

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 41
Number 8 *The Messenger*, Vol. 41, No. 8

Article 1

6-1915

The Messenger, Vol. 41, No. 8

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(1915) "The Messenger, Vol. 41, No. 8," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 41 : No. 8 , Article 1.
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THE MESSENGER.

VOL. XLI.

JUNE, 1915.

No. 8

THINE IS MY HEART.

W. A. Walton, '15.

[TRANSLATION OF MUELLER'S POEM, "*Dein ist Mein Herz.*"]

I cut it deep in all the trees around,
I carve it clear on every stone I see,
I see it on each joyous flower-bed,
With seeds of cresses sown that grow so fast.
On every piece of paper I would write,
"My heart is thine, and always shall remain."

I know it must be plain in my clear eyes,
Each one can see it burn on my red cheeks,
And one can read it on my silent lips.
Each breath makes known to you in loudest tones,
And nothing do you see of anxious toil,
"My heart is thine, and always shall remain."

THE CALL OF THE NORTHLAND.

L. M. Latane, '17.

SIMPLE, one-room cabin was the home of Francis Wilson. To the North the primeval forest stretched for miles and miles, until it merged gradually into the endless snow fields of the Arctic. Here and there were the rough homes of a few settlers, who wrestled a scant living from the soil, or hunted the valuable minks and beavers of the forest. To the south stretched a broad lake, frozen hard half the year. At its southern end occasionally could be seen the smoke from the erstwhile trading post, now a small town. But usually all around Wilson's hut was quiet and peaceful, as if unexplored by man. He lived alone in that solitary forest. He heard only the voice of the wind as, sweeping through the mighty wood, it gave forth its deep long tone that in a sudden rage became a shrill howl, or the occasional call of a lonely heron that would venture farther north than his comrades, or the continuous rumble of the mad racing creek as it flowed southward. The ground around his hut yielded a few of the hardier vegetables, and the lake gave him fish. Twice a year he traveled to the little town, at the other end of the lake, to trade furs for his other necessary supplies. Such was his simple life. Ten long years of it had wiped out the memory of all other.

This particular fall he came to the town as usual. Wilson was a man of splendid build. Big of bone and broad of shoulder, he reminded one of the great forest, his home. The constant out-door life and the pure crisp air of the North gave him a clear eye and firm mouth. Over all his features was written serenity and calm. But he was not sociable, and his very presence quieted the most hilarious.

"Well, well, Wilson! What have you this time?" asked the clerk in the trading post; "and how's the summer treated you?"

"Oh, pretty fair, pretty fair—just a mink or so, a few beavers,

a couple o' bears, and a bit o' small stuff." He shoved a bundle of skins over the counter.

"Many visitors up your way this season?" queried the amiable clerk, as he counted and sorted the skins.

"Not many—not many. They mostly go up through the cave, and cross over by Silver Lake to the bay. One or two wandered up my way somehow. I'd rather not have 'em."

The half a dozen fur trappers that were sitting around the stove smiled at each other. Most of the settlers liked to act as guides for the tenderfoot explorers that each summer brought. However, Wilson's dislike of company was known wherever he was.

"Take it in cash or a due-bill?" asked the merchant.

"Cash this time. Going to the States."

There was a surprised murmur among the group at the stove. To even the oldest of them Wilson seemed as fixed as the lake itself. Ten years ago he had come, a mere lad of eighteen. All the old settlers had said he could not stay the winter through, but he did, and the next, and the next, until he had become an old settler himself. Never once had any one heard of his past life. Never once had any one seen in him the longing to travel southward, back to civilization. But now to the States—naturally there came questions.

"Going fer good?"

"What about yer place?"

"What's up? Uncle left yer a fortune?"

Wilson hesitated, a bit embarrassed, for he had a natural aversion to talking about his personal affairs.

"Guess I'm going for good," he replied, after a while. "Just want to see how things look down there. It's been ten years since I left. I sold my place and all this morning."

"Well, well! I do declare!" remarked an old hunter, and, as Wilson left just then, that closed the subject.

A little later, while Wilson's furs were still on the counter, Captain Haverton, the well-known explorer, and his daughter, entered. Captain Haverton was a familiar figure in the town, having spent several summers about on the neighboring lakes.

He was a man of medium height, wore a short goatee, and talked rapidly. His daughter was a lively young lady of perhaps twenty-two, with brown hair and sparkling eyes. He purchased enough provisions for a three-day trip.

"Shouldn't think you'd be going on another trip this late, Captain," remarked the clerk.

"This'll be the last. I've got to get one more breath of this northern air before I go back. Hum," said the captain, looking at the furs on the counter. "Look at this, Jane. A polar with a black spot on his back. That's the bear that got after us. No doubt about it. I never saw any other bear with as big a black spot. I say, John" (to the clerk), "did a fellow from up Little Big Cove bring this to you?"

"Yes—a big fellow, Frank Wilson. Good shot, too. How did you know?"

Captain Haverton ignored that question, and addressed his daughter. "Well, Jane, that skin came mighty near being your last coat. You see I was off with the guide, gathering wood for the night's fire, when our white friend here got after Jane. This fellow (what did you say his name was—Wilson?) happened along just in time. It's a pretty skin." And after that the conversation wandered to other subjects.

The next morning, while the east was still in the gray stage of dawn, Captain Haverton and his party paddled away over the smooth lake. At about the same time the morning express carried Francis Wilson southward, through the great forests, no longer quiet, but invaded by lumber camps and saw-mills; by the clear lakes, on whose shores now were towns and fisheries, noise and smoke; on through the waving wheat fields and great cattle ranches of Manitoba; on through the great cities of the borderland, on into the States; continually seeing less of the grandeur and pristine beauty of the Northland and more of industry—smoke, noise, dirt, and life. Many were the changes since he left as a youth back in '90. He could scarcely find his way about New York, so different was it from the old New York, on whose streets he had sold papers. However, the buildings, stretching to the heavens, the throngs surging everywhere, the

incessant rumble of industry, was at first pleasant to him, after so long a life of exile. But, at other times, he would shrink away from the filth and confusion, and long for the pure air and the quiet of the Northland.

* * * * *

The winter rolled by. One morning Captain Haverton was at the Authors' Club, chatting with some friends. One of them took a magazine from the table, and, turning to an advertisement of a prominent publishing company, asked: "Captain, have you seen the poems by this fellow from Canada—Francis Wilson? I believe they are going to make quite a hit."

"I haven't read them yet. In fact, I hadn't heard about them. Wilson? From Canada? Let's see. I knew a fellow up on Winnebago Lake by the name of Wilson. Are they just out?"

"Well, no; in fact, they won't be out until the first of next month, but I received an advance copy, and thought that perhaps you did also. They are great. I believe they are going to turn literary America upside down. They are the first poems with anything like real inspiration I've seen since the transcendental days."

"I ought to have received a copy. Do you know anything about the author?"

"It seems that he was a New York lad. He went up into the Canadian woods about ten years ago, and lived almost alone—hunting and so forth, writing poems for amusement. He came back last fall, and *Harpers* got hold of his poems. They are great, Captain. I'll lend you mine, if you like."

Francis Wilson's poems were really something new in American literature. Full of the grandeur of the everlasting snow-fields, the forests, and quiet of the lakes, they were indeed relished by literary circles. But their effect was much wider than the mere arousing of literary people. America seemed to go back to the days of Longfellow, Lowell, and Emerson. Everybody talked literature and read poems. Quiet, dignified Francis Wilson became talked about from sea to sea. He was invited to the dinners of wealthy bankers. Literary clubs gave him receptions. One of the first to do so was the Authors' Club, of New York. It was

at this reception that he was first formally introduced to Captain Haverton and his daughter.

"I believe I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Wilson under rather exciting circumstances last summer," said the captain. "In fact, it was quite lucky for us that we met him when we did. When I first heard of you, a few weeks ago, I thought perhaps you were the same man, but not until to-night was I absolutely certain of it. You have changed a bit since I saw you."

"Yes, and the surroundings are rather different."

In the stirring crowd somehow, Captain Haverton, his daughter, and Wilson wandered over to an alcove, slightly apart from the main reception room. Perhaps it was due to the skilled manœuvres of Captain Haverton. The conversation flowed readily for a little while. They were talking of the Northland.

"I am getting too old to take any more trips; can't stand the cold and wet like I could once," Captain Haverton was saying; "besides, my daughter doesn't like the North anyhow, and I don't like to leave her here."

"No, indeed; I don't like it. To get 'way off in the woods, and not to hear a sound or see a soul for days and days—oh! it's dreadful," said Miss Haverton, with a shrug of her shoulders. "I like to see people—lots of people."

"You are interested in this social service movement, I believe, Miss Haverton?" asked Wilson.

"Yes—that is, I do a little settlement work. My! but I love it. I have a class of little girls that I teach to sew and read. They're just little dears."

Just at this point Captain Haverton espied a friend, and left the couple together.

"Isn't it fine to be a great man, Mr. Wilson? To have everybody talking about you?" queried Jane Haverton, glancing up at Francis Wilson, just after her father's departure.

"Oh, I don't care about being great, or having people talk about me; but I like to feel that I can appreciate the beauty of nature, see the grandeur that the average man would miss—that is, I have something of the spirit of the great Northland in me."

"Well, I like pretty things and great things, but they don't

mean anything to me in particular. I love the woods, but I don't want to live in them. But then your work is very different from mine. From that, I guess, comes our difference in ideas."

"Yes, I guess that's it."

"There's the music in the ball-room now. Do you fox-trot, Mr. Wilson, or waltz, perhaps?"

"No, I never danced. But I'll be glad to escort you to the ball-room."

Wilson's acquaintance with Miss Haverton ripened into a close friendship. He was a frequent visitor at the Haverton home, of which Jane and her father were the only members. He was not a man to push a love affair, nor was Jane a girl to "set her cap" for a man, but they seemed to like each other. Jane was full of life and fun, while Francis Wilson was quiet and reserved. Quiet, indeed, were their evenings together around the old-fashioned log fire in the Haverton parlor. But, as the days went by, they each began to learn from the other. Wilson had first thought Jane light and frivolous. He came to see in her a heart wrapped up in service, in loving others, and spreading good cheer. Jane had thought Francis a useless and morose dreamer. Now she began to get faint glimmerings of the poetic spirit that underlaid his character, and to appreciate his nature worship.

It was one evening in March.

"I shall go back to Canada the first of next month, Miss Haverton," remarked Wilson, after a pause in the conversation.

"That's dreadful. I didn't think you'd go back any more."

"I didn't intend to when I left, but the call of the North has gotten too strong for me. I can't make myself like your big city. I want to be out where it is quiet and I can think."

"I believe I know how you feel about it. But perhaps if you had something to do here you'd like it better. I love nature, occasionally, but then I have so much to do and all, that I don't have time to think about pretty things and poetry. I guess it would be better if I did. But I love my settlement work and teaching so. Haven't you something—some big work, or somebody to help—that would make you want to stay?"

"No, nothing—nobody."

"Well, a great poetic spirit isn't so fine, after all."

"But then I have the great Northland for my friend."

"Wouldn't anything make you stay?"

"Nothing."

"Wouldn't you stay if I asked you?"

"If *you* asked me to?"


"If I wanted you to stay, and to stay for my sake?"

"Would I? If—if—well, if you'll be the somebody and something that I would have to work for and live for. You know I love you, but I never thought you cared for me. Now I would stay here forever."

A few minutes later the Captain came in on a blushing couple. He saw that his interruption was inopportune, so hastened to withdraw. Before he was out of the room, however, Francis Wilson's incoherent sentences, that would appear idiotic if written, told him what had happened. The Captain understood, nevertheless, and said, with almost a little shout of joy, "That is splendid, but I expected it all the time. Let me congratulate you both. And we'll all go on a wedding tour to Hudson Bay."

THE POWER OF THE "MOVIES."

L., '17.

HE moving picture may be called the power-house of modern society. Reaching all classes, touching all themes, open at all times, costing almost nothing, it draws the crowds, and instils into them its own motive power. Not many months ago I attended one of these shows, and the evident influence it had on the vast throng caused me to ask myself some pertinent questions.

It was in one of the largest theatres in Baltimore, and the scenes were taken from the book "*Quo Vadis*," a tale of the time of Nero. Long before the time to begin, the great auditorium was crowded, and even standing room taken up. A jet black curtain hung across the stage, and forests of palms at the edges of the pit, from which rose a low and indistinct murmur of voices, gave the whole an air of charm and repose. Suddenly all but a few lights under the galleries went out. Far away, looking like a toy in the distance, the organ began to play. Soft and soothing strains found their way throughout the vast hall. Back from the organ, rising tier on tier, each decked in nature's green, the platform rose to where it joined the ink-black canvas. Then a powerful beam of light from the highest balcony fell upon the screen, and there before our eyes was Rome—ancient Rome!

Beautiful gardens stretched before us, filled with myriad-colored banks of flowers, shaded with tall and stately trees, and made merry by the sparkle of many fountains. Down the path came a nobleman—a patrician—borne on a litter by slaves. All the quiet grandeur of the palace of dreams was before us, and the strains of music added solemnity to the splendor. In a moment the scene changed. Before us appeared the banquet hall of Nero. Amid that drunken revelry, that wild, mad scene of debauchery—the breaking of dishes, cursing of men, and screaming of women—the air was suddenly filled with thousands of roses.

Almost in imagination we could smell the stifling sweetness of their crushed and bruised forms.

That night was seen a city burning; the fierce, leaping flames; the mad, struggling mob; the crumbling and falling of temple, church, and palace; and, over all—far up on a bridge of masonry—the tyrant Nero, singing his “immortal” verses and writing his “Iliad.” The amphitheatre, with its hideous butchery and deeds of superhuman valor, came before us. Hungry lions rushed in blind fury from the caves beneath the grand stand, while men, women, and children knelt in the agony of prayer, awaiting their doom. The scene in the palace gardens on that awful night, when tarred Christians burned for torches and license knew no bounds, lingers long in the memory.

Thus, for nearly two and a half hours, that multitude sat, or stood, with straining eyes, ravished ears, and undivided mind. And then it was over, the lights flashed on, music rose in long, martial strains, and the people rose, dazed and confused, to blunder their way back into the light of the street, and thence home. What an experience was that, when several thousand people sat spell-bound, with their minds and emotions running only with the minds and emotions of the masters!

What, I asked myself, is the extent to which this form of recreation has taken hold of our American people? A few years ago the moving picture was little more than a novelty. Now not a town or village is without its picture parlor. Our public schools are free, in many places attendance is compulsory, and everywhere they are acknowledged as beneficial; while it costs to attend the “movie,” nowhere is the practice generally encouraged, and in many places it is really discouraged. Yet the attendance of children of school age at these shows exceeds the public school attendance (this applies to city and town population, and counts two or more shows in a day as so many times attended). In addition to that, Saturdays, holidays, and vacation time witness an increase in moving-picture attendance by children. How about the grown-ups? Is this only a children’s entertainment? Not by any means! Go to any parlor, at almost any time, and the chances are the majority of those present will

be adults. It is estimated that more adults attend moving-picture shows than attend ball games (in season), bar-rooms, theatres, or churches. Ah! what a concourse of men, women, and children is this that are getting their recreation and much of their idealism from this modern power-house.

But the numbers attending the "movies" is a poor estimate of their actual power. The extent is far more than seems at first glance. Not a form of amusement only—not a pleasant and cool place to spend an evening; but those who go take away with them the lessons that it was intended they should receive. Hardly a daily paper of State-wide importance but contains an account of some desperate trick, theft, or even murder, committed by some child who "saw it at the moving pictures." The idle talk of the mechanic at his work is colored with the latest film, and he hums the songs caught at the combination movies and vaudeville. The daily gossip of the house-wife reflects last night's show. The business man to and from his business recalls it. And, indeed, in the language of the street, it is "the talk of the town." How the moving picture strikes at the heart, and reaches where neither sermon nor lecture, neither the vulgar talk of the saloon nor the lure of vice, can influence! So it was I answered my idle question, and stood awed at the vistas of life and thought that opened up before me.

The skeptic and the crank see this influence in all its insidious diversity, and they deplore the degeneration of the age. The foolish man sees it and laughs—why "should he worry"? But the wise is prone to ask, where does it come from? What are the secrets of the success the "movie" has attained? It is popular, one will say, because it is within the reach of all; it is cheap compared to other forms of amusement—theatre, giving of balls, excursions, and traveling to parks and resorts. And, while it is cheap, it is also the resort of the rich. The grimy-faced urchin hands over his pennies with his dirty fist, while his happy, unkempt face becomes a trifle happier with anticipation. Behind him comes the well-dressed gentleman, who has just arrived in his machine; he, too, hands in his nickel or his dime, and passes on with a twirl of the cane. No, its cheapness is not its attraction.

The moving picture is popular because of what it is. It is its inherent and pleasure-giving faculty that attracts. Some have carelessly said it is a fad. Let them look again, more carefully. The "movie" will endure, because it is a form of art! It is the acme of the art creation of the twentieth century. The spell-bound audience sit with riveted attention, eyes alert to catch every movement, ears strained to hear the uttered words of the talking pictures, or rested calmly with the mellow music that forms such a charm in every picture parlor. No thought, no sight, and no sound reaches the listener but those intended by the master who staged the scene.

So the moving picture has come to stay, because it is a form of art—an art debauched in its infancy, and polluted at its source, but none the less an art. Before the audience is *nature* and *life*, such as no artist can paint. While the hand-maiden, music, waits upon the queen. The baby loves the picture-book, the child learns by picture, the young man and the old man never outgrow nature's first endowment. It is art, because the skill, seclusion, and imagination of the painter, and the personality of the actor, unite with the mastery of the musician. It is for art what printing was for thinkers and speakers—unlimited and accurate reproductions at a small cost and throughout the world. The actor's life is hard, and not altogether pleasant. It is too full of engagements, too gay and gaudy, and too offensively public to be enjoyed after the first flush of novelty wears off. True, it becomes a profession, but those in the trade do not speak enthusiastically of the pleasures that are constantly forced upon them. Again, the actor is reproducing in a purely mechanical way that which has been learned by rote—it is a rare trait to be able to do with originality that which is pure mimicry. No one can think with the clarity and originality before an audience that are possible in the quiet of his own study. These elements of privacy, originality, and imagination are best developed within the studio or the study—they are the artist's and not the actor's. But the artist paints only a lifeless picture. His soldiers remain in mid-air, while the fallen foe beneath them lie in terror for ages, expecting them every minute to fall. His horses stand at an un-

usual pose for an unusually long time, yet never weary. The quality of action, life, and vigor is the actor's, but not the artist's. The motion picture combines the good features of both, and excludes the bad features of both. It is better for the producer; it is better for the observer.

The author takes us to a distant land, and paints a word picture, which is poorly understood by one who has never seen the place. The motion picture brings that country, in all its varied scenes, into the crowded and dusty city. While the old stage hands changed scenes the motion picture can carry us around the world and back again in a marvelous panorama from tropic to pole. While the author strives, with elaborate care, to tell us the thoughts of his characters, the motion picture shows a graphic picture of those thoughts—scenes of memory rise in the mind of the actor, and become visible in the upper right-hand corner of the canvas! A foolish-looking contrivance, called a wall, is erected on the stage, and different scenes are enacted on the respective sides. With the photo-drama we are one moment in the sky-scraper in New York, and the next on the prairie with the cowboys and Indians. It is painter, actor, singer, and author at once—the expression of each in infinite variety and perfection. Is it any wonder that the world stands awe-struck before this master artist of the age?

And so it has a vast hold upon the public; and these are the reasons; and what is the sequel? Alas, for the sad truth! Too well is it known that the "movie" is the stepping-stone to crime, the child's kindergarten to wrong, and the old man's comfort and rest in crime. It is an inspirer for an evil tendency, and offers an outlet for pent-up emotions. But any agency that can make a "hero" out of a street urchin, or a vital, living man out of a bedraggled and lonely laborer, should be cultivated and controlled, not crushed. An inspirer is the greatest need of the day, and an outlet for emotions is a thing to be prized and carefully tended.

How disastrous and how foolish it would be for the farmer along the Nile to attempt to divert or destroy the Nile because it regularly over-runs his fields! It is equally as foolish and un-

wise to try to crush the moving picture because it often is a harm rather than a blessing. And, as the river may be controlled and made to serve man, or may be left unrestrained to injure him, but cannot be stopped, so the moving picture may be controlled, and made a great force for good, or it may be left uncultivated, to grow nothing but weeds, but it cannot be destroyed.

In a little town in New Jersey the one picture parlor is owned by a kind old philanthropist. None but the best pictures are shown—there are humorous ones, and educative ones; there are funny ones and sad ones; there are religious scenes, and scenes on the topics of the day. But always they are pure and of the best. All the fathers and mothers trust and honor this man. They send their children to him to be amused, educated, and inspired. They go themselves when possible. The moving-picture house in that little New Jersey town is nursery, school, play-ground, recreation hall, social gathering, and church combined. What has been done there is possible everywhere. Conditions are not an obstacle, but, like other oppositions to progress, they are stepping-stones to better achievement. In a town in Ohio the moving-picture men have asked for and obtained a board of censorship, appointed by the mayor, and paid out of the pockets of the business itself. They want a clean business and a better town; they want to discourage the low and indecent films and the immoral houses. The moving picture, unlike the saloon, is not inherently evil.

In this age of mad endeavor, vast achievement, and "break-neck speed," nothing is more needed than restful, amusing enlightenment. The soul of man does not have to struggle to grow; only the lesser values of life are dependent upon untiring effort. The quiet moment, the restful amusement, the peaceful relaxation—these are the times of greatest growth in mind and spirit. The moving-picture parlor can furnish these if well managed and properly censored. The tireless competition for advancement demands that the children get early into the arena of active life. They cannot do this if they spend twenty-five years in getting an education. They must learn quickly and fast. Nothing teaches so forcefully and so efficiently as pictures

and stories, and the best pictures are those that live and move.

And so, dear old friend, I bid you adieu! We will meet again some day; and may it be that you have come into your place as the teacher and leader of thought and education by the time we meet once more. Truly the part which the "movie" is playing in civilizing and Christianizing the world (where it is at its best) is a "part that shall not be taken away."

AWAKENING.

R. A. S.

Within a forest, wild and drear,
A bird of plumage bright
Poured forth its soul in melody
The live-long day and night.
Ah, would to God I heard once more
Those tones of pure delight!

The pilgrim throng who reached the tree
Whence flowed that mystic strain
Sank down to dreams of ecstasy,
Released from care and pain.
Ah, would to God that I might feel
That soothing balm again.

Some dreamed of earthly, carnal bliss,
Fed by celestial fire;
While others dreamed of spotless souls
Through æons mounting higher.
Ah, would to God that I might rise
From out this clogging mire!

I, too, once dreamed those golden dreams
Beside the charmed tree.
Woe tide the day that chant was mute,
And fled the melody.
Would God that I might know again
Where that bright bird might be!

Thy paths, O, Truth, are hard and cold.
Oh, for one magic gleam
To change thy harsh realities
To other than they seem;
Or, would to God I had a soul
Content to sleep and dream!

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Lula Garst, '18.



SPRING had come. There were proofs of it under foot and overhead. That little blade of grass growing there by the path would not have ventured its tiny life from under Mother Earth's warm coverlet if it had not been assured by Robin Redbreast, who had just returned from his winter home down South, that it was perfectly safe from the bitter keenness of old Jack Frost. Yes, indeed, Jack Frost had been banished to the North Pole by the warm sunshine, which was each day growing stronger. The wintry sharpness had also disappeared from the sky, and in its place was a soft, balmy blueness.

Perhaps the greatest change of all was in man. All during the long winter he had gone briskly about his daily tasks, doing them in a brief, right-to-the-point way. Now his steps lagged, his shoulders drooped, there were dark circles under his eyes, but in his soul spring-time was struggling for expression against the outward appearance of weariness. He wanted to be up and doing, but something held him back; it was not quite time for his transformation. Unlike nature, he could not grow from one state of being into another quite naturally, but he was subject to man's laws, not nature's. There was an intermediate stage—a test for him to meet and master before he could enter joyfully into spring.

This test was a law made by man, apparently having no good points, but which could not be avoided in any way whatever, and must be endured and undergone at least semi-annually, if not more often. It occurs in all walks of life, but more noticeably and more forcibly in that of the student. It is called by that awful, full-of-meaning name—examinations.

And this was the thing that stood in the way of the student, so that he could not accept spring-time in all its attendant joyfulness.

It was the day before examinations. The student had

"crammed" until English, Latin, and mathematics were well mixed in his brain. His mind was in a whirl, and he was doubtful and despairing, even after his sleepless nights spent in struggling with them.

Something within him, or, possibly, it was the call of nature, led him to take a long walk that day. The way led through the woods, now bursting into new life with the green foliage and songs of the birds. The fragrance of the sweet arbutus came to him, and the freshness of the damp earth stirred his dormant energy. On an on he tramped. At last he came to a little opening in the woods. Down through this ran a little brook, trickling over the pebbles, and murmuring through the flags that grew along the banks. On each side of the stream were stretches of sand, where the brook had washed when it overflowed in winter. The sands were dry now, and invited the tired student to come and rest in their sunny warmth. He lay down on the sand, and absently flipped stones into the water until the calm peacefulness of his surroundings lulled him to sleep.

In his dreams he lived again the last few days and his walk through the woods, where he found the same little stream by which he now slept. On the broad stretch of sand was seated a great throng of people. One of them called out to him. Mystified and half-frightened at such a strange gathering, he went nearer. He noticed that most of the men were gray-haired, and that they had the appearance of belonging to another age. Some were drawing strange figures in the sand, others were talking quietly, their foreheads puckered in deep thought. Here was one delivering a fiery oration, and there was one turning the pages of an ancient Greek manuscript. There was only one woman in the group, and she was earnestly conversing with an old gentleman, who shielded his eyes with his hands.

The man who had first called to the student spoke again when he saw the bewilderment in his face: "This is the Great Council of Scholars of all ages; there is Virgil, relating again 'the last agonies of Troy,' and Cicero entertaining with his famous invective against Catiline. Here is Copernicus, explaining the theory of the solar system, and Milton discussing woman's

rights, and Mendelssohn there, unconsciously running the scale while he discusses music. I am a mathematician, Horner by name, and these men here are my associates—at your service.”

The student could not understand the attention paid him by so distinguished a man, but recognized an opportunity when he saw it, and at once asked for a full explanation of “Horner’s method,” which a few hours before he had been studying over, and of which he had failed to see the point. But now it seemed very simple, and, as the lecture continued, he became really interested. He was astonished at himself; before, he had fairly hated mathematics.

He began to feel chilly; gradually the vision faded into the mists of the evening. He awakened and found that the sun had set. For a moment he was lost; then he remembered his dream. He was much refreshed, and felt a new courage as he hurried homeward. He could solve the problems now which had puzzled him before. “May your genius be with me to-morrow!” he said to his dream teacher. Spring had worked her miracle in him.

THE CHINCOTEAGUE PONIES.

H. T. Clark, '18.



HE ponies of the "woolly West" are often brought to our attention through the moving pictures, novels, and magazine stories. While thus interested in things at a distance, we fail to realize that even in our own State may be found ponies as interesting as those on the prairies.

Chincoteague Island received its name from the Indians, and lies off the Eastern Shore of Virginia. In 1554 a party of Spanish colonists, *en route* from the South, were thrown upon this island. A short time after this a colony from Spain attempted a settlement here, but were killed and starved out by the Indians. These Spaniards brought several ponies with them, and these were not taken by the victorious Indians.

Sixty years after this a party from Jamestown landed on Chincoteague Island, and found many wild ponies running over the beach. The ponies were then given the name "Chincoteague." These animals are larger than the Shetland pony, but smaller than the average horse. They are rough-looking, and are very tough.

When the island became settled pony raising became a profitable business, and has continued to increase until the present time. Chincoteague Island is fifteen miles by five, and supports a population of five thousand. These reside in the town, and the larger part of the island is given over to oyster shells and open grassy country. The island is a part of Accomac county, and enjoys the same prosperity as the mainland, being unsurpassed in the South. The ponies go in large droves, and run wild over the island. Many of them have never been hitched or driven, and never will be.

The "pony penning" takes place in July of each year. This event is heralded through the coast country, and for several days previous to the day set many launches turn their noses toward this island. The hotels are crowded with visitors, and the streets

of the wide-awake town are filled with tourists. Before dawn of the expected day the sleepers are aroused by loud shouting. The men and boys of the island are seen mounted on ponies and horses, and riding through the streets, shouting to their companions. When the entire male population has been called forth, the riders dash out of the town at full speed, and are away to the marshes and to the ocean front. In these places they are sure to find the herds of wild ponies. A large pen is always standing near the center of the town, and for hours the ponies are driven from all parts of the island to this pen.

The purpose of this annual penning is to brand the colts which have been born in the past year. Although the ponies run wild, every one is owned by some one. A Western lasso is thrown over the mother of the colt nearest at hand. A lasso for the foot is then placed; the colt is driven over it; the noose is quickly drawn, and the colt is hurled to the earth. Its tail is caught in such a manner as to keep it from kicking. Iron letters forming the three initials of the owner have been heated red hot, and this is pressed to the flank of the struggling colt. It is then released, and another and another follow it, until each has been marked. The gates are then thrown open, and the ponies rush for freedom.

This event is the occasion for many sales. Buyers come from all parts of the country to purchase these ponies. The price ranges from \$125.00 to \$175.00 each.

The West still retains a part of its former charms, but this remote section is equally as attractive. The traveler stands by an old chimney left by the Spanish. His thoughts go back over the waves of time. On all sides of the island he sees white-capped waves rushing toward the shore. Across miles of grassy marches are seen hundreds of ponies, and the wild whooping of the herders gives a Western air to this extreme Eastern scene.

SPRING.

J. W. G., '18.

The seeds have doffed their somber coats,
And upward climb to light;
What fairy this, that earthward floats
'Pon silver wings, with golden notes,
From realms of sunshine bright?

O Southern Breeze, maid of the dawn,
Sweet child of the budding Spring!
The woodland violets yester-morn
Awoke; they heard thy wreath'd horn,
They heard the blue-bird sing.

The ice-struck brooklets, too, now flow;
Hoar Winter dies in pain;
The flowing azure air doth glow,
And rain-drops, smiling through the bow,
Stoop down to kiss the plain.

Then Zephyr, of Avilion fair,
Beloved of hill and vale!
Far softer than Narcissus' hair,
Which, in still pools, is mirrored there,
Is thy breath to the dale.

When it divined thy elfin tread
The sluggish clod bestirred;
And stole unto the cowslip's bed,
Where she reposed her golden head,
O'er daisies yet interred.

He kissed the Primrose, too; she blushed,
Not red, but creamy white;
The Dandelion, when courted, flushed,
And through her pulsing vein there rushed
The Spring-time's quickening might.

The March lambs leaped in sportive glee,
 Unmindful of their dame;
 On stiffened limbs they coursed the lea,
 While in the grass the honey-bee
 Was crushed by feet untamed.

Bold Chanticleer, the prince of Spring,
 The heralder of dawn,
 Filled with new wine, does gaily sing,
 And lustily proclaims he's king
 Of Summer, still unborn.

And piping frogs, high on the bank,
 Hid in the chickweed grass,
 Poured out their lungs, as Phoebus sank,
 And left the gray hills cold and dank,
 Beyond the dark morass.

When fairest Psyche, pure and chaste,
 With Cupid walked the glade,
 And sought to view her blooming face
 Of perfect mold in the embrace
 Of streams that laughed and played;

The downy grass caressed her feet,
 "O linger long, my child;
 For leafy June is not so sweet
 As May-time, when thy form I greet,
 Within this fragrant wild."

"Yes, linger long," the Crowfoot said,
 "Rare emblem of the spring;
 The skies are droning overhead
 With insects, and beneath is spread
 The dew-drop's lucent ring."

Then Sylvan Psyche made reply,
 Knee-deep within a brook;
 "O, virgin flowers, Spring must die,
 And soon beneath this sod shall lie,
 Ere Summer haunts thy nook."

"And as the passionate bloom of youth
Gives place to the fruit of years;
And frosty age, not far aloof
Bears down, regardless of the truth,
That life is nought but fears;

"So, too, in Nature's sacred plan,
Each season yields its place;
And, like the brevity of man,
From spring to spring is but a span,
And the year has run its race."

It was not long ere Psyche slept,
She was the soul of Spring!
Above her grave the pine-trees wept
In reverence close the flowers crept,
The birds had ceased to sing.

O'er all the land a dirge was sung,
O, May! why shed thy bloom?
And Summer spoke: "Her knell has rung;
The balance poised, at length has swung;
June rules—May's in her tomb."

THE SPIRIT VOICE.

Sara Thomas, '15.

PART II.

WITH these emotions repeatedly running through her mind, she dressed, and went down to breakfast to await Martin, who, she thought, was still sleeping.

"Good morning, Dorothea. Have you breakfasted?" ejaculated her husband, as he entered the door of the ladies' parlor.

"No, I was resting here till you should appear. You know I never eat without you when it can be prevented," she retorted.

"I fear you will be disappointed at lunch, as I catch the 11 o'clock train for Nicholasville. The boss has been wanting me to make this trip for a long while. Now is as propitious a time as ever."

"I am sorry," she sighed, "for I will miss you. When may I look for you to return?"

"Oh! I will write you," he replied, lighting a cigar, and unfolding the daily.

Slowly she mounted the stairs and entered her room. Before her lay the lines that she must look over and study. How could she do it? What did it all mean? While she was brooding over her troubles, Zillah Dawes rushed in.

"How are you feeling this morning, Mrs. Chadwick? It is too bright to stay in-doors, so we have planned a little sight-seeing trip over the city. Now you must go along, because we want you," exclaimed the new-comer, in an enthusiastic manner.

"That is very kind, but I do not feel well to-day. I should prefer to remain here," replied Dorothea, quietly.

"Now do not disappoint us, for we are trusting to you to enliven the crowd, as usual," pleaded the girl, with a distressed look.

"Well, I will go, since you have so entreated me," Dorothea answered, thinking to herself that she had as well get out for a little air.

The party left the hotel in high spirits, got into the machines, and started for a tour of the city. Their guides seemed anxious to show all the monuments of interest. At each they would slow up, and the tall man, with iron-gray hair, would conscientiously run through certain facts. At Cave Hill Cemetery they spent at least an hour examining the tombs and reading inscriptions. Some of the party desired to stroll around and inspect more closely certain graves. Dorothea, in company with several others, decided to rest in the meantime in the quaint, moss-covered house.

"Girls, call me when you see the party returning. As I still suffer with my head, I shall try to rest a few moments on this couch," said Dorothea.

"With pleasure. Go to sleep now. I will throw this light cover over you," put in one of the girls.

Hardly had these words been uttered before Dorothea fell asleep. Meanwhile the others sat around, reading.

"Mercy, what is the trouble with Mrs. Chadwick!" exclaimed Zillah, as she saw the actress rise straight up, and, with a peculiar and unnatural expression, utter the words, "I will not!"

At the sound of her voice Dorothea awoke, and looked around her vaguely, saying, "Where am I? Why, I thought I was at home."

"You must have been dreaming, my dear. You must get up, for I see the others coming, with their arms full of ivy and cedar boughs."

"I wish we would hurry up and leave this cemetery. Let's go now," put in Dorothea; and to herself she murmured: "The same dream exactly. What can it foretell?"

All climbed into the car once more, and arrived at the Selbach in time for lunch. Dorothea had been silent on their return. She went directly to her room, greatly depressed.

Meanwhile Martin had gone to Nicholasville. He found that the manager of the opera company was out of town.

"I suppose I should have wired, but, to be frank, it never occurred to me that he would be away," he said to the clerk in the lobby.

"Won't you remain over night? He might get in some time to-morrow, although I can't be sure," interrupted the clerk.

"No, I must hurry back. I believe there's a train leaving in about fifteen minutes for Louisville?"

"Yes, sir, make haste, and you can catch it."

"Thanks; good-bye."

All the way home he sat with bowed head. He did not know exactly what to do.

"My wife is not what I had pictured her. I shall tell her that I was sick, and could go no further with my trip. No, I'll not confess to her what a useless trip my fit of anger has cost me," he thought.

"Louisville! Seventh-Street Station! Change cars for Bowling Green! This way out!" sang out the conductor.

Martin rose and made his way off through the crowd. He took a cab, and arrived at the hotel unnoticed.

"Come in," called Dorothea, as she heard a gentle tap at her door.

"Ah! there you are. I knew you would come back to your poor little actress. You can't begin to realize how much you are to me. Sit down, and put your cool hands on my hot brow," she entreated, drooping her head slightly before him.

He was unable to reply at once. She let him sit in silence for a while, as she continued to draw her threads back and forth in her embroidery.

"I am here, and that is sufficient. It is already late. Suppose we get to bed at once, for I am rather tired."

"Martin, why are you so cold to me. What have I done wrong? Do be frank, for absolutely there is nothing worse than suspense. Sometimes these days I wish I were dead."

"Don't talk in that strain, dear. I am only a little tired, and may appear unduly cross. Put out the light, and go to sleep."

There was no forgiveness in his tone, and Dorothea realized that nothing could be done, so she lay down, closing her eyes. Meanwhile Martin also retired. Sleep would not come, and he knew it was not mere physical fatigue which rendered him so restless. Long after hearing his wife gently breathing, he lay staring with wide-open eyes into the darkness.

"You can't force me! I am not ready!" uttered a shrill voice from the direction of Dorothea's bed.

"My dear, what is it?" cried Martin, springing from his bed, and striking a match.

"Nothing," she moaned, placing her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out a horrible vision. "It was only a dream. Go back to sleep, and don't worry about me," she sighed, and lay back among the pillows.

"Just as you say. But if you would tell me about it I might help you. Now-a-days you never seem to desire to confide in me," he added, as he again pulled up the bed-clothes.

Dorothea was too nervous to think of sleep. Although it was early morning, she decided to arise and go out for a quiet walk.

"What can this dream mean which has three times appeared to me so vividly. I won't allow myself to meditate on it. It is absurd to be superstitious," she kept saying over to herself, as she dressed.

As she descended the marble flight of stairs, and went out into the fresh, pure air, a certain longing seized her. She wished to be a girl once more, free from the cares of womanhood. The big farm lay before her, with its green meadows, dotted with flocks of white sheep. Instead of the sky-scrapers near her, she saw the huge, stately trees, under which the quiet cattle grazed and peacefully chewed their cud. Why this picture should present itself to her was more than she could comprehend. Such a contrast to her late surroundings and influences! Hearing some one approach her from the rear, she forgot her day dreams and turned.

"Why, Mr. Raynham, how do you happen to be out so early?"

"Strange that you should take the very words off my lips. There has been a conflict in our dates, and it is absolutely necessary for us to leave Louisville immediately after the evening play. I was on my way to the hotel to inform the company."

"Where do we go next?" she inquired.

"Directly to Chicago," he resumed.

"If you will be so kind, Mrs. Chadwick, as to inform the party, I will not go down. The 11 o'clock special to-night. Remember!"

The evening play went off with much success. Soon the entire company was hastening to the station. They mounted the concrete steps, and entered the crowded station. Martin and Dorothea brought up the rear in silence. As they drew near the elevator which they were to take to the train yard, she heard a voice distinctly say, "Are you ready to go?"

As if seized with inexpressible consternation, she grasped Martin.

"What can be wrong with you? I have never seen you like this!" grumbled her husband, without the slightest sympathy or understanding.

"Did you hear that voice? Oh, I am confident it is the same I have been hearing these last few nights. Just look at that boy. He is so ghastly looking. I am certain he rode on the hearse," she gasped, as the elevator boy came into view.

"Don't get on now—something surely will happen; listen to me, Martin," she pleaded, with hands outstretched to her bewildered husband.

"You are undoubtedly out of your mind. If you don't want to go down now I will wait for you below while you come by the stairs. I shall not give in to a woman's whim like this," he replied impatiently.

"O, Martin, for the love of your wife," she stammered, as he elbowed his way from her to the elevator.

The elevator filled and started down, leaving Dorothea still wringing her hands.

"Mrs. Chadwick, how do you happen to be here alone? You seemed deserted and a little disturbed about—"

An unexpected and sudden crash was heard before Mr. Raynham had time to finish his remark.

"O, I knew it; I knew it," moaned the unfortunate woman, sinking down upon the floor.

"Dorothea, let me help you! Control yourself for the moment. We must get out of this," hastily ejaculated Raynham.

"The spirit voice! Yes, it warned me. How could I have allowed him to get on!" she continued.

"Mr. Raynham; wanted at once. Terrible accident! Mr.

Chadwick and three ladies instantly killed. Several wounded," sung out the bell boy, in a tone full of terror and distress.

Meanwhile Dorothea had arisen, having apparently gained some control of her feelings.

"Dear little girl," said Raynham, turning towards her with the tenderness of a father, "bear up, it is true—yes, dead. I have tried to make you contented. I realize I have failed. Fate has put an end to opera life for us. Maybe I can now succeed at something else. Live with Celia and me. We will help you start afresh. Come."

"I will try," she whispered, "but the future—the future—what has it to offer such as I."

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Wirt L. Davis, '17.

Hear us, O, Heavenly Father,
Pleadingly turn we to Thee;
Keep us from Europe's dread struggle,
Grant to us peace now we pray.

Drive from our skies the dark war-cloud,
Hoarse in its menacing cry;
Send blue expanse of peace to
Fill our American sky.

Millions of red-blooded men would
Bravely die for our right;
But there are victories of peace
Calling for those who would fight.

Fields that are fruitful and teeming
Need all our laboring life,
Not for the slaughter of battle,
Neither for carnage nor strife;


But for the God-given service—
Tilling and dressing the earth,
Conquering its powers, and exploring
Its secrets not now come to birth.

Homes that are now sweetly mirth-filled,
Plunged in the darkness of death
Deep will be, if o'er them this war-cloud
Blow its hell-harrowing breath.

Spare us this anguish of grieving
Over the death of our braves,
Ruthlessly murdered a-field, or
Helplessly down 'neath the waves.

Keep this a war-hating nation,
Peace temples crowning each hill,
Dove-like, all breezes hence bearing
Emblems of peace and good will.

Hear us, O, Heavenly Father,
Pleadingly turn we to Thee;
Keep us from Europe's dread struggle,
Grant to us peace now we pray.



CITY OF NIGHT.

V. S. Metcalf, '16.



HE tall smoke-stacks and the curling smoke outlined against the sky in their constancy and continuity represent the life of the beings—men—below them.

* * * * *

Mat, leaning against an old brick wall, which was in harmony with the roughly-paved street and grim buildings, gazed at the heavens, apparently in deep thought. His gaze descended to the smoke blowing northward, and then down along the stack to an open door in the factory, and within the figure of a man sat before the vast open furnace door, while another figure, evidently a much older man, was drawing out a red-hot poker. The pantomime seemed to hold Mat's attention. The older man sat down beside the younger, and began studying the coals with as much intent as his companion. The silhouettes were almost identical in outline, the shape of face and breadth of shoulders; on second thought they might suggest father and son. Mat thought aloud, "I wonder wot these poor devils git out o' that—they mus' have the same ole stuff to do every day, jes' sittin' there." He started up suddenly—"I wonder wy in the name o' Patrick I been standin' here all this time; I gotta have some grub, 'cause it's nigh sivin o'clock."

He hurried along the street, past the men by the fire, and four more blocks, then round a corner, passing few persons. He mounted the flight of rickety stairs to the third-story back, and in his shabby quarters he made preparations for his evening meal. The *menu* was composed of Coffee o' the Gas Jet, Bread almost Consumed, and Lait dans une botte, from the vicinity of which he had just chased a cat. A slight rap at the door announced the coming of Bill, sometimes known as "the Rat" for his dexterity (I wish there were such a word as sinisterity) in taking advantage of all apertures.

"Pard, I see you're in fer the grub," grinned Bill.

"Yep. Le's eat."

"Naw, much 'blige; just et. Got some dope on that job you were talkin' 'bout las' night."

Mat turned around now and faced the "Rat," and he was about to question Bill on his information, but the red, perspiring face and hard breathing aroused his curiosity much more than the subject before them. Criminals, with their guilty consciences, are attracted more easily by signs or omens than by language.

"Wot's up?" inquired Mat, with some alarm.

"Jus' in a hurry." He saw that Mat did not believe him, but, becoming more quiet, he continued, all the while glancing furtively around. "Was over t' the house, standin' in the alley, and gettin' the lay o' the land. Seem's though the place is easy 'nough—no dog, low winders"—noises in the street brought back his alarm—" 'Taint no use keepin' it from you; I done a job up town las' night, and they been trackin' me all to-day. Fooled 'em a lot o' times, but I think they're comin'. Le's go."

Mat sat listening to all this in amazement, but was jerked up by his partner and forced to act. It was necessary that Mat should not meet the police though Bill might clear out, for he was not anxious to excite investigation, especially while waiting for a previous job, in which he had aided, to blow over. The leaders had been caught. So they sallied forth (luckily they had kept on their hats), down the fire escape, over the back fence, with the order to surround the house in their ears.

"Wharbouts?" panted Mat.

"Gawd knows," replied the other; "'round this corner—up that alley—anywhere."

After an hour's occupation of dodging the police and picking deserted streets, which put them only about six or eight blocks from their starting point, although they did not realize it, Mat saw a tall smoke-stack looming up over a row of tenements. He did not recall his thoughts and vision of an hour ago, but somehow he was drawn in that direction, and in a few minutes they were nearing a factory. A door opened, and a man stepped out, walking in their direction. Mat now recalled that he had seen the same man before the furnace, and also recalled the like figure of the old man. An idea occurred to him. "Bill, le's dog that guy; mebbe we kin find some place t' hang out fer a while."

"All right. Don't think nothin' of the idea, though."

The two slunk into a doorway, and let the man pass along the narrow street. Immediately they appeared, as if they had just turned a corner. Without noise, they followed about fifty paces in his wake. The man never looked back, but, at intervals, he would slacken his pace, as if thinking upon some vital problem. At length he turned into a small brick house, the first floor of which was below the level of the sidewalk, while Mat and Bill proceeded, after a few moments, to the side window, where a light shone through.

We must pause a minute to describe the scene. In an old rickety chair, by a three-legged table, sat a woman who might be called young if it had not been for the deep lines in her face. At her feet played a small child with dirty clothes, to say nothing of his face. There were two or three pictures on the dingy walls; one picture was the Sistine Madonna. In one corner of the room was a bed, rather a mattress, that bore the form of an old man with a pale, haggard face and a hollow chest. Mat at once recognized the older man at the factory furnace.

The furnace worker had now entered the room. He placed his hat on the table, and approached the bedside of the old man. The workman had an intelligent face, which expressed hope when he questioned the elder. "Well, father, how are you feeling now? You ought not to have come over to the factory this evening, when you felt so bad. A strike's on at the works; see no way out—can't get food—no wages been paid for three weeks."

The old man groaned. "My boy," said he, "it's about up. I haven't had anything to eat for two days, nor have you two. Baby's had a little milk, thank the Lord! You younger people have stood it—"

"We will have food," the younger broke in, "and I'll rob a bakery 'round here somewhere."

"Oh, no," said his wife. "Rob? But he certainly needs somethin'. I guess—" Here she wept, and the child hid his face in her skirts.

The old man sat up with an effort. "I think I can wait until to-morrow. Play a piece on the old fiddle, Georgie."

The outside watchers' faces showed some interest, and they assumed a more comfortable posture. The worker went into the only other room, apparently the kitchen, and brought out an old violin, probably a relic in the family. He sat on the edge of the table, and, after tuning up the instrument, began a selection. The strains of a sad melody floated out, and the hardened faces of the refugees softened. The whole soul of the man was in his playing now; the low notes seemed to represent the fulness of grief in his heart, while the high notes were the outbursts of that feeling. The crescendos drowned the heavy breathing of the father as he fell asleep. The woman was as in a trance, and the child looked up into her face, bewildered. The face of the musician seemed to be an indicator for the expressions of the watchers; though ignorant, they experienced the feelings in the music that the educated strive for at the opera. Then the piece changed; it assumed an air with faster time. The company seemed to breathe easier. But this lasted only a minute; the old melody and the dropping-away effect returned, now swelling out with the low, rich notes of three strings. This gave way to a final high note that died away until it was not audible.

The music now ceased, but nobody stirred; the old man on the bed had fallen asleep, as did the child; the wife still held her head between her hands. The musician retained his half-sitting posture on the edge of the table, with his bow still on the strings, and not until the sweeping motion of the bow through the air as he removed it was finished was the spell broken.

The outsiders looked at one another.

"Bill, I reckon we'll have to give these poor mortals the coin. Gawd knows they need it—that thar playin' worked on me somehow, Bill. I jes' feel—"

"Reckon we will, Mat," replied Bill, with a sympathetic expression.

The latter fished a stub of a pencil out of one of his pockets, and scrawled in large letters on a scrap of paper that he found near his feet—"A Gift." He tied this to the stout sack of coins, and quietly deposited it at the door, giving a double rap. As he and

Mat passed the window in their departure they noticed the calm features of the old man, who slept peacefully on.

* * * * *

In their wanderings the next day, Mat, meditating on the events of the preceding night, remarked: "Le's drop 'round, and see wot's been improved in our friend. Mebbe he's quit work fer a while, and got him some new dikes and a lot o' grub."

On the way to the factory the men passed the house, and noticed a run-about by the curb. In a second a man whom they recognized as the Coroner stepped out.

"Guess it's all over with the ol' man," said Bill. "Died las' night, maybe."

They soon passed down the street by the door of the factory, where Mat had first seen the men working. This time, however, he would pass close by the open door and get a good glimpse of the face. As they drew nearer the man stood in the door, gazing at something far away; his face showed deep lines of grief, but the monotony of it and the set expression was not changed. His attire was the same; nevertheless, he had not the old hungry look; the food must have been too late for the old man. The passing of the philanthropists seemed to bring back his thoughts, and he resumed his work. He knew no other life.

THE MESSENGER.

Entered at the Post-Office at Richmond College, Va., as second-class matter.

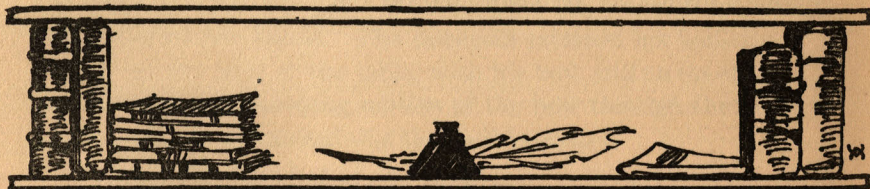
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EDITORIALS.

We have reached the first mile-stone on the new road. The Greater Richmond College has completed its first year at the new site. It is not amiss that we ask ourselves what we have done, and what we may do further. Of course, too much has been done to be recorded here, and too much is to do to be seen at present, much less written down.

THE FIRST
MILE-STONE PASSED.

Ideals grow like trees, and one can no more see the later stages than he can see the fruit in the first shoot which the young tree sends out. Only the poet may guess at these distant goals and be free from criticism, and he can do so only because few understand what he says until it comes true, and if it never comes true, his lines are consigned to the waste-basket without even a sigh. What is the difference between the prophet who hits and the prophet who misses his mark—is it not a difference in aim, rather than in goal? Perhaps both saw the self-same truth.

The real college, like the real man, of which it is meant to be the prototype, never reaches its ideal, and never stops trying for it. Richmond College, we hope and believe, is such an institution.

They were more than business men—they were idealists—who selected and planned the arrangements of this ideal campus.

THE CAMPUS. Here the hand of man has conspired with the hand of nature in pleasant rivalry to make beauty the bride of efficiency. It is not enough that the walks be good and convenient, but they must be artistic, so that the birds flying overhead, if they have any æsthetic taste, must admire the converging and diverging strips of gray, lying like ribbons on the campus that is, or will shortly be, green, and flecked with honey-suckle and wild flowers. Here, in all the details of structure and plan, is beauty and usefulness.

Not in beauty and convenience only has Richmond College been stepping forward. The authorities have seen the need of

NEW COURSES. the State in the way of broader and higher education, and they have endeavored to measure up to the responsibility and the privilege. The larger, and therefore more efficient, teaching force has been kept busy, and now have been added new courses in various lines. The general trend of scholastic standing is upward, both for entrance and degrees. Students are to be required to hold their attention more closely on certain subjects in certain years, thus making the upper classes more distinctive, and insuring a higher standard of instruction than would be possible when

some of the members of the class are not so far developed in general training. The system of grading has been changed from that of percentages to that of the "A, B, C, D, E" plan. This is an improvement, for where a certain degree of originality is required, as in the case of the college student, it is impossible for the professor to classify successfully to the hundredth part.

With the many advances being made by the Faculty in the realm of scholarship, there are those being made more directly in the sphere of the students. Chief among these is the Student Self Government organization, which has been planned by the Class of '15, presented to the student body, and accepted. Under this new rule the Student Council, which will be composed of elected representatives of the five classes, the Law School, the Y. M. C. A., and the Athletic Association, will have charge of the general administration of order, and obtaining from the College needed conveniences and improvements for the students in general. We believe the constitution of this organization has been worked out with care, and the highest degree of serviceableness. We would not express a doubt nor a misgiving, but would call upon every loyal Spider to take an active and honest part in the administration of this work, that it may not fall into the hands of any clique. It is *our* tool, not our master, and somebody else's slave.

Another innovation for the good of the students is the employment of a Y. M. C. A. Secretary to give several hours of his time each day to the work of making the Association practical, useful, and popular. The man employed to do this work is Mr. A. O. Lynch, instructor of English at Fork Union for several years. He is known to many of the fellows, and is very popular where known. We earnestly hope that his coming will be of great benefit to the Y. M. C. A., and therefore to the students, and the College.

This year has also seen growth in the matter of publications.

We now have a weekly of bright, spicy news. It is a crystalizer of sentiment, and an exchange center for THE COLLEGIAN. information and opinions. The eagerness with which the students await it on Friday is sufficient testimony of the popularity which it has attained. Some of the departments and material have been taken from THE MESSENGER, as being more suitable for the more local paper. Such are the humor columns and athletic notes. The usual voting contest, held each spring, to determine the most popular fellow, the biggest sport, etc., etc., has also been turned over to *The Collegian*. Here's to our new sister, and may she ever be as bright and newsy as she has been this year!

Is it to be wondered at that our breath is almost taken away when we see so many improvements, the fruits of only one year? If the College continues to grow and bestir herself at this rate, she will soon be ahead of all but the idealists among her constituency. Let it be so; the idealists are to be the leaders, and only the leaders have any business within the walls of a really good college.

A glance at the May MESSENGER will reveal the fact that, of fifteen articles published, seven were from the Class of '18. Six different members of this FRESHMEN class are represented in that issue, and we CONTRIBUTORS. predict that, if they keep at their task with earnestness and application, the Class of '18 will have the College covered with academic glory.

Now that our athletic year has been formally closed, a resume of the same comes in natural order. Material success may seem a little less than complete, but we ATHLETICS. have risen to that plane in our athletic relations which insures undoubted success in the future, and the respect in which we are now held is sufficient testimony of the appreciated merit of our various athletic departments.

Unfortunate incidents alone robbed us of the undisputed title to the foot-ball championship, and our superiority in foot-ball is

admitted by none more freely than by those who opposed us. No eleven men ever left the gridiron in greater honor than did our warriors of the Red and Blue when they left behind them the most brilliant record a Spider squad has held for many years.

Basket-ball was not all it might have been, because of facts over which we had no control. No discredit is due to the men themselves, for they did their work well. Lack of facilities for indoor work told the tale, but, at the same time, each battle lost was dearly won, and the showing made against overwhelming odds was characteristic of the enduring spirit which has won for us great victories.

The men on the cinder path labored faithfully and well. Not a brilliant season was theirs, but in competition they held their own with credit, and though they brought home no great laurels, yet they have shown that we have a track team of which we may expect a great deal, and of which we may justly be proud, now and hereafter.

The base-ball season, after a series of mishaps, wound up in glory. Although we didn't bring back the cup, we placed it far beyond the reach of others, where it shall remain until we shall soon bring it to rest in its rightful place, undisturbed, beside its multitude of fellows.

As the end of the year draws near we have among us new wearers of the "R," each with a deeper appreciation of its significance, and, if our future success is to be reckoned from this past year, Richmond's glory may know no bounds.

ALUMNI NOTES.

W. E. Durham, '16.

W. H. Davis, M. A., '14, is at Louisville Seminary.

D. N. Davidson, B. A., '08, was on the campus recently.

Walter Beverly, B. A., '11, is editor of the *Coalfield Progress*, at Norton, Va.

G. F. Cook, LL. B., '10, is now Commonwealth's Attorney of Smyth county, and is located at Marion.

T. J. Blankenship and L. L. Self, of the Law Classes of '13 and '14, respectively, are practicing law in Danville.

Louis Yancey, of the Class of '16, has taught at Charlotte Courthouse this session, and is expected back to College next year.

P. J. Hundley, who, after leaving College, a few years ago, took law at Washington and Lee University, is practicing in Roanoke.

We congratulate W. T. Hall, B. A., '13, on his success as pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church, Richmond, since his graduation from College.

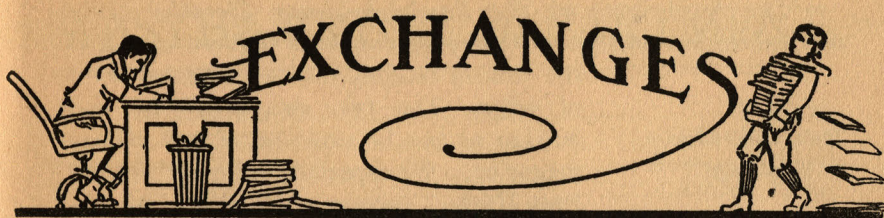
Robert A. Ryland, LL. B., '13, and J. B. and R. C. Duval, both LL. B's. of '13, are practicing law in Richmond. The Duval brothers have a partnership business.

Leonard S. King, B. A., '13, is teaching in Alderson (W. Va.) Academy. His brother, R. S. King, who was in College since "Len," is practicing law in Roanoke.

E. T. Turnley, B. A., '14, principal of McClellan High

School, Old Mill, Va., was welcomed on the campus by a large number of friends during Senior examinations. He will be back again for Commencement.

John B. Lightfoot, Jr., a member of the Richmond bar, has recently consented to enter the race for the House of Delegates from Richmond. Lightfoot is an old Richmond College man, and opened law practice in Richmond in 1904.



Samuel H. Gellman, '16.

As the College year draws to a close it may not be out of place to give a few general impressions gained by close association with the various college magazines.

First, as the months rolled by the number of stories in the magazines as a whole increased, and as they increased it was also evident that their general quality was raised. The writers seem, with experience, to have better understood the purpose, limits, and "tricks" of (writing) the short story, and, above all, to have taken the reader, and the effects produced upon him, more into consideration. These results are indeed gratifying, for it can make one feel that the contributors to the various college publications have not labored in vain. But as the stories increased the essays decreased in number, showing, at least, that the essay is not as popular with the writers. This may be due to the weather, because it surely takes much thought and work to write an essay of merit, and no one knows better than the Exchange Editor that these have been few enough. The poetry has been of a high grade all along, and was extremely plentiful in the March and April numbers, due no doubt to the fact that "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

In conclusion, though to some our criticisms may have seemed to have been too severe, while in other cases our praise may have seemed on too high a scale, yet it is indeed with a feeling of satisfaction that we were only expressing our firm opinions, and voicing honestly the impressions that these literary endeavors made upon us, that we with regret relinquish our duties.

The April issue of *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* shows marked improvement over the other numbers that we have had the task of reading during our short term of office. The two essays are as well written as can be expected of any college magazine. We especially enjoyed "Francis Bret Harte," because of its clear, interesting, and sympathetic appreciation of this great American writer of the short story. The points are forcibly brought home with good illustrative and exemplary selections, though it strikes us at times that Harte's two masterpieces, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp," are a bit overworked.

But it is in the stories that the improvement is most pronounced, though, as a whole, their standard is not at all very high. "The Principal" is found to be especially weak in character detail and structure of plot. What would it have cost the writer to make the heroine at least fifteen years old, instead of twelve? As a matter of fact, the age of this character operates more than anything else to cause the story to seem ridiculous. Moreover, while the introduction is well written and breezy, it is not sufficiently connected with the rest of the story. We cannot tolerate, much less see the advantage of, continually reminding and warning the reader what he should or should not expect. Still it is not lacking in several fine touches, such as "the boy with the bit of devil in his eye," and the rapid, but effective, ending. "Little Lady" is a short but clever story, whose conclusion is quite unexpected and excellently uncovered. But "The Sacrifice to Sibyl" is the shining star of the issue. Short as it is, for it is less than two and a half pages, it is a gem of the rarest quality. In its simplicity and smoothness of style it reminds one of Kipling's short tales. It gives a tragic picture of a small section of life, painted with the touch of a master, while a genuine touch of genius is evident in the rapid and tragic ending. This story truly illustrates how beautiful a thing can be in its simplicity. The poetry is of the general good quality that this monthly usually brings us, "The World Moves On" being especially significant.

WESTHAMPTON DEPARTMENT

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EDITORIALS.

As we come to the end of—not the much-sung *perfect day*—but to the end of the first session in the life of Westhampton College, one cannot help but pause on the threshold
 BACKWARD— and look back at this, Westhampton's very
 FORWARD. first year, when everything is in such a plastic
 state that customs and college life could almost
 be moulded at will. How has this opportunity been used? Let
 us go over the past together, and see.

First, there was the organization and adoption of Student Self-Government. Has it survived the strain of this first year? We think we can answer in the affirmative. Yes, it has survived, and, without doubt, to live and flourish long in this, our College. There have been struggles, and at times certain weak spots were stretched almost to the breaking point; but it has stood the strain, and come out the conqueror.

And when you come down to rock bottom, what does all this signify? Why, simply that the students of Westhampton are college students, and as such they recognize the fact that the power of governing shall come from within—that they are capable of taking upon their own shoulders the responsibility of their own government.

Other organizations have flourished and developed, and are

now getting in good working condition for next year. The Y. W. C. A. has its departments organized, its policies ready, and each chairman is back of her policy or program of work, to see that it goes through. Although little practical service has been done as yet, plans are being made to make it one of the largest departments of the Y. W. C. A. At the Southern Student Conference, at Blue Ridge, N. C., five delegates will represent Westhampton's Y. W. C. A.

The Chi Epsilon Literary Society and the Athletic Association are both thriving. Both have tried many new plans this year, and it is not boasting to say that many of them have proved successful, and few otherwise.

A Music Club has been organized, in which all lovers of music may study together the great musicians, and so be able to realize a greater appreciation of the masters. Their meetings also furnish good training for the musical home talent, of which there is much when one considers the number of girls.

Then, in addition, have been started the many customs which go to crown the real college life. The Class Days, or birthdays rather, which generate the best sort of *class spirit* germs; the various athletic contests—basket-ball, gymnasium, track, and tennis; all of these can the students of the session 1914-'15 look back on and say, "I helped to make it a success"; for their is hardly a girl who has not helped in some way.

And in this one year what has Westhampton herself become? How is she recognized by other colleges and people of the outside world? Each student stand up and reply proudly to your questioner: "Westhampton College is among the six A rank colleges south of the Mason and Dixon line."

Suppose each year this progress is made. Can you not see before you the same lovely lake between two—what? Towns they almost seem to be. No, the lake separates the colleges of Richmond University. Look at the Westhampton side, as the one most interesting to us. In place of one building, there are several. A dormitory has been built—so great was the demand for more room. About six hundred girls are housed in Westhampton's dormitories. The buildings are ivy-covered, and many broad shade-giving trees dot the campus. Then, to the left, is

the Students' Building, where the various college activities have their meetings, stunts, etc. This building has also a large auditorium, where the students, having become so proficient in dramatics, give Shakesperean plays as a pastime. Beneath the auditorium is a well-equipped gymnasium and swimming-pool, and everywhere one looks—even on the old tower of the first Westhampton building—are seen girls, girls, girls—the girls who attend Westhampton College of Richmond University.

Chapel services in most colleges are indeed an open question. In Westhampton College, in particular, it has, this year, seemed to be one of the few things which has not been put upon a sure footing.

CHAPEL
SERVICES.

The provisions to be made for the conducting of chapel services were at first under the management of our Dean. The burden resting too heavy there, it was next undertaken by the students, in their capacity as an Association, the Chapel Committee being appointed by the Executive Council of the Student Self-Government Association. The result was that, by some super-abundance of opinions, what was everybody's business speedily became nobody's business. This resulted in a few embarrassing situations, which, under the circumstances, were not to be avoided.

In the first place, does it seem that the students, unless they have an overwhelming desire to do so, should have in charge the chapel services? That does not fall especially under Self-Government control, but, on the contrary, it should be particularly under Faculty control. The plan heretofore carried out in Richmond College has been that each professor, who felt himself fitted to do so, had charge of one service during each week, and when, for some good reason, he was unable to do so, he saw to it that the service was properly conducted. It seems that such should be the case in Westhampton College—notwithstanding the "hill." But certainly the Faculty should have in charge the chapel services, and should endeavor to take sufficient interest in the services to make them at least helpful, if not entertaining to the students.

The services this session have, in the minds of some of the

girls, been "boring"—this meaning to cast no reflection on those who have done their part, but rather on those who have not. It seems quite to be deplored that services of a religious nature—the only religious service in the College, in fact, to be attended by the entire student body—should be described by such an adjective as "boring." While, on the one hand, a chapel service should not be particularly one of amusement or entertainment, on the other hand, it should certainly be interesting, instructive, and beneficial. At any rate, it should not be "boring."

The only way by which the end we desire may be obtained is to put the responsibility for the conducting of chapel services into the hands of a committee composed of three members, or some more appropriate number, of the Faculty. Probably some of the Westhampton girls—not many, however—this year have felt that their interests were not foremost in the minds of the "authorities." But it is not with a spirit of rebellion-if-you-don't that we demand what we think our due, but with a generous spirit that we ask for that which we know is our right. It is, then, earnestly desired that, beginning with the session 1915-'16, our wish be respected in regard to chapel services.

Post-scripts, they say, often contain the matter of most value. Probably, then, it would not be amiss to add this statement. During the entire year there has not been in attendance upon chapel services at Westhampton more than *one* member of the Faculty, in addition to the leader. That has been our Dean, Miss Keller. And more than once she has been summoned hurriedly "to conduct chapel," because "some one" failed to "show up." To say the least of it, the past attendance of Faculty members upon our chapel services has not been such as to encourage the attendance of members of the student body.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

Ethel Smither, '15.

Now that the session is drawing to a close, the question of coming back for Commencement is looming large in the minds of the alumnae. Especially is it to be desired that they should be present at the first Commencement celebrated on the new site. This, with the 1914 exercises, will serve as a link between the old and the new. It seems to us of importance that our alumnae should be here to see the success which has, in many cases, crowned our efforts.

Another thing that goes hand in hand with Commencement is the alumnae luncheon. This year, for the first time, the luncheon will be held at the Jefferson Hotel. We are expecting to see every alumna there who can possibly manage to come.

Of especial interest to us is the announcement of the opening of a preparatory school for girls on west Franklin street next September. Helen Baker, '08, is at the head of this new school, and on the teaching corps are found Isabelle Harris, '06, and Isabelle Walker, '06.

Marion Monsell, '13, has been elected secretary of the Richmond branch of the Southern Association of College Women. This Association stands to the college women of the South as the Association of Collegiate Alumnae stands to the college women of the North. At present there are only six colleges for women in the South, with the exception of certain co-educational schools, whose alumnae are eligible. Westhampton College is one of this number. It is the duty, as well as the privilege, of every alumna of Richmond College to join this Association.

Virginia Sydnor, '13, who has been teaching in South Carolina since her graduation, will take up studies at the University of Columbia next year, leading up to the Master's Degree.

Louise Baldwin, '14, who has taken special courses in English at Wellesley College this year, has accepted a position as teacher at Miss Morris's school next year.

The engagement has been announced of Mary Hawes Tyler, '09, to Laurie Smith, of Warrenton, Va. We extend to them our heartiest congratulations.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Emily Gardner, '18.

The March number of *The Focus* had several attractive stories and poems in it. In "My Uncle's Ghost Story" the atmosphere was well created, and the reader *The Focus.* felt himself almost in the same situation as that of Peyton when he discovered that the dead man was really moving. Ghost stories often fall flat, on account of too much use of the impossible, but in this one the writer straightened out all the unnatural threads, and made the story possible. "Lost and Found" pictured an exceedingly amusing episode—the queer things that a man just about to be married will do. One was forced to laugh, despite his feelings at its ridiculousness. When a writer succeeds in making his reader laugh surely he is to be commended. "The Spirit of the Mountains" possessed excellent description. At the conclusion of "The Belgian Girl" one was confused with various emotions. You admire her spirit in being willing to give up her life for her lover and country, and yet you expect some plan of escape, which is not offered. The unusual is always good. We are glad to see that Student Self-Government is esteemed so highly at Farmville. The essayist was right in laying the emphasis for success on co-operation among the students in Self-Government. *The Focus* is good, but if a few longer short-stories were put in the place of the short short-stories, and more essays were printed, it would be still better.

The Lesbian Herald, of Hood College, had good material, but by no means enough. Its matter showed what it could do. If it lacks money, get out and work for it. *The* "Where there's a will there's a way." *The* argument for the protection of birds contained *Lesbian Herald.* valuable knowledge, and no one reading over it could fail to get new ideas concerning his little feathery neighbors. The assertions were well backed by proofs of past

and existing conditions. "Red Pepper" contained a real picture of life. One could easily see Mary tell Cynthia Anna that they could anoint the school-room with red pepper at recess "as easy as easy," and then Mary's grin at the last, after her mock repentance, was just the touch needed.

The March edition of *The Sweet Briar Magazine* was well written. It contained several splendid poems, which were not merely conglomerations of words, but which really expressed some thought. Also there was an abundance of fine stories, well written and with good plots, but

"Where, oh where, have my essays gone,
Oh where, oh where can they be!"

One story, "A Letter—As You Like It," would have attracted one's attention anywhere it might have been put. The words, the phrasing, the description, were all good, and the plot was odd. It worked the reader up to the highest expectation, and then—well, it was "as you like it." "The Call of the Past" readily appealed to one's sympathy. The farce, "Poisoned Truth," gave a fresh touch to the magazine. While there was not much plot, it gave a good picture of exaggerated hearsay. The Sweet Briar girls are doing good work.

We are pleased to acknowledge *The Vassar Miscellany* and *The Isaqueena*.

