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THE MESSENGER.

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MAY, 1915.

No. 7

PEACE.

J. W. G., '18.

Sweet Peace, that rules in those, the humble hearts,
That dwells not where grim war and night abound,
Nor yet where kings, both fond and rich, are found;
But seeks the meek, and welds the severed parts
Of souls impaired, through Heaven's kindly arts,
Together, in the Christ's eternal crown.
Awake! O, Peace, ye are no less renowned
Than war. Put on thy armor, richly wrought,
And grasp thy shield, the universal prayer
Of this, our State, and this, our sovereign nation.
Lay hold the sword of God, that we may stand
Above the envy of the crowd, and there
Raise to a higher plane, from degradation,
That sacred bond, the brotherhood of man.

THE PASSING OF GUISEPPE.

H. M. S.

MOTOR, with three empty cars attached, dashed at perilous speed out of No. 3 drift mouth, and the dust-begrimed motorman was gesticulating wildly. The tippie boss, electrician, mine foreman, and two or three night-loaders hurried toward the excited man. Harvey Garfoyle, the mine guard, happening by, joined the little group in time to hear one of them say, "Guiseppe—second left—No. 9—kittle-bottom." The mine foreman crouched in an empty car, and ordered the motorman to carry him to where Guiseppe was pinned beneath the fallen slate. Garfoyle swung into the car beside him, and two or three others climbed into the other two cars. When they came to room No. 9, on the second left entry, Garfoyle started to enter immediately.

"Careful," cautioned the foreman. "That top is as rotten as can be, and you'll have a kittle-bottom on your head in three seconds. Bring a light, fellows, and let's see what she looks like."

The foreman raised the lamp above his head and glanced at the faulty top. He involuntarily shrank back, crying, "Don't go in there, fellows, for God's sake! The whole thing is just barely hangin'. Guiseppe is dead anyway, so what's the use. It won't be more than six hours until we can have it timbered safe."

Just then a low moan, barely audible, came from the room, and Garfoyle reached for a lamp. "He may be a 'Guinea,' fellows, but I'll be d—— if I can stand here and do nothin'. Come on!" The foreman clutched the would-be rescuer by the arm, but he jerked himself loose, and, stooping, strode to where Guiseppe lay moaning. He tried to lift the rock, but, finding that his greatest efforts could not move it, he called for a pick or sledge-hammer. Each stroke of the pick threatened to bring down a mountain of slate upon the officer's head, and the on-lookers, from their place of safety, cringed at every blow. After about twenty minutes violent exertion, he succeeded in breaking

the huge piece of slate, and in a few more minutes he had the nearly unconscious Italian in the open air. An arm was broken, a shoulder crushed horribly. The doctor pronounced the case hopeless, "because," he said, "the man is injured internally."

"Dope him, Doc, and don't let the poor devil suffer," ordered Garfoyle. "Give him enough to keep him asleep until 3 o'clock, and I'll have him in the hospital by then." Why he took such an interest in this little nondescript Italian he himself did not know, but he took him to the nearest hospital and paid every expense. In a week or so Guiseppe was back in the mining camp, well on the road to recovery. He followed Garfoyle as a dog follows his master, and if he could run an errand for the officer he was happy. Every day he would say, "I getta de mon', Mr. Policeman; I getta de mon'. I pay everyt'ing."

* * * * *

All during the summer the United Mine Workers Union had been stealthily sending agitators into the coal fields, organizing the labor union, and preparing for a combined strike in the several fields. Garfoyle and the other guards were continually on the watch-out, arresting, counter-plotting, and guarding. Several agitators were arrested for trespass, and others were ordered off the Company's land. The operators laid in a supply of machine-guns, high-powered rifles, and ammunition, because they knew that the strike was inevitable, and they were determined to hold out against the extravagant demands of the union.

During the latter part of August conditions came to a climax. The noise and bustle of the camp subsided into a deadly calm which boded trouble. In sullen groups the miners defied the guards and superintendent, and emphatically refused to re-enter the mines until the Company would agree to a nine-hour shift instead of ten, and that a regular scale of wages should be adopted. The Company refused, and the miners retaliated by burning the tippie. A dozen deputies were sworn in by the sheriff, and stationed around the commissary and office. The homes of the miners were grouped around the mine, while the offices of the Company were built at the mouth of the little hollow, several

hundred yards below. This natural division of the two factions formed a dead-line, which neither side dared cross.

Guiseppe, at the beginning of the trouble, had joined the union, and from time to time had reported to Garfoyle the plots and plans of the strikers, but, after the burning of the tippie, so close and strict a vigilance had been kept by the miners that it was impossible for Guiseppe to elude them. For three days the calm continued, and the waiting game was telling on the nerves of the guards. The superintendent wired the mine-guard agency for more guards, and they replied that they would send an armored car and thirty officers the next day. Garfoyle was sent to the main line junction, eighty miles away, to meet and take charge of the car. He left orders that a careful guard should be maintained, for fear that the strikers would try to slip past the officers and wreck the train.

That night Guiseppe managed to elude the vigilance of the miners, and brought the report that they had, in some unaccountable way, got wind of the telegram concerning the car and guards that were to arrive the next day, but he knew nothing about their plans in regard to it. He brought a package of Italian cigarettes to Garfoyle, and was greatly disappointed because the officer was absent.

Nothing happened during the night, and the guards were jubilant because of the expected relief corps. The superintendent received a telegram from Garfoyle, saying that the car would leave M—— at 7:12, and that they would arrive about 10 o'clock. The guards, superintendent, and commissary and office employes were all crowded on the steps in front of the commissary by half-past 9, eagerly awaiting the train. The railroad track wound around down the mountain in tortuous curves, and could be distinctly traced for miles. The grade was very steep, nearly four per cent., and about four hundred yards down the track, below the commissary, there was a high bridge, crossing from one mountain-side to the other. The height was dizzy, and the ground below was strewn with huge boulders.

"Look!" yelled one of the commissary clerks excitedly, "there's the smoke of the engine. She's comin'! We can't see her though, 'till she crosses the bridge."

The distant whistle of the locomotive echoed up the hollow, and, at the same instant, a shot was fired from the top of a high point up the mountain-side. Simultaneously the strikers back up the hollow began shouting and yelling. The guards, expecting an attack, dashed into the commissary and office and stationed themselves at the windows. A small run-away truck, piled high with boxes, dashed by, gaining momentum at each second. The blood in the veins of each of the on-looking guards froze, and they stood rooted to the spot. One glance at the boxes on the truck was all that was necessary. They were filled with dynamite, and the truck had been timed so well by the man who had fired the shot up the mountain-side that it would meet the on-coming engine upon the bridge. The jar of the collision would explode the dynamite, and the train would be hurled into the gorge below. One of the guards rushed to the outside and fired twice at the fleeing car, thinking that he might explode the contents, but the bullets had no effect.

"Who is that?" yelled the superintendent, pointing a shaking finger down the track, and, at the same instant, a man sprang from the embankment to the track below. He exerted every ounce of his strength trying to pull a heavy beam across the track, and, though he tugged and pulled with all his might, he could not move it. The truck was upon him. Without a second's hesitation, he hurled himself, head first, on the track in front of it. It struck his body, swerved, jumped from the track, and spilled its contents harmlessly down the hillside.

The engine stopped within a few feet of the body, and tender hands raised it up, but life was extinct. It was Guiseppe, and he had paid in full his debt to Garfoyle.

CUSTOMS OF OLD HEIDELBERG.

Dean May L. Keller.

NESTLED at the base of the foot-hills of the Odenwald lies Heidelberg, the paradise of students, the town long famous for its University and its castle, now crumbling into ruins. The mountains tower high over the little town, with its narrow, crooked streets, winding down to the Neckar, and, little by little, the town has encroached upon the mountain-side, until, in the spring-time, when all the forest has donned its garment of green, a broad, feathery, white band encircles these lower reaches, made up of blossoming cherry trees, with a dash here and there of the faint pink of the apple and the deeper pink of the flowering almond. In the midst of this beauty, on the edge of the forest, lies "God's Acre," to quote the picturesque German phrase, where all night long the nightingales sing a requiem for the souls of those who rest in peace below the roses and jessamine which fill the place. Here, also, half way up the mountain-side, lies the crumbling castle, in whose vaults are to be found the largest wine cask in the world, and the memories surrounding the name of the famous dwarf Perkeo, well known to student lore. On the terrace of the castle, overlooking the Neckar valley, is still to be found a hoof-print, left, tradition says, by the charger of the famous Prince, who, surrounded by enemies, made the leap from the terrace across the river in safety to the other bank. A time-honored tradition demands that every aspirant to the Doctor's hat, on the night before the examination, shall carefully place his left heel in this print, while slowly repeating a Latin formula, all the time gazing across the river at the ruins on the mountain-side opposite. The careful performance of this rite assures the Herr Candidat a successful passage to the Doctor's degree.

In Heidelberg many old customs have been preserved, which have completely vanished elsewhere. One of the most interesting is the procession, on the Sunday nearest the 21st of March, of all the children in the town bearing wands to the

ends of which are attached an egg and a pretzel. The children vary in age from fourteen years to little tots of two and three, and all are clothed in white. The older boys make for themselves a kind of cone-shaped frame-work, which they cover, some with straw and some with green foliage, under which they walk, representing, of course, the old contest between Winter and Summer, while the children all sing a song of the triumph of Summer. This is the survival of the German greeting to summer in earliest times, when the straw-man represented Winter, which is overcome by Spring, clad in green branches. This song is most effective when hundreds and hundreds of little ones all join in the singing, and march through the principal street of the town just about noon, ending every verse with the words "*Sommer Dag ist da.*"

Another unusual custom is that of committing all students to the University prison for punishment, rather than giving them over to the civil authorities. They are judged by the University Senate, and sentenced to three days' imprisonment in the University carcer or prison, the last of its kind in Germany. Five small rooms on the top floor of the main University building constitute the prison house. The white-washed walls have long since been covered with frescoes by artist prisoners, and every man has left his photograph enshrined in putty on the back of the door. The poet, too, has left his mark, and many a name famous in art, literature, and war is to be found on the walls of these rooms. The bare furnishings, necessitating the bringing of many articles by the prisoner, in order to be comfortable, have led to many a curious spectacle in the vicinity of the University. On one occasion a rather popular student was escorted through the street by all his fraternity brothers in a cage mounted on a cart drawn by oxen. A brass band enlivened the procession, while all the pans, kitchen utensils, bedding, clothing, etc., that could be procured were tied to the cage, while his friends lustily cheered and sang. Even a Bismarck served his appointed time in the carcer in the old rollicking days at the University of Bonn, before the prison was abolished.

No account of Heidelberg would be complete which omitted a description of the inn in the Hirschgasse, where many a famous

duel has been fought. The Hirschgasse on Friday morning presents, as a rule, a much livelier scene than the University, for more students are to be found there than at their regular classes. Imagine a great hall set round with tables and chairs, at the upper end a cleared space, and in that space four people, two of whom are clad in garments which bear a strong resemblance to the costume of an American foot-ball player. They are the two duellists, and the others are their seconds. These men wear goggles to protect their eyes, and carry a dull saber, with a large hilt decorated with the colors of the organization to which they belong. An attendant brings in a tub full of cotton, soaked in antiseptic solution, the doctor approaches, and the seconds give the word to begin. The Schlaeger is raised, a blow is parried once and again in quick succession, but, at last, the least experienced fencer begins to weaken, a blow falls on his head, and an auburn scalp lock flies into the air. Again the heavy Schlaeger ploughs a furrow in his face, and yet again. With blood streaming, the seconds stop the contest, the doctor swabs off the wound, and leads away his man to sew up his face, each stitch taken adding to the glory of his opponent, which will be duly entered in his record book as follows: "Johann Schmidt," name followed by long line, which is crossed to represent number of stitches taken in opponent's face. Should this happen to be the third duel, both parties are now entitled to wear the ribbon of their fraternity colors across their manly breasts, and next day, all sewed up and stitched up, with a black skull-cap on the head of the defeated one, they will appear together in the University class-room, the vanquished with the conqueror, all smiles and graces, bearing no sign of malice toward one another.

The 21st of June, or the coming of the genuine summer, is celebrated at Heidelberg University by a torch-light procession. The German students have three kinds of organizations at the University—the Corps, consisting largely of aristocrats, the black organizations, as they are called, and the ordinary societies, the members of which do not practice duelling. The Corps students have an elaborate costume for all state occasions, consisting of high boots, velvet coats, white gauntlets, broad sashes of the Corps colors across their left shoulders, gold-embroidered caps worn over

the left ear, and clanking sabers. The black organizations wear a similar costume, but a large black velvet hat with a white plume replaces the cap of the Corps students. They assemble in the University square, form in line, and proceed to light their pitch pine torches. From the square they wind slowly up the mountain-side, crawling along like a gigantic glow-worm, until on the mountain top they reach the Bismarck Saule, on which they kindle a red light, which sends up tongues of flame against the purple-black sky, and lights up the whole mountain-side. Silhouetted against the sky line, the dark figures stand out with a curiously weird effect, and the night wind brings faintly to the ears the words, "*Deutschland, Deutschland ueber alles, ueber alles in der Welt.*"

But the spell of Heidelberg is greatest on a May night when some Corps has ordained a Schloss Beleuchtung (Castle Illumination), to celebrate the day of its founding or some similar event. They ascend the winding road of the Heiligen Berg until the Castle is just opposite, with the river flowing between; the girdle of white is all about the mountain opposite, and everywhere the air is laden with the perfume of lilacs and syringas. Just at dusk a boat appears above the old bridge, and suddenly the whole sky is filled with a dull glow, for the castle has burst into flame. Every tower, broken window, and ruined arch stands out against the blackness of the mountain behind. As the glow begins to fade suddenly a golden rain descends from the old bridge, shooting stars appear, and, as the boats pass through the molten gold, to the watcher on the mountain floats up the strains of

*"Alt Heidelberg, du feine,
Du Stadt am Ehrenreich,"*

while from the castle comes faintly the reply,

*"Am Neckar und am Rheine
Kein' andere Kommt dir gleich."*

The glow dies, the gold vanishes, and only the faintest echo, "*Kein' andere Kommt dir gleich*" is borne by the night wind across the water to remind one of the fairy scene that arose out of the darkness for a moment, only to disappear again into the summer night, leaving not a trace behind except a memory.

RICHMOND, ALMA MATER.

Ethel L. Smither, '15.

Mother, whose children loom large in the conflict,
Daughters and sons doing battle for right,
Hark to the voices of those who adore thee,
Calling to thee for guidance and light!
Richmond, *Alma Mater*.

Giver of life! in the hearts of our nation
Children of thine are singing thy fame.
Many have dared climb the steps to where fame hides,
Only to write there forever thy name.
Richmond, *Alma Mater*.

Mother, be kind to us, thy younger children;
Give us thy spirit to do and to dare.
Take thou each heart that with high hope is beating,
Impress thy passion for purity there.
Richmond, *Alma Mater*.

Soon we'll be leaving thy loved halls behind us,
Torn from the breast that has nourished us long;
But we'll bring back to thee glory and honor,
Praising thy name with continuous song.
Richmond, *Alma Mater*.

GANG AFT A-GLEY.

Boyce Miller, '18.

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley.

—*Robert Burns.*

* * * * *

THE first gray streaks of dawn were just beginning to appear, and everything was quiet about the dormitories. The big Greek athlete raised himself in bed, and studied the face of his watch by the uncertain light. Five-fifteen! It was past his usual hour for rising, and he sprang energetically from bed. His name (ah, the horror of it!) was Nick th' Balderes, and he was the central figure in athletics at the University. His development was superb. In height he was perhaps not much over six feet, but every inch of him was muscle, not of the knotty, whip-cord kind, but pliable and smooth—the kind that flows beneath the skin in oily waves.

After dressing, he went to his desk. There was little enough to do, for the year was almost over, and he had his work well in hand. He turned absent-mindedly through one book and then another, replacing each in the orderly rows before him. He had been interested (mildly) in reading something, he could not remember what. Oh, yes! It was a collection of poems by Sappho. Where was that volume? He looked everywhere, and then remembered. It was in the room next door—his countryman's room, Paul Theafanos. Balderes would go gently and get it, without awakening the sleeper.

With the greatest pains for maintaining quiet, he opened Theafanos' door. All was dark, and he felt blunderingly about for the electric button, found it, and, an instant later, the room was flooded in light. The sight that met his eyes was surprising. His friend was fully dressed, and seated by an open window. He was pale, and the marks of agitation were strongly upon him.

A glance at the bed showed that it had not been occupied. Theafanos was a little fellow, studious and delicate, and in this far-off America Balderes had taken it upon himself to watch over him. All the generous solicitude within him was awakened by his friend's appearance.

"I thought you would be asleep, Paul, and I came in to get old Sappho. What's the matter, man? You don't look well, haven't for weeks, and you've been up all night! You can't go this pace! There's no reason why you should work so hard, for you are sure to get your degree."

The other smiled wearily. "I'm not worrying about graduation. I can't sleep, so there is no use going to bed." He was thoughtfully silent for a minute, and his big friend looked down on him pityingly. "Sit down, Nick. I've got to tell you this! I would have felt better if I had done it long ago."

The athlete drew his chair close to that of his friend, and settled himself comfortably. Theafanos began:

"You know I spent the time while you went to Constantinople last summer in taking a tramp across the Green Mountains, and on to Lake Champlain and Lake Ontario. I've told you about it before, but there's a part I didn't tell, because I was afraid you would laugh, and I was too sensitive to bear it. I met a girl up there in those Vermont mountains, and—and—well, it's the old story. We loved each other. Don't laugh, Nick! I know you make light of love, but this is serious with me.

"There was no romantic meeting, or anything like that. I stopped at her father's home, intending just to remain for one night, but after I met Mary I stayed longer. She was shy and quiet—a real little country girl—and she was beautiful. I wish you could see her once. You'd love her too; I know you would—everybody does. She is so different from our girls—a blonde, just a little mite of a thing, slender, with tiny feet and hands, big blue eyes, and ruby lips, hiding the most perfect teeth you ever saw; cheeks with just the right amount of color, and golden hair."

Theafanos had forgotten his friend's presence, was utterly oblivious to his surroundings, and was living again in phantasy the months of the summer past.

"The first glimpse I had of her she had an armful of flowers, bringing them to the house. She looked like a butterfly to me, with so many colors about her. The mother introduced us, and I stood there awkwardly, embarrassed by her beauty, and unable to think of a thing to say. She was the first to speak.

" 'Don't you think these wild honeysuckles beautiful?' she asked.

"That suggested something to talk about. 'Yes,' I said, 'they are beautiful, and fragrant, too. Do you like flowers?'

" 'Oh, so much,' she said softly. 'Don't you?'

" 'Yes, they are very interesting. I have studied flowers for some years.'

" 'Studied?' she questioned, surprisedly.

" 'Yes, I am something of a botanist, you know. Would you like to have me tell you about the flowers you have here—their legends and their real names?'

"She seemed delighted, and we sat down on the porch together, and I began. 'Most of the real names of flowers are hard, but a few are pretty. Now this flower you call wild honeysuckle is not really a honeysuckle at all—not even related—although a great many people call it that. It is a kind of *rhododendron*, and its botanical name is *nudiflorum*, but the real common name is much prettier—pinxter flower is what it should be called.'

"She clapped her hands. 'That name is much prettier than what we call it. It sounds almost like the color—pink!' She had been looking at the heap in her lap, but suddenly raised her eyes. 'Oh, you can tell me the name of these little flowers. They look something like forget-me-nots, only smaller, and bloom too early. I always call them wood flowers.'

" 'I am surprised that you should care for those,' I told her. 'They are not fragrant, and wither soon. I do not know their common name, but botanists call them *hepaticas*.'

" '*Hepaticas*,' she repeated after me, lisping the word prettily. '*Hepaticas*. I shall try to remember. I like them because they are tiny, and bloom so early.'

"Then I told her much about flowers. I did not try to pull them to pieces, and explain the parts—the stamens, and petals, and ovary—or anything like that. I told her that the rose and

apple and pear belonged to the same family; that the violet and pansy were close akin. I explained to her the stages in the development from the simple wild flower to the more complicated cultivated ones. I told her little legends and love stories connected with the flowers that she knew, and described some of the prettier varieties that grow in western Asia. I tried to make her understand the love of the Greeks, as a people, for flowers; that men and women cared for them equally, and that even among the laboring class the men hurried home from work to spend their spare hours in beautifying their homes by attending to the flowers; that they wore flowers on their coats, carried them in their hands, and often secured a pretty one behind the ear. In all this she was interested, and soon we were friends.

"From the very outset she had fascinated me. I did not love her; I did not think of myself as being in love, but the beauty of her thrilled me. That evening we were sitting on the steps of the porch together, and I tried to kiss her. Somehow, her graciousness had, in a vague way, made me feel that she would not object. She did not take my attempt seriously, as I had intended that she should, but, with a merry little laugh, and an 'Oh, not that,' she ran into the house.

"I thought she was teasing me, and the following evening I made bold again, hinting that I cared for her. I believe she almost took me seriously then, for she did not run away, although she held me off wonderfully.

" 'Mr. Theafanos, I have only known you two days,' she reproved.

" 'Then may I hope that the third will be the charmed day?' I asked.

" 'No, not to-morrow,' she said softly.

" 'How long, then?'

" 'Oh, maybe in a year,' and she laughed.

"That she had borne with me so long gave me courage. The third night *was* the charm alright. I took her in my arms and held her close. She resisted me fiercely, but I had almost kissed her when she gasped out, 'Mr. Theafanos, if you—you—kiss m-e-ee, you may never speak to me again.' I let her go, and she made me return her to the house. I could not bear the coolness

with which she treated me after that, and, in melancholy spirits, I began my tramp again.

"A month went by, and, during my solitary hours on the road, I came to know that she was for me *the one woman*. I cursed myself for the way I had behaved, and for the opinion I knew she must have of me. At last I could stand it no longer, but wrote her a long letter. I asked that my rudeness be forgiven, and told her I loved her, and wanted her to be my wife.

"Her answer was long in coming. She said she had not had the courage to write sooner. Then she told me my letter read like a dime novel, and she said I was only a boy. That got close to me—a *boy*, and *dime-novel* letter. But she ended by telling me I might come to see her, and I was quick to take advantage of the opportunity.

"She was quick to notice that her letter had offended, and I could tell she was sorry. After a time she mentioned what she had written, and assured me she had only jested about the sound of my letter—that she thought I would understand.

" 'Now,' she said, 'will you not look so angry?'

"I turned to her, and I know I spoke almost fiercely. 'You call me a boy, and say I am too young to speak to you of love. How old would you have me be?'

" 'Oh,' she breathed, and I knew by the sparkle in her eyes that she was laughing at me, although she wanted to clear matters up. 'Mr. Theafanos, you are a man, of course I did not mean that you were not. You are past twenty-one, you say—older than I am. But don't you know I am older as a girl than you are as a man?' She looked up at me, and saw that I did not yet understand. 'Oh, you won't see it! Of course, I know your judgment is more mature than mine, and all that, but, just the same, a man never marries as young as a girl does. Don't you know?'

" 'Then tell me, please, how old a man should be,' I asked.

" 'Twenty-five, at least,' she said solemnly.

" 'But if I wait till I am twenty-five to marry you, you would be nearly twenty-five too, and you have just said a girl should marry young.'

"She blushed, seemed almost convinced, and then suddenly

angry. 'I have never told you, sir, that I would marry you!' she said.

"I laughed. 'Come, let's quit disagreeing. We've quarreled long enough. Just to make sure we quit, I'm going to tell you an old, old story. There was once a time in the history of the world when there were no women at all, and the men were discontented, and quarreled among themselves. When they hurt one another there was no one gentle enough to minister to them. An appeal was made to the Olympian gods, and a messenger was sent with a sword, who cut all the men half in two. The right side remained man, but the left and weaker side became woman. Those who are unmarried are only half beings, for it was intended by the gods that one should be help-mate to the other. All over the world men search for their other half, but the women, being the weaker and more delicate, do not take part in the search, but stay at home, trusting that the gods will send to them the rightful man.

" 'Little Mary, I have found you. Across the deep Mediterranean and Atlantic I have been guided to your home here in the mountains. We were intended for each other. If you can't promise me now, can't you give me just a little reason to hope?'

"She was quiet this time, and serious. 'Mr. Theafanos, I like you, and I think that I can tell you that you may hope. But I have known you such a little while, and how am I to know that what I feel for you is real love? You go on to the University. I promise to write to you all winter, and next spring you come back to me for your answer. Now, will that satisfy you?'

"I caught her to me. 'Don't! don't! You mustn't!' she exclaimed. 'Listen, Mr. Theafanos, when I was a little girl I made up my mind no man should ever kiss me unless I was engaged to him.'

"I let her go, and for a time we were both silent. It was a beautiful night; the moon shone brightly, almost bright enough for one to read, and its beams reflected in the dancing water at our feet. I think we both felt the mellowing influence of the surroundings. It became impossible for me to contain myself. I took her in my arms, and passionate words came to my lips. She did not try to stop me at all; she said not a thing, but her whole little

being trembled like a leaf. Impulsively she raised her lips to mine, and for the first time I kissed her. I lived a world of pleasure in that one moment! I forgot all else! She was mine, mine, and I had kissed her! I was brought back by feeling her trying to withdraw from my embrace. She was crying, too. 'Paul, Paul'—it was the first time she had used my given name—'you remember—what—I said, and now—now it is done!'

"I never felt so badly in all my life. 'I'm sorry, Mary,' I told her. 'I'm truly sorry.'

"Her answer was low, but determined. 'We must not stay here longer. Take me to the house.'

"The next day she gave me the real *promise*—that she would marry me as soon as I graduated. I remained at her home for a week—a week of unlimited happiness. Unlimited happiness, did I say? Well, hardly that, for there was a keen disappointment in store for me. One morning Mary told me that she would not marry me at the indicated time. She pointed out the difference between her education and mine; that hers was limited to a country high school, that mine was graduate work at the University; and then she told me she was determined to win a college degree. In vain I told her she needed to know no more—that I was content that she should be my little goddess, my queen, my love. I pleaded with her, but all to no avail. She would have her way.

"We left together for school, and I accompanied her to Poughkeepsie. I have not seen her since, but I have been hearing from her twice a week regularly. During the fall term she was home-sick most of the time, but she studied hard—she had to, for she was poorly prepared, and the work was heavy—and made the examinations with flying colors. The mid-winter exams. were very hard, and she was conditioned on two subjects, although she was confident of being able to bring up the general average during the spring.

"Nick, Vassar College closed a week yesterday, and for more than half a month I have had not a line from her. My letters to Vassar have been returned. I have written to her home, but have heard nothing. To leave here now would be fatal, and yet it is torture to stay. Can she be sick, or has she failed at college, and is ashamed?"

Balderes tried to say something, but Theafanos continued:

"That little girl is all the world to me. I live for her; my every plan is centered about her! She is my everything! Holy Mother! What can a man in my position do?"

Nick th' Balderes coughed. This was a new situation for him, and he did not know how to handle it. "I don't know, Paul. I don't know. You will be through here in three days. Why not wait?"

Theafanos' head sunk on his hand. "And while I delay only the angels know what may be happening to her. By the Virgin, I swear she shall marry me as soon as I find her! I care nothing for her degree!"

He sprang suddenly to his feet. "I have been talking silly, Nick. All things are of minor importance to the girl a man loves. Last night, when I was uncertain whether to go or stay, I packed my hand-bag, and it is ready now. I am going to the old Vermont mountains, and, if all is well, I will return for the examination to-morrow afternoon. If not, my master's degree may wait till another year."

There was a silent hand-clasp, and the troubled one was gone.

* * * * *

The sun was nearing the western horizon, and long shadows were creeping towards the east. Chill winds blew down from the high mountains—winds so chill that the solitary equestrian, who was forcing his way rapidly over the steep road, shivered in spite of himself, and drew his coat closer about him. With the most acute interest he watched each landmark which indicated the nearness of his journey's end. He had reached the top of the last long incline, and his destination lay less than a mile away on the forest-covered plateau. Hush! What sound was that? Ah, he was right! It was the tinkling of sheep and cow bells.

Soon he obtained a glimpse of the house through the trees—but what was that little bunch of white beside the brook. It looked like a girl; now he was sure—it was—it was! He sprang from his tired horse, and, leaving him to take care of himself, he hurried softly towards the drooping figure. A little bed of forget-me-nots was beside her, and she was pulling quantities of them

abstractedly to pieces. She did not see the man approaching from behind.

"Mary," he called softly, holding out his arms; "little Mary!"

She raised her head wearily, revealing red and swollen eyes, and quivering lips; then, recognizing him, she buried her face in her hands.

The man sank down beside her, and attempted to draw her hands away. "What is it, Mary? I have waited so long to hear from you. Why did you quit writing to me?"

"Don't," she said, sadly; "you must not put your arm around me, Paul. When you know why, you will despise me!"

Theafanos tried to avow his faithfulness, but she stopped him.

"You must not say those things, Paul. You will be sorry when I tell you. I—I—oh, Paul—I did work hard at Vassar, but I could not pass those examinations! I—you—now you know why I did not write!"

He took her hands forcefully in his, and made her look at him.

"Listen, Mary! I have never cared anything for your college degree, and, before I even dreamed it was possible for you to fail, I made up my mind I could not wait till you graduated. I determined to marry you as soon as this college year was over. That you have failed does not alter my purpose. Now!"

He held out his arms again, but the girl shook her head.

"No, Paul. You are rich and educated; I am poor, and cannot even learn. It would not be right for me to marry you."

The man laughed. "Listen to me," he said firmly. "I leave the station on the midnight express, for I have two more days of work. Three days from now I am going to marry you, and we will go together to the old University for Commencement, and, after that—well, we'll plan the honeymoon later. You have not much time in which to get ready, so I advise you to quit thinking about Vassar and what happened there."

Twenty-four hours later a kindly-faced old gentleman in western Asia received the following cablegram:

"Jon Matsos Theafanos, Imperial Ottoman Bank, Constantinople, Turkey:

"Need 500 pounds. Am going to marry.

"PAUL THEAFANOS."

THE SPRING SNOW.

J. W. G., '18.

How the merry March winds blow—
Ever free!

How they sink and swell, and flow—
O'er the lea!

How they sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle,
All the meadows with delight!

How the balmy air does mingle
With the laughing skies that twinkle
O'er all the land so bright;

Raining happiness and love,
Like descends from God above,
'Pon the hills and valleys bare that, when kissed, like rubies
glow—

Like the twilight stars of heaven, or the smiling of the bow—
When the sun is near his setting, and his rays are on the snow.

But hoar winter lingers still—
In the vale!

And he mocks the chanting rills—
That prevail!

How they swell, swell, swell,
All the brooklets, far and wide!

How their heaving bosoms tell
Of the mountain snows that fell
In their foaming, bursting tide;

Sweeping down, down, down,
Over rocky cliffs, did bound,
'Till they found themselves encumbered in the flying spray and
motion

Of the brooks that seethed and thundered in their wildness and
devotion,

On their journey through the valleys to the grey and silent
ocean.

And the snow-drops fall to-day—

March has fled!

Every flower dreams of May—

In its bed!

How they whirl, whirl, whirl,

From the fleecy April clouds!

How they wrap the budding world,

Which the zephyrs had unfurled,

In their pure translucent shrouds;

Decking field and woodland white,

Like a sheeted ghost at night.

All the day they dance and flutter 'till the waning lights at gloom,

And the night-winds sigh and mutter like the sedges when in
bloom;

But the Spring shall no more shudder, Winter sleeps within his
tomb!

THE SPIRIT VOICE.

Sara Thomas.

PART I.

IT was 11 o'clock one morning in early June. The rain was over. From the car window the sun could be seen peeping through the clouds and mists. The stately oaks and walnuts were drooping majestically, and every leaf seemed to be inlaid with gems. This green wilderness of Kentucky was soon passed, and the locomotive whizzed on through the less picturesque surroundings of waving wheat, rye, and buffalo grass.

In the parlor car sat a girlish-looking woman. Her light brown hair waved slightly over her forehead, and through this veil could be seen two piercing grey eyes. There was something shrewd and hard about her expression, but, withal, she was an interesting-looking person. Presently the volume of "Othello" slipped from her hand, and she gazed vaguely at the landscape.

Near her was an apparently young man, of powerful build. He had a calm and self-respecting air, and was busily engaged in looking over some accounts. Neither seemed aware of the presence of the other, and, for the space of an hour, they sat without exchanging a word. The train gave a lurch, and began to slow down. From the station platform came this shrill cry: "*The Lexington Herald*, the latest issue; buy a copy now!"

"Let's buy a copy, Martin, for I am so tired of working over this play," exclaimed Dorothea Donnithorne.

"Just a moment, and I will get you one. There seems to be an unusual demand for them. I suppose there has been another murder," replied Martin Chadwick, her husband.

"Six hundred drowned, and many injured, in the destruction of the 'Titanic' by an iceberg," read Dorothea, on unfolding the paper.

"Terrible calamity! I imagine it will teach this generation a lesson. I heard something about a disaster this morning in the

smoker, but did not pay any attention to it," he answered from the depths of his figuring, on which he was again at work.

"I wish you would put that work up, and let us have a little chat before we get to Louisville. Don't you remember how we planned these long rides together before we married? I would never have consented to play the *role* of Desdemona this winter if I had not been confident that you, as business manager of the company, would always be with me!"

"Well, I am with you," he muttered.

With a dizzy rapidity the train rolled on over the lofty tableland of Kentucky. Neither spoke for a while. It was about twilight, and a certain calm seemed to have fallen on everything. Emerging from the dark shadows of the trees could be seen an old bay horse, going slowly along the distant road, a white figure astride of him. This picture soon passed out of vision, and Dorothea continued to gaze till all objects became dim and her eyes grew weary.

"I really believe we are in the suburbs of the city. Let us get our things together," said Martin, suddenly waking from his work, entirely forgetful of their last few words, which had somewhat depressed his wife.

"I am so glad we are here, for I feel one of my bad headaches coming on. If this ride had lasted much longer, I fear I could not play to-night. It is almost too soon for Zillah Dawes to substitute for me. I don't think she has had enough training."

"Here you are! I have been pacing the floor for the last hour. Unfortunate that the train was so late. Big crowd in the city to-night to witness the show, so make all possible haste, and get a little rest," exclaimed a jovial-looking man, all in one breath, as the couple stepped off.

"Why, Mr. Raynham, I am so surprised to see you. I did not think you were planning to be with us this evening. I told Martin this morning that you had gone to Chicago to prepare for our next trip."

"Well, you know your boss is given to appearing at the least expected moment. But enough of this; you must hurry on to the hotel."

So, without any further conversation, they left their good-natured boss, and pushed through the crowd.

"I do wish I had asked him about those folders which we are going to publish. I wonder whether our stage scenery has been carried to the theatre."

"Oh! come now; don't think about that," put in his wife.

"All right; just as you say."

"You know, the more I see of Mr. Ripton Raynham," she continued, ignoring his reply, "the more thankful I feel for having such a man for our manager. I only wish that all bosses were like him. Just think, he does this for the sheer pleasure that he acquires from it. It seems strange that he would ever be willing to leave his beautiful blue-grass mansion and his dear wife for this busy whirl. It is unfortunate there are no children. Yet Mrs. Raynham seems contented to stay at home and look forward to his coming every two weeks or so. But, listen, Martin dear, what is the matter? You let me do all the talking?"

"Excuse me, Dorothea. I was just thinking about how much we would be able to take in this week for balcony seats."

The evening performance was over, and Dorothea had played her part admirably, considering her physical state. The crowd was pouring out the auditorium doors, and some of the less aristocratic people were declaring that they would at once read "Othello."

"I never thought that deep old man, Shakespeare, was equal to anything like that we have just seen," said a dark-eyed man, who was still thrilled and agitated over Desdemona's murder.

Meanwhile Martin had gone in search of his wife, behind the scenes.

"Let us go down to the cafe, and have a little diversion from this monotonous life. There will be a sort of a festival down there every night this week," he begged, in an apologetic manner.

"Yes, I will be glad to go, but you must promise to come home at a reasonable hour, for you know both of us need rest."

"I will agree to anything, but hurry; let us take this cab which is coming now."

Soon they entered a gay and brilliantly-lighted room,

alive with the chatter of voices. Gambling was going on, and many were dancing. The very sight of this company of fashionable folks filled Martin's whole being with pure delight. He determined to forget his troubles and the drudge of business life. Wine was served, of which he partook freely, and before very long he had reached a semi-intoxicated state. In this condition he soon began to realize what attention his pretty wife was receiving.

"Devilish pretty girl she is; has only been married—" uttered some strange voice near him. Without turning, or waiting to hear the rest, he broke from his circle, and drew near his wife.

"Dorothea, we must get home at a reasonable time, for you know both of us need rest," he whispered in her ear.

The irony of this speech overwhelmed her, and, without a word, she left her partner, and sent the maid for her cloak.

"You seemed to be unusually gay to-night, and I fear if it had not been for me you would have still been flitting around. What would you do without your settled husband to call a halt every now and then?"

"Now, Martin, do not talk that way, for you know that I went for your pleasure. What enjoyment could I find there with my head throbbing as it is? You seem so suspicious of me, and I hardly know what to think of you. But here we are at the hotel."

"I see that you are tired, so we won't—" But here the cabman opened the door, and Martin's sentence was left unfinished.

They went immediately to their rooms. The silence between them was oppressive, and, finally, Dorothea went into the adjoining room to read, for she knew she could not sleep yet. Within an hour she returned, entering softly. By the pale gas-light she perceived the regular breathing of her husband, and she realized that he had fallen into a sound sleep. She bent over his pillow noiselessly, and lightly touched his lips. Then she stole to her bed, and soon was lost in slumber.

The first rays of the sun were creeping across the room when she awoke with a start. Her eyes were glazed and staring; even her brow was beaded with unnatural perspiration. Her entire

frame shook with the pain of her recent dream. On seeing that it was dawn, she was relieved, and almost smiled at herself for her fright. She rang the bell for water.

"Come in," she called, as she heard the knock at her door.

"What is the matter, miss?" cried the girl, in amazement, as she looked on the face which so recently had become worn and ghastly.

"Oh, I had a fearful dream, and it has disturbed me," said Dorothea. "I would not tell this, yet I must recite it to some one, for I fear I will grow morbid. Why not this girl?" she thought resignedly, and before she realized what she was doing she was talking rapidly.

"I was sitting on the quaint stone porch at home. Both mother and father were living, and I could see them distinctly, and even hear their conversation from where I sat. It was a warm afternoon, and the air was full of summer fragrance. The grass had that peculiar blue tinge, and the butterflies were flitting hither and thither like so many bright-colored nosegays on wings. Suddenly I seemed to be awakened from my reverie by the sound of horses treading the ground. From under the arches of the trees approached a hearse, drawn by two jet-black horses. With a feeling of dread I watched them as they halted at our little front gate. I felt as if I were forced to remain in my seat. From the high seat a boyish-looking man stepped, and unlocked the gate. Without hesitation, he approached the steps. A vague and doleful shiver crept over me, and I was seized with sudden fear. The face before me did not resemble any human being I had ever gazed upon. It possessed a livid, grotesque expression. I felt that he should be in the coffin, so near and ready did he seem for the grave.

" 'Are you ready to go?' quivered a hollow and ghastly voice.

"The sound of this was so terrible and death-like that I shuddered, and groaned out a feeble 'No.' The strange creature descended the steps, and then I awoke."

By this time the maid was ringing her hands in a horrified manner.

"Oh, miss, that was dreadful! Please do not talk about it any more. Do have some coffee."

"All right, I will not; but I was compelled to speak of it, as it made me feel so uncanny," protested Dorothea. The maid went out, and she was left sitting on the bed, deep in reflection.

"It is strange that I ever consented to run away from home to marry. How I would love to spend one of those quiet evenings there once more! But why has this dream come to disturb me? It has some meaning. Yet I will try to forget it," she thought to herself.

(To be continued.)

ORTHOPTERA AS A SUBJECT FOR SCIENTIFIC STUDY, OR AUTOTOMY AND REGENERATION IN THE GRASSHOPPER.

W. A. O'Brien.

[Part of the Essay which won "The Wightman Science Prize," 1914.]

A DETAILED description of the anatomy of the grasshopper is unnecessary here; however, it may be well to consider it in a general way. Every one who has studied human physiology remembers, among the first topics, "Uses of the Skeleton," and among the first paragraphs, "To protect the delicate organs, to furnish attachment for the muscles, to give form to the body, and to furnish levers for the movements of the body." Later, if the student becomes interested in comparative anatomy, he may find that the skeleton of the grasshopper serves identically the same purposes as the human skeleton. The human skeleton is surrounded by the muscles, while the opposite is true of the grasshopper, and we say that the animal has an exoskeleton. The integral parts of the human skeleton we call bones; the separate pieces of the grasshopper skeleton we term sclerites; that constituent, which gives to bones their firmness, we commonly speak of as lime; that which lends rigor to sclerite is a horny substance called chitine. Chitine is a substance such as that of which the nails of the human species is composed.

The head is movable, and carries the mouth parts, such as mandibles, maxillæ, etc., the eyes and the antenna, the latter being two horny, whip-like projections about 1.5cm. in length.

The compound eyes, one on each side of the head, are the most conspicuous divisions of the head. Their surface is made up of a large number of hexagonal plates, each of which forms the surface covering for a simple eye, admitting but a single ray of light. Thus a compound eye is but the collection of these

simple eyes, and is particularly adapted for the detection of movement, since any change in position of a large object would affect each of a large number of simple eyes.

The simple eyes, one just above the base of each antenna, and one between the bases of the antennae, are almost microscopical in size. I say that these are simple eyes because they are not movable, and I am confident that they are not composed of a large number of divisions, as are the compound eyes. It is evident, by observation, that the two large eyes of the grasshopper are of the type known as compound, but the detailed description, above given, is taken from my knowledge of compound eyes in general.

The thorax consists of three divisions—the prothorax, bearing the front pair of legs; the mesothorax, bearing the middle pair of legs and the front pair of wings; the metathorax, bearing the jumping legs and the last pair of wings. The first and second pair of legs are used in walking and grasping; the last pair, with which an experiment, which will be described later, is concerned, are used in walking and jumping.

The digestive system begins with the masticatory organs of the mouth. The food is here masticated, and passed through a short oesophagus into the crop, thence to the gizzard. By careful dissection, the inner walls of the gizzard are found to be lined with chitine-like substances, evidently for use in further grinding the food before it is passed into the stomach proper, where digestion takes place. The intestines, a large and small one, connect the stomach with the anus, through which undigested particles are ejected.

The nervous system is somewhat complicated, and no little care in dissection is necessary to enable one to secure a good drawing of it; however, with patience, the more important parts may be located. The brain, an almost microscopical, bi-lobed mass of nerve tissue, is located in the head dorsal to the oesophagus. From the brain pass two connectives, one on each side of the oesophagus, which come together just under the crop, and pass backward as the ventral nerve cord. The ventral nerve cord consists of a number of ganglionic masses, joined together, each of which sends a pair of nerves to the surrounding tissue.

As the facts herein set forth are based upon personal dissections and observations, I am unable to give a description of the respiratory and reproductive systems, my experiments as yet not having been conducted that far.

For my experiments a soap box was used as a cage, the bottom being covered with a thin layer of earth and the top with wire gauze. As the hoppers were collected they were placed in the cage and fed on grass, which they ate quite readily.

Much of the behavior of the grasshopper depends on the physiological condition of the individual. The insects were fed on grass, large bunches being placed in the cage, and I noticed that early in the morning and late in the afternoon, whether placed in strong sunlight or in the shade, the hoppers were very active, climbing up on the blades of grass, eating, and moving around. From about 9 o'clock in the morning to about 4 in the afternoon they were quite inactive, and if one end of the box be shaded, the other remaining in sunlight, the insects will seek the shaded portion, where they remain passive. However, I was able to induce activity during the passive period by sprinkling water on the grass and dry earth in the cage. The insects then become active, whether in sunlight or shade. They probably feel that a shower of rain has passed, and, in spite of the fact that the morning period of activity has ended, come up to eat of the freshened grass. I should call this positive chemotropism.

The insect exhibits no definite response to gravity, as is evidenced by the fact that it will usually retain any position in which it is placed.

The grasshopper passes through several moulting periods before it reaches the adult stage of development, and one is fortunate if he is able to observe the act, which is as follows: With head downward, the insect fastens its claws into a stalk or blade of grass, and remains quiet for a short time; a pulsating motion begins at the center of the dorsal aspect of the thorax, which continues until the whole thorax moves up and down; soon the exoskeleton splits, and, after some upheaving of the thoracic muscles, the body drops to the ground, leaving the old skeleton clinging to the grass. At first the wings are much-wrinkled portions of cuticle, but soon straighten out and become firm.

Almost every boy has caught grasshoppers by the legs, and noticed them give a violent kick, sometimes breaking the appendage and flying away. In this case the legs are simply broken off by violence. My experiment is different. Autotomy in the grasshopper is not merely a violent kick on the part of the insect, so that the appendages are broken off; it is a reflex action, or, in other words, a definite response to stimulus.

The jumping legs consist of the following parts—coxa, or first joint, which joins the femur to the body; the femur, tibia, and the tarsal segments. On the postaxial surface of the knee, where the femur and tibia are joined, there is a small V-shaped opening in the skeleton, thus exposing the muscles. The insect is held between the thumb and forefinger, to prevent its jumping and injuring itself, the leg straightened out to render the V-shaped opening more freely accessible, and the muscles here exposed are teased with a teasing needle or other small instrument. The third ganglion of the ventral nerve cord in the thoracic region sends a nerve into the jumping leg. When this nerve is stimulated, by the above process, the entire leg becomes detached at the point between the coxa and femur. All of the grasshoppers with which I have experimented have acted in the same way under the above conditions; therefore, since nothing which happens regularly can be the result of accident, one is led to conclude that this disjoining of the legs is a process similar to that which we call autotomy in the crayfish.

By carefully removing a portion of the exoskeleton, so as to render accessible that part of the ventral nerve cord passing through the thorax, the disjoining of the leg in question may be effected by stimulating the third thoracic ganglion, which furnishes the nerve stimulated when the insect is teased at the knee joint. When properly handled, there is no violence on the part of the grasshopper. Then, in view of the above facts, one cannot say that this disjoining of the legs is due to any weakness of the muscles at the breaking point, and, it seems, must necessarily conclude that it is really the power of autotomy.

A number of grasshoppers were stimulated so as to cause their legs to be disjoined, and placed in the cage. Those that had passed the last moulting, after about three weeks, did not

grow new legs. Those not having passed the last moulting stage grew appendages, as follows: On the second day the coxa was somewhat enlarged, and, after about five or six days, it became elongated, remaining thus until the insect moulted. After moulting, the leg is seen in its normal form, with a soft covering of sclerite. The appendage grows quite rapidly, and the sclerite hardens, so that after about a week the insect cannot be distinguished from those in the cage not having been operated on. I think the reason for the non-regeneration of appendages in those individuals that had passed the last moulting period is that insects, in general, do not grow after this period is passed, probably due to the fact that they are exoskeleton, and growth is accompanied by expansion of the muscles beneath, so that the skeleton breaks open and is discarded, a new one being formed.

The power of autotomy and regeneration is of advantage to the grasshopper, since by their projecting position the jumping legs are quite liable to injury. When the leg is injured the wound heals more easily, and regeneration begins more quickly at the breaking point than it would at the point of injury, where new sclerite would have to be grown to the old portion.

The power of autotomy and regeneration may have been acquired by a slow process of development, or it may be the result of variation and heredity—*i. e.*, at some time or other there may have appeared a grasshopper able to disjoin its legs and regenerate new ones. In the struggle for existence this insect would have been better able to escape its enemies and survive. Then, if, by heredity, the characteristic had been transmitted to the offspring, this species of grasshopper would have multiplied and survived, to the extinction of those not possessing the power of autotomy and regeneration, and it seems to me that it is a process that the insect has acquired as an adaptation to its environment.

DESCENT OF NIGHT.

Albert C. Cheetham, '18.

The sinking sun, a mass of glowing flames,
 Slopes westward toward the blue encircling hills;
 His dying rays dance on the rippling James,
 And nightfall all the day's harsh clamor stills;

Save where, beside the murmuring streamlet's edge,
 The chorused frogs give forth their wearying plaint,
 And yonder, hidden in the yellow sedge,
 The crickets chirp in cheerful tones, though faint.

The far horizon's azure-tinted fringe
 Is wedded to a pale ethereal hue
 Of soft-toned pink, and over all a tinge
 Fills the domed heavens with a touch of blue.

Slowly the night descends, and dimmer still
 Wax fiery, futile Phœbus' parting beams,
 And crescent Luna lonely swims until
 The primal evening star, too, brightly gleams.

Like a black pall deep Night enshrouds the Day,
 The last light fadeth, and the starry host
 Stud the still sky and sing their silent lay—
 And with Day's care Earth is no more engrossed.

THE SHADOW OF DEMOSTHENES.

(IN FORM OF A FABLE; IN SUBSTANCE, A SERMON.)

R. T. Coleman, '18.

ONCE in the palmy days of yore a Graduate of the Slumberville High School decided to leave his native heath and clover patches, to fare forth into the world. To him the world was still a small, very small, place. He would proceed to enlarge it. To do this, our Hero must needs have a college education—not that it was at all necessary, but because Slumberville society decreed it to be fashionable. Besides, it was certainly the proper course for a worthless fellow like our Hero!

After the Graduate had examined, with commendable carelessness, several catalogues, he picked the college that seemed to be suffering most acutely from a lack of geniuses. To the President of this mighty college he sent a wonderfully-penned letter. On September 15th, without fail, a great foot-ball player, editor, and social favorite would arrive, the letter stated in head-splitting phrases and need-of-a-typewriter penmanship. Let all ye poor Seniors and Juniors beware! Ye lesser lights, hide your puny flames under the proverbial bushel measure in the presence of a “skinned them” Graduate of the Slumberville High School!

Now this afore-mentioned Graduate was a man of parts. He had played foot-ball, and had succeeded in getting most of the kicks. He had had varied experiences with the feminines; he had been so popular that the girls had chosen him to see to the closing of the school doors after the parties were over. The girls, of course, were considerate enough of our Hero's feelings to trip their way homeward with other fellows. The Graduate had also been “Joker” of the school paper. His effusions on the page of Mirth (?) are said to have been very brilliant. Sol Perkins, the village store-keeper, used to tear out the joke (?) page every month to light his store lamps. And Sol was, withal, a ripping good judge of a joke!

On the appointed date and hour the mighty Grad. wheezed into the station of the college town. Gallantly heralded by the inspiring screech of irrepressible shoes, and accompanied by a splendid selection of ante-bellum luggage, he was a person in whose honor a college officer would never hold a reception. On the amazed bunch of college men at the station Mr. Genius cast a look of pity. He was a Graduate. They were only poor pluggers who could give their school nothing in return for the fees they paid. He—a genius—would proceed to show them how to lower the standard of the college. That was the hard task he had set for himself.

Great minds work slowly, but, in due course of time, the eminent Graduate was settled in a room vastly inferior, of course, to his own room in the farm-house at Slumberville. Strange to say, no one called him "Graduate," and ever and anon some indelicate person would say something of "rats." Our Hero devoutly hoped that there were no rats at college—they had been much too abundant at home. He had come to college to get rid of rats, and here every other reference was to this or that "rat." The "rats" even seemed to have names. Surely this was going too far, this custom of having rats with names at a college which only Graduates were supposed to attend. Yet this ominous talk of rodents did not suppress the nerve of the Grad. He stuck his name, with a flourish, to the roll of a debating society. At the same time he informed the officers of this suffering band that he would favor them, at an early date, with an oration. It would be an effort that would cause the old Greek, Demosthenes, to settle down deep into oblivion.

In the course of events it occurred to the Grad. to spend an afternoon in the city—a distance of seven or eight miles by the electric line. Perhaps he might suggest some municipal reforms. Comfortably seated, the gallant Hero took no note of the crowd on the car. Ladies were standing; Seniors, sallow and fear-ridden, were standing. Yet he sat majestically. His surprise was mildly stirred when the only husky Senior on board began to shout, "Get up, 'Rat'!" He had certainly not expected to find rats on the car. He was sure that he had left them all on the college campus!

Then, as a beam of light pierces the blackest night, he realized that the horrid, impolite fellow was calling him—a Grad.—“rat.” He would create no disturbance on the car. It was not because he was mindful of his fellow passengers, but—that Senior looked pretty husky. The continual chiseling of the upper classman, in the form of “Get up, ‘Rat’!” in no way affected the quality of our Hero’s ivory. Was he not a Graduate of the Slumberville High School? Had he not been the chief draw-back on the scrub foot-ball squad? And had he not walked home once with Cynthia, the village belle? His attainments allowed him to do not as the Romans did, even while in Rome.

The ladies and the Seniors continued to stand; the Graduate sat with clam-like tenacity. Finally, the Senior, who played ‘Varsity foot-ball, made a fine kick. The Grad., of Slumberville, tumbled and reeled crazily, and, at length, rolled into the Jim Crow section. The Senior calmly went on chewing his gum. With the cover—a new overcoat—badly ripped, the ball slunk into a corner to consider ways and means. The ground lost by the timely and well-aimed boot must be regained. Thus did real foot-ball enter the life of our Hero. From it he learned that discretion and policy—not politeness—prevent a Grad. from holding a seat while ladies and Seniors grip the swinging straps.

The ways and means committee of the fellow from Slumberville—suffering from the example of the national committee—failed to yield results. Every way of getting a return crack at the Senior seemed to be closed. The fertile brain could frame up no trick. Although the Grad. was wonderfully expert in swinging an axe and shoving a hoe, his blows had never seemed to land when he had been invited to little “pink teas” behind the frame school-house. Therefore he decided that he would refrain from cultivating the acquaintance of the Senior in a pugilistic way. There was only one way out of the mess. The matter would rest in the hands of the Senior; the Senior would have to demand satisfaction from the Graduate for kicking him so suddenly and vigorously.

With his feelings rapidly healing, but with the forceful punt of the Senior still a grievous wound and sore memory, our genius began to prepare the oration that he had promised the fawning

literary society officers. "Tyranny" was his humble subject—a subject justified by his extensive non-knowledge of the ancient Greek and Roman masters. What mattered it if he knew nothing of the phillipics of Demosthenes, Cicero's Cataline, and Mark Antony's famous Cæsarian effusion? "Tyranny" would be his subject, despite the fact that he knew nothing of the requirements of an oration such as he proposed to inflict on a suffering humanity.

Even a Slumberville Grad. could not entirely destroy the ordinary routine of college life, and on a certain cloudless Friday night the literary society met. Naturally, the only purpose of the meeting was to hear "Tyranny—Past and Present," by the eloquent new member. Not often was the society so honored. To listen to every word of the oration would be to gain a classical education without digging into the dead old antiquities of Greece and Rome. To attend this particular meeting would be to foster a genius. With the afore-mentioned attractions, and the added prospect of possible slumber, the we-would-be classicists turned out in full force, and filled the hall. The stage was all set for a performance that, to this late day, causes a Senior to shiver when he beholds a "rat," and especially Graduates of the High School at Slumberville.

With Napoleonic stride and Platonic unconcern, the speaker of the evening mounted the rostrum after the rather elaborate introduction which he had prepared for the President to read. In his icy glance over the motley collection in attendance, the orator's eye chanced to light on a stalwart figure in a distant corner. He was the rude fellow who had punted the Grad. from a comfortable seat to the grimy floor of the car. At the sight the speaker's eyes flashed fire. He threw his carefully-prepared notes to the floor and trod them under foot. Free from the tyranny of notes, he would proceed! Little did a certain person present expect to be snowed under by the descending fury of vitriolic speech.

Suddenly the storm broke! Lightning flashed. Hail came down with the speed of the wind in one particular corner of the room, and black clouds flitted back and forth. Fiercer and fiercer did the storm, appearing on a cloudless night, rage. The

windows of the hall rattled and groaned. At frequent intervals a gust of oratory would come that swept the admiring audience more closely into the power of the storm-man, our erstwhile Graduate and car-seat holder. Greater the fury, more fiery and eloquent the flowing outbursts, until, finally, it seemed as if the ears of the groundlings would burst with the rampantness and fustian of it all. At length the storm subsided. And as the bringer of the storm seated himself everything became as quiet and monotonous as ever. This is true, with one exception.

As the last gust sped out from the lips of the storm-man, the Senior and "punter" rushed from the scene of carnage. His conscience and courage were cut to shreds by the verbal lashes and daggers of the shadow of Demosthenes. The hail, satire, and vitriol had rendered him an object to be pitied—even by a "rat." Disgrace and defeat was his portion. He had tampered with a "rat" that had what he lacked—brains. And the rodent's comeback had been overwhelming. Such is the fate of those who presume to check existing evils—the support is weak and the rebound fatal.

The moral and preachment of all this is: Beware of the dagger of speech. See if a "rat" has the shadow of old Demosthenes on his tongue before ye worthy Seniors try to improvise a new kind of foot-ball!

THE UPLIFTING OF YOURSELF AND OTHERS.

T. N. Crymes.

TO solve the problem of making life worth while is to advance tranquility and happiness among the people. This question arises because the majority of people think only of the present, and not of the future. To ever accomplish anything we must have a purpose, and work with that purpose in view. The laborers in the subway, and any other laborer who has no higher aim than to get his few dollars, patiently endures the backache, the long hours, and the danger—for what? To gain a quid of tobacco, a glass of beer, a cup of coffee, a meal, and a bed; and begin again the next day, and shirk as much as he can. These laborers have done much in a material way to upbuild our country, yet they die without honor. Men to whom honor comes have followed an ideal, while the laborers in the subway are supposed to have followed none.

But what is an ideal? Can we define it? To a certain extent, we can. An ideal must be something intellectually conceived, something of which we are conscious. Novelty is essential in an ideal—at least novelty for him whom the ideal grasps.

An ideal means the difference between success and failure—the difference between a noble life and a disgraceful career, and it sometimes means the difference between life and death.

You know something of the history of Tolstoy, the peasant philosopher, born of the nobility, and how, with such a birth, he enjoyed every possible social distinction. "He sounded all the depths and shoals of honor," in so far as honor could be derived from society or from literature; and yet, at the age of forty-eight, life seemed so vain and empty to him that he would fain have terminated his existence. He had fixed a ring in the ceiling of a room in his house from which he had planned to hang himself. And what deterred him? A change came in his ideals. He was born again, he became a new creature, and for more than twenty-eight years he has been preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

But we must bear in mind that an ideal for one person might not be an ideal for another. We owe a great deal to environment. A boy brought up in a home where gambling goes on cannot have as high an ideal as a boy brought up in a Christian home. Neither can an untrained person have as high an ideal as a trained person. An ideal is a summit of intellectual, physical, or moral strength which we wish to reach. We cannot wish to become intellectual if we know nothing of knowledge. We cannot wish to become strong persons or good persons if we know nothing of strength or morality. So ideals are not only relative to the lives that entertain them, because of the natural differences between people, but ideals must also vary according to environment, age, and training. You cannot expect a boy to wish to be like George Washington if he has never heard of Washington.

Thought should be given in selecting our ideal, for we can rise no higher than our ideal. It is said when the great Danish sculptor unveiled his statue of Christ he was seen to weep. His friends, who had come to congratulate him, were astonished to hear him say, "My genius is decaying." "What do you mean?" they asked. "This statue," he replied, "is the first of my works that I have ever felt completely satisfied with. Till now my ideal has always been far beyond what I could execute, but it is so no longer." He had caught up with his ideal. An ideal overtaken is no longer an ideal.

A student at college was asked, in a scoffing manner, if he ever expected some time to be President of the United States. He said he did. Never did he become President, but he was Vice-President. Did he fail? Yes, but what a great success was his failure. His ideal was beyond his grasp. Because of this, as long as he lived, he kept climbing higher. But a man that reaches his ideal cannot climb higher, because he cannot imagine a height beyond that which he has attained. He cannot reach another round on the ladder, because for him there are no other rounds.

We should choose an ideal that, when it is nearly overtaken, will loom larger and fairer, and thus suggest to us a higher and more distant ideal. Robert Browning, in one of his poems, tells us of a faultless painter, who, when he had reached perfection,

envied his brother artists, whose ideals marched always in advance of actual achievement. He sums up the difference when he says:

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

In another poem, "The Last Ride Together," Browning makes a rejected young lover find comfort in the thought that if his suit had been successful he would have stood upon the highest imaginable round of happiness and achievement. Success would have meant failure, because there would have been nothing beyond to spur him on.

Poe's little poem, "Eldorado," appeared only a few months before his death. In it he tells of his ceaseless search for the beautiful. No man ever lived in whom the passion for pure beauty burned more consumingly than in Edgar Allan Poe. Whatever his other failings, he never compromised his ideals of poetic beauty. The advice that he gives in the last stanza

"Ride, boldly ride"—

even to death—is advice that he himself followed unfalteringly. "With me," he says, "poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion." In this farewell poem, "Eldorado," Poe bequeaths his ideal to posterity.

Lowell, too, you observe, in one of his poems, puts emphasis on the unattainableness of the ideal. He finds the footprints of the ideal everywhere, "in all life's circuit," but the ideal itself he cannot grasp.

The motives which prompt ideals are either for self-aggrandizement, or social service. Personal aggrandizement is the goal of the one, while social service is the goal of the other. Longfellow's poem, "Excelsior," is an excellent example of the first:

" 'Try not the pass!' the old man said;
 'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!'
And loud that clarion voice replied,
 'Excelsior!'

“ ‘Oh, stay,’ the maiden said, ‘and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!’
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered, with a sigh,
 ‘Excelsior!’ ”

See the picture of toiling humanity with a marked purpose. His motto is “Excelsior”—higher. He perishes, without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward.

Sidney Lanier’s poem, “The Song of the Chattahoochee,” illustrates the unselfish ideal. The Chattahoochee river rises in Habersham county, in northeastern Georgia, and, in its south-westerly course, flows through the adjoining Hall county. Its length is about five hundred miles. Of it the poet wrote:

“But, oh, not the hills of Habersham,
 And, oh, not the valleys of Hall
 Avoid! I am fain for to water the plain,
 Downward the voices of Duty call—
 Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main.
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
 And the lordly main from beyond the plain
 Calls o’er the hills of Habersham,
 Calls through the valleys of Hall.”

Longfellow pictures the search for the ideal under the form of a young mountain-climber, who moves upward, but away, from men; while Lanier sees, in the course of the Chattahoochee, the type of the idealist who hurries down from the hills to serve in the plain. The hero in Longfellow’s poem, as he climbs up higher and higher, thinks only of himself, while duty and unselfish service is the call of Lanier’s hero.

The truest ideal is where both motives are combined—where the self-aggrandizement serves to make the social service greater. No better example can be had of that than where a person spends his life in learning a certain profession in order that he may do the best possible good to humanity. There personal aggrandizement is only a means to an end—the end being

the greatest amount of good that can be done for humanity. A surgeon who studies his profession with such an aim in view has an *ideal* ideal. Judson, who spent his life as a missionary, and is now known all over the world, had such an ideal. His life is a fine example of an unselfish ideal.

After all, that is the only ideal that makes life worth while. Life is sublime to those who have such ideals.

To those who have ideals, consider, and see if you have chosen for yourselves the highest ideal. If you have, you are on the road to the highest attainment; if you have not, remember that you can never attain higher than your ideal. To those who have not chosen an ideal, I hold out to you the unselfish ideal—the highest ideal—and ask you to choose that for your ideal; but if you cannot choose the *ideal* ideal, choose the next highest, and press ever onward and upward.

BLUE BONNETS.

L. E. K.

ANY years ago there lived in Fairyland a queen who had a wonderful court and a train of beautiful maidens, in which she took the greatest delight. But one of her maidens was especially pleasing to the sovereign, and it was to her that she always went for entertainment when in a dark mood.

The maiden, like most beautiful maidens, had golden hair, which hung in soft curls about her shoulders, and her eyes were as blue as the sky; but she alone, of all the queen's favorites, was not adorned with a crown; for the reason that she was so lovely in the little blue sun-bonnet which she was wearing when the queen first saw her that she had requested that she should always wear it.

Everybody loved the gracious little creature, and everybody was happy when she was near, until one day the queen grew angry with her for a trifling cause, and, in her sudden passion, ordered her former favorite to leave Fairyland at once.

The maiden, although broken-hearted, left the court, and journeyed to the world. When she reached the world she felt terribly alone and afraid. But it was there just as it has been in Fairyland—all who saw her loved her, and soon she was happy again with many friends.

After she had lived in the world for about a year, one day she received a message from the Fairy Queen, begging her to forgive her, and to come back to her court. Little Blue Bonnet, as her new friends called her, was loathe to leave her new and happy surroundings, but she felt the call of the fairy blood, and so consented to return to the queen, if only she might have one wish granted her. Of course the queen granted her request, and little Blue Bonnet wished that she might be allowed to visit the world just once each year.

And so, at the time of each of her annual visits, her friends in the world, in honor of the little maiden whom they loved,

decorated the whole earth with those dainty little spring blossoms which we call "Blue Bonnets."

* * * * *

Such was the story which inspired little Betty to leave her home one morning in spring, resolved to find the court of the Fairy Queen. Her hair, like Blue Bonnet's, was golden and curly, but her eyes were brown and sparkling with eager anticipation of her visit to Fairyland. Her little plaid gingham dress was carefully guarded by a white apron, and her tiny skirts bobbed happily along as she walked. But the most conspicuous part of her costume was her freshly-starched blue sun-bonnet, which insisted upon slipping back over her curls, and hung loosely by the strings which were tied under her chin.

It was a beautiful morning; the sun shone bright, the birds sang joyously from the leafy boughs, and the air was fragrant with the scent of apple blossoms.

Along the lane in front of little Betty's home were lilacs in full bloom; while, at the edge of the border, great clumps of hyacinths and jonquils sparkled with the morning dew. Farther back, among the trees, violets, white and purple, peeped from out banks of their fresh foliage, and scattered about through the tender sprigs of grass were thousands of blue bonnets.

Little Betty wandered along the flowery lane, her heart atune to the song of the birds, her eyes alert to every detail in the beauty of her surroundings. Occasionally she stooped down to pick some especially lovely blossom, but was always careful to leave the blue bonnets undisturbed. At the end of the lane she sat down under a tree by the stone pillars of the gate, to assort her collection of flowers. Then she puckered up her little mouth and whistled shrilly, and, almost instantly, a fox-terrier bounded through the trees behind her. She took the little creature in her lap, and, caressingly, smoothed his head.

"I called you, Fritzzy darlin'," she announced promptly, "so you could go 'long with me to hunt the Fairy Queen. We're donna start right away, doggie, and nevah give up 'til we find her. An' when we get there she'll let us see little Blue Bonnet, an', best of all, she'll grant me one wish; an' guess, my precious Fritz, what I'm donna wish for!—a great big bee-yoo-

tiful prince, ridin' on a shinin' black horse, with a gold bridle and everything nice! Then, doggie, little Betty will be a really, truly princess!" She squeezed her pet ecstatically, and, sure that he understood the nature of their intended quest, she started on through the woods just across the road, the little animal obediently at her heels.

The woods were gorgeous in their spring garb, and little Betty saw it all. She wandered along, singing snatches of nursery songs, talking at times to Fritz; or running out of the path to pick an unusual flower, but never forgetting her search for her prince.

"He mus' be tall an' han'some," she mused; "his hair mus' be curly, an' he'll come ridin' on a bee-yoo-tiful horse, shinin' like the sun. Oh, of course, I'll know him—but, Fritzzy, dear," she stopped abruptly, "do you feel a speck hungry?"

Fritz only barked and bounded happily away; leaving his mistress, who was growing, oh! so tired, and who was wishing so earnestly that she could hurry and find her prince—or that she had some lunch with her. Her little feet moved more slowly, and, at last, when she had reached a brook of sparkling fresh water, she dropped wearily on the grass by its edge.

"Fritz," she sighed, "I'm mos' dead for my dinner; but, oh! I mus' nevah give up; we mus' find a real live prince!"

Just then her attention was attracted by a whistle from among the trees farther up the bank, and then, around a curve, swiftly skimming over the brook, she saw a little home-made boat. Then, from out the trees, the master of the vessel appeared.

First of all, he had flaming red hair, and his quizzical little face was speckled with myriads of the brownest of brown freckles; then his nose turned up most provokingly. He was bare-headed and bare-footed, and he carried a fishing-pole, a tin-can of bait, and a basket, unmistakably full of lunch, hung over his arm.

"Willis!" exclaimed little Betty, joyously.

"Betty Wilmer, what are you doing out here in the woods at this time of day? It's dinner-time!" he said.

"I'm goin' to Fairyland, Willie darlin', an' 'en I'm donna have a bee-yoo-tiful prince, an' I'm donna be a real live princess," she ended, rather weakly.

"Well, Betty, you sit here an' open up this lunch while I


run after my boat, an' then eat something before you go any farther."

So saying, "Willie darlin'" started off, and little Betty leaned back contentedly under the tree. When the captain of the recovered vessel returned he found the ambitious little maiden sleeping peacefully. Her blue bonnet hung limply from the curly head, her cheeks were flushed, and, as Willie gazed at her, an expression of wonder and reverence crept into his face, somewhere behind the freckles, and, leaning quietly over her, he softly touched her warm little forehead with his lips.

Little Betty had not found her prince, but "Willie darlin'" had found his princess.

EDUCATING THE BLIND.

H. T. Clark, '18.

HE Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind is located in Staunton, and receives an annual appropriation from the State of \$60,000.00. One Superintendent has charge of the school, but each of the two departments also has a superintendent, and is entirely separate as to its instructors and course of study. Some have the deluded idea that this school is an asylum, where afflicted children are kept. It is a school where the most improved methods are used and strict discipline is maintained. Children from the best families of the State are sent to this school for instruction.

The Blind Department has from ninety to one hundred students each session. The entrance age is six, and the course is arranged for ten years. The first lesson is that of reading. The method used in the Virginia school is known as Point Type, and has only been in use a few years. The point is the size of a period, in ink type, and these are arranged in two parallel lines, one over the other. Different arrangements of these raised symbols make various letters and combinations. The forefinger of the right hand is used for this reading, and much time is necessary for the development of the nerves. No rough work can be done with the right hand, for this deadens the sense of touch.

After the touch is acute, and the reading is mastered, writing is then taught. A steel guide is used, and the writing instrument is called a "stylus." In writing the hand moves from the right to the left, and each letter is made backwards. This is because the impression is being pushed in, and is written to be read when reversed. The text-books are printed in regular machines, but the method of writing is useful in taking notes and copying class work.

The National and State Governments support libraries of Point Type books. These are sent, free of charge, to any who request them, and can be kept until read. Privately-endowed libraries are also open to the persons who are void of sight. These

books are allowed to pass through the mails, both to and from the libraries, free of postage, being "franked" by the Government. Personal letters written in Point Type are allowed in the mails at half price.

The Music Department of this school is of importance. Each student is expected to take music. Instruction is given on all popular instruments, and vocal culture is made a specialty. Four instructors devote their time to this part of the work. It is, of course, impossible to read the music and play at the same time, so all music is memorized. A raised system of music is used, which has proved very successful.

Three hours each day are devoted to learning a trade. The boys are taught chair-caning, broom-making, and mattress-making. The girls are taught basket-work, and all are expected to take sewing. Cooking is taught, and this art proves of great benefit to some after leaving school. These trades, especially those taught the boys, prove useful, and many take them as the means of a livelihood.

All of the time is not devoted to work. The students have attained State prominence in the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. A quartette from this school has represented the Student Y. M. C. A. at two of the State conventions. Two literary societies offer opportunity for public speaking. Each year the boys' society debates some high school in the State, and has never yet met defeat. The V. S. D. B. Glee Club is made up of the school's best talent.

Few students from this school enter college, but, with the mind training received there, the student can take his place in the world. High school standards of mathematics are maintained. This course of study is entirely oral. The musical training and the trade gives a source of livelihood, and, when the student goes out from this school, he is in a position to be self-supporting, and can enjoy the intellectual pleasures of life.

"CHICK."

I. G. Craig.

AFTER all, there was to be no fight! The big mill that was to have been staged at Los Angeles to decide the middle-weight championship of America would not come off on the date set, perhaps not at all. Headlines in every paper announced the fact. The story was a sad one. "Chick" Nelson, who had so gamely fought his way through all opposition, and who, it was generally conceded, would wrest the title from the champion, had shot himself just on the eve of the battle. In his work-out with his trainer, he had received a blow on the head that had mentally deranged him. Doctors shook their heads doubtfully over him, and forbade the fight. Seized with frenzy and crazed disappointment, the over-wrought man had attempted to end it all by firing a bullet through his heart. He had missed his mark, yet the bullet lodged within, leaving him in a desperate condition. The whole country knew the story; every one who had followed the youngster through his short career in the ring bemoaned the fact that the gamest, cleanest fighter of years should have come to such an end. Prophecies as to what the result of the battle *would have been* arose from every corner, and always the verdict was, "Why Pelky wouldn't have had a look in if Nelson—" But always there was that "if." The thing had happened. Years might pass before another Nelson should challenge a none-too-popular champion.

Thus the world looked on the happening, and, while they dealt with might-have-beens, out at St. Luke's Hospital, Los Angeles, the victim of the tragedy tossed restlessly on his cot. He turned his eyes full on the doctor as he entered the room.

"Feeling any easier, old man?" Dr. Pollard crossed the room, and lowered the shade a fraction. The man's gaze followed him.

"Oh, I guess I'm all right, Doc; only there's always that pain gnawing away. God! I couldn't stand it if I didn't want so to live. This old life's worth the living, ain't it, Doc? I just

can't give up. Man! everything's as clear as day now, and—— I've *got* to pull through!" He winced as he fell back on his pillow.

The doctor's face sobered; a surging feeling of pity came over him; a great lump welled up in his throat. How could he tell this man that there was no hope, this man who was holding on so bravely to life. He was helpless. In spite of his longing to help the man, he could do nothing—absolutely nothing. He had exhausted surgical skill. The worst was inevitable. But tell him! He inadvertently turned from the bed.

The man caught the expression, and could not fail to read its meaning. He started up.

"Don't look like that! Man! is there no hope! No—I see it. God! my God!" And the powerful frame shook with deep choking sobs.

The old doctor put his hand on the great muscular shoulder. "I've done my best, Nelson"—his voice was husky now, and low. "It's bound to come, my boy. But be brave; you're a true sport; it's in the game; face it like a man."

"Chick" Nelson's jaws set firmly at the words. He was a man; he would show them. "But, Doc," he muttered, brokenly, "will it be long before——"

"It's not far off, lad; but you must be quiet." And then the doctor slipped noiselessly out of the room. In the hall he met Nurse Gray, who had quietly withdrawn as he entered.

"It's the saddest case I've known of for years," the surgeon whispered. "His mind is as clear now as yours or mine. It was the shock that righted him. The whole thing's like a hideous nightmare to him, and now the boy craves life. He's bleeding internally, and it can't be stopped. He knows. It will be hard, but he'll take it like a man." The old doctor sorrowfully turned down the soft-carpeted corridor as Nurse Gray stole into the room. The man turned; a vague, dazed expression was in his eyes.

"Nurse," he queried, "did Doc tell you that—" He left his question unfinished.

"Yes," answered Nurse Gray; "I know." There was a depth of unprofessional tenderness in her tone. She sat there by the bedside; there was a silence—oppressive, solemn.

"Nurse," said "Chick" Nelson, abruptly, "I've got to talk. Nurse, I'm going to tell you about myself."

"You must keep quiet," she cautioned him; "you mustn't exert yourself."

"But it's bound to come, nurse, and I can't lie here quiet and wait. I want to talk and forget that pain. I'm going to tell you my story. I like you, and I want you to hear. You've been good and kind to me. I had a mother who'd thank you for it. That was years ago."

Nurse Gray realized that it was best for him to go on; any disappointment would turn his thoughts to his condition. She allowed him to continue.

"You must know, first, nurse, that this is not the life I was brought up for. I come from good people. My father's home was just outside of Camden, Mass. He was a well-to-do manufacturer, retired at middle age on a comfortable fortune. His desire was for me to be a lawyer, and he framed my education to that end. I finished the prep. school at Andover and entered Yale.

"I never will forget those years there. With plenty of money, and of good name, I was immediately accepted as a good fellow. Athletics alone kept me up. I played foot-ball for two years on the 'Varsity. During the rest of the terms I hit it up at a pretty fast clip.

"It was during the third foot-ball season that it happened. I broke training and got in an awful row. I don't know what made me do it. Anyway, I was shipped. My father was disgraced, and, in his anger and disappointment, ordered me out of his sight forever.

"Well, I guess I had some of Dad's pride, for I waited only to pack up a few of my things, and I was off. I had nowhere to go. I had not made my degree. I knew little or nothing about business; money had been a matter of course with me.

"I finally decided that I'd go West; I had heard a lot about the big openings out there. I determined on Chicago. I pawned my watch, for I didn't have quite enough for the price of a ticket. I indulged in a Pullman. It was habit with me; economy was a thing unknown.

"I didn't even stop over in New York, but boarded the Limited straightway on arrival there. I swung my case into the rack and sat down. The car was rapidly filling up, but I noticed nothing in particular; I was too busy with my thoughts.

"Presently we were tearing away through space, the ground was rushing by, and—I was bound for a future all too uncertain for me. We were well on our way when the flashily-dressed, middle-aged man who occupied the seat across the aisle came over and sat down by me.

" 'Traveling for pleasure?' He smiled broadly.

"I glanced up at him, and took note of the broad-checked suit, the large flaunting diamond pin, and the shrewd calculating eyes. I was about to answer him angrily, that it was none of his concern, when I remembered I couldn't be so independent with only a few dollars between me and the world. So I answered monosyllabically, 'No.'

" 'Oh, perhaps business?' he insisted.

" 'No.'

" 'Not pleasure, not business! Jove, my boy, what *is* the object? Oh, pardon me; I didn't mean to intrude.' He had caught my expression, and was about to go.

" 'At least,' thought I, 'he's something of a gentleman.' 'No,' I detained him, 'you're not. My name's Nelson. Have a seat.'

"The diamond-studded man rummaged in his purse, and handed me a neatly engraved card:

" 'Joseph Curley.'

"And down in the corner, very small:

" 'Fight Promoter.'

"I had heard of 'Joe' Curley many times. He had trained some of the best scrappers in the country in his younger days, and now he was staging the largest bouts in America.

" 'Glad to know you, Mr. Curley,' I said.

" 'Same. Going all the way to Chicago?'

"I told him I was.

" 'I'm, too. Well, maybe I haven't played in rotten luck to-day. I thought I had a fine, young chap down in New Jersey;

he's shown wonderful form, and I booked him for a bout with a Chicago middle-weight. He was to meet me in New York, coming up from Atlantic City, where he's been training. Got a telegram to-day saying he's all in with pneumonia. That's luck. I'll have to forfeit my wager, and it was dead easy money, too. My man would have won in a walk. Ever follow the fight game any? Interest you?"

The sick man stopped abruptly, as Nurse Gray arose and crossed to the window. The sun was getting low; dusk and twilight filled the room. The lights of the city were beginning to appear, like fire-flies on a warm summer evening. For a moment the speaker was silent. He raised his hand to his head. Smooth muscles rippled under his healthily-tanned skin. The nurse raised the shade to let in the fast-waning light. When she had quietly resumed her seat the man continued.

"Let me see now, where was I? Oh, yes; he asked me if the game appealed to me.

"'Well, a little,' I told him. 'I am pretty good at it. I sparred with Jack Eggleston, the gym. director at Yale. I liked boxing, and he wanted some one with whom to keep in trim. He picked me out, and showed me some of the fine points. It kept me hard for foot-ball. Do you know Eggleston?'"

"'Know him,' he laughed. 'Well, I reckon. I brought up that kid—showed him how to lace on the glove. Say, if he trained you, you must know. I wonder—" He looked at me, and I saw his eyes survey my figure. I guess he was pretty well pleased. 'Say, Nelson, will you—but, no; I mustn't ask it.'

"'Go on,' I urged, anticipating his proposition, and as full of excitement as a boy.

"'Will you fight for me to-night! It will save the gate receipts anyhow. You can probably shave him off. I'll lose nothing more if you fail, and if you win I'll pay you richly, though I know that means nothing to you.'

"I laughed to myself, thinking of those lonesome dollars in my purse. The proposal wasn't unpleasing to me. I felt pretty sure of myself, and, up to the week of my leaving Yale, I had kept in fine trim.

"It's a go,' I stated, and was overwhelmed by his vigorous slap on the back and his radiant enthusiasm.

" 'Man!' he cried, 'I feel you can do it, and when Joe Curley feels a thing it generally happens that way before the last gong's sounded! I'm glad I didn't wire before leaving New York.'

"The remainder of the journey was spent in discussing the coming event. I was drilled in the rules of the contest, and was given several points by the famous trainer. I caught some of his boundless enthusiasm, and was even anxious for the fray.

"Well, to make a long story short, we arrived in Chicago in due time, and that night found me tingling with excitement, and facing one of the coming middle-weights of the West. The fight was ten rounds, and I managed to keep away from him rather successfully, and landed a few telling blows. On summing up, it was found I had out-pointed him. My work with Eggleston had not been fruitless, and, if I'd been in better condition, I believe I could have laid him out.

"That was the beginning. Curley soon had my whole story, and prevailed upon me to stick to the game. I had nothing better to turn to. What I had seen of the world, thrown on my own resources, had sobered me. I firmly resolved to be steady. I consented, and went to work with trainers and spongers, and the usual retinue of newspaper men dogging my camp.

"I was successful in my fights, and worked my way almost to the top. Curley tried in vain to get a match for me with the champion. Curley said he was yellow. At last, however, by offering him an enormous sum, win or lose, he enticed him to consent. I got down to work here in Los Angeles, with a determination to win. Curley assured me that the fight was mine already, that the fellow was but a sham.

"Well, the day of the fight was pretty near at hand. I had finished my run, and was taking on one of my sparring partners. He was a fierce hitter, and had landed me some awful hard licks. That morning he was lightning; I could hardly hold him off. He broke through my guard, and struck me behind the ear, and then—well, from then on I wasn't myself. You know the rest." The man's face was aglow; his eyes were gleaming.

The door opened, and Doctor Pollard looked in. He could hardly see the two figures in the dusky room. All was very still.

"Is everything all right?" he asked.

"Yes," was Nurse Gray's reply.

"That's right, nurse; keep him quiet." And he disappeared into the darkness.

"Lord! nurse, I *must* go on. I didn't tell you all. You see there's a girl. She lives here. I met her one day by accident when I was jogging along through the country. She was out near the coast, sketching, and I broke through a clump of underbrush right upon her, upsetting her easel and sending the canvas flying upon the beach.

"I was all apology, but I took occasion to notice that she was exceedingly pretty. She was not the least bit angry, and looked calmly on while I gathered up her outfit. I didn't know whether to introduce myself to her or not, but finally decided to do so. She was surprised, she said, and delighted to meet such a personage.

"'Why,' she continued, 'I've heard nothing but fight, fight, and Nelson. "Chick" Nelson—and to think you're he! You don't look a bit like a prize-fighter, either.' She chattered on, forgetting to tell me her name until I reminded her. She's Dorothy Hoge."

The nurse started. "Not Miss Hoge, the banker's daughter!"

"The same. So, naturally, I didn't know how she looked on me. I felt I could meet her on equal grounds as to family, but I knew that my position was against me. I was about to leave, with one more word of regret at the accident, when she bade me stay and tell her about the fight. She had never seen one, she explained, although she'd always wanted to. Her dad wouldn't think of it, yet he saw *all* of them *himself*.

"Then I launched in, and she, by a series of companionable, innocent questions, soon knew my story. I sat there on the beach, watching her as she painted with swift, sure strokes, and told her what I've just told to you.

"She was seemingly interested in me, and told me she came often to the beach to sketch. I needed no other invitation, and before a month ended we were the best of friends. She invited me repeatedly to her house, yet I knew that the banker would not want a man of my calling in his home.

"Another month flew by. I saw her often, and, by then, it

was love with me. I dared to pour forth my plea, and she said she cared. Nurse, I could hardly believe my ears. I went to see her father. The proud old banker looked thoughtfully at me as I told him my story. I saw that he was impressed at my being of good blood and a college-bred man. At length he spoke. 'You can have her, my boy, but you'll have to give up the game and settle down. There's an opening for you in my bank. I've seen you scrap, and if you can work like you can fight you'll suit. Only go on and fight this Pelky; you can lick him, and—I want to see you do it.'

"I left him, feeling like I was walking way up in the clouds. The next week was like a dream to me. I was so happy. There was training in the mornings, and every evening spent with the old banker and Dorothy. It reminded me of the old days at home, and I determined to write Dad and tell him everything. I think he would have been willing to forgive.

"Then Mr. Hoge was called away to San Francisco, and took Dorothy along, promising to be back in time for the match. That was Monday; it was Wednesday that—it happened. They must have heard, nurse, and maybe she'll come, perhaps—too late."

He fell back, and closed his eyes in reverie. Nurse Gray looked out across the city. She sat thus for a long time. She heard the deep breathing of the man, and marveled that he had fallen into a peaceful sleep. She sat very still, fearing to move lest she should wake him. Hours flew by; she heard the town clock strike midnight. Soon the doctor's muffled steps sounded in the corridor.

The door cracked. She waved him with a gentle "Sh—sh." The door closed, and she was left alone with the sleeping man. She was not the least bit sleepy herself. She went over the story. How eventful had been this lad's life! What happiness was there before him in the world! She hoped Miss Hoge would come in time. How she hated to see this boy die. Die! Did he not lie there breathing deep and regularly? Perhaps he would *not* die. *The doctor might have been wrong.* The first streaks of morning found her still watching, clinging to that one hope.

When "Chick" Nelson awoke he was looking into the face of a new day.

"My! nurse. I dozed off—I say, it's light! Nurse, did I sleep *that long!* It's to-morrow, and I'm still alive."

"Yes," replied she, "and the pain?"

"Somehow it's not so keen. That trickling, wasting-away feeling is gone. Nurse, I don't believe I'm going to *die.*" It was the first time he could say the word.

Nurse Gray rang for the doctor. Presently he appeared. She reported professionally the night's sleep, the lack of pain, and was off with a smile of encouragement to the sick man.

The doctor was puzzled. He unwound the bandages, determined to examine the wound once more. He worked quickly and silently. There was not a tremble in his hand, though his heart was beating fast. *There was no flow of blood.*

"Boy," he stated, in a low tone, "I'm going to pray. It's a miracle. Nature has done what man couldn't do. There's a blood-clot formed over the artery that I couldn't reach! It's happened only seldom before. Man, you've got a fighting chance!" And the old doctor knelt down beside the little cot and thanked God.

* * * * *

The days passed—days of waiting and hoping—until at last "Chick" Nelson had won the greater fight—the fight with death. And, while he never carried off the intended laurels from the ring, he carried off a richer prize in the person of the little sketcher by the sea-shore.

FAREWELL FOR TO-NIGHT.

(To J. A. GEORGE—DIED MARCH 23, 1915.)

R. L. B.

My friend;
I thank the Lord I called thee friend;
Though but a toy before thy might,
Though but a mote upon thy sight,
Thy day is done, and now comes night—
Is this the end?

O'er-flowing youth!
Still do I see thee as of yore,
Still living where the day was young;
Oft was the warrior's pæan sung,
The glowing robe of victory hung—
Thy victories' noble score.

Rest, tireless hand;
Beneath the calm and mother breast,
Where myriad flowers burst the sod;
There sleep, thou cold, dismantled clod—
Sleep! Spirit roam the fields of God
In labor's endless rest.

I con thy pages o'er—
Pages where burned immortal fire;
There thoughts ran high, and reached the round
Where truth hung close, and then the sound
Of struggle; both came down to ground
For others to admire.

Too high the flame
For every man to understand;
Only the chosen few may rise

To reach the spirit's priceless prize,
Then bring it down to mortal eyes—
Such was thy sacred hand.

Now all is still;
A silence reigns within thy brain;
No more the fount of life shall flow,
No more the immortal truth to know;
Death-sealed tongue, thy vision show—
Oh, speak but once again!

Speak, soul; unlock
Thy cruse of priceless, perfumed oil;
And if God wills the silence, then
Inspire some other humbler pen
To tell thy vision o'er again:
Rise seed from out the soil!

Hush! speak!
Thou voice unnamed, unheard before:
"Can death seal up the deathless soul?
The heart-beat stilled—the lost control;
The tides of spirit ever roll,
And lap this mortal shore.

"One wave falls back,
Is lost beneath a thousand more;
Yet, deep beneath the stormy crest,
That wave, now close to nature's breast,
Still surges onward, strongest, best;
More strong without the roar.

"Inspire another pen!
Is spirit fire a mortal slave?
If thou wouldst try to speak his word,
Be still! he lives, the world has heard;
Speak thine own truth, by naught deterred—
Remorse, or sin, or grave.

“His sacred task
God wills he bear alone.
If death can bring him near the Lord,
Let death be sent; the idle word
Is purged away; the perfect chord
Rings from the heart alone.”

Peace, peace—
The voice is heard no more.
The fading sunlight sinks and dies,
The night owl in the distance cries;
Sing, Nature! with thee calmly lies—
The robe he wore of yore.

Oh, silent lips!
Forever stilled in stately death;
May God forever keep thee calm,
Unheeding of the world's alarm,
Yet speaking with that endless charm
Of thine unbroken breath.

And when He calls
For me to lay my armor down,
I ask no fairer faith than thine—
To Christ, my soul, and all resign,
Then roam the hills, whose sun benign,
Still glistens on thy crown.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from this life our beloved President,

JOHN ALONZO GEORGE,

And whereas the Class of 1914 has lost in him a wise and efficient executive, who always showed himself most loyal and enthusiastic in all matters pertaining to the good of his class, and who, by his lofty ideals of scholarship and manhood, set for us all a worthy example;

And whereas Richmond College has lost a devoted alumnus, who was a zealous and scholarly student, a clean athlete, and a sympathetic friend to all; therefore, be it

Resolved, (1st) That we, the Class of 1914, express our deep grief at his death, and tender to his family our heartfelt sympathy in its bereavement; and

(2d) That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his family, and a copy be printed in THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

CLYDE C. WEBSTER,
E. NORFLEET GARDNER,
W. T. HALL,
D. S. MCCARTHY, JR.,
Committee.

Richmond, Va., April 22, 1915.

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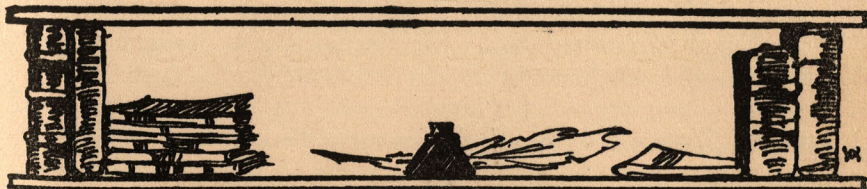
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EDITORIALS.

This is our first experience of breaking into these columns. Like all beginnings, it partakes of the elements of novelty and difficulty. A new harness always rests uneasily, and yet the polish of it adds to the ease with which it is borne. On the firm foundation of our predecessors are we to build—the more worthily that those

foundations are firm, and, therefore, an inspiration to nobler endeavor.

The joys of dipping deep into the secrets of a college paper; of helping to *make* it; and, best of all, of being *helped* by many hands—these we are to feel for a season. We ask the co-operation, and promise the best efforts we are capable of to make this year worthy in the annals of our paper and our school. A pleasure it has been to work with THE MESSENGER heretofore, and a greater joy we hope it will be to labor still more for her.

When one looks back through the voluminous files of THE MESSENGER he sees the works of many men and women who have labored and have entered into their rest. They have wrought and gone on before. Yet THE MESSENGER stands, fair maiden of a thousand loves, and tutor to a host of pens. Truly may she say to you, as you pore over her silent pages, "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

As we take up the work of editing this paper—take it up where our predecessor laid it down—we do not feel that we are beginning a new thing; that we are to remodel an uncut block into a beautiful statue and work a score of radical reforms. We realize that, when a few years have gone, this year's work will be like all the others—only a few more volumes on the shelves that hold THE MESSENGER.

Yet it is a sacred task. "In the making of books there is no end, and much studying is a weariness to the flesh," said Solomon long ago. Since his time countless books have been produced, some of them priceless, some of them good, and many, many worthless. Yet none was a waste of time. As there is no loss of chemical energy throughout a million changes, so there is no waste in the spirit energy, and no word without its fruit. Life is not an accumulation of knowledge, but an ever-increasing stream of truth.

To that irrigating stream that waters the deserts of this world we dedicate our efforts in this paper. Here on its placid breast we place our cherished barge, and watch it float away. It may never come back to us again, yet it will have cheered some eye before it sinks beneath the wave. Like the "bread cast upon the waters," "it shall not return void, but shall accomplish that whereunto it was sent."

Where is the youth who has never built his air-castle? Yea, "once on a time we lived in France; and every heart has its own romance." Surely among this student body

A QUESTION. is none who can say that for him the blossoms have never bloomed in the garden of imagination. Surely we have all had our dreams, "and the dreams ahead are what make each life—the dreams, and faith, and love." Have you never realized that those silent imaginings which flit across the brain, thrill you for a moment, and then are gone, are part of that soul essence, which, seized and used, makes one man a genius, and, lost, makes his neighbor a drudge? There are no born geniuses! Fate is not ruthlessly kind to one and unkind to another.

But if you live more in the prosaic round of duty, and feel less of the ecstasy of "the poet and dreamer with heart afire," you yet have those flash-light pictures, which, taken and developed, will make an album of rare value, but which, neglected, not only lose their own contour, but blur all that come after for hours, days—why shall we not say for life—and eternity! One wasted ideal is one wasted step in the stairway of achievement. One slighted thought is one golden chord broken which would have bound us closer to the eternal rock of truth.

As a bubbling spring flows in a tiny stream into the lake, and, at last, fills it, so a little truth here and there will fill and round out a life; but, as that lake, if kept closed, will become stagnant, and breed insects and disease, so the closed mind is a hot-bed of disease and a rendezvous for the mosquitoes of thought. Study makes a full head, but expression makes it clear. Keep the windows of your soul open as well as the door, that the air may be pure and the sunlight may penetrate.

The world is not asking for prodigies, who "understand all mysteries and all knowledge." What the world does want, and that badly, is men and women who can think independently, and express their thoughts in written and spoken language and in life. Of what advantage is a mass of knowledge if you cannot press new truths upon the world? You can never learn as much as is contained in a twenty-dollar set of encyclopedias! Where you have the advantage over the book-shelf is only in what you

are able to say—in the *re-action* which takes place in your brain on facts.

The hod-carrier, the street cleaner, the day laborer—these get along nicely without the power of expression, but the leaders in every department must be skilled not only in the art of thinking, but in the art of expressing thought.

This is the reason that we the more cheerfully expend our labors on volumes which will doubtless be soon consigned to the flames, or to musty corners of unfrequented archives. Let the book die! and the paper and ink moulder; the mental grasp which comes with clear, expressed thought, and the spiritual airing of the soul—these can never be discarded! We may not write classics, but the writing will be its own reward to the writer.

Now to what end all the above? Suffice it to say that we hope to stimulate those who have taken no interest in THE MESSENGER to look about them, and see if there is not in life something which for them to express will be profitable. One need not hunt out some hidden mystery before he speaks. The richest writings often portray the simpler walks of life. Like David Grayson, in the *American Magazine*, learn to see poetry and romance in every homely scene, and you will see it, if you look for it, and, having found it, do not fail to crystalize it into words.

If Watts could see so much in the trembling lid of a tea-kettle, why cannot some of our students see themes for essays, or even stories, in the maze of chemistry, biology, physics, psychology, or some of the other sciences? Why do not history and English lend wings to the thoughts of some of the youthful Emersons, Poes, and Bacons? Look all about you; the world is full of things to write about to those who have eyes. And there is abundant reward to those who will try. Benjamin Franklin became one of the clearest thinkers and writers of his time because he persisted in writing until, at last, he learned to write. He earned his place as a man of letters because he tried and failed, and tried again.

THE MESSENGER is ours to make or mar; but, greater than

THE MESSENGER, our lives are ours to make or mar, and this is the important thing. Our writings and sayings are what the world knows of our minds—let them be not wide, but deep. Not much said, but much thought, and the cream of it uttered. The superficial reader may not understand—what matter; the thoughtful are the only ones worthy of consideration in this life.

We have recently—that is, within the last year or more—heard much about Greater Richmond College. Now for a change

A MORE BEAUTIFUL
RICHMOND COLLEGE.

of words—we can think, for a while, on the “More Beautiful Richmond College.” Those who had in charge the selection of the site could hardly have

found a location more healthy or with greater beauty in this part of the country. But the work of building and putting into operation such a plant as ours necessarily carries with it many things unattractive to the eye. For the past few months our lake has been without water, while the rich soil from its bed has been taken up and spread over the campus. Grass seed has been sown over most of the campus, and much of it is already showing itself, in keeping with the season. The lake is again filling, which, with its new definite boundaries, free from obnoxious weeds and rubbish, will be more beautiful than ever. The walks and roadways are about completed. Along the borders will be found grass plots, and on the banks honeysuckle has been planted.

The spring showers should hasten the growth of these, which, together with shrubs of the wood that surrounds almost on all sides, should, by the time of the first Commencement of Greater Richmond College, make it one of the most beautiful and attractive college sites in all the Southland.

ATHLETICS.

A CHAMPIONSHIP IN FOOT-BALL, BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, NO CUP
TO SHOW FOR IT.

That is just the way things stand. It is very hard, for never did a team battle more grimly, and no squad of pig-skin warriors deserved more credit than did the 1915 eleven. But you can't get around the fact that the 1914-'15 trophy shelf, over across the campus in the library, is empty! That's a thorn in our side. It isn't much fun winning championships, and then, on account of some pesky technicality, to be left in the cold on the cup question. However, that is past now, so let by-gones be by-gones.

But there is, however, one thing that brings the warm blood to our hearts—it makes us stand up and yell our very heads off—and that is the performance of the base-ball nine in these championship games. Fellows, prospects are very bright indeed for a cup, after all. We all saw 'em lick the stuffin's out of William and Mary and Hampden-Sidney, and, the way that team is going, don't be a bit surprised if they win the rest of the games. In other words, and to make a long story short, they are thoroughly imbibed with the Dobson spirit, and they are off.

The track team, although it has participated in but a single meet so far, has done nobly. We didn't expect a victory from those nine knights of the spiked shoe, who ran so well against V. P. I. in the dual meet—in fact, all that was asked for was a good showing. They did well, running under such a handicap as nine men in a dual track meet.

The basket-ball team is another team that comes in for a great deal of credit and praise, for this team, too, was on the side of the ledger marked "*Handicap*." Although they lost the championship, their record of eight victories out of twelve championship contests in the last two years is excellent.

Now that one of the most successful years in athletics is about to close (certainly its success is marked in preparing for the future, if not in actual victories), let's get behind the base-ball team, and lend it all the support and encouragement it so richly

deserves. Any team to come back from a long, tiresome tour of the South, with the added worry of a long string of defeats behind them, and then to brace up and show the determination they have done so far, has got the *old Spider fight*, and that spells C-h-a-m-p-i-o-n-s-h-i-p.

ALUMNI NOTES.

W. E. Durham, '16.

Dr. Ashby Jones, of Atlanta, was a visitor on the campus recently.

W. W. Townsend is principal of a high school in Gloucester county.

Robert A. Ryland, LL. B., '14, is doing a progressive law business in this city.

Otis B. Hinnant, B. A., '14, is Secretary of Boys' Work at the Y. M. C. A. at Wilmington, N. C.

Herbert B. Gilliam, LL. B., '11, is conducting a very successful law practice in Petersburg.

R. A. Brock, LL. B., '14, is with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company, engaged in their law offices.

Raleigh Fleet, who spent the same time in College as Brooks, taught school last winter, and was a visitor on the campus recently.

James Irving Brooks, who was in College during the sessions 1912-'13 and 1913-'14, is teaching school in Essex county.

Marshall Jackson, who was in College 1911-'12 and 1912-'13, is teaching at Lahore, Va. It is rumored that he is about to fall a victim of Cupid.

Oscar B. Ryder, M. A., '09, has been recently appointed assistant in economic history at Harvard. Ryder was awarded a fellowship at Harvard last year.

Samuel J. Rowland, B. A., '14, has recently given up his teaching at Blackstone Academy to accept the United States Government appointment as teacher in the Philippines. He took the civil service examinations last summer.

We were glad to welcome Professor James M. Harwood, principal of John Marshall High School, to our chapel platform for an address during this month. We congratulate him on his part in the wonderful success of John Marshall.

A. R. Hawkins, A. B., '12, is a member of the State Legislature of his native State, South Carolina. His brother, W. V. Hawkins, who was in College last year, and whom we expect to return for his degree next year, is teaching school in South Carolina.



Samuel H. Gellman, '16.

The fact that the March number of *The Davidson College Magazine* is limited to contributions from the pens of Sophomores explains the lack of editorials, and,

*The
Davidson College
Magazine.*

likewise, perhaps, explains the lack of contributions of any degree of merit. The only possible exception to this statement is the pretty little lyric poem, "The Southern Breeze," which, in our opinion, surpasses anything that the issue contains, and, in consequence, is far above the other poetic endeavor, "Inisheen." The difference in quality seems strange, in view of the fact that both were presumably written by the same man. The beginning of "The Brother" is, in several respects, as weak as it can possibly be. First, the introductory dissertation on mountain people is entirely out of place in a story, especially a short one. Let the reader learn these peculiarities, customs, and characteristics as the story moves on from the actions and words of the characters themselves. A further weakness is that the story itself has to pass through too many hands (or mouths, rather) before it finally gets to the reader, and, when it really commences in earnest, he is doubtful whether it will be worth while to spend his time in going further. Besides being too spectacular, the beautiful sermon tacked on the end thereof could easily have been left off for a more opportune time. Moreover, it is entirely out of place in a short story. "Afoot in the Appalachians," as its name implies, is a descriptive narrative, which is well told. "The Test" begins in a lively, expectant sort of way, and, for the first page or two, one awaits an interesting and worth-while story. But, alas! it soon degenerates into the

softest and most indigestible sentimentality, and the reader is surely glad when the agony is over. "How Truball Lost His Limb" is an entertaining sketch in negro dialect, very well handled. From what we can gather from the essay, "Shall We Aim?" the writer asks that we be prepared not for war, but against war. This will necessitate the cultivation of a thorough understanding and friendly relationships between our people and those of the other great nations, so that we can make them believe that we intend only good to them. We must say that the paper is loosely put together and rather unconnected.

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

The Georgetownian states:

"The RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER heads the list, with its four stories, one of which is continued. 'Zazelle,' the continued story, is taken from the confessions of a cad; the plot is good, and the two opposite types of persons involved make it interesting. 'Little Lass' is a beautiful story, with its scene in the mountains, close to nature. 'The Law' is a unique, original, and well-written story. Moreover, the RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER always contains several good poems, and they certainly help their magazine."

The Furman Echo has the following to say:

"It is a real pleasure to read a college magazine such as the RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER. It has few equals. The material is properly arranged and the contributions are balanced. The stories are well written, the plots are strong, and the reader's attention is held throughout. 'Little Lass' is especially fine. 'Castles in Spain' shows the value of castles in the air, and points out their relation to success in life. The poetry, while not up to the standard of the remaining contributions, is on a par with other college verse."

WESTHAMPTON DEPARTMENT

MARGARET E. JAMES, '16.....	<i>Editor</i>
FLORENCE BOSTON, '17.....	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
FRIEDA DIETZ, '16.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
DEAN MAY L. KELLER.....	<i>Advisory Editor</i>

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ETHEL L. SMITHER, '15.....	<i>Alumnae</i>
EMILY GARDINER, '18.....	<i>Exchanges</i>
FRIEDA DIETZ, '16.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
FLORENCE SMITH, '17.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>

EDITORIALS.

"ALWAYS THE WAY"—A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Time: Any time, provided it is not more than twenty-four hours before the regular meeting of a literary society.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY. *Place:* Any girls' boarding school or college not of A 1 standing (no, never!).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Any Girl: President of the Literary Society in the aforesaid school.

Any Other Girl: Chairman of the Program Committee of the aforesaid Literary Society.

Several Other Girls: Whose distressing duty it should be to take part on the program.

Other members of the Literary Society.

Two members of the Faculty.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.

The entrance to the college auditorium. A large bulletin

board in a prominent place, and conspicuous upon it the following notice:

REGULAR MEETING

OF THE

ALPHA OMEGA LITERARY SOCIETY,
TO-MORROW, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH,
4:30 O'CLOCK.

AN INTERESTING PROGRAM ASSURED.
ALL MEMBERS URGED TO BE PRESENT.

(Signed) ANY OTHER GIRL,
CHAIRMAN PROGRAM COMMITTEE.

Enter Any Girl (walks to bulletin board, and reads): "O! I had forgotten all about that meeting—what was that important business we had on hand—oh, yes" (she begins to jot down some notes hurriedly).

Enter Any Other Girl: "O! I have just had the most exciting time, Any Girl. Just as I was—" (spies the bulletin board) "O! horrors! ! that So-ci-e-ty! !"

Any Girl: "Well, you certainly should be ashamed of yourself to speak of it that way" (hurriedly concealing the note-book).

Any Other Girl: "But the girls just won't take any interest. I asked Best-Musician-in-School to open the program, and she said she just couldn't play, but that she would get somebody, and Laziest-Girl-in-School said she had entirely too much work to do to write another paper, and Best-Voice-in-School has a terrific cold and raspy throat, and couldn't sing. And I just couldn't think of anybody to ask to get up current events."

Any Girl: "If they only thought they could, and would, spend a little time—here come the girls now."

(Enter members of society, talking and greeting Any Girl and Any Other Girl.)

Any Other Girl (pointing to bulletin): "Be sure and come to the meeting to-morrow, girls." (Exit.)

Any Girl: "A fine if you're absent."

(Members look at notice, make a wry face, and go out. Any Girl left dejected).

(Enter Professor of short-story writing.)

"O, Professor Help-Us, won't you please read that wonderful story for us at our literary society meeting to-morrow afternoon."

(They converse as Any Other Girl enters with Voice-Teacher.)

Any Other Girl: "The girls will be delighted that you are going to sing. Thank you so much."

(Exit Professors Help-Us and Voice-Teacher.)

Any Other Girl and Any Girl *(together)*: "Thank heaven, that's over."

Any Other Girl: "Now, ain't that 'always the way.' Nobody seems to appreciate how hard it is to get up programs—"

Any Girl: "No matter how hard we work at it. Well, anyway, I'll try to get some current events together, if you'll get somebody else to read 'em."

The cloud passes, and they go out arm in arm, Any Other Girl relating the wonderfully exciting occurrence which the notice of the literary society meeting so rudely interrupted.

Curtain.

While not typical, in detail, of every literary society, in thought, at any rate, it must be closely akin—first, non-preparation on the part of those in charge, and, second, a total lack of a sense of responsibility on the part of the majority of the members of a literary society. Lack of interest in such organizations is more noticeable, probably, than in any other phase of their college life.

The plan carried out by most literary societies gives ample room to account, in some measure, for the neglect of the literary society—in fact, it is rare that a definite plan of management or work is ever agreed upon.

So often is the cry raised, "We have more work to do now than we can," and still have time for pleasure and exercise—or, "The meetings aren't interesting; it's a waste of time to go." It is undoubtedly true that the meetings will not be interesting if the members are not interested.

One of the principal features and stimuli of a men's literary society is the interest in debate. This is, of course, with the man, an essential thing, whether he anticipate entering the professional or the business world. The question is naturally raised, Does

the woman's literary society need that feature—debate? As a general thing, the literary society of a woman's college is not a debating society. However, it was noted in a Northern paper, that on March 20th the teams from Wellesley, Vassar, and Mount Holyoke met in a triangular debate. From the account, much interest was manifested. The debating teams were, however, not a part of a literary society, necessarily, because it is true that at Vassar the literary society, as such, is no longer in existence. This is true, also, at Bryn Mawr.

At Bryn Mawr and Barnard we have heard, on good authority, that, in the matter of organization, it became a toss-up between a dramatic club and a literary club. A sort of compromise was finally effected, and an organization partaking of the nature of both was the result. The members study plays; also, they dramatize stories, fairy stories, and novels, and give them at different times during the year. At Barnard, in each class, there is a Magazine Committee, which is responsible for collecting material suitable for college publications.

Thinking over the many plans of the different women's colleges, such as above mentioned, a plan has suggested itself, which, if rightly, wisely, and carefully handled, would seem to be a solution for the difficulties of the literary society in a woman's college. It seems, within a certain measure, that a most vital relation should exist between such work as is done in the classroom and that done in some organizations of like nature with the literary society.

It is not the wish to leave the impression at all that this plan is perfect, but only the desire to create some interest in it, and, if thought advisable, to put it eventually into-execution.

The organization must, by no means, be called a literary society. That name would do more toward killing it than anything else. Rather should it be called some less particular name, having incorporated in it elements of interest and of culture. It would be well that a certain average percentage of standing in all classes should be attained before the student be admitted into the society.

Then, within this organization, there would be five separate departments, these to be known as the Music Club, the Poetry

Club, the Prose Club, the Magazine Club, and the Debaters Club. These five clubs would give all, it would seem, an opportunity of freedom of choice, and allow them to work where they were most interested.

There are in the school year eight months. For five of these months, each month, one club would have entire charge of the program. Each club, of course, would choose its own leader. The object would not be that any club should prepare only for the meeting over which it had charge; but, on the contrary, that each club should hold meetings as often as thought advisable throughout the scholastic year, for the purpose of entering more fully and more exhaustively into the study chosen. And then would it be more sufficiently prepared to render an entertaining, interesting, and instructive program at a general meeting of the society. There would yet be three months remaining not provided for with the clubs. One of these meetings should be addressed by some speaker, chosen by the entire body, a lady or gentleman of more or less renown, upon some topic of real interest and importance. The other two meetings would be given over to social enjoyment and to business affairs, respectively.

The arrangement of the meetings for the year, as sketched below, would seem advisable:

October—Speaker.

November—Magazine.

December—Music.

January—Social.

February—Prose.

March—Poetry.

April—Debates.

May—Business.

The speaker is put first, so that the clubs might have ample opportunity to begin operations; the social near the middle, to lend variety; and the business meeting in May, so that new officers might be elected and given an opportunity to get acquainted with the duties of the office.

The officers of the organization would be, in number, five—President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Critic, having one officer elected from each group. In the groups there should be, of course, such officers as would render less difficult and more efficient the work of each club.

The plan of organization seems, at once, workable, profitable, and beneficial.

The problem of a literary society, or organization, is *indeed* a problem, and it has been the purpose of this sketch to offer some suggestions for its solution.

With the opening of the spring term, dramatic talent seemed to burst forth as did the spring buds; and, fortunately, no frost has yet come to kill the promise of fruit.

SUPPORT The crop will be harvested at Commence-
OF DRAMATICS. ment, when Richmond and Westhampton
 Colleges will give "As You Like It." Every-
thing seems to be starting out most auspiciously for a co-ordinate dramatic club. But it is certainly not the time to think that the goal is reached, or anywhere in sight even. How is a co-ordinate dramatic club to be kept up? Is it to be composed of any one who cares to go in for dramatics, whether he is capable or not?

No, it is not; for it will assuredly fail if it does. It has been suggested that in each College a minor or assistant dramatic club be organized. In this shall be all students who are interested and will work for good dramatics. They shall give several performances during the session, and the best members from each shall compose the co-ordinate dramatic club, which shall give the "big play" of the year.

In this way the assistant dramatic club will act as a first-class training school and furnisher of dramatic material for the main club.

There is no reason why there cannot be splendid plays given by the students at Richmond College. Will you do your part by supporting them, and thus making them a success?

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

Ethel L. Smither, '15.

Now that a new year has come for THE MESSENGER, and a new staff, with fresh ideals and ambitions, has come into power, it would be well if each department should take stock of just what it hopes to stand for during the coming year.

To us it seems that the Alumnæ column has a duty to perform which is peculiarly its own. There is no other phase in the whole of the college life, with the exception of athletics, which binds the student of yesterday more closely to the student of to-day. Here is a corner of college life which is their own, and which they alone may make interesting. It is just another proof that *alma mater's* heart is large enough to keep a place for each child of hers.

Then, too, the Alumnæ Department should act as a tie not only between college and alumnæ, but it should be also a tie between alumna and alumna. Each daughter of Richmond College who has gone out to do her own particular bit of the world's work is interested in what her sisters are doing. Therefore, we make an appeal to you older sisters of ours that you write us about anything that may interest you. Your work, if you are doing a woman's work in all seriousness of high purpose, is a thing we, too, are proud of. Tell us about it, and let us rejoice with you in the work you are doing.

In conclusion, we make an appeal to every loyal daughter who claims the "Red and Blue" as her own to uphold us in our department, and to join us in trying to make this a great year in the history of THE MESSENGER.

Among recent visitors to our College, we were pleased to welcome Lily Trevvett, who is this year holding a fellowship at Bryn Mawr College. Miss Trevvett, after receiving the bachelor's degree here, continued her work at Johns Hopkins University, where she obtained the master's degree, her thesis being "The Loyalists of Maryland." A warm welcome is awaiting her whenever she may see fit to visit her first *alma mater*.

Another alumna who has come to see us during the past month is Mrs. Goodwin Frazer (Virginia Ware). Mrs. Frazer, while in College, had the singular honor of being the only woman to be Senior Class Historian while Richmond College was co-educational.

Other alumnæ who have paid us a visit within the past week are Frances Coffee, '11; Sadie Engelberg, '12, and Virginia Crump, '14.

Audrey F. Dillon, '14, has returned from Baltimore, where she spent the winter.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Emily Gardiner, '18.

In reading over the February number of *The Brenaw Journal*, the lack of short stories was clearly discernable. One thing that contributes so much to the success of any college magazine is the presence of short stories, interesting, spicy, and to the point.

The Brenaw Journal.

In one of the editorials the fact was spoken of that the way in which a college girl may show her college spirit is in helping out her magazine, by which the outside people judge the college. Poems were also greatly needed. Sometimes people have the mistaken idea that short poetry is to be only an expression of "slush," if it may thus be termed. "As Others See Us" was a delightful little sketch, impressive, witty, and exceedingly true to nature. The two essays were fairly good, but in "The History of the Shoe" it would have been better to have made it more interesting to the reader by departing from the well-trodden paths of facts to a more original form. It would be well, perhaps, to say to the Brenaw girls to "get a move on themselves, and not go to sleep on the job."

An excellent short story and two poems of unusual merit were the features of *The Aurora* for the February edition. The short story, entitled "Christmas at Camp Jackson," consisted of a story within a story.

The Aurora. The "boss" represented a typical young man, with a mistaken idea of Christianity, thinking that his own decision would be the world's. The introduction of the old, white-haired, experienced cook, with his pathetic life's story in a convict's camp, gave a good contrast to the youthful boy, as well as a picture of the life led by the convicts. The plot was highly probable, interesting to the end, with the rough English handled well. It was a pity that there were not others like it. Essays were rather conspicuous for their absence. To make a well-balanced magazine, all classes of material are necessary. But, on

the whole, *The Aurora* left a "pleasant taste" after reading. Here's to the nine-year-old contributor. May she always retain her interest in her college's work.

The March issue of *The Bessie Tift Journal* contained three stories and three poems against one essay. As a matter of course, the equilibrium was destroyed. The one essay, though, was good, "An Art Gallery of Hell," taken from Shakespeare's "Macbeth." The idea was novel, and carried out well, but there was rather too much strain to maintain the gruesome effect throughout. "The Birth of the Soul" was the best of the short stories. It presented a vivid picture of a young novelist who has acquired a good literary style, but yet lacks the fundamental principle—that of putting his soul into what he is striving to do. The manner of obtaining this human touch in his work was well described, but perhaps too short. It would be advisable, maybe, to intersperse the material better, instead of putting two poems together and then two short stories together.

We acknowledge, with thanks, *The Sweet Briar Magazine*, *The Vassar Miscellany*, *The Lesbian Herald*, *The Literary*, and *The Isaqueena*.

