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TO A LITTLE BIRD.


Oh, little bird, upon the wing,
How gaily now you seem to sing!
Oh, little bird, thou mindest me
Of what is now but memory.

Sing on, my friend; how glad you sing!
And warble to approaching spring!
But days for me have swiftly sped,
And memory's flower is long since dead.

Thou, little bird, the winter cold
Can naught of terror for thee hold.
But each new year shall bring its spring,
And each new season hear thee sing.

Oh, little bird, up in the sky;
Oh, happy life that passes by!
Could I but learn thy secret power—
To find a joy in every hour!
It came about, after this, that, week after week, each morning found me in the little shop—usually, I must admit, at times when Pere Ferrier was away, for I soon learned that his hours of absence were as unchanging as the seasons. I feared no interruption from Ronsard, busy with his rehearsals all the forenoon, and frequently in the afternoon also. And thus, free to toy with a heart as I might, shall I confess that, in pioneer spirit, I frankly enjoyed my whimsy of laying bare the secrets it guarded and sensing out feelings which, I might flatter myself, were kindlier than the purely platonic? It was clear, too, (and this caused me no little concern) that her dislike—nay, her aversion—to Ronsard was growing beyond all concealment; whereupon the temptation came to me to absent myself altogether, but my meetings with Zazelle had become my one by-the-way diversion, which I was wholly loath to resign. Mo­selle, as I have already explained, gave me no more cause for worry than last month’s toothache or the mumps I had had when a brat.

Meanwhile, however, other matters began to disturb. My purse was growing alarmingly thin, and I began to feel the pinch of poverty for the first time in my reckless existence. Two months I lived famously, so to speak, but the third I had to confine myself to paying the rent for my room, and stinting myself at cheap restaurants, dining on coarse fare, and sparingly. I might borrow of Ronsard, to be sure, but this I was ashamed to do, and to shun my rich friends had now become an article of faith. I had schooled myself against any bread-winning, just to spite the “old man”; and my confidence was unshaken that I might any day see in the papers a reward for news of my where­abouts. Change of diet or my care-worn expression must have
caught the eye of Zazelle, for one unlucky day she importuned me so strongly that I was rash enough to make a clean breast of my straits. And, behold, the child wept and refused to be comforted (despite the fact that I swore the privations were of my own seeking, and would be maintained to the last ounce of my heart's core) until I consented to eat the food set aside for their supper. Why it didn't choke me I have yet to discover, but that night I firmly resolved never to enter the shop again, and, to protect me for the moment, I borrowed a small sum from Ronsard, who, poor innocent, continued to live in his fool's paradise, while he disturbed my peace by telling me of the constant and anxious inquiries of Zazelle.

It might have been two weeks after my last interview with the girl that I noticed one morning an expression of elation on the face of her lover, and, on my asking the cause, he confided to me that Zazelle had made him (almost) perfectly happy, but how he was pledged not to reveal, and no efforts of mine could break down his reserve. When he left I was seized with something like jealousy. Could Zazelle have accepted him, after all she had told me? The mere thought was preposterous. Otherwise, here I had been playing the confidant, well-nigh the lover, and to be replaced so soon in her favor by this young-old scare-crow was ludicrous.

I tossed the whole night through, and the next morning would have gone to see the girl had it not been for my pride. In this dread suspense and unrest several days passed, and my brain was growing clouded and stagnant, when one morning the postman handed me a letter. My heart bounded at the thought that it was from my repentant father, who, by some means, had learned of my abiding place, but a scrutiny of the handwriting sufficed to dampen my hopes. It was a curiously cramped scrawl, unmistakably masculine, but unlike anything I had ever received before. Within this mysterious missive lay a five-dollar bill—nothing more—not a line. Although the relief was timely enough, yet to think of my being an object of charity galled me to the marrow. I was lost in conjectures at once. Ronsard? Nothing would have been more unlike him than this style of giving. Zazelle? But how could she have laid hands on so large a sum?
Her father held close to the strings of the purse, and precious little was in it. I tasted wormwood and gall till night-fall, when, looking once more upon the money, and feeling keenly the gnawings of hunger, I was seized with a perverse desire to avenge myself on the sender by getting rid of it all at one fling, and, instantly, visions of lobsters, planked steak, and cocktails rose in my mind. My mouth watered, and I was off like a flash, with no thought but to appease my desires. Boldly I ventured forth on Canal street, and, entering a restaurant that was by no means the worst, I assumed my former cocky air, seated myself at a table, and was about to pick up the menu, when a hand grasped my shoulder. I started guiltily, looked hastily around in the expectation of seeing myself in the clutches of the law, and saw—my crony and partner in misadventures, George Harrison.

“You old imp of Satan,” he exclaimed hastily, “where have you been, and what have you been doing with yourself? If your creditors hadn’t been so active, and your father so non-committal, we’d ’a’ been dredging the Mississippi for your worthless old carcass. But the old man’s been down, and tinkered up everything, and said he didn’t give a rap [that wasn’t what he said—he “cusses” like a sailor] whether you were ’live or not, and that, like a wharf rat, you’d be mighty apt to come out of your hole when you got famished. Now, where have you been?”

“Well, to tell the truth, I have been out of town on—” I began, grasping his hand cordially, and pulling him down into a chair beside me.

“Tommy-rot! You can’t lie to me, and, besides, there’s no use. I tell you the old man’s paid your debts, and all you need is a little diplomacy, and he’ll eat out of your hand like an incubated chicken. See?”

Finding myself caught as in a trap, I made a clean breast of it, omitting, of course, all reference to my affair with Zazelle. And, after I had “my say out,” came a supper plentifully drenched with champagne, till, finally, inspired by unholy Bacchus, Harrison proposed a trip to the opera.

“Opera!” I exclaimed. “You are mad, man! Moselle goes to the opera, and I wouldn’t have Moselle see me in this garb for all the ‘Fausts’ in creation.”
“How about the troisieme?” he suggested, and I assented; but, strange to say, so pervasive was the wonder-working liquor we had drunk, when we reached the opera George purchased parquet tickets, and in we marched boldly, though somewhat unsteadily, in oblivion of the fact that we were not de rigeur, or unconcerned as to whether we were clad at all, for that matter.

I had been a habitue of the French Opera, but the crassness in which I had been living, and the fumes of the champagne cast a vague wizardry over the scene. As soon as we had taken our seats I gave a swimming stare at the baignoires, where gleamed a blur of creamy throats and arms of the most ravishingly beautiful thoroughbreds, clad, more or less, in the most radiant garments (so it seemed to me) that I had ever rested eyes on; but, before I had scanned half the row, Moselle fell under my vision—not the glowing, alluring Moselle of yore, but a dour Medusa, who returned my bow with a stark stare as bleak as a polar gale; presently her eyebrows rose, and then she became most uncommonly absorbed in what was passing on the stage. Her escort eyed me scornfully, curled his blubber lip, and whispered in her ear.

“Did you get that, Georgie?” I called out recklessly. “Moselle has just petrified me, but I don’t give a cuss. If a girl can’t be constant to a man who’s spent all his daddy’s substance on her, worse luck to her. I don’t want anybody who can’t love me in adversity, in sickness, and in health—eh, George?”

“If that’s the way you look at it,” he returned, in a discreet whisper, “I don’t mind telling you something. Moselle is engaged to that whelp of a beer baron, Schwarzberger, from Chicago, who met her at the races last Christmas. You remember, don’t you?— jackass who wore a monocle and spats, and gum-shoed around, speaking American with a Dutch accent, and thinks Creoles are descended from niggers—the rummy.”

“Remember that son of a sausage eater? I reckon I do,” I rejoined. “I don’t care; he’s welcome to her. Hope she’ll give up flirting, if she won’t give me back my presents. If she don’t behave he can lick her, as far as I’m concerned—eh, George?

“A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
The more you beat ’em the better they be.’’
As George muttered some remonstrance at my lack of gallantry, I, on my part, without another glance at Moselle, transferred my interest to the stage. The setting was splendidly tawdry, in unconscious parody of the scene of earthly pomp and vanity revealed to Faust by his evil genius, Mephistopheles; but it afforded a pretext for the inevitable ballet—the backbone of the evening, as it were. A spacious table, with an épergne of artificial flowers, was covered with vessels of mock gold and silver, loaded with waxen fruit and papière mache viands. On one side sat a stodgy, coarse-featured Faust, while opposite lolled Mephisto, with sly, sardonic smile, looking uncommonly devilish in the dress of the conventional bogey. Houris of singular ugliness, full face, three-quarters, and profile, frisked about in the foreground; antic dancers were giving an amazing exhibition of the endurance of the human toe, while back of the ballet the white-robbed chorus shouted a song of revelry. Now, the choeur of the French Opera is such a shoddy, shambling riff-raff of over-ripe humanity that I usually give the covey but one skimming glance, but this time Fate, or possibly wine, inspired me to ogle the motley crew more closely than of old, and suddenly I caught sight of leaven in the lump—a vision that made me involuntarily utter a disturbing exclamation. Lo and behold! Zazelle, my sweet little innocent Zazelle, was in the chorus. The child was singing, and in her notes I fancied I could detect an ineffable pathos. She looked sad and worn, despite the mockery of her carmine. What did this mean? Could this be the secret that had made Ronsard so happy, and that should have made him unspeakably wretched? In a twinkling the truth lay bare before me. She had entered the chorus to provide me with funds. The evidence was conclusive, for all that transparent deceit of the envelope. My brain set to whirling madly. A great light flashed before me, revealing, for the first time in my life, the full meaning of purity of heart and sublime sacrifice. I was in an anguish of bitterness and remorse.

“What’s the matter?” asked George, marking the pallor of my erstwhile scorching cheek, and attributing it to the aftermath of our supper; “sick, eh, sick?”

“I do feel a little groggy,” I assented, feebly; “let’s get out of this.” I arose and moved unsteadily up the aisle (though I
never felt soberer in my life), to the unpleasant accompaniment of stares and whispers, whose purport was patent enough. On reaching the door a lunatic impulse impelled me to look around. There was Moselle, staring impertinently, and then, as my eyes passed to the stage, I had cause to regret bitterly my folly—Zazelle had seen and recognized me. I saw her quiver, totter, and fall in a faint behind the seat of the still grinning Mephisto. I looked no more, and dashed into the foyer, with George at my heels.

“For Heaven’s sake, nut, are you crazy?” he cried out, as we reached the open. “Don’t you see you’ve played the ‘Old Harry’ before the whole gossiping town? This is the worst yet. So it was that chorus squab that started the rout—the whole business is clear as day now. Why—"

In the cool air of the street I began to rally my wits, while my temper grew hot at his insinuations.

“A fellow can’t help getting sick,” I retorted. “That’s all. I don’t want to hear anything more. I think we had better part for the present. Come to see me to-morrow at No. 421 Bourbon street—421, you hear?”

I headed down an alley, leaving him grumbling and muttering in the middle of the street.

In my lodging at last, I bounded up the stairs to my room, threw myself into a chair, and tried to grope my way from the dizzy mazes of my brain. So Zazelle had done an act of supreme self-sacrifice for an ungrateful wretch who had made her the light-of-love of his idle moments. It was not for all the solicitation and affection of Ronsard, but for the love of me. What was Moselle beside this? She had listened to the tales afloat, despised me, and openly flouted me. But this girl of the people really loved me. Why did social custom make it impossible for me to marry her, and live a happy, hand-to-mouth existence, with a quiver full of——. But the thing was preposterous. Such matches are found in fiction alone. Besides, what of Ronsard? I must set myself right with him, whose confidence I had betrayed. I would see Zazelle. I would urge her to marry him. Then I would disappear, and all would be well. This seemed the only solution. As for myself, I was awakening to the solemn
fact that life is not all merry-making, and that every man must carry his burden. With some semblance of plan in my mind, I was finally able to go to bed and to sleep.

The next morning, as soon as the hour was propitious, I hurried to the shop of Pere Ferrier. My heart smote me as I peered through the window, and saw Zazelle sitting beside the cold stove, with head buried in her hands. Entering softly, I was at her side before she heard my foot-steps.

"Zazelle, Zazelle," I said softly, and instantly she raised her startled eyes, looking so worn and tired. "Zazelle, I don't know how to thank you."

"Oh, you made me so much fear," she stammered, while she seemed to shrink in her seat.

"Zazelle," I continued, "I see it all. You have been noble enough to try to help a poor wretch who is not worthy of your notice, much less of your thoughts. You have made a man of me. I feel you have been the truest friend I ever had, but—" I paused, as I saw the deadly pallor of her face— "but can't you be a plucky little girl, and marry Ronsard? I know you couldn't do better, and you will say so too some day. I hear he is going to make money. So that won't be in the way. Won't you, Zazelle?"

The poor girl burst out crying.

"Oh, I do not love M. Ronsard. I cannot marry wid 'im," she sobbed.

"Zazelle," I persisted, bolstering up my sinking courage, "I'm not the sort you ought to like. I'm going away, maybe forever. Won't you do something that will make me happy, and that will be best for you, too. Marry Ronsard, won't you?"

"You ask me too much. Do you ask me dat, you?"

"Yes, Zazelle, I ask you; won't you listen?"

Never have I seen a look of more poignant and haunting distress than that which now came into her eyes, and I felt sorry, desperately sorry; but the ways of Fate are beyond the understanding of mortals, and, in the light that I had, I was doing the best that I knew.

"I would marry Ronsard, if you tell me to, an' I knew dat you really want me to; but he ees so bete, an'—"
"Zazelle," I interrupted, pressing the hand she made no effort to withdraw, but that lay cold and limp in my own, "Zazelle, you have promised, and may God bless you both. You won't sing in the chorus any more. Good-bye, Zazelle."

I let fall the lifeless hand gently, and, turning, went slowly from the shop, with the sound of her sobs in my ears, stinging me with unspeakable remorse; yet I knew that merciful time heals all wounds.

When I reached "home" again I found George Harrison awaiting me, with a face like the Ides of March; but, pushing him into a seat before he could get out more than a few heartless imprecations, I paced the floor before him, and told him the whole story in the light of the developments of the night before and that morning. At first the scamp was disposed to take the whole matter in jest, but my ardor and seriousness convinced him of my change, and he went to the extreme of offering to undertake an embassy to my father, to hold out the olive branch on my part, and announce my complete and abject capitulation. Several anxious days passed after this, but on the fourth the "Governor" burst in upon me, visibly mollified, but making a desperate effort to keep his crust of ill-humor intact. The upshot of it all was that I was to give up college, for which I had no further stomach, and be put on trial as manager of one of his plantations "up the river." There was one preliminary, however, which had to be observed. To save his face, he demanded that I should make the two bits, if only for a day. So the proud scion of the Bienvilles found himself pursuing the elusive shrimp in Lake Pontchartrain for a mortal six hours, and the scanty result was disposed of with much ceremony, in the presence of my father, to an ancient Creole in the French Market, who had been previously furnished with the purchase money by George Harrison himself—a pious fraud, of which my pater stands in ignorance to this day.

Finally re-established in the paternal good graces, I presented myself as an advocate for Ronsard, and, after much hemming and hawing, the dispenser of favors agreed that, once a month at least, he was to be invited to our village to furnish music at the merry-makings, and was to receive fabulous sums for his pains—a form of charity that would not clash with his pride. I
myself bore the good news to Ronsard, who was already triumphant from a visit to Zazelle, who, he confided to me, had accepted his thirty-fifth proposal the night before, though, as he added, she had done so with a burst of tears that he was at a loss to understand; but now she would be so happy that his increased income would relieve her of the necessity of singing in the choeur. "But," he sighed, in conclusion, "a so bu-ti-ful voice, so exquisite, lost to ze world!"

The next day I turned my back on Moselle and New Orleans, to enter on the career before me, and, strange to say, my good resolves did not desert me, and I continued to grow in favor with the author of my being, to the extent of far more than two bits a day.

Five years had passed before I could make up my mind to visit New Orleans again. The morning after my arrival my steps turned, by a sort of irresistible instinct, to the little shop in Bourbon street. For a moment I hesitated, and then, plucking up heart, peered through the window, and, by the aid of the noon-day glare, I beheld a sight that filled me with more than pleasure. In the same tattered chair sat the old man with the ivory face, criss-crossed with wrinkles, appreciably deeper than before; but a smile, a radiant smile, illumined his parchment face as he looked upon a little one on his knee, while over the child bent Zazelle. Still pretty, she was more matronly, and, frankly, bourgeoise, and, though some might have seen in her face a trace of melancholy, to me it seemed glowing with calm but joyous repose. Verily, time—and motherhood—can heal many wounds. I was tempted to go in, but I thought they were better as they were, so I passed on my way. It may have shown ingratitude, but I think not.

Moselle, I learn, is the mother of twins, Heinz and Fritz, who are not to be sneezed at, and who are as sturdy a pair as you will find on a day's march. Her husband is reported to have come into his brewery birthright, and to have enlarged his girth by a good dozen inches; but, as long as hops are pressed for the refreshment of his countrymen, he will be disgustingly wealthy. Prosit, Mosel!
Sheep-Dog Trials.

Prof. J. M. D. Olmsted.

"AFTER you have seen the Alps, the English Lake District will appear rather insignificant," so I was informed by several Americans who had "done" both the Alps and the English Lakes in one season. Thank goodness—or, rather, Cecil Rhodes—I did not have to do Europe on a Cook's tour; so I had time to digest, partially at least, one experience before nibbling on the next.

The memory of the Alps, far from belittling the English mountains, actually made them more charming by contrast. Velvet green slopes, cushioned with long grass, with now and then a rough crag or boulder for contrast; tiny brooks singing through little valleys, all clothed in green; no stupendous heights, no yawning chasms, everything cozy, with no hint of forbidding majesty. One could never be familiar or intimate with the cold white peaks of the Alps. Their grandeur often oppresses. But the hills and dales and lakes of northern England call to one to come and be chummy. They fairly snuggle into one's affections. Their gentle character is shown in the very animals which nibble their grassy slopes. At the first sight of Grasmere, or Fairfield, or the Langdale Pikes, or Wansfell, one instinctively listens for the "baa" of some woolly lamb, trotting after its shaggy and silly "maa." You might picture fierce, grizzly bears or hardy chamoix in the Alps, but timid sheep are the only fitting complement to a scene in the English Lakes.

It was a cold, rainy day in June, and we were at Ambleside, a charming little slate-roofed village, which ambles over the sides of the hills above Lake Windermere. Even the rain was not an aggressive downpour, but a timid and complaining drizzle. We had dined on mutton (per usual), and were gathered at the bay window—three Rhodes scholars on vacation bent. Our landlady was removing the remains of our meal, which, according to the custom, was to furnish her own dinner. She had been very apt
at suggesting places to go and things to do, so we inquired what
could be done to make life more endurable on such a day.

"Why not go to the Sheep-Dog Trials near Rydal Mount?"

"Certainly! Sheep-Dog Trials. Just the thing. But, by
the way, just what are they?"

Our landlady was not good on explanations, but it "listened
so well" that we donned our raincoats and slouch hats, and set
out in the thin drizzle. We went down the hill to the main road,
on past the ivy-clad cottage, which Harriet Martineau had named
"The Knoll" during her residence there, until we came in sight
of Rydal Mount. Here, you remember, Wordsworth lived from
1817 until his death in 1850. We turned from the road into a
grassy lane, lined with the usual two-wheeled carts. In England
a wagon is taxed by the number of wheels it bears, hence one
seldom sees other than the two-wheeled variety. Straight ahead
of us, at the end of the shallow valley, lay Rydal Hall, the seat
of the Le Flemmings, one of whom was famous in the early part of last
century as "the wife-beating squire." A group of people were
sitting on improvised benches to our left, or standing behind them.
In front of the spectators the land sloped down into the shallow
valley, through which a brook ran parallel with the line of benches.
A temporary fence extended along the foot of the slope, and,
straight in front of the spectators, a narrow gate in this fence
opened on to a bridge of planks over the brook. Beyond the
bridge there rose a rolling hill, with clumps of trees carefully en-
closed by fences. Half way up the hill was a red flag, and, higher
up, but to the right, were two white flags, fifteen feet apart.

Several events had already taken place before we arrived,
and we heard comments on Jeem's Betty and Garge's Bob, which
evidently were favorites. Most of the people were farmers, and
the Westmoreland and Cumberland dialects seemed a foreign
language to us. Several auto loads of the gentry formed a lively
party in front, and the subdued, deferential manner of the farmer
class about them forcibly reminded one of England's iron-bound
class system.

An old farmer, with a brick red face, mottled with blue veins,
and surrounded by a halo of white whiskers, was loosing two dogs
from their strings in front of the crowd. One was an ordinary
shepherd dog, such as we know, black and white, rather long hair, thin body, and long, intelligent face. The other was a true English sheep dog, of that same type that Scott tells of in the opening chapters of "Ivanhoe"—a dirty white, round, curly-haired dog, which resembled these toy dogs our idle rich women are supposed to fondle in lieu of children, and the cloth likeness of which our poorer classes take a chance on at Coney, only this dog was some twenty times as large as the toy kind.

At that moment, from behind one of the clumps of trees, way over on the hill across the brook, came six frightened sheep, looking first in one direction, then in another, while two corduroyed farm hands yelled and swung their hats at them.

"Goo oop, laads!" (Go up, lads!) shouted the old farmer, as he saw the sheep.

The dogs bounded through the gate, across the brook, and up the hill, one to the right, the other to the left of the sheep. The sheep eyed them a moment, then turned tail, and broke into a run up the hill. The old man excitedly waved his hat, and yelled, "Go on, lads!"

The two dogs fairly flew over the ground, and, in a moment, were on the far side of the sheep, which now stopped running and looked around irresolutely.

"Go down, Danny!" yelled the old farmer. The black dog, which was slightly to the left of the sheep, sank to the ground on the spot.

"Come on, Bess!" and the shaggy dog started toward the sheep, which now ran down the hill in the direction of the white flag.

"Come on, Danny!" and he blew a shrill blast on a whistle. Both dogs were now running a little behind the sheep, and out a short distance on either side. Straight down the hill, headed towards the white flags, swept the whole troup. Another whistle, and the dogs closed in slightly. The sheep gave a bound straight between the white flags.

"Neat work, that," I heard beside me; but I was too interested to turn around.

"Come on, Bess!" and Bess, who was to the right, came on faster up beside the sheep. They turned almost at a right angle, and nearly started back up the hill.
"Go down, Bess! Come on, Danny!" Bess dropped in her tracks, tongue hanging out of her mouth, while Danny scooted ahead. The sheep veered round, and flew down the hill, passing the red flag on their left.

"Come on, lads!" Sheep and dogs bounded across the bridge, through the gate, and came to a stand-still almost at the feet of the spectators.

The farmer now separated the sheep into two lots of three. One lot he and Bess drove into a corner in the fence. Bess lay down across the angle, and kept her three sheep penned up there for the next fifteen minutes. Then Danny and the old man steered the other three sheep toward a little pen off to the right. This pen was triangular, just big enough for three or four sheep, and with an opening through which only one sheep could pass at a time.

Carefully the old farmer shooed the three bewildered sheep towards the opening, waving his arms gently. An inch at a time they advanced, while Danny wriggled along on his stomach. Ah! too fast. One of the silly sheep made a bolt. Away went Danny, and, in two minutes, he had them all back again before the pen. The other lot of sheep got restless during this performance, but Bess was equal to her task, meeting their every move with a twist of her body that seemed effectual in keeping them in their corner.

Inch by inch, towards the opening of the pen, moved the three sheep. One stuck its nose inside. The spectators were breathless; and I found myself pushing my neighbor in my anxiety to help that foolish sheep into the pen. It reminded me of those puzzles of our childhood, where we had half a dozen little marbles to put into certain holes by tilting the board or tapping it gently, and, in our eagerness to get the last especially aggravating and refractory marble in its hole, we gave too hard a shake, and they all came tumbling out.

Ah! one goes in. Inch by inch the others come nearer. The second sheep decides to enter. Biff! away goes the third, with Danny after it, while the old farmer stands guard over the two. Fool sheep! Danny has it back before the pen, but it insists upon standing sideways to the opening.
“Inch along, Danny. Good! headed right. Now, get in there.”

“Time,” shouts an important-looking individual, with a glance at the stop-watch in his hand.

The crowd breathes again. Our muscles relax. The farmer calls Bess, and, patting both dogs, he ties them together again, while they lick his hands, and seem to ask, “Didn’t we do our part all right, master?” and, as he leads them away, he shakes his head, and mutters something very like “That last d—-d sheep.”

Such are the Sheep-Dog Trials in the English Lakes. One would hardly believe that dogs could be so well trained. Their intelligence is uncanny. That they should be able to drive six silly sheep between two flags, fifteen felt apart, then back up around another flag, and down through a gate towards a crowd of people, and their master shouting directions on another hill, seemed very marvelous to us.

We did not wait to see the prizes awarded, as the drizzle was coming harder, but hastened back to our cozy open fire (although it was June), and—ah! it makes me home-sick—to a good English tea!
'Tis all in vain thou beat'st thy wings
Against the pane. Thy fiercest stings
Avail but little—yea, and naught,
Thy humming cease, Bee—thou art caught.

And wouldst thou linger never more
In this, a room of learning's store?
Nay, thou art like a host of men
Who love the fields, the moor, the fen.

Before your gaze the bright world lies,
Bathed in the sunlight of the skies.
The autumn colors deck the trees,
And fragrance floats upon the breeze.

I blame thee not, thou bumble-bee;
Would that we both were ever free!
To roam the fields, to sip the flower,
To rob the sweetness of the bower.

A life to live from dull care free—
But I am caught as well as thee,
Fast in the mesh of learning’s snare,
Whilst all about the world is fair.

Now thou hast found an opening there—
A portal to an autumn rare!
Thou buzzing prisoner, thou art gone,
And I am left alone, forlorn.
HE music room was stifling. A young exponent of frivolity was endeavoring to evidence some Vienna training by a laborious rendition of one of Beethoven's sonatas.

The woman over in a big leather rocker in the corner, disgusted, tossed back on the table her choice of the "six-best sellers," rose in a grandiose manner, yawned so perceptibly that a young man seated near the piano smiled, and, with the most fashionable glide, passed out into the hall. She removed from a jumble of human apparel a light, black silk cape, flung it over her bare shoulders, opened a door, and softly stepped out into the June moonlight. At the edge of the piazza she paused, and breathed deep the scent of roses which perfumed the air. She stooped and tenderly plucked a bud from the bush that was climbing up to the piazza's edge. Slowly she dulled the thorns, and fastened it in her hair, then she descended the stone steps, and glided across the lawn, humming a little melody. At last, after a weary day of conventionality, she was alone, with no rules of etiquette to follow.

House parties were stupid things anyhow, she was thinking. She brushed against a rose-bush, hesitated a moment, carefully removing the thorns from the silken folds of her skirts. Suddenly she caught her breath, and, half releasing the rose branches, listened. From somewhere near her, barely audible above the pandemonium of murdered sonata, came a man's voice. It was only a mumble, but to her most familiar. She straightened, gently released the branches of the rose-bush, and, like a snake, moved quietly in the direction of the voice. She halted behind a low cedar, and just then the piano ceased its discord. She did not know she was so near the bench, but a few steps further and she would have been by it. She listened.

"If Maud were all that she seemed,
If Maud were not deceit,
Then the world would not be so bitter,
But her smile could make it sweet."
The woman behind the tree heard the voice pitched low and semi-passionate. She nodded her head as though affirming something to herself. Then she heard a woman's laugh—half teasing, half forced. The man spoke again.

"Why do you laugh? Is it because I have not quoted my friend Tennyson correctly? I am not a litterateur, you know."

The woman laughed again—a short laugh this time.

"But isn't she all that she seems?"

"Are you?" he answered. There was a pause. "I remember how you persisted in teasing me long years ago. How do I know—"

"You've only been married two years."

"Long years ago," he repeated, emphasizing the "long years." "How do I know you are not now? You know how I am situated—married. You know that I am a Rolins and a gentleman; that I have always loved you—do yet—always will—there's no question about it! But—I have pledged certain vows to my wife—and I am a gentleman. You see?"

"Surely, Jack," she replied, low voiced. "Our lives have been so messed up. Don't you know? I—I used to think you were only talking as all men talk to us women, who more or less enjoy it. I was mistaken. You—you are different, somehow. Why couldn't I see it all then. I didn't believe you. Now—"

"Now you do?"

The dictionary has given me no word which exactly resembles her answer. But the woman behind the cedar heard it—and its language was understood. As she had come, she stole back to the house, and entered.

The next evening, as Jack Rolins came up the front walk, hot and perspiring after a hotly-contested tennis tournament, his wife met him, and walked up to the house with him.

"I wish you'd come up to my rooms to-night, Jack—I want to talk to you. I'll be writing letters until about 11 o'clock. Call about that time."

The match which he was raising to his cigarette passed a few inches from its tip.

"Why—why sure—Kathleen," he said, surprised. "Anything important?"
“Rather,” she replied, smiling peculiarly, “yes, very important, or I should not ask you.”

“All right. Eleven, huh? Be there.”

He stopped on the steps to light the cigarette, and his wife hurried into the house to dress for dinner. The rest of the evening he pondered deeply. He could not concentrate on anything. Hal Dalton won four straight games of billiards from him, and Dalton was a rotten player. But what in the world could the woman want? Truly, they had not been very congenial of late. He had done his best to make her happy, but when a man does not care for a woman, how can he always be patient and loving? Perhaps she had ceased to care for him. Good! Then they could mutually agree to be divorced, and the only woman he ever—pipe dreams! No such luck! Some little affair of next week’s society program, of course, was all she wished to discuss. Could it be that she suspected? No, he had played his little game too carefully. But, as he climbed the stairs that night, he remembered her peculiar smile—and wondered.

As he neared her door he heard her playing her mandolin. She was tinkling away softly on a little Spanish melody he had heard some months ago in Madrid. When did she learn it? Beautiful! He rapped on the door. Almost immediately the door opened.

“Come in, Jack,” she said. “I’ve been waiting some time. Wasn’t in the writing mood some way, so I was entertaining myself with my mandolin. Sit down.”

She sat down in a rocker, leaned back, her hands clasped behind her head, and gazed steadily at him. He had seated himself in a Morris chair, and was puffing fiercely at his pipe.

“Well?” he questioned, at length.

“Well,” she answered, “I heard you.”

“ Heard me? Don’t get you. Heard me when?—what?”

“Oh, yes, you get me all right,” she said, smiling pathetically. “I eaves-dropped, Jack—and know all about it. A case of the old sweetheart coming up. Natural, of course. You never cared for me—you intimated so. Didn’t you? And—you kissed her—didn’t you? And you want her now, don’t you, Jack?”

His face had changed to a dull red. He was shifting about
in his chair. Shamefacedly he asked, "Where were you?"

"Within ten feet of you—behind the cedar. Oh, there's no use of all this, Jack. You are tired; it's been proved. You want to begin again. I don't blame you, dear. You have not loved me, and you played up to the Rolins' standard anyhow. You were—what do you say? A 'sport'—a good sport. I appreciate it, dear. I loved you—do now, of course. I am not angry, only disappointed. You have done as I should like to have done. Had I loved another man, I should have desired to keep it from you—keep you even from suspecting, for fear it would ruin your happiness. I—I am disappointed, that's all. 'Our lives have been so messed up,'" she repeated the other woman's words. He started, hearing her.

"Forgive me," he begged.

"Surely, Jack," she whispered. "You've been a good sport—a gentleman. But we can't go on so. Do you think I'd allow you to remain with me under the circumstances? No—hardly. I love you too much. A divorce, of course."

"As you say."

"You should desire it—I know. See? It's criminal to go on so. If I had not ventured out last night I should still be happy and believing. But—"

He had risen, had knocked the ashes from his pipe, and was stowing it away in the pocket of his smoking jacket.

"You will apply for a divorce—when?"

"As soon as I can, of course. You should wish it."

"As you say. Good night."

He stretched out his arms, and, with tears stealing from her eyes, she went to him. He kissed her tenderly, held her close a moment, then, "Good night, Kathleen."

"Good night, Jack."

She listened at the door until she heard him start down the stairs. Then, half laughing, half crying, she ran across to the window and drew aside the heavy curtains.

"You heard, Bob? It's all right. I can get a divorce, without his suspicion."

Bob drew her to him, kissed her passionately, and answered;
"I'm glad. Jack's my friend. You treated him square. Without suspicion! It's better so. Now he'll always respect you."

And soon Rolins, far down the hall, heard music, and stopped. It was a mandolin, tinkling softly a little Spanish melody he'd heard some months ago in Madrid. Beautiful! When did she learn it? He wondered.

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TO AN IDEAL.

J. B. M., '18.

In a land just over yonder,
Where the rhododendrons grow,
Where the daisies bloom profusely,
And the dashing brooklets flow—

Where the sky is always azure,
And the mountains always tall,
Where the flowers that bloom in spring-time
Linger fondly until fall—

There's a girl of rarest beauty,
Slender, graceful, eyes of blue,
And her hair is like the moonbeams,
And her lips are rubies two.

She's the fairest little maiden
That adorns this land of mine.
May her heart be faithful ever,
For I worship at its shrine!
If one will walk up any busy street in any of our large cities he will need no guide to show him the later type of my subject—the cow-boy of fiction. There was a time when he was met only in novels, mostly the so-called "dime novel" sort. Then, when this fad had soured on the palate of a restless and lazy audience, the moving-picture inventor came with his skill, and revived, with even greater vividness, the passing hero of print. He is not wholly the creature of the imagination, for, if one will ride the plains of the West, he will see the real man—the cow-boy of fact—in his native haunts. Don't go expecting to recognize him from his portraits and pictures, however, for, as the flesh-and-blood man has conquered nature, and come more and more under the influence of culture and commercialism, he has grown quieter, more subdued; while his Eastern brother, under the spur of demand, has run the very gauntlet of possible and impossible experiences, becoming ever wilder as writers have vied with each other and facilities for portrayal have developed. The poor man of book and stage experiences more terror and excitement in one day than his ancestor does in six months. He rises in the morning to the tune of buckshot, and eats his breakfast while his shanty burns about his head and his enemies plan how they shall put him out of his misery. Then he rushes out, routs the whole gang, spends the forenoon in capturing, single-handed, about twenty ruffians, and takes his time in the afternoon relieving them of the burden of existence. He then returns and rebuilds his house, marries his sweetheart, becomes rich, and, having nothing further to do, decides to write home for evening pastime. Verily, none but a man of paper and ink could endure so much, and none but an audience of Eastern thick-heads could even endure to be bored by his presence.

If one will ride among the virile sons of the plains—ride among them to share their life and learn their character—he will be struck by the appearance of the man and his environment. Hun-
dreds of miles of untouched prairie stretch out before him. Thousands of cattle roam that vast area, feeding on the grass, and drinking of the water which nature supplies. The spring time sees the yearly recurrence of tempest and tornado, bringing death and waste where carelessness has crept in. Summer sees the fierce glow of the torrid sun, unrelieved by tree or mountain, untempered by lake or ocean, beat down and scorch the very grass, until it has always a semi-baked appearance. Rarely is the prairie green and fresh, except in the spring, before the early grass and flowers have felt the heat of the summer sun. Often terrible fires are caused by the heat of the sun as it shines upon some bottle or bit of glass lying in the tinder-like grass. Autumn comes early, with snow, sleet, and ice. Winter stays long, and never flags in its severity, leaving death where man was insufficiently supplied with food or fuel. Thus stern Nature yields him no repose, and, to conquer this rugged climate, he must seek none.

Man raises his sheep for the market, and the wolf comes to tear and devour. He guards them from the wolf, and the prairie dog settles in vast numbers, and destroys hundreds of acres of pasture land. He takes them beyond the range of the prairie dog, and the more deadly rattle-snake meets him and his charge. If he guards them safely from these dangers, there are many terrible plagues which sweep off hundreds, and even thousands, of animals before it can be checked. Whether he chooses to raise one or another kind of stock, he is met on every side by varied and lurking dangers, and, when he has nursed them safely over all, he finds the market far away, and it offers little when he gets there. Therefore, let no one suppose that the life of the cow-boy is a holiday. Face to face with death in a hundred forms—but not the forms mentioned in novels—he becomes stern, fearless, quiet, and forceful. He is not a coward, but neither is he a villain nor a brigand. He is foremost among all the ranks of men in those noble qualities which are most highly prized.

The lonely prairies—for they are lonely—instil into the man of saddle and lasso a sort of dreary melancholy, which is relieved only by the simple and often tragically scanty home. Sometimes it is no more than a pony and a dog, or again it is a wife, and perhaps a child or two, who make the perpetual night of solitude
brighter. I well remember a noble little messenger pony who laid down her life for her master. For about a week she bore him over plain and hill, rarely dropping below a gallop, until, at last, one morning she was found stark and cold. She would not stop while life lasted. Is it any wonder that the cow-boy is attached to his mount. They are chums, these two, in a land where human friendship is all too rare. Gruff and hardy from the ceaseless strain, blunt and unpolished from the isolation, the cow-boy is yet a kindly and manly fellow, with a big and human heart.

A simple life is satisfied with simple enjoyments. Indeed, the man of the plains is better content with the gossip of the campfire or the card game, or to smoke about the tent by moonlight, than is the man of the world amid all his boasted civilization and variety of pleasures. A daily round of caring for the stock by summer and winter, and of seeking simple amusements with his simple companions, have made of the cow puncher one of the most steady and dependable types of men to be found.

I would not paint too bright a picture of this son of the plains. But I would do him justice in the face of the evil that has been spoken of him in story and picture. Necessity makes him stern and fearless, and the same rule makes him generous and trusty. He is not a coward, and believes every one to be alike brave. He frequently goes armed, but not as depicted in story. He despises long and useless delays in rendering justice, but rarely takes the law in his own hands. Indeed, the city mob is more violent and more frequent in its fury than the cow-boy.

Such is the man of the saddle. What a contrast with the same man as seen through the eyes of the novelist and the motion-picture stager. There he is seen on his horse, riding wildly and fearlessly, killing or being killed, stealing or being robbed, fighting and inflicting his own ready-made justice with a cold-bloodedness which only an Easterner could read and pretend to partially believe. The life as depicted by “Buffalo Bill” and the other “Wild West” shows is false. They may not deceive the thinking man, but they are none the less untrue, and they do deceive many. Dashing and cruel is the cow-boy of story; fearless, brave, and kindly is the cow-boy of life. Full of unreal events and examples
of the impossible experiences is the life of the novel, but ordinary
and quiet is the existence of the real man. A hater of all that is
pure, or a passionate lover of beauty is the trend of the author;
but the character of life is neither brute nor slave—he is just a
man!

Now the steady march of progress across the prairie has
nearly eliminated the need of the cow-boy. With the need has
gone the man. He was good for his time, but the new day sees
little of his old-time life and peculiar experiences—things which
distinguished him for all time as a character to be studied and
loved. He is gone, but the memory of him remains. His off-
spring, however—the man of fancy and revolvers—still lives in
book and on the stage. The need of the latter has not perished,
and so he remains. And, as the need determines the time of
their existence, so also, coupled with the power of creation, it
determines the character of the product.
THE WOULD-BE SUICIDE.

Moses Gellman, '17.

When George Washington Redd fell in love, he said he couldn't help it. Such innocent eyes she had, and such angelic countenance, which seemed only to interpret pure and gentle thoughts. According to Redd himself, you would have done the same thing if you had but seen her. And so they were married. Congratulations, Mr. Redd, congratulations!

'Twas a different story now, and what a transformation! Those innocent eyes now had a sinister, piercing glance; that angelic countenance was now one of frowns, and expounded commands austere and monarchial. As the bright stars at night disappear upon the advent of morn, so did all of George's thoughts and hopes of future bliss. Many of his fondest and most cherished ambitions, which would add so much to their domestic harmony, were held up, examined, and immediately cast aside by her, much to the displeasure of George, who was judicious enough not to offer the slightest word of disapprobation. Yes, quickly she became president, general manager, boss, treasurer, and board of directors of this household—in short, George was a hen-pecked husband.

It was about this time that a revolution seemed rife in Redd's heart. He often brooded, when alone, over his sorrowful plight, and conjectured why he should be thus tortured. What had he done to deserve all of this? He didn't know. Perhaps he was one of the children of the third or fourth generations, who was now being paid for the iniquity of his forefathers. But, whatever the cause, the effect remained unchanged.

"Yes, I'm going to do it. I'm going to put an end to it all." That's just what he said, and repeated it, in the hope that the words might strengthen him in his determination. He never had a chance to argue with his wife, but he could argue with himself.

"Here I am, a good, strong, able-bodied man. I work all
day, but for what? When it comes to having any say in matters, she has it all. What’s the use of living, to be bossed around all day, and by a woman, too! Once, at least, Redd was going to have his own way—once in his whole married career; and it was on this occasion that he resolved to shake off this yoke of tyranny and oppression. No doubt he thought of “When in the course of human events it becomes necessary,” etc.

Late in the afternoon George sneaked out of the house, unnoticed by his domineering spouse, and rode off to “Hicks’ Corner,” the country store. Around the stove sat farmers, listening, with ears pricked, to some hair-raising tale, told by one of those long, lean, lanky, loose-limbed looking fellows, whose effusions were accompanied by various illustratory gesticulations of joy or sorrow, fright or pain, as the case demanded. No one noticed George as he purchased “it.” On his way out he paused, merely to avert suspicion—as if any of his friends suspected anything. He experienced an inner conscious fear that accompanies a deed of mysterious purpose done by a novice. He soon left this gay, unsympathetic crowd, and, in his simple mind, contrasted his sad plight to the pure blessedness of this care-free bunch.

As he was mounting his horse to return home, George heard some one calling him. He turned, and saw riding towards him a darkey, one of his friend’s hired men. When he reached George he told him that Mr. Scriggs, his employer, was dying, and wanted to see him; it was absolutely necessary for George to hurry, as Scriggs was almost gone.

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“Too late, Redd,” announced the town doctor, as George hurriedly entered the room. “He died about five minutes ago.” In the presence of the dead no more was said, but, when they were seated about the kitchen stove in the next room, their conversation naturally turned to the deceased, his peculiarities, his ways, his merits—the dead have no faults. And, naturally enough, too, the doctor would explain to Redd the cause of his friend’s death.

“Yes, Redd,” he began, “that disease has surely taken a few away from us this season. There’s Scriggs there; he had a pain in his side, and paid no attention to it. When it grew worse he
tried to cure it himself. The pain grew and grew until—well, they’ll bury him this week, all on account of that pain.”

“You people,” he continued, in the same admonishing tone, his voice rising by degrees, as if a climax to his preceding remarks was now to be reached, “yes, you people who get a pain right over your heart—a sharp, burning pain, which grows larger and larger, and finally covers your whole side, had better watch out, for it’s a pretty sure sign instantaneous pneumonia has got you.”

It was night when George set out on horse-back for home. It was just the kind of night on which slim Ichabod Crane encountered his ghost. Redd’s mind was perturbed with the unpleasant circumstance of his friend’s untimely demise, plus the contemplation of the deadly deed he was to perform upon his arrival home. He could find nothing to soothe his tense, morbid, reflective imaginings. He looked up, and saw the pale, wistful moon looking down, and, as he thought, pitying him. He looked forward, and saw utter darkness—darkness, and nothing more. He turned his eyes to the side, and the same moon had cast her gloomy rays upon the tall trees, giving a ghastly, ghostly raiment to standing objects in the distance. Such a doleful surrounding, and how they blended with his more dismal cares! Unconsciously, moved by a sort of innate timorousness, he plied his spurs vigorously into his horse’s flanks. His old mare—as unconcerned a creature as has ever been shod—jogged along, shaking and bouncing George up and down, up and down, when—

“Hello, what’s this?” said George aloud. He put his hand up to his heart. He had plenty of reason for doing it, for he felt an acute pain. Like a flash the words of the doctor glared before his eyes like the writing on the wall: “You people who get a pain right over your heart—a sharp, burning one, * * * had better watch out, for it’s a sure sign you got it.”

George now was so frightened, and dug his heels so unmercifully into his horse’s side, that she too was now become affected by the atmosphere of uncanniness. The horse was now galloping along at full speed, and the faster she went the larger the area of the burning spot became. George’s friend, Spriggs, had just died of it. Then there were the doctor’s symptoms. Yes, he had it, and he was a doomed man.
"Oh, God," he cried out, "spare me! Spare me 'till I get home; let me die at home." In the few more minutes there remained for him to get home he recited every prayer he had ever learned, wherein he invoked the Almighty to protect, preserve, shield, and, many times more, to spare him.

Finally he reached home, burst through the gate, and flew across the yard, up to the front door. Here he stumbled headlong into the door, and lay there upon the floor. In succession he moaned, groaned, and, when he could bear the pain no longer, he screamed aloud.

"What's the matter here?" thundered Mrs. Redd, who, when she heard all of the noise, came forth from the kitchen.

"Oh, I've got it; I've got it."

"Land sakes alive! Got what?"

"My side, my side! it's burning up!"

Mrs. Redd quickly but coolly unbuttoned George's coat, and there, in his inside pocket, directly over his heart, was an uncorked bottle. The vest and shirts had been eaten away, and his bare skin was exposed. She tore the soft clothes away, and there beheld a large red blister, covering his whole left side.

"Say, you crank, what are you doing with an uncorked bottle of carbolic acid in your pocket?" demanded Mrs. George.

"Why—oh—I bought it to—to—to disinfect the pig-pens."
GLIMPSES OF AN UNUSUAL WRITER.

L. E. K., '18.

Occasionally, while reading great literary productions, it is much better to forget entirely the author; but in some instances this is impossible, for, by the unmistakable presence of his own personality in his writings, he is constantly kept in mind. Thus it is with the works of Oliver Goldsmith. While they are read with full appreciation of their literary value, still their deepest interest seems to lie in the imbibed character of him who gave them form; and, although we recognize the genius of the author, even more forcibly do we feel the sympathetic nature of the man.

The life of Goldsmith was an unusual one; there were periods of prosperity, and long periods of poverty—times when, either because of carelessness, indolence, or excessive generosity, he was without money, food, or shelter. But some one always came to his rescue with provisions, for he had a way of making friends, despite his ludicrously ugly appearance, his short, thick body, and pock-marked face.

He was born on the 10th of November, 1728, in the little Irish hamlet of Pallasmore. His father, Charles Goldsmith, was a poor country parson, a man of great simplicity, piety, and lack of knowledge of the outside world. Oliver was his second son, and his father's intended kindness in gratifying the child's every desire did much to make Oliver Goldsmith the whimsical, reckless man that he became. The family home in Pallasmore had the honorable distinction of being "haunted," and, though young Oliver was of English blood, the early influence of his Irish neighbors, with their tales of "good people," or fairies and goblins, had a lasting effect on his imagination and fancy.

His education was begun at the early age of three years, when he was put in charge of an old village dame, who, perhaps, had taught his grandfather. This noble woman complained of the dullness of her young pupil, as did many of his later masters, although they were all fond of him. But the steady, monotonous
grind of school life, where he was forced to study mathematics and ethics, which he despised, was a bitter experience to the fanciful child, who, before he was eight years old, had been found scribbling rhymes on his tablet backs. His tutor at the time was Thomas Byrne, who, himself of a poetic temperament, was perhaps the inspiration of the boy's precocity of making verse.

When Oliver's mother learned of his ability along this line, she begged her husband to give him as many advantages as were necessary for a literary career, and, although his elder brother Henry's college expenses at that time were a drain on the poor man's purse, the father procured the best of tutors for the promising poet, and at last sent him to Trinity College, in Dublin.

At Trinity he was entered as a "poor scholar," and, being a boy of a sensitive nature, the black robe and cap without a tassel, which were a mark of his inferior position, placed him at a great disadvantage among the other students. But, notwithstanding his handicaps, he won many friends because of his amiability and generosity. While there a story was told of him by one of his fellow students, who had found him in his bed one morning immersed in feathers, after having given his coat and blanket to a poor widow with five children, who had appealed to his sympathies.

Before he graduated from Trinity his father died, and only because of his Uncle Contarine's kindness was he able to stay for his diploma, which he received at the foot of his class. After his graduation he spent some time in idleness, and, with two Trinity friends, led a gay life. During this time his favorite place of amusement was the club of "The Three Jolly Pigeons," made famous in Tony Lumpkin's drinking song in "She Stoops to Conquer"—

"Then come put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout—
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons forever."

At length, however, to please his family, he consented to read for the ministry. But, after his preparation, he was not accepted by the bishop, and it is thought that the bishop's reason for refusing to ordain him was that he thought Goldsmith was attired too gaudily in a pair of new scarlet breeches.
Following this failure, "poor Goldy," as he was called, made various trials at law, medicine, and teaching, but, being unsuccessful in each, finally started out to travel and to see the world. In February, 1775, "with one clean shirt and no money in his pocket," he began his famous vagabond life. In the company of his flute, he wandered through France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, playing a tune for a few shillings, to buy himself bread or to provide some shelter for a night. In his writings he tells us of the time when,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po,"

he pursued his weary way.

During this "Bohemian period of obscurity," when his flute failed him he wrote street ballads, which he sold for five shillings each. He felt such a love for even these rough songs, written in his time of need, that he would wander through the streets at night to hear them sung, and to find out the popular opinion of their worth.

After several years he returned to England, and again tried medicine. Again he failed. His next attempt was the writing of a tragedy, which proved worthless; but "Goldy" was not utterly discouraged. Then he became an usher in a boys' boarding school, and soon produced another literary work, which suffered the fate of his tragedy. His next occupation was that of a bookseller's hack, and that time his pen produced a real contribution to literature in "The Citizen of the World," a satire on English society and its weaknesses, supposedly written by a Chinaman. This brought him some fame, and Smollet, the novelist; Burke, the statesman, and Johnson, the literary lion of the time, became his friends.

Johnson tells this story of Goldsmith, illustrating his carelessness and extravagance. He had realized a goodly sum from the sale of "The Citizen of the World," but in a short time had used it all up on fine clothes and costly apartments. One day Johnson was sent a message to come to him immediately. This he did, and found his dejected friend surrounded by officers of the law, who had come to arrest him for not paying his rent. Johnson straightway took the manuscript of "The Vicar of
Wakefield," which he had been allowed to read, to a near-by bookseller, and sold it for sixty pounds, which he gave to Goldsmith for his rent, and the officers were sent away.

This last book, a picture of Oliver's father, created quite a sensation, as did later "The Good-Natured Man," which was a picture of the great writer himself. His next triumph was the publication of "The Deserted Village," closely followed by his election to the then famous Literary Club. Some of the members of the club failed to appreciate Goldsmith, for they never ceased to jeer at his ludicrous appearance and awkward manners, but we have Johnson's opinion of his abilities in his own words: "No man is more foolish than Goldsmith when he has not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he has."

"She Stoops to Conquer," the author's last production, was written about one of his own experiences, as were many of his other works. When a lad of sixteen he was returning from college to his home in Lissog. In high spirits over traveling alone, and having some money in his pocket, he decided to stop on the way and spend a night at an inn. In a little village he asked where he might find a tavern, and was told by a man, who, amused at the boy's mannish airs, determined to play a joke on him, that on the next farm was "the best house in the place." This house happened to belong to a Mr. Featherstone, but the self-important youth rode in the gate, had his horse taken, entered the parlor, and, to a dismayed gentleman, gave orders for supper. Mr. Featherstone, seeing that there was some joke in the affair, acted the host of the inn until Oliver departed. Great was the boy's mortification when he learned of his mistake.

Although this was only one of his many experiences, and seemingly trifling, nevertheless it has come down to us in the form of a comedy, one of the few, excepting Shakespeare's, which has survived the changes of two centuries.

Yet this eccentric creature, who seemed to live only for the present, longed for an impossible future, and yearned for a love of the past. One of his earlier acquaintances, for whom it is said he felt more than ordinary friendship, was Miss Mary Horneck. Whether or not this was only a surmise we do not know, but some one wrote:
"Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dared to love."

His longings for his old home are expressed beautifully in "The Deserted Village," when he says:

"In all my wanderings round the world of care,
I still had hopes, my long vexatious past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."

But these hopes were never realized, and on April 4, 1774, he died, surrounded only by his famous literary friends.

Such is the brief story of the life of one who is loved by all, as he reveals himself in his writings; and, in reading the story of his weaknesses and frailties, we see through it all a sensitive creation of mankind, unfortunate in his early training and inheritance, whom we can hardly censure for his shortcomings, for, as Irving says, "He was no one's enemy but his own."
THE CHILD POCAHONTAS.

R. A. S.

Lithe nymph of the woods,
   Thou wild woodland flower,
The heart of the bird
   Is thy God-given dower.
When the fierce Indian lads,
   In mimic affray,
Vent forth the war-yell—
   The scalp-lock display,
And strut and exult
   In their gaudy war-paint,
Thou dost shudder and tremble—
   Thy soul turneth faint.
Thou wouldst fainer sit by
   Where the squaws string their beads
And list to the tales
   Of thy forefathers' deeds,
And the marvels of Okee,
   Who dwells in the sky,
And giveth good spirits
   A dwelling on high.
And oft-time in summer,
   When heavens are blue,
Thou dost fancy those prairies
   Revealed to thy view,
Where weird spirit bands,
   In remote realms of space,
Pursue phantom game
   In a ne'er-ending chase.
Thy glory, fair princess,
   Is as vapor to thee;
Thou art one with the woods,
   The birds and the sea.
Thou art essence of zephyr,
And light of the star—
The breath of the flower,
The bird's choicest bar.
So rule without fear
Thy forest domain;
For Okee will shield thee
In sunshine and rain.
On a spur of "No Man's Mountain," beyond the Mexican line, a lean horse stood, dreaming drowsily. Before a fire, not ten yards away, a lean, black-haired boy sat, with a Winchester between his stomach and thighs, waiting for the dusk to drop. His chin was resting on his hands, the brim of his slouch hat was curved crescent-wise over his forehead, and his eyes were on the sweeping bend of the river below him. That was the "bad lands" down there, peopled with the ever-warring Apaches. So he would not risk riding through that bend by the light of day.

All the long way up, spur after spur, and along mile after mile, he had been thinking of the morrow. He looked forward eagerly to his return to the great city. After five years of absence he felt that the bright lights, noisy orchestras, and the ever-pulsing mob of humanity surging up and down Broadway would do him more good than anything he could possibly think of. Darkness sifted down over the land. He stood up and yawned sleepily, and strode over to his mount.

"Well, old Ponto, we've had many a merry scamper together, old boy, haven't we? But this is the last one, old man." He put his arms around the animal's neck, and caressed its muzzle with his cheek. Ponto whinnied, snorted, and stamped his foot, as if to give vent to his feelings, as his master would say, by a "few cuss words." Slowly the boy pulled himself into the saddle, and settled down to snatch a little sleep now and then, trusting to his mount to keep the trail. All night he rode, Ponto never breaking the "cat lope" that has made the Mexican pony famous as man's best friend in the far West. A long faint streak of pink to eastward heralded the coming of dawn. Ponto neighed, and increased his gait as the lights of Kayo glimmered like a glow-worm in the distance.

"Ho! boy; we'll take this last mile slow, you and I. It's the last, Ponto; it's the last one, old man." He leaned far over his saddle-horn, and stroked the animal's neck affectionately.
The east-bound flyer is an aristocratic institution—excess fare, very little baggage, carrying only through passengers, through mail, and through express. Running north through Mexico, it scurries, like a frightened rabbit, in and out of small hamlets, with a deafening roar. Towns where it does not stop mention it with disdain. Towns where it does stop speak proudly of it; the inhabitants there thrust out their forty-four chests, and strut with a lordly air up and down the platform before its long string of Pullmans and diners.

Kayo was more fortunate than her sister cities, and, consequently, the flyer came to a stop that morning with a clang and a terrible screeching of gripping brakes. As it pulled slowly out of the station, a tall, black-haired boy, in buck-skins, stood on the rear platform, and waved his broad sombrero around and around his head.

"Don't forget, Diaz," he called to a figure before the station; "he's yours as long as you treat him right. Good-bye, Ponto, boy."

The canker of the city is loneliness. It flourishes—an insidious paradox—where men meet face to face in the busy whirl of the day, and live crowded together, layer on layer, in tenement houses. It thrives in the three-dollar-a-week, fourth-floor-back rooms, where poverty, ignorance, and sin all go hand in hand. It is a malignant parasite, which eats through the walls of the poor and rich alike, and eats out their hearts, leaving them empty, like untenanted houses.

Sometimes love comes a-knocking at these doors, and all is healed. Sometimes nothing knocks but the wolf, and then it is that all within decays and mildews with the damp of its own emptiness. The heart must be tenanted, or it falls out of repair and rots. And when it rots, what a miserable stench it makes—a stench of sin and disease.

One such heart beat in a woman's breast so rapidly that it crowded out her breath, and she pushed back the coverlet from her bosom, rose to her elbow, and leaned out beyond her bed into the darkness of the room. She scratched a match, and peered
sleepily at the battered alarm clock standing on the dresser across
the room.

"Oh! Gee, six-thirty; I got ter hustle now. Curtain at
eight-thirty, and no fodder." She reached absent-mindedly for
her chewing-gum on the head-board of the bed, wagged her
jaw just three times, and was out of bed and dressed in a jiffy.
Soon the odor of fried frankfurters filled the rooms, and went out
of the open window over the sea of roofs, to mix with the aromatic
scents from Dago Joe's restaurant on the corner below. "Hully
gee, if I don't get that guy on the front row to-night, little Sadie
will give it up." She hummed a bit of rag-time as she moved
about.

"Wonder what's eatin' on him. He sure looks good," she
said, still talking to herself.

There came a knock at her door.

"Who's there?"

"It's Essie. Hurry up, Sadie."

"I'm ready now, Ess." She turned off the lights, and they
made their way down the rickety stairs of the "Star Boarding
House" out into the street below.

On the last stroke of 11 o'clock that night the Lafayette
Theatre swung its doors outward, as the portals of a cuckoo clock
fly open on the hour. Women in fur-collared, brocaded coats;
which wrapped them to the ankles, streamed out into the white
flare of Broadway, their well-manicured fingers resting lightly on
the tired arms of weary business men, whose faces, ordinarily
like that of the Sphinx, broke now and then into a faint semblance
of a smile.

Almost before the last limousine door had slammed on the
tired business man, and before he felt the relaxing of those pearly-
white fingers on his arm, before the Lafayette, perfumed as the
interior of a jewelry box, blinked into soft darkness, a small figure
came hurriedly down the alley-way on the side of the theatre, and
approached the figure standing there on the curb.

"Well, yer waiting to-night, kid?"

"Yes, I guess you're right," he said.

"Where shall we eat, Prince? I know of a good place further
p the way," she suggested.
“You haven’t told me your name yet. Mine is Paddy O’Rourke, at your service,” he said.

“Come on; don’t mind about the handles, kid. Yer kin call me Sadie Maize. How’s that? Do I pass on the handle? Maybe you’d like something like Elenora Gotrocks or Christophe Greenwad. Come on, the wagon’s movin’”; she pulled him gently by the arm.

He stood and looked at her with a bewildered and perplexed expression. Farther up the street a hurdy-gurdy was grinding out, with a rasping wheeze, snatches of opera and popular ragtime. Passers-by eyed the couple keenly. She took his arm, and they moved leisurely up the street.

“We will go to Covaleski’s,” he said.

“Hooray! I knew you was a prince when first I seen you, down there in the pit. The last time I was in Covaleski’s was last year. We was playin’ ‘The Land of the Sun,’ and I got next ter one of these Dooks. He was some class, don’t yer know?” she added, with a gentle nudge in his side.

“Yes, no doubt he was,” dryly.

“Do you know I took you fer a Dook to-night.”

“I’m sorry you are disappointed.”

“Who, me? Nix. I’m as happy as a dead pig, and as contented as two Juney bugs on a fence-rail.”

“That’s so?”

“Yes.”

They made their way in and out amongst the maze of tables, and finally came to one almost concealed behind the palms.

“Two sloe gin rickeys, eh?” she asked.

“No. I’ll take ginger ale.”

“I know a better one than that.”

“What?”

“Condensed milk.”

“Oh, well, I guess ginger ale will do.”

“As you like, Prince, but it’s the red-eye for mine every time.”

They slowly sipped their drinks. The music played the latest turkey trot. To her it was wine in her veins; it stimulated her, it gave her that don’t-give-a-hang spirit, that wiped from her memory
all poverty and all trouble, and gave her one fleeting glimpse of a world without a sorrow or a care. To him it was as the roar of so much artillery. His was a delicate ear, trained by the music of the wind, the rain, and the chanting voice of nature’s chorus. He was not moved or touched by that flaring, giddy one-step. If they had played “Carmen,” or something from Wagner or Chopin, it might have been he, instead of her, who floated in a dream of Paradise.

“Tell me all about yourself,” he said.

“Ah! gee. What do you want ter know about me?”

“Nothing particularly. I guess everybody has a history. What’s yours?”

“Ah, there ain’t much ter tell. I come to the city about four years ago. I left a corking good home, too, I did. I can see it now, all snug in a bunch of oaks, high up on a hill. But you see, sonny, life was too slow fer me there. I had to git out and high-ball it, and, b’lieve me, I been hitting an awful lick ever since.”

“Don’t you ever want to go back to the old homestead?” he asked.

“Say, listen here. When I came to the city I had straw sticking up out’er my clothes, all around my neck. Look close, kid; do you see any now?” He admitted that he did not.

“Don’t you ever feel like you would like to see again the friends of your youth, your parents, and your relatives?”

“Me? Ha, ha! I guess not. Say! speaking about them Dooks. Know any?”

“No.”

“B’lieve me, if I had a English Dook or Markus, or something taggin’ after me, it’d be fare-ye-well to the two a day,” said she.

“After all, it’s good I’m not a Duke, isn’t it?”

“Why?”

“Because I would have a small chance of ever going home to-night, judging from your eagerness to capture one.”

“Well, maybe so; maybe no. Good crowd out to-night,” looking out over the sea of heads.

“Yes.”

“Wanna dance, and show ’em we’re the class?”

“No.”
The music flared suddenly; chairs were pushed back from their tables, leaving food and drink in the attitude of waiting. A bold couple or two ventured out on the shining floor space, hesitant like a premonitory ripple on the water before the coming of the wind; another, and yet another. Finally the floor was crowded—women swaying; men threading in, out, and around.

They sat there, long; neither speaking. After a few minutes he arose to go, she following reluctantly.

All the way home he plodded silently on, she firing away aimlessly with her senseless chatter.

They stopped before a long, rangy row of tenements, in front of one that boasted of a gilt-letter sign. It was the "Star Boarding House."

"This the place?" he asked.
"Yep, my Prince; this is the palace."
He accompanied her to the door.
"Good night," he murmured.
"Go' nigh'."

He walked slowly up the street to the corner, where a big gas lamp blinked and sputtered. All was still in the city. Nothing could be heard but the rattle of the milk-man's dray over the hard cobbles, and the long wail of a cop's whistle, borne high on the wind. He stopped under the lamp, and groped in his inside pocket. He pulled it out, and took one last look at it. It was the picture of a girl. Her hair was plaited in an alluring manner, its thick coil thrown over her shoulder. It was a wonderful face—smooth, bright, unseared by the lines of worry. In short, it was a face to remain in one's memory long after the fires of youth have burned low and one sits old, cold, and wrinkled by the fire.

He gazed long and steadfastly at it. "What a change; what a change!" he muttered to himself. He tore it into shreds, and threw it on the pavement, and stamped it furiously.

"And to think she never recognized me," he murmured. Then aloud—"Ponto, old boy, we will ride again, old man. I'm coming, Ponto."
EDITORIALS.

Now that the weather is beginning to open up, the campus will soon be fairly alive with those participating in out-door athletics. Indoor work is over, and, while we regret that we did not enter into a full realization of our hopes by winning the championship, we, nevertheless, have much of which to be proud. The team, al-
though handicapped by the lack of facilities on the campus for practice, won a majority of games played. In the championship games we were defeated by a better team, and we offer no excuses.

However, that is now a thing of the past, and this is no time for brooding over past defeats. The record, up to the present time, shows that we won the championship in foot-ball, although the cup was withheld on a technicality, and that we finished second in the race for the basket-ball cup. Base-ball and track are now occupying the stage, and it is to them that we should turn our attention.

There seems to be an abundance of material in base-ball this year, if we can judge from the number of applicants on the field. Of course, it is entirely too early to judge at all as to the quality of the new men, but, with five members of last year's team on the field, along with some of the second-string men from last year, prospects are very bright for a successful season.

For the first time in its history, the College is going to give the proper place to out-door track work this year. In the past great stress has been laid on in-door track, but no out-door team has represented the College at all. Coach Dobson has signified his intention of placing as much emphasis on track this year as any branch of sport in College. An attractive schedule has been arranged by Manager Leslie, including a class meet, two dual meets with other colleges in the State, and several open meets.

When we consider that the College now has one of the best stadiums and athletics fields in the South, there is no reason why we should not excel in these two branches of athletics. The old excuse of lack of facilities is no longer available. Only one more thing is needed to ensure success, and that is the cooperation of the student body. It is needless to enumerate the ways in which the student body can help, but let it be remembered that it is desired that every man in College shall take part in some form of athletics during the spring term. Get out on the field, find out in what branch you belong, and help make this year the greatest in the history of the College.
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The January issue of the University of North Carolina Magazine contained an editorial advocating a point system to regulate college activities, which we think would be an excellent innovation for Richmond College. The idea of the system is to regulate a student's activities by grading the various offices and positions in college according to time, work, and responsibility, and by prescribing a maximum number of points to be held by each student. With this in view, a number of the leading students in the University of North Carolina made a study of the systems in operation in a number of the leading colleges in the country, and worked out the system which we have copied here.

The requirements of the point system, as suggested, are:

1. A student may not hold more than ten points at one time.
2. A student having an average of below eighty in the preceding term will not be allowed to assume more than eight points.
3. Every student shall be held responsible under the honor system for the observance of these regulations.
4. The above requirements must be met within a week after any election which shall make a resignation necessary. In case this is not done within the given time, it shall be the duty of the President of the professional classes and the Vice-President of the academic classes to require that the student be relieved of the over-activity.

The purpose of the system is:
First. To distribute more generally the honors, offices, and privileges of under-graduate activities and organizations.
Second. To benefit these activities and organizations by a concentration of interest and specialization of work that makes for the greatest efficiency of the officers.
Third. To protect capable and willing men from a burden that may prove detrimental to their studies, the outside work, or their health.

We believe that there is a great need for such a system as this in Richmond College, and that immediate steps should be
taken by the student body to arrange for a discussion and adoption of some such system. The idea is not new, but has been in operation in nearly all of the large universities in the country, including Columbia, Harvard, Minnesota, North Dakota, and others.

Consider the proposition seriously, talk it over on the campus, and help us to put it through as soon as possible.

Recently, while talking with a Richmond College student about the merits of different college courses, we happened to mention that we had no difficulty in passing the examination on a certain College course.

Point System. "Then you like that class all right," said the student. When told that we had no particular fondness for the subject in question, the student seemed greatly surprised, and did not hesitate to say so. His whole attitude seemed to be that only those classes which he could "make" were interesting. It is true that if one likes a class he will be apt to devote more time to it, and thus get higher marks on it; it is also true that low marks may indicate an inaptitude or dislike for a subject; but, unfortunately, a great many students take the attitude of the student quoted above. His idea may be correct in some degree, but to lay down the law that a student's interest in study is proportional to his class standing, or, in other words, the easier a class is to "make" the more enjoyable it is, would be a disgrace to any student body. It is the same as saying that a student either has no mind of his own, or that something is the matter with the College's ideal of an education.

In a great many cases it is the student who is at fault for such an attitude. His sole idea is to get a degree, not an education. He is out to get a "scrap of paper" in return for four years of the least amount of work possible. His academic ideal is measured in terms of "points." How can he get the greatest number of "points" with the least amount of work? He dreams of "points"; and, when it comes to deciding on his preference for two possible courses of study, the question is "How little work will I have to do? How many 'points' will I get?" and, invariably, the "points" decide the question.

But is the student entirely at fault? We believe that, while
the Faculty is in no way responsible for any student's inborn aversion or indifference to scholarship, it can do much to overcome this, and to prevent others from becoming indifferent. We believe that the Faculty should see to it that students do not have too much work, and that they be allowed to lay more stress, after a certain period, on subjects which are of especial interest to them. In a word, we believe in intensive, rather than extensive, education.

But it may be asked, What is the matter with our college courses? Is it a fact that they often tend to cause discouragement and indifference? We believe that they do. The whole trouble is this: A student is required to study too many different things at one time. The Freshman, on entering college, is swamped with work. He must take five classes and "make" them. It is not necessary that he should like his classes. On the contrary, if, because of an over-crowded course, he should come to despise certain studies, it is all right. What is required is that, in a mechanical sort of way, he shall absorb a certain amount of learning, take an examination on it, and straightway forget it. If he is willing to work hard on a certain study, he cannot; for there are four more on which he is expected to work equally as hard. This is not only the case with Freshman work, but, under the new point system, it applies to the work of every year, including the M. A. work. The more advanced the classes the harder it becomes. To our minds, there is only one way to classify this system—it is a premium on superficiality and on slipshod scholarship.

We are told that, because there are a fewer number of lectures each week, the work this year with five classes is no harder than it was last year, when only four classes were required, and some met five times a week. On the contrary, we believe it is much harder, especially for the average Freshman. In spite of all we hear to the contrary, practically the same ground is covered as last year, and this is naturally harder, because of the fewer number of lectures. The result is we are doing a greater amount of work this year, with less supervision by the Faculty, than was the case last year.

We are not complaining of the difficulty of individual classes.
On the contrary, we believe that they should be made more difficult, in certain cases, than they are at present. What we do object to, however, is an increased number of classes over last year. We are convinced that four classes a year should be a maximum for any college. A student may not get such a wide knowledge under such a system, but, if he has more time for each subject, the conscientious student will get more than a mere smattering knowledge. If necessary, let the passing mark be raised to eighty, or even to eighty-five per cent. Better do a few things well than many half-way. Mediocrity and superficiality can be reduced to the minimum only in this way, and we believe that the Faculty would do well to consider the matter carefully.

In another issue we hope to discuss the system of major and minor subjects, in use in most colleges.
In a recent chapel talk President Boatwright, speaking of the achievements of Richmond College alumni, referred particularly to the number of alumni who now hold positions in the public service of the State and nation. We have thought it would be of interest to go through the official directory of Richmond, and find out how many Richmond College alumni, now resident in Richmond, hold official positions. We have taken the City Directory for 1914, the latest published, and find the positions listed below filled by men who are either graduates or former students of Richmond College.

IN THE CITY GOVERNMENT.
The Mayor—Hon. George Ainslie.
Member of the Administrative Board—E. C. Folkes.
Sheriff—J. Herbert Mercer.
President Board of Health—Dr. W. T. Oppenhimer.
Chief Health Officer—Dr. E. C. Levy.
City Bacteriologist—A. H. Straus.
City Diagnostician—Dr. W. J. West.
Judge Hustings Court—D. C. Richardson.
Clerk Hustings Court—Walter Christian.
Commonwealth’s Attorney—Minetree Folkes.
Judge Civil Court—William M. Turpin.
Commonwealth’s Attorney for Henrico County—Frank T. Sutton, Jr.
Deputy Clerk for Henrico County—T. C. Fletcher.

OFFICERS OF THE STATE AND NATIONAL GOVERNMENTS LOCATED IN RICHMOND.
Lieutenant-Governor—J. Taylor Ellyson.
Attorney-General—John Garland Pollard.
Assistant Attorney-General—C. B. Garnett.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—R. C. Stearnes.
Secretary State Board of Education—E. R. Chesterman.
Chief of Banking Division, State Corporation Commission—
C. C. Barksdale.
Representative in Congress from Richmond—A. J. Montague.
Deputy Clerk United States Court of Appeals—C. M. Dean.
United States District Attorney—Hiram M. Smith.
United States Weather Bureau Observer—J. H. Kimball.

It will be seen from the above list that Richmond College men, resident in Richmond, have entered every department of
the City, State, and Federal Governments. All who are familiar
with the Government officials of Richmond well understand the
high rank these representatives of Richmond College hold in the
public service.

Richmond College is also well represented in the professional
and business life of Richmond, so well, in fact, that the list will
have to be reserved for another issue on account of its length.

A new Alumni Catalogue is now in press, and any graduate
of the College may obtain a copy from the President's office.
We had always thought that the work of the Exchange Editor was indeed trying and tiresome, though extremely helpful, if done conscientiously, for, to wade through all of the stories, essays, and poems, many of which are no doubt inserted merely to fill up the magazine, is not the most pleasant way of spending one's time. But when so fortunate as to find a real short story of merit, such as "Mazie on Sororities," we not only consider the task a pleasure, but feel that we have been compensated for our labor. This humorous but realistic story is one of the best we have read in many a moon. Mazie is a professional pick-pocket, or "dip," raised and educated in the streets of New York. Her strange philosophy of life is woven into the story without retarding the action by her clever chatter, which also reveals her character, and, at the same time, unfolds the well-constructed but simple plot. The fact that it has no love thread to hold it together is an additional reason for congratulating the writer on the ingenious manner in which he sustains the interest throughout. After reading this fine story, which, by the way, comes first, one is somewhat disappointed with the rest of the magazine, most of which is only of ordinary merit. "Bill Raftery's Last Race" can claim little in its favor. It must be what we call a "local hit," and is probably of interest to the students of Washington and Lee, who know Raftery, for he is, no doubt, connected with that institution. "On the Threshold of the Future," which, according to a foot-note, purports to be an argument for peace in the United States, can hardly be said to live up to its purpose. It conveys the writer's intense admiration for his alma mater, and is a dissertation on the achievements of
a number of great men, won by hard work in the field of industry. We are willing to wager that it is an oration which the writer has tried to convert into an essay. "Eastward Hobo" is an interesting narrative of the hardships of a college student while hoboing in the West during his summer vacation. "The Spotlight" appears to be a new department, in which popular students will be sketched from month to month. The present sketch takes up six pages, exclusive of a full-page picture of its subject. It seems to us that a better place for this department would be the weekly paper, especially when we consider that the magazine, besides the editorials and the exchanges, contains only two stories, one essay, a sketch, two short poems, and a number of excellent jokes. In fact, The Southern Collegian is entirely too local, especially in view of its name. What's the matter with the Washington and Lee poets? We find only one little poem of eight lines, called "Unknown," and a page of rhyme praising the achievements of the foot-ball team.

The Chronicle is a well-balanced, typical college magazine. A striking feature is that its essays, stories, and editorials do not deal with local affairs and happenings, but cover broad and modern interests. For instance, its two essays, "The Average Man" and "The Negro Question," deal with subjects that should interest every one, especially Southerners. In the former the writer maintains that to-day we do not regard great men as superhuman heroes, as of old, but that the world is coming more and more to the conclusion that they are but average men of high ideals, who have become great by hard and conscientious industry. Therefore we, as average men, should work with might and main in our chosen fields of endeavor, so that we may enjoy the fruits of success and greatness. In the second essay the writer states that the most effective means of solving the negro problem would be to deprive the negro of all power in politics, and to educate him on industrial lines. We cannot see the advisability or necessity of the first step, as the political power of the negro is not great, and he has little influence on such questions; but more important is the fact that such an
action would be not only unconstitutional, but absolutely against
the fundamental principles of democracy. "Flying Into the
Mouth of Death" is by far the best story of the four that the
magazine contains. This thrilling adventure of a French volun-
teer is well told. "The Transformed Ideal" is perhaps the most
unworthy story we have had occasion to read in all of our ex-
changes. The heroine is plot-ridden, and her ideals are suddenly
changed, without any apparent reason, except that the writer
"wills it so." "Isaqueena" is a descriptive sketch of the famous
Isaqueena Falls of South Carolina. The beautiful and interesting
legend attached to the name of the falls makes the sketch, that
would otherwise be tiresome, well worth reading. The discussion
of whether the facts of this Indian legend are true or not seems
uncalled for, as it breaks the continuity of the description, tending
to change the sketch into an argument. Both of the poems,
"Lines" and "Introspection," are of a high order, though both
are pessimistic in tone and subject matter.

The University of Virginia Magazine is a periodical of marked
efficiency. It is not filled with rhymes, parodies, jokes, or "local
hits," which properly belong in the
college weekly, but contains poems,
stories, essays, editorials, and reviews
of general literary interest. "Eternal
Comradeship" is head and shoulders
above the two other stories. The influence of Poe is clearly
shown in the subject matter, style, and plot. This weird
story is so realistically portrayed, and the atmosphere
is so perfectly created, that one must be a brave man indeed to
be able to fall asleep with ease after having read it. It would
really have been worthy of Poe himself, whose technique the writer
closely follows. "A Toast to Lincoln," as its name implies, is
a story of the Civil War. While its plot is clever, the style lacks
animation, and the tale is told in too languid a fashion for a story
in which there is much of the element of adventure. The ending
of "Sold—A Bald Head" is so weak that it would require a good
tonic to make it sufficiently able to stand up, for the sudden
appearance of the agent for the Experimental Society, as well
as the enormous and unexpected rise of stock, seem clearly forced, in order that the story may end happily. "An Appreciation of Dr. Alderman" is especially well handled, and is an excellent and clear sketch of one of the South's great educators. The poems are all of high class, "A Real Bird Sings" having a shade the best of the others. We wish to congratulate the writer of the "Reviews" for the clear and sympathetic criticisms and interpretation of the books covered.

Winter is slipping away fast, and spring, with all its sluggishness, will soon be here. We realize that at no other time of the year is there so great a temptation to let everything go as it may, and, in particular, any exercise that may be avoided. Yet at no time is exercise so necessary, and we hope this year that there will be no lessening of interest in regard to athletics.

We have in mind two ways in which athletic activity will help the individual. The first is obvious—namely, physical development. The second is the mental development of each one, and, indeed, we might add even a third—namely, spiritual development—for there can be no healthy mind in an unhealthy body, and when the body is racked by pain the spirit is apt to be likewise affected. Athletics, and athletes generally, have standards based upon a foundation of squareness of purpose and deed, and loyalty and team work. Perhaps this is why the spirit of a college always has athletics as a center-piece.

In conclusion, we wish to urge every student in Westhampton College to maintain the interest in athletics which they have manifested thus far. If athletics stand for squareness of deed and purpose, loyalty to each other and to the school, and team work, can there be anything in our life here at College more worthy of our support?

There is one phase of college life of which we are totally
Ignorant. Whether this is due to lack of opportunity, or indifference, we cannot say. However, we feel that a Dramatic Club would fill a gap in the life of the College which is sadly apparent. We are offering to you this bare statement without argument. We urge you to give it your careful attention. Here is something that each one can help to give as a free-will gift to alma mater. Are you willing to work for it? Are you willing to withhold your unfavorable criticism of the plays when they are being practiced and acted? Are you willing to sacrifice your own personal vanity to a part that you may not think quite brings out your personality, but which the director thinks suits you? If you are loyal enough to work for the Dramatic Club, and to keep silent at times for it, then let us have it. We need it, and it needs us. What are we going to do about it?
ALUMNAE NOTES.


Among the recent alumnae visitors on the campus have been Lelia Willis, '08; Isabel Walker, '08; Isabel Harris, '06; Macon Barnes, '11; and Marion Monsell, '13.

Hattie Smith, '07, Lina Gregory, '11 (M. A., Columbia, '14), and Virginia Robertson, '11, became members of the John Marshall High School faculty on February 1st. There are now five of our alumnae teaching in the High School.

Louise Baldwin, '14, who is doing graduate work at Wellesley, recently spent two weeks during the undergraduate examinations at Wellesley at her home in Ginter Park. She spent a part of her time in the College library, working on a research paper.

Pauline Pearce, '11, General Visitor for the Associated Charities of the city, made a talk about the work of the organization before the Y. W. C. A. of Westhampton College on Wednesday, January 20th.

We are glad to note so many of our alumnae among the subscribers to The Collegian, the College weekly. Besides being an excellent way of expressing College loyalty, subscribing to the paper is the best way of keeping in touch with the College life.

It is gratifying to learn that one of the class babies of the class of 1910, Frances Scott Frazer, small daughter of Mrs. Goodwin Frazer (Virginia Ware, '10), has a copy of The Messenger in her home every month. She is certainly being brought up in the way she should go.

It is a great source of gratification to the alumni and alumnae of the College to have Mr. and Mrs. Herman Winfrey in the city this year. Mrs. Winfrey (Henrietta Runyon, '11) has given us a contribution this month, which is a picture of a traditional custom of Bryn Mawr, and is of interest to students and alumnae alike.
Lantern Night at Bryn Mawr.

Henrietta Runyon Winfrey, '11.

Never, even if I reach the age of the Wandering Jew, should I forget that first Friday night in November, several years ago. I have not often had such thrilling little shivers chase themselves up and down my back, or felt more profoundly awed and solemn. Now I have grown a little older, and perhaps a little less susceptible to outside impressions; but then—I was just seventeen, and I had gone to College like a great, dry, empty sponge, ready to soak at the first dip, full of every enthusiasm, of love, and respect for every college tradition, and eager for each wonderful experience of this wholly new and wonderful life into which I was plunged. The reaction of college upon me may have been more profound than upon most of my class-mates, but I did not know it, and I do not think so.

But to return to "Lantern Night." There was an element of mystery about it, for not till that night were we supposed ever to have heard "Pallas"; and there was great excitement in it, for on that night, for the first time, we were to wear our caps and gowns; and it was full of awe, for the Sophomores were to give us our lanterns—those beautiful symbols of truth and knowledge—for our guidance through the rest of that little world.

We dressed all in white, with black shoes and black caps and gowns. And no one of us was late, I think, assembling under Pembroke Arch. We had practiced our own Lantern Song for weeks, and, as we went, we all hoped fearfully that we'd keep the long counts right, and not get out of step. The ceremony was to be in the cloister of the library, where hundreds of spectators, seated on the tiers on the roof, were waiting for it to begin. The cloister runs around three sides of an open court, with the blank vine-covered wall of the library on the fourth side. Off the cloister open the corridors, where the professors' offices and graduate seminaries are, and at each end is a door leading into the main body of the library. In the middle of the grass-covered court lies an octagonal pool, and the fountain in the middle does not reach up above the water and splash down loudly, but just
bubbles up high in the middle, and murmurs and ripples, and shows white in the moonlight.

Very silently, at the appointed moment, we slipped out into the court, through one of the side openings, and formed a semi-circle on the library wall side. We stood there, nearly breathless, perhaps five minutes, almost nun-like in appearance in our black gowns—no sound but the faint ripple of the fountain. And then, from away off, came the sound of music—far, far off, but every second growing more and more clear. Then quite distinctly, from the end cloister doors at each side of us, burst forth the wonderful strains of Bryn Mawr's Greek Lantern Song, "Pallas Athene, thea." It seemed to me that never had I heard such strange, beautiful harmonies, or felt music so deeply solemn. We looked, and on both sides at once we could see, perfectly together in time—not the singing Sophomores in the deep dark of the cloister, but only the swinging lights they carried—our lanterns, which, showing dimly blue through their glass sides, made our class color. In the centre of the side opposite us they joined, and walked slowly in twos to the fountain, broke again, and formed a semi-circle directly against ours—a Sophomore and a Freshman face to face. Each carried a lantern, and, as they stood and sang, they held them high, that we might see each other's faces, and know who was the bearer of our Light. Suddenly, with a tiny word of good luck, they thrust the lanterns into our hands, and became again only singing shadows in one corner of the court.

In a few minutes they had stopped. There was silence for a moment, the low murmur of the key-note rang along our line, and our Lantern Song's stately chant began, as, two by two, we marched out through the library, and across the campus. After we had been through each hall, still singing, as the custom is, we assembled under Pembroke Arch with the other three classes, to sing each our Lantern Song, and once more that night hear the solemn, beautiful "Pallas."

There is a tradition that no one shall put out her lantern, but must keep vigil with it till it dies. Mine went out before we left the Arch for our rooms, but there were some in our hall who watched beside their burning lights till nearly daylight.

As I undressed for bed, taking off the unaccustomed college
garb, I grieved still with it all. It was over—Lantern Night. Nothing, I thought, had seemed so strangely solemn in the seventeen years that had gone, and never again, I dare say, has anything filled me with the almost exalted awe of that night. The next Lantern Night I saw was my Junior year, and we were ushers for the crowd (I was away Sophomore year). Again there was the silent gloom of the cloister, the moonlit court, with the white reflecting water of the fountain, the sombre, singing figures, and swinging lanterns, all marvelously beautiful still; but my throat grew hard, for the “wonder and the vision” of it were gone. It came but once, and it was passed. “Never again would it be as beautiful as ours.” So says each class.
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Helen A. Monsell, '16.

*The Radiant* for December, from the Atlantic Christian College, has a large amount of literary matter. The essays are the most notable, and are, for the most part, well written. Their chief defect lies in the fact that they are "without beginning and without end." They plunge in *medias res*, without any introduction to tell us what they are going to talk about, nor any conclusion to sum up what we have read. It seems more as if they were extracts from longer works, rather than essays complete in themselves. This is especially true of "The Reasons for the Existence of the Poor," which is a very good piece of work otherwise. It is also applicable to "A Contrast of Wordsworth and Shelley." "Tennyson's Conception of Life, Death, and the Future Life" is very interesting, because of the number of quotations used, but the fact that these quotations are occasionally inaccurate somewhat impairs their value. Of the stories, "Among the Daisies" seems to be the most ambitious, but there is one vital defect in it. No girl could possibly read it without inquiring what became of Tom. He was so interesting when the story started we do not like to have him drop out so abruptly. Finally, where is the poetry? Except the lines on "The Apple," in "Just for Fun," which, incidentally, is about the best department in the magazine, there is no verse at all. If only some poetry were added to the material already in *The Radiant*, we would have, on the whole, a good magazine.

The Farmville *Focus* for December is such a "Christmasy" number that it seems almost too late to comment on it now. Just to read it gives you such a Christmas feeling that you almost think the holidays are back again. However, we must suppose that Christmas is no time for essay writing, since there is only one essay in all the literary matter. That one, on "The Hague Peace Confer-
ence," is very clear and interesting at first, but at the end it diverges into rambling arguments in favor of peace in the abstract. There is a pleasing amount of poetry scattered between the stories—little snatches of song, rather than any deliberate verse. They give a delicate and delightful finish to the magazine. However, when we stop to analyze them, we are puzzled over such phrases as "Thou blessed land of shining stars." The stories are by far the best part of the magazine. "Love—the Christmas Spirit," is an unusually good piece of work. "Uncle John's Christmas" has a skillfully constructed background, and "The Christmas Sprites" is one of the cleverest humorous stories on our table. "The Effects of a Dream" is so simple as to be almost childish. It is not in the Exchange Editor's territory to discuss the pros and cons of simplified spelling, but we are glad to see a magazine that does believe in it enough to use it.

The Isaqueena for December has three especially good articles—a poem, a story, and an essay. "The Music of Yule," by its change of metre, produces an unusual and striking impression; the rhythm and rhyme are both excellent, and the language used is very fitting and expressive. However, aside from its value as a poem, its conclusion "Quicken the music—loud let it be
Drown out this death-song from over the sea," is too selfish an idea to be in accord with the true Christmas spirit. "Love," a story of the mill people, is less selfish in sentiment, and is fully as artistic a piece of prose as "The Music of Yule" is of poetry. "Kipling as an Apostle of Imperialism" is an interesting essay, clearly expressed. It was written with a definite outline in mind, and the quotations are to the point. These three pieces make The Isaqueena one of the best magazines we have received.