WESTHAMPTON COLLEGE DIRECTORY

STUDENT GOVERNMENT.

Celeste Anderson, '15 ........................................ President
Louise A. Reams, '15 ........................................... House President
Constance M. Gay, '15 ..................................... Vice-President
Florence Boston, '17 ......................................... Secretary
Margaret James, '16 ........................................ Treasurer

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Kathleen Bland, '16 ............................................ President
Sara Thomas, '15 ................................................ Vice-President
Ruth Elliott, '17 ............................................... Secretary
Sally Wills Holland, '16 .................................. Treasurer
Fanny Crenshaw ........................................... Athletic Director

CHI EPSILON LITERARY SOCIETY.

Sally Wills Holland, '16 ....................................... President
Mary C. Shine, '15 ........................................... Vice-President
Margaret K. Monteiro, '15 ................................ Secretary
Florence E. Smith, '17 .................................... Treasurer
Helen A. Monsell, '16 ...................................... Critic

Y. W. C. A.

A. Ruth Harris, '17 ........................................... President
Helen A. Monsell, '16 ...................................... Vice-President
Florence Boston, '17 ....................................... Second Vice-President
Emily Gardner ............................................... Secretary
Gladys H. Holleman, '17 ................................ Treasurer

THE MESSENGER (Westhampton Department).

Ethel L. Smither, '15 ......................................... Editor
Mary Delia Smith, '15 ...................................... Business Manager
May L. Keller ................................................ Advisory Editor

THE SPIDER.

Louise F. Reams, '15 ...................................... Editor-in-Chief
Sara Thomas, '15 .......................................... Business Manager
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author(s)</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A SONG OF SPRING (Poem)</td>
<td>Clyde C. Webster, ’14</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A CAPE OF CUPID (Short Story)</td>
<td>R. A. S.</td>
<td>318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TWO POOR LITTLE BIRDS OF BELGIUM (Translation)</td>
<td>Jeanette Bryce, ’15</td>
<td>322</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MISPLACED (Poem)</td>
<td>Anonymous, ’16</td>
<td>324</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OUT OF THE NIGHT (Short Story)</td>
<td>L. E. K., ’18</td>
<td>325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LAYS OF THE OLD DOMINION (Poems)</td>
<td>R. A. S.</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A SPIRIT OF HEALTH OR GOBLIN DAMN’d (Short Story)</td>
<td>Boyce Miller, ’18</td>
<td>335</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE EFFECT OF THE EUROPEAN WAR AND AMERICAN NEUTRALITY ON OUR FUTURE RELATIONS WITH SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES (Essay)</td>
<td>J. A. Kennedy, ’17</td>
<td>341</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BETRAYED (Poem)</td>
<td>Anonymous, ’18</td>
<td>344</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A TREASURE WITHIN A TREASURE (Short Story)</td>
<td>M. Glass, ’18</td>
<td>345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AFTER-THOUGHT (Poem)</td>
<td>B. H. O., ’15</td>
<td>349</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ON THE QUARTER DECK (Short Story)</td>
<td>Dave Satterfield, Jr., ’16</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDITORIALS</td>
<td></td>
<td>358</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALUMNI NOTES</td>
<td>W. E. Durham, ’16</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EXCHANGES</td>
<td>Samuel H. Gellman, ’16</td>
<td>365</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WESTHAMPTON DEPARTMENT</td>
<td></td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A SONG OF SPRING.

_Clyde C. Webster, '14._

When balmy breezes melt the snow,
   And the earth smells sweet with passing showers;
When the oozing sap begins to flow,
   And touch with life the slumbering flowers;
When zephyr soothes the swelling sea
   That gaily sparkles in the sun;
Then sings the blue-bird merrily,
   For winter is dead; spring has begun.
   Chee, chee; chee, chee;
   On every tree,
   Then sings the blue-bird
   Merrily

When balmy breezes fan the reeds
   Until they sigh in drowsy tones;
When purling brooks bathe grassy meeds,
   And lightly leap over mossy stones;
When showers kiss each leafy tree
   Until it blinks in the smiling sun;
Then sings the blue-bird merrily,
   For winter is dead; spring has begun.
   Chee, chee; chee, chee;
   On every tree,
   Then sings the blue-bird
   Merrily.
ACQUES FARDOT was sauntering that afternoon, as usual, on the look-out for one of those extraordinary and thrilling adventures of which he had read in the feuilletons. Disdaining complacent grisettes, he was seeking a woman of fashion who would surrender to his charms, captivated by his lithe figure, the modish cut of his garments, and the inimitable curl of his luxuriant whiskers. At the completion of his daily routine as minor clerk in the Department of Foreign Affairs, he left his desk at 5 o'clock, and hastened to his fifth floor chamber, where he spent half an hour in dressing, in polishing his boots, and in waxing his bewitching moustache—a bold candidate for coxcombry on three thousand francs a year. His toilet completed, he would direct his steps towards the Quartier Saint Germain, slowly threading the streets, ogling the fair promenaders, lavishing his bows and his smiles.

On this especial day he was on the point of lapsing into his habitual evening despondency, when his attention was arrested by a carriage that stopped before a mansion on the opposite side of the boulevard. At the same instant the house door opened, and there issued forth a superb creature, elegantly dressed, accompanied by a dowager of an aspect of uncompromising austerity. But, marvelous to relate, scarcely had the pair taken their places in the vehicle, when the younger leaned from the window, fixed on Jacques a glance inexpressibly fond, waved her handkerchief, and bestowed upon him a winsome smile that surpassed his wildest imaginings. Before he could recover from the ecstasy into which he was thrown by this amazing event, the carriage had already vanished at the turning of the street.

At length, at length, here was a young woman, beautiful and rich, who, at first sight, had fallen a willing victim to his fascinations. Under the spell of this rapturous discovery he was rooted to the pavement, and remained there dazed for a space that seemed to him an entire lifetime, until the equipage
re-appeared from the direction of its previous disappearance, and
the coachman drew up precisely as before. But this time, alas!
the fair unknown descended with her companion, and entered
the house without deigning to bestow upon him the boon of an
eye-shot. In the fullness of his chagrin, he bitterly cursed the
gathering darkness that had veiled the sight of his mistress; and,
after remaining expectantly statuesque for another hour, without
result, he returned to his garret to fondle at leisure the prospects
that he conjured up—charming rendezvous, a speedy marriage,
and his advent in that upper world for which he deemed himself
expressly created.

On the next day he resumed his post; and, after disappoint­
ment had been his portion for an hour, he beheld a sudden appar­
ition at the second story casement, and was thrilled to see a hand,
cautiously thrust forth, let fall to the ground an unmistakable
missive. Instantly the figure disappeared, as if abruptly drawn
back by some invisible force. With the desperate eagerness of
passion Jacques darted over, and, seizing the precious prize,
hurried to a lighted doorway sheltered from prying eyes; and here,
on the delicate blue of the paper, scented with his favorite helio­
trope, he read the following characters:

"My Dear Stranger,—How can I adequately express the
admiration that you have inspired in my bosom? Come to me
to-morrow evening at ten. If you fail, I must surely perish.
Despite the watchfulness of this great ruffian of a baron, I shall
find a way to deceive him. Until to-morrow, and ever,
Your devoted,
"Isabelle du Bellay."

It is impossible to exaggerate the effect produced by repeated
perusals of this amorous message. In it he found the reward
for all his labors—the incontestable proof of the operation of his
charms. But this obstacle—this baron—this unnatural father,
who sought to stifle an innocent attachment—he snapped his fingers
at the scoundrel; he would know how to outwit him, par exemple.

The following day the enamored swain could scarcely finish
his work, so beset was he by the thought of the interview. On
reaching his room he devoted such assiduous care to every detail
of his attire that 10 o’clock had already struck when he reached
the door of the mansion. It was still several minutes before he could summon sufficient courage to ring.

"Is Mlle. du Bellay in?" he nervously inquired of the maid who opened for him.

"Madame is at home to no one," she snapped, staring at him impertinently.

"But she asked me to come at this hour."

Hardly had he spoken these words when he was confounded to observe the woman give place to a muscular giant, of bristling beard, who, with a ferocious eye, measured him contemptuously. In silence and consternation Jacques trembled throughout the length of his frail physique, and felt drops of agony gathering on his brow.

"What procures us the honor of your visit?" demanded the interloper, with stern brutality.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Jacques; "I have mistaken the house."

"Impossible. You have just asked for Madame du Bellay."

"Madame! No. It was mademoiselle I wished to see—on business."

"Indeed! Wretched subterfuge! You know you wish to make an ass of me. But I am far from blind, my puny piglet."

Jacques, too stupid to muster a plausible falsehood, was profuse in explanations, in apologies—frozen with terror.

Suddenly the baron began to laugh.

"Well!" said he, in an altered tone. "You wish to deprive me of my wife, do you? Good! She is yours. Come and fetch her to-morrow at six. But with no other dowry than her beauty—and her intellect, my dear fellow. Ha! ha!"

The door closed on the sardonic laughter, and Jacques was left in outer darkness and despair, but feeling withal a sense of inexpressible relief. Once arrived in his forlorn attic, he dropped limply into a chair, and sought to gather and clarify his bewildered and wandering wits. What an episode! Of course, he had aspired to a match with a rich young woman of station, but this wife cast off by her husband—that revolted his conscience of a man of honor and of ambition. He was desperately tossed between sound judgment and passion; but, when the
combat was over, reason was sadly crushed beneath the onslaught of delirious folly—of that silly infatuation that did not reflect on the impossibility of maintaining a woman of the world on three thousand a year.

A day of turmoil followed an agitated and sleepless night. In the afternoon, after a careful toilet, Jacques betook himself, with many misgivings, to the goal of his desires. As the electric bell shrilled the current seemed to be plucking him at the heart. The maid of the day before appeared.

"Is Madame in?" he asked meekly.

"Madame left on a journey this very morning," was the tart reply.

"Did she speak of an expected visitor?" he ventured.

As sole rejoinder, the servant burst into a coarse laugh, and shut the door in his face.

Overwhelmed with chagrin, he turned about, and seeing a concierge in front of the adjoining house, he approached and inquired, "Could you tell me what has become of Madame du Bellay?"

"What!" exclaimed the woman; "you don't know that! Why, everybody is talking about it. The poor creature is flighty. Monsieur le Baron has just locked her up in a mad-house. Such a droll sort of insanity. For the last three months she has fancied herself in love with all the low ragamuffins she saw in the streets. A good joke, all the same, isn't it? You——"

Jacques heard no more, for he turned curtly on his heel, muttering between his clinched teeth, "Fichtre! Nice farce, Baron. Ca ira! To the lamp-post with the aristocrats. The midinettes are well enough, after all."

Thus Jacques, radically cured, straightway struck his name from the roll of the ambitious.
Out of the all-enveloping darkness of the southern night a train, crowded with Belgian refugees, slowly pulled into the station of a city in France. From the north it came, bearing its living freight of poor martyrs, hunger-stricken, emaciated, and confused by the strangeness of their surroundings and the suddenness of their flight. Encumbered with their belongings, snatched up by chance in their precipitate departure, they had come without even asking whither they were bound. In desperation they had departed under stress of great excitement, in order to escape from the horrors of death, to flee from fire, unspeakable mutilations, from atrocities no longer dreamed of as possible in the civilized world, but which, it seemed, still lurked in the minds of the Germans— atrocities which, like the last fatal outbreak of primitive barbarism, were spread over the length and breadth of the land.

These refugees had lost their villages, homes, and families, and were now without a destination—like wrecks upon the sea. Wild distress was in the eyes of all. There were many children—little girls, whose parents and grandparents were lost in the midst of conflagration or battles, now alone in the world, who had fled without knowing why, not caring to live any longer, but urged on by an inexplicable instinct of self-preservation. The faces of these were void of expression—there was not even an expression of despair; they were as if bereft of reason.

Two little tots, lost in this mournful crowd, were standing together, clasping each other's hands—two little boys, evidently brothers, the elder, who was about five years old, protecting the younger, who appeared to be about three. Nobody claimed them; no one knew them! Alone in the world, how had these little ones understood that they should get on this train to avoid death? Their clothes were comfortable, and they wore warm
little woolen stockings. One would suppose that they belonged to thrifty parents in moderate circumstances. No doubt they were sons of one of those sublime Belgian soldiers who had fallen heroically on the field of honor, and who must have felt a supreme tenderness for his little ones, so soon to be cast orphaned upon the world at the moment of death. They did not even cry. So overcome were they with fatigue and sleep that they could hardly stand up. They could not answer when questioned, but still they never let go each other's hands—no indeed! At last, the elder, holding tight his brother's hand for fear of losing him, suddenly became conscious of his role as protector, and found the strength to address the Red Cross nurse who was bending towards him.

"Madam," said he, in an appealing little voice, already half-asleep, "Madam, are they going to put us to bed?"

At that time this was all they could wish for—all they could expect of human sympathy. Quickly they were put to bed—together, of course—and the two fell asleep immediately, holding each other's hands and snuggling close together—both plunged in the tranquil unconsciousness of the dreamless sleep of childhood.

Some time ago, on the China Sea, during the war, two frightened little birds, even smaller than our wrens, appeared, I know not how, on board of one of our French armored cruisers, in the admiral's cabin, and all day long they fluttered about, perching on the cornice or on the green plants, without being interfered with by anybody. Night arrived. I had forgotten them, when the admiral sent for me; it was to show me, not without emotion, the two little visitors, who had retired in his room, and were now perched on a frail silk cord that was stretched over the top of his bed. Very, very close together, they resembled two little balls of feathers rolled and huddled together. In this manner they slept without the least fear, as if they were confident of our pity. In like manner, the poor little Belgians, sleeping side by side, reminded me of the two little birds lost in the middle of the China Sea. The same confidence was displayed, and the same innocent slumber followed; but with a still greater solicitude would they be watched over, these two tiny, trustful birds of the human family.
Stretched on his back, cayuse near by a-browsing,
Smoking and listening, his thoughts go carousing,
   Cacti a-swaying,
   Soft breezes playing,
Mexicans singing some jingling tune.
   Coyotes a-howling,
   Dogs far-off growling,
White silent sands and the light o' the moon.

"Oh, to be back on the streets of Manhattan,
Oh, to be back in the life-throbbing crowd,
Hearing the swish of the beruffled satin,
The clink of full glasses, where life laughs.out loud."

Puffing a gold-tip, all debonair seeming,
Another is revelling, still he is dreaming.
   Music entrancing,
   Men and maids dancing,
Fantastic waves on the mirror-smooth floor.
   Red lips alluring,
   Love vows adjuring,
Chandelier sheen to enjoy, and ignore!

"Oh, to be back in some thistled arroyo,
Mesquite a-crackling, cacti a-nod;
Back where there's nothing on earth to annoy you—
Out on the desert, I, cayuse, and God."

One had been born into Gayety Hall,
The other one facing a 'dobe-hut's wall,
And memory, the witch, is a-teasing, that's all.
The road had grown so rough that the old horse jogged slowly along, jolting the rickety buggy about, and doing much to upset the equilibrium of its occupant.

“Oh, my Lord! Why don’t you jerk me to pieces?” he groaned, in a dejected tone.

However, Moses Smith soon recovered his cheerfulness, for he was not one to remain in the depths long—in fact, he could not afford to allow his spirits to lag, for, if he had ever given vent to his darker feelings, he would have had a hard path to travel indeed. Almost as far back as he could remember, he had been dependent on his own labors to provide food and shelter for himself. His mother had died when he was a mere infant, and his father had been his only companion from her death until that awful day when officers had come to their humble lodgings and taken him away. Moses couldn’t quite remember what happened next, except that a neighbor, of whom he had always been afraid, came to him and said that his father had committed a terrible crime, and would have to be locked up in a dark prison; and that he must be a good boy, or he would be locked up too.

Moses remembered how his whole little body had ached when he realized that he was to see his father no more. Then he had been ill, and, although the doctors had pulled him through, he had never gotten over the dreadful fever, and he never knew at what time his heart, which had been seriously affected, might give out on him. All through his illness the neighbors had been as kind to him as their scruples would allow them to be to the child of a criminal, but, after his recovery, he had been forced to sell papers to make enough money to pay them for the scanty meals with which they agreed to provide him.

Then had come the time when the whole city was in a tumult; his father had escaped from prison, and, although a horde of detectives were set on his trail, he had never been found. Through all the following years Moses had been alone, with no friends...
and little money. He had never been able to believe that the strong, kind man who had been his childhood's companion, and the only friend he had ever known, could have been the wicked convict that the world pictured him.

The only thing which had stood out clearly in his memory of his father's appearance was his big hand, with a purple birthmark on it. Somehow that mark had fascinated him strangely, and he remembered with what wonder he had watched it grow almost black at times.

Moses had sold papers until enough money was laid aside to enable him to attend a night school, and then he had found a paying position as agent for a manufacturing house. His life as a drummer had been uneventful and monotonous, but it was his habit to make the best of everything; so, on the present occasion, when he found himself alone on the country road, he cast aside his momentary despondency and attempted to whistle.

Darkness was fast falling, and, as he bumped over the frozen ruts in the road, he addressed himself to his nag: "Looks mighty like a bad night for us, sister," he said; "the clouds hang awful low, and look terrible gray."

He had barely finished his comments on the weather when great flakes of snow began to fall, and, in a few minutes, were whirling through the air at high speed. The biting wind whipped the snow into the poor man's face.

"Well, I don't mind this so much," came from his half-frozen lips, "if only something out of the ordinary would happen. For twenty years I've been jolting over country roads; in summer burnin' up; in winter freezin'; then always comin' to, no worse for wear. Wish I could have just one adventure, even if it was a tame one. It gets on your nerves doin' nothin' more excitin' than spelin' on the good qualities of Imperial chicken brooders to farmers or farmers' wives. Yes, sister, if I could have one experience I wouldn't mind nothin'."

It was then quite dark, and the snow had been blown about with such velocity that the old horse was finally unable to move another step through the drifts, and stopped stark still.

After several futile attempts at persuasion with his broken whip on "sister's" back, Moses gave up, and climbed over the
wheel into the snowy road, having decided to leave his conveyance, and to hunt, as best he could in the darkness, for some lodging or shelter, where he might spend the night while waiting for the storm to abate. He stumbled along over the drifts, his hands deep in his overcoat pockets, and his collar turned up.

"I've got to find a place to get out of this blizzard, if it ain't more'n a hollow tree," he muttered. Then he added: "There's somethin' up on that hill yonder that keeps foolin' me. Every now an' then I'm sure I see a light, an' then right away I'm just as sure I didn't. But, since that possibility of a flicker seems my only chance, I'm goin' to make for it with the help of my imagination."

So saying, he turned from the main road, and started, carefully picking his way, up the hill from which he had seen the faint light.

Now the snowflakes were smaller, and a pelting of sleet began. The wind howled furiously. Slipping and sliding, Moses at last reached the top of the hill. But where was the light? Still ploughing knee-deep through the snow-banks, suddenly he bumped into something hard. He was stunned for a second, but he put out his hands to explore the obstruction. It was certainly a wall, he concluded, and it must be of some sort of house or cabin. Moving along this wall, at length he found what he supposed to be a door, but the snow was piled up so high about it that he had to dig out an opening with his stiff frosted hands.

At last he forced the door open, and pushing through the banked snow, he entered a room, presumably in a cabin. There was the light which had led him to the hill-top—only a glimmer from the stub of a candle which sputtered on a window-sill near the door, a flicker so faint that the greater part of the room was in deep shadow.

Moses took several cautious steps into the shadows, and then stopped. A sudden blaze shot up from smouldering embers on a hearth at the extreme end of the long, narrow room. The scene revealed by the flash of light was one which affected him strangely.

Before the grate sat an old man; his snow-white hair reached to his shoulders; his garments hung in shreds on his emaciated body. Seemingly oblivious to the storm without, the raging wind and the icy boughs crackling and beating against the cabin
walls, the old man sat motionless, his face buried in his hands. At his feet a bony, starved-looking dog sprawled by the hearth, one paw resting on one of his master’s worn boots.

Moses wondered how these two could have existed in this cabin. The old man’s dilapidated chair was the only article of furniture to be seen, except an unsteady-looking bed, with only a worn quilt spread over its slats.

The flame from the grate was burning lower, when the old man, suddenly becoming conscious of another presence in the room, raised his head, and, turning, saw Moses. An expression of suffering crept into his face; and then, with an appealing gesture, he stretched out his arms. The strained look passed away. “At last!” he cried, and sank in a heap to the floor.

Moses was overcome by a peculiar numbness, and with an unaccountable sensation of wonder, almost of fear, he stooped beside the lifeless form.

“Yes,” he groaned, “it’s the birth-mark.”

His heart felt just as it had on that never-to-be-forgotten day, years ago, when he had fallen ill.

“It’s all up!” he whispered, and fell beside the cold body on the floor.

With a last sputter the candle flame died out. The shadows grew darker. The old dog, waking, stretched himself and whined; while from out of the storm came the far-off neighing of a horse. But Moses Smith was not disturbed; he had had his adventure.
LAYS OF THE OLD DOMINION.

R. A. S.

THE VERACIOUS TALE OF THE RESCUE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH,

Conditor Virginiæ Dei Gratia.

In squat-legged state sat Powhatan,
A squaw on either hand.
Around him in grim silence stood
His braves—a close-massed band.
A crest of radiant rooster plumes
And string of beads he wore;
A sumptuous robe of raccoon skins
Swept down upon the floor.

"Bring in the proud pale-face," he roared,
"That he may know his fate."
And swiftly doughty Smith was dragged
Before the potentate.
The werowance close knit his brows;
The warriors raised a yell;
The pumpkins rattled, and the drums
Rolled forth a hideous knell.

Now, after Smith was safely set
Before the roaring fire,
The guards down squatted circle-wise,
And swelled the frantic choir.
The Queen of Appomattock then
(It seems a trifle droll),
That he might dine with fingers cleansed,
Fetched in a finger bowl.

They brought him then a lavish feast
Of many a dainty dish—
Corn ears and sweet pawhicora,
Of berries, roast, and fish.
Then Smith did straightway settle down
To quell his appetite;
So rare a meal he had not seen
For many a day and night.

But while he ate the braves uprose,
And held a wild pow-wow;
And what the gentle verdict was
Stood written on each brow.
Two mighty redmen sallied forth
Two mighty stones to bring,
And set them with a low salaam
Before their copper king.

When Smith remarked their grim intent
He waxed extremely pale;
His lips began to shape a prayer,
His appetite to fail.
But ere he could collect his wits,
Poor John was straitly bound,
And cast beside the blood-stained stones
Upon the naked ground.

The woaded sorcerers now pranced forth,
And worked a potent spell;
The ghastly shrieks might put to shame
The denizens of hell.
But then within that wigwam crept
An artless skin-clad maid.
Before her mighty sire she paused,
Undaunted, unafraid.

"My father, grant the pale-face life,
Hark to your child's request;
He's been so very nice to me
Since he has been our guest."
"You know not what you ask," he stormed,
"He brings us naught but woe;
Up with your club, my sturdy brave;
Lay low your people's foe."
The mighty club was lifted high
To pound the Captain's head,
When all at once the club-man's face
Turned ashen grey from red.
Around the culprit's neck was twined
A little copper arm,
The little head was pressed to his,
To shield her friend from harm.

"If you will slay him, slay me too,"
And closer still she clung.
The club-man watched his chieftain's face;
His club away he flung.
The werowance's eye was cloyed,
"'Tis well, my lass," quoth he,
"If thus you love the proud pale-face,
His life I yield to thee."

THE COMING OF THE HUGUENOTS.

Thrice welcome to our golden shores,
Ye gallant sons of France,
Who fled before a nagging foe
Across the sea's expanse.
We give this glebe of Manakin
To thee and thine to hold—
To thee, brave Claude de Richbourg,
And all thy followers bold—
Dupuy, Duval, and Lacy,
Monford, Fontaine, and Flournoy,
Bondurant, LeGrand, and Ligon,
Maury, Moncure, Fauntleroy.
And freely here upon this soil
Your faith ye may profess.
No Pharaoh's rod to crush the soul,
And banish righteousness.
And here, released from instant fear
Of craft and bloody foes,
Ye make the deep-delved wilderness
To blossom as the rose.
Upon your land of sunny France
Is stamped a fearful stain;
But unto our Virginia
Is the glory and the gain.
Your progeny is destined,
By decree of kindly Fate,
To stand among the foremost
In the founding of a State;
Ye shall furnish noble Science
With a name of peerless worth,
Whose fame shall be exalted
On the sea and o'er the earth.
Proud France will offer homage
To the glory he had won,
And deem it high distinction
That his forbear was her son.
So lift your eyes; recall no more
The grim oppressor's rod,
But bless within your heart of hearts
Virginia and your God.

The Mistress of Westover.

To thy father's manor they come in throngs,
In their coats of silk and cloth of gold,
Junketing squires and magnates great,
Masters of glebes and slaves untold;
And with them, too, to sigh and woo,
Gentry and knight and proud grandee,
Whose haughty line of azure blood
Might scorn the goldsmith's pedigree.

They riot in thy father's halls;
They toast the State, and toast the Crown,
And then, as if there were no sea,
Discuss the latest news from "town."
They laud the blood of all his stud,
   Their length of neck and pace and fire;
They marvel at his myriad tomes—
   Pay court to daughter through the sire.

And as, beneath thy arbor's shade,
   Thou frontest there the amber James,
They come with blush and whispered vow
   To lisp their love, and urge their claims.
But thou dost ever say them "nay"—
   One is too young or else too old;
Another lacks in courtliness;
   Another is too stiff and cold.

Ah, maiden fair, why is thy gaze
   Turned evermore out towards the sea?
Dost thou await some freighted bark
   Sailing across the main for thee?
Dost thou nurse the hope that thy horoscope
   Is gemmed with the rarest stars above—
That an earl or prince, from a far-off shore,
   Hastes hitherward to win thy love?

Ah, maiden fair, while thou waitest on,
   A sterner suitor hath beckoned thee,
Mightier far than earl or prince,
   A rude and ruthless despot he.
Albeit thou crave some brief delay,
   And shun the blight of his chilling breath,
He grasps thy hand, and draws thee down
   To his nuptial couch in the realms of Death.

---

NELSON AT YORKTOWN.

With steadfast souls the brave allies
   Pressed on in grim array;
And now the dread Cornwallis' host
   At last was brought to bay.
DeGrasse had swept the ocean wave,
   And quelled Britannia's pride;
While Washington and LaFayette
Drew closer still the iron net
   That Britain's might defied.

Now patriot gunners trained their guns
   On homes they loved full well;
And leagured Yorktown groaned beneath
   A storm of shot and shell,
As bloody wrack and ruin marked
   The fierceness of the fray;
And havoc thundered through the air,
   And tenanted that hamlet fair,
Where peace had held her sway.

While hall and cottage, one by one,
   Went crushing to their fate,
Still Nelson's home, amid the waste,
   Stood there inviolate.
“'They spare it for the love of me,
   My hearts of gold,’” cried he,
And straight he galloped to the front,
Where patriots bore the battle brunt,
   To set their country free.

“'Be firm, I charge ye, trusty men;
   Spare naught in yonder town;
Five guineas be that gunner's prize
   Who strikes my mansion down—
Five guineas and his captain's praise.
   Let not one pillar stand!
Who seeks to shield his sire's halls,
While foemen lurk beneath their walls,
   Betrays his fatherland.’”
THE moon had just made its appearance above the highest visible peak of the Alleghanies, and its faint beams shed a spectral light over the rugged landscape. The almost offensive odor of early spring flowers—the pinxter, trailing arbutus, and dogwood—pervaded the air; frogs croaked, crickets chirped, big owls added their deep-bass “a-eow-a” to the chorus, and over all could be heard the plaintive, melodious notes of the whip-poor-will. There were only two persons in the little elevated valley to observe this richness of nature's beauty. On the porch of a log cabin that hid itself as obscurely as possible between the hills were seated Tom and Minnie Shuff, partners of many long, weary years of mountain life. In silence they had both sat and smoked for hours, each partaking occasionally of the sparkling contents of a battered tin pail that was between them on the floor. Finally the woman broke the silence.

“Tom, man, din ye mind what day this is?” she murmured softly.

“Hush, gal.”

“Our Mag was buried on this day one twelve-month. Din ye mind?”

“Yes, Minnie,” he assented.

“The night afore she died I dreamen she come to ma bed, dressed in white, an' touchen me, an' sorter sighen, an' then went to the door. Seemen like she did na walk a t'all, but jist got there, an' then she looken back at ye an' me like she did na want t'go. An' din ye mind, man, ye finde the door open when ye got up?”

“Yes, gal.”

“When I tellen ye ma dream, ye got on the old nag an' went t' Mag's, tellen me ye'd jist like t' be a seen of the kiddies, an' that night ye come home with the young uns, an' broke me heart when ye tellen me that Mag was dead.”
"I mind, gal. Poor Mag—little Mag."

"An' ye said she looken big an' healthy, jist like she had na been sick a t'all, an' Bill took on so, an' would na let the wimmen dress 'er, an' ee helpen t' put 'er in the box tender like, an' held 'er head like ee was fraid some un would treat 'er rough. Bill never loven them other two wimmen of his'n like ee loven Mag. But, Tom, man, ee's done forgot 'er, an's goin' t' take another woman."

"Don't say that, gal."

"Tom, din ye mind how them first two wimmen of his'n got killen?"

"Yes, Minnie."

"The first un Bill let riden 'is mad 'orse, an' ee threw 'er. Sallie got hit with a brick that fell when she was a handen um up to 'im on a chimney ee was a-buildin'. Folks has said ee killen um both on a purpose. Tom! Tom! What if ee killen our Mag!"

"Hush, gal! Ye must na talk that. The night is wet for ye here, an' the Moon Witch is a botherin' ye. Turn in, gal, an' ye'll feel better to-morr e y."

For long hours the old woman lay awake on her cot, thinking of her daughter, her only child, who had died so suddenly one year before. Outside might still be heard the mysterious noises of the night, but she was not conscious of them. It was hours after midnight, when the moon had disappeared behind the shoulder of the west mountain, that she finally dropped off into a troubled sleep. She dreamed of madly-galloping horses and falling bricks—horses that threw their riders mercilessly against the hard ground, and bricks that always found human marks. In the background of all these horrid visions could always be seen the Fiend Incarnate, leaning upon his pronged sceptre, and watching the tragic happenings with a satiric smile. At times his face would be plainly visible, and the features revealed a striking likeness to those of the old woman's son-in-law.

After a time she ceased to dream of such tragedies, and slept peacefully, until she was awakened by a light touch. Standing beside the bed she saw her daughter Mag, transparent, and in vaporous white. With warning finger the specter silenced an outburst of emotion from the mother, and then in dread accents
spoke, telling to her startled listener that she had been killed by her husband; that the bloody cloths with which her throat had been tied were hidden in a well near the house, and that an examination of the body would show in what manner she had been killed. A single instant the vision remained silent, and then, raising again its menacing hand, commanded the mother to seek out the murderer and have him condemned. With bulging eyes the old woman watched the vision grow fainter and fainter, until, of a sudden, she awoke, to find herself wildly gazing through an open window out upon the gray fog of the early morn.

This simple woman of the hills could interpret her dream in but one way. It was infallible proof against her son-in-law; he had murdered his wife, concealed the evidence of his crime, and was now going to marry again. It was her duty to see that he received the penalty of his crime. She did not delay; already she had determined what to do, and determination and action went hand in hand with her. She hobbled over to the cot where old Tom lay sleeping, and, waking him, told her dream.

"'Tom, man, I'm goin' t' town t' get a lawyer. Bill killen our Mag, Tom; ee killen our Mag, an' I'm goin' t' put the law on 'im."

"Gal, gal, stay t' home! Ye can do na good by goin'. Mag's dead. Let Bill be. Like as not Bill's sorry a'ready an ee done it," soothingly replied Tom.

"Na, na, Tom; ee's na sorry. I tellen ye last night ee was for marryin' agin."

"Minnie, ye must na go. Bill's a awful man, an' ye try that an' ee'll kill ye an' me both for it. Ye jist dreamin' it, gal. Bill would na have killen our Mag. Ee loven 'er. An' ee's been good t' us. Din ye mind ee give me ma still?"

"Yis," cried the woman, "he give ye your still, an' brung ye t'bacca too. Ye, Tom Shuff, ye'll let the man that killen your gal go for a still an' t'bacca! An' ye call yerself a man! Ye can eat cold breckfst, ye can! I'm goin, an' if I'm na back by dark ye need na look for me."

It was late in the afternoon of the same day that Minnie Shuff arrived at the office of Mark Jarrolds, the prosecuting attorney, and demanded of the office boy that she be admitted. That
youth deliberated, for never in his time had a barefoot, gray-haired woman, in blue-print calico, visited his master. Being convinced, however, that her errand was no ordinary one, he left her in the outer office, and repaired to the inner sanctum of the official lawyer, where he described the peculiar individual that waited without. Had court been in session, or had Jarrolds been otherwise occupied, he might have sent her away without a second thought; being at leisure, however, he had the boy bring the old woman to him.

The appearance of Minnie Shuff was certainly not calculated to impress any one favorably. She was tall, and bent almost double with age; the features of her face were worn and haggard, and, by her dress, one knew intuitively that she was from the more remote districts of the mountains. Marks of agitation were plainly visible; her face was flushed, her eyes blazed, her lips trembled, and, to add to the harrowing effect, her hair hung in ragged locks about her ears and forehead. In the wildest language she told her remarkable story—the story of her dreams. What visionary matter to bring to a practical lawyer! Yet somehow her confidence in Bill Warren's guilt was contagious, and the young attorney found himself giving credence to the story, promising in the end to thoroughly investigate the case. With this bit of assurance she was satisfied, and crept out of his office, and away.

After her departure Jarrolds sat alone for hours, gnawing abstractedly upon an Havana cigar. What a case! In all probability, the story to which he had just listened was only the creation of a brooding, up-wrought mind; but what if investigation revealed the evidence of which Mrs. Shuff had spoken? Would it be sufficient to induce a jury of twelve practical men to find Warren guilty of murder? Jarrolds was not sure, for, even if all the evidence were forthcoming, it would at best be only circumstantial.

The following day the prosecuting attorney began preliminary investigation. His first step was to gain information concerning the general character of Bill Warren. He found that that individual was considered an all-around bad man in his own community, that he was frequently in magistrates' courts for
minor offenses, and that he had been twice before the grand jury to answer the charge of murder, being discharged each time for want of sufficient evidence. The case began to look promising.

From this time on Jarrolds did not take rest. This was the most peculiar lot of evidence for a murder case of which he had ever heard, and, aside from the duty of his office, which required him to exert all effort to punish dangerous characters, he knew that this case, if handled properly, would bring him before the eye of the public, impress it with his ability as a lawyer, and perhaps indirectly aid him in his political ambitions.

Under his direction, the dried-up well in the vicinity of Warren's old home was secretly searched. Half-rotten cloths, with dark stains upon them, were found in the exact spot indicated by the old woman. These strips of goods were submitted to a competent chemist for examination, and the stains were pronounced by him to be those of dried human blood.

The body of the dead woman was removed from its grave, and an autopsy held over it by some of the principal surgeons and physicians of the State. The corpse was wonderfully well preserved, and still revealed the evidences of health in which the woman was reputed to have died. The examination showed that the jugular vein had been cut at a place very close to the shoulders, the tiny wound having evidently been made with the narrow point of a sharp weapon. The old woman's story had been verified! What now? Was the evidence already in the hands of the prosecution sufficient? In vain Jarrolds searched for additional facts, and at last determined to risk all. Warren was arrested and thrown in jail, to stand trial for the murder of his wife.

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

Suddenly, as if by magic, the court-room became still. A door opened upon the left, and the jury entered. The foreman announced Warren guilty of first degree murder, accompanied with a recommendation for mercy.

"William Warren, have you anything to say on your behalf before I sentence you?" asked the judge, turning to the prisoner.

The prisoner rose to his feet, and scowled down at the jury-men. "Yes," he bellowed, "I have got somethin' t' say. I
reckon ye are goin' t' hang me, an' I want t' tell ye I did kill that
gal, an', what's more, I killen them other two wimmen of mine
too, damn um! I was too smart for ye, I was, an' ye'd na have
caught me if that hag had na dreamen." He stopped, glared
viciously about him, and then sat down suddenly.

The old judge arose. "William Warren, stand up. Because
of your confession, this court disregards the jury's recommenda-
tion for mercy. You have been convicted of murder by your
peers. This court sentences you to be returned to the place
whence you came, there to remain until the 4th of June of this
year. On that day you will be hanged by the neck until dead!
May God have mercy on your soul!"
THE EFFECT OF THE EUROPEAN WAR AND AMERICAN NEUTRALITY ON OUR FUTURE RELATIONS WITH SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES.

J. A. Kennedy, '17.

HERE are several benefits which the United States may derive from the present European war and American neutrality. The greatest, however, is one that probably we could never have obtained in any other way—namely, our future commercial relations with the countries of South America.

While we were but a weak, frail, young nation, struggling for mere life, barely able to manage our own financial affairs, Great Britain started her prosperous commercial and financial relations with the South American countries. Though on a small scale at first, these ties have grown until the present day accounts show us the inconceivable quantity of goods, both raw and manufactured, which pass between Great Britain and South America.

Great Britain has built banks, railroads, factories of all kinds—in fact, by their great system of commerce, they have been the chief factor in the development of this backward country. They have labored diligently to develop the country, so that they might reap the harvest of riches. As a result of their strenuous efforts, they have built up a perpetual flow of commerce between England and South America.

It was only a few years ago that Germany realized the great wealth in South America. Germany, however, as is characteristic of that country, was not slow to grasp the commercial opportunity, and now the "Vaterland" also has a well-established trade with these southern countries.

Meantime, the United States has just been picking up fragments of the trade, and, at the present time, control only a very small amount with these prosperous countries. It seems that,
on account of the impetus of an early start, we have not been able to break in upon the commerce of England and Germany to any great extent.

When we consider the facts as they really are, however, it is surprising that the United States have not figured more in this trade. England has built up a triangular commercial route between South America, the United States, and England, from which England derives double value. As an illustration, coffee is shipped from Brazilian ports to New Orleans. From New Orleans cotton is sent on the same ships to Liverpool, England. This same cotton is manufactured into various articles in Liverpool, and then sent back down to the countries of South America. Why is this necessary? Why do we send our cotton to England, let them manufacture goods out of it, and then send the various goods to South America. Why can we not manufacture the goods ourselves, ship them to the various ports of South America, and, in return for them, bring back their coffee, rubber, sugar, lumber, etc.? Why haven't we done it before? It is true that it has been extremely hard heretofore to fight the competition of England and Germany, since they had already established their systems, but now, since those countries must neglect this trade because of the great war which is being fought between them, it should be easy for the United States to step in and claim the trade which is rightfully hers.

The bulk of the South American trade rightfully belongs to the United States, for two reasons: First, we raise the cotton; England does not. Second, we are less than half the distance between Europe and South America. Why should we not push forward, and start a wave of inter-American commerce that will never waver—a perpetual wave, that will forever roll to and fro between our several ports?

The situation is simply this. Heretofore we have been buying our necessities from Europe, when we could have gotten them from South America; South America has been getting hers from Europe, when she could have obtained them from us. Such a condition should no longer exist.

Two things have opened up the way for the United States for the acquisition of the trade. First, the building of the great
Panama Canal, which puts us in direct communication with the ports of western South America, as well as the eastern portion. Second, the present European war cuts off all South American commerce with Europe. They will be compelled, more or less, to procure their goods from us. And now is the time to equip ourselves so as to be able to furnish the South American countries with whatever they want, as much as they want, and as cheap as possible.

When this inter-American commercial system is rightly established, there will be sufficient material and manufactures to make the Americas economically independent; they will be entirely self-supporting, and will need no outside aid. If this system were in practice to-day, our feeling toward the present war would be only one of sorrow and pity, and not a feeling of worry because of personal loss.

We, the people of the peaceful and neutral United States, must look with pity and lend a helpful hand to the participants in the European war. Also, we, the people of a Christian nation, must provide the necessities of these growing countries to the south of us, and, in so doing, we will set up a commercial system that will stand forever.
BETRAYED.

Anonymous, '18.

She's played thee sadly false; fair, fickle Spring
Hath lured thee from thy safe-kept hiding-place,
And now hath left thee to thy shivering fate.
Deceitful Spring, where's thy much-vaunted grace?

She smiled upon thee, John Quille, and the warmth
Of her didst all thy inmost thoughts engage;
Enraptured, thou sprang forth into the world,
Whilst she retreated shyly from the stage.

Then hoary Winter, loath to yield her place,
Came forth again from out the opposite wing;
With him the snow-storm and the chilling blast,
And John Quille, thou didst feel his deadly sting.

Encased now within thy icy shroud,
In death thy graceful beauty clear displayed
It comes to me (such thoughts are not allowed)
How dangerous is it ere to trust fair maid.
A TREASURE WITHIN A TREASURE.

M. Glass, '18.

The conversation had drifted from one subject to another, and the interest of the participants had begun to lag. One by one the members of the club left, until only four young men remained in the room. One, a tall youth, with finely-formed features that bore unmistakable witness to his Semitic origin, was carelessly turning the leaves of a book as he leaned against a book-case, and, apparently, was paying little heed to the spirited discourse carried on at a near-by table by his three companions. The point under discussion was the value of the study of Latin in the present day, and in the heat of dispute the debaters became oblivious of the presence of a listener. Opinions pro and con were being exchanged in an apparently endless cycle, when finally, as if to conclude the argument, one of the trio leaned back, and, with an air of finality, said, “It should be evident to every one, I think, that the Talmud was all very well in its day, but it cannot possibly be of any earthly use to any one in modern times.”

A moment of silence greeted this statement. The youth at the book-case closed his book, and slowly walked across to the table. “I think you are mistaken in your judgment of the Talmud, Ed; your assumption is too rash—in fact, I happen to know, from personal experience, that your sweeping conclusion is false, and, if you care to hear, I’ll tell you a bit of my personal history, to convince you of the truth of my words.” The speaker dropped into a vacant chair, and, after staring reflectively into space for a few moments, he began:

“I was brought up in an orthodox home. I was an only son, and the sole recipient of my father’s affections, my mother having died when I was but three years of age. My father tried to bring me up to reverence and love all the traditions of my people, and especially did he attempt to inculcate in me a deep regard for all the sacred works, including the Talmud, Zohar, Middrash, and others. But it was the old story that you are all familiar with—
the young generation and the old. I took interest in everything except that which my father wished, and, finally, chafing under the narrowness and monotony of my home life, I begged him to send me to college. He did not look with favor upon my resolution to gain wide, general knowledge, but, as I have remarked, I was the only child, and it was easy to induce my father to acquiesce in my plans.

"At college a new life opened for me. I became what is known as a "rounder," and was having a great time when the sudden news of my father's death reached me. It sobered me somewhat, but I cannot truthfully say that I was overwhelmed with grief. I need not go into any details regarding my homecoming and the numerous matters connected with the death of a father. Suffice it to say that two weeks after the funeral found me in the office of the family lawyer, eager to hear the will. I had no reason to feel any misapprehension regarding my father's fortune, for he was generally reputed to be a rich man, and had given me sufficient cause to believe that he was more than comfortably well off. In view of this, you can imagine my disappointment upon being informed that the only estate left was the old home, with all its furnishings. For several minutes I lost control of my speech, and, upon recovering somewhat from the shock, I was only able to inquire faintly, 'Is that all?'

"'No,' the lawyer replied; and suddenly I had renewed hopes. 'I'm glad you reminded me. Your father left this letter for you—said it was important.'

"Eagerly I seized the letter he extended; half impatiently, half hopefully, I tore open the envelope, and here is what greeted my eyes."

The speaker reached into his bosom pocket, and, with a curious mixture of smile and seriousness, he tossed a worn, creased paper upon the table. The trio composing his audience leaned forward to scan the writing, but only a meaningless jumble of letters stared them in the face:

```
gsvgzonfwrhazgivzhfivzmwrghszookilevzwlfyovgivzhfivgblfblfi
rmruuuvvivmgblfizurgsszhkzrmvwvrmwwzgsmvvevigsvoohhw
virevymylf
```

ugsvqvdhslkvhzmwscnyrgrlnhluxvmgfrvblfihfgwbbhbszooyvivdziw
Having given his companions sufficient time to become impressed with the meaninglessness of the letter, the narrator folded the paper, carefully replaced it into his pocket, and continued:

"As you may readily perceive, I derived no more from the letter than you have. It was a puzzle, to the solving of which I devoted many futile hours. I did not doubt my father's sanity, yet I could ascribe its composition to no other reason. The bitter fact remained—I was thrown upon my own resources. With the aid of friends I secured a position, and proceeded to take my fate as stoically as was possible under the circumstances. I retained part of the home left by my father for my own use, and gradually formed a habit of spending my evenings in the old library room. I confess that at first I stayed at home simply because I, who had been accustomed literally to burn money, could not bear to go with empty pockets among my former companions. I delved into my father's extensive collection of books, doing only desultory reading, until once I chanced upon a translation of the Talmud. Between its leaves I found solace for my grief and balm for my disappointment. I conceived a liking for the book, and, evening after evening, I spent many hours reading the two-thousand-years-old jewels of thought.

"One evening, several weeks after the first reading, as I was deeply engaged in an elucidation of Temurah, or the permuted alphabets, as given in an introduction to the Kabbala, I was suddenly confronted with the two words, 'The Letter!' written in my father's handwriting at the end of a paragraph on Atbash, the first of the permuted alphabets. I realized the meaning of the words almost immediately. In a moment I had spread the puzzling letter before me, and, drawing a sheet of paper towards me, I wrote upon it the first half of the alphabet, and directly beneath it the last half, beginning at z. Here, let me illustrate my meaning."

The narrator paused, and hastily wrote two lines upon a paper:

```
abcdefgihjklm
zyxwvutsrqpon
```
"You see," he resumed, "I have here a set of interchangeable letters as a and z, b and y, and so on, either of which may be written for the other. I applied the principle to the letter, and, to my unbounded joy, the jumbled maze of letters resolved into words, and I was able to read the following, as well as I now remember:

"'My Son,—The Talmud is a treasure, and it shall prove a double treasure to you. Your indifference to your faith has pained me. In death, I nevertheless derive unbounded pleasure at the thought that you are reading the record of the Jews' hopes and ambitions of centuries. Your study shall be rewarded. Call upon my lawyer, and you will hear something to your benefit. May your efforts be blessed, and may your interest in the Talmud never fail.'

"The following day I called upon the old lawyer, and—well—in a few brief moments I was a rich man. The lawyer explained that it was my father's will that if I were not able to translate the letter within a certain allotted time his fortune was to be distributed among various charitable institutions."

The speaker rose, and slowly walked over to the book-case. For a brief interval he gazed dreamily at the books, and then, recrossing the room, he added, partly to himself and partly for the benefit of his listeners, "Don't you think the Talmud is literally a treasure?"
AFTER-THOUGHT.

B. H. O., '15.

Long wandered I in vain,
   My fair ideal to find,
When in the break of dawn
   Thy face appeared, so kind.

My dreams do now appear
   In thee full realized,
And, while time has flown by,
   Thy love to win I've strived.

Though days and nights I've spent
   In this illusive art,
No nearer have I crept
   To thy great woman's heart.

Will thou not deign to smile
   Upon thy wounded friend,
And from thy deep blue eyes
   A look of kindness lend?

I may not worthy be
   Thyself to claim as mine;
Forget not I now hold
   That all of mine is thine.

And as we bid adieu,
   Ne'er once to meet again,
Remember I have lost,
   But take my fate as man.
OLD Ropey had ever been a close-mouthed, cheerless soul, and I often think of his life's story as he told it aboard the 'Selma Lee' that memorable night. It was one of the most surprising, fantastic, tragical adventures I have ever experienced in all of my twenty years before the mast."

"Let's have it, Throaty," came a dozen voices, from all corners of the quarter-deck.

"Well, before I begin, boys, be sure everything is ship-shape, for we don't want old Brandt snooking around with a million orders for things that should have been done. How about you, Cooky; all cleaned up? You, Johansen, how about the forecastle floor, and you, Tommy, done your scrubbing?"

"Aye, aye, all's ship-shape, Matey," they sang out. "Let's have the yarn."

Throaty settled himself back against the rail, laid his head back, and closed his eyes. He didn’t speak for fully five minutes. The little group of sailors stretched out on the deck before him kept very quiet. They knew that Throaty was getting (as he always expressed it) "his material all in his rigging."

"It was ten years ago to-day, lads, that I shipped on the strangest cruise of my career. With bad weather and excessive drink, it's no wonder the Jinx followed poor old Ropey. The schooner 'Selma Lee' was as good a piece of timber as ever you clapped your eyes on, and we were bound for Verdee, away up in the frozen north. Captain Colvin carried his wife with him, and, in a measure, she was the rock-bottom cause of it all, although she wasn't to blame for anything that happened. She was a pretty little thing, with great blue eyes and real light hair—just the kind of a slip of a girl you see, my mateys, when you're on a furlough home, and you go to preachin' of Sunday mornings. We all took to noticing how queer old Ropey used to act from the first day he clapped eyes on her. None of you ever saw him;
he was a little weazened, dried-up man, with the sharpest pair of black eyes that ever pierced the darkness of the land of the midnight sun; honest, they were like two burnt holes in a blanket. Whenever Ropey was at the wheel he kept his eyes fixed on her cabin window. I noticed it more than once, but I didn't say nothing. I was determined, if there was going to be any fireworks on board, I wanted to buy a ticket in the gallery and attend the matinee, but nix on the taking part business. Pretty soon everybody else got to noticing it, and I knew that, sooner or later, it would come to the attention of Colvin. We sailed along, with nothing but the intervening darkness to distinguish one day from another. Soon we were slipping in and out amongst the icebergs, like a phantom ship. Every day brought us that much closer to our destination. On the last day in November it grew suddenly colder. The coldest wind of all that ruffles the North Atlantic is a nor'-wester, and this was an exceptionally cold nor'-wester, that blew steadily for nigh on to a week. The schooner began to ice up fast, and we all took it in turns in chopping the ice off her.

"Captain Colvin, on that memorable afternoon (I remember it as well as if it was yesterday), came reeling up the deck. His face was aflame, and his hands were clinched. I could see at a glance, and read it in the lines of his face, that, at last, he had noticed Ropey's stare at his wife, and I knew that there was going to be hell to pay. Ropey was steering. I could just see his shoulders above the wheel, and his black, glittering little eyes formed a striking contrast to the chilly whiteness of the ice, stretching miles and miles astern. Colvin walked up to him, or, rather, crept up to him, for he approached the little man at the wheel with a crouching attitude. He reminded me, for all the world, like a panther before it pounces upon its prey.

"'You dog!' he roared. 'What do you mean? Answer me! Answer me! What do you mean by such conduct, staring at her as you do? I'll break you——'

"He never finished the sentence. The little man stepped back from the wheel and drew himself up to his little five feet two, and just looked Colvin in the eye as calmly as if he was about to address a crowd of stokers."
"'What do I mean?' he asked. 'Cap, I know I have been staring at Mrs. Colvin, but I didn't mean any harm. You see, she is so much——'

'Ropey stopped short. He was blubbering. He tried to talk, but his vocal powers were taken away, so violent was his sobbing. Colvin lowered his fists, and stood, keenly interested in such strange behavior on the other's part.

"'Can't you talk? What's the matter with you?' said the Captain.

"Ropey's only answer was a muffled moan.

"'To-night, on the larboard watch, I'll be coming to you, you whelp, and I want an explanation of your conduct—a satisfactory one, do you hear?'

"With that the Captain turned away, and strode furiously toward me. I thought he was making for me; his half-murderous eyes, drunk-drowsed as they were, leered at me, but, fortunately, he ducked down into the galley, there to give Cookey a shaking up.

"By this time, my mateys, I had become very much interested in the little affair, and I resolved to be on hand that night to hear the explanation. So, when the bell had sounded, and watches had been changed, I crept over to larboard, and there lay hidden behind a pile of hawsers. It was very cold lying there. The stars overhead blinked and winked like so many fireflies, and the nor'-wester made pretty music as it sung through the shrouds. Pretty soon I heard footsteps approaching, and my heart beat fast. I peered out of my hiding-place. It was Colvin.

"'Evening, Cap,' I heard Ropey murmur, respectfully.

"'Never mind about the salute; come, let's have a word from you,' gruffly responded Colvin.

"I lay closer to the ropes, and peered out through a crevice. Ropey cleared his throat and began. I can hear him now, as I shall always hear him, the melancholy vibration in his voice as he spoke.

"'Captain Colvin, you have asked me why I have stared so incessantly at your wife. I answer you; it is because she is the exact counterpart of Eileen, my wife, the only woman I ever loved, or; please God, I shall ever love.'

"He lifted up his face to the stars, and his lips moved in
silent prayer. 'To tell you better the reason why, it needs be that I must go far back into the past, and tell you of the things that wrecked my life, and made me the silent, morose man I am today.

"I was born of good family, in the little town of Hancock, Rhode Island, and received a good education, graduating from Harvard in '87. It was in the summer following that I fell madly in love with a beautiful young girl, whose name was Eileen Daw. As I have already told you, she was the exact counterpart of your wife. I married her, and to us was born a little boy. Having all my life been subject to violent fits of restlessness, during which I always gave vent to my feelings by imbibing too much strong liquor, I fear I lost control of myself, and such behavior became entirely too frequent; the result was we were divorced. Aye, it was a sad beginning for me, just in the prime of my young manhood, to awake one morning and find my young wife had left me, never to return again. My conscience hurt me two-fold, for the knowledge of the fact that I myself had visited such consequences upon mine own head by such sheer folly. I left the boy, Tommy, who was then quite a little shaver, with an elderly lady who lived near by, and I departed one way, my wife another. It dims my old eyes with scalding tears as I picture my last sight of my boy. He was standing on the edge of a fountain, holding in his hand a miniature pine-bark schooner, fully rigged, preparing to launch it. He waved his little hand at me as I disappeared over the crest of a hill, and that was the last I ever saw of him.

"After constant knocking about the world for about five years, it chanced one day that I visited a certain saloon down on the wharf in Newport News, Va. I had been there a very few minutes, sipping my drink slowly, when I noticed a man laying back in his chair in a drunken stupor. I paid no further attention to him until I noticed the bar-keep go over and touch him, and tell him that there was a lady outside who wished to see him. He made no move to go, but settled down to sleep again. Thereupon the bar-keep went to the door, and informed the lady that he had been unsuccessful in his efforts to arouse the man. Evidently she wanted him pretty bad, for she braved the odious
bar-room and its vile wretches, and came herself to arouse him. She caught him by the shoulder, and he humped up with a vicious snarl, and struck her down with one stroke of his sledge-like fist. As she fell her little bonnet fell off, and I caught a glimpse of her face. It was the face of my wife! It was Eileen. I dove head first at the brute, and we had it hot and heavy for a good while. Finally some one tapped me over the head with a jimmy, and the next thing I remembered was a vague consciousness of pain growing upon my poisoned nerves as I opened my eyes.

"The force of the blow clogged my muscles, and it was with difficulty that I regained my feet. I cast my eyes about me, and found myself upon a tramp schooner, bound for the Lord knows where. I distinctly remembered the fighting in the bar-room, and, seeing my enemy coming towards me, with Eileen on his arm, I knew at once that I had been "shanghaied." To make a long story short, Captain, I will tell you that the dirty, filthy, contemptible brute whom I had attacked, and who now had me in his power, was Eileen’s husband, Captain Hunt. I learned through conversation with her on the cruise, that she had married him soon after her divorce from me. I loved her then, and, as I said, I shall always love her.

"Then followed a month of the happiest days of my life. Notwithstanding the fact that I was a prisoner, I enjoyed it immensely. I could see the old love light burning in Eileen’s eyes, and every night, when Hunt was in his cabin drinking, Eileen and I would talk of the future, of Tommy, and of a million things, there in the shadow of the sails. By and by there came a squall. The crew were over-supplied with drink, and did not notice the barometer or the signs overhead. I did, however, and called Hunt’s attention to it. He answered me with a curt "Mind your own business.” The following day the wind died down, and there was just a faint breeze stirring. Hunt kept tacking all night, but by morning we had gained little or nothing. He was waiting for the northeast wind. All the next day he tacked soberly back and forth, looking, with vacant eyes, from his drink-drowsed crew to the drowsy sea. The haze had thickened until it made the sunlight watery, and the water seemed vicious, as if covered with oil.
At 4 o’clock in the morning of the twelfth day the captain called all hands to shorten sail. We got her under main-sail, fore-sail, and jib, and a half hour later the nor’-easter came. It came with little whirls and gasps of icy air that blackened the oily water, driving along a mist-curtain, and a fine, cold drizzle of rain. Two hours later we were astride a sand-bar, with the shore two hundred yards distant. The schooner was going to pieces rapidly. After the first blow was over we counted, and found there were six of us left—Hunt, Eileen, myself, and three hands. It was readily seen that if some one could swim through the breakers to land with a line all would be well. Eileen commanded the respect of every man on board with the exception of the brute Hunt. I believe she loved him, however, with all his faults. Those three seamen laughed at death, and would have gladly laid down their lives for her. So it fell to Eileen’s lot to call the names of those who were first to make the attempt to swim ashore. We were all six clustered in a little knot forward, the only part of the schooner being above water. The first to go was Steve, the big Portuguese, who plunged in with a giant stroke, and was soon lost to sight in the mist.

We listened attentively; no halloo reached our ears, and we knew he was gone. The two remaining sailors went gladly in their turn, and neither gave a cry. It then rested between Hunt and myself. “Who shall go?” he asked her, hoarsely. I trembled for her answer. A period of silence ensued save for the pounding of the breakers, the crunch of the wreck, and the whistling gale. Slowly she pronounced the words, “You, Hunt, shall go next.” He stood up without a moment’s hesitancy, reached over and kissed her on the forehead, and then plunged headlong into the boiling, seething torrent. There was a ripple, a bubble, and all was the same as before. I could scarcely restrain myself with the joy that was within me. “Did he call?” I asked Eileen. No answer. I turned around, and she was gone. My God, man! can’t you realize what I went through with? I was afterward picked up by a barque bound for New York. Colvin, she was exactly like your wife. Do you not see what I have suffered in the last month. It’s running me crazy, man; crazy, I say—crazy! Whoop!”
"I peered out from my station behind the hawsers. Old Ropey was raving like a maniac. He jumped up on the rail, and stood up there gesticulating wildly, cursing and calling for Eileen. Away out on the ice an eddy of wind caught up some snow and whirled it around and round. 'There—Eileen,' he called at the top of his voice. He jumped from the rail on to the ice below, and set off after the eddy, calling all the while, 'Eileen! Eileen!'

"'Clean bats; crazy as a loon,' I heard Colvin say. 'All hands on deck,' he bawled. Everybody came tumbling on deck. 'Get your snow-shoes and follow me.' We were soon out on the ice, hot on the trail of poor old Ropey. Finally we reached the mainland, and struck off down through the forest. Trembling through the silence came from far away the long-drawn howl of the timber wolf, 'Woo-woo-woo'—sharply at first, but melting slowly in the airy stillness as it died away. It was a weird, unearthly wail, which brought a tingling to our scalps at first, a quickening pulse, a horrible fear, and then a dread of loneliness. Then, from off to the right, near at hand, an answering wail, and then again, again. Down in a little sink of the snow-covered land came another wail, this time loud and clear, 'Come on, fellows; this way,' I called. A little closer I saw a shifting mass of gaunt grey shadows; there were about ten of the devils. I caught sight of poor old Ropey's white face. He was lying on his side, his arms held out in a wide circle, as if he was embracing his beloved Eileen in his eternal sleep. Then came a quick yelping cry, which ended in a yelp of pain as our pistols rang out. A mad scramble, and they shot out into the black woods beyond, and, with the crackling of broken twigs, the quiet settled down.

"We picked up Ropey's dead body and bore it tenderly back to the schooner. It was hard work getting there, too. To add to our discomfort, the sky had clouded over and snow began to fall, not only blotting out the icebergs, which loomed up faintly two miles away, like ghosts, but covering up our footprints. We crept along in the stinging wind, many times missing the trail; but, after a couple of hours' work, a twinkle of light appeared, our shouts were answered by a faint hallo-o-o-o, and then we reached the ship."
Throaty leaned back and yawned and stretched his arms.

"How'd you like the yarn, boys?"

"Fine," was the chorus.

"How about you, Tommy?"

Tommy did not answer. He was fumbling in the folds of his middie. He drew forth a wallet. He opened it, and took from it a bit of paper and handed it to Throaty. "Read," he said.

It was a newspaper clipping of the divorce proceedings of Eileen Daw vs. John Ropey. It mentioned the fact that the little boy, Tommy, the offspring of the couple, was given to the father, and that a Mrs. Kimberly, a neighbor and elderly lady, had been appointed as his guardian.

"Well, I swear," was all the astounded group could say.

"Was that him, Throaty?" Tommy held up a tiny tin-type.

"That's him, Tommy."

Tommy's face went white, and he fell in a heap.

"Hey, Cookey, bring the spirits."
THE MESSENGER.
Entered at the Post-Office at Richmond College, Va., as second-class matter.
Subscription Price, $1.00 per Annum.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

J. VAUGHAN GARY, '12............................................ Editor
CLYDE WEBSTER, '14........................................... Assistant Editor
Mu Sigma Rho.

PROF. J. C. METCALF................................................ Advisory Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Mu Sigma Rho.                                      Philologian.
W. D. MILLER, '18............................................. Short Stories
S. H. GELLMAN, '16............................................ Exchanges
J. A. RYLAND, '16............................................ Poems
W. S. GREEN, '15................................................ Business Manager
Mu Sigma Rho.
R. C. McDANIEL, '16........................................... Assistant Business Manager
Philologian.

EDITORIALS.

The time has come for the present Board of Editors to lay down their work and retire to the classical shades of private life. As we look back over the work of the past year, we realize that it has not been easy, but, nevertheless, the whole way has not been strewn with thorns. Many roses blossomed by the
wayside, and these we have plucked and pressed between the leaves of memory, where they will remain as priceless treasures. When we consider the many mistakes which have marked our term of office, we feel a tinge of regret that, for the sake of the College, we could not have been infallible; but we have done our best, and have no excuses to offer.

In this, our last issue, we wish to express our appreciation to those who have so conscientiously assisted us in our work. It is a source of regret that we cannot include the whole student body in that number, but it must be admitted that some in College have not even lent encouragement. As a whole, however, the student body has co-operated heartily, and there are some who have responded to every request, and, by their contributions and assistance, have made possible what little success we have attained. To those we offer many thanks.

To the incoming editors we extend our best wishes for success, with the hope that the entire student body will co-operate with them, and make The Richmond College Messenger the best college magazine in the South.

A feeling of intense sadness pervaded the entire student body last month, because of the death of two loyal alumni of the College—John Alonzo George and Jesse Hartwell Moore, both members of the class of 1913. The two deaths occurred in Richmond within a period of two weeks.

After receiving a B. A. degree in 1913, John George returned to College, and took an M. A. in 1914. A more popular and useful student never attended Richmond College, as the many honors which were bestowed upon him by his fellow-students will attest. During the session of 1913-'14 he was editor-in-chief of The Messenger, and, under his direction, the magazine reached a standard which has never been equaled in its history. Moreover, he was the captain of the first championship foot-ball team which represented the College for five years, President of the class of 1913, President of the Philologian Literary Society, representative of the College in two intercollegiate debates, and voted
the most popular student in College and the student who meant most to the College in the annual voting contest of 1914. Besides these, he received a number of less important honors, which are too numerous to mention.

Jesse Moore received his B. A. degree at the age of eighteen years, which, in itself, bespeaks his great ability. A large part of his time in College was devoted to the Glee Club, where he was a member of one of the best quartettes which has ever represented the College. He also received a number of honors, which showed the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow-students.

Distressing, indeed, is the fact that these two lives, so pregnant with possibilities for the future, have been cut short while in the full bloom of youth, and their friends deeply mourn over their untimely death. Their lives, however, have not been lived in vain. They have left behind them records of lives well spent, and the memory of their noble qualities and beautiful characters will ever be a source of inspiration to those with whom they came in contact.

In the last issue of The Messenger we urged that one of the reasons for superficial class work is the overcrowding of courses under the present system of Major and Minor Studies. We expressed the belief that five classes are too many for the average student, and that, when he is forced to take so many, his work will not be of the highest quality in any of them.

There is another change which we believe would lead to more thoroughness in our work—the system of major and minor subjects. We believe that, after the first or second year, the work of which should be prescribed, a student should concentrate on two or three studies, which should be left, in most cases, to his own preference. For instance, suppose that a student has a strong liking for English. Then, under the major and minor system, he could concentrate, during the last two years, on this subject, which would be known as his major study. Whatever subject he chose, he would be allowed to continue it through
the rest of his course, and to take more than one class in that subject during a year, if he liked. Besides, there would be two minor subjects. In the case of English, suggested above, other languages, or even history, might compose the minor subjects. However, there should be the restriction that majors and minors should come from the same or related groups of studies. Such incongruous courses as history and mathematics should be discouraged.

Now, what are the advantages of such a system? As we have pointed out, there would be greater concentration, more intensive study. Moreover, a student who has a marked preference or ability for a certain study would be allowed to pursue that study, without having his mind constantly distracted from it by other unrelated studies, which have no attraction for him, and which, under the present system, are of equal importance with the subject of his choice. The first year or two the college student should be required to take a broad course; but, after that, he should not be hampered with languages when he wants to devote his time to history, or with history when he prefers languages. The trouble with so many of us now is that we are intellectually hungry to read dozens of books which we see in the library, in the field of English literature, for instance, and cannot, even when we know that such reading would be of immeasurable benefit to us, just because we are forced to spend a great part of our time on mathematics, or some other unrelated study. This applies to all of our studies. Just as a mathematician chafes under having to study history, the historian feels that he is wasting time in studying mathematics. This is the state of affairs at present, when many of us have as many unrelated studies as we have classes.

Not only would the student benefit under such a system, but the professor would be helped. In his advanced classes he would be assured that the student is not there for the "points," but because he has taken a serious interest in that study, and intends to pursue it with something more than indifference for the rest of his college course. The professor will then conduct his class with more eagerness, and with more profit for himself and the student, if he knows that, instead of working with a number of
half-hearted "point" seekers, he is dealing with men who find pleasure in the same things that give him pleasure. It is for these reasons that we believe the system of major and minor studies would be for the interest of all, and should be adopted by the Faculty as soon as possible.

The Richmond College law students should join their forces with the Virginia Railway and Power Company in their effort to obtain an injunction to restrain the operation of jitney buses in the city of Richmond. Heretofore the struggling young lawyer could advertise his business by chasing over the city in a Ford, thereby causing the populace to think that he was making a success. With the advent of the jitneys, however, the unappreciative populace will think that the law business has proved so unprofitable that he is running a jitney bus.
ALUMNI NOTES.

W. E. Durham, '16.

Clodius Willis, B. S., '14, is pursuing a course in science at Hopkins.

Dan McCarthy, B. A., '14, is teaching in Highland Park High School, this city.

Old friends were glad to see Valentine Lee, B. A., '13, on the campus during March.

News comes to the Alumni Editor that George Anderton, B. A., '14, will be married soon.

O. O. Deitz, B. A., '13, was on the campus recently. He is teaching in the public schools of Richmond.

Otto Lynch, B. A., '11, was a visitor on the campus recently. He is now a member of the Faculty at Fork Union Military Academy.


Beecher Rhoades, B. A., '09, who finished at Louisville Seminary in 1912, is doing a big and progressive work as pastor in Salisbury, Maryland.

J. E. Welsh, '12, and J. C. Riley, '13, both of Crozer, were visitors on the campus recently. They are also taking work at the University of Pennsylvania.

J. W. Decker, B. A., '10, who is now a student at Louisville Theological Seminary, made a speech at Richmond College on April 13th in behalf of the Seminary.

D. N. Davidson, B. A., '08, who was married about a year ago, is principal at Gold Hill High School, in Buckingham county.
Davidson has completed his resident work for Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins.

Judge and Mrs. Walter A. Watson have announced the engagement of their sister, Miss Rebekah Share Watson, to Frank T. Sutton, LL. B., '97, of Henrico county. The wedding is to take place in May.

The marriage of Virginius L. Arnold, LL. B., '11, of Waverly, Va., to Miss Lucile Overall, at Mobile, Alabama, took place on April 7th. Arnold is a son of the late Judge Richard W. Arnold. He is now a promising young lawyer.

Richmond College has two representatives among the Rhodes scholars studying this year at Oxford University. Paul Hubbell, B. A., '11, received an appointment from the State of North Carolina last year. T. C. Durham, M. A., '11, is now in his second year, on an appointment from Virginia.

Richmond College–Hopkins Medical School Men.

Roscoe Spencer, B. A., '09, and M. D. of Hopkins, has been sent by the United States Government to Montana to investigate the prevalent spotted fever of the Rocky Mountains.

Allen W. Freeman, another Richmond College man who went to Johns Hopkins Medical School, recently accepted the position as epidermiologist for the United States Public Health Service. Richmond now has two good men in Hopkins Medical School. They are J. Ernest Warinner, '12, and Garland Harwood, B. S., '14. From these men, and others whom we expect to follow them soon, alma mater may look for equally as great things. Warinner has been made interne at the Union Protestant Episcopal Hospital in Baltimore.
Samuel H. Gellman, '16.

It is indeed distressing when we think of the effect a severe, but honest, criticism, may have upon the ambitions of some aspiring Macaulay or Poe. While there can be no doubt that the youthful writer should be encouraged, not only for his own advancement, but in order that he may again try to furnish something worthy for the college magazine, yet it is equally obvious that apparent and blatant faults should be brought home to him forcibly, in order that they may not be repeated in his future work. Of those writers who may think that our criticisms are unduly severe, we would beg that they take into consideration our good intentions, for there can be but little pleasure, at the most, in ridiculing the endeavors of another, and remember that it is with a desire to cause improvement in their next composition that we try to expose, sincerely and honestly, though severely, the faults that we are able to discern. Let him remember the words of that old sage-like adage that "Every knock is a love tap," and resolve to make the Exchange Editor turn green with envy by the excellence of his next endeavor. In other words, in view of the fact that we have been taught that every stimulus causes some reaction, let the stimulus of severe criticism bring about in the young writer such a reaction of improvement in quality of his work that it will cause the Exchange Editor to "give off" a favorable critical reaction as a result of this improvement.

But to the task itself.

Taking into consideration only its latter half, The Georgetown
College Journal is a journal indeed, the most important part of which is social and college news. Every department, Medical, Dental, Law, and Academic, and every class, except the forlorn “Rats,” have their “Notes,” while each and every game and track meet is given in detail. Twenty-seven out of a total of sixty-three pages is given over to these various and sundry “Note” departments and reviews of athletics, and they are good-sized pages too. Is this not carrying “localisms” a little too far? Otherwise the magazine presents an attractive appearance. The editorials, contrary to what one may expect after finding so many local departments, are of broad and general interest, and so well written that they would do credit to the ablest of newspaper men. “Charles Dickens—An Appreciation” is a delightful essay on that most lovable of novelists. The short and concise account of his life is well interwoven into the sympathetic review of his works, which are treated in the order of their publication. In “Six Months of War” the writer summarizes the positions of the various combatants in the present European conflict with unusual clearness.

But it is with the substance of the two essays, “Richard Mansfield” and “Henry Irving as Shylock and Macbeth” that we are compelled to find much fault. In the former, as well as in the latter, the writers, in discussing Shylock as acted by their respective subjects, express such unjustifiable views of this most unfortunate of Shakespeare’s characters that it would little surprise us if they have not both misinterpreted Shakespeare’s portrayal, and, as a result, the respective renditions of Mansfield and Irving. In the first essay, among other severe arraignments, the writer sums Shylock up as being a “rich Jew, ignoble and crafty, typical of hatred and revenge,” and even finds fault with Mansfield for being inconsistent in his treatment, complaining that while he portrays “Shylock as a clever usurer, bloody and savage, yet he strives to show that the Jew has” some tender feelings. The second writer goes farther, and states that, in comparison with Portia, who is a perfect type of love, Shylock is a perfect type of hate; and that Irving rightly regarded Shylock
as a "bloody-minded monster," and that the great actor's interpretation of Shylock reached its height when "it matured into the relentless and implacable Hebrew, looting over the prospect of his 'bond,' and hungry to wreak vengeance upon the unfortunate Antonio." While we know that few would agree with us in our opinion that Shylock was really a good man at heart, yet is there not at least some extenuating circumstances in his guilt, granting that he was guilty? Yes, even though the very name of Shylock has come to mean in our dictionaries a term of reproach, surely there are some who think that the gaunt and tragic figure whom Shakespeare drew with such infinite care is a man "more sinned against than sinning"—a man who at least deserves our pity, and not our hate, even if he cannot win the sympathy of most of us. If Irving played the part as the writer maintains he does, then he has lost the most vital point of Shakespeare's portrayal, and is playing the part of Marlow's Barabbas instead of Shylock, for when one compares "The Merchant of Venice" with its source, "The Jew of Malta," it is intended as a plea for toleration, a counterbalance to the monster-like villain depicted in Marlow's play, for even Charles Lamb points out that, while Shylock is, at the worst, a man, Barabbas is a mere monster. In the court scene we see, not what the writer of the second essay sees, "the feigned cloak of justice of Shylock's bond torn aside, and murder exposed in its most heinous and revolting colors, and a fierce combat raging within his breast"; but we see in Shylock the picture of a man maddened by persecution, senseless slights, and by undeserved wrong. Tyranny, injustice, and ridicule brought out all the evil in him, and completely changed his nature; and, therefore, when he leaves the court-room, defeated and a broken and lonely man, we forget all the other characters in the play, not excluding Portia, who, contrary to the writer's view, seems to us in that scene, at any rate, but the "lowest of tricksters," making herself that much more low by the mockery of her beautiful words on mercy, for she fails to put them into practice as to Shylock.

"I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign."
These are words one cannot easily forget, which, if one tries to understand, burdens one's heart long after the curtain has fallen on the merry scene which follows them.

"A Midnight Fantasy" is a morbid and highly imaginative story, well told, while "Mathematics and the Moon" is a light, but clever, little poem.

The quality of the contents of the March issue of The Wake Forest Student is not as good as we have been led to expect. While the poetry is of ordinary merit, the stories are, at the most, but light sketches, and the various departments seem not to have been gotten up with any great degree of care. "A Song of the Street-Car" is a suggestive little poem, and perhaps serves its purpose in bringing to mind aspects other than the material ones we have of this public utility. We would be much obliged to the writer if he would try his hand at "The Song of the Jitney Bus." "A Reverie" is a sad poem of (by-gone) memories in iambic quartrains, which are used quite effectively, but the writer would do well to watch his meter more closely. In "The Last Great War," after the writer once gets started, we are given a direct and convincing argument, in which he concludes that, in view of facts, history, and prospects, it seems only reasonable to expect that the present war is but a mile-stone in history, and not the last great war. "The Christ Idea in Browning" brings out some new and interesting phases of that subject, but, like most writers on such subjects, the conclusions he draws are more broad and general than the poems and selections that he quotes would warrant. In the Table of Contents "Jake's Trip Abroad" is labeled a story. Well, it is just as much a story as a door-knob is a door or a button is a coat. By calling it a sketch, we would be stretching the word beyond its limit of elasticity. At the most, it is but an episode; it is, however, a most uninteresting one. "The Fall of Silas Smith" furnishes us a fairly clean-cut character in the person of Silas, which the end of the story fairly tumbles down. The writer seems to be in too great a hurry to get through. In fact, both of the other stories have, among other faults, weak endings. After two or three pages, the writers seem to say,
"Well, we are tired, and the reader must be tired, so we'll finish up as soon as we can, and, besides, the reader will have the pleasure of trying to puzzle out what happens 'ever afterward,' and how we at first intended to end up." We did indeed try to make out these puzzles, but without success.
"The old order changeth, giving place to the new," and we, ere we lay aside our pens, and give way to the newly-elected staff, wish to write of something that has offered itself as an editorial all during the session. We wish to bring before your minds the one thing that is the test of a college's failure or success—namely, its ideals.

Now, to say just what is meant by the phrase, the college's ideals, would be difficult indeed. Perhaps the best definition we may hope to give is to say that they are the factors that make it better or worse than similar institutions of learning. It is not the text-book knowledge, gained in our four years of collegiate work here, that stamps us as Richmond College men and women, but the distinctive mark is whether we understand its teachings and are living true to its standards.

Likewise, our gift of ourselves to the College may be measured by what we give to the College of ideals. If our ideals are low; if we are willing to accept the "near best" when we can obtain the best by effort; if we are afraid to battle for our convictions because it may cost us personal pain, then our College will bear the brunt of our lack of "reach." Every individual in College may either lower or heighten the power of Richmond College as an educational stronghold, no matter how insignificant the person may be.

Perhaps the question may arise, "What good are ideals if action does not uphold them?" Our answer is, they are absolutely useless. But then of what avail is faith if not upheld by "perfect deeds"? Very true is the old saying that "actions speak louder
than words,” but do they speak louder than the thoughts that prompt them? Can true success lie in action if the underlying motive be unworthy? The fact that the men and women who have carved out good for mankind have been those who combined high ideals with an ability and a will to do seems to be the answer to this question.

Now, to pass to some of the ideals a college should strive to realize. First, it seems to us, there should be the ideal of a high standard of work. No college may hope to rank among the first when its students are willing to accept degrees in exchange for sloven work. According to the work you put into your college life so will be the value of the degree, and of the education behind the degree. There have been far too many unfortunate persons in our colleges who have gone away with a degree, but without education, because their ideal was a poor one.

Next in importance comes cleanliness in athletics and in politics, in our relations with other colleges, and in our dealings among ourselves. How easy it is to “hold” in a game when we are sure the referee is looking the other way! And surely applause must be pleasant to the “grand stand” player! Then, too, in politics, it is very easy to make slurring remarks concerning the opposing faction’s candidate. To get the vote of an unsophisticated Freshman “nailed” has been regarded often as the act of a “good” politician. Yes, but what of the effect you are leaving on the minds of the opposing team when you play “dirty”? What kind of ideals are you upholding when you delight in being called the “smooth” politician? And then, too, how are you going to be equipped for the bigger battle if you let yourself be dishonest here?

Lastly, let us keep always in our hearts the spirit of altruism. Let us know that by giving we receive, and by holding back we starve. A student’s success at college depends not so much on what he gets as on what he gives. So let us, students of Westhampton and Richmond Colleges, try to live up to the ideals that have made for the big success of the Richmond College men and women now out in the world, and, with them, let us labor to keep her standards always on the mountain tops.
ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.


Leila Willis, ’05, is spending a few weeks in Waynesville, N. C.

Nell Scales, ’11, is instructor in the Stony Creek High School.

Virginia Campbell, ’11, is at the Sussex Courthouse High School.

Mary Montague, ’10, is teaching history in the Normal School at Radford, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. James Spotswood Keene (Martha Hughes, ’13) are living at Royal Oak, Md.

Macon Barnes, ’11, has been in Richmond during the winter with friends on south Adams street.

Mary Percival, ’12, has been teaching in the High School at Amelia Courthouse for the past session.

Frances Broaddus, ’05, is head of the English and History Department in the Wakefield High School.

We are proud to be represented on the Faculty of Bryn Mawr by Lily Trevett and Peachy Harrison, ’05.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Merritt (Marian Starke, ’13) are making their home in Smithfield, Va. Mr. Merritt is pastor of the Methodist Church there.

The present address of Mr. and Mrs. John McClaugherty (Phoebe Brugh, ’13) is Altavista, Va., and the household includes this winter a little daughter, Phoebe, Jr.
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Helen Monsell, ’16.

We wish to commend the two poems found in The Chisel for February. “Deep Is the Night” is good in its meter and choice of words; the theme, however, is rather beyond the experience of one who is yet in school. “Border Warfare” is a very clever piece of work. We wish to thank the author for its sprightliness. Of the stories, “?” takes first rank. But why such hackneyed themes? The all-enveloping subject of love, in our opinion, has been handled by so many artists of note that the amateur does wise to rely on some other element for the success of his or her story. We have the same fault to find with the essay, “Portia”; the subject is too well worn to be interesting. Our suggestion to the Exchange Editor is that she treat each magazine by itself. Otherwise, a jumbled effect is produced upon the mind of the reader. We wish to commend the art and music departments. On the whole, we enjoyed reading The Chisel.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges: The Vassar Miscellany, The Focus, The Radiant, The Lesbian Herald.
Photographs

***

The Faris Studio,

115 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Telephone, Randolph 5996.

Equipped to Serve You.

MURPHY'S

***

IS THE HOTEL
to meet our boys, and for our boys to meet all the other boys.

In answering advertisements mention The Messenger.