and breathed a prayer of thanksgiving when the spires and chimney-pots of Stratford-upon-Avon came into view. Shortly before reaching Stratford, we spied at a cross-roads an ornamental stone, surmounted by a cross. Chiseled in the stone (probably the work of some minor poet) was the following inscription:

6 Miles To  
Shakespeare's town whose name  
Is known throughout the Earth.  
To Shipton 2  
Whose lesser fame  
Boasts no such Poet's birth.

We rested our weary bones at a tiny inn on the banks of the Avon, close to the water's edge. A sweet-faced little girl, in her early 'teens, was the only person we saw during our stay at the "Sign of the Black Swan." We heard a voice issue several times from the mysterious depths of the kitchen, but, with this exception, the little girl was the only evidence of human beings on the place. The change was restful.

Two blocks from the inn, in the grounds of the Shakespeare Memorial Building, we found a handsome monument to the genius of the great dramatist and poet. From the gallery of the theatre of this building (ourselves unobserved) we took a peep
at a rehearsal of the Stratford-upon-Avon players, who begin their first American tour October 6, 1913, and will perform in Richmond during this season. We spent a few appreciative moments in the gallery of Shakespearean paintings, and browsed among the rare Shakespearean books in the library awhile; then mounted to the tower, where we obtained a fine view of the town.

Bright and early next morning we rowed upon the Avon, and by the time the Church of the Holy Trinity was open to visitors we had absorbed quite a deal of the atmosphere, remarking, with interest, from the boat, a beautiful copper beech drooping close to the water's edge in the church-yard. The trees thick around the church were black with ravens, and in the early morn their hoarse croakings drowned all other sunrise sounds. No wonder the raven is so widely mentioned in the English novel—all over England, in every field and forest, church-yard and park, they are in evidence, black clouds of witnesses to the veneration in which they are held.

After pondering awhile the slab bearing the oft-quoted inscription, and listening to the beadle's theory of the why and wherefore of it all, and what one might find if one dug up those bones, and after viewing everything else of interest in the beautiful old church, we betook ourselves to Anne Hathaway's cottage, visiting, on the way, the house in which Shakespeare was born and other evidences of his existence.

Everywhere in Stratford we were reminded that it was Shakespeare's town. Museums, inns, shops, houses, church, signs, fountains—everything bore witness to the people's debt to Shakespeare; many of them owe their daily tea to the fact that there he was born, there he lived for a season. We could not for a moment forget him; if we had, the next comer would have risen up and flung a reminder in our faces.

I wonder what Shakespeare would say could he but return for a day, make a round of the town, and note all the sixpences and shillings handled in his name? I wonder? Sixpence to enter his church; two shillings for a carbon impression of his grave slab; sixpence for a peep at the desk in which he is supposed to have carved his name as a school-boy; sixpence for a look around the room in which he was born, or to sit in the chimney-seat where
he once sat; sixpence to enter the cottage in which he courted Anne Hathaway; and so it is, as said a canny Scot, "Every way you turn, bang! goes a sixpence!" Of course, everything is far and away well worth the price, but there is a "littleness" about this sixpence business that smacks of the commercialism which is supposed to be confined exclusively to the United States. It may be good business, but it is not good Shakespeare.

When we saw the gray walls and turrets of Warwick Castle, rising in the midst of the high-peaked and red roofs of the town of Warwick, we were thrilled with the idea of climbing its spiral stairways to the towering battlements, from which we would view the miles and miles of landscape stretched out before us in all its sylvan beauty, and imagine ourselves warrior knights in feudal days, awaiting the coming of a foreign foe. But this was merely an idle dream, predestined to the fate of most dreams.

After paying two shillings admission fee, and tipping the porter to look after our cycles, we entered the castle. We saw a few pictures of indifferent execution, some rusty suits of armor, a few rooms conspicuous for their barrenness of interest, and, after listening to the rayings of a guide for an hour, were told that the upper walls and battlements of the castle were unsafe, and not open to the public. Sadly we turned and left the place, and, as we noted the many peacocks strutting around the grounds, perched on the walls, on the roof of the conservatory in which sits the famous large porphyry vase, and in the trees, we sighed, and said that all indeed was vanity!

Kenilworth Castle, in ruins, is far more interesting than Warwick Castle. We climbed to the highest turrets of this historic castle, and visited some of the rooms and places made famous by Scott. The red sandstone, though in place many centuries, has stood well the test of time, and, with the aid of a plan of the castle, we had no difficulty in tracing out the original lines of the structure as it stood in all its Elizabethan glory. We spent several pleasant hours there.

While at the time of Lady Godiva's bareback tax-removing ride through the town, Coventry boasted of only one Peeping Tom, now one spies upon you from nearly every corner after you reach the heart of the town, but the only original effigy of the
only original Peeping Tom is at the corner of Hertford street, where he now is peeping at a lion instead of a lady.

The road from Stratford to Coventry is noted as one of the finest walks in England, and we found it to be one of the best rides in that country. It is a broad, smooth road, shaded with venerable elms and sycamores, and, though country-side fame does not connect the name of any great man with this as with some of the other beautiful walks of England, it seems to me that many a poet must have enjoyed tramping it.

We found English roads almost uniformly good, and became very much attached to some of them. Some roads soothed us as we sped swiftly over them, with scarcely a push on the pedal; others tired us as we crept slowly up incline after incline; others exhilarated us as we shot down hill with almost the speed of a racing car; others filled us with thoughts or excited our minds with stirring pictures of scenes from English literature and history; and other roads, in the cool, crisp morning air, challenged us to ride forth to conquer them. And constantly they led us on; on between hedgerows, now winding along quiet green lanes (thickly overgrown with grass), and now speeding over the broad, smooth turnpike, and looking out on the beautiful dales, and over other valleys far in the distance. Sometimes the road was thick on both sides with tangled underbrush, out from which peeped myriads of wild flowers, and sometimes it led for miles through groves wonderfully green and beautiful, the trees' luxuriant foliage, in some places, overlapping and forming perfect Gothic arches, the woods throwing so deep a shade that it seemed twilight underneath them, though the sun was just past meridian. And rabbits! We saw thousands of them hopping and skipping along the road. Sometimes they would wait until we were almost on them before they would turn their great moon eyes toward their forest homes and scamper away in a sudden fit of panic.

On the first day we made a good record run. Keen with the joy of living, and lacking other means of expression, we commenced "ray-rahing" Richmond College, making the welkin ring. An easy-going countryman, in a comatose state, driving a lazy-looking horse attached to a middle-aged vegetable cart, happened to be just ahead of us. As soon as the horse heard the first yell
he pricked up his ears, and, kicking up his heels as if his shoes had been nailed on red-hot, started on a run which would have done credit to a two-year-old. The honest yeoman waked suddenly, and, evidently thinking that wild Indians had invaded England, curled his black-snake whip around that horse's flanks with such stinging accuracy that, by the time we had gotten half-way down the faculty list, the cart was out of sight in a cloud of dust, and going it for dear life.

Close by to Nuneaton is Arbury Farm, where George Eliot (Mary Anne Evans) was born, and not far from there is Griff House, where the first twenty years of her life were spent. The lodge-keeper denied us admission to the estates, saying that the owner would not return until late in the afternoon, and had given strict orders that no one was to be admitted without his knowledge and consent. During the conversation we learned that the Mill on the Floss was quite near, and so, turning up a narrow lane, which looked like a typical western Virginia road, we soon reached the old mill. Fifty years have passed since water splashed over the old mill-wheel, and the building, decrepit with age, creaked and moaned its infirmities as the wind whistled through the cracks and disturbed the cobwebs and dust on the rafters. The lady who lived in the little cottage built on to the mill showed us over the premises, and after we had opened our hearts to her, and unfolded our tale of woe, she impulsively left her babies and cooking in charge of a big shepherd collie, and insisted upon guiding us to the birthplace of George Eliot, by way of a short cut across the fields, and through the rear entrance to the estates, where was no Cerberus to challenge our entry.

She was a pale little woman, of about twenty-five or thirty, with sad, tired eyes, from which shone a wistful light as we talked of the genius of the great novelist. She spoke in halting sentences, clipped short by eagerness, but her face supplemented in expressiveness what her speech lacked. It seems that when she was a girl she, too, had wanted to write, but poor schooling, hard times, et cetera, prevented. She had married early—then the babies came; and now, even though her education was somewhat bettered by reading, the babies and house-work, chickens and pigs, filled all her time, to the exclusion of other things—the
longed-for things of life. Sometimes, though, as she rocked the cradle, she felt that she must express herself, and, for lack of paper, would inscribe her thoughts on the window sill. I wonder what she wrote?

The Mill on the Floss is one of the few unexploited interest spots in England. There was no fee—everything was gratis—and the spirit of hospitality shown by that sad-faced little woman will last as long as we have a memory for what is good and beautiful and true. We would have insulted her had we offered coin compensation for what we had received, and even when we proffered her a little silver for the babies, at first she refused, with a hurt look in her eyes, but, after we had insisted that doubtless the babies would appreciate an addition to their Christmas stocking fund, she accepted with the grace of a duchess. Then she ran into the house and brought out a pitcher of milk; from the orchard near by plucked some mistletoe, which was growing on an apple tree; gathered some roses from the banks of the little river, and pressed the entire collection in our hands with such a winning air that we drank the milk, stowed the mistletoe in our pockets, and pinned the roses to our lapels. And as we left she bade us God-speed, and hoped we would let her hear from us some day.

We passed through Lichfield (Dr. Johnson’s birthplace) that day, and viewed with a great deal of pleasure the queenly old cathedral, its delicately beautiful spires rising high above the grinning gargoyles which leered through the flying buttresses, as if deriding some ancient monkish foe. We were told that much of the exquisitely-carved wood-work on the interior of this cathedral was the work of a Mr. Evans, cousin of George Eliot, and reputed to be the original of “Seth” in “Adam Bede.”

By this time the two members constituting the whole of our small party had become pretty well acquainted, and out from the crucible of constant contact and the open road came the material for the foundation of a mutual admiration society. It so happened that whatever one of us wanted to do was just the thing the other was thinking of proposing. So I wrote home, “It is a case of two minds with but a single thought, two wheels that speed as one.”
Some of the people we encountered had queer ideas about distances in America—almost as queer as some of the ideas we display sometimes about distances in Europe. We stopped for the night at a little cottage on the banks of the Stratford and Worcestershire canal. The people informed us that they did not usually take in travelers, but, since it was raining, and the nearest inn was about twenty miles further on, and as we did not look too disreputable, they shared their evening meal with us and gave us their best room. At first they thought we were from the south of England—said we didn’t talk like Yankees (they had talked with several), and seemed surprised and interested to know that we were from America. Our hostess remarked, “You say you are from Richmond, Virginia? Why, I have a brother who lives not far from you.”

“Whereabouts in Virginia or the United States does your brother live?” we inquired.

“Oh, he lives in a little town in Alberta, or British Columbia—I forget which,” she replied; and then wondered why we were so graceless as to laugh.

“How far do you think Alberta is from Richmond?” we asked.

“I really have no idea—I suppose it is a bit of a hundred miles or so.”

They all seemed amazed when we told the distance; and then we were kept busy awhile satisfying the good people’s thirst for information about this wonderful big country of ours. They were good listeners—those Staffordshire cottagers. Our audience consisted of the two old people, two good-looking, ruddy-cheeked lassies, and their hopelessly crippled brother, pathetic in his eagerness to know. We spent a pleasant evening with those simple, wholesome, unaffected people. No; they had never been to London, but hoped to be able to visit the big city some day. Yes; they read the London papers sometimes, and the rector occasionally brought the girls an armful of old magazines. They seemed sorry to see us go next morning, and made us promise to drop them a card.

It was 8:30 o’clock when we left the little cottage on the canal, and we lunched at Shrewsbury (thirty-five miles on). We passed
near the spot where Sir John Falstaff, that prince of jesters, fought "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock," and by nightfall we had crossed the Welsh border.

Most English roads are well marked with finger-posts. The roads leading westward from Shrewsbury were badly marked—that is how we came to get lost. But our road map showed us a short cut, which seemed an easy way out of our difficulty—easier than retracing our tracks. The result was that, after pulling incline after incline for several hours, we came finally to some delightful stretches of "free wheeling," as the English call "coasting." But all good things come to an end somewhere, and just about dark we found ourselves penned in by the hills in a little Welsh border town. As we rode into the village and stopped before a temperance hotel (most Welsh hotels are "temperance"), a crowd of urchins assembled to see the sight. They spoke both English and Welsh—English to us and Welsh among themselves. We asked one of them—a bright little fellow of twelve—the name of the town.

"Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochnand" trilled from the tip of his tongue, with a soft, rich, throaty sound like the first notes of a 'cello in a fairy orchestra. We put the question to him again, and once more the pleasant music sounded in our appreciative ears. We kept that boy busy about five minutes repeating "Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochnand," and we enjoyed every blessed second of it. As we entered the hotel we heard the boys laughing and talking among themselves. We asked the boy who took charge of our wheels to act as interpreter. He laughed and replied that the boys were saying, "Oh, my! What funny-looking fellows! Where do they come from? Yon's a skinny one—yon's a funny one," pointing first at one and then at the other of us.

Next morning we had to push our luggage-laden bikes uphill for three mortal hours. It was up, up, up, until we thought that we would never reach the top. Many times we stopped to rest, stretched out full length on the green sward amid the ferns and flowers by the roadside, and nothing but the ominous-looking clouds over-shadowing the sky could have made us rise from some of those delicious rests, but, remembering the predictions of our London friends, and not wishing to get caught far from civiliza-
tion in a cold English rain, we hastened on. We had only one consolation in our misery—we were not bothered by automobiles.

When we finally reached the top we found an impossible, well-nigh impassable road, which led up and down and away across a wild, bleak moorland. Walking, riding, walking, we went on for miles, without seeing a solitary human being—nothing but a few skinny-looking sheep, getting a bare living where no other creature could exist.

The Englishman who sighs for solitude need not cross the water and lose himself in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, nor look for it amid the frozen waters of the Arctic Circle, or the hot sands of the Sahara Desert. He may wander about alone for days together among the hills of North Wales, or in the moorlands of the Scottish border, and lose himself in a forsaken region, which might be somewhere in the Far West—a region without farm house or shed to be seen, without even the bark of a dog, the mew of a cat, or the crowing of a rooster to be heard for miles around—and not even the tinkle of a sheep-bell.

We surely had our “ups” and “downs” in North Wales, mostly “ups,” and we got all the solitude we were looking for, and a bit more. But just before we reached Bettwys-y-Coed (from the way it is spelt, it looks as if it might be pronounced “Betsy-the-Co-ed”—only it isn’t) we struck a beautiful stretch of road that, for five miles, led almost straight down—though we termed it “heavenly.”

Bettwys-y-Coed, charmingly nested at the forks of two streams, near the bottom of a big natural basin, surrounded by luxuriantly-wooded cliffs and hills streaming with picturesque falls, is one of the most attractive resorts in North Wales. It is an ideal spot to spend your honeymoon. We met several bridal couples there—they seemed to be having a good time. We sighed for the pen of a Wordsworth to immortalize this little Eden of North Wales. We were sure that the Lake Country could not surpass it in beauty—but then we had not seen the Lake Country—it was yet in store for us.

After an exhilarating ride through Llanberis Pass—the wildest pass in North Wales—we reached the foot of Mount Snowden late one Sunday afternoon. We left our cycles at the
hut of a Welsh miner. The climb was a stiff one. Before we reached the top we had to discard a portion of our heavy cycling togs, only to don it again and wish for our raincoats, after we had attained the summit and the clouds about us began to soak in.

Through the filmy, cobwebby clouds, as they sailed by, we could see far off across the hills and plains the rolling ocean, glittering in the sunlight. The entire country, as far as we could see, had the appearance of a huge physical map—neighboring peaks, foot-hills, valleys, and plains stretched out mile on mile. The ocean seemed an enormous cauldron of molten silver, which had overflowed and spilled out on the landscape, forming little rivers and lakes of silver, shining in the sun. We imagined we caught a glimpse of the green shores of the Emerald Isle (which we were told could be seen on a clear day), and, our fancy fired, we resolved to land in Dublin the day following.

As we descended the mountain-side our toes, in a most wretched fashion, persisted in ramming down into the tips of our shoes with every step, and we felt that, while it was only five miles to the top of the mountain, it was most assuredly twenty miles to the bottom. Foot-sore and inexpressibly weary, we reached the miner's hut after 9 o'clock. We had ridden sixty-odd miles that day, and climbed ten more, and didn't feel in condition to go further. The kind-hearted Welsh people gave us shelter for the night. We were made to feel that we were honored guests. Everything was sweet and clean. After breakfast next morning, when we inquired how much we owed for wheel storage, lodging, and breakfast, the miner's wife asked, hesitatingly, "Will a shilling each be too much?"

As we left, the miner's tiny, golden-haired daughter threw us a kiss. We met hundreds of miners going to their daily work in the neighboring mines, and received "Good mornings" from every one. We heartily agreed with them; it was indeed a good morning, and we made good time to Holyhead to catch the Dublin steamer.

At Holyhead we arranged with the captain of a cargo boat to land us in Dublin for five shillings each, and, after a slightly uneven voyage of six hours, we docked in the city of the shamrock and the shillala at 10:30 that night.

(To be continued.)
HEN Tom Washington Wilson came up the street that afternoon he had an idea in his head and the picture of a girl on the face of his watch. Ideas he always had, many of them—wild, venturous, daring; but pictures of the fair daughters of men seldom. He found the campus in that uproar of good cheer so characteristic of the first days of college opening. There was the usual company of loafers in his room, who hailed him with demonstrations and exaggerated greetings, although he had left them only two hours before to take his daily excursion down town. After much elaborate hand-shaking, Tom fell over on the bed, feigning exhaustion.

"Pretty little girlie—a—hoo!" sounded across the campus where a little squad of sophomores had gathered.

"That reminds me," said Tom, rising to a sitting posture, and displaying his watch ostentatiously, "of a very significant little picture in this watch, which to my mind brings a train of associations too sacred to divulge."

A loud, disconsolate groan went up from the room. Tom looked at the picture dreamily, while he paused, and then, "She's a peach, a peacherino, a grape—"

"A plum-pudding," suggested Poker Long, trying to look over Tom's shoulder at the picture.

"Pass the pastry around, and let's water our mouths," puffed Slim Darby in clouds of pure velvet, removing his pipe expectantly.

"Will you sing the second verse of that menu again, please?" requested Diggs, turning from the window, where he had been watching a dainty little whiteness trip across the grass.

By this time all had crowded about Tom to see the picture in the watch. Then came many expressions of opinion about the girl, complimentary and otherwise. Only Harry Smith, Tom's room-mate, made no comments. Being ministerially
inclined, Harry was too much absorbed in holy contemplation upon the follies of this wicked world to join in the discussion.

Now it is agreed that Tom Washington Wilson had the misfortune of having an odd link in his name. He himself admits that, according to all laws of association and nasal harmony, his name should have been George Washington Wilson. Let it be agreed, furthermore, that one who is so unfortunate as to possess such an incongruous name as Tom Washington is already predisposed toward falsehood; while, on the other hand, if it had been George Washington Wilson, the idea of veracity which the name embodies would have saved Tom from a part of that notoriety for fabrications which he held in the college world. Little do we marvel, therefore, that Tom was accused of being the missing link between Ananias and the Father of His Country. Because of this reputation, Tom knew that the picture would have to be backed up with a good, true-to-life story before it would gain any credence with the boys. But just because Tom happened to steal the picture that very afternoon from a photo gallery, and paste it in his watch, was no reason to his mind why he should not turn the campus sour with envy over the original. He knew, too, that a volley of questions concerning the girl would be forthcoming; consequently, he lighted a cigarette, and perched himself upon the table with the composure of one who has little inclination to talk, but a whole encyclopaedia of facts in reserve, if talking be necessary.

"Well, let's have the yarn that goes with this pie crust," challenged Slim, winking skeptically at Diggs. "I guess there's a romance, or a sort of melodrama, that will start a corpuscle race." Here Slim placed his hand over his heart, and went off into dramatic gesticulations. "'My Adelina Jeanne—desert you? Never; not for the world—not for a chocolate milk! I will die first.' Stage directions: 'Hero crawls up mouth of a cannon.'"

Tom managed to look disgusted, and did betray himself with even a smile.

"Where did you get the shade of this chicken?" encouraged Poker Long, a little more serious, placing emphasis on the "did."
"You will have to hand it to me that she's a dream," evaded Tom disinterestedly.

"Well, not exactly a nightmare," acquiesced Poker, still scrutinizing her face.

"Fellows," began Tom, in a dead earnest tone of voice this time, "not boasting—"

"Oh, no; certainly not," they sniggered in chorus.

"I am something of a _connoisseur_ when it comes to this sort of poultry, and, on the level, the original of that scrap is the prettiest piece of protoplasm that I have ever seen in this city. Straight goods. Don't ask you to take my word for it; wait until you see her."

"See her?" they echoed dubiously.

Diggs gave a sharp sudden cry, as if overcome with the shock, and, stiffening out his legs, slid half way out of his chair.

"I said 'see her,'" Tom went on, seemingly a bit piqued.

"Simply go to the Academy of Music next Friday night—let's see, what's on? oh, 'The Spoony Million'—and watch your unworthy pal and this little queen come in together."

"What are you trying to hand us?" Slim acted as spokesman.

"Do you mean to tell us that you really know this girl, and that you have an engagement to take her to the theatre?"

"The same," replied Tom, curtly.

"Tom, old scout," Diggs broke out in a little laugh, extending an inviting hand, "you have enough nerve to peddle coffins at a picnic. Honest, if I could lie—beg pardon—fabricate like you, I'd be rich—famous—married—the Lord knows what."

Tom ignored the proffered hand. He reached into his pocket and drew out a little roll of bills, with great gusto.

"There," he said; "a five-spot looks to me as big as a horse blanket these days. But here are three of them which say that I will do what I told you next Friday night."

"We stick," bullied Poker Long, laying down a five-dollar bill. Slim and Diggs followed with theirs.

Tom saw that he was getting hopelessly fastened to his story. It was too late to retreat now; consequently, he nerved himself to fight it out.

"It was this way," he voluntarily began, with remarkable
ease; "you see, I was down the street yesterday afternoon—went down to see a cousin of mine who was passing through on the way to Washington. Dropped in at Beale's to get some ice-cream on the way up. There's where the miracle happened. She was sitting near me—alone. The next thing I knew the waiter tapped me on the shoulder, and asked, somewhat sarcastically, if there was anything else I wanted—meaning besides her, I suppose; I hadn't ordered anything. I don't remember what I got. I found myself spooning the bottom of the glass a few minutes later. I followed her to the cashier's desk. And here I make a confession. I saw her leave her purse where she laid it, after taking out the change. She had dropped something, and stooped to pick it up. I attached myself to the purse, and followed her some distance, knowing that the opportunity would come. She had reached Fifth and Trade when she stopped and looked puzzled. 'Beg pardon, but is this your purse?' I smiled and bowed. 'I have been trying to catch you ever since you left Beale's.' Glad? I thought she would gobble me. She turned loose a profusion of thanks that felt like a warm shower-bath. 'I lose everything,' she laughed. Whereupon I assured her that it was a pet fault of mine as well—in fact, a weakness of the human race, and a perfectly natural thing to do; and that the pleasure was all mine, having come down the street for no other purpose that afternoon but do nice little acts like that, and all that 'rot'—and then I stood there gazing at her like an ossified fool, engaged in a series of unsuccessful attempts to keep my Adam's apple down. She had opened her card case to give me her card, when, by the merest bit of chance, I remembered that I had a name. I introduced myself demurely. Then she guessed I was a Newby student, looking at my fob. I admitted that that was my diversion; and she was awfully glad to know me, and would be glad to have me call. I suggested that very evening as a convenient time for me, as I had only five classes next day. Well, to make it short, I went around last night to see Adelia—that's the name, Adelia Brooks. Of course, I got away with this picture, and made the engagement for Friday night."

Diggs looked at Poker; Poker at Slim. Harry Smith smiled, but remained reticent.
"He's hopeless, hopeless," observed Diggs, dolefully, leaving the room. Poker and Slim followed.

"What do you think about it, old lady?" Tom addressed Harry after a while.

"Think? I think you are an unmitigated ass. I think also that you have divorced yourself from three perfectly good five-dollar bills."

Tom was silent a moment. His face bore a pained expression, and then relaxed.

"I was just bluffing, and—"

"I knew it; and got called at it," interrupted Harry.

Tom smiled; and then, "Guess that's what you'd call it," he agreed. "I have never seen that girl at all."

"And never will," Harry added peremptorily.

"I'll bet that she lives in the city," argued Tom.

"Yes, or you would bet that she doesn't," flouted Harry.

"And if she does, what of that? So do ten thousand others."

"There's only one thing left," Tom declared, with an air of finality. "I must see her—meet her—meet her at any cost."

"Make an engagement for Friday night, I suppose," Harry amended, with a light sarcastic little laugh.

"Exactly."

"Bah! Go chase yourself. How do you think you will find her? What would she think of you if you were to find her—you couldn't butt in. I predict she's not that sort. You would make a mess of it, and put yourself in bad with the girl."

"I'd take a shot at it," Tom allowed.

"Let me tell you, old fellow, when you try to mix this girl up in this mess you're going to get set down good and hard. Mark what I say. No respectable young lady—"

"Wait now," Tom waved him to silence. "Don't preach to me. Save your sermons for your congregations. You don't know women like I do. You're a preacher. You have that social, moral aspect all right; but I am not speaking of female prayer-books. I mean the real woman—with her whims, her taste for romance, her love for excitement—the sort of thing that she is when she's alone in her bath-room or with other women."

Harry frowned a disapproval.
"I mean to say that I can get acquainted with this girl by means of that everlasting curiosity of her sex—provided I go about it in the right manner—and I can do so without any serious blow to her sense of decorum, too. The idea that the only respectable way to get acquainted with a girl is to go through a sort of conventional introduction—bosh! 'Miss Pigywig, meet my friend, Mr. Slopsides. Oh, how do you do?' and all that 'slush.' And the strange thing about it is, she thinks ever afterwards that he is a nice young man, worthy to be catalogued as another possibility."

Harry laughed outright at this explosion from Tom, then: "Well, we will just put it to a test," he said. "You find the girl, get acquainted, and I will admit that my calculations are wrong; but if you fail—" Harry laughed again—"if you fail—but don't take it so seriously, old man."

But Tom was not to be baffled. It was Thursday when he began the search for the mysterious girl. He himself felt that it was at least an uncertain task; but he rather liked it for that reason. He decided that the best way to begin would be to go to Benton's photo gallery, where he had secured the picture. He remembered that there was another there like it. Upon arrival, he assembled a business-like air, and asked rates on certain kinds of work. He then turned casually toward the remaining picture of the girl.

"By the way, who is that girl? Seen her somewhere—don't recall the name." It didn't sound so bad, after all.

"Oh, that? Why—er—a Miss Simpson—Chloris Simpson. Lives out on Floral somewhere. Good looking, isn't she?"

Tom thought she was.

"Not a bad start," he congratulated himself, as he took his leave. "Chloris Simpson," he kept repeating to himself, and "Floral avenue." "Go hence," inspiration whispered in his ear. "You're on," said subconscious Tom. It was a short, brisk walk from Trade street to Floral avenue. He went sauntering along, whistling low, nervous snatches of the latest musical comedy, looking at every house for the revelation. On, on, he moped, while hope waxed and waned, and while many cycles of tunes and a multitude of bad verses whistled themselves away in
unconscious reverie. Would he ever find her? Wasn't he a fool? In fact, wasn't he one big, whizzing, blubbering, ninny hammer? Yes, he was—not.

"Ah!" He caught his breath; the whistling ceased; he almost stopped. But that wouldn't do. Go on, you darned fool. Don't 'rubber' at her too much, either. Just glance at her nonchalantly, as you pass the house. Honest to goodness—I swear, by all the little goddies that roost among the heavenly fireworks, that she is beau-ti-ful! She was standing empaneled in the doorway, like a magnificent picture in a frame. Tom at once deduced that she was about to go somewhere. "If not," he reasoned, "why so dressed? Why that shopping bag?" He was thinking hard. She's going to Trade street, he just knew. She would turn here at this corner. He ditto—before her. He would lie in ambush on the corner of Trade and whatever-this-is, and wait until the psycho-butt-in-I-can moment. Cops? He hoped not. God forbid!

Accordingly, Tom was waiting on the corner of Trade when Chloris came along a few minutes later.

"Howdy-do, Miss Simpson," he tipped his hat at her side, with elaborate politeness.

"I—I don't think I know you," she objected, stretching out the "don't" completely around the corner. An ominous cold wave swept up Tom's thermometrical back-bone. There was going to be a storm.

"But I—" he started to explain.

"You will have to leave," she demanded, a little icily this time.

"Hold on there!" Two formidable rows of official brass buttons and a suggestive billy stepped from the front of a store, and confronted Tom as an argument for the majesty of the law. He looked a cold, slow streak up both of Tom's trouser legs, as if taking a mental measurement of his insignificant carcass for a shroud. Then, turning to her, he asked, rather gruffly, "Do you know this fellow?"

Her eyes lifted to Tom's and waited—wondered—pityed—lowered.

Tom slowly took out his watch, which contained her own picture, and held it under her eyes.
“Oh,” she exclaimed, searching his face. “I don’t remem­ber—you are a Newby student, aren’t you?” She was looking at his fob. At the mention of “You’re a Newby student,” Tom almost laughed. He had heard those words before—maybe.

“I—I have a friend,” she went on, perplexed; “Mr. Smith, Harry Smith, a ministerial student—at college. Perhaps he—”

“He did,” hurried Tom, grabbing desperately at one of those proverbial straws. “I think he introduced me to you at church—there was a crowd of us college fellows—guess you don’t remem­ber Kirk Johnson?”

Tom Washington Wilson knew an opportunity from a patrol wagon when he saw one, and he always seized opportunities by the forelock.

“No,” she confessed, apologetically. “There’s usually such swarms of you college boys, as you say. But that picture—where did you get it?”

They had started off together now, leaving the officer, with mouth open, gazing after them. Tom heard him mumble some­thing in an undertone, and start on.

“Oh, the picture,” Tom took her up; “I was aiming to ex­plain. You see, Harry Smith is my room-mate. I was rum­maging through a picture album of his the other day, and ran across that. I remembered you. And, just to tease Harry, I appropriated it. See? I hope you don’t mind.”

She laughed. Then they talked about Harry. Tom felt something uncanny stirring in the atmosphere. How the dickens came she to know Harry, he wondered. Of course, he must not ask her. She thought Harry was a nice fellow, but “just a little tame,” as she expressed it. She added that perhaps she just imagined so because he was a preacher.

“I like real excitement,” she said, growing enthusiastic. “Did you see the races at the fair? Oh, gee!” She screwed her face up in a bit of enthusiasm. “I thought they were just dandy,” she went on. “And that little black horse—he was such a dear. I just jumped and yelled every time he came by. Mamma said folks would think I was crazy.”

Tom found his new friend entertaining. Somehow they were not strangers. It seemed to Tom that she was some one whom he
had known, and just half forgotten; or was she the concretion of some dream-girl, come to fill an empty concept already in his mind? You have met such people. You had felt that there was just such a person in the world before you saw them.

Then Tom told her about all of the foot-ball games at college. He was amused at the way in which she entered into each one as he related it. She listened then to stories about Georgia, Tom's own State. He proved to her that it was the best place in the world. She thought she would like to see it some time. Then Tom hinted of other things. She laughed, and said he had a lot of nerve. But he didn't mind that.

When Chloris told him that she just must leave him to do some shopping, he was surprised to find that he had been with her an hour.

Tom found Harry writing a Greek exercise when he arrived at the college. When they had chatted a minute, Tom broached the subject which was foremost in his mind.

"Look here, Harry," he went straight to the point; "I want to ask you a question. Do you know that girl we were talking about yesterday?"

Harry eyed him suspiciously.

"Why do you ask?" he evaded.

"I have a reason," impatiently.

"Then you have seen her," Harry advanced. "How is that engagement for Friday night coming on?" Harry was smiling now.

"Then you do know her?" persisted Tom, non-committally.

Harry nodded.

"You old Judas," Tom accused. "Why didn't you put me wise yesterday?"

Harry answered with a chuckle and a good-natured slap on the shoulder.

"Don't you remember that I told you last year about going down on Floral to see a girl?"

Tom thought a moment; then his countenance lighted up with affirmation.

"You could have saved me a lot of trouble," he complained.

"Was there trouble?" Harry roared, slapping his knees.
"None of your business," snapped Tom. "I had money at stake, too."

"I—I had more than money," confided Harry, looking soberly at him. Tom's countenance softened.

"Do you mean that there is some sentiment—"

"Exactly," Harry broke in, divining the question.

"And that's why you didn't tell me," said Tom, grinning indulgently. "It seems that we are getting our domestic relations a little mixed up. Don't get jealous, old lady. Have you been around to see her since college opened?"

"Well—er—no," he faltered. "I rang her up this morning, and told her I wanted to come around real soon. She said maybe Friday night. Said she would call me up."

"Friday night?" Tom repeated, half to himself. He rose and strode across the room. "You haven't heard then?" he re-assured.

It was a few minutes later that some one called Harry, telling him that there was a telephone call for him in the central dormitory. As he had expected, it was Chloris. She was brief, merely stating that she was sorry that he would have to defer his engagement, as she had arranged to go to the theatre Friday night. Harry hung up the receiver, wondering more than ever at the capabilities of one Tom Washington Wilson.

When Friday evening came, Diggs, Poker, and Slim filed into the gallery at the Academy of Music. They always went to the gallery, for, from that vantage ground, they could give vent to their wrath at a poor show and eat peanuts with impunity. They came early, in order to get seats near the front and to see the people come in. "The Spoony Million" promised to be a good comedy, consequently the theatre was filling fast.

"Now if he does come in with that Jane," proffered Diggs, speaking of Tom, "let's give him an applause."

They shook hands on it.

Their attention was then given to a young lady who sat behind them—a lady to whom the Lord had given a long nose.

"I announce the arrival of the winner of first place on long distance olfactory snouts," Slim told them.

With equal seriousness they shook hands on that.
Suddenly Diggs began to send his elbows into Slim's ribs, cheering lustily. Sure enough, by chinning the balcony rail, they saw Tom and a girl go down the aisle. They were being seated now in a box. Diggs wondered if Tom had seen them. There! he turned then to see where the applause was coming from. Yes, Poker caught his eye; Tom waved and smiled. Poker made a face at him. They wished they could see the girl's face. Slim sneezed. It worked perfectly. She glanced up. They admitted that she was the girl all right. Whereupon they began to make short but befitting valedictory speeches to three beloved five-dollar bills.

"Don't pay any attention to those Mutts," Tom told Chloris, "They haven't got any sense."

"Who are they?" she wanted to know.

"Just some crazies from the college," he explained.

Chloris thought the comedy was very good indeed. There was one character who was simply irresistible. Tom and Chloris sat in silent mutual enjoyment during the performances, but between acts they talked much. They were getting very much acquainted. And there is no better place for getting thoroughly acquainted with a girl than at a theatre—but I leave that to you.

"That character with the cute little moustache is just great," she told Tom. "He dares so much. He will win the millionaire's daughter yet."

"Do you think so?" was all Tom could say.

"Sure. Don't you think it is always true with those who dare great things, that they win sooner or later; look at Columbus, the Wright brothers, the American colonies," she went on, struggling for generalizations. "I suppose it is equally true in matters of the affections," she amended, coloring a little.

Tom pondered this statement in his heart through the next musical number.

"I guess you are right about that daring business," he resumed. "For instance, if I had not dared—" He stopped short.

"If you had not dared—" she encouraged him on, looking into his strong, handsome face.

His dark eyes rested upon her speculatively—wonderingly.

"You will not be angry?" he asked.
“Angry? Why, I’m sure I haven’t the slightest idea of what you mean.” Her face was an interrogation point.
“Perhaps not. I mean—er—a,” he floundered, “that if I were to tell you—well say, for instance, what I have dared for you—would you forgive me?”
“Forgive you! I think I should like you that much the more,” she said. “Only I didn’t know you had dared,” she added, sitting closer to him.
“Suppose, though, I were to tell you,” he ventured further, “that the man who brought you here to-night is a perfect stranger to you; that he had never seen you until yesterday; that his name is not—”
She recoiled slightly, looking at him with a strange suspicion in her eyes.
“You don’t mean it!” she begged, trying hard to smile. “I know you don’t. Now do you? Please don’t punish me this way.”
Tom laughed, out of the sheer generosity of him, to put her at ease.
“According to your own creed, it would be commendable,” he reminded. “You admire those who dare; now didn’t you say so?”
She bit her lips in confession.
“But the idea of my coming to the theatre with some one I don’t know,” she rebelled. “You know I wouldn’t do such a thing. You are unkind.”
“Well, suppose now that my name is Kirk Johnson, as I told you,” he reasoned with her. “You have come with him, haven’t you?”
She nodded.
“Or suppose it is Tom Wilson, Bill Bridgeman, or something else; you have come with him, haven’t you?”
He paused until she nodded again. Here the fellow with the cute little moustache came upon the stage, and they were silent a while.
“Well, what I was arguing,” Tom began, picking up the end of the conversation, “was that you know me just as well under one name as another; that you are just as safe with me as you
would be with any other man of so short acquaintance, regardless of how or where you met him."

She thought a moment.

"You are an enigma," she said. "I can't quite puzzle you out. Still there is some truth in what you say. We just have to try people out, after all, don't we? We don't know them by labels, social standing, and all that, I mean."

"Listen," he said. "I think I have made a discovery. I believe I have found a real woman. But be careful," he warned, "you are beginning to think, and thinking is a dangerous thing in this conventional, stereotyped world. Besides," he added, smiling, "it will spoil your good looks. Pretty girls don't think much."

She frowned at him—a becoming, bewitching little frown.

"If people had more confidence in just simply folks—for we are all human," she went on, "don't you believe the reasons for distrust—many of them—would disappear? I don't think it pays to be so prudish, after all. And I sometimes think that slavery to conventionalities bespeaks evil in the minds of those who are enslaved by them; don't you?" She was straining a little for expression in an unfamiliar realm of thought.

"Do I?" he said simply, for an answer. "And watch those brave souls who, for the first time, venture out beyond the beaten waves. See them quake with fear, and creep back behind the ropes, where society pronounces the water safe. Poor things, they feel almost as guilty as those who do those very things against which conventions are pitted."

"You are really interesting," she said, genuinely aroused. "Somehow you are different from most people I know, Mr. Johnson."

"But my name is not Johnson," he objected.

She looked at him to see if he was joking.

"My name is Tom Wilson," he corrected. "What are you going to do about it?" he laughed. "Will you go home now, or wait until after the show?"

"I believe I'll wait," she announced mischievously. "You know I am not much afraid of you," she said. "You are so frank."
The curtain went up again, and they became interested in the show. How fast the time had passed!

When the show was over, Tom explained fully why he had acted as he had, telling her everything from the beginning. She laughed half way home, asking him several thousand questions. When he started to bid her good-night she confidingly told him—but that is none of our business.

When Tom got back to his room, half an hour later, he found Diggs, Poker, and Slim already there, waiting in his room, with Harry. They hailed him at the door with prolonged congratulations. After teasing Tom thoroughly, they discussed throughout the outcome of the whole affair. Tom seemed little disposed to talk. They told him that he surely had it bad. But we know that Tom was just thinking.

"Well, we hand it to you, old man," Diggs said, as they filed out; "you have put one over us. I guess we've lost in this game."

Tom and Harry were alone now. For a long time they sat silently facing each other at the study table. Then Harry reached over for Tom's hand.

"And, old man," he said, slowly, faltering, "I suppose you have put one over me. I, too, have lost."

Tom did not answer. He opened a book which lay before him—opened it mechanically, and closed it. He rose, walked across the room, and sat down upon the edge of the bed. Deliberately he pulled off one shoe, and sat there, he knew not how long. Then he took out his watch, and looked at a little picture which it enclosed, long and steadily.

"I—I ought to have put you wise," Harry broke the spell. "I could have taken you around and let you meet her. It would have helped you win. I suppose I was selfish," he apologized.

"I guess it's fair enough to be selfish," Tom said, looking up, "when there's a girl—a girl like this at stake."
AMBITION.


As he rises at the break of day,
On a bright and cloudless morn,
In his soul there is a feeling
Of an ideal yet unborn.

As he sits beside his table
At the closing of the day,
In his heart there's still a longing
Which no hand can brush away.

When he falls asleep at even,
His earnest prayer to Thee
Is that another day be given
To solve the mystery.

Thus, day after day, we struggle
For that beyond the vail;
And in our striving upward
May we falter ne'er nor fail.

For as the eagle is content
In the broad blue sky above,
So may our life find its mooring
In Thy vast expanse of Love.
The discussion of the freedom of the will is beset with great difficulties, which arise from two general sources. The first is our own theological bias, derived from the study of various authors who have written on the theme, and from theological and philosophical ideas absorbed from Christian preachers and teachers, who have influenced us from our infancy. If we attempt to decide for ourselves, according to the weight of authority—i.e., the testimony of those acknowledged to be most competent—we become hopelessly confused. For theological and philosophical writers have held almost, if not quite, every conceivable and inconceivable view regarding the freedom of the will. They have taught, with Edwards, that the will has no proper freedom at all; that an act of the will contrary in its nature to the soul's fundamental preference is inconceivable and impossible. They have taught also, with Calderwood, that the will, at least in the initial act of attention, has a freedom from the influence of motive. Furthermore, all variations and shades, modifications and combinations, of these two views have been taught.

In addition, and what is more blinding, we are handicapped by our own preconceptions and prejudices. Every human being is a philosopher of some sort, picking up here and there scraps of information, which may be either truth or error, or, what is more probable, a mixture of the two. Upon these he philosophizes, trying to arrange the ideas which he has accepted into a more or less consistent scheme or system. The result is sometimes a metaphysical crazy-quilt—the poorer the match in parts the better the effect. We do not come, therefore, to the study of such problems as the freedom of the will ignorant (would that we did), but we come perverted. The greatest task of a student of metaphysics is to divest himself at the outset, as far as possible, of all preconceptions and prejudices, which obscure the subject, and, oftentimes, blind the investigator.
The second difficulty is in the nature of the study itself.

The basis of all certitude is the trustworthiness of consciousness. For consciousness is to the mental philosopher what the Bible is to the theologian—the final source of authority. But just here the problem deepens. Mental analyses are difficult, at best. When the thinker becomes the object of his own thoughts, and his own thoughts the subject of the thinker's own analytical mental processes, then is reached a complexity of mental activity which requires the most pains-taking care to avoid self-deception and self-contradiction. It is concerning primary facts of consciousness that greatest difficulties are encountered. The certain recognition of a primary fact of consciousness, as strictly primary, rather than inferential or derived, is in itself an act of greatest importance; as capacity for such recognition is certainly among the chiefest abilities. There is often a temptation to accept a fact of consciousness as primary, and to rest in it as such, when it may be, and often is, several degrees removed from the ultimate.

Then, also, there seems to be more different ways for philosophers to interpret a fact of consciousness than there are for exegetes to explain a passage of the Scriptures.

Our ethical perceptions and convictions often determine our opinions in things purely metaphysical. Conscience often warns us against conclusions which seem to us logically unavoidable; and, whether the warning is just or not, we withhold our moral allegiance, if not our mental assent, to the doctrine.

Many of our beliefs are due to the spirit of the age in which we live, or of the age just past. We ought to be distinctly aware, at all times, that the influence of an age-spirit may be warping our judgments and vitiating our conclusions.

As indicated above, there are two extreme theories of the human will.

The first is the theory of Determinism. It is the theory of necessity. In one form or another, it is a very old doctrine. The ancient Greeks held to a fatalism of two kinds: First, the gods ordered all things for the accomplishment of their designs on earth by ruling the forces of nature without man. "The cloud-compelling Jove" controlled the elements so as to drive or allure
men into doing his will. Nothing on earth could avert the decree of the gods. Nature, the affairs of men, and the forces of heaven are all utilized in carrying out their decisions. (Sophocles' Oedipus Tyrannus, etc.) Second, they also worked directly upon the nature and wills of men, so as to compel the men themselves, by their own volition, to obey the gods. Oedipus could say that his own evil deeds had been suffered rather than done by him.

But the present-day theory of necessity has been brought about more by the influence of modern physical science on philosophy and theory than by anything else, perhaps. The investigations of modern materialistic science have brought about a change in doctrines, both scientific and theological. Some have been abrogated, others inaugurated. Among scientific doctrines that now hold sway are the indestructibility of matter, the correlation and conservation of forces, and the identity of properties and substance—namely, that property is a constituent element of substance, and, therefore, inseparable from it; and that substances invariably act in accordance with their natures, and that the method of such action constitutes natural law. Hence we have the "Reign of Law," and natural law is described as "an order of facts determined by their nature."

It is this conception of natural law that has invaded psychology and theology. To theology it declares miracles to be an impossibility, and to psychology that the freedom of the human will is a snare and a delusion. It spreads the theory of necessity over everything.

This view of necessity, or determinism, of the human will teaches that "man's acts are all determined from within—so determined by his inborn tendencies and dispositions that his life is nothing but a necessary manifestation of inherited character." "All action is simply an unfolding of the nature, and cannot be different from that nature in kind. Man's freedom is simply freedom to act conformably to his existing inclination. That inclination he has no power to modify or check." "Man always wills conformably to what he is." This view leaves no room for the change or modification of character from within. It must all come from without, if at all.

The second extreme view is that the will is self-determined;
that it is absolutely free from control of anything from within
or without; that it is a causal agent in itself; that of itself it can
exert such control over us, minds and bodies, as to modify us
or mould us to its own liking. Shakespeare teaches something
like this in "Othello," Act I, Scene 3:

"Rod.: What should I do? I confess it my shame to be so
fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

"Iago: Virtue? A fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or
thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are
gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set
hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs
or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness
or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible author-
ity of this lies in our wills."

Also, Owen Meredith, in "Lucile," Canto IX., 20: "We are
what we must, and not what we would be. I know that one hour
assures not another. The will and the power are diverse."

Now, every man is conscious (and this is a primary fact of
consciousness) of being capable of exercising power of restraint
over acts to which he has great inclination. He is thus assured,
by both consciousness and experience, that he has a large element
of freedom in decisions. He knows at first hand that his "voli-
tions are not mere hands upon the dial, that indicate the internal
structure of the clock." As all men have freedom in thinking—
can suspend the action of mere associations, and can select the
object of their thoughts in matters that are purely intellectual—
so, in matters of the soul, there is a power in every evil-doer, even,
to suspend present evil action and judgment, and to fasten atten-
tion upon the considerations which urge to righteousness. Again,
we often will to attain that which we lack, because we recognize
that it is something which our character ought to possess. The
will, therefore, is not bound by present existing character; and,
consequently, the theory of determinism cannot stand.

The theory of the causality of the will cannot be maintained.
For, in every act of willing, we are conscious of something pre-
ceding the volition (and this again is a primary fact of conscious-
ness). To say that I can will for whatever I wish is saying no
more than that I can will only for what I wish. Desire, therefore,
must precede volition, and becomes the immediate, though not the first, cause in willing. The fact that anything at all must precede an act of willing destroys the contention that the will itself is causal. While the will is not a slave, bound with the iron fetters of the law of the moral nature, whether good or evil, neither is it a lawless faculty running riot in the human mind. It works by a law indeed, but by the law of freedom. Volitions are not self-determined, but are self-determinations of the conscious Ego; and these self-determinations operate along the path of the flexible law of freedom.

What, therefore, does cause volition? Character may do so, as it often does (this is especially true of the vicious). The Ego may surrender itself to the desires of sense, and have no other inclination for the time but to let nature have its course. The volitions in such case would express existing character. On the other hand, the righteous man may wish to give himself over, for the time being, to things wholly good. His volitions also would express his character. (But the contention is that existing character is not invariably the immediate cause of volition.)

But the normal desires of the mind, or soul, without regard to any moral quality, may control volition. Such normal desires every human creature has, and often exercises his volitional power to gratify them. These desires do not come because a man possesses any particular character, but simply because he is a human being. Such, for example, is the natural desire for knowledge, not knowing whether the knowledge, when acquired, will be in harmony or in disharmony with his existing character. The volitions resulting from the normal working of the cognitive faculties cannot be said to express any moral character.

Volitions may be the result of pure reason. The will serves its highest purpose, as it also achieves its noblest results, when it is obedient to reason. The will is the Ego's method of expressing itself. But the Ego attains its highest, because normal, activity when it wills in harmony with the dictates of reason. But reason itself must have something upon which to act—something upon which to reason, as we would say—and truth is the highest subject upon which reason can operate. The all-wise Creator has made possible to man the knowledge of the great
realities. In man He has placed the rational principle that enables him to see that his chiefest end, as well as his highest well-being, is to place himself in harmony with those great realities. And man, recognizing the unrighteousness of his own character, often wills to do those things that will make it better, because reason assures him that it is best to do so. His volitions to that end are at first more difficult, because they are not in harmony with the preponderating tendency of his character. It is concerning the first volitions of such a course that we often remark that such and such an act "is better than the man." The hand of reason is again seen in determining our wills when we remember our experiences at times when we knew that it was to our righteous interests to pursue a certain course, which was strongly against the whole current of our inclinations, but we purposely held before our minds the motives for the performance of the required duties, and shut out those that opposed it. Reason, likewise, through experience, teaches us the value of habit in order to modify character; and reason often compels volitions that are not enjoyable, because they are not in harmony with present character, and causes a continual repetition of the volition, because there is the knowledge that in due time will come the enjoyment of what is at present disagreeable. Hamlet, to his mother:

"Sow a thought and reap an act,
Sow an act and reap a habit,
Sow a habit and reap a character,
Sow a character and reap a destiny."

Reason, being assured of the desirableness of the destiny, compels the process of sowing that leads up to it, although the initial steps required volitions out of harmony with existing character, and not at all agreeable. Christ recognized in the men of His time the existence of a reason sufficient to have enabled them to understand and accept Him; and His condemnation rested on them because, on more than one occasion, they "would not."

The ultimate source of all volition is self-love. The popular saying that "self-preservation is the first law of nature" is true as far as it goes; the only difficulty is that, like nearly all common sayings, it does not go back far enough; for the concrete law of self-
preservation springs from the abstract principle of normal self-love. This normal self-love leads to acts of self-preservation, which may be either self-protection or self-seeking. The Ego is *ipso facto* free; and, when truth is presented, it is the function of reason to assure the Ego as to whether the truth presented will be beneficial or injurious to the Ego. And it is a primary fact of consciousness that the Ego can, and often does, will for something which is contrary to the whole current of desires as determined by existing character, simply because reason assures the Ego that that something is essential to the Ego’s highest well-being:

“Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason’s comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, were active to no end:
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.”

This view of the “freedom of the human will” in no sense vitiates the doctrine of Divine sovereignty; neither does it affect, in the least, adversely, the evangelical doctrine of salvation by grace alone. No amount of freedom—achieving, if it were possible, the most perfect reformation of character—could ever result in the expiation of a single sin, or give protection against future temptations. Incitements to sin come not only from within, but also from without, as they did in the first instance of human transgression, when Satan

“Squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying, by his devilish art, to reach
The organs of her fancy.”

The sovereignty of God includes the freedom and the power to do anything and everything which the All-Wise may please to do in the exercise of His infinite intelligence, including the creation of a being with free, moral intelligence, who may exercise his freedom in willing for something not in harmony with the fundamental, or net, preference of character within, and against an adverse environment without, simply because his reason
assures him that the object of his volition will be conducive to his highest well-being.

Milton has well expressed the parallel of Divine sovereignty and human freedom in his "Paradise Lost," which, in the main, is good theology, as well as great poetry. God says:

"Such I created all the ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood and them who failed;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell."
WHY THE YANKEE BOY FLIRTED WITH HER.

Cornelia V. B. Harris.

Shirley was obviously bored. She sighed audibly, but received no sympathy from the immediate congregation, only a nudge and a frown from her proper little cousin on the left. She concluded that these brawny, hardy-looking New Englanders must be "terribly religious folk," or that she herself was—well, not exactly as respectful as she might be. But then she was a Southerner, and a Virginian at that, so what else could we expect?

She fidgeted restlessly on the birch pole benches, which were certainly more picturesque than comfortable, and a large knot on one of the poles emphasized her general feeling of discomfort. Her tennis shoes were full of sand, her arms and face bore the marks of vengeful mosquitoes, and, as if this was not enough to merit malediction on "back to nature" adventurings, a large red ant was industriously trying to discover how large a piece of her arm he could take at one bite, and seemed to philosophically disregard her energetic efforts to brush him away. Just then she glanced up, to find the minister's gaze bent upon her, and her violent and unlady-like efforts immediately subsided, and she suddenly assumed an air of profound dignity. But not for long could her vivacious spirit remain serious. Her eyes began to twinkle mischievously as she noted how a bright spot of sunlight, which filtered down through an opening in the leaves of the birch trees above him, played hide and seek over his exceedingly sleek and shiny bald head. Sometimes it would provocingly dart down on the open Bible before him, and fairly dazzle him a few seconds with its brilliancy. Her eyes wandered from the crude rock altar to the tall white birch cross at the back, and then on to the water, gleaming through the trees in the background. Through a broad gap or opening in the trees on her left, Shirley could see a sail-boat tacking about out on the lake in a brisk, fresh breeze, which had just sprung up, while far, far away behind
Paugus, Chocorua, Passaconaway, and the others, she could just make out the dim outline of Mount Washington itself.

"An ideal spot," mused the girl, as she took in the significance of the scene before her, which was so new and strange to her Southern eyes.

"Let us sing hymn No. —," announced the minister, in a very loud voice, and Shirley came to with a start. She glanced around for a hymn-book, but no such luxury was at hand. If she did not find what she was looking for, she did find something that pleased that young lady vastly more. In that one quick glance her bright eyes, ever on the alert, had taken in a bunch of Harvard men, crowded together on the very last bench. Now Shirley had already realized, from experience, that a "Yankee" boy does not know how to flirt. So, when she glanced around the second time, and caught the handsome young fellow sitting on the end gazing at her in open admiration, she half-involuntarily cast a mischievous smile in his direction. Her smiling challenge was accepted, much to her surprise, causing her to assume, for propriety's sake, an air of disapproval, which she certainly did not feel. But, nevertheless, she had a feeling of half-conscious remorse. What must he think of her? Though she did not look to confirm the impression, she felt that he was still watching her, and her cheeks burned at the thought.

Just then the minister's saying, "Let us pray," brought Shirley to the realization that she had been holding the hymnal, which some one had been kind enough to give her, upside down all this time. The prayer over, the congregation began to disperse rapidly. The first thing Shirley did, of course, was to look around quickly for the good-looking Harvard man, but, in the general mix-up, he had vanished. Every one was moving off rapidly down the shady path or lane, which served as main aisle to the church, and which led down to the pier, where a number of launches and the like had been tied up. There was the "Halcyon," the lake steamer, loaded with campers from various parts of the lake; there were launches, row-boats, numberless canoes, and even a sail-boat or two, all crowded together in hopeless confusion, so Shirley thought, as she paused a moment to take in more accurately what was before her eyes. In so doing she uncon-
consciously became separated from her party. She hesitated a few seconds, undecided which way to turn or where to look, when a voice said suddenly at her elbow, "Pardon me, but I think some one is looking for you down there on the pier."

She turned quickly, and found herself looking into the eyes of the "Yankee" boy, who had dared to pick up the gauntlet.

"O—thank you!" she answered, hastily, as she turned away hurriedly to go where he had directed her. She looked back once, to find him standing as she had left him, gazing after her with a perplexed look on his handsome face.

"Hurry up, child!" called her uncle, impatiently; "we are waiting to shove off."

With the ease of a girl accustomed to athletics, she sprang lightly into the launch, and, seizing the brass hand-rail, settled in her place, with a flushed face and strangely-beating heart. Her quickened pulse received added impetus when, as the boat ploughed through the crowded cove, she spied the sun-burned face and well-knit figure of the "Yankee" boy in the act of launching his canoe.

When he saw her he smiled broadly, and involuntarily put up his hand to take off his hat, but, realizing that he wore none, waved his paddle instead. Shirley glanced around quickly, and, finding no one looking, waved her handkerchief to him over the stern. She saw him turn quickly to some one standing behind him, say something, and point with his paddle toward "Caru's Cove," in the direction they were going. The other nodded his head, and then laughed, as he shoved the canoe into the water, jumped in, and picked up one of the paddles. The young fellow quickly followed, and when Shirley last saw them they were paddling rapidly in the direction of "Harvard Cove."

The next day, and for several succeeding days, he passed by her uncle's camp regularly, and each time he received a smile and saw the flutter of a handkerchief. Once he crept up on her in his canoe, while she was reading in a hammock swung out over the water, and when she looked around, startled at the sudden splash he made with his paddle, he laughed merrily, and she rewarded him with an arch glance of coquetry. Then again he passed by in his launch while she was out fishing with her uncle.
and Billy, her small nephew, and he ventured so near that the 
waves almost upset their frail row-boat, much to her uncle’s 
indignation, who muttered something about a “young fool.” 
But Shirley could not, in spite of her increasing interest, discover 
the name of her latest conquest.

One day she decided on a voyage of discovery. Unobserved, 
she quietly slipped off in a canoe. The sun was hot, and the trip 
was a long one, but Shirley determinedly kept on. She paddled 
through the cove by Harvard Camp, hugging the other shore, 
lest she should be recognized. But her trip was all in vain, for 
she did not once catch a glimpse of him, try as she would to recog­ 
nize his strong, athletic figure among the number of sun-burned 
boys participating in sports of all kinds.

On her way back to “Camp Aloha” it was necessary for her 
to cross “Caru’s Cove,” a wide stretch of water. She was just 
nearing the middle of this when a squall blew up suddenly. Shir­ 
ley was not accustomed to such wild and sudden outbursts of 
nature—indeed, she hardly even knew what they were until she 
came up on the lakes. Consequently, she did not immediately 
realize the danger of her situation. At first she was inclined to 
think it was somewhat of a lark, but when she saw white caps 
appearing here, there, and everywhere, all around her, she became 
a bit anxious, and began to paddle faster, so that she might get 
across the cove and in the lee of Kimble’s Island, on the other 
side. The wind was against her, and she very soon saw that she 
was making very little headway; but this only made her paddle 
all the harder. The waves were increasing in size and number 
every minute, while all around her, and as far as she could see, 
the lake was thickly dotted with foaming white caps. Exhausted 
with paddling on her right side, she attempted to change position, 
and, in doing so, all but turned over. She had been riding the 
waves diagonally, but, as soon as she took her paddle up, the canoe 
instantly swung around into the trough of a huge wave, shipped 
water, and then rose, quivering, on the foaming crest of another 
still larger, which rolled in behind it, and, reaching the top, rocked 
there uncertainly for a few seconds, and then dropped suddenly 
to the other side. As the canoe lurched around, Shirley had 
thrown herself forward on her knees, where she crouched, clutch-
ing both sides with a convulsive grip as the canoe took its dizzy rise and fall. Now, as it struck the water once more, the girl dug her paddle into a big foaming wave, and, throwing herself forward, put all her strength into a stroke which had now grown desperate. She realized now, only too well, the danger, which seemed sport such a short while ago, to her unexperienced eyes. She found it almost impossible to keep the canoe even comparatively straight. Three times it almost slipped back into its dangerous position, and each time she saved herself by making several rapid, telling strokes in quick succession. How long she would be able to last at this rate she could not tell, she dared not think—certainly not long, at the most. Just then she glanced up, for the first time, to find out how near shore she was. A cry of distress escaped her lips! Instead of gaining ground, she had lost. The waves had cruelly beaten her far out from shore. She looked around wildly for aid, but none was in sight. Her face went white with fear, while a wave of despair swept over her, which she bravely fought off. She desperately and doggedly paddled on. Her hair had long since came down, and was now being whipped about her face by the wind in a way that set her wild, as indeed it made her look. Often it got in her eyes, so that she could not see what she was doing. Perhaps that was why she was not aware of the presence of a launch until the "chug chug" of its engines sounded almost upon her.

"Hold on just a minute longer," called a voice, encouragingly, which she recognized in a meager way, as she unconsciously began to relax her desperate hold upon the paddle. Just then something bumped into the canoe, and the same voice said, commandingly, "Put your arms around my neck, and swing on for dear life. I'm going to lift you out!"

She submissively obeyed, and a strong pair of young arms lifted her bodily out of the canoe, which immediately capsized and slid out of sight with a final plunge into a big white-capped wave, which quickly devoured it.

The girl shuddered, and then tried to smile bravely.

"It's my little 'Yankee boy'!" she whispered weakly. "I knew you would come." And then she fainted from utter exhaustion.
Bright and early the next morning the young fellow came over in his motor-boat to ask after Shirley. Her Uncle Ned was out on the pier fishing at the time, and greeted him with a cheery “Good morning, suh!” The boy waited until the engine ceased sputtering, and then said, “Good morning, Mr. Hunter. How’s the young lady this morning? Hope she’s none the worse for her experience yesterday.”

“Fine, suh, fine; says she never felt better in her life—and she certainly looks it,” he added, half to himself. “I’m afraid, suh,” he continued, apologetically, “that I neglected to thank you for your great service to us, Mr.——”

“Withers is my name. But I assure you, sir, that it is not necessary to thank me for what I did—any one would have done as much.”

“Yes, yes! But—ah, here comes the young lady herself,” said the girl’s uncle, “so I’ll leave her to thank you personally. Shirley, my dear,” he called, as the girl came down the camp path toward them, with a huge armful of ferns and golden rod, “come her. I want you to meet Mr. Withers.”

The girl deposited her flowers in a near-by hammock, and came toward them smiling. As a look of mutual recognition passed between the two, the girl blushed furiously. “O, how provoking!” she thought. “What a silly little fool he’ll think I am!”

But for his part he thought he had never seen her look more beautiful, and, indeed, the unwanted color was very becoming to her, though she did not know it. She wore a simple camping costume, a white skirt and middy blouse. Her lovely golden-brown hair was braided down her back like a twelve-year-old school-girl. Indeed, she did not look a day over sixteen.

“I’m mighty glad to meet you, Mr. Withers,” she said, simply, letting her beautiful hazel eyes fall, after flashing him a quick glance of recognition.

“How do you do?” he replied, awkwardly, extending a generous hand.

“I came over this morning to enquire after you,” he explained, as they moved off toward the porch, leaving Mr. Hunter to continue his fishing. “Your father said that you were all right. You are, then?” he asked anxiously.
"My father!" she laughed. "O, you mean Uncle Ned. He is my mother's brother," she went on to explain, as he still seemed to be puzzled about something.

"Why, then," he asked, quickly, "your name is not Hunter?"

"No. O, I see; Uncle evidently did not think it necessary to give you my surname when he introduced me. My name is Shirley Minor," she added simply.

"Shirley Minor," he repeated, slowly. "I wonder—O, I say," he broke off excitedly, "aren't you from Virginia?"

"Yes."

"Why, so am I, and I'll bet you are the very Shirley Minor I used to play with when I was a kid and lived in Virginia. Don't you remember me, Jack Withers?"

She remained puzzled a few seconds, and then a ray of recollection lit up her lovely face.

"Why," she said, half doubtfully, "you must be the little boy who lived with his grandfather in the big white house on the hill."

"That's me exactly," he hastened to assure her. "I thought there was something familiar about your face the first time I saw you." Here he stopped abruptly, remembering the circumstances under which he had first seen her.

"Then you are not a 'Yankee' boy, after all," she reasoned aloud. "That must be—." She was just on the point of saying that that must be why he had been so quick to respond. But she remembered, and hesitated.

For half an hour or more they sat there on the porch, looking out toward the lake and the lazy mountains in the distance, and discussed their childish escapades with increasing interest, as each would relate some rare incident which the other had forgotten.

"Do you remember that Sunday afternoon," Shirley asked, "when we both sneaked off, and went fishing down at the old mill pond, and—"

"I fell in," he hastened to interrupt her.

"Yes," she laughed, "you most certainly did. My! but you looked funny, and scared, too."

"Yes, I remember mighty well how glad I was to swing on to that ice-hook you fished me out with."
"Strange, wasn't it," she remarked, "that you should have fished me out of the water years afterwards."

"You might call it poetic justice," he laughed, getting up and moving off toward the pier where his launch was tied up. He untied the rope, and then paused a moment before springing lightly in.

"Good-bye—" He hesitated.

"Yes, Jack."

"Shirley," he added eagerly, extending his hand and gripping hers boyishly.

Shirley watched him until he had turned the point, and then slowly walked over to the hammock, gathered up her neglected flowers, and went in to arrange them with fingers that would tremble in spite of her efforts to the contrary.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Shirley," said Jack presently, breaking a long silence, which had strangely settled upon them. "I'll bet you can't possibly guess what it is I'm thinking about."

They were out in the canoe, and a glorious full moon added to the general impression of enchantment. Only the dip, dip of the paddle, and the water trickling from the blade as Jack mechanically made the strokes, interrupted the silence which followed. Slowly Shirley took her eyes from the shimmering path of molten gold which Jack was unconsciously creating with his paddle, and laid aside the guitar, on which she had been strumming until interrupted by Jack.

"No," she said, with an assumed tone of indifference; "what is it?"

She carefully adjusted the pillows at her back, and then, resting her arms on the gunwales of the canoe, let the cold, clear water trickle deliciously through her fingers, and waited.

He did not answer immediately.

"Do you remember, Shirley," he began presently, with boyish eagerness, "the first and only time I ever tried to kiss you? Or, maybe you've forgotten," he added anxiously, as she did not answer right away.

Shirley's laugh was low and musical. A roguish look spread over her moonlit face.
"You dear boy," she laughed; "do you think that I could ever forget such an experience as that? Why," she went on, in mock seriousness, "that was my very first proposal, and no girl ever forgets her first proposal, no matter how many more she may have in after years."

He smiled his relief.

"You remember, then," he continued, "that we were sitting on the old orchard fence, under the big apple tree, and the top rail broke and we both fell. My! but you were mad."

"Yes," she said, with suppressed merriment, "and I believe I accused you of not knowing how to make love."

"And," he retorted quickly, "you also promised to teach me how some day, didn't you?"

She made no answer to this.

"Shirley," he asked eagerly, leaning forward suddenly, "won't you teach me how now, please?"

A wicked little smile played around the corners of her mouth, while her eyes sparkled dangerously.

"Don't you think," she suggested, mischievously, "that it would be a great deal wiser to wait until we are nearer shore—it's awfully deep out here, you know?"
SOLACE.


None but the weary frame,
Seeking for rest,
By Sleep's refreshing balm
Is the most blest.

The heart asunder rent,
Torn with distress,
Responds most readily
To Love's caress.

If all the world were fair,
And sin not rife,
Few were the efforts made
For higher life.

In the thick shadows grows
Fairest of flowers.
The darkest wood affords
Most pleasant bowers.

Mine is the troubled soul,
In search of peace—
Oh! bruised Heart, do thou
From aching cease!

Hindered by ignorance,
Cumbered with care,
Yet may my life be rich,
And its richness share.
SOME PROBLEMS OF TEACHING.

W. L. O'Flaherty, '11.

The college graduate, as he leaves his alma mater, unconsciously takes with him a great portion of his college. The man who enters the field of teaching finds immediate use for all that he has learned during his four years in college. Indeed, the teacher in the preparatory schools of to-day can do his most successful work only by being trained so that he can enter into the different school activities. The man who thinks he can do his best work only by meeting his pupils in the class-room has a mistaken idea.

The schools of the present time do not devote their entire time to studies. There is the literary society, the athletic contests, and the various other school organizations, and a majority of the students participate in these activities. The effective teacher must meet his scholars in these various aspects of school life, in order to gain their sympathy and really understand their individuality. The instructor who spends his afternoons on the athletic field, where the teams are practicing, who sacrifices one night a week to attend the literary society, and who lends his moral support to all that concerns the school, is the man who will be found to be doing the best work in the class-room.

One of the great problems that confronts every young teacher is that of forming an idea of the individual boy in the class-room. Each boy has his own peculiarities and weaknesses. The question is, how can the teacher so touch that boy as to succeed in getting the greatest amount of work. Perhaps the best that can be said is that the instructor must study his nature, and in some way try to appeal to him. This may be accomplished, in some instances, by complimentary words upon the successful performance of a given task, again by competition with another student in the class, and then by taking the boy into your confidence, and talking to him, not as teacher to pupil, but as individual to individual.

It is important that the instructor should, at all times, be
perfectly familiar with his subject, so as to be able to talk freely and interestingly to his class. The students must feel that their teacher is adequately prepared to instruct them. When matters arise in the class-room as to which the instructor is in doubt, it is advisable for him to state frankly that he is uncertain as to the answer. It is much better to confess ignorance than to give an incorrect answer, for, when his explanations are hazy, he will often hear a bright little fellow whisper to his desk-mate, "I don't believe he knows himself." Truly, that is embarrassing, and especially so when the teacher is aware that the little fellow has grasped the true situation. There will always be some students in the class who will be able to correct the teacher if he is wrong. Naturally, it would be wise to ask them first when in doubt, and then confess your ignorance.

The attitude of the teacher towards his students is an important factor in determining his success. There is often an impression around school that one of the teachers is much pleased with himself, and is confident as to his ability. It is, indeed, unfortunate for any man to allow such a feeling to spread among the students; and when the principal begins to look up these rumors, and attempts to put his instructor in a true light before the student body, he will hear this: "Oh, well! Mr. —— doesn't like us." A boy is an intelligent being, and unless he is treated as such his nature is rebellious. He wants an instructor who will sympathize with him, who will appreciate his struggles, and who will bear his hardships with him. He knows that they are working towards a common end, and he is sensible enough to feel that there must be kind feelings towards each other. The teacher, at the very outset, should make very clear to the students his attitude toward them, and he should strive, at all times, to live up to what he tells them.

Now, as to the matter of discipline. In my opinion, this is the greatest difficulty with which one meets in teaching. It is in the class-room that the pupils and teacher meet face to face, and it is here that the teacher is given an opportunity to display his knowledge and his ability. It is here, too, unfortunately, that the students test his ability along another line, and that is that of discipline. Numbers of books have been written as to
how to maintain discipline, and yet it is not clear in my mind as to whether a teacher can get any true knowledge on this subject without actually having had some experience. The instructor may imagine what will come up in the class-room; he may sit down in his room, and figure out what he would do under a certain situation, and it may be very clear to him as to what course he would pursue; but when he really meets it in the class-room he either does not recognize it, or has never previously determined what he would do, and he must act at once. It is here that he finds his real trouble. He acts as he thinks best under the circumstances, and if his judgment was good he impressed his class favorably, and if he used bad judgment then it is unfortunate for him. Then, too, it must be remembered that things do not always come up in the same way; it is one situation to-day and another to-morrow. The teacher must use his judgment as to what would be the most advisable thing to do. His sense of humor may be helpful, his knowledge as to the character and disposition of the students may be useful, his natural intuition may direct him in the true way. Discipline, after all has been said, is a matter for the individual to work out for himself.

Another problem is, how the teacher may appeal to the different students. Here, again, the instructor must study the human nature of the individual, and try to learn his weakness, and then appeal to it. The principal has the same task in getting the greatest amount of work out of his teachers. He ascertains their peculiarities and their desires to do certain work, and then he allows each to follow his own inclination. So it is with the teacher and his students. One boy may be very fond of athletics, another boy may be interested in the literary society, another may take a pride in his past record as a student. The teacher should be able to analyze the situation, and separate these different classes of boys in his own mind, and, as he comes in contact with them, be able to discuss matters along the line in which they are interested. When these different classes of students find that their teacher is well informed on these matters they will find it interesting to converse with him, and when an instructor once gets a student's interest then he finds it delightful to instruct him in the class-room.
No one can learn how to teach by reading books on the subject. This knowledge must be gained by actual experience. Teaching is a science. We may get the theory from books, but when we begin to apply it to the practical problems in the school-room we find that it is far different from what we had anticipated. The knowledge of teaching, as with all true learning, comes with experience, which, in the words of another, "is the comb that we find when our hair is all gone."
LOVE AND ELIXIR.

H. D. Coghill.

Bobby’s eyes, blue as the Mediterranean at sunrise, gazed hungrily across the table at Rosy’s cupid’s bow lips. He meditated as to the quantity of health germs to be reaped thence at one harvesting. Those luscious, cherry curves must conceal legions upon legions of hygiologic microbes, and, in spite of his healthy appearance, Bobby felt that he needed nourishment of that kind. But of his need he said never a word to Rosy, even though she was his dream girl, and his landlady’s only daughter, and opportunity knocked at his door daily.

Bobby was not a freshman—oh, no! At the little freshwater college of Macon he was professor of biology, and, when it came to talking up bugs to co-edists and co-edesses, he was all there; but let one of the fair members of his class get him in a corner, and ask, in dulcet tones, why he had only marked her 79, instead of the 97 to which she was clearly entitled, and the way he would wriggle and squirm would have put a fishing worm to shame; and let brown-eyed, pink-cheeked Rosy inquire, in a soft soprano, if he wanted another lump of sugar in his tea, and he would almost invariably blush and stammer, and sometimes pour the hot liquid down his collar instead of the orifice provided by nature for such beverages. No, Bobby was not a freshman, but he was clearly not a demon among ladies.

In his dreams Bobby talked to the pretty little co-edesses with all the expert grace of a Talleyrand, and flung repartee across the table at Rosy until she blushed and stammered ‘neath the vigor of his clever raillery. But, alas! it was only in dreams! Lately Rosy had figured very extensively in his dreams. One night, when she was chased by a ferocious giant caterpillar, Bobby had, at the opportune moment, come to her rescue, and when Rosy exclaimed, in joyous abandon, “My hero! Come to your reward!” Bobby folded her to his bosom, and reaped delectable germs and sipped ambrosial nectar from her sweet lips—only to wake
at the shock, and discover that he had the bolster tightly clasped in his arms, moist from his passionate kisses.

Bobby had a theory that if he could only muster up enough courage to press his osculatory apparatus against Rosy’s luscious curves, and sip the honeyed sweetness and capture the health microbes found there, that he would then possess sufficient bravery to press the matter to a successful conclusion, and get a corner on the hygiologic crop.

But he didn’t know how to go about it. He was young and inexperienced. In all his life his lips had never contacted with those of a girl, except in one instance, when, as a bashful boy of thirteen, he had been the “kissee,” and not the “kisser,” as nature has decreed it should be. The occasion was this:

One Sunday afternoon three girls, several years his senior, had called by to take him for a walk. In spite of his painful modesty, and passionate protests, his mother had insisted that he accompany the young ladies; so he went, as a prisoner goes to the electric chair. In a quiet, secluded grove, the young ladies had suddenly assailed him, and, holding him securely, took turns in initiating his embryonic moustache in the mysteries of love.

No; clearly he was inexperienced, and must consult some one who could enlighten him as to the best method of procedure, or—painful thought!—some other fellow, with more brass than brains, would step in and carry off Rosy.

Who could he appeal to? Who, among his friends, could help him? He ran over the list mentally. Ah! he had it—the professor of psychology! The very man! He remembered that the professor had stirred the scientific world recently by an article on the psychology of kissing. He would consult Professor Billiam Janes. Professor Janes would know not only the theoretical side, but the practical side also, as he was a married man, and his home had recently been blessed with a bouncing baby. Yes, he would know all about it. So he sought the professor in his study that night.

“Ah! Professor Browne; come in. Glad to see you. Have a seat.”

Bobby was the youngest member of the faculty, and felt his
age keenly. He always had a sub-conscious feeling of awe when in the presence of his elderly colleagues, so he approached the subject gingerly.

"Dr. Janes, I—I—I need a little information on the best method of handling a certain subject, and believe that your knowledge and experience will be of vast help to me."

"All right, Professor; glad to serve you. What is it?"

"Awr—awr—really, Dr. Janes, it is a delicate subject, and—awr—awr—"

"Oh, I see, I see," said Dr. Janes, a twinkle lighting his eye, an amused smile half concealed by his drooping moustache; "the subject's a girl, is it?"

"Awr—awr—yes, sir," said Bobby, his face suffused by a scarlet radiance. Then he added, shamefacedly, "Her name is Rosy."

"And you wish to know the best method of handling the subject? Well, I will do what I can to enlighten you. Have you read anything on the subject?"

"Very little, sir."

"Had any practical experience?"

"No, sir."

"All right; I'll start with virgin soil, then—so much the simpler for me."

"Now there are several methods of procedure when you go courting—by the way, you, of course, have already made some advances?"

"Awr—well, I suppose you might call it that—that is to say, I have given her a few books, and, as I see her every day, I talk about the weather and of my work occasionally."

"Very good; but the weather and shop-talk won't go very far. However, it will do for a gradual rise to the climax. As I was saying just now, there are several methods of procedure. The best way is beneath the stars and among the roses—"

"Pardon me, Doctor, but there is only one Rosy, and it's too cold for her beneath the stars in this wintry weather," interrupted Bobby.

Doctor Janes frowned slightly; then his eye twinkled again, and he resumed:
“As I was saying, that is the best way; but now, as dreary winter is in full blast, and as the cold weather bars both the hammock system and the beach method, the only thing left to do, according to my work on the subject, is to fall back on the parlor way. While this system is somewhat antiquated, it has served well past generations, and will doubtless serve future generations equally as well. According to this method, you should do as follows:

“First, get the right girl, and be sure that she is the right girl before the lights burn low. Second, conduct her to a cosy corner—every parlor has one; if you can’t find it, she’ll be glad to lead you to it. Third, see that the curtains screen you from curious eyes. Fourth, see that her little brother is under his mother’s eye, studying his lessons. Fifth, suggest that the bright light affects your vision, and that you would feel all right if it were a shade lower; her sympathy awakened, she goes you one better, making it three shades. Now, there isn’t any light, except from the open fire. See that the girl is comfortable—a lot depends on her comfort. That is an important part of the psychology. Insist upon arranging the pillows suitably behind her, but leave a little vacant space between the top and the bottom pillows—it will come in handy later.

“Now that the girl is comfortable, step out into the hall, and get that box of candy you left in your overcoat pocket. (See pages 1567–78, Rule 87, Janes’ ‘Psychology of Courting.’) The candy is to engage her attention, and arouse a feeling of reciprocity while you are unmasking your batteries and bringing up your cavalry for the charge. You now turn a mental searchlight on your cerebral apparatus, to see if you can locate any shreds of that beautiful speech you so carefully wrote out and memorized for the occasion. You can’t find it?—well, forget it. Now, she is thinking about how sweet it was of you to remember that it was chocolate almonds she likes, and that she simply adores the kind tied with baby blue ribbons. Now, you see that maybe that speech isn’t so necessary, after all. When love bees buzz in bonnets speeches are never necessary. When love bees are not there, then all the speeches in ten volumes of Modern Eloquence won’t make them buzz.
"After making a few affectionate passes at the pillows, and receiving her sweet assurance that she is really and truly comfortable—so nice of you to be so thoughtful, etc.—you can begin to tell her what a nice, good, sweet, pretty angel child she is. She already knows it—other men have told her so, but she doesn't mind an occasional observation from you to that effect. You can tell her that her eyes are the rarest and most wonderful tint of blue, green, black, or brown, as the case may be, that you have ever seen; but be sure you get the color right. Tell her that you admire the cute way she does her hair, and like especially that Psyche, white-ribbon effect. You may have told her all this before, but that's all right. She is not sure whether it was you or the other fellow, so keep right on. Women hate a lazy man, so it's up to you to get busy. Take the now empty candy box from her lap. Get out your best and cleanest linen handkerchief, and go through the motion of wiping her hands. Maybe they don't need it. That's all right; just keep at it for a few minutes. After you have stowed away your handkerchief, keep on holding her hands. Of course, she could hold them herself, but she sees that the occupation pleases you, and the sensation is not disagreeable to her, so she doesn't mind. Besides, she knows that you make more rapid progress into the realm of irresponsibility by taking care of them for her occasionally. Furthermore, it is good practice. You conceive that what is worth doing is worth doing well, and cling to those little morsels of daintiness as if your salvation depended on it. She rewards your devotion to duty by a gentle pressure, and a magnetic thrill starts at your finger tips and goes through your system like a shock from a 500-volt direct current, with the dynamo going at 3,000 revolutions per minute, until it makes your toes tingle; then it starts on its return trip, gathering volume as it travels, until it becomes a tidal wave that envelopes your whole world.

"Now, you don't stop there, but you go slow. Let every move be carefully calculated, carefully made. If you are on to your job, you notice that the pillows are not exactly comfortable, having become slightly disarranged. You gently disengage one of your hands, reassuring her with the other; then somehow your arm supplements the pillows in a perfectly satisfactory man-
ner. She gives a sigh of relief, and then you know that you have made a wise move. Everything has proceeded very well so far. Your waist arm may now be extended a little further around, until your disengaged hand finds its mate. Then let it relieve your busy hand, which immediately is gently placed under the girl’s chin, tilting her head back slightly, causing it to rest securely on your shoulder. Poor girl! She looks slightly weary; she needs the rest. You don’t mind the pressure—it makes you feel strong and protective. After watching her eyes flutter open and softly close several times, and noting the beauty of her cheeks, and lips, eyes, and hair, in the fire-light flashes reflected from the book-cases, you may decide which one of the forty-seven different ways of kissing (see ‘How to Kiss in Any Clime,’ Vol. 2, pages 123–56), you are going to put into practice, and then proceed accordingly. Be sure that it lands on the right spot, and doesn’t remove any of that beautiful complexion that you so much admire, and which she has taken such pains to cultivate for the occasion. Otherwise you may regret it. If the first one works all right, keep on. If it misses fire, don’t be dismayed; get a grip on yourself, shift your hold a little, and then try it again.

“Now, my dear Professor, I wish you success in the application of these rules.”

Bobby thanked him and left. As he walked home he digested what Dr. Janes had said. He thought the preliminaries a little too long. He knew that he would give up before Rosy had finished the candy; his courage would ooze away at the same rate the candy vanished. No, he must try another method. What he did he must do quickly.

One night came an opportunity. Bobby was detained late at a faculty meeting. Rosy met him at the door, and, in her haste to turn up the gas, turned it out. She cried, “Oh! Professor, I’ve turned out the light. Can you get up-stairs in the dark?”

Bobby heard a soft, musical giggle, felt a light, groping touch on his arm, and breathed an entrancing odor of lilacs that sent a fiery tingle through his blood. Then he had almost—but Fate made him reach for a match and light the gas. So he went up to his room, his opportunity wasted, his theory unaffirmed, unex-
ploded. And, as he went, he fancied that Rosy's un Kissed lips curled in a half-contemptuous manner. Bobby couldn't rest that night, and maybe Rosy cried herself to sleep.

And so the world turned on in the lathe of time, and Bobby and Rosy, sitting opposite each other at meals, turned with it; but Bobby still looked, with longing eyes, at Rosy's beckoning lips, and Rosy still wondered how it would feel to run her fingers through Bobby's wavy brown hair, and if he would ever muster up the courage to talk on some subject more interesting than bugs or the weather.

But one night Bobby attended a banquet. It was not a "rat" banquet. It was not an alumni banquet. It was not a Y. M. C. A. or Layman's Missionary Movement banquet. It was not the kind of banquet Bobby was accustomed to attending. There was a straw-colored liquid in the slender-stemmed glass by his plate. It didn't look like James river water. It didn't look like cold tea. It didn't look exactly like cider. It didn't look exactly like any liquid Bobby had ever seen. His jolly neighbor, when questioned, told him it was "Elixir of Heaven." Bobby tasted it. It didn't taste like any beverage he had ever tasted. He liked the taste. He liked the effect of the taste. He tasted again; he kept on tasting. Now he felt as he had imagined he would have felt had he kissed Rosy when he had the opportunity. That banquet was epochal. Speeches, toasts, songs—everything passed as in a dream. When he left the hotel he felt as if he were floating through space on a glorious mission. He was ready to scale the ramparts of heaven; he was ready to dare any fate, attempt any cause.

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Clothed in a pretty pink kimona, cut to fit, Rosy was half reclining in a Morris chair before a bright fire in her room. Her tiny bare feet were thrust in dainty house-slippers, trimmed with swan's-down. She was engaged in reading the latest society novel—a present from one Professor Bobby. Some happy substance, seemingly indestructible, was being rhythmically crushed between her small white teeth. Rosy was apparently lost in the mazes of the story, but she kept a vigilant ear for outside sounds and a frequent eye upon the clock over the mantel.
At every footstep on the brick pavement her smooth, round chin would, for a moment, cease its regular rise and fall, and a frown of listening would pucker her pretty brows. At last she heard the click of the gate latch. She sprang up, tipped softly to the mirror, where she made a few of those mysterious feminine flickering passes at her front hair and throat, which are warranted to mesmerize the approaching prey.

The door-bell rang. Rosy gave a last look at herself as she passed the hall mirror, made another undefinable pass at her top hair, and then opened the door.

Professor Bobby side-stepped in, clad in all the regalia of an evening out. His hat was perched on the side of his head, his overcoat hung carelessly over an arm, his tie was slightly rumpled, but on his flushed face there was the look of a conqueror.

Rosy gazed at him with tremulous eyes and a wildly-beating heart.

"Why, Bobby—I—I—I mean Professor—"

Here she was forced to stop, for, casting aside hat and coat, Bobby secured a half-Nelson strangle-hold combination, and was atoning for past omissions. Ah! How delicious those first-fruits of love tasted!

As he stopped for breath, and to give the health germs time to readjust themselves to new conditions, Rosy managed to stammer, "What does this mean?"

"That we are going to be married when you name the day," replied Bobby, as he prepared for another round.

When they paused for breath once more, Rosy puckered up her lips temptingly, and asked, "Bobby, how on earth did you ever get up nerve enough to do it?"
EDITORIALS.

With the time fast approaching when the College buildings will be completed at Westhampton, and when our removal there is less than a year off, it behooves the literary societies to bestir themselves and make fitting preparation for furnishing their new halls. Last year the fraternities began a campaign among its alumni and members to raise funds for their in-

LITERARY SOCIETY HALL
AT GREATER
RICHMOND COLLEGE.
terest at Westhampton. They took the right steps at the right time. Now the literary societies are beginning to make plans. We know that the College is going to do its part by giving the halls. It remains, then, for the societies to furnish these halls in a manner and with such fixtures as will be in keeping with the new buildings and beautiful surroundings. It is obvious that none of the fixtures of our present halls can be used; time and the fire have worked their ravages upon them.

To furnish the halls in a befitting manner will require from $1,000 to $1,500 for each. This amount will insure that we shall be on an equality with the University and other larger colleges throughout the State in the matter of hall furnishings. And, surely, nothing short of this should be contemplated. But to raise such a sum means that the alumni of the societies must aid us. The present membership will do its part, but the bulk of the funds must be given by those who have gone before us. Upon their loyalty and love for the old societies the committees are depending for a ready response. A good, vigorous campaign is going to be waged. Let us all help in this effort to make the halls the pride of the new College, the inspiration of future members, and the love of future alumni.

A few days ago the combined Senior Academic and Law Class met and elected R. A. Brock, Jr., '11, of the Law Class, editor-in-chief, and W. T. Halstead, '14, Academic, business manager of the 1914 Annual. There are several things especially commendable about this election. In the first place, the election was held in the fall term, so that the whole year lies ahead of the officials for their task. Just as the Annual is to represent the whole college year, so ought the work of preparation to be extended over the actual time, and be a natural accumulation, rather than a difficult task in the spring term.

A second fact about the election that is commendable was its entire saneness. The class coldly and deliberately chose the men, without a semblance of what is known as "politics." And they selected the best men in the class for the positions. R. A.
Brock, Jr., is a B. A., 1910, and an M. A. of the University of Virginia. He is a member of the Senior Law Class, and has already passed the State bar examination. His successful editing of The Messenger last year clearly bespeaks his literary ability and judgment for the position of editor-in-chief. The business manager, W. T. Halstead, has shown his ability in a managerial capacity by his present successful management of The Messenger. In the face of steady opposition from the Retail Merchants Association, he has secured one-fourth more advertisements than any previous manager of recent years, thus insuring The Messenger a solid financial basis.

So far, then, the prospects for our 1914 "Spider" are bright. But the success lies yet with the student body, and especially with the class of 1914. No set of officers, however good, can turn out an Annual. It is with us that the final work remains. Our suggestions, our helps, our encouragements—we, members of the student body, are the editors of the Annual.

After a break of one issue in our series of vocational essays, we again present to our readers an article written by an alumnus on a certain vocation with which he is familiar. The object of this series is to present to the students of the College views of work as seen by those who have passed through this same preparation that we are now passing through, and who have entered fields or vocations that many of us expect to enter. The articles in the April and May issues, last session, were intensely interesting, and well written. "Some Problems of a Teacher," by W. L. O'Flaherty, in this issue, sets forth, in a clear, practical way, what most of those who teach will have to meet with. The writer advises from a short, but full experience.

We are justly proud of the record that our graduates in the Law Class of 1913 made at the State bar examination last June. Our men compared favorably with those of any institution in the State. But what is more pleasing is the showing made by the undergraduates of the 1914 class in the
examination held this November. Four of our seniors who tried made the required percentage. It shows much improvement in our course of study and in the making of our law school. It is the beginning of the greater Richmond College standard, the forecast of better things yet to come.

Our Athletic Association has recognized basket-ball as one of its major sports, for which 'Varsity letters shall be granted, and for which coaching is to be employed. Too long have we been unrepresented in this branch of athletics, and every true lover of the game in the College and the city will welcome the game. This is but another step forward in our expansion into the greater College in this, our year of preparation. The move deserves the united support of the student body, for it has been wisely taken, at a time when we have both excellent playing and coaching material. Just as football and base-ball call for college spirit and backing, so does basket-ball. The Messenger wishes it deserved success.

ANOTHER STEP FORWARD—BASKET-BALL A MAJOR SPORT.
CAMPUS NOTES.


The chapel exercises are becoming more and more interesting. It is refreshing to meet for a few minutes each day as a complete student body, and listen to the excellent ten-minute talks by the faculty or visitors. Lately we have had several prominent men, who are not connected with the College, to lead chapel services. Among these were Dr. Milton G. Evans, president of Crozer Theological Seminary, and Dr. B. W. Spillman. Along with other pleasant features of the services have been the occasional solos by Mrs. Walter Mercer and Miss Sutton and Miss Gwathmey. We are very fortunate to have these speakers and singers with us.

Dr. Anderson (to History A Class): “You may expect a test to-morrow—or, rather, what I call an opportunity.”

“Doc” Scales: “Doctor, if we lose this opportunity, will we ever have another?”

The College rooting is much better this year than it has been formerly. Most of the songs and yells are printed in a
pamphlet, so that everybody may easily learn them, and be ready for the games. Many thanks to Dr. Boatwright for having this printing done.

The paint-brushes are coming into use again, as is shown by the increase of signs on walls and pavements. 'Tis good to see these tokens of victory.

The Senior Law and Senior Academic classes met on Monday, October 27th, and elected officers for the "Spider." Mr. R. A. Brock, Jr., '11, was elected editor-in-chief, and Mr. W. T. Halstead, '14, business manager. These men deserve our hearty support in making up the last Annual that will ever be published from this campus.

Dr. Harris (discussing watered stock): "By the way, I once owned a little oil stock and some coal stock, but it never amounted to anything."

Halstead: "Doctor, do you own any gas stock?"

Dr. Harris: "No, but there's plenty of it around here."

Miss Stiff (looking for a "cinch" in English C subjects for papers): "Oh, goody! I'm going to take 'Humor and Pathos in Dickens's Novels.' It will be easy; I have already read 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Fin.'"

Miss Woodward (after relating the above to Mr. C): "By the way, Mr. C., what are you going to do—write a novel or dramatize a play?"

Victor Metcalf, arguing a question before the Mu Sigma Rho Society: "Now, honorable Judge, I have named my authorities. This argument is none of my hot air."

One of "Jack" Poarch's parishioners: "Mr. Poarch is a very ordinary looking man, but he can preach all the same."

Miss Celeste Anderson wrote in an English paper the following statement: "Dante was a man of a very nervous temperature."
The Y. M. C. A. was greatly honored in having Dr. Pierce, pastor of the Second Baptist Church of New York City, to give a talk at the College at one of the regular meetings. The beautiful pictures and illustrations Dr. Pierce made were very impressive indeed, and those who heard the speaker will never forget him.

"Metty" (in English C): "Now, suppose Mr. Wilkinson (Rabbi) should go to South America, fall in love, and then become a knight. That's a stretch of the imagination, isn't it?"

Groans from the class.

"That's romanticism, isn't it, Mr. Wilkinson?"

Rabbi: "Yes, Doctor. That's romanticism."

Routh Gray (at midnight): "What did you say, Dick?"

Dick Duffy (half asleep): "When we have shuffled off this mortal coin—to be, or not to be, that is the question."

A "booze artist," passing through the campus, stops to listen to the Glee Club practicing: "They—er—hic—haven't got much—er—sympathy (harmony)—hic—have they?"

Hamilton, walking down Broad street, reads a sign: "We clean, press, repair, alter, and dye."

Garner: "And Bennett buries."

Miss Elouise Harris, listening, with great distress, to a squirrel barking in Capitol Square: "Poor thing, what makes him breathe so hard?"

McDaniel: "What's all that scuffling of feet in the next room?"

Dudley Bowe: "That's just Fatherly trying to get up into a chair."

C. O. Johnson: "I heard some fine music at First Baptist Church last night. Mr. Whittmore sang a solo by himself."

Dr. Stewart (in French A Class): "What's the word for 'bird,' Mr. Partridge?"
Dr. Stewart: "Mr. Fatherly, have you been absent any this month?"
Fatherly: "I don't think so, unless it was the first day I was here."

Fleet (telling a group of "rats" on the campus about the runaway of an express wagon): "We saw the horse running away; so I made a flying tackle, and caught his bridle, and another nigger grabbed the lines. There was very little damage done."

Dr. Stewart (to Mr. Bowles, who spent three weeks in Paris last summer): "Mr. Bowles, what is the shape of the bath-tubs they use in Paris?"
Mr. Bowles (looking puzzled, and distractedly making passes through his Princeton wave): "D—d—really, I don't know, sir!" (Curtain.)
Brook Anderson, ’16.

GALLAUDET, 16; RICHMOND COLLEGE, 0.

After experimenting for the first part of the season, trying new formations, attacks, etc., and not being able to get the action of the team as a unit, the coach, only two days before the Gallaudet game, discovered a method which seemed to solve the problem. However, the time was so short that the men did not learn this system well enough to understand its use, and neither was Coach Dobson able to give the team anything outside of the simplest kind of plays. So it was a very inexperienced team which met the husky “mutes.”

The “mutes” had one of the best-balanced teams seen here this season, combining speed and weight. They certainly made an able antagonist. They got the jump on the “Spiders,” and, with their peculiar method of signals, so puzzled us that they had a touch-down in a very few minutes of play, but failed to kick goal. The ball see-sawed up and down the field for the rest of the half. In the third quarter we rushed the ball to their 15-yard line, and the whistle blew for the last quarter. With the minute’s rest, however, the “mutes” recovered sufficiently to keep us from scoring, and the whistle blew with the ball in our possession on their 20-yard line.

It was a spiritless game on our part, except for the third quarter, when we showed a flash of form. But the “mutes” had a scrappy bunch, and were fighting from the start till the final whistle blew.

Captain George’s fighting spirit was missed, though Wicker filled his place very well, while Robins put up a good tackling game after the first quarter.
We went down to Wake Forest, knowing that it was a heavy team we were going against, but every man was full of fight and determined to do his best, and we thought the best was to be to score, at the most.

The "Baptists" were so confident of licking us that the "scrubs" were sent in for the first quarter. After receiving the ball, the "Baptists" fumbled, and Robins recovered it. In five downs we crossed the line, Robins carrying the ball. Ancarrow reached goal. The rest of the quarter the ball remained in the middle of the field.

In the second quarter the first team was sent in. We went down the field for twenty yards, then lost on a fumble. Wake Forest, by line bucking, carried the ball back up the field, and Stringfield went over the line for a touch-down. Savage kicked goal.

In the third quarter, by a long pass to Cuthrell and a twenty-yard round by Trust, the ball was carried across for the second and last touch-down for the "Baptists." But Savage missed the try at goal.

During the last few minutes of play in the fourth quarter, with the ball on our 15-yard line, King tore through tackle, and ran seventy yards, but the ball was brought back, and a penalty inflicted on our team for holding.

After punting to Wake Forest, Ancarrow intercepted a forward pass, and ran fifty yards. With two minutes to play, and the ball on the 3-yard line, Ancarrow sent two plays at their line, and both failed. He then shot a pass to Privot under the goal-post. The ball was brought out, and he kicked goal, thus winning the game.

We worked eight out of nine passes, Ancarrow getting them off in good style. Robins's work in the line and King's line-plunging was of first-class order.

Trust and Stringfield performed brilliantly for the "Baptists," with Shepherd at centre playing a good defensive game.

Well, Randolph-Macon licked us 14 to 7 in the exhibition
game, but she certainly ought to congratulate herself on licking
a team that whipped her both offensively and defensively. Not
that the "Yellow Jackets" didn’t play a corking game, and that
Bane didn’t get his end runs in the first half, nor Driver show
his spectacular line-plunging ability, but the "Spiders" went
for the Ashlanders from the start, and cleaned them from head
to foot. Gaining far more ground than the "Jackets," tearing
their line to pieces, the "Spiders" marched steadily through their
line for a touch-down without losing a down. After the kick­
off, Ancarrow kicked goal. Two minutes after the halt Randolph-
Macon carried the ball over. Bane kicked goal.

In the third quarter we fumbled the ball, and Drever
carried it for twenty-five yards for the final touch-down, Bane
kicking goal.

With Ancarrow out of the game in the last quarter, through
injuries, and Klevesahl forced to the bench, we came near scoring,
but the generalship of Ancarrow was lacking, and the game
ended with Randolph-Macon holding the big end of the score.

Dobson’s style of play certainly showed its worth by the
way the back field went through the line. Ancarrow played a
gritty game. Jones, at end, put up a good defensive game after
the first half.

Randolph-Macon’s interference was wonderful, while Bane
and Drever played a fine game of offensive ball.

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, 20; RICHMOND COLLEGE, 21.

They say that when Mike Murphy was at Yale, at the end
of a disastrous half of the annual foot-ball game between Yale
and Princeton, Murphy led his men to the dressing-room, and,
picking up a poker, shoved it into the stove. When it had be­
come red hot he drew it out, and thrust it toward the "mascot,"
a bull-dog. The bull grabbed it in his jaws, and, though his
flesh was seared, he only shook it more fiercely. Murphy, point­
ing toward the dog, said, "Men, if you can go back into that game,
and fight with the spirit that dog has, you can win." When the
final whistle blew Yale had won.

When the "Spiders" lined up against Hampden-Sidney
they thought to win. Outclassed and outplayed, at the end of
the first half the score stood 14 to 0 against them. They had no bull-dog to instil spirit into the team, but they had got two speeches from the coach and captain that will never erase itself from any man’s mind that stood in that dressing-room and heard it. What did it matter if the score was against Richmond College. Who cared if the “Garnet and Grey” had the larger team. There was thirty minutes left to put us in the finish row of the championship contenders, where the college belonged. The team went back into the game fighting like devils.

The people on the side lines stood aghast. “What’s this?” they said. “That isn’t the same team that wore the ‘Red and Blue’ the first half!”

The team lined up for the kick-off. As Ancarrow’s foot hit the ball the “Red and Blue” went down through the “Garnet and Grey” like a flash. Saunders caught the ball, and was downed in his tracks; tackled so fiercely that he dropped. Robins dived on it, and in three minutes of play had carried it over for our first touch-down. Ancarrow kicked goal. The teams lined up quickly. Ancarrow kicked off, and Saunders received the ball again, only to be tackled so fiercely for a second time that he dropped the ball. Hutchison recovered, and in five minutes Klevesahl received a forward pass, and went over the line for another touch-down. Ancarrow kicked goal.

The crowd went wild. This wasn’t the same team that played the first half! Could they win, since they had accomplished the seemingly impossible, and tied the score? Ancarrow was hurt, but stuck grittily to his position. At the beginning of the last quarter the “Garnet and Grey” scored another touch-down, but Saunders failed to kick goal. Here was the chance to win the game if one touch-down could be made.

Big games have been seen here, but no more thrilling attack than that which the “Spiders” made in that last quarter. They ripped through the heavier Hampden-Sidney line, ran their ends, never letting up, but fighting like fury, hitting their men low, always hard, until the line of their opponents was disorganized. Fresh men were sent in, but nothing could stop our end runs and forward passes. On their 20-yard line Jones received a pass, and ran twenty-five yards before he was tackled. An-
carrow sent two plays at the line, and failed to gain. On a third
plunge Ancarrow went through centre for the final touch-down.
The score stood 20 to 20. It was up to Ancarrow to kick
goal, and again his good right toe sent the ball sailing squarely
between the uprights.
The game was ours—21 to 20. The last five minutes of play
we kept the ball in their territory.
The "Red and Blue," from one end to another, played a
wonderful game after the second half, and it would be hard to
say that any one man outshone the rest of the team, yet Jones
played a wonderful game at end, both offensively and defensively,
while Ancarrow's good punting and his especially fine goal kicking
gave us the winning point.
Carrington, Bowling, and Walker put up a good game for
Hampden-Sidney. Ebel, though suffering with several broken
ribs, played a consistent game throughout.

BASKET-BALL PROSPECTS.

In the regular monthly meeting of the Athletic Association
the sport of basket-ball was at last recognized and given its long­
deserved place alongside of foot-ball, base-ball, and track.
Basket-ball has always been popular at Richmond College, and
especially so in the last two years. And now, with the advent
of a competent coach, who has had a world of successful expe­
rience in the past, it seems likely that this sport will be repre­
sented at Richmond College by a team well worthy to wear the
"Red and Blue."
The team is to be led this season by Captain C. H. Luebbert,
who last year proved to be of high calibre. Among the other
old men who are back and out for the team are "Bob" Brock,
Dick Duffy, Turnley, and Newton. Among the new men are
several "stars" and lesser lights, who are expected to make strong
bids for the team. At centre Dave Satterfield, Lanky Heubi,
and Vaughan Gary are the most promising candidates. For the
guard positions Burt Robins, of foot-ball fame; P. L. Mitchell,
J. I. Cofer, and several others will make up the material from
which Coach Dobson is expected to turn out a good pair to defend
our goal. Of course, it is hard to say, at this time, just how the
team will eventually line up, but any one who goes over the material we have, considering their past performances and future promise, will be bound to realize that the prospects for a splendid team could hardly be brighter.

Manager J. J. Wicker is working hard to perfect his schedule, and he hopes to have several games in Richmond with some teams other than those in the championship league. He is also arranging a trip through the State, on which several games will be played.

Coach Dobson will take charge of the material on or about the 24th of November, and from then on the squad will face real hard work. Those who have the interests of the sport at heart wish to remind the students that the only way anything can succeed is for the student body to stand squarely behind it, and not only take interest, but show interest in every game. Good "rooting" is of as much, if not more real aid to a basket-ball team than it is to any other college team. The manager will keep the students and the public informed as to the dates and places of the games, and it behooves every "Spider," born and bred, to make it a point to attend these games, and give the team the kind of support that it should and will have.
ALUMNI NOTES.

A. B. Carter.

Our President has such a long list of titles tacked to his name that any addition thereto is a common-place occurrence with him. Georgetown College, Kentucky, is the most recent institution to show her appreciation of a man who has made a name for himself in the affairs of his country by conferring on President Boatwright a LL. D. degree.

The election of November 4th is another instance where Richmond College men figured very prominently in the public eye. In looking over the result of the ballot we find J. Taylor Ellyson re-elected Lieutenant-Governor; John Garland Pollard elected Attorney-General, and R. C. Stearnes elected Superintendent of Public Instruction. Mr. C. B. Garnett, formerly one of the instructors in the Richmond College Law School, has been appointed assistant Attorney-General; Mr. E. R. Chesterman has been appointed secretary to Mr. Stearnes. Among those elected to the House of Delegates are R. O. Norris, '00; Hill Montague, '94; Harry Rew, '01.

Howard Lee McBain, M. A., '00, has been elected to the chair of Political Science at Columbia University. After leaving Richmond College Dr. McBain entered Columbia, where he graduated with his Ph. D.

W. O. Beazley, '06, has been elected to fill the vacancy left by Dr. Young at Hampden-Sidney College. Dr. Beazley graduated from Pennsylvania University in 1910 with his Ph. D.

Washington and Lee has conferred a distinctive honor on one of Richmond College's sons by electing Chilton C. Pearson, M. A., '04, to the chair of Education and Philosophy. Dr. Pearson is a Ph. D. of Yale.
Pennsylvania University has two Richmond College representatives this year in J. H. Beazley, '06, a brother of Dr. W. O. Beazley, and John Bunyan Hill, '10. In conjunction with his work at the University, Mr. Hill is studying theology at Crozer Seminary. After leaving Richmond College, Mr. Hill spent two years at the Chatham Training School as an instructor.

Prof. M. A. Martin, '98, who, for several years, has been a member of the faculty of the Woman's College, is now doing post-graduate work at Columbia University. Columbia also has a fair representation from the "co-ed." contingent of Richmond College this year in Miss Lina Gregory, Miss Eudora Ramsey, and Miss Ruth Thomasson, all of the 1911 class. For the past two years these young ladies have been teaching, and we feel certain they will set a standard at Columbia that will be hard for others to live up to.

Archie G. Ryland and L. S. Gilliam, who have been teaching in the Chatham Training School, are now Austin scholars at Harvard.

Henry B. Handy, M. A., '09, is again teaching at the Richmond Academy. Mr. Handy graduated last June from Harvard with his M. A. This is the second Harvard man on the Academy faculty, Mr. R. W. Durrette being the other. We congratulate the Academy upon its Harvard representation.

Carter A. Jenkins, M. A., '05, now pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, addressed the College Y. M. C. A. a few weeks past. He is showing an active interest in College affairs, and we are very glad indeed to note this.

C. B. Arendall has been called as pastor of Park View Baptist Church, Norfolk, Va. Prior to the calling of Mr. Templeman, Mr. Arendall was pastor of the Northside Baptist Church.

F. W. Jones, W. F. Saunders, '13; A. B. Edmonds, '11; V.
S. Arnold, J. J. Coleman, '13; J. H. Moore, '13, and Stanley Gray were recent visitors to their *alma mater*.

Among the successful candidates for the State bar, Richmond College men made an excellent showing. John Wilson, '12, Frank Louthan, '13, M. V. Richards, Jesse Brown, T. B. Byrd, T. J. Blankenship, R. A. Brock, Jr., '11, and E. Peyton Turner are now full-fledged lawyers, although the latter four have not yet completed our senior course in law.
“Guisippi Verdi” is a sketch of the life of one of the most interesting musicians of modern times. The author loves his subject, and is eager to present Verdi to the world in all his uniqueness. Realizing the limits of Verdi’s genius, yet truly loving him, the author does not allow his sympathy to master his reason, but gives us a conservative estimate of one of the greatest exponents of perfective music of all times. “The Streamlet of Tears” is a poem tinged with human sadness, voicing the feeling of life in its disconsolate mood. The poem is worth a second reading. “Sheriff Hiram’s Ride for Fame” presents to us a large, burly Hebrew, rough and gaunt, yet we must admit we feel just a little sorry for the old sheriff, when his much-coyeted success is so jarringly snatched from him. “The Greatest Diplomatic Intrigue of the Nineteenth Century” is a scathing arraignment of the Powers of Europe before the bar of humanity. The author is justified. Europe’s connivances at Turkey’s wrongs is a disgrace to the map of the world. The author’s style is well suited to the subject. He uses short, snappy sentences with good effect. The whole essay is teeming with life. “The Present Status of the Drama in America” takes up the drama from its various angles, and gives us an interesting sketch of the power of the play-writer for good or ill. Let the play-writers of the future fully realize their responsibility to the public, and appreciate the sharpness of the drawn sword they hold in their strong right hand. “The Poet” makes the possibility of the poet’s power great. May he realize his high calling, and instill into us the beauty of his song.
“Berangere” is a story with an essay beginning. This always detracts from the story. In a short story you have but a limited space, therefore plunge at once into the story, even if you have to come back to give a few of the necessary facts for the true understanding of your plot. The story otherwise is excellent, particularly the conversation between Bob and Margaret. There is also a good contrast between the Celtic and the Saxon love. Berangere is typical of her race, but the love of Bob is nobler. “Speaking of Conventions” is an exponent of a good cause. Why the pedantic pedagogues should insist on the present requirements in English for college entrance is a question the writer has never understood. We are glad to see college men stand for progressiveness in education, for this is distinctively their field. The author’s arguments are clear and concise, and, to our mind, well taken. “The Masqueraders” is an interesting story. It is full of conversation, which is a valuable asset. How many of us know how true the plot is! The poetry is decidedly below the standard of the magazine, we are sorry to see.

“The Trail of the Lonesome Pine” is a story of the mountains. It shows well the importance of a correct view-point. All life is full of human interest, if only we had the sense to see it. How often we condemn before we know what we are condemning! “Burke on Conciliation” is a good analytical discussion of this great speech. We should all be familiar with this great master-piece of English oratory. The author here gives us a most interesting and instructive discussion of the greatness of the speech. “A Great Statesman” deals with a truly modern American statesman. We have as great men to-day as ever in our history. Let’s have more of these sketches. “The Serenade” is a poem of some good description, but is, on the whole, too mechanical.
“Love and a Chicken Thief” is one of the poorest stories, from the point of art, that we have seen. The whole story is absurd and ridiculous. We wonder if the writer has ever heard of a law court, and, if so, what is his imagination of the proceedings; for we know he knows nothing of them. When you attempt to write a technical story—where, for the development of the plot, a technicality must be brought in—be sure you know what you are doing. “Freshman Hazing” is a cleverly-written article. It certainly will hold the interest of every boy in college who has good red blood in his veins. “The Dream Painter” contains some excellent description. The article is a good one. “The South and the Journal” is an essay that we read with interest. It pleads for one of the noblest causes that any magazine could raise its voice in support of. The article is concise and coherent, and we congratulate the author on his work. “Desert Sands” is a trifle too romantic; but, after all, life is romantic, and we are not sure but that we would have acted as did its hero, Jim Burton. The magazine contains much poetry. A sonnet, “To Reason,” is a cry of the world for power. It is a good poem. “The Exile’s Death” is a poem in blank verse. Some sentences are scarcely more than prose, but, on the whole, the poem is above the magazine standard. The description is exceedingly good. “From Within the Shadows” is an excellent poem. The soft-flowing lines give promise of a poet. Here’s congratulations!