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CONTENTS.

SONNET ........................................ Clyde C. Webster, '14. 131
THE LAST MILLER (Short Story) ......................... Emaya Les Bow, '15. 132
THE MAY DANCE (Poem) ................................ M. S. R. 137
JUSTICE IN THE CUMBERLANDS (Short Story) .............. H. M. S., '17. 138
VIRGINIANS OF TO-DAY AT THE FRONT (Essay) ............. R. A. S. 143
TRUTH (Poem) ...................................... J. W. G., '17. 151
AN OLD MAN'S STORY (Short Story) .......................... Boyce Miller, '18. 152
THE WITCH OF PRINCESS ANNE (Ballad) .................... R. A. S. 159
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT (Short Story) ............... Dave Satterfield, '15. 165
EDITORIALS ........................................ 170
ALUMNI NOTES ...................................... F. C. Ellett, '15. 175
EXCHANGES ........................................ G. Tyler Terrell, '16. 177
WESTHAMPTON DEPARTMENT ................................. 180
SONNET,

Clyde C. Webster, '14.

Say not the world is drifting more and more
From God, when greed and hate and jealousy
Enflame the hearts of men; when children cry
For bread, and widows at the cottage door
Await, while wintry tempests rage and roar
O'er loved ones left on frosty fields to die.
The greatest ends in strange beginnings lie;
The lovely gem is first an ugly ore.
But rather let us hope for better things;
Look forward through the thickening gloom, which shrouds
The weary world, to time when war shall cease.

Who knows the blessings that the future brings?
Perchance, the sun will break from darkening clouds
And smile upon a world of lasting peace.
HE measured dripping of water from green strings of slimy pond scum on the sluice-box of the old mill in Haunted Hollow swelled forth with dismal accents upon the ghostly stillness of a black autumn night. Damp echoes resounded against the sombre cliff, in whose evil shadow the ancient mill forever lurked. The chill mist of a late rain lingered suspiciously in the air, and made the thousand species of mosses, lichens, and fungi, which had their permanent habitat upon the rotting wood of the veteran landmark, delight in their clamminess. A faint flickering light barely outlined the one window of the place against the dark.

"Feyther, thinkst thee but it be a dismal night wi'out?"

"Ay, mi lad. The very bog burns wi' ain half a heart i' the hearth place. But rains grind mi corn, an' after these last hav' I many a day's grindin'. Hear'st thee not the drip fra the box o'er the wheel?"

"Feyther, think'st thee the boys'll hunt agin for me? True I tell 'ee, feyther, I didna mean the Bess na harm."

"Ay, mi lad, they've beat the bush ten mile aboots for thee, an' thee beest posted by the county. Thee't na to blame entire, or else thy fether'd na hide thee fra thy proper death. Ben Bull hath ha' talk wi' thy wee brother that saw 'ee here on yester day, an' I fear me but the mann'll wean thy feyther's hidin' 'ee i' this huse. Mi heart fears me but the sma' laddie moot ha' spoke it. An' they come it moot thee hide theesel' i' the very wheel, for na other spot'll keep thee fra 'em if they think 'ee beest here."

"I'll gae me by the sma' door an' rest me i'side the wheel on the log. I do pray me they do na come. I like it not to be i' the place o' days, but 'tis uncommon chill this night."

Thus spoke father and son as they sat before the uncertain warmth of an unhealthy peat fire in the old mill. A candle cast yellow, dubious rays over the silent primitive machinery. Timid nervous arms of light darted into the black shadows of the room,
and withdrew with frightened quickness, leaving the darkness more impenetrable than before. The silver locks of the old man bent tenderly toward the younger gold. Both remained silently meditating for a few moments, in which the peat burned sicklier, and the candle struggled wildly against annihilation in its own liquid tallow.

"It be late, mi lad. I na think me they'll come this night. I'll keep thee 'till they forget 'ee, an' then thee't best gae fra the country for a wee bit, mi darlin' lad. I do think me I couldna stay behind wi'out thee, an' I'd follow thee soon. They'll na miss a simple miller fra among 'em. Ay, I do love thee lad. But, nay!—I ha' spoke afore misel'. Mine ear tells me o' hoofs. Get thee to thy place, an' wrap 'ee i' this sack to keep 'ee fra the chill. Thee hast on but thin cloth. They'll be gaen i' little time."

Even as he spoke the sound of quickly-beating horses' hoofs descended into the hollow, and halted before the old mass of clammy green. The young fellow, with his yellow curls bouncing, ran to the small door that led into the water-pit and the interior of the wheel itself. He crouched down on the broad beam upon which, as an axis, the big thing turned, while the father quickly closed and bolted the door, and imprisoned his son in the chill of the night, within the wheel. In a few moments four stalwart farming men entered, to whom the silver locks bowed in greeting.

"Feyther Jos, we hear thee't got thy Georgy here to hide. Thee know'st he hav' wronged Ben's Bess, an' thee'll na stand i' way o' justice, will't 'ee? Thee't help us look?" So spoke the foremost of these honest-eyed scourgers of sin.

"Thee'll not find mi Georgy i' this lone huse o' mine. But, look 'ee. Turn the stone upo' the rack an' make thy own eyes see."

Since the search was the purpose of their presence, the four men began a systematic investigation of each mouse hole and every place where a boy could possibly be secreted. The bin of unground corn was carefully shoveled over, and closely prodded with bits of old iron bars. Only once did the shivering refugee without give evidence of his existence, when, during the search, the moss-grown wheel creaked dismally in its heavy sockets.
"The spirits o’ the millers afore me be trying to turn mi wheel," the silver locks offered in explanation. They hovered about the little door like its halo. "They creak an’ pull a’ the ole thing a’most any night."

The men continued for a while the fruitless search of the room, and soon collected before the anemic peat fire.

"I ha’ it i’ mi mind thy lad meant the lassie na’ harm, feyther Jos," spoke one of the intruders.

"Ay, the lad’s na’ to blame. He’t a good lad, too," chimed in a second.

"For misel’, I be that glad we ha’ na foun’ him," said a third.

"Ay, an’ me misel’, a’so. We boys ain would ha’ a bit o’ fun wi’ him, I wean," agreed the fourth.

"Squeak—sque—e- eak," dismally the wheel assented.

The silver locks bent lower over the chill warmth of the smoldering peat. A sparkling flash dropped from the tender old eyes to the floor.

"Bain’t thee but a wee bit o’ the brown ale, feyther Jos? A turn or more o’ thy wheel’ll grin’ us a bit o’ meal, an’ ’tween the both we moot stay the chill o’ ridin’,” quoth the first.

"Oh! nay, ’ee, nay! I ha’ the ale i’ plenty. Thee may’st ha’ a great bit o’ it, but nay, oh! nay, turn not mi wheel. I ha’ na ’nough water for the morrow’s grindin’.""

The old eyes dilated with terror. The old wheel creaked spasmodically, and the dreary drops dripped into the pit outside with clammy monotony.

"Fie, ’ee, feyther Jos. Thee hast thy pond filled to brim, an’ thy water’ll run thee na less’na week. Wi’ such a head, na ten mann alive moot stop her when once she’s gaen. We’ll na turn her more nor dozen over. I’ll gae her the water fra the stop, an’, Ben, thee gae her the corn.” Thus the astonished intruder answered.

The old man’s knees quaked beneath him. He sank in a despairing heap, his wild arms locked with frantic desperation around the younger limbs. Screams of “Do na turn mi wheel—do na use mi corn" died away on his quivering lips with idiotic faintness, and alternated with convulsive sobs.
"Thee't na need to take on so," the captain growled, "o'er just a bit o' meal. Ben, gae her the water an' corn—the ole fool'll ha' gae o'er his bawlin' then. She'll grin' a' the corn we ha' mind to hav' long afore he moot stop her. I dinna see me why thee cri'st so, feyther Jos. 'Tis but a bit o' meal, an' i' faith, we'll pay 'ee for't. Gae her the water fra the stop, Ben."

With the first powerful rush of the water on to the wheel the fine silver locks unmixed themselves from the coarse gray pantaloons. The old man bounded upward, and darted toward the little door. As the water gushed in quickening shocks upon the bucket paddles, he stopped and stared straight ahead, rigid with mute horror.

"Feyther, true thy wheel beest the pride o' our vale, but it turns wi' unevenness to-night. Thee must ha' it o'erweighted, an' didna wish us to wean it. But, what beest matter wi' 'ee, feyther? Thee dost like a mad un. Let's to the ale, boys."

The wheel was indeed revolving in a jerky fashion, like a wheel overbalanced on one side; the rushes of water into the buckets came faster and slower, in regular spasms. The old silver locks nodded in rhythmic accord with the motion, and the fingers on the ends of his limp arms shook like the leaves of a tree in a violent storm. The corn was grinding on the stone with the same halting, unsteady crunch.

The wheel stopped; the water pouring over with continuous roar was the only sound. Then upon the clammy night air burst a wild, despairing shriek, that gurgled and rose in its terrifying tones until it became woman-like with fiendish mockery. It lingered—pervaded the atmosphere and pleased the deathly clammy fungi—and then died out with a wail that never dies. The bare rock cliff wailed it forth again and again, 'till the sound floated off stealthily, leaving behind extreme agony upon those who heard. The woeful water rushed over the still wheel, with a single loud moan.

The wheel moved slightly, and then turned again with more regular throbs. The corn began to grind, and, gaining speed, the machinery set up a steady tune. The silver locks had not moved. In a rattling, whispered, ghostly voice the word "Georgy!" escaped the old man's lips—lips whose companion eyes forever
stared with death-like fixity at a small door; lips which never moved from their expression of terrified horror.

* * * * * * * * *

They say the old mill has had no miller since Feyther Jos.

---

LIMERIQUE.

Une jeune fille qui s'appelait Rosaline
A son amant a fait mauvaise mine.
Il est parti enrage
Et ne reviendra jamais.
Et maintenant elle coiffe Sainte Catherine.

*Note.—Reader will kindly supply accents, as we haven't any in our font.*
THE MAY DANCE.

M. S. R.

At the joyous May Queen crowning—
With the bells so loudly ringing
Out from every ivied steeple—
Gather now the country people.

Happy maidens their way twining,
With the laddies interwinding
'Bout the pole, bedecked with flowers
Plucked from fresh cool country bowers.

Playing, dancing, tripping, skipping,
Make old Father Time go slipping;
Cares and troubles never minding,
'Bout the pole they go winding.

Spirit fresh and gay and youthful,
Spring-time spirit, lying, truthful—
Both thou art, and more besides that—
Thou must live where Life abides at.
TREMOR of uneasiness spread over the Cumberland mountains. Jim Salter, the most renowned, the most daring, and the most feared revenue officer on the Virginia side, had been found dead—murdered—at the edge of the ford over Rush Run creek. A bullet from a 35-40 Winchester rifle had been planted squarely between his eyes. His horse, with the bridle rein hung over its foot, was found grazing not far from the scene of the tragedy. In the dead man's holsters were both his automatic Colt revolvers, and the magazines were filled with cartridges, proving that he had been shot from ambush, without warning. But there was left no trace of the murderer. Half of the inhabitants of that section were operating illicit distilleries, and suspicion pointed to at least a score of them, but positive proof was lacking. A special grand jury convened, and hundreds of men were summoned; but there is an unwritten law among mountaineers, which prohibits them from testifying against each other, and the identity of the assassin was not discovered.

At the burial of the deceased officer a small plain, stooped, mouse-like woman, tearless and motionless, stood beside the coffin, while the circuit rider conducted the funeral services, and only when the coffin was lowered did she shed a tear. This little woman was his wife, Cynthia, and she bore her griefs in stoical silence. She had loved her husband above everything else on earth; for him she had uncomplainingly drudged around the little farm for fifteen years; now he was gone. Her Jim had been taken away from her, shot from ambush, and the murderer had not been apprehended. Was that justice? Wasn't there a way in which she could avenge Jim's untimely death?

As soon as the report of the death of Jim Salter had spread over the country, all the moonshiners ceased operations, and secretly hid their stills, awaiting the abatement of the excitement.
They knew that the mountains would be full of officers, and every man's actions would be closely followed.

"Moccasin-foot" Felix Jackson was one of the last to unearth his still. He and his daughter Mandy stealthily carried the tubs, worm, and boiler up the hollow to the little spring, which furnished the necessary water, and resumed the delayed run. Mandy, the only survival of Felix's family except himself, would have been pretty but for a sullen, suspicious look from her eyes and a peculiar tightening of the lips. She was about nineteen years old, strong, healthy, robust, and able to do her share of the work, whether it be in the kitchen, corn-field, or still-house. She could, with unerring accuracy, shoot with either revolver or rifle, and, like her father, she placed revenue officers and rattle-snakes in the same class.

A few mornings after they had finished rebuilding the rude bark still-house, Mandy cooked dinner for the two, and, putting it in a bucket, started up the hollow. She stopped about fifty yards from the still, and whistled three times, short, shrill, and sharp.

"Come on up, honey. They ain't no danger," called Felix in a guarded tone. She walked into the still-house, and set the dinner-bucket on an upturned tub.

"Got any fresh water, Pa?" Upon receiving a negative shake of the head, she went out toward the spring, but was back again in an instant. Without a word, she snatched the heavy Colt revolver from her father's hip, and crouched near the door, searching the opposite hillside with eyes narrowed to slits.

"Whar's th' Hellyen at?" grated Felix over her shoulder, as he cocked his Winchester.

"He's behind that big red oak, I think. I heard a bush crack anyway. Thar, do you see his elbow?"

Felix clutched the girl by the arm, and drew her around out of range, whispering, "Git back, gal, and when th' shootin' starts you scoot fer th' house."

As he spoke a shot rang out, and a stone jug was shattered at his feet. As quick as a flash of lightning, he sprang through the open door, and threw himself down behind two boulders, with his rifle resting in the crevice between them. Then began
a game of wits between the two antagonists, each trying to draw
the fire of the other. "Moccasin-foot" placed his hat on the end of a stick and raised it, but the trick was too old. Both soon grew tired of waiting, and became more incautious. The officer, in trying to get a better aim, exposed an arm and shoulder, and before he could fire the ready rifle of the other cracked viciously. The bullet found its mark, and the face of the marksman lit up with a smile of elation and satisfaction. He arose to his knees, but crouched again immediately, because he saw that the fallen man still retained his rifle. Suspicious of tricks, he waited.

"Ye've got him, Pa. They ain't no possumin' about thet revenue. I see the blood on his shirt." Mandy came out to where her father lay. "Not hurt none, air ye?" she asked.

"No, but I want a drink to steady my nerves. I'm plum shaky. Go fetch that white jug."

He arose to a sitting posture, took a long drink of the "Mountain Dew," and, then walked over toward his fallen foe. Mandy followed. The supposed officer's old slouch hat had fallen off, leaving exposed to view a mass of long, dull-grey hair.

"My Gawd, it's a woman," ejaculated the old moonshiner; and he took off his hat.

Mandy knelt beside the prostrate woman. "She ain't dead, Pa. She's still a-breathin'. Run and fetch the whiskey." She raised the woman's head on her knee, and added, in a lower tone, "But I wonder what she's doin' dressed up like a man."

Together the father and daughter tried to pour some whiskey down the unconscious woman's throat, but her teeth were closed together so tight that it was impossible. They carried her to the house and put her in bed—Felix's bed, and Felix did not protest. Had it been a man he would have left him alone to die, but with a woman it was different. He and Mandy both did everything in their power for her comfort, but for days her life was despaired of. Mandy stood by her side, day and night, dressing the wound, keeping the fevered forehead cooled with moist towels, giving water to her, and administering to her comfort in every possible way. She became delirious, and always talked of Jim—her Jim—her dead Jim—and the Jacksons understood.
Knowing that it would be unsafe to remain on the Virginia side any longer, "Moccasin-foot" made arrangements to sell his farm, intending to move over on the Kentucky side as soon as the patient grew strong enough to leave his house, and he intended to leave his still behind.

Mandy, it seemed, became more attentive than ever to Mrs. Salter, who by this time was beginning slowly to recover. All during the convalescent period Mandy was near the sick bed, feeding the patient, bringing water, propping the emaciated little form up among the pillows, and talking to her, but in a reserved, distant tone, which the other could not understand. In the course of a few weeks the grateful little widow decided that she was strong enough to go home. Mandy prepared a lunch.

Tears sprang to the little widow's eyes as she took the lunch, but she brushed them away, and, facing "Moccasin-foot," said: "Felix, I ain't interested in the revenue business any more, an' I don't keer how much likker you make. I didn't come up here to sneak an' spy on yore still. I wuz a-goin' to kill ye. I thought ye killed Jim." Felix dropped his head. "He told me the night afore he got killed," she continued, "that he wuz comin' up here to git yore still, and he was found dead not fer frum here; so I thought ye killed him, but I don't reckon ye did. Ye've bin mighty good to me, an' me a-tryin' to kill ye. I sed I'd git the man that got Jim, but the Lord'll punish him."

She held out her hand to Mandy, but this tall reserved girl bowed her head, and her whole form shook with convulsive sobs. She could not take the hand of one whom she had so deeply wronged. "I killed him. I killed yore old man, 'cause—'cause I was aferd he'd git Pa," sobbed the girl, and, sinking into a chair by the table, she buried her face in her arms.

Cynthia looked at the girl vaguely, and for a moment it seemed that she did not understand; then her eyes grew wide with unbelief and horror. She staggered, and would have fallen had it not been for the table, on which she caught. She looked wildly about the room, as if searching for something, and Felix furtively reached for his revolver.

She raised her hands, as if in supplication to Him who rules
above, and moaned, "Jim, I can't; I just can't." She tottered through the open door, down the lane, and the grey shadows of the Cumberlands swallowed up the little stooped figure, once determined to avenge, but now torn by conflicting emotions, and bleeding from wounds opened afresh. The two Jacksons stood wondering.

LIMERIQUE.

Une Hottentote et un petit maitre africain
Se sont rencontres dans un desert sans fin.
   Il portait une belle plume;
   C' etait tout son costume.
   Et elle portait un sourire benin.

Note.—The above "limerique" is a translation of that well-known classic "A Hottentot Maid," etc.
AYS William Garrott Brown, in his "Lower South in American History," speaking of the period just prior to the war between the States, "When Virginia roused herself from her trance of forty years, she awoke to such a conflict of high motives and passionate impulses, to be beat upon by such stormy appeals, to be torn with such contrary aspirations, as no tragedy queen on any mimic stage ever was beset with. The imperial commonwealth had fallen on that sleep, weakened with the pain of bearing states, and wearied out with the toil of setting in order the spacious mansion which was to shelter them."

There are many to-day who would assert that Virginia, wearied from the birth-throes of the heroic figures of the Secession period, had again fallen on a sleep of half a century, and would add, in the words of a certain President of the United States, that "all Virginia's greatness lies in the graveyard." Assertions of this nature are easily made, and readily swallowed; investigation is a weariness to the flesh.

The truth runs as follows: Outside of the New England States, and the State of New York, with its cosmopolitan city, Virginia is now producing more notables per thousand of her white population than any other State in the Union.

If this be true, why has Virginia fallen from her former eminence among her sisters? The answer is simple. Mother of States, of statesmen, and of colonies, she has become the martyr State. Like the hackneyed pelican, she has given of her own flesh and blood that her young may live. The State that, through her Jefferson, her Madison, her Lewis, her Clark, her Houston, and her Austin, added vast regions to the Union, stripped herself voluntarily of much of her own imperial domain, has been stripped of much, and has given of her life-blood for the rearing of her progeny.

For an idea of the emigrant proclivities of Virginians, we
may refer to the records of the census. In 1910 nearly 600,000 natives of Virginia had found a home elsewhere. Very few other States, and most of them far more populous, had sent out a greater number. The majority of these emigrant Virginians are found in the North and West—no great number in the South. Pennsylvania has 65,927 (including many blacks); West Virginia, 56,967; Maryland, 45,618; New York, 40,856; Missouri, 39,664; Ohio, 31,007; North Carolina, 29,939; New Jersey, 26,177; District of Columbia (Virginia's front door) 24,657, and so on, in decreasing numbers, for other States.

In return for this vast emigration, the harvest is scant. Compare loss by emigration, 527,369 (of which 252,560 are colored) with gain from immigration of about 200,000 (over a third North Carolinians); net loss, nearly 400,000. The total number of persons born within the limits of the present Commonwealth of Virginia, and living in the United States, totals 2,464,845, which is almost exactly the same figure as that for the neighboring State of North Carolina; though this equality will hardly be maintained, as the census develops the fact that North Carolinians are distinctly more prolific.

The declaration with regard to the prominence of living Virginians is based on an investigation of "Who's Who in America" (last edition). Clearly, many mediocrities, and worse than mediocrities, have found a place in this volume, but, taken as a whole, it furnishes the best index of names of note to which we have access. In this book we find nearly six hundred Virginians. With this number Virginia stands seventh, after the great States of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana alone. No other Southern State even treads at her heels, the closest being Missouri, with 445, Maryland, 427, Kentucky, 388, Tennessee, 284, and North Carolina with 259. Of the six hundred Virginians of fame and near fame, it is impossible to mention more than a part—just enough of the most reputable to fortify our thesis; and a glance at the lists below should convince even some of our neighbors that Virginia, despite her drains, her complete prostration of fifty years ago, and the consummate ignorance and incapacity of many of her mis-leaders, still displays an intellectual productivity that is by no means contemptible.

**VIRGINIANS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.**


Rear Admirals Phelps, Wise, Pendleton, Upshur (of the Perry Expedition), and Chadwick; Capps (ex-Chief Constructor), and David Taylor, Chief Constructor, who excelled all other records at Annapolis, and later at Greenwich; ex-Surgeon-General Rixey, and Assistant Surgeon-General Vaughan. Colonel Willsoughby Walke has distinguished himself in the Marine Corps, and Major Rowan is noted as a writer on military affairs. Dr. J. D. Gatewood is Medical Director in Washington, and Dr. J. R. Kean has charge of the sanitary division of the Surgeon-General's office.

Virginia is represented by many other officers of marked distinction. It will be recalled that Colonel Tazewell, of Norfolk, and Colonel Neville, of Portsmouth, were among the first to land at Vera Cruz, and that young Pulliam, of Virginia, was one of the very few who lost their lives in the assault.

It has been frequently commented on that, up to recently, about one-fourth of all the medical service of the United States—Army, Navy, and Marine—were graduates of the University of Virginia, and of these a large percentage are Virginians.

**VIRGINIANS IN LITERATURE AND EDUCATION.**

In the literature of to-day Virginia is conspicuous with the following names: Thomas Nelson Page, Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune), Mary Johnston, Molly Elliott Sewell, Ellen Glasgow, James Branch Cabell, Constance Cary Harrison, E. H. Peple, Mrs. Kate Langley Bosher, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy), Isa Carrington Cabell, Myrta Lockwood Avery, Marion Marshall Phillips (Marion Fairfax),
Cally Ryland, Channing Pollock, dramatist; Sydney Rosenfeld, dramatist; Helen Hamilton Gardener, Danske Dandridge, Philip Alexander Bruce, historian; Armistead C. Gordon, LaSalle C. Pickett (Mrs. General Pickett), Woodrow Wilson, historian; Professor Trent, of Columbia. Among French authors of the symbolist school, appears the name of the poet, Viele Griffin, born at Norfolk, Virginia.

John Fox makes his home in Big Stone Gap; Miss Duvall and Louise Collier Wilcox live in Norfolk, while Thomas Dixon was for a while a resident of Gloucester county.


In the educational world many Virginians are found at the front. Of these a few may be mentioned: Woodrow Wilson, ex-president of Princeton; Charles Dabney, president of the University of Cincinnati, and ex-president of the University of Tennessee; ex-President Venable, of North Carolina; Woodward, of South Carolina; Jesse, of Missouri; Blanton, of Central University of Kentucky; Fleet, of the Culver Institute, Indiana; Acting President Sharp, of Tulane; President Denny, of the University of Alabama; Dean Opie, of the Medical School of Washington University, St. Louis; Dr. H. A. Christian, lately dean of the Harvard Medical School; Dr. W. H. Bocock, dean graduate school, University of Georgia; Edward Howard, president of the Rhode Island State College; C. C. Gaines, president Eastman–Gaines Business College, Poughkeepsie; T. M. Jordan, dean of the University of Tennessee; President O. E. Hodges, University of West Virginia; H. St. George Tucker, president of St. Paul's College, Tokio, Japan; President L. D. Scott, of Marion Military Institute; President Smith, of Washington and Lee (Virginia
parentage); President Sledd, of Southern University of Florida; R. W. Tunstall, assistant director of Tome Institute, Maryland; Dr. Booker T. Washington, president of Tuskegee; the presidents of most of the Virginia institutions, and many others too numerous to mention, outside the State.

Among other noted educators are Toy, of Harvard; Foster, of the University of Chicago; Trent, of Columbia; Willoughby, of Princeton; Hancock, of Cincinnati; Fife, of Weselyan of Connecticut; Gore, of George Washington; J. R. Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania; Willoughby, Armstrong, and Latane, of Johns Hopkins; Kern, of Vanderbilt; Sterritt, of Cornell; Stone, of the Boston Tech.; Captain J. Gordon McCabe, ex-head master, and now orator and writer; Bondurant, of Missouri, and numerous others of note. A number of these resident in Virginia are also mentioned in "Who's Who."

VIRGINIANS IN ART AND SCIENCE.

The sculptors—Sir Moses Ezekiel, of Rome; O'Donovan, Valentine, Lukeman, and Couper, the last of whom is a member of the National Sculpture Society.

The painters and illustrators—W. R. Leigh; Brooke and Powell, of Washington; Breckinridge, of Philadelphia; Dodge, Clinedinst (winner of the Evans prize in water colors), G. B. Mathews, Daingerfield Elliott, Carle Joan Blenner, and J. W. Vawter, illustrator. Clinedinst and O'Donovan are members of the Academy of Design. Virginia has furnished many architects of reputation, among them Glenn Brown, of Washington, secretary of the General Society.

Among engineers may be mentioned Lewis Nixon, shipbuilder; Isham Randolph and E. H. Perkins, of Chicago; Logan W. Page, director United States Office of Public Roads; Richard Kidder Meade, chemical engineer; Marsden Mason, city engineer of San Francisco.

Harold Randolph is director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, and John Powell has few rivals in America as a pianist and composer.

Virginia is represented on the stage by Lackaye, Bangs, and Mrs. Beere, while the list in the World's Almanac gives to the rest of the South but twelve actors and actresses of note.
George Ben Johnston, ex-president American Surgical Society, Stuart McGuire, and Stephen H. Watts are a few of the eminent surgeons natives of this State. The number in the service of the United States has been commented on elsewhere. Of these, Dr. C. P. Wertenbaker has been President of the Association of Military Surgeons.

VIRGINIANS IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

In the Methodist Church, Bishop Collins Denny and Bishops Anderson and Hamilton (North), together with many prominent clergy.


Among the Presbyterians, Doctors Peyton Hoge, Thomas Cary Johnson, Pitzer, Henry A. White (historian), and G. B. Strickler.

In the Protestant Episcopal Church over one-sixth of all the Bishops are Virginians, and there are many prominent clergy besides.

In the Roman Catholic hierarchy is found the name of Bishop B. J. Keiley, of Savannah.

VIRGINIANS IN POLITICS AND PUBLIC LIFE.

It is said that at the beginning of the Civil War one-third of the members of Congress were either Virginians, or sons of Virginians, or grandsons of Virginians. In the Sixty-Third Congress there were fourteen native Virginian Congressmen and four Senators.

At present Virginians are much in the public eye. Among them Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States; Thomas Nelson Page, Ambassador to Italy; Joseph Willard, first Ambassador to Spain; C. P. Bryan, ex-Ambassador to Japan; McCormick, ex-Ambassador to France and later to Russia; John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Currency; Congressman Glass and Senator Owen, authors of the Currency Bill (both natives of Lynchburg); R. K. Campbell, Commissioner of Naturalization; J. W. Davis, Solicitor-General of the United States; E. K. Campbell, Chief Justice of the Court of Claims; C. W. Russell, Envoy
Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Persia; R. J. Tracewell, ex-Comptroller of the Treasury; H. M. Somerville, President National Board of Customs Appraisers; Burton Harrison, Governor of the Philippines (born in New York, but a son of Constance Cary Harrison, of Virginia); R. D. Marshall, Chief United States Geological Survey; Mrs. P. V. Pennypacker, President-General of the Confederation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. General Cox, President of the Colonial Dames; W. H. Lewis, ex-Assistant Attorney-General of the United States; William Dinwiddie, ex-Governor of Lepanto-Bontoc Province, Philippines; James H. Lewis, Senator from Illinois, who introduced into Congress the bill recognizing the independence of Cuba; Harry St. George Tucker, ex-President American Bar Association; W. G. Wells, Chief Statistician, Pan-American Union; Royal E. Cabell, ex-Commissioner of Internal Revenue; ex-Senator Taliaferro, of Florida; Faulkner, of West Virginia. Goff, of West Virginia. Vice-President Marshall and Secretary of State Bryan are both grandsons of Virginia.

It may be remarked, by way of parenthesis, that J. B. Henderson, a Virginian by birth, was the author of the Thirteenth Amendment, which a grandson of Virginia, Lincoln, whom Virginians have not delighted to honor, put into execution; that Moncure Conway, whose Memoirs appeared some years ago, was one of the most rabid of abolitionists; that a Miss Minor, of Charlottesville, was the first woman to carry the matter of woman suffrage to the courts—out in Missouri, however.

In the legal profession we find Virginians prominent in many States. E. H. Farrer, of New Orleans (of Virginia parentage), was recently President of the Bar Association. Among noted judges and ex-judges may be mentioned Roger A. Pryor, of New York; W. B. Gilbert, of the Supreme Court of Oregon; Page Morris, of Minnesota; E. M. Ross, of California; Dowlin, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana; J. A. Marshall, United States District Judge of Utah; Saunders, of Louisiana; Hocker, of Florida; J. A. Ambler, of the Supreme Court of Baltimore; Boyd, of the Court of Appeals of Maryland; W. D. Porter, Judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, and there are many others besides.

Virginians in the diplomatic service, other than those men-
tioned above, are W. H. Robertson, Consul-General at Manchester; C. W. Payne, Consul at St. Thomas; Charles Campbell, Legation Secretary; Horace Washington, Consul at Liverpool; Moser, Consul at Columbo.

VIRGINIANS IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

Among financiers may be noted Thomas Fortune Ryan and Samuel Untermyer, of New York. Among railway presidents and directors, Fairfax Harrison, President of the Southern Railway; E. F. Lomax, Passenger Traffic Manager of the Western Pacific; W. H. Hayes, Director of New York Central Lines; W. H. White, President R., F. & P. Railroad; E. T. Lamb, Manager Atlanta, Birmingham, and Atlantic Railroad; Epes Randolph, Vice-President and General Manager of the C., Y. & P. R. R. in Mexico.
TRUTH.


Eternal truth, that fadeth not,
   That was not born to die;
O living stream, whose source is God,
   Flow on! yet pass none by.

O holy stream, O Word of God,
   Create my soul anew;
Wash clean my life that once was marred,
   Like crystal pearls of dew.

Flow on! flow on! deep stream of truth,
   Through hearts that tell of sorrow;
And flood the yielding gates of youth,
   That they may live to-morrow.

O enter hearts that know thee not,
   Where dwells the curse of sin;
O purge with truth each sable blot,
   And make them pure within.

Then sweeter shall thy waters be
   Than song of minstrel bard;
And, like earth's streams that seek the sea,
   With thee, I'll seek my God.
It was Christmas eve, and about the cheerful fire in the sitting-room of a cozy little cottage of one of the far Western States was gathered a merry company of folk, young and old. Three generations were represented in that room, the youngest being children hardly in their teens, the next in point of age were men and women of thirty and forty, and occupying the seats of honor in the centre of the group were two elderly persons, husband and wife. Both were gray and both were bald, but the little woman was feeble, although hardly sixty, while the man, eight years her senior, was still of powerful physique, although his eyes were beginning to dim and fade and his hands to tremble with age. He was a veteran officer of the Confederacy, having enlisted in a Virginia regiment early in the spring of '63, when not quite sixteen years of age, and, by his bravery, soon won the rank of second lieutenant. Few so distinguished themselves both for discretion and daring, and it is reputed that for the short period of one week he was accorded the command of Libby Prison, in the city of Richmond. Strange to say, he was usually silent on the subject of his campaigns, and it was considered a treat when he would condescend to talk. On this occasion he had agreed to contribute to the common amusement, and, with a sort of hazy mist gathering before his faded blue eyes, he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and began:

"You young folks have been telling all sorts of fairy and ghost stories to-night, all the way from a review of the Christmas carol to the goblin kind, and I'm afraid several of you believe in ghosts." He spat viciously into the fire, and resumed: "Now I'm going to tell you an experience of mine in the fall of '63.

"My regiment, with a detachment of field artillery, was doing service in the Blue Ridge mountains, and we had our hands full most of the time, too. We had pitched camp on Thanksgiving day. I don't know how we knew then it was Thanksgiving—certainly there was little enough to be thankful for, and I am sure
no proclamation reached us; indeed, I am in doubt as to whether or not Mr. Davis issued a proclamation. But, anyway, we went into camp, for the boys were worn out, and we were not gaining a thing by criss-crossing those mountains and valleys, trying to get in shooting distance of a little battalion of dragoons from New Hampshire. I didn't mind how long we stayed there, for we were only about thirty miles from my father's, and there was always some comfort in being as near home as possible; besides I knew a great many people who lived close to camp.

"On the second day after Thanksgiving I was officer of the day, and had just finished my rounds, when a member of the Colonel's staff summoned me to headquarters. I had not been in the service at that time more than four months, and I suppose my promotion had turned my head a little, for I was the youngest commissioned man in the brigade; but I had always prided myself upon my efficiency, so I was sure the Colonel had no fault to find, and I could not think of a likely expedition to be sent upon. It puzzled me, for it was not often that I had been sent for in this manner.

"On my arrival at headquarters I found the Major and several captains in attendance, and I began to swell with pride to think that I had been called to such a conference. A moment later I was looking into the gray eyes of our Colonel, and listening to his calm, low voice.

"'Lieutenant,' he said, 'you know this section of the country well, don't you?'

"'Parts of it, sir,' I answered.

"'What do you know about the Anvil Rock Pass?' he next questioned.

"'Very little, sir, first hand. I know that it is said to be haunted, and that is all,' I replied.

"'You are right, Lieutenant; the pass is said to be haunted. You and I don't believe in ghosts, but there are men in the regiment who do, and it is for them I am concerned. Last night a detachment from Company D was returning by that pass, and encountered the apparition of a woman, and every man of them turned and ran, coming to camp by the pike. Those men have told their experience to every man in the regiment, and, by now,
the only subject of conversation throughout my command is ghosts, until the men are prepared to see a spirit wherever they turn when they are out of doors after night. To-morrow, as soon as it is dark, we break camp, and at 12 my men will be crossing that pass. I don't want to have any trouble there.'

"The Colonel had been watching me intently all the time he was talking, and now he leaned forward, and, in a familiar sort of way, put his hand on my knee. 'Lieutenant, you are a brave man, for I have seen you under fire. I want this thing investigated and cleared up. Take as many men as you need, and bring that ghost to me, a prisoner, by morning.'

"I saluted, and withdrew.

"Somehow I relished the task. I had never believed in ghosts, and I started out with the expectation of finding nothing at all—or, if anything, a natural explanation for it. There was a man in the ranks whose home was in this section, and I had heard him say he was familiar with the pass. I determined to use him as my guide, but he was by no means anxious to go, only doing so because I forced him. It began to strike me as silly that big, able-bodied men, veterans of a dozen fights, who could charge, without flinching, across a shell-swept field, or stand calm with set bayonets to receive a cavalry charge, should be afraid of ghosts. Even supposing there were a ghost at the pass, one was never known to do a person physical harm, their only misdemeanor being to stalk about at the hour of midnight, perhaps emitting an unearthly scream at long intervals and occasionally jangling bones. This man Radcliff, whom I proposed to use as guide, was a six-foot giant of the mountains, and of somewhat mature age, having long since turned his thirtieth year. He possessed double my strength, and cowardice in him seemed ridiculous.

"But he was by no means the only man who did not fancy that errand. When I explained to my company the expedition of the night, and called for volunteers, a bare ten of the hundred and fourteen stepped forward. I was not discouraged, however, for that number was quite sufficient for my purpose, and at about 8 o'clock I started on my errand, in high spirits.

"It was night by that time; there was no moon; and, had it
not been for a few faithful stars, whose light shone from between the flying clouds, we should have had a great deal of trouble in finding our way. As it was, the trip was no joke, for even the scant starlight was not allowed us when we left the open country and began to climb the forest-covered mountain. Only now and then, in the open places, would there be light enough for us to make sure we were still going in the right direction, and, except for these, we could not see a comrade three paces away.

"We marched as rapidly as we could, however, for we had fully six miles to go, and it was necessary to be at the pass by 12. Most of the way was not along a road at all, but merely a wide foot-path along the side of the mountain, hemmed in on every side by the densest sort of undergrowth and trees. To add to our discomfort, it was intensely cold, and the wind blew full in our faces. Radcliff began to show signs of uneasiness, and at the slightest unexpected noise along the way he would almost lose control of himself. The other men behaved like true veterans, and never a murmur escaped them.

"We were within a mile, perhaps, of the entrance to the pass, when something occurred which proved, beyond a doubt, the stability of the men I had with me. Radcliff had, by this time, almost worked himself into a frenzy, and once he had turned to me and urged that we go back, giving as an excuse our unfitness, in point of numbers, to withstand an attack, which he claimed to consider likely. I had rebuked him severely, commanding him to keep silent, and after that he had puffed along, enduring his fear as best he might, until, without warning, the dead limb of a fallen tree was heard to break at a short distance to our right in front, as if it had been stepped upon. The thought that occurred to all of us was that we were about to be attacked, and, at a low command from myself, every man stood at charge bayonets. A moment later the wild call of a panther filled the air, sounding for all the world like the scream of a woman in distress.

"I was greatly relieved not to find myself facing a line of blue-coats, and lost no time by the road-side. 'Tention,' I sang out; 'trail arms; by the left flank, forward, march.' Only Radcliff stood still, his great bony figure quivering like a leaf. Suddenly he dropped his gun, and, throwing up his arms in a wild sort of
way, screamed at the top of his voice: 'My God, Lieutenant, don't go up there. That, that——! ' and his voice trailed off in a weak murmur. I made him pick up his gun, and ordered two men to march behind him and prick him with their bayonets if he stopped, and in this manner we reached the entrance to Anvil Rock Pass.

"To my mind, the Colonel could not have decided upon a more dangerous route over which to march his regiment, for the crooked pathway led for more than a hundred yards along the face of a cliff; above, the mass of rock towered for a hundred feet, and below was a sheer drop of more than four hundred, and only in a few places was the path more than three feet wide. Here at the entrance to the pass we stopped, and looked for the time. It lacked thirty-five minutes of 12, and I was glad we were not rushed. I sent a sergeant, with four men, scrambling over the rocks and fallen trees, on a steep, circuitous trip to the far end of the pass, and when they were gone I turned to Radcliff, and spoke to him severely, reprimanding him for his cowardice, and telling him that he and I would go alone into that pass, leaving five men at each entrance, and threatening him with severe punishment if he failed me. He seemed to have regained his nerve in some manner, for he spoke quite steadily, but, just as we were about to start, he reminded me that, by all means, when we met the ghost, I must step aside and give it the entire path.

"Although I did not expect to find anything to fight in the pass, I provided against possibilities. If an encounter should take place, it would likely be hand-to-hand, and I knew my sword would be in my way, probably resulting disastrously by tripping me and causing me to fall over the precipice; so, before I entered the pass, I unbuckled it and laid it aside, and was now armed only with a revolver and a long hunting knife. Radcliff led the way, and we had not taken more than two or three dozen steps along that winding pathway when both our nerves received a rude shock. Distinctly, above the howling wind, could be heard the low mournful weeping of a child. And yet it did not sound like a child after all. It was uncanny, unreal, unearthly! Cold shivers began to run up and down my backbone, and I knew I was afraid, but the moment my attention
was drawn to Radcliff I regained my self-possession, for he was well-nigh wild, appealing to me in the most pathetic manner imaginable to return. Finally, I induced him to go on, for the crying had by this time stopped, having ended in a sort of gulp, as if the child had been choked. We had proceeded perhaps twenty-five feet further when the weeping began again. Radcliff could stand it no longer, and turned and started back my way, but stopped when he saw that my revolver was leveled at his head. Once more the weeping had ceased, but no sooner did we start on our way again than it began. This time Radcliff did not try to retreat; I think he realized I would have shot him. The crying was more distinct than before, and grew louder all the time, until at last it ended in a prolonged scream. Then, the ghost!

"Around the bend in the rock we could plainly see a most horrible spectre approaching—a woman in ghostly white, her hair blowing about her face and shoulders in a wild, distorted mass! As she drew nearer I observed, with horror, that the throat was cut from ear to ear, and that the blood was flowing from the wound, reddening the garments about the neck. The moon had risen by this time, and the light was fairly good, so I had no trouble distinguishing objects at a distance of a few yards. Radcliff had flattened himself against the side of the cliff, and I stood alone, watching, with bulging eyes, the approaching apparition. Where now was my theory that there were no ghosts? Where was the bravery of which I had been so proud? My first thought was to flee while there was yet time, and then reason returned to my rescue. I remembered my old hobby—'if it is a ghost it can't hurt me, and if it is human I can fight it.' Having assured myself in this way, I stood my ground.

"The ghost came on until it was nearly opposite me, and all its horrible features were even more vividly outlined than before. I stepped aside to allow it to pass, and then, extending my left arm, I caught the thing about the waist, drawing it close to my body, and, at the same time, pushing its head backward with my might, and in this manner forced it back against the wall. It was a relief to note that the head did not fall off, as was to be expected of a head that was apparently nearly severed from the body, and I was also well pleased to find that my opponent could
fight. Although I was only sixteen, I was strong, and was in a fair way to completely overpower my antagonist, when I saw in its right hand an ugly knife. I don't know how the fight would have ended if Radcliff had not come to my rescue. His nerve returned as soon as he saw the thing could fight.

"The 'ghost' proved to be no woman at all, but a man, and the cut throat was cleverly effected by red paint. We found, upon investigation, a peculiarly-made whistle, which accounted for the wailing child. I took him safely to camp, in spite of his entreaties that he might be turned loose, and he was condemned as a spy and—well, we all know the fate of a spy."

The old man was quivering with emotion. "I'm sorry I did not let him go now, for it seems as if I was almost his murderer. He—he—God knows he did not deserve such a fate!"

The speaker struggled to his feet, and extended his hands to his little group of listeners, "Tell me, is the blood of that man on my soul?"

A dozen strong arms caught the aged veteran, and tenderly reseated him, and, with patient care, undertook to bring peace to his wrought-up mind.
THE WITCH OF PRINCESS ANNE.

The case of Grace Sherwood furnishes the sole instance of a formal trial on a charge of witchcraft in the colony of Virginia, in sharp contrast with the atrocities practiced in Massachusetts and in rural England at the same period. It speaks eloquently against the arguments of certain prejudiced historians with regard to the state of culture in early Virginia. In fact, it is likely that there existed in this colony in the seventeenth century more volumes of genuine literature than there did in Massachusetts. In works of theology the Northern settlements could, of course, claim the advantage.

Grace Sherwood was the daughter of John White (Whitt), carpenter, of Lower Norfolk County, who died in 1680, and left various legacies to his daughter, his son-in-law, and his grandson. The first record of Grace’s troubles is a charge of defamation brought by her and her husband against one Richard Capps. In 1698 James Sherwood and Grace, his wife, brought suit against Joseph Gisburne and Jane, his wife, in an action for slander, setting forth that the latter charged that she (Grace) was a sorceress, and bewitched “their piggs to death and bewitched their Cotton”; and the plaintiffs prayed a judgment for 100 pounds sterling. Later the Sherwoods brought suit against Anthony Barnes and Elizabeth, his wife, for slander, on the ground that the said Elizabeth had maliciously charged that the said Grace “had come to her one night and rid her and went out of the key-hole like a black Catt.” Damages of 100 pounds sterling were asked, to which the defendants pleaded not guilty.

Grace next appears as petitioning the court for a commission of administration for the estate of her husband, who died intestate (1701). In 1705 she brought suit against Luke Hill and wife for assault and battery, estimating the damage at fifty pounds sterling. On the 7th of March it appears that a charge of witchcraft was brought against her, and a jury of women, having searched her person, found “two things like * * * with Severall other Spotts.” In May, 1706, the constable and the sheriff were delegated to search Grace’s house and all suspicious
places for "images and such like things as would strengthen the suspicion." At a court on the 5th of July, 1706, it was ordered that Grace, by her own consent, be tried in the water by ducking, but "ye weather being very Rainy and Bad, Soe that possibly it might endanger her health," it was further ordered that Grace be brought to court the following Wednesday. The court on that day adjourned, it is presumed, to witness the ceremony of ducking at a place still known as "Witches' Duck." Here the trial was unfavorable to Grace, for she swam, when, according to the belief of the time, an innocent person would have gone to the bottom. To make doubly sure of her guilt, a jury of ancient women again searched the culprit, and discovered strange spots "of a black Coller, being blacker than the rest of her body." The judges then ordered the sheriff to take Grace into custody and commit her body to the common gaol. As to any further procedure the record is silent, but it is certain that she was soon set at liberty. Twenty-four years later she made her last will and testament, with her son as executor.

THE WITCH OF PRINCESS ANNE.

With a doleful moan and a muffled groan,
Dame Hill to her goodman spake,
"My eyes are dim, and wrenched each limb;
My back is like to break."

Old Luke first blinked with half an eye,
And then he fetched a yawn,
"Beshrew my life, my darling wife,
The day doth scarcely dawn."

"Now, prithee hearken to my tale,"
The beldame then put in,
"Behold the sand ground in each hand;
My knees bereft of skin."

"Belike 'twas three long hours agone,
I heard a ghastly sound;
My heart stood still, my blood grew chill,
I stared in terror round.
"And may I die if I do lie,
Athwart our casement there,
Astride a broom, within this room,
A witch sped through the air.

"As ghostly moonbeams slanting in
Fell full upon her face,
I'm fain to die if I do lie,
It was our neighbor Grace.

"She posted up to where I lay
(You snoring by my side);
No single word I could make heard,
No matter how I tried.

"She nimbly turned me on my face,
As I were stark and dead;
She whispered a bit between my teeth,
A bridle round my head.

"'Twas you that mimiced Master's name,'
I heard the trollop cry,
'And this, old dame, in Master's name,
You dearly shall aby.'

"And then she plumped me on all fours
(I durst not disobey);
And, with a scratch, the horrid witch,
She hurtled me away.

"She spurred me up and down the beach,
For many a league it seemed,
And all the while she did revile
And horribly blasphemed.

"But then the great red cock did crow,
Upon the cedar tree;
And as he crew around we flew,
And hurried down the lea.

"In haste she spurred me back to bed,
And flung me as I lie;"
Then from the room, upon her broom,
She mounted to the sky.”

Old Luke upstarted from the sheets,
To eye his spouse’s plight.
I’m soothly loath to trace the oath,
He vented at the sight.

“I’ll hie me straight to Rolleston,”
With pallid cheek, quothe he.
“Beshrew my life, my darling wife,
Here lurks foul mystery.”

He speedily rose and donned his hose,
And eke his other gear,
And to old Justice Moseley’s house
He shortly drew him near.

The Justice rose from downy couch
To list the rustic’s dole.
And, fairly wroth, he pledged his troth
To scourge the wicked soul.

At 8 o’clock that self-same morn
This witch was frightened sore.
A vengeful rout, with cudgels stout,
Beset her cottage door.

They pressed within, they pried about,
She started back aghast.
She raised a yell, and well-nigh fell,
But the sheriff gripped her fast.

Now crafty Grace of ill repute,
No hideous hag was she;
But a stately and a buxom queen,
Of goodly symmetry.

The sheriff clamped her comely arm,
Though she did rage and rail;
He smote her sore to still her roar,
And clapped her safe in gaol.
'Twas on a sultry mid-July,  
The clock had just struck ten,  
The sheriff fared him to the gaol,  
And fetched her forth again.  

In courtly state old Moseley sate,  
And with him eight beside;  
And through the door, to full nine score,  
In surged the human tide.  

Now quoth the stout arch-magistrate,  
"Lest we may suffer hurt,  
Let Grace be led to yonder shed,  
Her garments there ungirt."

"And let these dozen ancient dames  
Her person well explore,  
That they may find some splotch of kind  
Good Christian never bore."

The writhen crones they hobbled out  
To search the culprit Grace.  
When they returned the throng discerned  
Each wore a sober face.  

"Your Honor," croaked old Liza Barnes,  
"Her guilt is clear as day;  
She bears a mark uncommonly dark,  
But where I durst not say."

"We likewise found two tell-tale moles  
Where moles ought not to be,  
And they are foul and swarthier,  
Than moles I e'er did see."

Then all the court, with one accord,  
The jade most guilty found.  
The mob about raised a frantic shout,  
And stamped upon the ground.  

Now up sprang poor Grace Sherwood.  
She quaked in every limb.  
"Vouchsafe my quest! The witches' test  
Will show I cannot swim."
Then spake the Great and Worshipful,
   "So be it as you say;
But should it rain I deem it sane
   To bide a drier day."

Anon to fare to Witches' Duck
   They fetched her from her cell.
Her right thumb to her left toe bound,
   And left to right, as well.

And souse! they tossed her overboard.
   A press had come to view.
And many a bet that day was set
   On what the jade would do.

"She swims! she swims!" cried all the throng,
   With deafening shout and roar;
For, like a cork, she bobbed and bounced,
   And drifted towards the shore.

"A witch, good sooth, as Luke has said;
   Of this there rests no doubt."
They splashed among the bulrush-beds,
   And roughly plucked her out.

They cuffed her, swunged her, thumped and mauled,
   Till she was ghastly pale;
'Twas all the constable could do
   To hale her live to gaol.

How long she lay or what she wrought,
   The records give no hint;
But it appears that in after years,
   She willed her modest stint—

These creature-comforts to her son—
   This witch of Princess Anne—
A mill, a spit, a counterpane,
   Six kids and a copper pan.
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Dave Satterfield, '15.

IN the park the dim lights had just begun to twinkle like so many fire-flies. On a bench sat a huge form. An automobile swept around the corner, and its powerful lamps threw a strong ray of light on the features of the stranger. He was a man of middle age, who would have been tall but for the stoop of his shoulders. His shaven face was constricted firmly; he had a long firm jaw, and sat slack-bodied, with his hands sunk deep in the pockets of his jacket, in which reposed $1,000 in greenbacks, his share of the last haul.

At that moment his mind was some two thousand miles away, with his wife and boy. Somewhere out there in the darkness, miles and miles to the west, a woman sat, with her baby boy, waiting, waiting—for him to come. "And this is Christmas. Sure I will go," he murmured to himself. But, no! there was one other job to be done, and certainly two thousands were better than one. He needed supper, but it was a foolish risk to chance the bright lights of a cafe. But, as with many other poor mortals, Topeka's stomach ruled his body. Over across the street an electric sign blinked and beckoned to him. From within the wailing voice of an orchestra called him, and the gnawing pang of hunger, augmented by the savory odor, won the day. He shambled over and entered.

The very first object which greeted Topeka's eyes was one which he did not want to see; it was Pat O'Reigan, of the Secret Service. Consequently, ten minutes later, as a preliminary to his supper, he was enjoying a delightful ride across the city, at an excessive speed, in a high-powered Pope-Hartford, accompanied by one of the city's officials, and at the city's expense.

Chief of Police Jim Larson sat complacently by the fire in Station B, smoking his pipe, and reviewing, with satisfaction, his progress in the last few years.
The whirring of a motor outside brought him to his feet, and, walking to the door, he peered out into the street.

Pat O'Reigan hurried into the room, his face agleam with satisfaction.

"Well, Cap, I've sure put the kibosh on Topeka Joe. Found him in Francisco's. Came long like a lamb. Easy money, eh?"

"You don't say so; that's good news; that's the first time I have ever heard of him. What's he wanted for?"

"Green goods man, confidence man, and general all-round crook. Been wanted in Boston for two years, and here, three days ago, he pulled off an old gag on Tiffany. Pulled out with about $5,000 in the genuine stones. There are two more working with him."

"Came long easy, eh?" questioned the Chief.

"Yep, he was so surprised he hasn't come back to earth yet."

"Bring him in, and let's look him over," said Larson.

"Here he is now; ever seen him before?"

"Ye—s, I be—lieve—"

But the Chief never finished his sentence. The two men stood there glaring at one another fiercely. Suddenly the prisoner launched himself out at Larson, cursing wildly. "Oh, yes, Bill; I've found you at—"

With a motion of the Chief's hand he was carried, writhing and raving, to his cell, and locked up.

"Drunken fool!" muttered Larson; but Pat and old Uncle Jim Logan, at the desk, both noticed the ashy gray pallor that overspread the Chief's face.

They resumed their seats about the fire, and smoked along in silence. Soon Larson got up and made his way back to the prisoner's cell. Topeka was sitting on the edge of the cot, his head in his hands. The suddenness of it all, the discovery of his hated enemy, all goaded him almost to distraction, and there burned in him the fires of anger.

"Joe," called Larson, in low tones, "come to the door; I want to talk to you."

Slowly he arose, and shuffled over to the bars, his hair disheveled and his eyes gleaming with hatred.

"Joe, when O'Reigan came in here to-night with the news that
he had arrested Topeka Joe, I never had the slightest idea who it was. I see now, to my sorrow. I know it means the long trail for me."

"Jim, I haven’t got my senses back yet. Two surprises such as these in one night are most too many. The arrest, and then to find you—you, Jim Westcott, escaped convict 933, Sing Sing, Chief of Police. But I have waited for this day. It is my day. Every dog has his day."

"Joe, I killed Mike Kahoe, but, before the God who reigns above, I killed him in self-defense. They sent me up ‘a lifer’ for it. But I’ll die before I go back," said Larson.

"Jim Westcott, Mike was my brother, and the only true pal I ever had, the only man I ever knew to be white through and through, and I have sworn to avenge his death with these very hands of mine." He paused to hold up two gigantic hands, corded with muscle and sinew. "But I have discovered an easier way, a more convenient one. It’s the law. Ha, ha, ha! When I go on the witness stand can you not guess the rest?" He retraced his steps, and resumed his seat on the cot.

Larson stood staring into the cell until finally he blurted out, "For God’s sake, Joe, think of my wife and kids. I’ve lived honestly these ten years. It’s been a hard fight, Joe—but I’ve won. Look, Joe"—pulling up his sleeve he revealed several queer characters on his arm. "Joe, look; for the sake of the bonds of the old gang, have mercy. Look at these two hands clasped together. Have you forgot the old code? Don’t you remember it said ‘Till death?’ Are you going to squeal on an old pal? I killed Mike, but I killed him in self-defense."

The figure over on the cot was silent.

"Answer, man; for God’s sake, answer," entreated Larson.

Still there was no answer, except a long, low moan.

Larson then began to recount what he had done from the day he had escaped up to the present. He noticed that Joe started and mourned perceptibly, as he told of his wife and kids. But, finding it impossible to gain any response, he left the cell, and plodded wearily home.

When he reached the house he crept noiselessly in, and sat down by the fire, his only light the glow of the coals. So this
was the end, was it? To work so hard and faithfully to put the
past behind, and then to have it thrust so rudely upon him, was
enough to kill any one. To-morrow Joe Kahoe would tell the past.
Ah! he could picture the scene. He could feel the cold steel
around his wrists. He could see his host of friends sifted like
sand through a sieve, until there was not a single one left to stand
by him. God! what a world! He persuaded himself to believe
there was no such thing as friendship or love. Surely he had
never experienced any.

Across the lawn, in the next house, some one was playing a
violin, accompanied by the piano.

As the last sweet strains of "Annie Laurie" echoed across
the way he shut his eyes, and memory flew back to the early years
of this new life. Then he thought he must be mistaken. There
was such a thing as love, after all. He was again at the little
village church, listening to the low, sweet voice of the little girl
who afterwards became his wife. Her power over him had been
boundless. His character had been as clay in her hands, and
she had striven so faithfully to model his life. He wondered if
Joe had a wife and kids.

Finally he dropped off to sleep, and when he awoke he found
a little ray of sunshine stealing through the leaves, making golden
ripples on the wall. Gradually memory returned. His head
ached, his skin and mouth were parched as if by fever. Stiffly
he arose to his feet, walked to the desk, pulled open the top drawer,
and took out a revolver. He would fool them yet. Slowly he
loaded the weapon. He opened the door to his wife's room
softly, and crept in. Before him lay his wife and son, wrapt in
sleep, the bright face and toy-filled arms of the child forming a
striking contrast to the sad countenance of the father. He
stooped and kissed them both, and softly retraced his steps.
Picking up the revolver, he raised it to his temple.

His hand dropped with a start as the 'phone bell broke the
ghastly silence. He quickly crossed the room, and picked up the
receiver.

"Hello!"
"Hello! That you, Larson?"
"Yes, this is Larson."
"Logan talking, Cap."
"Yes."
"Number 8 is gone; filed clean through those three-inch bars. He left some scribbling on a piece of paper, but none of us can make it out. As this is Christmas morning, I thought you wouldn't want to hurry down from breakfast. So I've sent the paper up by messenger."
"Thank you, Logan."
"Welcome, sir."

Just then the door-bell rang. Larson hastened to the door, and there found the boy with the mysterious paper. He took it in to the fire, and sat down to read it. It was with a feeling of surprise that he noticed the note was written in the secret code of the old gang. He spread it out on his knee, and read:

"Dear Jim:

Your bars couldn't hold me. You would make a good preacher. I'm bound for my wife and baby boy. Come to see me. Naomi, Wyoming.

"Yours in the old bonds, "Topeka Joe."
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EDITORIALS.

The Messenger staff realizes that nothing is more odious than the habit of incessant nagging; nevertheless, we feel that the very life of the magazine demands a statement of present conditions, and an urgent appeal for the co-operation of the student body. The standard of The Messenger cannot be compared, in any way, with that maintained.
for the last few years, and no one realizes this more than we do. To what shall we attribute this decline?

For some reason, or reasons, there appears to be a lack of interest among the student body. The only way in which we can account for this is that other activities have attracted the attention of those to whom we look for support. It is true that a weekly paper has been started this year, but this should, by no means, detract interest from The Messenger. The two publications occupy entirely different fields; the weekly confines itself to news items of interest in and about College, while The Messenger is a literary magazine. The fact that The Messenger has given over two of its departments to the weekly necessitates the publication of a greater number of literary articles to cover this vacancy, and should, therefore, stimulate greater activity among the student body.

The only other reason that we can possibly see for the decrease in interest is that some of the students have been carried away by our recent achievements in athletics. No one is more interested in athletics, or glories more in the victories of the athletic teams, than we; but the College cannot live by athletics alone. We can continue our supremacy in athletics, and also excel in other activities, if we will but try.

Less than three per cent. of the student body have submitted articles which were deemed worthy of publication in the magazine this year, and all of the articles submitted for publication represent less than five per cent. of the student body. We can do much better than that. It is not justice to the College that the College magazine should represent the work of only fifteen members of the student body.

Moreover, it is absolutely impossible for us to publish a representative magazine without more material. As it is now, there is no range of choice. We are forced to publish practically every article submitted, for want of better, and these, in a number of cases, are hurriedly written, and do not represent the best efforts of the writer.

Think over these matters; work over your manuscripts carefully, and then turn them over to us. If your first article is not accepted for publication, do not become discouraged, but
simply pity the editor for his lack of judgment, and try again. There are men making fortunes by writing for magazines to-day who, at one time, had manuscript after manuscript rejected by some ruthless editor.

Fall is gone; winter is here; spring is coming. No term of the College session is as conducive to work as the winter term. Throughout the fall term there are manifold activities which lure the student away from his work. It is hard to settle down to studying after three months away from school. Foot-ball takes up a large part of our time, and numerous other things prove more interesting than calculus, Latin, etc. To the Freshman the fall term presents further difficulties. With him it is a time of re-adjustment. Upon entering college he realizes that there is a vast difference between the college and the preparatory school, and it takes him at least three months to adjust himself to the new life.

On the other hand, when the birds begin to sing, the trees begin to bud, and the flowers begin to bloom, what student is there who does not feel the effects of that horrible malady commonly known as "spring fever." When you add to this the sounds which float through the window, wafted by the gentle zephyrs from the base-ball diamond, studying is almost impossible.

Now we do not claim that the winter term is devoid of all allurements, but the weather is often such that it is far better to remain in-doors than to go out. All out-door forms of athletics are suspended, and there are comparatively few distractions. The student who loses this opportunity to do much good, hard work is going to regret it when he looks at his class standing at the end of the year.

Do you know the meaning and use of a library? Can you, without the assistance of the librarian, find the book you want, dig for yourself out of the general index, periodical index, or Library of Congress index, as the case may be, the material for a graduation thesis, debate, original
paper on history, political economy, etc.? Don't you almost invariably have to ask for help? You are not alone in this. Librarians say that fully ninety-five per cent. of under-graduates know practically nothing of library economy, and it is a fact, and one to be deplored, that a vast majority of students, after four years in college, leave without having received bibliographical instruction worthy the name or any training in "book-using skill."

All of you, from the freshest Freshman to the soberest Senior, are book-users. Whether your interest lies in history, science, law, business, or athletics, you are constantly drawing on the reservoir of books in the College or State library. The library is your work-shop, books are your tools, yet every time you enter your work-shop you have to ask some one to help you find or show you how to use your tools. Such a system wouldn't be tolerated in the business world five minutes!

Richmond College has an opportunity unparalleled by any college or university in Virginia. It has advantages that no other Virginia college possesses. In addition to a well-selected, excellently-managed library of its own, it has immediate access to the Virginia State Library, with its wealth of original documents, reference works, and books in general. At the State Library one can refer to the Library of Congress index, find if the rare document or book one wants is there, and thus save an unnecessary trip to Washington. And Richmond College has the opportunity to be the first college in Virginia to establish a course in library economy.

The other colleges in Virginia, just as we are now doing, take it for granted that students will absorb some information about bibliography in connection with the work of the various departments, and that they will also get incidental information about the use of the library, because they come in contact daily with the library and the librarian of the College. Now, we know that the librarian and assistants are always ready and willing to help, but we should remember that the general routine of the library must go on, and it takes a deal of time to do the routine work, let alone stopping to train each and every green Freshman in "book-using skill." No, we can't side-step it; we need a course in library economy. We must have it. Such a course should
be compulsory. It should be a part of the first year's work, for every month of delay in instructing the student in the meaning and use of the library lessens the efficiency of his course. And efficiency is the watchword of this age. This course should constitute a definite part of the work required for a degree, and definite credit should be given for it.

This is no idle theory. Other institutions have tried the scheme, and find that it works well. Why not Richmond College? Now that you see the need for a course in library economy, just take off your coat and work for it!

The Messenger is indebted to Mr. H. D. Coghill, an alumnus of Richmond College, for the above editorial on "A Course in Library Economy." Mr. Coghill, while in College last year, took great interest in The Messenger, and wrote a number of articles, which were praised very highly in the exchange columns of other college magazines. Since leaving College he has had one short story published in the Black Cat. We wish to express our appreciation to Mr. Coghill, and we hope other alumni will follow his example, and favor us with some contributions.
ALUMNI NOTES.

F. C. Ellett, '15.

J. M. Jackson, '15, is in business with his father at Lahore, Va.

R. M. Daniel, M. A., '08, is Professor of English at Georgetown College.

Captain S. J. Lodge, '05, is head of the Brierley Hall Military Academy, of Poolsville, Md.

E. T. Willis, '16, is taking a business course at the Massey Business College, of this city.

Notices have been received on the campus that W. P. McBain, LL. B., '09, has opened a law office in Norfolk, Va.

Frank Gaines, B. A., '12, is Associate Professor of English at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi.

"Heine" Edmonds, B. A., '13, who has been studying law at the University of Virginia for the past term, is now in business with his brothers in Accomac.

Wellington Lodge is the General Agent of a Washington Insurance Company for the States of Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

We were glad to have with us for a day or two John William Decker, M. A., '12, who is taking work at the Seminary at Louisville for the degree of Master of Theology.

Jay B. Hubbell, B. A., '05, who, for three years, has been Assistant Professor of English at Wake Forest College, is now continuing his graduate studies at Columbia University.

Dr. P. B. Reynolds, '72, who for some years has been President of the University of West Virginia, died at Morgantown, W. Va., recently. The College deeply regrets the loss of so loyal an alumnus.
S. P. Ryland, B. A., '04, of the Cleveland Clearing House, paid us a visit during the Christmas holidays. He pronounced our buildings far superior to those of Western Reserve, of which Cleveland is so proud.

Horace Eckles, B. A., '12, is recuperating from a severe attack of typhoid fever in Atlanta, Ga. He was pursuing courses leading to an M. D. degree in the Atlanta Medical College, when he was taken sick.
In the December number of The University of North Carolina Magazine there are two stories which possess some of the requirements of the short-story. This is especially true of "Eve," which, chiefly by its dialogue, reflects the local color of a fishing village, where the story is laid. The other story, "Vanka—A Story of So Many," is entirely lacking in local color. The author has selected Polish characters, and the scene is laid partly in Poland and partly in the United States; but, for that matter, the story might apply to almost any race or country under the sun. There is absolutely no dialogue; the story is told without passion, without change of tone. The only essay in the magazine is entitled "Hindrances to Our Intellectual Growth as Students." In this the writer deplores the fact that the average college student takes no interest in the intellectual side of college life, but centres his whole enthusiasm on other activities—athletic and social. There is, unfortunately, a great deal of truth in this view; but it must not be forgotten that social and athletic activities have their place—perhaps as large a place—as mere "grinding" in college life. It is not always the hardest student who makes the biggest success when he gets out of college. We take it that the man, for example, who learns at college how to make the financial side of a magazine a success will be better able to "do things" than the fellow who simply grinds, and has nothing to show for it but a "sheepskin." "A Foot-Ball Ramble" is a ramble indeed, and hardly suitable for a literary magazine. It is only of local interest, and is more suitable for the athletic section, or, better, for a weekly
paper. Unfortunately, there is a great scarcity of poetry of any kind. There is only one piece of verse in the magazine; this is nameless. Good poems add much to a magazine. Surely there are some at the University of North Carolina who can write verses, if they would try.

The Literary, of Baylor University, has three stories in the November issue. "The Wrong Room" is hardly a short story. It is very brief, but presents an interesting and rather humorous situation. It has a very unexpected climax, and gives a jolt of surprise. "The Communion Linen" is a good story. It is humorous, and yet teaches a lesson in a vague way. The essay entitled "Children in Shakespeare's Plays" is a fine piece of work. It is the best article of its kind that we have found among our exchanges. "Object, Matrimony" is more of a synopsis than a short story. The frequenters of the "movies" have seen this story acted; therefore it has no originality and little interest. Among the verse, "At Vespers" is fairly well expressed; the central thought is good. It is in the form of a prayer, and is well suited for the first page of The Literary. On the whole, The Literary is good. There is not a great abundance of articles, but those which it has are good and possess merit.

The poetry in The Collegian is better than the prose. There are several good poems. First, there is a sonnet, in which the central idea is that mankind has turned away from God, judged by the present conflict in Europe. The writer shows a knowledge of the sonnet form. "Christmas in Europe" is another poem inspired by the war. It is good in thought and meter. "Repenthe" is a clever parody on Poe's "Raven." The difficult meter and rhyme system is cleverly handled. It is humorous, and gives a good picture of the college Freshman, with his unpleasant memories of the Sophomore. The Collegian has only one short story. "Living It Over" is very good. It has a natural, but sad ending. "The Genus
Student" is rather too long. The first part is quite amusing, but
the interest decreases as we read; at the end it becomes tedious.
"Jackson as An Executive" is a good piece of historical work,
but it is rather long and dry for a college magazine. In con­
clusion, we congratulate The Collegian on her poetic productions,
both in number and in quality.
EDITORIALS.

We have just passed one of the mile-stones of this session’s work—the fall term examinations. To our mind, the work done this term is a subject for congratulation.

A MILE-STONE. Success has marked the term’s academic work in a very marked way, for, in spite of the fact that the removal to the new College must necessarily have caused some confusion, we feel that this has been exceptionally slight. The commencement of a weekly paper speaks highly for the progressive spirit which seems to dominate all affairs at our College. Last, but not least, our supremacy in athletics is a matter calling forth the highest degree of satisfaction.

So it is with a feeling of contentment that we are passing the first decisive point of this session. We who have done conscientious work have little cause for worry, but rather feel a desire to meet and conquer the difficulties that the next term will bring forth; while those of us who have been a bit negligent in our tasks are looking forward all the more to the renewed opportunity of a fresh start. One and all of us feel thankful for the relaxation afforded by the Christmas holidays, and in this number of The Messenger we feel that it is more than befitting to extend to every son and daughter of alma mater our best wishes for a happy new year, full of opportunities.

We feel that there is no surer way of developing college
spirit than by fostering class spirit. Surely there is no better way of promoting the latter than by having a Class Day. Class Day. By Class Day we mean a day during the academic year set apart for some particular class. On this day the College is literally turned over to them as their own. Whatever be the rites decided on, they must be held sacred by both Faculty and all other classes, and no class, except their sister class, is supposed to enter into the ceremony.

One of the chief ways in which Class Day makes for College spirit is that it gives each class an opportunity to adopt a distinctive costume, suitable to their day and ceremonies. This costume is to be theirs forever, and must be worn at all the luncheons which they may attend as alumnae, especially on their triennial and other important reunions. So the class costume forms a link binding us still more closely to *alma mater* after we have left her walls. We suggest this plan to the different classes, hoping that each class will see fit to adopt it, and so establish the custom in College.
SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A GRADUATE STUDENT IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

Necessarily, the impressions which a graduate student receives during one year's work in one department of a great University are limited, and somewhat imperfectly formed, and to such an extent are they determined by the personality of the student and the nature of the particular studies pursued that probably no two people would come away in precisely the same attitude towards the University. Therefore, it must be kept in mind that the following brief article is an attempt to give, very informally, a few of my personal impressions of Columbia University, formed while pursuing graduate courses, for the most part extensive, rather than intensive, in English and Comparative Literature.

At the beginning, let me say that, in some respects, it is exceedingly difficult, well-nigh impossible, to dissociate one's impressions of the University and of New York City. Both are at first bewildering in their vastness, and, on better acquaintance, they reinforce each other in fostering broad-minded, cosmopolitan views and modes of thinking. Both present such boundless opportunities for growth and culture that one dares not neglect either. The student soon becomes aware that he is indeed living at "the centre of the universe," and, consequently, sees the folly and narrow-mindedness ofdevoting himself or herself exclusively to books. At the same time, the average graduate student is not so disloyal to his or her alma mater, or so blind to the extraordinary library facilities offered in the University, as
seriously to neglect all formal study. One catches the spirit of the great city, and indulges in few idle moments.

As I said above, the University, at first, seems bewilderingly vast. It is impossible at once to see it as a unified whole, either as far as the actual buildings are concerned or in its inner life. In the midst of the city, as it is, the various buildings of Teachers College, Barnard College, Columbia College, and the University proper, occupy many blocks. Moreover, as most of the halls are simple and severe in style of architecture, it is rather difficult, for a time, to decide just what is Columbia University and what are mere apartment houses. This feature is disappointing to the student who has been accustomed to space and a large campus, but he soon becomes reconciled to giving up a few things in exchange for the advantages of New York. One group of buildings, however—that of the University proper—occupies an enclosed space, and has a little campus by no means to be scorned in a city. For this group, the Library, an exceedingly massive and beautiful structure, at the top of a broad flight of stone steps, forms an imposing centre.

Then, as to the work in the various schools, one scarcely realizes how many departments there are, and what thousands of students are in attendance, until professors and graduates assemble for the commencement exercises. In the session of 1913–1914 there were between thirteen and fourteen thousand students, and in June, when all the professors and about two thousand graduates, all in cap and gown, were gathered in the large gymnasium, the spectacle was impressive and never-to-be-forgotten. The names of the graduates, appearing on the programmes, indicated that nearly every nationality was represented, and the gorgeous European and Oriental robes of the professors gave a suggestion of Columbia's cosmopolitanism, and of her place in the educational world. The sense of one's insignificance was almost oppressive; yet almost equally keen was the sense of pride at being one, however humble, of such a company. Local prejudices were swept away; we were one in aims and ideals, in devotion to truth.

This sense of insignificance, and yet of personal responsibility, is one of the inescapable impressions, for it is the natural result
of having one’s viewpoint changed, and one’s outlook on the world immeasurably broadened. A student in under-graduate college life comes during four years in frequent personal contact with professors, and learns to look to them for approval, or disapproval, and advice. Then, upon entering a graduate school in Columbia University, all this is changed. The chances are that a feeling of helplessness and loneliness will come at first when the new student is face to face with the problem of choosing, with practically no real guidance, the necessary courses in a chosen department. They all sound alluring, but a choice must be made, and it is difficult to form a correct estimate of the nature of each from the mere titles in the catalogue. Still, each student is merely one of many; the professors do not know capacities or needs; they could scarcely be expected to give intelligent advice in the matter. Moreover, the graduate student is supposed to be sufficiently mature to think for himself. On the whole, a Columbia graduate student is thrown entirely upon personal responsibility. Throughout the year personal contact with professors is very slight, except in the smaller seminar classes, and practically the only incentive for work is the joy and privilege of working under such scholarly men and with such facilities. This attitude on the part of the University promotes self-reliance and independent thinking, so necessary to the student in after life, and yet it seems to me decidedly advisable that one whose time at the University is to be limited should guard against expensive mistakes by securing catalogues, and seeking the advice of his or her own college professors, or friends, before going to Columbia.

Closely akin to this characteristic of Columbia is her tendency to exalt as the ideal, not so much the attainment of bare scholarship, as the highest culture and self development. Here, again, I must remind my readers that my opinions are based mainly on work in the English department. A vast amount of reading constitutes the essential and the main requirement, and yet the professors make it quite clear that not so much a knowledge of the facts therein learned, as the reaction of the student’s mind towards those facts, will be considered evidence of successful work. For example, a two-hour examination given on a semester’s work in June, 1914, by the head of the English department, consisted of
seven questions, each asking for a discussion of some work or movement in English literature, with the reminder from the professor that no “thin” or poorly organized papers would be acceptable. Many suggestions are given as to work not actually required, and much is required, but it is not the policy of the professors to “keep tab” on the progress of the student’s work; merely a satisfactory completion of it at the end of the semester is demanded. This allows the student much freedom, and leaves room for the exercise of personal discretion as to the use of each day’s time; but woe to the one who lets many days go by without exercising that discretion! There seems to be among the students no race for scholarship; grades mean little to them, and in many departments no more explicit comment than “Passed” or “Failed” is given by the professors. The graduate student, in fact, feels a little above such things as “marks.” Again, strictly original work is not required, even in a master’s thesis. Much encouragement and recognition is given such work, but no attempt is made to force it from students of average ability. On the other hand, each is allowed to grow along natural lines.

Finally, as to college life in Columbia University, of course there is little for the graduate student. That exists only for the under-graduate. In the first place, the graduate student has already become attached, heart and soul, to his under-graduate college. He cannot immediately transfer his affections to another institution, and he can scarcely, in one year, feel much real love for a university when he is associated with only a fraction of the students, and is connected with only a small part of its life. Besides, at Columbia, the call of New York City is so much more insistent than the call of college life that one prefers to give all spare time and money to the former. But dormitory life of a very pleasant nature is to be had in abundance, and, though the majority of graduate students live out in the near-by apartment houses, it seems to me most desirable that a young student, especially if a woman, should arrange to be in a dormitory. Among the five hundred or more students in Whittier Hall and Brooks Hall, each, the two dormitories for women, one cannot fail to find a number of congenial companions, for all ages and types are represented, and these may then proceed to have their own
"good times." In the dormitories there is quite a home-like atmosphere; much is done for the pleasure of the students, and a great deal for their culture, for always attention is called to the dates of various lectures, plays, operas, and movements of interest that are worth while. Frequent excursions and sight-seeing trips are also conducted. In an apartment house the student might miss many of these good things, and might, or might not, find agreeable associates.

To give adequate expression to one's impressions of Columbia University would be no small task, and I realize that in these rather fragmentary, rambling remarks I have merely suggested a few of my own. After a year's work there in New York City one feels as if he had had a little bird's-eye view of the world. I have tried to give some conception of the broad-minded, liberal, cosmopolitan spirit, the high cultured ideals, and the broadening influence of the University, and yet let me say, in closing, that, for a full appreciation of the privileges and opportunities there afforded, nothing short of personal experience will suffice.
ALUMNAE BULLETIN.

It has become the pleasant custom for the alumni of Richmond College who are teaching to hold a banquet during the session of the Teachers' Association. This year the banquet was held in the dining hall of Westhampton College. Among our alumnae present were Gay Broaddus, '07; Virginia Campbell, '11; Nell Scales, '11; Frances Coffee, M. A., '11; Virginia Robertson, '11; Ruth Thomasson, '11; Mary Percival, '12; Emily Jinkins, '14; Alice Spiers, '14; Madge Clendon, '14, and Gladys Johnson, '14. The occasion was not only a rally for the alumnae, but served as an introduction to the new home of their sisters.

Alumnae are looking forward expectantly to the June meeting during Commencement. This is the triennial year for the class of 1912, and every member of the class is coming back. May each class adopt the custom of returning en masse at its triennial. The class of 1912 asks that the five-year-old alumnae (class of 1910) join with them in the slogan, "Everybody back for Commencement this year."
EXCHANGES.

Helen A. Monsell, '16.

*The Sweet Briar Magazine* for October starts with an essay on "The Element of Purpose in Fiction." The writer has a clear grasp on her subject, but her diction is too stiff. The last paragraph consists of a single sentence, and that a sentence of ninety-five words! Grammatically, it is correct, but such a case of "linked sweetness, long drawn out," is a feat of grammatic jugglery, rather than of attractive English. "The Close of the Gates of Promise" is more of a sketch than a story. It would be much more effective if "thee" and "thy" were used consistently, not letting a "you" creep in every now and then. As for "Spirits of the Past," it is well worked up to the last few paragraphs, the atmosphere is excellent—but Poe alone could possess right to end a tale that way, and we are not certain as to him. Such uncanniness, without any explanation, is almost criminal. "In an Observation Car" is an especially good piece of work. The magazine needs more poetry. The sonnet and bit of blank verse are not enough to balance the stories and essay. "From a Mansion Window at Night" is good, but "those shadowy shapes, the trees" is a rather strange phrase, and it seems slightly redundant to say "All's quiet; no noise is heard." Some allowances, however, must be made for rhythm.

In *The Bessie Tift Journal* for October appears the best essay seen on our exchange table. It is eighteen pages long, taking up half of the space for literary matter, but scarcely less could be given to so extensive a subject, "The Spiritual Conception of Milton in 'Paradise Lost' as Compared with that of Shakespeare in the Four Great Tragedies." The introduction, contrasting the age in which Milton lived with that of Shakespeare, is an especially good piece of exposition. "Like the other, it was an intense age of patriotism; but where the cry had been
'Long live the Queen' it was now 'Down with the King.'
* * * It was an age when men were preparing to die, rather than to live to their fullest capacity.” The story, “Bobby’s Star,” is attractive and interesting, but isn’t it overdrawn? The child’s talk is a little far-fetched, and the mother’s return should not be so abrupt. “War,” despite its exceedingly comprehensive subject, is good verse.

The Isaqueena for November is a very good magazine. The best of the poems—in fact, the best of any of the articles—is the sonnet “To Rheims.” Sonnets are usually difficult to handle, and artificial. Even when the thought is clear to the writer, it is hard to get it into a set form; but the composer of “To Rheims” has a delicate touch, which softens the stiff form of expression, and her words fall easily into the required mold, with no false or forced rhymes. “Defiance” is also good, but it uses poetic license to the extent of vagueness. The stories, on the whole, are rather amateurish. The theme of “Love and a Jet Setting” is unusual, and decidedly unreal. It is well written, though, if that will atone for the theme. “The Sword of the Marquis” is rather too ambitious a tale to be confined to three pages. It is obliged to sound choppy. The one essay is clear and well written—an interesting subject treated in an interesting manner. The editorials are good, but more than one-fourth of this space should be given to college topics. The main purpose of the editorial page in a college magazine is to deal with college matters, as it is often the only place where such affairs may be discussed.

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