I have sung me many a quaint refrain
That I learned from the bards of old;
But, oh, to feel love's hand again!
When heart and hand are cold.

I have sat and dreamed, and visions have come
That others have seen and known;
But would to God I might have some
That I could call my own!

Oh, what is the use of playing tag
With the happy thought of the seer?
But the train of truth I, too, would flag,
With the cry, "A traveler here!"

But when, with the rest, I've silent grown,
And the seal of death is set,
Will others claim what was my own,
And struggle onward yet?
As the evening dusk gathered, one May day, Norley, a young man, of evident Italian birth, wended his way homeward through a park in a large American city. Just three weeks before he had become sole proprietor of a box of a confectionery store in the down-town district. As the summer came on, business prospered, and this morning he had employed an assistant. Norley's real name was Nordisco, but his customers called him Norley. His shop had become the most popular of his district's many soda fountains. But, notwithstanding his prospering business, there was a troubled expression on Norley's face this evening. He rested on a bench, and his eyes wandered through the net-work of leaves to the great cathedral at the west of the park. The sinking sun lit up its belfry tower, cast a halo over its dome, and made the cross on the top glisten as with many diamonds. Several children were playing tag about the great pillars in front. A sister of charity, in deep black, was passing in through the door.

Norley loved the cathedral. It reminded him of the sunny Italy he had left three years before. It awoke memories, sad, but dear, and opened avenues for dreams of the future. Again he saw the wharf and the steamer leaving Naples. He saw his aged mother waving a sad farewell, and by her a slip of a girl, with streaming hair and deep, dark eyes, filled with tears. She was Beatrice. The night before he left she had promised to follow him to the great Paradise country when he had established his business. Through the days of toil that had followed, when his dreams seemed about to fade, ever was he cheered by the memory of her rich voice, saying, "I'll come, Norley; I'll come."

It was the vesper hour, and from the cathedral came the solemn notes of the great organ. Norley had played the organ the Sunday before. In fact, Norley, with the proper training, might have become a great musician. It had been his father's wish that Norley's life should be given to music, but it could not
be. Now the music, blown to him on the fresh spring breeze, brought to his mind the Sunday before, when his soul had found freedom by bringing life and music from the keys of the organ. He heard again the sonorous voice of the priest. One sentence of the sermon had made a deep impression upon him, and rang again and again through his ears. It was, "Sorrow, pain, and suffering are the minor notes in the symphony of life."

That morning all had been bright and joyous. During three years of labor he had saved enough to bring his Beatrice to him, and to make her happy. Then he had been appointed to play the organ for the Sunday mass at the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart. His business was growing by rapid strides. Soon Beatrice would come, and his happiness would be complete.

Then came the great shock. Italy was at war. He was an Italian—an Italian of Italians. At the call of duty, at the call of his country, his fairest dreams must fade. The Italian consul had called on him, and it would be only one short week before he must leave to fill his place at the front. Beatrice and happiness must wait.

He suddenly glanced around, and there, a few yards from him, stood an Italian maiden, hair streaming, and hands outstretched towards him. Was he dreaming? Was it a fancy of his imagination? Or was it his real Beatrice, he wondered. Then she spoke in rich full tones: "I’ve come, Norley; I’ve come all the way from Italy for you. You wouldn’t write to me to come, so I came anyhow. Aren’t you glad? Why don’t you speak? I told you I’d come, and I’ve come."

Norley, not moving, gazed vacantly at the ground. After awhile he murmured: "But, Beatrice, I must go back to Italy. My country is at war. I must fight for her. We cannot marry, and live happily and at peace, while Italy is at war."

"Italy? We are no longer in Italy. We no longer love Italy. We are in America. Stay here. Forget Italy. Love me."

"No, no, no! I’m sorry, ’Tris, but I must. We’ll have to wait longer. Duty, my dear little girl, duty—" He set his jaw firmly, and murmured in a low voice, "I must, ’Tris—yes, I still love Italy, and I will go back and fight for her."
Then the trees seemed to fade away into the twilight, and he saw only the cathedral. He saw through the walls, and it seemed he saw the priest in the chancel. Then he saw the priest ascend into the pulpit, and heard his voice ring out, "Sorrow, pain, and suffering are but the minor notes in the symphony of life."

He looked for Beatrice, but no one was in sight. But the wind, blowing gently through the trees, seemed to say, over and over, "I'll come, Norley; I'll come."

The summer passed away, and fall came. Norley went back to Italy, and joined the army. As he passed through his home village he heard of the death of his old mother. Beatrice, he was told, had left. The armies of Italy passed over the Austrian border. Trieste fell, then Paulo. The heroic king of the Italians led his troops in person. But, after the glory of each great victory passed away, a trail of suffering and death was left. The sunny fields of grain were made desert and drear. The gardens of luxuriant olive trees became graveyards. The gay hotels that clustered about the foot of the Alps became hospitals. Drear, indeed, was the trail of the glorious army.

At the siege of Budapest Norley was wounded in the chest. He was left in the army hospital while the army went on its glorious march. For many hours he raved in a mad delirium. Again it seemed that he roamed at liberty through the sunny meadows of Tuscany. Now it seemed that, like Dante of old, he wandered through Paradise with Beatrice. Now he was seated at an organ, and pouring out his soul in divine—ah, such divine music. Then he saw his little store back in America, and again the noisy crowd of his down-town district. Now he was in the cathedral, and heard the solemn lines of the Holy Mass. Hush—what is that the choir is singing? Is it—can it be, a requiem? The priest ascends the pulpit. His deep, rich voice rolls out over the multitude of upturned faces. Then the scene fades, and he is on a great steamer, and on the wharf stands Beatrice. Her clear voice rings out over the noise of the bustling crowd, "I'll come, Norley; I'll come." And the waves echoed it back, "I'll come, Norley; I'll come."

Again the scene changed. He was in the battle. The roar
of cannon, the constant pop of musketry, resounded around him. The valiant commander shouted, "Charge, men, charge; strike for God, the Holy Church, and Italy; charge."

They dashed on up the height. Many fell around him. He heard the wail of a dying comrade, "Water—water—has the city fallen yet? O, God—water!" But he must go on, on, on. The noise became worse; the roar became deafening; the smoke blinding. Then, suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in his chest.

Just at this point a nurse entered the room. After laying several bottles of medicine and a roll of bandages on the table, she leaned over Norley and felt his pulse. She was a girl of striking appearance. She was tall and somewhat slender, had splendid black hair, features with that marvelous contour that has made Italians a nation of sculptors, and eyes of dreamy, mystic depth. Her neat Red Cross uniform seemed the finishing touch of a work of art. Suddenly she glanced at her patient’s face, and at the same time he opened his eyes.

"Norley?" she asked.

"Beatrice!" said he.

She leaned over, and pressed her fresh lips against his pale, dry ones. A few moments passed without a move or a word from either. Then Beatrice drew back, and said: "But you must be quiet and sleep. Then you shall get well; I know you will. You shall get well. Be quiet. Sleep."

"No, Beatrice, I shall never; I am dying. But did you come to America for me? Did you meet me in the park, and then run away?"

"Me? America? No, I went as a nurse as soon as the war started. I knew that I could show my love for you best by going with the army that you would serve in."

"Then—I thought you met me in the park. Oh, no, it was just my dreams—a vision. Thank God! Beatrice, I am dying for my country. I was shot at Budapest." Then he wandered on vaguely: "But we conquered—on—charge—ugh, oh, Beatrice, I’m shot. Don’t you hear the bells? The great cathedral organ, and all the minor notes are gone. Beatrice, Beatrice, will you come?"

"I’ll come, Norley; I’ll come," murmured Beatrice.

And he passed on to the place of perfect symphony.
WHEN asked to give impressions of California, one's thoughts naturally turn to the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915, at San Francisco. Situated near the Presidio, with the tawny hills of California as a background, the walls, colonnades, and sculpture of mellow travertine, of this greatest of world's fairs, lie in a natural amphitheater overlooking the blue waters of San Francisco bay. It resembles a series of palaces, planned and executed by the hand of an artist, for the Chief of Color and Decoration, Jules Guerin, spent two years devising and planning the color scheme. In order that the finished product might be harmonious in every detail, he executed a mile-long picture, wrought in pastel shades. Interspersed between the buildings are to be found the rich masses of California flowers and shrubs, vivid reds and yellows and greens, which, together with the blues of the Golden Gate and the soft browns of the hills, are all blended and contrasted in one dominant key of color.

The master artist has chosen for the prevailing note the ivory yellow tint of the buildings of the Roman forum, and the material is an admirable imitation of travertine stone. This avoids the dazzling white of the Chicago and other Exposition buildings, and is restful even in full sunshine. Combined with this is the extensive use of Pompeian red on the inner walls, bringing out the classic columns of the long colonnades, while the ceilings above are of cerulean blue. Sienna marble columns are also found here and there. The fountains and sculpture in the courts are antique bronze, while the highest domes are of green or gold, the whole effect reminding the spectator of the gilded domes of Moscow, or even of the Far East.

The mural decorations all fall in with the general plan, a range of five colors having been given to each artist to work with, under the direction of Guerin, while the sculptors have worked in travertine with most successful results.
As is to be expected, the interior of the buildings and the exhibits resemble those of all other Expositions, but in the external effects, and the wonderful landscape gardening, lie the charm of this Exposition. For two years previous to the opening, trees and shrubs were transplanted by the chief of the landscape department. Large eucalyptus trees flourish near the Fine Arts building, eighty-one full-grown cypress trees are found in another section, and everywhere are masses of blooming flowers, which are frequently changed. The Avenue of Palms, with its hedge of vivid red geraniums, will long be remembered by those who saw it, as will be also the beautiful colonnades of the Fine Arts building, with the fountain and shrubs in front, disappointing as is the exhibit itself.

At night the Tower of Jewels, situated in the centre of the Exposition grounds, forms the chief point of the wonderful electric display. This tower is hung with thousands upon thousands of California crystals, behind each of which is set a tiny mirror, so that when the brilliant lights are turned on the tower flashes forth into the night a shimmering mass of gleaming jewels.

On a smaller scale, but equally effective, is the San Diego Exposition. Architecturally, it is a little gem, and most of the buildings are permanent. Several of the buildings are large, but, except for the great dome and tower of the California State building, standing at the west approach, near the end of the great Puente Cabrillo, few are tall. Instead, they spread luxuriously over broad spaces on the mesa, which looks down on the sea and the strand of Coronado or back up the fertile valleys to the Sierras, with long, cool cloisters and arcades lining their facades. Instead of baking streets, there are prados, bordered with acacia, and lawns, and thick beds of gladioli and poinsettias, and low shrubbery, which droops through the arches of the arcades. Up the walls, up to the Spanish domes and towers and the belfries, where pigeons nest and mission bells swing, clambers the gorgeous growth of rose and honeysuckle and bougainvillea, the superb vine whose bloom does much to make a fairy-land of southern California.

A portal invites one past the cloister, and beyond there lies a quiet patio, green with foliage illuminated by the color of an
occasional flowering shrub, murmuring with the soft play of a fountain. A rug-draped balcony on the wall of an adjoining palace stirs a lazy spirit of romance and a recollection of Spanish tradition, and a complete understanding when the shrubbery stirs slightly, and there appears a slim caballero, singing his serenade to the girl behind the railing. The guards and attendants in this dream city are conquistadores and caballeros. The dancing girls, who hold carnival in the plazas and along the Prado, are Spanish dancing girls.

One of the most interesting features of the San Diego Exposition is the practical nature of some of the exhibits. For example, there is a model intensive farm, consisting of five acres, bearing a great variety of fruits and vegetables; another section is given over to vineyards, and another to poultry. One walks through fragrant orange groves to the center of the farm, where is situated a typical Western bungalow, surrounded with flowers and vines. The exquisite fragrance of the orange blossoms lingers as one continues the walk down broad lawns, through the grove of pepper trees, until stopped by the canyon, which stretches far beyond the Exposition grounds.

The Painted Desert seeks to concentrate in a small space the real native life of the Southwest. The Indians were brought to San Diego to build the homes they occupy, and they have wrought well, thanks to a deal of encouragement from the white men, who have performed all the heavy work. Braves and squaws and papooses are there, and the pottery is being shaped, the rugs and blankets are being woven, the ornaments being pounded out, exactly as the arts and crafts of the red men have been carried on for centuries. The tribal ceremonies take place in reconstructed kivas, which stand in the open space before the high adobe dwellings. This should rank properly with the ethnology exhibit, at the other end of the grounds.

A wonderful trip may be taken through the Yosemite Valley, Any one so inclined may spend day after day on the back of a very patient little mule, climbing steep mountain trails to the summit of great cliffs, which overhang the floor of the valley, and from which are obtained glimpses of rainbow-tinted waterfalls, with dazzling snow-capped peaks in the distance, and every-
where tower the gigantic pines and spruces of the California woods.

A few miles from the Yosemite National Park Reservation is the Mariposa grove of big trees, the famous redwoods of California, the largest of which, the Grizzly Giant, is 103 feet in circumference, 250 feet high, and, according to tradition, has stood there for over five thousand years. Most of the big trees are named for States, a very good-sized one of about seventy-five feet in circumference being called Virginia.

A brief visit to National City, the home of the "Movies," which is situated in a canyon, just out of Hollywood, resulted in an entirely different attitude toward moving pictures. The glamour is removed, it is hot and dusty, and one sees everywhere painted women and much-bewigged men posing in narrow little rooms for interior scenes, or chasing automobiles, dogs, or each other for exterior ones. Spain is represented by a painted wall and a Moorish building, Italy by a colonnade or two, and Germany by a few peasants in an open field. Actors and actresses, under the dazzling glare of the noonday sun, appear less attractive than when treading the boards of the theater, and one almost regrets the visit. Outdoors in California is better than the "Movies."

From the Yosemite to the city of Our Lady of the Angels, or Los Angeles, is a night's ride or a day's trip by automobile along the King's Highway—the old Spanish Camina del Rey—lined with its twenty-two Franciscan Missions, and trodden by the feet of Father Junipero Serra and his faithful helpers, in the early days of California. The Mission Play, given at San Gabriel, in a building especially built for the purpose, across the street from the old San Gabriel Mission, deals with the early history of California. It succeeds in giving the atmosphere of the early days, when Don Gaspar del Portola discovered, not Monterey, but San Francisco bay; when Junipero Serra, the devoted Franciscan monk, became the missionary and friend of the Indians, and of the desolation and decay later of the old mission buildings, the breaking of faith with the Indians, and the general treachery and corruption of the State. All this presented at night, in a building open to the soft air of California, with a view of the tower
of the old San Gabriel Mission in the moonlight near at hand, and the fragrance of orange blossoms borne in from the orange groves of the surrounding country, lends atmosphere and charm to this story of the early days.

The space is all too brief to speak of the beautiful Greek open-air theater of the University of California; or of the Leland Stanford campus, with its world-famous Memorial Chapel. Space fails also for a description of the scenes around Monterey, beloved of Stevenson, and where he spent so many happy hours; of the first theater in California, at Monterey, or the famous submarine gardens at Catalina Island. It will suffice to say that they possess the charm of California; the peculiar blue of her sky is over all, the wealth of her flowers never fades, and the fragrance of her orange groves pervades the air. In this land of sunshine and flowers time flees merrily, and her people possess the secret of the joy of living, and of making others enjoy it with them.
O, SOLDIER LADS!

L. M. Latane, ’17.

Leave home, leave all, leave all thine own,
Grasp firm thy gun—the bugles call,
The drums are beat, the trumpets blown,
Thy country claims thy manhood’s all—
O, soldier lads!

Now you must be a man;
Forget thy little selfish work,
Forget thy pampered life; endure;
Great hardships bear; no peril shirk—
O, soldier lads!

And grand it is that bravery lives
And breathes in human hearts.
The weakling’s day hath passed away,
And manhood’s century starts—
O, soldier lads!

But when the bloody fight is o’er,
And murders end and firings cease,
There wait’st for you a giant corps
To fight before there cometh peace—
O, soldier lads!

A force of giants, fierce and dark,
Wide stretching plains that you must claim,
Make fertile-place within man’s marque,
And cataracts that you must tame—
O, soldier lads!

Within the forest wide is hid,
Within the bowels of the earth,
Beneath the mountain’s mass is hid
Thy spoil—treasures of great worth—
O, soldier lads!
On that old giant, Ignorance,
And his co-laborer, Disease,
Charge with thy brilliant, gleaming lance,
Nor rest until thy foeman flees—
O, soldier lads!

Then, soldier lads that never roam,
O, soldier lads, that fight at home,
Though naught you see of shot or shell,
You fight a foe that you must quell—
O, soldier lads!
THE AUDACIOUS TRAMP.

C. O. J., '17.

In the warm month of August, on a very still night, I awoke, and, as I did so, realized that something rough had hold of my hand. After a little thought, I arrived at the conclusion that a large man was in bed with my brother and myself, and that he was holding me.

We lived in a community which was frequented by tramps (better known as "hobos"), and my mother was often worried by having them come to our house and ask for something to eat. She was a very nervous woman, and was often frightened by the impudence and daring of some of them when they found that there were no men on the place. Before I retired that evening, father and mother had had a very lengthy discussion about tramps, and how to deal with them; so that, when I retired, it was with "hobos" on my brain.

When I had decided that a man had hold of me, I was not long in going further into the matter, and deciding that a tramp had hold of me. I supposed that he had been asleep out in the field, and, finding his earthen bed uncomfortable as the night passed on, had strolled in to share the bed with my brother and myself. Whether or not that was the reason for his being there, I was not sure; but he was there, and would certainly make it uncomfortable for us if we made any cry, or tried to escape from his clutches.

The more I thought of our predicament the more alarmed I became, and I lay quite still, scarcely daring to breathe. I do not know how long I remained in this state, but soon I reached another point in the development of fear; the cold sweat began to run down my cheeks. Still I lay quiet. I was determined that the rascal should not know that I was awake, for I thought that our chances for safety were greater if my brother and I were asleep. But it seemed that fate was against us. I passed into another stage of fear—one which ordinarily precedes the sweating, but not so in my case. I felt compelled to swallow, but, in spite
of the fact that I felt such a desire to swallow, I had great difficulty in doing so. While I was thinking of what to do, I had to swallow again, and this was a larger lump than the first one. Then I felt sure that the villain knew that I was awake, and that he was only waiting to decide how he might most easily accomplish his purpose before he would injure me and make good his escape. I had about decided to jump from the bed and run, when another great lump in my throat, and two or three unsuccessful attempts at swallowing it, decided me fully.

I tore my hand from the ruffian's grasp, leaped from the bed, and went down the stairs, three steps at a time, and through the hall, into my father's room, expecting to be pursued by the "hobo."

"Papa, there is an old 'hobo' up-stairs in bed with William and me."

"Why, son, the idea of a 'hobo' getting in bed with you! You know that there is nothing up there; you are just scared."

"No, sir; there is a tramp up-stairs in my bed."

At this point my mother, who is a very nervous woman, became thoroughly frightened for the safety of William, and offered to go into the awful room herself, if my father would not go. This aroused my father, and he started up the steps, single handed, to combat the unwelcome bed-fellow. Mother cautioned him, and he came back, and went out to the wood-pile, returning with a stick of wood in his hand. He went up the steps, and my mother and I stationed ourselves at the end of the hall, expecting every minute to see father ride the wretch down the steps. But we heard no sound. After a few minutes my father called to me, and I answered with as steady a voice as I could command.

At the second call I went up-stairs and into the room, where I expected to see a large, cruel-looking tramp, bound hand and foot, and my father standing proudly by. But my expectations were not realized. My father was standing in the floor, with a look on his face which told plainly that he had solved a mystery. He showed me that the "hobo" was in no part of the room, or in the closet. Then he led me to the bed. My brother had turned around in the bed, and his chubby, tough-skinned foot was lying peacefully upon my pillow. My father and I looked at each other in silence.
RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

THE VIKINGS.

Albert C. Cheetham, '18.

Gradually the thick pall of mist that hung over the bosom of the limpid waters was being pierced by a wedge of light, and suddenly a wonderful thing occurred. In slow majesty there came sailing from the farthest end of the lake four odd vessels, the "surgy keels" of the Vikings. As they approached, propelled partly by sail and partly by oar, there could be seen the ornamented prows of the galleys, the sturdy seaworthiness of the "wooden walls," and the curiously-fashioned workmanship of the ships. These vessels were high of bow and stern, and rather low of waist. On either side were a number of holes, through which oars were thrust. There was but one mast on each vessel, which supported a yard arm, upon which was rigged a square sail.

Upon the bow of the foremost boat stood a Viking—tall, massive, awe-inspiring. He leaned slightly forward, placing some of his weight upon a stout spear, which he rested upon the deck, butt down and spear-head pointing toward the heavens. His copper-red hair escaped in luxuriant curls from beneath his curiously-wrought brass helmet. He wore a jacket of bear-skin, and over this a breast-plate of burnished metal. Through his girdle was thrust a dagger; a large, two-handed sword, with a cross-like hilt, hung at his side. His limbs were clad in a close-fitting garment, light brown in color. Occasionally he peered anxiously ahead, as though seeking a suitable place for beaching his ship. Finally he turned to the men behind him, and uttered a sharp command, in a deep, harsh voice. The steersman at the stern sprang into action, the oarsmen on one side ceased rowing, and the vessel glided to the shore. Some of the men jumped ashore hastily, and drew the galley partly upon the beach. The other men then disembarked, each bringing his shield and spear.

Another of the vessels beached close by the first one, while the other two beached about a hundred yards on the other side. As the men left the boats, they formed into two groups. Their
conversation, which was harsh and guttural in sound, seemed to convey comprehensive thoughts to me, although I could neither distinguish nor understand any of the words they used. What I gathered from their angry, excited talk, was this: The four galleys had set out from the land of the Spear-Danes, under the leadership of two rival thanes; they had come to Albion, and, after plundering and sacking a rich village near the sea-coast, they had carried off to the ships a beautiful, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired maiden. Both of the chieftains desired her, and neither was willing to give her up. Accordingly, they decided to settle the matter by single combat, and had come here for that purpose.

While they were yet speaking three persons advanced from the farthest group. The most impressive of the three was a giant-like warrior, arrayed in his armor, and bearing his shield; the second person was a black-robed priest, who had accompanied the Vikings, to insure a successful voyage; and the other member of the group was the beautiful damsel, who was to be the prize of the fight.

He of the copper hair, whom I had noticed before, strode forth to meet these three. After a brief consultation, the priest and the girl stepped aside, and gave the warriors ample room. Meanwhile, the other Vikings seated themselves upon the ground, and the struggle commenced.

Neither of the contestants was able to harm his opponent with his spear, so agile was each, though cumbered with armor and shield. When the spears had been hurled, the fighters drew their broad-bladed swords, and came at each other in fury. They gave and took lusty blows, and the clang of the blades on shield and breast-plate and helmet rang out. They circled around, smiting and being smitten. Both bled freely from various wounds, but neither could deliver the mortal blow.

Without warning, the opponent of him of the copper-hued locks fell crashing to the earth. He had stepped upon a loose stone and had lost his footing. Eager to take advantage of this, the other warrior sprang upon him, sought his unprotected throat with his keen-edged dagger, and soon the life-blood of the fallen warrior was spurtling out and being drunk by the thirsty earth.

Rising from his completed task, the victor was loudly ac-
claimed by the Vikings. The maiden was presented to him, and, in a simple ceremony, the priest wedded them and blessed them. The mighty warrior took his fair bride in his arms, and, bending over, kissed her lips, and then tenderly bore her to his ship.

Hastily the men boarded their vessels, pushed off from shore, and gradually faded from sight. I was left alone with my thoughts. "Who can measure the love of a man for a woman," I mused; "or who can fathom the love of a maid for a man?" for I had seen a noble warrior kill, in cold blood, the brave companion of many a raid and battle for the sake of an alien lass, and I had seen the maiden throw the stone that caused the Viking to stumble and lose his life, and this she did for her captor-husband.

With a start, I left off musing, and, looking out upon the lake, I saw that the mist had thickened, and that it hung like a pall over the waters.
THE EFFECT OF THE EUROPEAN WAR ON THE CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

(Extract.)

Moses Gellman, '17.

The eyes of the whole world are turned upon the military activities of infuriated Europe. Just why such a conflict should have been brought about is a matter which is not easily to be explained. One of the most serious aspects of the war, however, is the diversion from scientific work which it involves. To illustrate the great role that science does play in our actual existence, it may be convincing to note that, should the contributions to pure and applied science in the course of the next ten years be reduced only one-half, the loss to the world in life and wealth would be far greater than that caused directly by the destruction of the war.

DYE-STUFFS AND ANILINE DYES.

Some months ago a comparatively small percentage of the population of the United States knew anything about aniline dyes or dye-stuffs; those who did know something were mainly connected with industries which used these products. Even the persons who handled them had a vague idea of what they were, and their source, except, in a general way, that they were made from coal tar, and that Europe was the principal source of supply.

Suddenly something happened. A great war was declared, and the main source of supply was one of the principal nations involved. Some intelligent buyers discerned that the stock of dye-stuffs would be more or less limited, if not entirely cut off, under these conditions. The news soon spread among others, until there was a general scramble for dye-stuffs. The newspapers took up the subject, and published many columns of information as to the situation.
There now arose a general demand that production of the aniline dyes, as one item, should be immediately developed to such an extent that the United States may be independent of all other nations.

In this event, there presented themselves two possibilities to be considered: (1) to revive the use of the vegetable dyes, to take the place of the German synthetic colors; (2) to manufacture the required dye-stuffs in this country.

The first alternative does not offer much hope, except in a minor way. In the first place, it would require a considerable time to get together the necessary raw dye-woods from the countries in which they grow; then the coloring matters would have to be extracted and properly treated, in order to develop a satisfactory strength and quality, and, in addition to all this, there would have to be a considerable re-adjustment of conditions and usages in the dye-house before the natural coloring matters could be properly utilized to give satisfactory shades. The output of logwood could, no doubt, be considerably increased in a short time. There are large quantities of archil, which could be brought into use on short notice. There is probably quite a supply of yellow dye-woods, which could be made available almost at once. With indigo, however, it is not probable that the production could be increased for several years, as this requires careful planting, cultivation, and harvesting of crops.

The other alternative opens the manufacture of dye-stuffs and aniline in this country on a scale sufficient to take care of our needs, both with respect to amount and kind of dye-stuffs. There is already a fair production in this country, and there is no doubt but what this industry could be satisfactorily developed under proper conditions. It will, however, require time, organized technical effort, and capital. But the serious question of it all is whether or not such an industry can be developed to such an extent.

Aniline is a product of coal tar—that is, coal tar is the primary raw material from which colors are produced, and it was obtained originally in the manufacture of coal gas; but recently the coke ovens used for making hard coke have furnished a large and constantly-increasing quantity.
The first distillates are such products as benzole, toluole, mylole, phenol, naphthalene, anthracene, etc., and these are produced largely in the United States as well as in Germany. Benzole is probably the most important of the group, and is not only the base for the manufacture of the immediate products of aniline dyes, but is also used largely as a solvent in place of benzine and gasoline. The prices at which it sells in this country are practically the same as in Europe, as are also the prices of the other distillates first mentioned.

It is evident, from the similarity of prices of these products in Europe and America, that both countries start out on an even basis, even as far as the supply of the first raw materials is concerned, and that the natural resources of this country are available for an increase in the products which are manufactured from this source. So, in the beginning, we are as well placed for raw material here as they are in Germany.

From these distillates are manufactured what are called intermediate products, such as nitro-benzole, aniline oil, aniline salts, toluidine, xylidine, sulfo-acids, and a host of others. It is here that the first check in the economical manufacture of aniline dyes is encountered, for the reason that none of these intermediate products are manufactured in the United States, because up to now there has not been a large enough demand for them to make their manufacture economically possible. On the other hand, Europe has so developed the demand for these intermediate products that many plants have been established for their manufacture, most of them specializing on certain compounds, so that, in the aggregate, they are all produced on the most economical basis. It is then very necessary, if the United States is to be independent of Germany, that these intermediate products be manufactured on a large scale in this country, and that the Government should start in with a sufficient protective duty to allow this business to be developed. The present duty of 10 per cent., which was put on only in the last tariff bill, is not really sufficient for the purpose. As the group was duty free previously, there was no incentive to begin manufacture here. If American legislation can be so successfully managed as to protect the American manufacturers, this will be a decided step in
overcoming the various other difficulties, and then this industry will bid fair for continued existence in competing with the German products.

In any estimate of American ability to make the most of and profit by the present opportunity for industrial expansion, there can, perhaps, be found no better measure of inventive genius than there is at present in this country. Notwithstanding that the war will cut off many young men of enthusiasm and power, and hinder the work of all investigators on the European continent, it is true that there is an enthusiastic body of faithful workers here still to carry on their silent conquests, to carry forward the work which has been dropped by the disabled nations, and to take a place alongside the great achievements of this race. The only safe conclusion to be reached is that the work of the world of science and for civilization must be maintained, and, most of all, it is our duty to carry forward the flickering torch of Science and Truth.
Unbidden, the thought comes, while deep in my visions,
Unasked it upbraids me, while I answer back:
"Come, look at life's terrors, its thousand decisions,
Its mazes of fancies, its chisel of fact!"

Ah, youth, with its care-free and petulant motion;
Ah, childhood, with laughter and bursting of tears;
Come, sail your small boat on eternity's ocean,
And follow the day-dream that lures while it cheers.

Man of thy prime, in the midst of creation,
Hurling about thee with unhampered sway;
Feel the strong pulse of the world's adoration,
Hear the bells ringing that herald thy day.

As spring-time and flowers, so passes the mid-day,
And life surges on in its twilight decline;
Over the arbor that shadows our pathway,
Suns without number eternally shine.

Drink in the sweetness that comes with the evening,
Sweetness that only the sunset could bring;
Look back again on the world thou art leaving,
View the bright flowers, and hear the birds sing.

Visions of beauty, now faded forever;
Hopes and desires that will never come back;
Meanwhile old Time, with his hands idle never,
Chisels away with his chisel of fact.

Coldly and sternly the statue progresses,
Taking its form from the vision within;
Life is hewn stone, and our sins are our dresses,
Time cuts their contour from thoughts that have been.

Life is a vision, and death the awakening;
Chiseler, chisel that statue again;
Bury the fact, with its vision forsaken,
And cut me the marble perfectly plain.
WHEN Sutherland had started, a half-hour before, it had been his intention to cross to the other and wilder side of the small sheet of water. Now, however, the exertion seemed too great. He paddled listlessly, and his eyes were weary with the bright, sunshiny lake and the well-kept shore. Finally, he ceased to move at all, and sitting, meditatively, let his canoe drift into a current unnoticed. Thus, idly, for some time his dull brain endeavored to count the bright red spots that swam before his closed eyes after the brilliance of the sun, and to trace the infinite geometric figures that formed in bright colors on the black background of his shut eyelids.

When a fit of coughing jerked him forward, gasping, upon his knees, he found himself on the other side, where a narrow passage way led into the cypress swamp. The boat slowly slipped into this opening, and, with a little desultory help on his part, glided along until the channel was blocked with purple and white hyacinths and lilies. The water was inky black, while, on both sides, the gray-white trunks of the cypress gleamed ghastly, and high above their gaunt arms waved long banners of gray-green moss.

Sutherland mused upon the rather sinister beauty of the scene. He had chosen rightly, after all, he thought, to die in the midst of beauty and warmth. When the great physician, whom he had consulted, had given him the choice of fighting the dread disease either on the burning desert or in the frigid Canadian northland, or of slowly slipping away under the Florida skies, he had chosen the latter, for illness had sapped his physical and moral courage, and left him apathetic.

Something ominous in the scene before him penetrated his senses. Disgust had had him in her grip for weeks, for he was sick of the commiseration of his fellow-men—sick of their half-fearful avoidance, sick of the smell of the orange blossoms and
jasmine, sick of the whole lotus-eating land. He wished that he had taken the harder, nobler course of struggling, of fighting gallantly with his enemy to a glorious victory or to a courageous death.

A crane, rising from a water-lily leaf, startled him, and he followed it into the depths of the black swamp with his eyes. Here, gnarled stumps, with tropical vines crawling, strangling around them, and rotting in the water, took on strange shapes in his diseased imagination—a bony arm, with outstretched, mocking finger, a dozen other gnomes, that seemed to taunt and threaten him, whispering, "Coward, coward, to take the easiest way! Coward; traitor to your own manhood!"

Suddenly a fierce purpose took possession of him. It was not yet too late. He would fight—fight the dread white plague to the death! His body stiffened, his emaciated hands clenched, and a feverish light burned in his eyes.

Then his whole frame began to shake; the remorseless cough had him in its power until he tasted the blood upon his lips. Dull-eyed and trembling, he half lay back. The sunlight struck through the trees, and fell golden upon the water, flecking the cypress trunks with light, while a soft breeze, laden with the too-sweet order of jasmine, swayed the beckoning streamers of moss, and sent a chill through the consumptive.

He smiled sardonically at his recent resolve. "What's the use?" he said. "I can't go back to the world of pitying, half-abhorring faces. I only choose the easier way. Why not take the easiest?" The water was near the edge of the canoe. He shifted his weight to one side, so that the boat gently tipped over. There was a splash, a ripple, and he had gone—the easiest way.
WHEN, towards the end of Senior year in college, students are asked the question, "After college, what?" many are undecided and uncertain as to their plans for the future. Oftentimes some of the more studious, reflecting upon the pleasure which they derived from the mental labor of the preceding four years, plan to take graduate work, which they think is a continuation of the undergraduate process of acquiring knowledge. Therefore, a little practical information regarding graduate work in history may be helpful and suggestive to some undergraduate who wishes to travel further the academic pathway. "The historian," according to Sir Philip Sidney, "gives the experience of many ages." One who is yet a student of history can give only the experience of three years of graduate work in history, two of which were spent at a co-educational university and one at a woman's college.

When I began graduate work I was most forcibly impressed with the vast difference between graduate and undergraduate methods—a difference which I later discovered was more apparent than real. This is especially true if one goes from a small college, where practically no graduate work is done, to a university where graduate work is the chief end in view. Instead of the comparatively small assignments of work given out from time to time, to which I had been accustomed, I was confronted with tasks which, at the time, seemed insurmountable, both in respect to magnitude and difficulty. When I really began work, however, I easily discerned that the difference between graduate and undergraduate work was one of degree, rather than one of kind. As a graduate student, I was given tasks longer and more difficult to perform; but my time was my own, to apportion as I saw fit, the one condition being that when the day of reckoning came I should not appear empty-handed nor empty-minded.

The lecture courses on various branches of history were broad in scope, and covered large fields, but, as the learned pro-
fessor calmly stated, they were but sign-posts along the historical journey. The intervening miles must be covered by outside reading. The amount of this reading, I found, was limited only by my time and industry, as each professor gave a bibliography, which extended interminably over page after page of the notebook. Needless to say, all the books in the list are not read in preparation for the course, nor does the professor expect it. The purpose of a bibliography is to acquaint the student with the books dealing with the subject, and to develop his power of critical selection. One must exercise his own judgment in reading, from which he is supposed to get a general knowledge of the subject, to compare different methods of treatment utilized by various authors, and to draw conclusions as to their relative merits and demerits. This part of graduate work, however, is more or less all amplification of the undergraduate methods, and needs no detailed explanation.

Real graduate work—that is, research work—is found in the seminar, the aim of which is primarily to teach one how to write history. The writing of history involves two distinct operations—first, that of investigation, which belongs to the field of science, and, second, that of literary presentation, which belongs to the field of art. There is no fixed line of demarcation between the two, for, although investigation must precede, it is never wholly abandoned, but must be continued during the whole process of construction. One must be always on the watch for information that will throw light on the subject. Even after publication a work is often not finally completed, as revised editions of many authors testify.

Usually the professor assigns a topic to be investigated, though not infrequently a student chooses his own subject, with the approval of the instructor. After having definitely decided upon a subject, the chase for material begins. The search leads one far and wide, through all available libraries, and the published bulletins of others. All the printed material of every sort, documents, letters, &c., dealing with the period—if the subject falls within a certain definite period—should be examined. Manuscripts, yellowed with age, must be carefully scanned to discover what historical treasures may be hidden therein. Books on other
phases of the same subject, or on kindred subjects, often give clues in their foot-notes to valuable sources of information. But it is impossible to give an exhaustive account of the various kinds of material that must be used. Contemporary accounts of events, letters and papers, public and private, of the prominent persons concerned, newspapers (if the subject be modern), pamphlets—in short, writings of every kind, printed and manuscript, which contain desired information, must be located and examined. In searching for material, results are often purely negative, and it is extremely discouraging to look carefully through a huge tome, and have no reward for the time and labor thus spent, except the knowledge that no material is contained therein. On the other hand, such disappointments are totally overbalanced by the keen pleasure which one experiences when a search through dusty archives and musty manuscripts reveals a veritable mine of information.

Since the historian is "captive to the truth of a foolish world," it is essential that he be sure that the sources he uses are reliable, and the information they contribute trustworthy. Then, in collecting material, great care must be taken not to overlook anything, lest some fact or some item of vital importance be omitted. Indices are usually faulty, and the only safe method is to page carefully every volume—to take nothing for granted. On the other hand, it is equally urgent not to err at the other extreme, and, in the zeal for truth, make a note of every bit of information which, in any way, appertains to the subject. In the latter case there is danger of duplicating material, and of securing some of little or no value—a waste of time and energy. Discrimination should be used in taking notes, and the wheat should be separated from the chaff. This discrimination is most important, for, if one rushes ahead, and takes notes indiscriminately, when constructive work begins many non-essentials are apt to be included.

The second process in historical research is the literary presentation of the subject. As it is the more difficult, so it should be the more interesting, since it is the constructive, the creative process in historical research. Just as the artist mixes his colors, and the chemist his chemicals, so the historian combines his materials to produce a result neither exclusively an art, nor ex-
clusively a science, but partaking of the elements of both. The history student must compare fact with fact, combine detail with detail, "pick truth out of partiality," deduce his conclusions, and present them in such a way that the reader is convinced of the truth of his statements, and pleased with the form in which they appear.

This part of the work is fraught with many dangers, which must be carefully avoided. One must not exaggerate the individual. Though history may not be classed among the sciences, yet there is a science of history. Here, as in other subjects, the evolutionary principle must be taken into account. Great historical events are the result of causes which have been slowly developing through many years. The French Revolution is wholly unintelligible if one attempts to begin the study of it with the year 1789, and neglects the preceding age. The historian should aim to disclose the causal relation of the successive movements in the evolution of human society. But it must be remembered that history is not, and never can be, an exact science; for it deals with men and women, whose thoughts, desires, and actions cannot be measured with the nicety and exactitude required by the scientist. Though one can, to a certain extent, generalize with regard to human beings, history cannot be interpreted solely in terms of cause and effect. One must not overlook nor under-estimate the influence of those men and women who stand out vividly against the background of the millions whose destiny they have helped to shape. Sometimes the regular course of events has been interrupted or guided into new channels by the appearance of great men. It is doubtful whether any other man except George Washington would have been able to lead the colonial armies to victory. He was not brought into prominence by a process of elimination, as has happened more than once. He appeared on the scene fully equipped with all necessary qualifications for the task which he was destined to perform. It is equally doubtful whether Napoleon contributed anything lasting to the progress of modern times. He did not permanently turn aside the course of human affairs, but caused them to make a detour. Bismarek did not change the course of history, but merely carried into effect the long-cherished aspirations of his people. The relative values of great individuals, and of great causes, may be determined by careful study and sound judgment.
This ability to differentiate is greatly enhanced if one possesses that greatest and rarest gift of the historian, the faculty of historic divination—"the power that enables its possessor to place himself amid conditions and events that have long passed away, to interpret men's motives, and to fathom their designs when they belong to another era and to a more or less widely different civilization." The historian often fails to do this, for posterity is inclined to read into the action of their ancestors what they would like to find there. Illustrations of this weakness are found in the numerous attempts of writers to prove that the Constitution established a national government, and the claims of others that the Union was a compact of States. The imagination must be brought into play in order to transport the writer to other scenes and climes, and to enable him to portray correctly the life of the people whom he is studying. The imagination must not be allowed too great leeway, for it is liable to lead one astray. Valuable assistance may also be had from a perusal of contemporary literature. The private letters of Revolutionary heroes have not only been an invaluable source of information for facts, but also to reveal the spirit of the times, to get what the novelist calls atmosphere. Thus, by exercising judiciously the imagination, and by steeping one's self in the writings, political, social, and otherwise, of the people with whom he is dealing, the historian is able to get an insight into the minds of men, to understand and interpret their thoughts, motives, and deeds. Then, with his pen as a brush, the historical artist, having carefully mixed his colors, draws in bold outlines the prominent figures of his picture, places in the background those of secondary importance, fills in with skilful, masterly stroke the intervening spaces, mingling harmoniously lights and shades, so that the whole presents a mental picture, beautiful and true.

Lastly, I will add—not, however, as an after-thought—that historical research, in return for the necessary labor, yields a commensurate amount of pleasure. In the search for material one feels the keen joy of the hunter following the chase, which emotion is greatly intensified when the prey is captured; and in the work of construction one experiences the delight which comes from producing something, be it ever so small, which is the result of one's own labor.
HAIL, ALMA MATER!

Albert C. Cheetham, '18.

Alma Mater! homage I bring thee,
As to thy portals I gladly return;
Greetings I offer—all honor is due thee;
To sing forth thy praises I ardently yearn:
Alma Mater, hail!

Sweet is thy welcome after our parting,
Long have I wanted to greet thee once more.
Now through thy thresholds and halls I am roaming,
Enjoying thy beauties, and learning thy lore,
Alma Mater, hail!

Happy the faces of my companions,
Loyalty stamps them as true sons of thine;
Join we together, all seeking thy favor,
In fealty bending our knees at thy shrine:
Alma Mater, hail!

Swiftly the years of our joy will glide by us,
Soon will life beckon us forth from thy walls—
Merged in the race, we shall hew out our life-work,
But always we'll hear when our dear mother calls:
Alma Mater, hail!

Ready to serve, thy sons shall stand by thee;
Often we'll seek our benign mother's arms,
Sharing thy love, and, when need be, thy danger,
Unfailingly lauding thy beauteous charms:
Alma Mater, hail!

Alma Mater, beloved foster mother,
Ascribe we the birth of our manhood to thee—
Wisdom and honor the birthright thou givest—
To thee our devotion and love shall e'er be:
Alma Mater, hail!
EDITORIALS.

Now we return to our duties and labors once more, after the summer variously spent. A mile-stone has been passed, and another lap of the race entered upon. Each such occasion seems momentus as it is experienced, but years have taught us that the momentus occasion, like the fleeting and unheralded moment, is destined
to the same oblivion. A few weeks from now the thrill, the excitement, the eagerness for the race, will all be spent, and we will be plodding along in the most hum-drum manner. This is the eternal wonder of the universe—that no two things are the same, and that no one thing looks the same twice.

To those who have been in these halls before, THE MESSENGER is no new thing; to those just entering—the "Rats"—it need be new but once. There are those among this new class who will become useful supporters of the "Red and Blue" in many ways; there are those who will drift indifferently upon the intellectual tide, and those who will have to be supported by the "Red and Blue" if they are to stand at all. There never was a lumber-yard without some rotten lumber, and the same holds of any group of men or boys. The only thing to do with such is to throw it away.

But to those choice souls who have a lurking spark of the thing called ambition and loyalty—to such we would speak. THE MESSENGER invites you to speak through its columns. There is no better way to learn to think than to try to express thoughts. If you would not be like the Dead Sea, have an outlet as well as an inlet. Moreover, THE MESSENGER, like all worthy things, requires support. We are not begging for contributions. When it comes to the point that a worthy "Spider" enterprise has to beg for support, it is time to call the doctor to examine the health of the "Spider" spirit.

Well, friends, new and old, we may scarcely have the official privilege of welcoming you to old R. C. V.—that has been often done already—but we hope to have the privilege of welcoming many of you to the columns of THE MESSENGER. These columns are neither sacred nor charmed, nor are they guarded by the flaming sword of the guardian Muse—they are quite democratic, and open to all who aspire to speak and be heard. Don't be afraid of giving your literary offsprings breathing space. It may be that you "have builded better than you knew."

You, to whom this modern Mercury is no stranger, may
be able to discern some slight changes in the setting and form of the paper. Nothing radical has been done, but we have followed after two ideals. The revised form of the Messenger.

In the first place, we have sought to make the Directory on the first pages of the paper as concise and systematic as possible. The new organization in Richmond College of the Student Council has been included, and it is hoped that these pages may be useful and clear to all.

In the second place, and much more important, we have sought to show, in every way, that Richmond and Westhampton Colleges are co-ordinate schools. We may not believe in woman suffrage—or we may, that's our lookout—but we believe in woman's rights. We believe in everybody's rights. Instead of the old plan of the editorial pages, with the heading, "The Messenger," for our editorials, and the heading "Westhampton College Department" for the editorials from across the lake, we have sought to head these pages so as to show that the one College has an equal part and right in the Greater Richmond College, and, therefore, in its literary publication, with the other. Other similar changes have been made, and we hope the paper will meet the approval, if not the commendation, of our constituents and contemporaries.

We believe that nothing is good that does not constantly improve. Therefore, it is our desire to make improvements—not merely to keep up a splendid standard set us, but to set a more excellent standard. To that end we solicit and prize criticism and suggestion. Letters from any friendly source receive our pleased consideration, and we shall publish any such letters as may have the bettering of the College Messenger at heart.

That's what they say Richmond College wants. We don't blame her—we wouldn't laugh in the face of the man who offered it to us! But Richmond College needs it—so do we! But Richmond College deserves it——! As Shakespeare says, "Ah, there's the rub." Yes, Richmond College is out on a campaign for more money. More
buildings and more endowment is the need. Well, isn’t it worth it? The tens of millions of dollars that are yearly being spent in Virginia for sin and vice could better be spent in the education and bettering of the growing generation. Which is the best investment for a commonwealth? To spend a million dollars making drunkards, or to spend it making educated and intelligent young men? To spend it for the up-keep of the white slave traffic, or for education? To pay it to greedy politicians as graft, or to teach the growing youth a higher ideal than that of graft, greed, and gluttony? If Virginians are half as eager to promote virtue as they are to promote vice, Richmond College will have no trouble in getting twice what it has set out to raise. Neither is the call only to Virginia, but Richmond College serves a wider field than her own State, and her field of usefulness is ever growing. May it continue to grow, as it will if she receives the support she justly can claim.
ALUMNI NOTES.

R. L. Burruss, B. A., '15, is teaching at Lahore, Va.

C. G. Jones, LL. B., '15, is teaching at Waverly, Va.


D. P. Bowe, B. A., '15, is at Johns Hopkins, studying medicine.

F. E. O'Neill, B. A., '15, is in Golden, Col., attending the School of Mines.

J. A. Newton, B. A., '15, is in the life insurance business at Pocahontas, Va.

Russell Bowles, B. A., '15, is teaching in the Chamberlayne School of this city.

E. J. Snead, B. A., '15, is teaching math. in Fork Union Military Academy.

O. H. Bagby, B. A., '15, is teaching French and Spanish in a high school in South Richmond.

E. N. Gardner, A. B., '14, and A. M., '15, is doing pastoral work in the eastern part of this State.

Vaughan Gary and W. L. O'Flaherty, of the '15 Law Class, are doing a prosperous business on east Main street, Richmond, Va.

W. R. Nelson, B. A., '15, is in the law office with his brother, learning something of the subject, which he hopes to study at Washington and Lee next year.

C. C. Webster, B. A. '14, and M. A. '15, is teaching in the new Junior High School in this city. O. O. Deitz, B. A., '13, and C. W. Beauford, B. A., '15, are also teaching in the same institution.

J. J. Wicker, Jr., B. A., ’13, and member of the ’15 Law Class, was married to Miss Kate Richardson, of Atlanta, Ga., on September 30, 1915. He will reside in Jefferson Park, and continue his law practice in this city.

There seems to be an attraction for our law men near Petersburg, Va. We hear that G. A. Williams, C. D. Bell, Casey Kershaw, L. L. Self, G. H. Blankenship, and John Wilson are practicing law in Hopewell and City Point.
The Exchange Department of The Messenger wishes, in this first number, to greet those with whom it will, throughout the session, exchange magazines. It is our desire to make our relations in this department both friendly and helpful. In the progress of the year, as the different numbers of these monthlies are placed upon our table, there will be devolved on us the duty of examining their merits and demerits, and of making such criticisms of their contents as will be of benefit to our exchange brotherhood. These criticisms, it is hoped, will not be destructive in design; we shall endeavor to make them appreciative reviews. Our desire will ever be to criticise with justice and with discrimination the publications laid before us.

This department, then, has as its high purpose the pointing out of both the good and the bad features of the school periodicals themselves, and of the individual productions in them. These criticisms we shall offer with the hope of producing better magazines as the months pass. If, therefore, your work should be praised, do not accept that praise as flattery; or if your work should at times be adversely reviewed, take such criticisms as issuing from a desire to help.

You have ideas that are good—we want them. We hope sincerely that our ideas will be of value to you. For our mutual good, therefore, we heartily invite magazines to exchange with us.
First of all, The Messenger wants to extend a most cordial welcome to the new students, and, second, a re-welcome to those who have come back to their College home.

Greetings. The greetings and welcomes, though, must last only for a season, while the work which we came to do must last for a session.

The one big essential thing, the particular field of a College like ours, is to "turn out" men and women who will be ready to take up the responsibilities and the pleasures of a life; those who will be capable of enjoying and living this life to the fullest.
extent. This statement, in itself, anticipates the next thought, because, if we are going to be trained ready for life, we cannot rely solely on book-learning to fit us for the life we are going to live, nor yet on the mind, trained to think by means of the study of books.

There is far more to our make-up than our brain capacity. Certainly this is a wise provision of Providence. For, if there were not, it would not take an experienced and practiced lawyer to persuade many of us of the condition of some of our fellow-beings. Consequently, there is, of necessity, more required and more offered to every student than class-room and library work, if the College is to perform her highest duty—training the man, training the woman, entire. And, too, aside from the statement of the function of the College, we might put it this way: A very human element enters in—boys and girls, young men and young women, older men and older women, and old folks have all got to have, at some time or other—variety. What a wearisome place, what a dreariseome place, high school, college, the community, the city, the State, the nation would be—how tiresome the whole world would be—if everybody, everywhere, all the time, had to do exactly the same, same thing!

Making a tremendous leap, now, from the world at large back to Westhampton College in particular, we might add, for the benefit of common sense, and for the furtherance of the original statement, that the Athletic Department, whose representative can vote with as much weight as a representative of any literary organization in College, is a big and an important factor in our College life. Ample provision is made, too, for the growth and development of that part of our being which we call spiritual. The morning watch, the daily religious services conducted in chapel, and the work of the Y. W. C. A. should certainly be sufficient to create an atmosphere, a sentiment, about our College that would admit of nothing below that which we, as young women, want to and must uphold as our standard.

So must we all take part, though a small part, in all our College activities. Some say there is too much to do, and so little time that they can just barely "get their lessons." There are two big reasons for this. The first is that "College activities"
does not always mean "social stunts"—with the like of which there is a constant danger of over-running our time and crowding our interests. Be moderate in all things, and then will we get the most out of our College life. The second reason is a lack of system, the abuse of our time, the use of which will enable every one to do just the right amount of everything, and do that thing more efficiently, more successfully, and more satisfactorily to himself. Systematize your time and interests. Don't play in working time, and don't work in playing time.

The mention of the often-heard remark that "we haven't time for everything" reminds one immediately of a none the less often heard protest that "the professor gives us more than we can do—more than we have time for." Let us all remember this: First, that our professors are, or should be, specialists in their line, and, second, that they are simply opening up to us their respective fields of study, research, and knowledge. They are trying to guide us so that, after a while, we may, upon our own initiative, and with only the training that we have gained, as our guide, delve further into those subjects which appeal to our particular tastes, or, better still, those which may help the world along a bit.

It is hard sometimes to keep these thoughts before us, because of two facts. The first is this. We are sometimes under the guidance of a professor who may not appeal to us personally, and there is certainly a great deal in personal magnetism; or, he may be "dry" as a teacher; but let's forget about the dry part in trying to do our part, and get all we can out of the subject that he does not seem able to impart in an interesting manner. So much the better for our minds. The second fact is this. The thing that makes it hard for us to be in sympathy with our professors, and to accomplish the tasks set for us by them, is that we are not making an honest, earnest, and conscientious endeavor to do our part. Isn't there, so often, a sort of rebellious spirit characterizing the daily preparation of our work?

Just a word more. In the Primary, Grammar, and High School grades, it is the work actually accomplished, handed in, and handed back, with a certain definite mark, that counts. In College we come a little apart from that. We are given so
much work to do. It rests, more or less, with our own wills and consciences as to how much and how well that work is done. In University and all graduate work the main point is, have you learned how to do your work? There, it is not what you actually accomplish, but what you are found to be capable of doing. In life, you are every day met with the questions, "What can you do?" and "How well can you do it?"

Let us all make good our time while passing through this period of preparation, so that the world will be compelled to say: You can do things, and you can do them well.

As the vista of College days opens before some of us for the first time, and we glance through the open portals into a new epoch of our lives, one of the greatest privileges and joys that awaits us will be that of friendship. For it is not to be denied that the friendships made at college, where we come into such intimate and daily contact with one another, have a peculiar sweetness and lastingness which is seldom experienced elsewhere. Without them our College life would lose its greatest charm.

Are you going to inspire friendship? Are you going to try and be worthy of a friendship? It seems strange to look at it that way, doesn't it? But, just as you give of yourself to your friend—just as you give trust and confidence, and that very basis of friendship, sincerity—so will your friend give of her best to you. You must inspire her friendship.

One cannot make a friend, in the true significance of all a friend may mean to one, in a few days or weeks. It is often long in forming, but, when formed, the friendship will be lasting. Wait, look about you, know many, and, gradually, will come the friends of whom you shall try to be worthy; to whom you can go in perplexities, whose sincerity will not fail you, and who will tell you the truth, even though it make you wince. Isn't that sort of friend worth waiting for? Will you be willing to give up a cherished plan or idea for her sake sometimes? She would for you. There is no such thing as a one-sided friendship. If the proper balance is not maintained the strain will be too great, and something
snaps. How about having your side so strong that the other side will naturally fall into the proper balance?

Give of yourself to your friend, and the friendship returned to you will have increased many fold.

An anonymous poet has written the following lines:

"It is my joy in life to find,
   At every turning of the road,
The strong arms of a comrade kind,
   To help me onward with my load;
And since I have no gold to give,
   And love alone must make amend,
My only prayer is, while I live,
   God make me worthy of my friend."
Now that vacation is at an end, and the various alumnæ are taking up the burden of their winter's work, we all wish to know just where they will be stationed for the ensuing school year, hoping, at the same time, that all will be so situated as to be able to pay frequent visits to alma mater.

A surprisingly large number of the 1914 and 1915 classes will be in Richmond. Among these are Margaret Clendon, '14; Virginia Crump, '14; Alice Spiers, '14; Constance Gay, '15; Louise Goeppfarth, '15; Mary Shine, '15, and Ethel Smither, '15. These will teach in the public schools of Richmond this session.

Ruth Thomasson, '11, M. A., '14, Columbia University, and Virginia Robertson, '11, are both teaching in the John Marshall High School, Richmond, as is Lina Gregory, of the same class, an M. A., '14, also, of Columbia.

Lily Trevvett, '09, M. A. Johns Hopkins, and Celeste Anderson, '15, will teach this year at the Woman's College, Richmond. Miss Trevvett will be in the history department and Miss Anderson in the department of mathematics.

Virginia Sydnor, '13, and Mary Delia Smith, '15, will be at Columbia University, taking courses of study leading up to the degree of Master of Arts.

Mrs. E. M. Louthan (Gertrude Richards, '10) is about to sail for China, where her husband, an alumnus of the College, will be professor in a boys' school.

Eloise Harris, '14, has accepted a position as Professor of Science in Hardin College, in Missouri.

Mary Percival, '12, will teach again at Stonybrook High School.
Gay Broaddus, '07, has returned to the high school in Sparta, Va.

Jeannette Bryce, '15, is teaching at Wakefield, Va.

We take great pleasure in publishing on page 25 an article, "The Foothills of History," written by a member of the class of 1909.
This is the beginning of a new session at Westhampton College—in fact, the second year of its existence under the present name. We opened with exceedingly encouraging enthusiasm and vim, the kind that will sustain a college through its most difficult problems.

Last year we had the pleasure of exchanging our literary magazine for the magazines of several of the best colleges of the South and of the North. They were a help to us. In them we read of what others were doing, the manner and means of obtaining good results, and saw generally the literary attitude of each college. We felt ourselves bound in closer contact with our various sister colleges and their endeavors. This year we hope that we can afford them a better magazine. We would be pleased if they would again send us theirs, and thus keep up our friendly intercourse.

In the couple of pages that are given to the Exchange Department we are going to try, not to criticise harshly any one magazine, but to set forth the good points, and, if we should chance to see any little thing that would add to the improvement of any magazine, we will amicably mention it. We hope our exchanges will take the same liberty with us.

Here's wishing the most successful year for all of our sister colleges!