MEMORIES OF THE OLD COLLEGE.

H. A. M.

Oh, the paths that crossed over the campus,
    That had worn their way deep in the grass,
That led from refectory or cottage
    To library, chapel, or class—
That stretched, like the strands of a spider’s web,
    Wherever the students passed!

There were roads that passed through the College grounds,
    Where stranger with stranger would meet;
But the paths that crossed over the campus
    Were made by the students’ feet.

Oh, the mem’ries I have of the campus,
    That the years cannot dim with their haze,
That spread over class-room and campus
    In a close and intricate maze,
The mem’ries of friendships and frolics
    In the good old College days!

There are records kept on the office shelves
    That tell of its history in part,
But I’ll keep alive the old College
    By the memories in my heart.
It was dusk. As I looked through the Pullman window on the Canadian Pacific Railway, as the train rolled along through the vast wheat fields of Saskatchewan, I could almost discern the vanishing light, so quickly was night approaching, and each moment that passed I would have to strain my eyes a bit more to distinctly see the objects that we were passing. In the distance could be seen the fiery red coats and wide sombrero hats of the mounted police; occasionally we would pass a ranchman, riding among his cattle, watching them with a keen eye; now and then there would be a farmer in his wheat crop, examining the grains in his hand and anxiously observing the sky. All these things I made out in the rapidly-approaching dusk. This was the Northwest, the land of the lumberman, the ranchman, the farmer, and the rugged author, who would weave together their lives and take it back to civilization.

Now the train was slowing down. The conductor, a short, red-cheeked Englishman, of the Canadian type, stuck his head abruptly in the door, and shouted, "Revelstoke! Get your baggage ready." There was a shuffling of feet, an anxious gazing out of the windows, a hurried grab for luggage, a bustling of porters, a nervous expectancy—the tension that always precedes the approach to a station. My ticket did not call for a change here, so I sat still, watching, in a half-interested, drowsy kind of way, the different types of people as they got off. Here was the tourist, easily distinguished by his heavy suit-case and blaze expression, incessantly complaining of the porter service; then there was a farmer, big, brusque, and quiet, with his wife and ruddy-faced child trailing along behind; behind them was a young soldier, a youth not yet out of his 'teens, with a self-conscious bearing and nervous haste, as though he were already anxious to be active; then some more tourists, and so on and on. The train started with a jerk that brought me out of my
drowsiness, and, as I looked up, I saw standing near my seat the back and two broad shoulders of a new arrival. My mind slowly grasped the situation. His seat was across the aisle, and the people in the other half had gone to bed. Since it was only half after eight, thinking perhaps he was not ready to retire, I touched him on the arm and offered him a seat by me. He looked down at me quickly (almost suspiciously, I thought), muttered a hurried thanks under his breath, and sat down. I made one or two conventional remarks about the beauty of the Canadian prairies, the prosperous-looking wheat fields and giant elevators, but he didn’t appear very much interested, so I soon lapsed into silence, and began to unconsciously sum up the man. At first he appeared to be a typical Northwest farmer, rough and of the unimproved type. He had on a blue shirt, a slouch hat, and no tie. Then I looked at him again, and my second observation was a revelation. Underneath that blue shirt and slouch hat the man stood out. I looked at his face for the first time. It was clean shaven; his jaw was firm set and stubborn; his eyes were penetrating. Then I looked at his clothes again, and they didn’t appear half so shabby. His hat was old, but well brushed; his shirt was blue, and there was no necktie, but his shirt was worn with more grace about his thick-set neck than most men wear a collar and tie. His plain blue suit was nicely brushed, and the trousers showed a well-defined crease. Here, I said, was the king of the Northwest, the unpretentious, rugged, hardy man—the man that knew no physical obstacle, the man that knew the laws of self-preservation, the man who would meet the beast in the forest without a quiver, the man who had made his way by sheer pluck and determination.

I made another attempt at conversation. Circumstances this time were more favorable. The conductor again stuck his head in the door, and called out, “Portal! Get your luggage ready for the inspection of the United States custom officials.”

“You are American, I suppose?” I ventured.

“Yes.”

Then I learned that he was from North Dakota, and I started to tell him everything that I knew about that State—about its corn and wheat crops, its Indian reservation, its missionaries, and, finally, I mentioned a missionary there whom I knew. He
also knew her. Then it was that I ceased to be an inanimate object to him and became a real being. I knew he was going to speak, and so I waited.

"Yes," he continued, "it has been six years since I was last in my native State. Then it was that the three of us got the Canadian wheat-field craze, my two brothers and I. We were making pretty good on our farms, but we wanted bigger things. So we sold our farms and started for Canada. (You know the Canadian Government gives you a half-section free, conditionally.) After four days on the train, we came to the end of the railroad, and found out that our sections were still one hundred and thirty-five miles away. We got some horses, and started out. Our provisions consisted of a tent with about half a top, some fur coats, some cots, and a small amount of food. On the road we picked up a stove, which had evidently been discarded by some previous settler. The roads being pretty bad, we didn't get to our sections for three days. Then we started to build our shack. We hadn't any more than got our floor down before we found out that we hadn't brought enough food to last any time, so we drew lots to see who would go back and get some more. I was selected to stay and guard the shack, while they went the hundred and thirty-five miles.

"About an hour before sun-down the air began to get gray, and the wind abated and things got unusually quiet, and, while I was wondering what was going to happen, a few little, white flakes fluttered down on my fur coat. I knew a storm was coming, and began to prepare for it. I took the old tent, with the half top, and raised it over the cabin floor, shoved one of the cots into a corner, and brought the stove in. The tent top was half gone before I put it up, and the first strong wind carried the rest of it away, and it was all I could do to keep the sides from blowing away also. I got together some scraps of wood, and built a fire in the stove. The temperature was then almost zero, and still going down. The fire didn't do much good, as the heat would all go up the chimney, so I had to give up the idea of keeping warm that way. They had left me with a raw ham and a loaf of bread, but there wasn't a chance of cooking anything on the stove. All that night it blew and snowed, and it was all that I could do to
keep the whole shack from going along too. Finally, I managed to get some boards up over my cot, which kept the snow out, but not the dripping. When the flakes first hit the warmth of the wood they would drip through on the bed and me, and wet up everything. I wouldn’t let myself sleep, though, for fear of freezing. Every now and then through the night I would turn suddenly warm, and be able to see firesides and steaming things, and would feel cozy and comfortable. Then I would have to get up and run around, for I knew that I was beginning to freeze.

“In the morning I bit off a piece of the bread, which I had kept wrapped up in my coat to keep dry, and then ate a little snow. All that day the storm raged. At noon the snow was four feet deep and drifting, and the nearest neighbor was four miles. It was death to try to go to him. I knew I had to stick it out. I tried all kinds of experiments to keep warm. I would run up and down in the snow, but soon my feet would get almost frozen, and I would have to lie on the cot. Then I would take a board and shove the snow out of the cabin until I got tired. Sometimes I would make a fire, and stick my hands and feet in it, but I couldn’t keep that going long, as I was afraid that all my wood would give out. Then I would stick my ham in the ashes, and thaw out a little piece, and eat it, and then let the fire go out.

“The second night I thought I was going about three times, but I wouldn’t let myself sleep. Every time I would get that warm feeling I would get up and holler, and beat my hands together, and then lie down again. I was awfully thirsty, but I would not eat the snow, because I knew it would make me sleepy.

“On the morning of the third day it stopped snowing, and I knew that I hadn’t prayed to God for nothing. Somehow or other I had a hunch that God was looking at me, and that maybe He was testing me. I remembered what our preacher back home had said: ‘Don’t stop praying, for the Lord is nigh,’ and so I didn’t want to disappoint Him and show the yellow streak.

“Just as soon as the snow stopped I cleaned it off, and banked it up around the tent, so as to make it as warm as I could inside. The third night wasn’t so bad, but still I wouldn’t sleep.

“On the morning of the fourth day it got warm all of a sudden,
and all the snow that I had banked up came sliding in the cabin, and got the bed and everything soaked. Then I had to work to get all of that out. Now, however, I could keep a fire going. About 12 o'clock I had the stove roaring, and the old ham sizzling and the bread toasting. That was some feed—the bread, and ham, and grease.

"Two days later my brothers came back, and found what was left of me. I was about as glad to see them as most anybody I had ever seen."

Here he stopped, and a smile lit up his face. I knew that the next part of his story wasn't going to be about hardships. Several times he looked as though he were going to speak, and stopped. He was embarrassed. I wondered how it was possible for anything to disturb the equanimity of this rugged Westerner, and it took some urging to get him started again.

"Two years later, when I had got a nice shack up, and my wheat crop was coming along pretty nicely, I had a visitor to drop in on me—the first one except my brothers for two years. It was a lady. She was out driving, and when, all of a sudden, it started to rain, she wasn't able to get home. I took her in, and fixed myself up the best I knew how, and asked her to stay to supper. She said 'No' in a way that always means 'Yes,' and began helping me. She jumped around and fixed up the table and everything better than it had ever been in my house, and straightened out the few things on the shelf over the fireplace, some advertisements that I had gotten in town. She looked so sweet that I wanted to kiss her, but didn't dare. After a supper of coffee and bacon and wheat cakes, the storm stopped. She supposed that she had better be going, but I told her that she wasn't going to do anything of the sort. She was going to sleep on my bed, while I sat all night on the porch and studied the stars. I think I said something also about going over to Parson Williams's in the morning and getting married. She blushed real pretty, but didn't say anything.

"So I curled up on the bench on the porch and went to sleep, and dreamed, for the first time since leaving Dakota. The dreams always seemed to be full of the face of Mary Donaldson—that was her name—and at every turn she would stick her smiling
face around the corner and laugh, with a long curl dangling over her shoulder. She didn’t look more than nineteen.

“Well, I slept later than I thought I would, and when I waked I saw the pot boiling, and Mary working away at the tin plates, singing. I was happy that morning. Then, after breakfast, she asked me if I meant what I said about going to see the parson. I said, ‘Of course.’ So we got in the buggy and drove over.

“On the way over she told me how she had heard about me, and how hard I had had to fight, and that she had loved me without seeing me. Then I knew that I had been a fool, for Mary Donaldson was the most popular girl in the province.

“That was four years ago. Since then Mary and I have had some pretty hard tussles together. One time a prairie fire got into the wheat, and we lost it all, and then some thieves stole our horses. Every time I would look into her face, though, I wouldn’t mind, and knew everything would come out right in the end. God was nigh.

“One day, while I was out seeing to my wheat, one of my hands came to me and told me that there was a stranger at the house. I jumped on my horse and galloped up to the house and ran in. There was a big, brown-eyed baby boy lying in the bed and laughing. Mary was smiling too, and there were tears in her eyes, she was so happy. I kissed them both, and then got down on my knees to thank God because He had been so good to me.”

His head was on his breast now; the tears were slowly coursing down his cheeks, so sweet was the memory to him, and, as I looked at him, I thought I had never before seen a real man.

I discreetly kept quiet, and left him to his thoughts. Soon he rose to go, and I took out my card and handed it to him, and told him that if he was ever in Chicago to look me up. To my surprise, he took a card out of his pocket and handed it to me. As his broad shoulders and thick neck vanished through the door, I looked down and read it:

“CHARLES WESTCHESTER,
GOVERNOR OF SASKATCHEWAN.”
JOHN P. KENNEDY—LITTERATEUR AND FRIEND TO POE.

R. Taylor Coleman, '18.

(Used by Permission of "Onward.")

"I see from my house by the side of the road,  
By the side of the highway of life,  
The men who press with the ardor of hope,  
The men who are faint with strife.  
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—  
Both parts of an Infinite plan—  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man."

His verse seems to strike the key-note in the life of a truly remarkable man—John Pendleton Kennedy. Throughout his life, busy as it was, and fraught with great responsibilities, he yet found time and sought opportunity to be a genuine friend to all—a friend to man. This friendliness was especially strong toward men of letters, for John Pendleton Kennedy was himself an author of repute. Interested in the success of literary friends, active to promote their welfare, and help them to their best, it is not to be wondered at that he was dearly beloved by writers in all parts of the country. This is clearly brought to our attention in the case of the struggling genius, Edgar Allan Poe, whom Mr. Kennedy may be said to have "discovered," as much as that credit is due to any one. Realizing, almost from the first, that Poe was a genius, he did all in his power to further his interests. If there is one bright spot in Poe's rather checkered biography, it is assuredly his friendship with Kennedy, and the latter's great desire to see Poe take his rightful place in American letters.

John Pendleton Kennedy was a Marylander by birth, born in the city of Baltimore, on the 25th of October, 1795. On his
mother's side he was descended from a line that for generations had been prominent, socially and politically, in the Southland, especially in Virginia; and he early had the advantages that go hand in hand with culture and refinement in the home. After a satisfactory preparatory course, he graduated from Baltimore College in 1812, the year of our second war with England. Like many men who have graven their names large, Kennedy did not confine himself strictly to the college course, but read widely outside. Then, too, he came under the influence of several prominent and learned men early in life, and, following their example, determined to make his life count. The benefit to him can scarcely be over-estimated. He studied law, and, for a length of time, filled an honorable place at the bar of his native city. But to him the law was dull, and he gradually gave it up to enter into politics, which held keen attractions for him. He was twice elected to a seat in Congress, and, while there, was the most earnest supporter of a movement to secure a national appropriation for a thorough and practical demonstration of Morse's newly-invented telegraph instrument. He, along with others, wanted a test that would establish its value or worthiness beyond doubt, and he knew that almost the only proper way to do this was to have the Government take a hand in the proceedings. Finally the money was secured, a line was built between Washington and Baltimore, and the first test was highly successful. In 1834 the initial message was sent, and Kennedy had the satisfaction of seeing his faith in the inventor Morse vindicated. If there had been no Kennedy to champion the telegraph, its installation and general use might have been delayed many years. His connection with its beginnings is only another instance of his friendly nature and faith in men.

Under President Fillmore, he was appointed Secretary of the Navy, and while holding this post of trust and honor several important exploring expeditions went forth. Kennedy Channel, in the Arctic Ocean, bears witness to the interest of Mr. Kennedy in Dr. Kane's trip to that region, for it was the explorer who named the channel in the Secretary's honor. To his variety of interests as patriot and statesman, Mr. Kennedy added an intense love of literature and belles lettres. Though busied much with other
pursuits, he spent a good portion of his time in literary work. Writing was always his favorite occupation, but he was never able to spend as much time on it as he wished. Three novels, all dealing with Southern life and things essentially Southern, live, and testify to his skill as a writer. He was a gifted speaker, an accomplishment which he attributed to his literary society days at college, and, as a result, was often in demand on public occasions—occasions which he graced with his presence. His was a life of almost untold achievement; his was a life of action and boundless energy, the very mention of which bids us to be up and doing. In its success and fullness of all that was best, it is a clarion-call to work, to produce—the cry alike of the great Carlyle.

At the age of thirty-eight Kennedy was at the height of his social service as a public-spirited citizen. He was just entering the fullest period of his career. It was about this time—1833, to be exact—that the Baltimore Saturday Visitor, a weekly journal, advertised a prize contest. There were to be two prizes offered—the first, of $100.00, for the best short story submitted; the second, an award of $50.00, for the best poem. As might have been expected, Mr. Kennedy, at once a litterateur and man much in the public eye, was asked to act as one of a committee of three to serve as judges. He immediately took a keen interest in the project.

From this appointment arose his intimate and sincere friendship with Poe. In dire poverty, Poe sent six stories and a poem to the Visitor's contest, and they fell into the hands of Kennedy, who was astonished at such work. The six stories, now justly famous, were neatly printed in Roman letters, and daintily bound in a small volume, entitled "Tales of the Folio Club." The poem was "The Coliseum," unusually fine work for one only twenty-four years old, Poe's age at the time of the contest. Aroused by the ejaculation of one of the judges at the Poe stories, "Tales of the Folio Club," the others at once gathered around the discoverer to learn the cause of his outburst. And there it was—a little volume that was to make its author famous in his own and in foreign lands. As soon as the "Tales of the Folio Club" were critically examined there was no longer the least doubt as to the winner of the prize, for how
could there be any doubt when stories of such originality, perfect craftsmanship, and imaginative power had been revealed? It was decided unanimously that both prizes, the prose and poetry awards, should go to Edgar Allan Poe! However, in view of the fact that Poe had won the story prize, the decision was later changed, and the prize of $50.00 for the best poem was given to another. Under these circumstances, the merit of Poe's poem does not suffer in the least; he only lost the pecuniary reward, which he needed sadly enough.

The names of the winning writers were published in the Visitor on the 12th of October, 1833. In their written decision the judges gave high praise to all six of Poe's stories, but picked the "MS. Found In a Bottle" as probably the finest of the group. The day after the award the publisher of the Visitor called to see Mr. Kennedy, and, in answer to his questions, told him everything he knew of the phenomenal young writer. The account at once aroused the kindly gentleman's sympathy. He requested that the lonely and friendless Poe be brought to his office, and this was accordingly done.

"The prize money had not yet been paid, and he was in the costume in which he had answered the advertisement of his good fortune. Thin and pale, even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A well-worn frock coat concealed the want of a shirt, and imperfect boots disclosed the absence of hose. But the eyes of the young man were luminous with intelligence and feeling, and his voice, conversation, and manners all won upon the lawyer's regard. Poe told his story and his ambition, and it was determined that he should not want means for a suitable appearance in society, nor opportunity for a just display of his abilities in literature. Mr. Kennedy accompanied him to a clothing store, and purchased for him a respectable suit, with changes of linen, and sent him to a bath, from which he returned with the suddenly regained style of a gentleman."

Mr. Kennedy's next step was to give Poe free access to his home and table, and the use of a horse for exercise whenever he should desire to take it. From the verge of despair Mr. Kennedy raised him, and even from the pangs of hunger. But he did even
more. He introduced him to the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a periodical published in Richmond, Va., and from that time on Poe was a frequent and welcome contributor to this magazine of art and letters. Soon he had literally written his way into the editor's chair of the *Messenger*, and this position carried with it a salary of $520.00 a year, a comfortable remuneration in those days. Under Poe's editorship the magazine began to go forward by leaps and bounds, and, under him, its greatest progress was made—a splendid jump from 700 to 5,000 subscribers in twelve months. The reason for this great increase is not hard to find, for never before had the *Messenger* columns carried such matter as Poe was writing. With this gifted critic, essayist, and short story writer editing it, its fame spread far and wide, and with it the fame of Edgar Allan Poe. Some of his best stories were first printed there, and they aroused widespread comment and admiration. There was the unmistakable stamp of genius on every one of them. During this period of his life Poe and John Pendleton Kennedy were corresponding frequently, and to his friend Poe opened his heart, and told him of his hopes, his fears, and his woes. Theirs was a splendid friendship, Poe going to his patron for help and encouragement, and Mr. Kennedy trying to guide aright the footsteps of his restless charge.

All seemed to be going smoothly, and Poe was just beginning to enjoy the fruits of his authorship, when he was seized with that restless spirit which seemed never to give him peace. His habits became irregular in the extreme, and continually brought to naught the kindly influence of his friends. He was his own worst enemy; he was himself marring the best results of his talents. "The patient and judicious interest which Mr. Kennedy, and so many others, manifested in his behalf, proved unavailing," and soon Poe had severed his connection with the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and was again on life's broad sea—a human derelict. The remainder of his irregular life had best be passed over in silence. It is surely the most charitable attitude to take. Full of the irregularities typical of a genius, productive of some wonderfully fine work, it at last flickered out under the strain and abuse to which it had been subjected. Not even Mr. Kennedy, in all his kindness and strength, could stay the down-going. He
had helped him, he had secured for him a position in which he might wield his pen powerfully, he had admired him as a writer, and he had exhibited the keenest sympathy for his failings. But it was beyond his power to keep the frail bark from the shoals.

Mr. Kennedy wrote in his journal on October 10, 1849: “On Sunday last Edgar A. Poe died in town here at the hospital, from the effects of a debauch. He had been to Richmond, was returning to New York, where he lived, and, I understand, was soon to be married to a lady in Richmond of quite good fortune. He fell in with some companions here, who seduced him to the bottle, which it was said, he had renounced some time ago. The consequence was fever, delirium, and madness, and, in a few days, the termination of his sad career in the hospital. Poor Poe! He was an original and exquisite poet, and one of the best prose critics in this country. His works are among the very best of their kind. His taste was replete with classical flavor, and he wrote in the spirit of an old Greek philosopher. He always remembered my kindness with gratitude, as his many letters to me testify. He is gone—a bright but unsteady light has been awfully quenched.”

So ended one of the truest of friendships, one of the most helpful of friendships, when we consider how much Kennedy did for Poe. It was characteristic of the life of John Pendleton Kennedy—he was always a friend to man.

Full of years, loaded with honors, pure of heart, John P. Kennedy died on August 18, 1870. “Author, Statesman, Patriot—Adorned every path which he pursued.” He was buried in his beloved Baltimore, in beautiful Greenmount Cemetery, at whose dedication in 1839 he had made an address. A lovely monument marks the place where he was laid to rest. But his greatest monument was in the hearts of his loyal friends, and still is in the breasts of those who are lovers of the works of Poe, and who esteem John Pendleton Kennedy for the kindness, help, and sympathy which he showed in his intimate relations with their favorite.
THE CHARGE OF THE "RED AND BLUE."

Francis Lee Albert, '18.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO TENNYSON'S "LIGHT BRIGADE.")

Half a mile, half a mile,
Half a mile onward,
All to the Broad-Street field
Rode our three hundred.
"Forward, the 'Blue and Red'!
Charge for those seats!" Joe said;
And into the Broad-Street field
Rushed our three hundred.

"Forward, the 'Red and Blue'!"
Was there one heart dismayed?
Not though the College knew
How those "Blues" played!
Ours not to faint or cry,
Ours is theirs to deny,
Ours but to win or die.
On to the Broad-Street field
Went our eleven braves,
Cheered by three hundred.

Rooters to right of them,
Rooters to left of them,
Rooters in front of them,
Cheering and yelling.
Encouraged by shout and song,
Ready they were and strong,
When on to their field of fate
Came the eleven "Blues,"
Determined our scalps to take,
Determined some score to make.
No sooner were signals given
Than the “Blues” defense was riven.
We hit that line for fair,
Tackling the runners there,
While the crowd wondered!
Then we took that ball on downs,
And started for goal towards town;
Right through the line we smashed,
And down the field we dashed,
Making consistent gains,
Despite their brawn and brains.

Rooters to right of the “Red and Blue,”
Rooters to left of our boys who do,
Rooters behind our team so true,
Cheering and yelling!
Applauded with shout and song,
Heroes they were of that throng.
As down the field they fought,
Not a man of self-glory thought,
But to “R. C. V.” the honors brought.
Fourteen to six is what they did—
Fourteen to six is good, old kid!

When can their glory fade?
Oh, what a game they played!
All the crowd wondered.
Honor the score they made!
Honor the “pep” displayed,
By our three hundred.
AND BRUCE DID IT.

L. F. C., ’17.

WHAT a glorious September evening it was, and what joy to be able to live and breathe such atmosphere. Grace Lambert showed full appreciation of this heaven-sent day. She had spent the summer entertaining guests and relatives, and was now free for a time. She was at her beloved mountain camp, where she annually had an outing of two or three weeks.

Bob Lambert, Grace’s cousin, was visiting her; then her college chum, Alma, whom Bob loved at first sight, came for a long-deferred visit. Grace was anxious to be up at the camp on her birthday, so she proposed the trip, and plans were rapidly made. The party consisted of a few more of their friends, and Old Tom, a loquacious old man, who for years had acted as guide and chaperon on their camping trips. Our story opens with their second evening at “Camp Seldom Inn,” as they called it.

A huge, roaring bonfire lit up the surrounding trees, whose leaves had already been touched by Jack Frost’s nimble brush, and threw dancing shadows on the semi-circle of white canvas tents. The campers were lounging around it on blankets, boughs, and pillows, while Alma and Bob were diligently toasting marshmallows for the crowd.

“Ouch! Oh, my finger!” burst out Alma, wildly eating a browned marshmallow, which had stuck to her finger while pulling it from the stick on which it was toasted. Of course Bob was all sympathy, but Alma was nothing if not a practical-minded person, and she determinedly substituted witch-hazel and cold cream for the kisses with which Bob preferred to heal the damaged finger.

When the excitement had finally died down, one of the girls suggested that Old Tom should tell them a story, and he gladly consented, being always ready to become the centre of attraction.

“Wall,” he began, “this little excitement over the finger
puts me in mind o' some one. Did you all know that there was a young feller livin' up the creek all by his lonesome? Wall, he has the purtyest little cabin I ever seed, an' he won't have no one around it but himself an' his dog. I was comin' by there one mornin', an' a gnat got in my eye, and I had to stop there to get him to take it out. He's the beatin'est feller for treatin' sick folks! Some folks say he's a young doctor—anyhow he got that gnat out o' my eye in a jiffy, and fixed me up so's it quit hurtin' 'fore long. I stayed a while, and petted that dog o' his'n. Talk about purty critters, that dog o' his'n is a jim-dandy! It has most as much sense as a human bein', and the purtyest brown eyes I ever seed in any dog."

Here Grace remarked that she adored dogs, and would like very much to see this one.

"Wall, I don't know as you'll have any chance, 'cause Mr. Harwell don't take much to visitors, and he and Bruce generally just tramps 'round the country all day long."

The guide paused, but seeing so much interest shown in this piece of gossip, especially by the girls in the audience, he continued: "Mr. Harwell's first name's Lynn. I brought him a letter one day from down to Cedarville, and I looked at his name. You young ladies ought to see him. Gosh! but he's han'some!"

The girls eagerly asked for more information, but Old Tom only gave a knowing wink, and said he'd let them imagine Mr. Harwell to suit themselves, as it was getting late, and time for all people to go to bed.

As was their custom, they sang several songs while gathered around the fire, such as "Good Night, Ladies," and "In the Evening by the Moonlight," and then went off to their tents. But quiet did not settle down over the camp for still another hour, as every one had to tell every one else his new discoveries made in the way of woods, paths, brambly mountain climbs, and rippling brooks.

Early next morning the sound of a bugle woke the echoes of the woods and the hills, and Camp Seldom Inn was all astir with life again. All went down to a near-by brook, taking with them tooth-brushes, soap, and towels. Everybody soon came back with shining morning faces and huge appetites, which were soon
satisfied, as Old Tom never kept his "children," as he called them, waiting for meals. Likewise, he never allowed them to keep him waiting, as they had previously learned, somewhat to their sorrow, when having to go hungry a few times.

During breakfast Grace made the announcement that this was her birthday, and she intended to take her sketch-book and go off on a tramp by herself for the morning. Some of the boys began to make objections to her morning trip alone, but she only laughed, and told them that she preferred her own company for a while until she had become accustomed to being twenty-one years old.

So, immediately after breakfast, she hurried off to her tent, arranged things, and made up her cot. Then she packed her sketching material and a few apples in a knapsack, and was about ready to leave. But not yet, for in came her girl friends to give her a birthday trouncing. So Grace received the customary number of whacks; after some fun and struggle, with an extra one to "grow on," and still another for "good luck," and then each girl had to bestow a few kisses to take away all remembrance of the thumps she herself had given.

At last Grace escaped, and, promising faithfully to be back in time for dinner, she headed for the nearest mountain. Her way led her for a while along a winding brook, and an opening in the trees, where the brook rippled over and around the rocks, formed the most beautiful vista she had ever seen. The morning sun, glancing through the trees, made the water ripples sparkle as if they were jewels. She continued along a stretch of hazel brush and laurel, which led right to the foot of the most fascinating hill in the vicinity. Giant oaks swayed their frost-reddened leaves with quiet dignity, while, near by, the pine and fir trees furnished the green to blend with the autumn colors. Chestnut and hickory were dotted about here and there on the hillsides, making spots of glorious gold among the deeper colors. Grace stood for some time, and gazed, and gazed, drawing her breath slowly, as if afraid the picture would fade if she herself showed signs of life.

How long she would have remained here immovable is unknown, for suddenly there was a rush behind her, and a huge
collie bounded up, stopped suddenly in front of her, and surveyed her with his shining brown eyes. He soon seemed to reach a conclusion as to the desirability of her as a friend, and, coming meekly to her, licked the hand she had stretched out to pet him. Grace immediately sat down on the leaves beside the path, and, petting the dog, proceeded to tell him what a beauty he was. Finally it dawned upon her that she must not loiter in this fashion, if she wished to make her trip up the mountain and get back before dinner. So, jumping up, she cried, "Come on, old fellow, let's have a race!" and was off down the path, her head thrown back, and the wind whipping her loose hair into curls about her face. But, for all her burst of speed, the collie ran just ahead of her, bounding from side to side of the path, and barking, seeming to greatly enjoy the sport.

When Grace reached a spot on the slope of the mountain where she had an excellent view she got out her sketching materials and went swiftly to work. When she had finished this landscape she put in it the figure of a man—her idea, formed the night before, of Mr. Lynn Harwell. Finally she decided to draw the collie in also, as he was posing so nicely a short distance from her, with his head stretched out on his paws and watching her every move.

"Perhaps I may be no artist," she confessed to herself, as she held the sketch off at arm's length, "but that dog looks natural," and she put particular emphasis on the natural.

Just then a gust of wind came and snatched the paper from her fingers, as she was holding it very loosely, and went gaily off with it down the hill thirty or forty yards. Grace and the collie started off to catch it, both running. She had gotten just about in reach of it when she stepped on a stone. Her foot slipped, and she fell in a heap and lay still. When she returned to consciousness she became aware of the fact that the collie was licking her face frantically and whining pitifully. She put her hand on his back, and started to rise, but a sharp pain shot through her ankle, and she dropped down again with a moan. She lay still a moment or two, trying to think what to do. Suddenly a thought came to her—this wicked little sketch that had caused all this trouble should be the means of bringing some one to her.
She reached the sketch by crawling a couple of yards; then she took her pencil and hastily sketched the figure of a girl stretched on the ground, with her face buried in her arms, and drew an arrow pointing to her ankle. Then she wrote "Help" on it, and signed her name. As the collie had joined her near the camp, she thought maybe he would go there with the message. So she made strips of her handkerchief, and tied the sketch to the dog's neck. Then she commanded him to "Go home!" Here arose another difficulty. The dog knew that she was injured, and refused to go. At last, in despair, she threw a stone at him, and commanded him "Be gone!" But he only ran back to her with the stone in his mouth, thinking she was going to play with him. At this Grace burst into tears, and did not know what to do, being in such a helpless plight. Just then she heard a cheery whistle in the distance, and the dog was off with a joyful yelp and bound. Grace called as loudly as she could, but heard no response; so she lay down to be more comfortable, and waited.

She soon heard some one crashing through the underbrush off to one side, and, looking up, she met the startled brown eyes of a stalwart young man, following the collie, and holding the sketch in his hand. Although perfectly absurd, she took this unheard-of time to faint again, and when she opened her eyes the second time she found her ankle tightly bound with a man's handkerchief, and her head resting comfortably on a man's folded sweater. The owner of these articles, however, had disappeared, and the dog was also gone. Since, from its actions, the dog seemed to belong to the man, she put two and two together, and came to the conclusion that the man was Lynn Harwell, and that the collie was the wonderful dog that Old Tom praised so highly the night before.

By this time she heard Mr. Harwell and the dog returning, the man bringing a pitcher of water, and the dog bringing a cane in his mouth.

"How are you feeling now, Miss Lambert? Do you think you can manage to get down the hill to my cabin, if you use this cane and let me help you?"

Grace forgot to answer his first question, but thanked him for the water he gave her, and said ruefully, "I expect I can make it all right, if you don't live very far from here."
Grace got to her feet, her ankle paining her considerably, but, with the aid of Mr. Harwell, and the use of the cane, she reached the foot of the hill; but there she stopped, and said, "If you don't mind, please, I'll stay here and rest for a while, and would you mind going down to Camp Seldom Inn and asking some of the boys there to come for me and carry me there?"

"There, I was afraid your foot would not stand the walk. Yes, I'll go to the camp for you, but, first, I'm going to carry you up to my cabin, where you can rest comfortably." And, without more ado, Lynn Harwell picked Grace up in his arms and strode up the woods path that led to his home.

Being carried in the arms of one who was a total stranger to her did not at all fit in with Grace's ideas of dignity. But what else could she do? She had stated emphatically that the ground was not damp, and that it was comfortable enough, but her words had seemed to fall on deaf ears, and this big, tanned, brown-eyed man strode on, and did not offer to put her down. She amused herself by thinking how out of breath he would be if he had to carry her very far, and she wasn't far from wrong, for Harwell was certainly breathing heavily by the time he laid his burden down on an army cot in his living room. But was it all from her weight of one hundred and fifteen pounds, or did excitement have something to do with it?

Grace watched him start for Camp Seldom Inn, heard him tell Bruce to stay with her, and then she took time to look about her. Almost the whole side of the cabin was taken up by a huge rough stone fireplace, with different kinds of skins hung about it. A small table occupied the centre of the floor; a well-filled book-case was in one corner, and in the opposite corner was a Victrola. On the floor were two bright Navajo rugs. Grace's ankle soon stopped paining her, and being tired after the excitement, she fell asleep.

When Lynn Harwell returned, bringing with him Bob, Old Tom, and another of the fellows, they entered the cabin, and the prettiest of pictures met their eyes. There on the cot lay Grace, with the rosy flush of sleep on her cheeks, her lips slightly parted, and her disheveled hair making a frame for this living picture. Beside the cot, with his head on his paws, and his eyes half closed,
lay Bruce. Lynn Harwell, the erstwhile hermit, immediately changed his ideas as to the desirability of company.

Old Tom went over to the cot, woke Grace up, and asked her if she could stand the trip to camp.

"Of course. I feel as strong as anything now, and I believe I can walk it," said Grace.

But one step on the now swollen ankle proved her wrong.

"I think, Miss Lambert, I had better bathe that foot and put some liniment on it, and bind it tighter before you go," said Harwell. "You know, in my work in the laboratories I have to know something of the first aid methods, and I have also had training as a scout-master."

Grace's foot was again bandaged. Her embarrassment was considerably lessened by her curiosity over that word "laboratories." She wondered and wondered, and, unconsciously, looked at Harwell so intently that he noticed it. Then there was nothing for Grace to do but tell her thoughts, and Harwell was more than glad of the opportunity to converse with her.

"Why, I have charge of the laboratories in Pittsburg for testing minerals for iron. I guess you are wondering now what I am doing here. Well, my eyes have been giving me considerable trouble lately, and the doctors have ordered me to live up here for six months."

"Oh, grand! How delightful! Oh, I beg your pardon! I don't mean it's grand your eyes are troubling you. I was thinking that you would be here all during our camping trip, and you just must come and join our crowd during the day!" cried Grace.

"May I?" and the tone was too low and too intense to escape Grace's notice.

* * * * * * * *

When camp broke up, three weeks later, there was a general sorrow at having to leave such a pleasant vacation spot. Lynn came over earlier in the morning to help break camp and pack up, but, strange to say, both he and Grace disappeared, and were gone so long that the boys got Old Tom's bugle to call them in. When they came back congratulations were in order, for a pretty diamond flashed on Grace's ring finger, and her face became quite red when the others noticed the ring.
Old Tom said, pointing an accusing finger at Bruce, "Bruce, you rascal, you started this." Bob grabbed Bruce's paw, and, looking at Alma, meaningly, said, "Bruce, old sport, keep it up." Lynn patted the dog on the back in turn, and fervently said, "Many thanks to you, old fellow!" And, last of all, Grace, with arms about the neck of the excited dog, and blushing rosily, whispered low in his ear, "Bruce, you darling, you did do it."
T was a beautiful Saturday afternoon that I took the train for a small place, where I was scheduled to speak the next day, some fifty miles from the great city. The town (?) was characteristically named "Island," and, as I think of it, I am sure there could not be an island more effectually away from the mainland of life and the world.

Arrived at the station, there was no one to meet me, so I inquired after the abode of my anticipated host. Then I began my pilgrimage. I don't mind walking, and the walk that evening is one long to be remembered. Down into deep gullies I went, where the sun's rays never or rarely penetrate. There the air was moist and cool, and, usually, a brook or small stream wound its way in and out among the reeds and grasses. The road was almost covered with a thick undergrowth. All the ground was sandy. Then out on to a stony and sunny hillside I went. Around its crest I went, until I found myself among the crags and peaks of veritable baby mountains. It was thrilling to look back over the winding road that trailed out behind me as a reminder that I was not far from civilization. Here and there a desolate-looking farm-house nestled among the trees or squatted among the stones. No one seemed to be busy. Children played in idleness here and there, and half-dressed girls and boys moved about in a semi-dazed way.

At last, by constant asking whenever I met any one to ask, I came out on to a hillside, and over against me was the house which I sought. Of all the inhospitable places I have ever seen for a home, perhaps that was the worst. The sun beat down his pitiless rays on unprotected rock and scorched grass. In winter the unchecked wind might whistle to his heart's content across the hilly site. The south side of the house, which should have been the front, as it faced the road, was bare and unadorned. There was no porch; one or two windows were shuttered and closed, and a door opened in the side of the house some three or four feet
from the ground, with rickety and tumble-down steps leading up to the threshold. I stood in amazement for a moment, and then approached. I mounted the steps and knocked at the door. No answer. Again I knocked.

After a moment or two of waiting, and receiving no answer, I was just about to depart, or look about a bit, when I heard the dull thud of an axe on wood. It came from around the corner of the house, and so I went to see who and what it was. As I looked around the corner a scene met my eyes which I shall not soon forget. What should have been a wood-pile, but was a scrap-heap of semi-rotten sticks and logs, was in the foreground. A "has been"-looking sort of a lad stood over it menacingly, with a rusty-headed axe in his hand. That the axe had not had the rust worn off was not surprising when I remember that I had stood a minute or two at the door before it fell even once. In the background was a dilapidated shed, or out-house, a pig pen, and, farther off, what should have been called a barn, and in the distance—and not so distant either—the bleak hillsides, growths of scrub forest, and dense ravines.

But the youth himself! Perhaps twenty years of age, clad in crude, poorly-fitting, and dirty clothes, he looked up to me with the absent stare of one who is less than half awake. Sometimes, in a very vivid dream, when I imagine some great danger is threatening me, and I cannot move nor shout, I feel as this boy looked. He was the picture of abject humanity in the midst of deserted nature. I told him who I was, and whom I sought, and asked if this were the place. He stood irresolute for a while, as if debating whether to admit this intruder or to continue his wood cutting, and then, his indolence evidently getting the better of his ambition, he raised his eyes to me to answer. Yes, a family of that name lived here, and he was one of the sons—he supposed maybe this was the place, though he could not understand how he knew nothing of my coming! I could, though!

But he was courteous as far as he knew how to be. Once assured that it was all right to leave his work and give some attention to me, he took me around to what was evidently the real front of the house (the north exposure, not side), and there sat a decrepit old lady, with wrinkled hands and face and faded
voice. This was his mother. I looked past the poor, bent form to the house as I talked with her. The clap-boards were loose, and in some places half off. Most of the windows lacked at least one pane of glass, and in these openings boards were crudely nailed, keeping out both sun and weather. Some of the windows in the lean-to, which I found later was the kitchen, were entirely boarded over thus. What had once been a veranda was now rotted through in many places; the posts which supported the sagging roof were rotten and shaky, and I stepped with caution when I moved. Also the chair on which I sat was neither comfortable nor safe, being broken through in the seat and crippled in several legs and the back. I sympathize with poverty, but this was indolence, for, in most cases, a little work would have put these things in presentable shape, and, goodness knows, no one seemed to be overworked.

From nowhere the family assembled. The husband and father drove up in a wreck of a wagon, drawn by a derelict of a horse. He took the animal out, and got him to the end of a rope, where he tied him, though, for my part, I don't see what for! Then they came up to supper. The wife and mother had previously gone to prepare that meal.

From then on the place was pervaded with a strangely-contrasting air of comfort. There was no luxury, but there seemed to be enough to satisfy, and every one seemed indolently content with things as they were. Supper was good and well prepared, but the kitchen was rudely furnished, and one of the boys, having to wait, kept the flies off the table with a green bough from some neighboring tree. Leaves, dust, etc., showered down on us in unpleasant numbers. Conversation went on fairly well, but no one had much to say.

At last supper was over, and we retired to the other part of the house. Now had finished Saturday and another week of toil for this folk. They were doubtless happy, but no one said so. They seldom laughed, or even smiled, and no one said much. When dusk began to settle a few smoky lamps were brought into requisition and set in various places.

Then came the evening matin—the twilight song. It has been many months since then, but that picture lingers with me.
yet, and refuses to be dispelled or drawn. There the dilapidated house stood, amid the scene of desolation and evident laziness, while nature did what she could to overgrow the whole with a tangle of underbrush and grasses. Overhead, the deep blue sky was pure and spacious, contrasting with the cramped of things below. The sun had set, and his last glaring rays were now subdued and fading. A star here and there peeped from his cover, and the distant sound of the owl and night-birds blended with the croak of frog and chirp of cricket. Silence, or near silence, reigned in the haunts of man—only nature seemed alive in all that place.

With a word or two of introduction to break the monotony, two of the boys arose, and got from an adjoining room a banjo and violin, respectively. Then they sat down on the edge of a couch together, and struck up their piece. It was a march, or some such instrumental piece. On and on they went, the quick twang of the banjo blending well with the longer strains of the violin. Both played well, and I was enjoying the treat. Five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes passed, and still the strains of that one piece floated out into the world, and died with the dying tones of nature’s melody. The unending sameness of the frog and cricket, the solemn wail of the owl, and the swift repeated call of the whip-poor-will united in a discordant uniformity with the never-changing human music.

They came to the end of the piece, and then roamed off into a succession of chords and measures all related beautifully with what had gone before. Now and then a bar of the former piece would recur, and then the banjo would strike off once more into untrodden ways. The endless monotone of the banjo in the lonely and unbroken march was accompanied by the rising and falling in rhythmic beats of the violin, and ever they recurred to one particularly fine measure of the first piece. There was no change in the beat, no alteration of the meter, no varying of the tone relation—all was the same, and the rhythmic beat of that piece still rings in my ears in a faint, indistinct murmur. How like the hum-drum of that quiet life! No change! no change! no change!

A half-hour passed, three-quarters of an hour, and still the gallop of that pair was unchecked; an hour or more, and, sud-
denly—just as it had begun—the music ceased. The two players rose as one man, and replaced their instruments. The rest of the family rose without a murmur, and I instinctively did the same, though with a tinge of regret, I confess. Was this their evening prayer? Was this all they knew of worship and religion? Somehow, the pre-natal memory of my ancestors for thousands of years surged over me, and I seemed to feel and see that this thing was done before. This was not the first time. Once before, in that chain of living mortals, had been a family and a race that had so lived in lonely desolation, and had so sung and breathed out a simple cadence as the animals, in the faint hope that a good God would not overlook their call! Oh, how near to nature I felt, as the house was closed and silence was followed swiftly by darkness. Long on that bed I lay, looking into the starry night and dreaming dreams I never knew before. Is it any wonder that on the Sabbath day, as I spoke to those and similar folk, my heart burned, and my soul reproached me of speaking when I should be spoken to?

   For whether we live by the mental moil,
       Or till the teeming sod,
   We are all of us quaint to each other,
       But none of us quaint to God.
THE CALL OF THE WORLD.

Albert C. Cheetham, '18.

[Note.—"The world looks to the college men for leaders."—President Boatwright.]

In hopeful tones a mourning World doth call
To all the Colleges of our fair land:
'Tis men I seek of you, true men and strong,
Whose souls shrink not when singled out to fight
Against the deadliest foes of all that's best;

Against the cult that robs a man of soul,
That makes him but a cog in a machine,
Whose throttle lies within the maniac grasp
Of some dread fiend, whose gloating eyes can glimpse
All nations and all lands enslaved for him;

Against entrenched hate and ignorance,
False doctrines, greed, and baleful enmity,
And envy such as sets the war-like lands
In hatred flying at each other's throats
Until broad fields, war scarred, drink in the blood
Of native sons, whose loss their mother Earth
Doth mourn, for naught of good do they achieve,
Yet leave a place which never can be filled;

And men I seek who shall go forth and lead
Their brothers in an onward, upward march,
In which the welfare of all men is sought;
Such men, who for their fellows feel a touch
Of love and universal brotherhood,
Whose souls are large, whose hearts are kind and true,
Whose eyes are fixed upon a higher goal
Than most men seek, with brain alert and keen;
And men with mental poise and love of truth,
Who ever look beyond the clouds and see
The dawning of a brighter, fairer morn,
When hate and passion, greed and avarice,
Rage, ignorance, blood lust, and love of sin
Meet their deserved fate, and are displaced
By human sympathy, wisdom, and love,
And all the highest thoughts, emotions, peace
Throughout the world, when men join hands and hearts
And live their so brief lives in such a way
That each and all the world are gainers for
Their short sojourn upon this earthly sphere.

Hear thou my call, ye Colleges and Schools,
O, give the men I seek, and thus fulfill
The hope I confidently place in you—
Nor else canst thou perform thy given tasks.
Ne’er have I called in vain, though great my need;
Expectantly, I wait thy answering voice!
THE DOUBLE-BITTED NEMESIS.

H. M. S., '17.

"T'S yore deal, Red."
"I dole 'em last. It's Cal's time."
"I open."
"Cyards?"

"Three."
"Two."
"I'm out."

The light from the open stove door, together with that given by two or three smoky oil lamps, dimly showed the serious faces of the half-dozen card players seated around an upturned cracker-box. The wind howled, and the rain, falling in torrents, made a deep, roaring sound on the tin roof of the bunk-house. Several of the lumbermen were sprawled out on their bunks, discussing the prospects of the much-needed "tide"; others were watching the penny-ante poker game, and one—a thick-set grizzled man, of about fifty years of age—was industriously fastening caulks into his heavy, high-topped boots, in anticipation of the log drive the following day, provided the rain continued long enough to flood the river.

The door opened, and the stable-boy entered, swinging a double-bitted axe.

"Take that axe outa here," yelled the old man, picking up the boot on which he had just fastened the caulks. "Don't you know that it allus brings bad luck to fetch an axe into the house."

"But—" protested the boy.

"Get outa here," roared the now irate old man, and the boy beat the boot to the door by a fraction of a second.

"What's the matter, Uncle Jim?" queried one of the players. "Mebbe you et too much. Seems like you are plum fractious."

"No, I'll tell ye. I've worked around loggin' camps for nigh onto thirty years, and I ain't never seed it fail yit. Jist bring an axe in the house, and somethin's goin' to happen, and happen quick. Why, I remember onct that—" And the old man trailed
off into one of his long, tedious stories, which interested no one but himself.

The interrupted card game was resumed, and Uncle Jim was nodding over his reminiscences when—crash! The house quivered, and each man was on his feet in an instant, fighting, clawing his way toward the door and safety. Once outside, they found that their fears were groundless. A dead pine tree, uprooted by a fierce gust of wind, had fallen across the cook shack.

"We'll have to patch her up to-night, boys," said the cook, "er we won't git any breakfast in the morning. Git a cross-cut saw, somebody." With the aid of some wagon-covers, a tarpaulin or two, and the oil-cloth from the tables, they finally succeeded in improvising a respectable roof. Then, drenched, they hurried back into the bunk-house and crowded around the stove. Through the rising steam, Uncle Jim discovered the stable-boy crouched down at his feet, warming himself.

"You little Scut," he began. "You was the cause of it all. If you hadn't brung that blasted axe in here, it wouldn't a-happened. You ought to be—"

"Shut up, Uncle Jim," admonished the boss. "You are as full of superstitions, and signs, and things as a shepherd dog is of fleas."

Hank Sarver, often called "Whitewater," because of his daring on the flooded, foam-crested river, edged through the crowd, and plucked the sleeve of his brother Ed. They withdrew to the far end of the room, from whence, every few minutes, came the sound of smothered laughter and delighted chuckles. Then, with impassive faces, they rejoined the crowd.

The rain slackened, and the slow, dull patter on the tin roofing brought drowsiness. In a short while the whole camp was wrapped in slumber, or, at least, appeared to be. A slight creaking sound was heard in the direction of Whitewater's bunk. Simultaneously there issued a similar creaking from the one occupied by Ed.

"Have you got it?" whispered a voice.

"Yep, but easy now, 'cause Uncle Jim's got a fist as hard as a pine-knot and quicker'n greased lightnin'. Gee! listen at him snore."
The two shadowy forms cautiously approached the bunk of the sleeping old man, and stood listening for a moment. Then, slowly, inch by inch, they lifted the blankets, carefully placed some object alongside the prostrate form, and disappeared into their bunks as if by magic. Once or twice the dull, monotonous sound of the rain was broken by a smothered noise, something similar to a hen cackling under a hay-stack. Then all was quiet.

The gray streaks of dawn faintly illumined the windows, and the alarm clock, which had been placed in a tin wash-basin, started up an unearthly din, only to receive, full in the face, a well-aimed No. 10 boot. Uncle Jim yawned, turned over, and then sat bolt upright in bed, with a double-bitted axe in his hand. He rolled out on the floor, hurled the axe from him, and fairly danced in his rage.

"Some Smart Alec thinks he's done somethin', and he has. Why, you bloody yits, don't you remember last night? Whoever done it will wish he hadn't afore the day is over. Why, you bloomin' skunks, you coon-bossed hoboes, you lily-livered, yaller-backed, mangey dawgs, you—" And he soared to such heights of vindictive appellations that he left his listeners dumb-founded and speechless.

Before noon, however, Uncle Jim and his prophecies were forgotten. The river was rampant. Never in years had there been such a flood. The river just below the bunk-house narrowed, and the river bed, in low water, bristled with huge, projecting stones. On these the first logs hung, and the rising flood brought others. Now the jam was immense, consisting of at least thirty thousand monarchs of the forest. It reached for a half mile back up stream, and was fully forty feet high in places. Thus far it had defied the greatest efforts of the powerful muddy force hurled against it. An occasional log detached itself from the gorge, and was carried with great rapidity down the stream.

Half a hundred spectators from a near-by town lined the river bank, and a few of the less timid ventured eight or ten feet out upon the gorge. Some were wives and sweethearts of those agile, dare-devil river-men, who were going to break the jam, and more than one heart was stirred by qualms of misgiving as they gazed at the roaring torrent.
The men swarmed over the gorge, leaping from log to log, and balancing themselves with the peavy. They tore away the lower logs, but still the mass held. The key-log—the one log on which the whole mass hung—could not be found. They worked like beavers, those care-free, fearless men, and laughed and joked as they pulled away the very foundations of that wall of death. Suddenly the mass quivered, held, quivered again, and the men scurried ashore in a twinkling. Still it held, but even the bravest hesitated in returning.

The brothers, Whitewater and Ed, ignoring the danger, sprang across the intervening space, and regained their former positions.

“That's a plenty,” cautioned the boss. “Any more of you would be in their way.” The two worked silently, side by side. Ed took the cant-hook and attacked a partially submerged log. The jam groaned, but, unheeding, he again applied his weight. The gorge broke. He straightened, dropped his cant-hook, and sprang after the fleeing Whitewater. A mis-step, a cry, and Whitewater turned to see his brother plunge into the churning waters. Over the treacherous footing he went to the rescue, but too late. The writhing, grinding, crushing, whirling, roaring mass was upon them, over them, and a horror-stricken cry went up from the spectators.

Uncle Jim, with unseeing eyes, gazed over the now smoothly-running logs, and murmured over and over again, “The double bit! The double bit.”
SAN FRANCISCO—AMERICA'S DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

Isaac Diggs, Jr., '16.

"If you can still see the remains of the 1910 earthquake," I remarked to the person sitting next to me on one of San Francisco's motor busses.

"Earthquake! What are you talking about? We never had any earthquake here," was the surprising rejoinder.

"I suppose you mean the big fire that we had here some years ago."

"Yes, I suppose that's what I did mean," I hastened to assure him.

That is the San Francisco attitude. In fact, the people of this Western metropolis all have two notable characteristics—first, they insist that they never had an earthquake, although they cannot account for the broken water mains and huge cleavages in the earth; and, second, they have the idea that there is no place on earth like California, and they proceed to tell you about it. They are incessant boosters—a fact that becomes rather boring at times. By the way, if you ever go to San Francisco, there are two facts to be well drilled into your mind—first, the name of the place in not 'Frisco (you should have seen Billy Sunday make the slip); and, second, those Palm Beach suits and flannel pants, with which you are contemplating winning a fair lady's heart, are useless in the summer. An overcoat and muffler would be more to the point.

Don't be surprised when you see San Francisco and California. It is not anything like the average person expects. So I won't tell you—just wait until you go. San Francisco is a peculiar conglomeration. It is so easy to get so many different impressions. The moment you step off the boat that has ferried you across the straits, and see the huge open square in front, with apparently several million motor busses and an incessant stream of clanging motor cars, you think you are at home in New York. But, as you are piled rather unceremoniously into a bus,
and are shot up Market street, with its curious mixture of build­ings, sky-scraper, theatres, monuments, cabarets, and even a
church or so peeping around the corner, and with four street-car
tracks running up one street, you wonder exactly what kind of
a city this is, and you are reminded of that historical city that
sprung up in the night. Then, as you are shot up the hill that
leads to your hotel, and see the cable street railways, you are
reminded of that toboggan slide back home, or climbing Pike’s
Peak. Your next sensation is one of wonder—thousands
upon thousands of hotels and not a single dwelling house in sight.
You don’t know, then, that all of the people live across the bay, in
Oakland, where it is safer to be in time of earthquake, for, al­
though they never had one, and that crater smoking on yon distant
hill means nothing at all, still the people would rather live across
the bay, and pay ten cents every time they want to cross it.
Again, as you pass into the gates of the Panama-Pacific Exposi­
tion, and see the Tower of Jewels, and the various beautiful courts,
lagoons, fountains, massive buildings, and all that, you must
admit that they are indeed an industrious people, to say the least.

Having gotten these vague impressions in mind, a brief
survey of the things that impressed me most in San Francisco
would be appropriate, I think.

I will only be able to name the out-standing things, as
space does not allow any more.

Perhaps the most beautiful sight in 'Frisco (I can call it this
now, since I am back East) is the Golden Gate Park, the largest
natural park in America. Scattered through the various wind­
ings of its roadways are Dutch wind-mills, lovers’ lanes, of
course, and an immense athletic stadium—not to speak of the
magnificent trees and scenery that line the driveway.

We pass out of the Golden Gate Park in one of the sight­
seeing busses for which 'Frisco is famous, with a noisy guide at
the front, always attempting to be humorous—“Here is the house
of our wealthiest man; even his curtains flash greenbacks”; or
“This is the eucalyptus tree, the noisiest tree we have—they are
always barking”; or “San Francisco is a good town; we have one
hundred and fifty churches and only nine bar-rooms—to every
church.” You soon weary of this type of wit.
Our next stop of consequence was the Presidio, the fort that guards the San Francisco harbor. There were soldiers, guns, barracks, galore. But it looked to me more like a college campus than a fort, overlooking the military equipment. Here were four young men trying to find a lost chord, there were two others playing a "line" game, another crowd playing base-ball, and so on.

It was from the Presidio that we got our view of the Golden Gate. At first you are disappointed. Two massive, bare rocks are seen diagonally shooting up out of the water, and continuing on around the harbor, much after the style of the Yale bowl, only on a rather larger scale.

It was about 6 o'clock when the afternoon began to wane, and the clouds were becoming silvery, and the wind announced the coming night with a stiff gale. As we sat watching, the sun would slowly slide down, down, till it was just above Mount Tamalpais, and then the bright yellow would turn to a reddish hue, very slowly, and then the sun was a perfect ball of fire, looking down on the Gate. It was a wonderful sight, the dull red reflected on the clear blue of the Pacific, and the indirect rays reflecting every color in the rainbow. The warships lying in the harbor looked peaceful, lazy, and quiet. The sun sank lower, until it was all gone, and only a dull reflection lit up the sky and clothed the clouds in numerous colors. Then the dusk and the fog, which continuously pervades San Francisco in the summer time, came to draw a curtain over the scene.

Back to Market street, the Broadway of the West, we were motored. The electrical displays were wonderful. Every now and then there would flash out from a black place in the sky a huge electric sign, and at the foot of Market street was the huge welcoming station, lit from top to bottom, and with the words, "Welcome, 1915," written in bold letters with lights at the top. The people were all there. They seemed to be glad that they were alive. True it is that the pace they set was a bit too vigorous for the East, but what matters—they were happy.

The next night, just at 2 o'clock, having bought some old clothes and disguised ourselves as natives, we prepared for a visit to the "Barbary Coast." Chinatown was the first place we
reached. The first impression was pagodas and Chinese characters; the second was indolence. I think these two things can be said to be the two main characteristics of Chinatown. We soon followed a crowd of chattering Chinese, and found ourselves watching a game of faro in a room on the third floor of a pagoda-topped house. The Chinese sat around the table, glumly smoking their pipes—some of opium, no doubt. They watched the game with intense interest, but quietly, laying down their money systematically, and trying to figure out a winning combination. Chic little Chinese women, in their loose coats and brocaded pantaloons, served wine or beer as you wished, with little pieces of Chinese candy, at an astonishingly low cost. While there we were not molested, but we knew we were being closely watched for any false move. Leaving them to their game, we went on out, with the words of that appropriate song, "Dreamy, dreamy Chinatown," ringing in our ears. Most of Chinatown was quiet by this time, except where now and then a loud-playing pianola was heard, designating the character of the house. We looked at the schools, the temple, the jewelers toiling away at their work by hand, at which they are marvelously adept, and then passed on to the real "Barbary Coast."

Your first impression is a line of saloons and cheap vaudeville houses. As we passed by, through the half doors we could see the sailors from the ships mingling with the painted women. Out of curiosity, we went into one. We were immediately grabbed by three women—painted, of course—very laboriously caressed, and told that beer was very cheap, sandwiches not much higher, and that the wine was very good. We ordered the beer for them, and the proprietor handed us a bill for three dollars—a dollar a bottle. They were three sad dollars that were planked down on the painted cashier's desk. Everything was coarse and painted, it seemed. Then we wandered on and on, in among the winding streets, up and down the hills, into dens of every description; but what we saw the rest of the night doesn't do to record. It is doubtful if we would ever have gotten out alive if we hadn't looked like tramps ourselves.

Just as we emerged from the Coast, the police station, in its cynical coldness, was staring us in the face, giving its silent assent to all that was transpiring in front of its very doors.
Such is a brief look at San Francisco, beautiful and bad, magnificent and horrible. For it is true that there is no city in America that can touch its vileness. New York is tame beside it; New Orleans also.

The people are in an early stage of civilization, apparently—just far enough away to be different, proud, coarse, and with no thought for the sacredness of life and its teachings. Not all of them, of course, are like this, but enough are to characterize the city.

Further south it is different, and more like our own Southland, as near as anything can touch it. To see America is to appreciate Virginia.
A SONG OF SICILY.

V. M., '16.

An old and silent man,
Beneath a shelt'ring bush,
Sat in resigned mood,
While all of Nature's self
Drank in the driving rain.

"To your youthful heart
The world is still aglow
With roseate streaks and gold,
As once it was to me.
E'en now a string resounds
Of the lyre so long untuned,
As I recall my thirst
For Romance at its height
And Venture with its thrill."

Smiling, "How now," I said,
"Has Hermes-winged Fortune
Disdained thy last appeal?
Why such a saddened eye,
And such a musing plaint?"
Though chill'd in ev'ry bone,
He told his tragic tale:

"'Twas on Sicilian shores,
Shores of the sun-blest lake,
My love and I would stand,
And gaze at star-lit crests.
Alas! her sire pronounced
His curse upon our tryst;
Yet I, unheeding all,
Pursued my willing heart,
Now link'd as one to hers;
And on that lofty cliff
We sat as time sped on.
I sang and blew upon
My sweet-voiced piccolo.
She was tall; her eyes
As the gems aglow—
O, gems of Capri's hue!
A fair-haired maid was she.

"One night—ye night of doom
From Fate's old callous hand—
I neared our barren cliff,
On which she waiting stood;
And in a little ridge,
Secluded by the rocks,
Her father glowering stood,
As I, with wond'ring mind,
Stepped down into the niche.
He drew his glist'ning knife,
And held it far above
The separating rock;
She saw the glimm'ring steel,
And, as the blade descended,
I lunged up for that arm,
And caught it in its swing.
A cry of rage from me
Flew to her straining ears—
O, God!—she thought it pain,
A cry of departing soul—
And with a frenzyed shriek
Plunged in the sapphire sea."

* * * * * * *

"What holdest thou in hand?"
He asked with trembling voice.
" 'Tis but an hasty verse:

" The roseate streaks of breaking morn
Drive out all care and hopes forlorn,
While bird and beast alike are free
From haunting fears which they foresee."

"'Each flower in its dewy bed
Looks to thy streaks of glowing red.
O, Morn! Thy breath I glorify;
And then in wondrous calm I sigh.'

"'Tis false—an idle verse;
For with the morn I slept
After a tortured night;
Since then I cursed the morn,
The noon, and then the dusk.'
Now, shaking as a leaf,
He clutched his bony throat.
The rain had chill'd each limb,
But not the saddened heart,
As cold as granite's spots.
I took him to my roof,
And built a cheering fire,
Whose genial warmth did not
Bring back his vanish'd soul.
"HUCK!"  The muffled call broke the stillness of the August night.

"Chuck!"

Again it came, and from out the mass of undergrowth a head was pushed stealthily.

"Chuck, air ye dead?"

Then it was that the person in question, "Chuck," rose sleepily from his cot in his latest residence, and stumbled to the door.

"Dead?  No, not yet, but you'll wish to Heaven you were, if you don't quit your infernal yelping, and leave me to sleep in peace."

The hairy face slunk back somewhat, and "Chuck" started back to resume his rudely-interrupted slumbers.

"Ye needn't be so huffy," and the bearded countenance appeared again.  "Ye told me ye ain't had no decent feed fer two weeks, but, if ye ain't hungry now, sleep on, fair one!"

The huffy one stopped.

"Hungry?  Well, not right now; but what do you want anyhow?  Get what you have to say out of your system and go!"

"Ain't ye had no eyes, or ears, or nothing to-day?  They's a big party goin' on at that big yaller house on the hill, and if ye wuz half good at yer perfession ye'd a seen it before."

"Well, suppose there is, friend; are you invited, or is it I?"

"Darn fool ye is!  Didn't ye express a hankering for victuals?  Ain't ye caught on yet?  Get busy; they's a spring-house full of chickens, hams, cakes, en all the fancy fixin's ye want, down at the foot of the hill.  If ye air too good to care, though, I don't worry."

"Too good?  No, I'm not exactly what you might call overly sanctified, and—I guess I am hungry.  Thank you very much, my friend, for your valuable information.  I'll find food by morning.  Now get!"
The hairy face quickly disappeared.

"Well, I hadn't thought of such serious complications. Of course, the 'big yaller house' belongs to Steve Howe, and I suppose the guests are his."

This last year of Jack Kensington's life had been a surprise even to himself. Born of wealthy parents, reared in the best society, a graduate of Yale, and then a promising business man, he had become an idol in the social circles of his native city. Then he had fallen in love; hence the complications.

Elaine Landrays was the first thing Kensington had ever wanted and failed to get, and Steve Howe was the man who kept him from getting that one thing. It had gone hard with him. Above everything, he hated defeat; next, he hated pity, and, because of the condolences of his friends at his well-known club, he had quit the whole thing, rebellious against society and the world in general.

Then, when he quietly disappeared, leaving no hint of his plans for the future, he felt that he was at last safe from the sympathy of acquaintances. But hardly had he been away a week when he met his most intimate friend in a hotel lobby. Straightway he set out for the country, the road, and the hills. The first night he slept under the open sky.

He awoke in the morning full of energy, exhilarated by the novelty of nearness to nature; with a more violent hate for sham, and with a mighty longing to exercise, to work, to rough it. Since then he had wandered as freely as he chose, stopping for a while in some particularly pleasing spot, or, as a diversion, working for several days in the fields.

Those with whom he had come in contact felt an air of mystery about him, and were never quite so free with him as they would have liked.

Then he had discovered this spot of "Arcadia," and had been peacefully settled in his small cabin, when the creature of the hairy face had come. This common tramp had at once accepted "Chuck," as he insisted upon calling him, as one of his own kind, and had urged his familiarity upon Kensington. Now he had brought him news of the house party, and had made suggestions as to getting a square meal at the spring-house. It was most certainly time to move on, he thought.
‘Chuck’ stroked his chin perplexedly. It was rough with two weeks’ beard.

“Don’t guess anybody in the civilized world ever saw me look like this,” he muttered. “No, ‘Chuck,’ you are no longer James L. Kensington, and, since there’s a chance of finding a bite of something besides corn pones and bacon, seemingly the sole menu of my Arcadian friends, you may safely go ahead, and, without moral qualms, satisfy your appetite in Steve Howe’s spring-house.”

With this decision he went back to his cot, but the night proved to be without its expected repose. Tired out as he had been, his eyes stared blankly into the darkness, while his mind was appallingly wide awake and active. At the first faint streaks of dawn he got up from his bed and stole out into the lonesome grayness. In the open he stretched his big body, and unconsciously began an athletic exercise in which he had excelled while at the University. As the great muscles swelled and expanded, he took huge gulps of the pure air and breathed deeply.

“Oh, it’s good to be alive, but it’s hell to be a heathen!”

He straightened up, and looked about him.

“Of course, nobody is out this early. I’ll just stroll on down to the spring, and see what I can hatch up for my morning’s repast.”

He was fuller of energy and of determination than he had been for years, and he bounded along in all the strength and freedom of a young animal.

The spring-house door was open. Good. Kensington stopped behind a grape-vine, and looked about him. No living soul was in sight. But—

“What in tarnation!” he growled.

Then from within the spring-house came an eager voice: “What shall we do to-day, Steve?” it asked.

Then the answer, in a man’s voice: “Well, I believe there are several tennis matches on for this morning. Since you and I are not playing, we might slip off unnoticed, and take that little excursion we planned last week.”

The two came out of the house. Hand in hand they strolled towards the yellow building on the hill.

Kensington clenched his fists. “Steve Howe, you miserable
brute! This early in the game out for a daybreak stroll with another. And Elaine—well, she would never say a word; she's an angel."

He came out of his retreat in the vines.

"I hereby resolve," he spoke aloud, "to return to civilization at once. I'll leave in fifteen minutes for the nearest telephone, get Jenkins word to send me clothes and my car, and if I don't save that girl from Steve Howe— The poor little thing!"

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

James L. Kensington, millionaire, society-spoiled, and Yale athlete, returned to life, brought his big car to a sudden stand-still. It was almost dusk, and, as yet, he had found no place where he might get lodging for the night—but—he had heard the voice of "the girl" again, had seen her as she passed him on horseback, and had spoken to her companion, a former acquaintance, and felt himself much nearer the accomplishment of his purpose than he had hoped for in the short time which had passed since a certain eventful morning at daybreak. And that isn't all—"the girl" was altogether lovely True, her nose tilted up a trifle too much, and she wasn't a beauty, but she was thoroughly alive, and when she smiled, as he spoke to her companion, "Chuck" was won.

As he pondered the situation his brows puckered into a frown.

"I'd hate to accept a bunk from Howe under usual circumstances—but now—there's no other way. Friends may think I'm a lunatic, but there's no other way."

The car plunged on at twenty-five knots per, while her driver raged.

"Gad! Howe's got to be straightened out, for Elaine's sake, as well as 'the girl's.'"

The yellow house appeared in the distance. Kensington's muscles grew tense.

"I've never failed at anything yet, except because of Howe, and, by heaven, I won't fail again!"

The car turned in at the stone gateway. Scattered about over the lawn were groups of white-clad guests. As Kensington neared the porte-cochère all eyes were turned towards him. Several came running after the car, waving and frantically calling "Jack," but his attention was fixed upon two figures seated on the
broad steps of the piazza. When his car rolled under shelter these two looked up for the first time, and the man started.

"Why, hello, Kensington, old man! Glad to see you! Where on top of earth did you come from, and where have you been hiding?" He reached the car in three strides, and grasped Kensington's reluctant hand. Then he beckoned to "the girl" on the steps, and to a beautiful woman now at her side.

The two obediently came to him, and the older woman, in true hospitality, greeted the new-comer.

"Jack, this is too good to be true!"

And then the little pug-nosed individual put out a small brown hand also.

"Nobody will introduce us. Aren't they rude?" And she smiled bewitchingly.

"Oh, beg your pardon, Kensington," Howe quickly put in. "This is my sister Nell. Thought you knew her."
UT of the impenetrable gloom of the black woods came the nameless terror by night, and ravaged the peaceful village. Silently, stealthily, without warning, the terror made its first visit, and at daybreak following Jack Fisher, one of the two pioneer brothers who had cleared a few acres in the midst of the forest and begun the settlement, was missed by his neighbors. Inquiry concerning him was soon made, and, since nothing could be learned of his whereabouts, several men went to his home, where he and his brother, who was away in the city at that time, kept bachelors' quarters.

The door of the hut sagged on one hinge; the heavy panels were smashed and splintered, and within a scene of disorder met the gaze of the inquirers. Evidently a creature of superhuman strength had forced its way into the home, and a struggle had ensued. Bed-clothing, dragged from the bunk, lay scattered over the floor, several chairs were overturned, and, upon closer examination, a few blood-stains were discovered on the floor. No trace could be found of the missing man; he had probably been carried off in some mysterious way during the night.

Instinctively, the men of the settlement, whose homes were closed in by the dense, gloomy forest, looked to the woods for the solution of this strange occurrence. Soon they had picked up a trail at the cabin door, and were tracing it out, aided by their keen eyesight and close observation. There were footprints leading up to the door, and away from it—large footprints of some animal, footprints that none of them had ever seen before. While some followed out the trail, others secured firearms, and the searching expedition soon reached the edge of the clearing and penetrated the forest. For several hours the men slowly picked their way through undergrowth, swamp, and brush, grimly intent upon solving the mystery, and avenging Jack Fisher's death, if death had been his fate. But the trail ended abruptly, the unfathomable woods swallowed it, all trace of the animal was lost, and the search came to an end.
After deliberation, the men started home again, but resolved to make every effort to seek out and kill the ravager.

Four men, with rifles, stood guard over the sleeping village that night, in anticipation of another visit from the beast. For a week the guards were maintained, but not a sign was there of the animal. Then the vigilance relaxed, and one man was regarded as a sufficiently strong protection. At the first outcry or rifle-shot the entire village could come to the rescue.

On the ninth night following the disappearance of the first victim a blood-chilling cry started and aroused the settlement. Men leaped from their beds, grabbed their guns, and rushed out into the night. Under the dim light of the setting October moon, a huge, dark form was seen slinking swiftly away into the impenetrable gloom of the black woods. The guard had disappeared; his rifle, unfired, lay upon the ground.

Running at top speed, the men rapidly gave chase, and rifle reports and shouts broke the midnight stillness. Lanterns had meanwhile been obtained, and the pursuit continued. A light trail of blood permitted the avengers to follow the raider deeper and deeper into the thick forest. There was no let-up, although the animal had soon been lost to view, and as the first signs of dawn appeared in the eastern sky the searchers were still on the trail. This time the men had followed for a much greater distance than before, but again all trace of the beast was suddenly lost; the silent woods swallowed up the trail, and, heart-sick, the men trudged homeward.

Five men, one of them Jack Fisher's brother, Bob, were placed on watch the following night. Each man had a beat, and they walked back and forth regularly, conversing in low tones whenever they met each other at the end of their beats. Time passed slowly, and the tired men grew sleepy. Bob Fisher paused in his walk, and, placing his rifle, butt down, upon the ground, rested upon it. For just a moment, it seemed, his eyes closed. With a start he opened his eyes, and terror almost overcame him as he beheld directly in front of him two glowing spots that were the eyes of some animal. He raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The luminous spots disappeared. The other guards rushed to where he was, and soon the alarmed villagers, aroused
from their sleep, hurried out of their homes. A search of the place where the animal seemed to have been revealed no sign of the terror's presence. Nothing further could be done; the guards resumed their beats, and the others went back to their beds.

Again that night Bob Fisher beheld those terrifying eyes, but before he could raise his rifle to his shoulder they had disappeared. For several nights following one or another of the anxious sentries beheld those phantom-like eyes, first in one spot and then in another, but, though the men fired at the terror repeatedly, it escaped each time.

In cowed silence the villagers awaited the next onslaught of the dread raider. They had not long to wait, for one day, toward dusk, three children, who had ventured into the woods for a short distance, ran panting and terrified into the village, and told their tale of horror to the white-faced men and women who gathered about them. There were four children who had gone into the forest searching for autumn wild-flowers. While they were picking flowers a great, dark form had hurtled through the air into their midst, had struck one of them—a girl of twelve—and had grabbed the unconscious child between its jaws, and slunk rapidly away through the woods. Trembling with fear, they had run back as quickly as they could, and had brought the village their tragic news.

Accounts of the latest outrage spread rapidly. The mother of the girl whom the beast had carried off wept hysterically, and demanded that the men should seek out and kill the beast at once, saying that unless they did she herself would go out, single-handed, and would not return until she had avenged the death of her daughter, or perished in the attempt. Tragic gloom brooded over Fisher's Clearing. Grim determination marked the faces of the men, and preparations for a stern pursuit began. With dogs in leash, with lanterns and rifles, a chosen band of the men went with the children who had seen the beast to the spot where their companion had been seized and carried off. The children were then taken back to the village, and the men began their difficult task. The dogs easily took up the trail, and night gradually settled down as the pursuit continued.
For many a mile the men proceeded. They were weary and disheartened, but the trail was warm, and they followed on. The track of the beast led them far from the settlement, and they began to wonder where it would end. Suddenly they came face to face with the entrance to a low cave. This opening was broad enough for three men to enter abreast, while it was not quite so high as are the shoulders of an average man from the ground. Into this opening the trail led, and, as the men stood deliberating, the dogs strained at their leashes.

Finally it was decided to loose several of the dogs, and to let three of the best shots in the bunch enter the cave. The dogs, when freed, bounded into the cave, and the picked men followed them cautiously, crawling along on their hands and knees. When they had gotten in a little way they beheld, in the far end of the cave, the luminous eyes of the beast. Before they could take aim with their rifles, however, the dogs had closed in upon the terror, and, for fear of killing them, they refrained from firing. Low ominous growls came from the darkness where the animal stood at bay, and soon the yelps of the dogs were mingled with the growls. The faithful hounds attacked their unknown foe, but they were no match for him, and it was not long before the best of the pack lay painfully dying about the brute.

Then the three men who had entered the cave began firing. The explosions were terrific and deafening in the narrow space, and the beast seemed dazed. But its growls grew louder, and, suddenly, it dashed for the men. As it came upon them they fired point-blank at it, but on it came. When it reached them it clawed and bit savagely for a moment or so, and then bounded out of the cave into the open.

Evidently some of the shots had taken effect, for a copious sprinkling of blood marked the path of the terror. Rapid pursuit followed, for it was now early dawn, and the blood trail could easily be seen. The men hurried on, and, as the trail of blood continued, they knew that the animal must be severely wounded. It was not long before they caught sight of the beast, struggling on, and as they came within good rifle range the animal turned as if to charge. A volley of rifle-shots greeted it; it leaped forward, but the second volley dropped it, and the men approached carefully.
Meanwhile some of the men went back to see how the three who had entered the cave and driven out the beast fared. They found two of them deeply clawed, but suffering no other hurt, while the third had most of the flesh torn from his right cheek, and his right arm hung limply from his badly-fractured shoulder. With considerable difficulty these men made their way to the other group. There, stretched out upon the ground, lay the huge form of a monstrous Royal Bengal tiger. The dread raider had at last come to the end of his bloody marauding, his career had ended as was befitting, but the mystery of his appearance in that part of the country has remained a mystery, and it is still a subject for conjecture around the hearthstones of Fisher's Clearing.
THE VASSAR CELEBRATION.

Dean May L. Keller.

THE celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Vassar College was attended by hundreds of interested alumnae and guests from all parts of this country. The official program opened on Sunday morning, October 10th, with a sermon in the chapel by William H. Faunce, President of Brown University, and at 8 o'clock there was an organ recital by Tertius Noble, formerly organist of York Minster, England.

Saturday was given up to class reunions, and by Saturday night nearly two thousand alumnae had registered in the big official register kept in the gymnasium, which was the Alumnae Lounge, on the lower floor of which was run for five days a large and prosperous cafeteria for the alumnae. Monday also was Alumnae Day, the morning being given over to commemoration exercises in the chapel, presided over by the President of the Vassar Alumnae Association, while the speakers were all Vassar women of distinction, except President Taylor—Mary Jordan, '76; Julia Lathrop, '80, Chief of the Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor; Ellen Semple, '82; and the beloved President Emeritus of Vassar, James Monroe Taylor, to whom, on retiring last year, after twenty-five years of continuous service, the alumnae presented a purse of $25,000.00. This was followed by an informal luncheon on the lawn, attended by about twenty-four hundred alumnae. The costume procession was most interesting, for every class was represented, from the very first one in '69. Every class banner was in the line, from '69 to 1915, the standard bearer in every instance being arrayed in the costume of her period. The costumes of the late sixties and early seventies were most effective, and one old lady in crinoline, hoops, and curls received an ovation from the crowd. These pioneers of the early days were later entertained in the evening by a play called "Vassar College Milestones," which dealt with various episodes in the history of Vassar College.
On Tuesday the official guests began to arrive, for the entertain­ment of whom three entire dormitories had been cleared, the main headquarters and register being in Josslyn Hall, the newest and best dormitory. This necessitated accommodating in Main Hall, the oldest of all the buildings, over five hundred of the student body. Yet not a complaint was heard, and the Vassar undergraduates ran errands, acted as guides, and made themselves generally useful to all alumnae and guests on the campus. One little Freshman, on being asked where the Dean lived, raised up a pitifully small voice, and replied, "I don't know—I am only a Freshman, but I will find out after Christmas; please excuse me for not knowing."

On Tuesday afternoon occurred one of the most interesting features of the celebration. In the Athletic Circle, at the edge of the campus, bordered with trees half a century old, assembled several hundred students of Vassar College, who gave what might be termed an historical physical training exhibition. The first Vassar catalogue, of 1865, gives the following extract: "It is settled, therefore, as a maxim in the administration of the college, that the health of its students is not to be sacrificed to any other object whatever; and that, to the utmost possible extent, those whom it educates shall become physically well-developed, vigorous, and graceful women, with enlightened views and wholesome habits in regard to taking proper care of their own health and others under their charge." First on the program came the girls of '65, clad in mouse-colored gray flannel gowns, with tight waists, long full skirts, and scarlet sashes. They performed lady-like exercises such as wand drills, dumbbell exercise, and a game of croquet. This was entitled 1865 to 1876. Then followed the girls of 1892 to 1915 in a most hetero­genous collection of costumes, who did class fencing, vaulting horse, and parallel bars. Then came the games, the track and field sports of to-day, the exhibition closing with some æsthetic dancing, essentially modern. A series of teas followed in the different residence halls, in each one of which the Faculty of different departments were receiving, so that the visitor was enabled by this means to make a complete tour of the buildings, meet most of the one hundred and twenty-five Faculty members,
and also enjoy an afternoon cup of tea. A concert by the Russian Symphony Orchestra closed a most delightful day.

During this entire time a Student Conference had been taking place, each Eastern college having sent at least two representatives, both men and women, who were also entertained by the College. Such important questions were discussed as Dramatics, Pageantry, College Publications, Political Clubs, Student Self-Government, and a leading speech on "The Ideal Function of Non-Academic Activities." This interchange of ideas seemed to be profitable from many standpoints, and much good is expected to result therefrom.

Wednesday was a glorious autumn day, typical of October in New England. At 9:15 o'clock the academic procession formed in Taylor Hall, from which it proceeded to the chapel, led by the President, Trustees, and the representatives of foreign universities. Then came, in the order of founding, the universities and colleges of America, Richmond College being No. 55. The inaugural procession was most imposing in the color scheme of gowns and hoods, and also as to length and the important position held by the majority of those in line in the educational world. The chief address was made by John Huston Failey, Commissioner of Education, on "The Mystery of the Mind’s Desire"; George Lyman Kittredge, of Harvard, followed, with a witty address on "The Scholar and the Pedant," and the salutations of the universities and colleges were brought to the newly-inaugurated President, Henry Noble McCracken, by President Wooley, of Holyoke, for the women’s colleges of the country; by Dean Gildersleeve, of Barnard, for the affiliated colleges, and by President Hadley, of Yale, for the men’s colleges.

In the afternoon the "Pageant of Athena" was given for delegates and invited guests in the new out-of-door theater, recently presented by the Board of Trustees. It was a pageant dealing with various phases in the development of women’s education and her progress in the world. The first scene was Greek, representing Sappho and her maidens playing and dancing in a sylvan glade; the second dealt with the appearance of Hortensia to plead the cause of women before the judgment seat of the Triumvirs in the Roman forum; the third took up the English
Abbess Hilda, of Whitby, the monk Caedmon, and Oswy, King of Northumbria, who brought his daughter Elfleda to be under the care of the learned nun. The twelfth century was represented by a splendid court scene in the time of Henry II., before whom Marie de France appeared to sing the lay of the Honeysuckle; while the scene of the sixteenth century shifted to Italy and the gardens of the Gonzaga Villa at Mantua, where Isabella D’Este held a wonderful golden fête in honor of illustrious artists. Another figure from the sixteenth century was that of Lady Jane Grey and her tutor, Roger Ascham; the last scene being taken from the famous presentation to Elena Lucrezia Cornaro of the Doctor’s hood at the University of Padua. Elena was garbed in the Vassar pink and gray, so an ovation was given her not only by her fellow students on the stage, but by the visitors as well. At the conclusion of the pageant all the Vassar girls, over a thousand strong, marched across the stage, ten and ten, dressed as in the pageant or in white, with variously-colored sweaters—the first time the student body had been seen together, as a whole, during the entire celebration.

The great day closed with a splendid banquet served for five hundred guests in the Students’ Building, and six or seven smaller banquets in each of the residence halls on the campus.

Looking back over the days spent in celebrating Vassar’s achievements of fifty years, the words of Athena to her priestesses come to mind concerning this web the weaving of which was so well begun in ’65:

Bright in the skein of time gleam many strands,
Endlessly varied. I have chosen those
Of flame, of fire, of rich, luxuriant gold,
And those whose beauty lies in their clear strength.
My will it is to weave them, strand on strand,
Tracing the course of learning through the years
In one close-wrought design. All those who come
Shall pause before this fabric, ages old,
Shaped by past lives in symmetry and truth,
And glorying in design so well begun,
Themselves shall add thereto. And this my web
Shall weaving be forever, never done.
THE MOUNTAINS.

Jesse W. Grimes, ’18.

Majestic are thy peaks, O, mounts,  
O, rock-ribbed hills of yore;  
From out thy caves, like pouring founts,  
God’s thunder long doth roar.

His livid lightnings cleave thy face,  
And yet ye stand withal—Proud monarchs of an ancient race,  
Which no harm can befall.

Then lift your heads, ye sovereign kings—Ye monuments of time!  
’Till heaven’s vast dominion rings  
With praises loud, divine;

’Till every cloud in glory dight,  
Bedecks thy snowy brow,  
And spreads her dew-spun mantle bright  
About your shoulders now.

Oh! clap your hands, ye noble mounts,  
Reflect the sound below;  
From out thy many crystal founts  
Rejoicing streams do flow.

Upon thy slopes, full green and fair,  
The far-off cattle graze;  
While high above, in azure air,  
The winding rivulet plays.

Ah! could I climb up toward the sun,  
To bathe within its mist;  
And lift my comrades, one by one,  
To higher realms than this,

I’d soar in never-ending bliss,  
Around the throne of God;  
And greet Him with an holy kiss,  
A soul transformed, unmarred.
EDITORIALS.

We don't like the cynical sound of our title in this editorial, but we could not think of anything which came nearer to fitting the spirit of the time. Indeed, it is doubtless true that there is "A time for everything."

TIME TO BE THANKFUL.

Before many more weeks have rolled around in each other's tracks the season of thanksgiving for 1915 will have passed.
We admire the custom of setting apart a day of thanksgiving, to emphasize to forgetful man that he has much to be thankful for; but we have often wondered if it shows real gratitude to be thankful before or to be thankful after the gift has been shown. Why wait so patiently until the summer's work has borne its fruitage? Is this gratitude, or hire and salary? Again, it has often been a matter of conjecture how many really are thankful; how many go about their thanksgiving services in a perfunctory manner; how many take it as an occasion to catch up back work; how many forget it altogether, and how many spend it in riotous fashion, or by going on a spree. Alas, that it must be necessary to try to instil into man a sense of gratitude by a legal holiday in November, or a sense of religious and friendly emotions by a legal holiday in December, or a sense of patriotism by one in July!

We admire the spirit of all of these days, which commemorate or remind us of noble and high things; but we wish that all the year was a continual Thanksgiving, Christmas, Fourth of July, and whatever else is best. Let us try to remember that what we are called on to celebrate in a few days is Thanksgiving, not Thanksgiving—"it denotes continued action."

"Faults I have, fifteen hundred,  
Some of them great, some small;  
Why?  
Thousands of times I've blundered,  
Answering some strange call;  
Many the time I've wondered  
What was behind it all—  
But once on a time a little child,  
Crept up into my arms and smiled!"

Did you ever wonder "what was behind it all"? Did you ever have the professor in science class tell you that you were not learning physics, or chemistry, or what-not, for its own sake, but for the sake of the mental training? Probably the Latin professors you have known have told you that you were studying Latin to learn English, and the French professors have assured you that French would be of great help in learning Latin! And when you have finished a course in psychology, or philosophy, or education, or some such study, do you
not throw your notes to the wind, shout hallelujah, and straight-way go and forget it? How much trig. will you need to figure the condition of your finances, or will you study the geometric shape of the polka-dots on your girl's dress? Frankly now, friend, "what is behind it all"—for you? Didn't Poe, all unconsciously perhaps, state the purpose of education when he declared the office of the short story was to produce totality of effect? Are not those once-trodden paths within the wilderness of your brain paths still? Can the underbrush of forgetfulness obliterate, however much it may obscure? Somewhere, somehow, the effect of the education is felt as a constant pressure on the mainspring of life.

Some one has said that one test of education is whether your educated man sees anything but mud when he looks into a mud puddle. If he be keen he will see himself—and, what is more, he will see the blue sky and the dark mountains. Does education enable you to look into the muddy channels of life that surge about you, and see something but mud? None can read and appreciate the verse at the top of this article unless he have the lingering spark of culture, whatever that vague creature may be. Life is a problem in algebra, and culture is the unknown quantity. How much is $X$ worth to you? What is its value—the square root of 0 or the square of infinity?

On the 27th of August last there met in New York City representatives from thirty-nine colleges and universities, for the purpose of forming the Associated College Newspaper Publishers. This organization unanimously voted to bar all liquor advertisements from their columns. They have a student and professor constituency of over one hundred thousand readers, throughout every State and part of the country. Some of the more prominent of these papers are The Daily Californian, Columbian Daily Spectator, Harvard Crimson, Daily Illini, Indiana Daily Student, Daily Kansan, Michigan Daily, University Missourian, Ohio State Lantern, The Pennsylvanian, Daily Princetonian, Leland Stanford Daily, Syracuse Daily Orange, University of Toronto 'Varsity, Yale Daily News, and the Wisconsin Daily Cardinal.
This is no revolutionary step, for already some seventy magazines and some five hundred and fifty newspapers (more than one-fourth of the total published) are refusing to receive any revenue from the saloon business. Most of these collegiate publications had previously decided upon this stand, and this is now a public and open avowal to the nation of their intention.

No, no, this is not a political editorial! We don't care how politics go, so policies go right. And we are writing now about our smaller world here at Richmond College. We welcome improvements, and, ever since we have known this institution, we have been kept busy welcoming strangers. They are not strangers very long, though. Among the other directions in which we are progressing is the trend toward independence of thought and action by the students. We don't mean that all our predecessors were slaves—there are degrees of freedom, and we should be lax indeed if we did not grow more and more unto the perfect day. Nor do we suppose that all innovations, because they seem good when they come, would, therefore, have been good had they come earlier. Our curriculum is growing, our Faculty is growing, our religious life has taken on the vesper services since we have come to our new home, our Y. M. C. A. is growing, our athletics are growing, and, in short, we challenge the pessimist to find the direction in which we are not growing.

The beginning of the Student Council, this year, while not new in many colleges, marks the beginning of a new era for Richmond College, we believe. Every change marks a new era, but so many changes blend together that the change is scarcely perceptible sometimes. This change, however, is felt, even among the large and unwieldy mass of the student body. When the shifting population of students comes to feel that during their sojourn here they are made partners de facto in the property and progress of the College, it is reasonable that they should take a greater pride in all that appertains to the College. Moreover, the College will be fulfilling more perfectly its task of fitting men and women to live if it gives them a taste of this part of life, as well as of other parts, while they are here.
Some who have wasted their lives have looked back, and longed to retrace the pathway in the light of their past experience. That has never been granted, but the ideal education should so isolate the student that he will be, to all intents and purposes, living a separate life here. Thus, when he leaves, it should be with the matured experience of a past life. While this purpose cannot be carried out in every respect, yet the years of college training should bear the same relation to life as a laboratory experiment does to the facts of nature which it is meant to illustrate.

With charity toward all, and with malice toward none, we write the following article. Sometimes we tremble to let it go to press, for fear of consequences, but we are going to take a chance on it. If any trouble comes, then the person referred to will come to light, and his character be revealed. For the sake of convenience, we will call him X.

The other day we were passing across the campus, when we met X. He was fitted out in his best, and was escorting a young lady. We supposed ourselves to be looking as good as it is possible for unfortunates of our class to look; but when we met X he never turned our way. He "passed by on the other side" with an air that said, in brazen tones, "I don't know you, and don't want any new acquaintances!"

Now we have seen somewhat of the seamy side of life, and are prepared to take slights at every turn, but this incident set us to watching X. Perhaps there was something of malice in it, but we were actually watching him for other signs of the same malady. We were not disappointed.

Only a short time had passed until one day in English a real rich joke was "pulled off." Never mind what the joke was; it appeared in The Collegian in the regular course, I suppose. Every one laughed, even the dignified Professor—that is, every one except X. He looked awfully bored, and we could not help but smile.

A day or so later X came late to the refectory, and, as we sat near his table, we had a chance to see what happened. It was at dinner, and one of the day students had slid into X's
seat. X told him about it, and there came near being a regular scene. Finally, one of the waiters showed X another seat, and with muttered oaths and imprecations he went on with his dinner.

We felt, when we had decided to study X more carefully, that we ought to tell something good about him, so we determined that the very next thing we saw in connection with X we would tell when we wrote his biography. The next time we saw him was in the laboratory. He was working over his bench, and another man, working near him, being in need of some simple piece of mechanism (we didn't see what), stepped over and asked X to loan it. Now X might have done it without inconveniencing himself, of that we are sure. But did he? No! he did not! He turned on his visitor with a look of awful repugnance, as if he would say, "Dissolve, small atom; where did you precipitate from?"

We began to feel that our man was a hopeless incorrigible, but we persisted in watching for some sign of merit. And soon we found it—not! He stood talking to a fellow dormitory mate one day shortly afterward, when one of the goody-goodier fellows passed by. X turned to his companion, and with coolness and composure—such as a wolf would have in tearing and devouring its young—began to whip out oath after oath. He spared no pains nor trouble to make his language such as to properly impress the chance passer with his dignity and bearing!

We finished our business there, and went away thoroughly disgusted with X, and secretly hoping that we would never encounter him again. But we were doomed to disappointment here also. A couple of days later we went to see the College team play a neighbor team, and we anticipated a joyful and exciting afternoon. Imagine our feeling, then, when, in the midst of one of the most exciting minutes in the game, when everybody was slapping everybody in ecstasy, and shouting and throwing caps into the air—we say, imagine our feeling of disgust when one fellow near us turned to one who had hilariously cuffed him over the head with a soft felt hat, and, uttering a coarse and vulgar oath, invited the excited and cheering Spider to "put his hat on his own head!"—as Shakespeare would say, "Put his bonnet to its intended use."

We confess the game was spoiled, in part, for us, when we saw
a man calling himself a Spider who had so little "pep" as that.

Lest any should suspect his room-mate, or any of his other enemies, of being the man mentioned, we promise faithfully to X that we will not divulge his identity. Indeed, we even go so far as to hope that he may yet show signs of improving. And we declare beforehand that we will not tell any one more about this man than we have told here! We will say this, however—we are informed, from credible authority, that his brother, two years his senior, is in one of our sister colleges (we refrain from giving further particulars).
ALUMNI NOTES.

G. T. Terrell, '16.

The Alumni Department of any college magazine should be one of the most interesting departments. It is through this department that we find out what our fellow class-mates and fellow college-mates are doing in the greater university of life, after the four years of training within our College.

We desire to make this a more interesting and important factor in our magazine, and to this end we hope that our alumni will co-operate with us. We desire that each one of our graduates would write to us, and let us know what he is doing, so that we can be a medium of information between him and his class and college-mates.—The Editor.

We see from the social columns of our daily papers that a number of our graduates have given up the tranquility and "blessedness" of single life, and, under the inspiration of Cupid, have found their life's companions—R. A. Brock, C. E. O'Neil, John Moncure, John J. Wicker, and Prof. R. E. Durrett. The editor extends his congratulations to each one, and trusts that in the battle of the future they may be a mutual help, and that their troubles may be "little ones."

J. Elwood Welsh, of the class of 1912, is pastor of the Waverly and Wakefield Churches. Since leaving College "Froggie" has taken his B. D. from Crozer and his M. A. from the University of Pennsylvania. If reports be true, he will soon have a co-laborer in his work. We wish him much success in his new and encouraging field of service. "Froggie" is our "Yankee," and we are glad to get him back to Virginia.

Moses L. Breitstein, B. A., 1915, is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins. For the past two years Richmond College has sent two of its graduates each year to this institution—Garland Harwood and Claudius Willis, of the class of 1914, and Dudley Bowe and Breitstein, of the Class of 1915. We feel assured that
this quartette will uphold the honor and scholarship of the "Red and Blue" in this great University.

J. Vaughan Gary, B. A., '12, LL. B., '15, is associated in law practice with George E. Wise, of Richmond. We find that Vaughan's influence and work had a great deal to do with the election of Mr. Wise as Commonwealth's Attorney. Vaughan's reputation in College as a machine fighter is helping him in the greater campaigns in the political arena of the capital's politics.

"Hun" Wiley, the beloved captain of the Spider's base-ball nine of last year, is pursuing his theological studies at the Southern Theological Seminary at Louisville.

Russell Wingfield, '14, has returned to Chatham, where he holds the chair of Romance Languages.

Harry Duval, '14, is Assistant Principal of the High School at Clifton Forge.

"Jack" Kennedy is taking law at the University of Virginia.

J. E. Dunford, law class of 1915, is practicing law in Richmond.

"Hiter" Robinson is at Georgia Tech. this year.
Following our plan for the review this month, we have chosen an outstanding short-story in *The University of Virginia Magazine* as our point of attack. The lot has fallen upon "The Last Confederate." This story portrays accurately the heroism and self-sacrifice of a Southern mother for the Confederate cause.

In answering the call of her country, she gave her whole family; and then, when the worst came, she wandered in mind, and died. In short, she had done what every loyal Southern soul did—she had given in spirit more than the body could well endure. The story is told by an old negro slave who was witness to the incidents. It is accordingly written in the negro dialect—a fact which gives local color to the scene. However, no one can read Jube's words without feeling that the writer is inconsistent in his dialectical phrasing. On the fourth page the old man is made to say "Vir­ginny." This is as it should be. But on the next page he is allowed to say "Virginia" with as much ease as he could have said "dis" or "dat." Moreover, the reader is not prepared to hear the old negro say "regiment" as distinctly as if he and that word had been rocked in the same cradle. These inaccuracies, though, will be readily forgiven by all who have even tried to write in the negro dialect. But hardly can any one excuse the writer for putting into the mouth of this war-time negro this smart play on words: "Yas'm, les' beef de Jersey cow. * * * She got a Yankee name!" Here evidently the author struts into view with a piece of his own witticism. Now we may say, finally, that Jube's talk, as interesting as some of it is, is drawn out until it becomes wearisome to the reader. But, in spite of
these faults, the story remains an interesting piece of work. The mingling of the song of the bird with the words of the old slave, in presenting so precise a picture of the heroism of the Southern woman in our late war, rings true to the case.

Summed up briefly, "Emily," in The Wake Forest Student, is this: A light-hearted, "don't care" girl, by a serious accident to her lover, is transformed into a woman who does care. This story, possessing excellent qualities, has also its weaknesses. First, there seems to be lurking somewhere in the writer's mind the feeling that a short-story is a condensed novel. This feeling comes into view when Leon is introduced to complicate the situation. There is, be it said, enough material in the predominating situation for one short story; anything more is superfluous. Again, Ralph's monologue, at the beginning of the story, is too coldly calculating for a youth who loves. His words lack warmth; they are mechanical. But the writer improved rapidly, and when he reached the conclusion he was able to give us a few words that do possess soul. Indeed, at last, the writer's feeling is strong enough to steal into the reader's heart, and to make him care too.

When we come to The Canisius Monthly we have no choice to make among its stories. Therefore, we must review "The Little Dreamer." Here we find an ethical short-story, involving a character crisis in a child's life. The manner in which the details are told creates the proper atmosphere for the passing of the big soul of the "Little Dreamer" from earth. While one regrets the loss of such a big-souled person as Mikey, still one feels that, after all, the boy did not belong to earth. Now, what we like about this story is the fact that it lingers in the mind—it makes us think. Is it so much Mikey we care about, or is it rather that in him we see a great class set forth? The final impression left upon the mind is that perhaps there are in the world many misunderstood Mikeys, whose "souls are too big for their bodies."
EDITORIAL.

The proposed organization of some several clubs which have not hitherto been known at Westhampton College acquires at once a three-fold aspect. First and foremost, the material and practical help and benefit which they will afford the students and student life; second, the very "material" aid as most excellent feeders for The Messenger, and third, the enlargement and betterment of club representation in "The Spider."

In The Messenger, May, 1915, the thought of the formation of some such clubs as the above mentioned was the theme
of an editorial. The thought has become much more definite, and a plan has begun to be formed by which the organization of these clubs may be effected. The definite clubs which it is hoped may soon be organized are: A Dramatic Club, Literary Club, Current Events Club, and a Debating Society.

A Music Club perfected its organization last spring, and it is, at present, having regular meetings. Girls who are really interested in music, and have a music heart, Music Club. appreciative of its strength as well as its beauty of its work, as well as its joy, should endeavor to make this club a factor of great help to both themselves and the College.

It is needless to dwell on how the study in a music club can and will help the members, but just a word in regard to the relation to the College. First, the Music Club should look to the acknowledgment and recognition of the value of a course in music in the College curriculum. For conscientious students of music, to whatever phase she may choose to give her attention, hours are, or should be, spent in its study and practice, and yet not one minute of credit is given; whereas the same amount of time spent in the school of history, English, mathematics, science, etc., gives so much credit towards the degree.

It is here not overlooked that some could easily hide behind the course in music to gain a few more credits. But, if a thought like this is in the minds of any, they must hasten to be re-assured that a course in music, given under the conditions that the work be credited towards a degree, will, and should be, a very different course from the one taken up by girls who are “going to take music lessons”—just to be taking music lessons.

First, then, it rests in the hands of the present Music Club to be influential in creating such a sentiment and in doing such a work that the outcome will be inevitable—i.e., a strong Music Department, at its head a man or woman of more or less pre-eminence in the musical world—not community; a strong corps of a few teachers; a thorough course in, e.g., harmony, theory, the history, the composers of music—this course would not necessarily include the practice of voice, piano, or any instrument of music; we study the classics and the writers of classics that
we may “appreciate,” not of necessity that we may write—finally, so many hours credit given for efficient work done in this department.

And, second, with the interest it would be to the College and to all music lovers in the community, the Music Club could do a great work in starting a movement which would result in the bringing of great musical artists to the Greater Richmond College auditorium once every year.

Isn’t a Club worth the while which, aside from the help it gives its members, can accomplish and aid in maintaining two such splendid results?

Dramatics are in the air, so to speak. Every one knows with what favor the work of the Richmond College Dramatic Club was received last year. Already this year have those who are interested gotten together, and decided upon a play to be given before Christmas, and, by the time this issue of The Messenger is from the press, “parts” will, no doubt, be assigned. That is great. This dramatics we are talking about, though, is co-ordinate dramatics. What we want is a Westhampton College Dramatic Club. We have talent sufficient, and should have independence enough, to organize, to study, and produce plays—at least one, and maybe two or more, during the year. This, while it means work, would be not only enjoyable, but profitable too. How much more ready would we be, then, at Commencement season, to “co-ordinate” with the Dramatic Club of Richmond College, and thus co-operate in presenting a splendid drama, for the delight of all spectators!

From such a Dramatic Club might not a great actress issue forth, to startle the world beyond the footlights by her charm and power?

Now we turn to the view of an organization which already has its beginnings in the present Literary Society. The Literary Club would mean more than the usual term “Literary Society” means. Its work would be more intensive—not undertaking so much, but doing more thoroughly and more intensively that which it does undertake. A course of study would be outlined,
following some such attractive and interesting theme as the modern drama.

It can readily be seen that the relation and co-operation of these three clubs could be at times most beneficial and enjoyable.

No one can do otherwise than acknowledge the tremendous importance of the work done by such a club as a Current Events Club. In whatever way a study of current events is taken up, it can never fail to be interesting and helpful. The study in such a club would co-operate wonderfully with the history courses, and it is hoped that its organization may soon be realized.

Such a society in Westhampton College has no precedent, nor no foundation whatever to build upon—except girls. There is certainly a place for a Debating Society among the activities of our College life. Whether or not it is necessary that it be a separate organization is doubtful. Debating could be worked in most successfully in any one of the other clubs, more especially the Literary and Current Events Clubs. Each club (as a suggestion) might have its own distinct debating circle, and thus work up debates among the several clubs. However, what we want is to see a Westhampton team against a Westhampton team, and in the future, when enough of friendly rivalry has been established between us and our sister colleges, would it not be an event to thrill us then to see a Westhampton College debating team bring home the cup?

In addition to these five clubs, thus briefly discussed, there are two other societies which would mean a great deal to the College, should they be organized and successfully worked out—a French and German Society. In many colleges societies such as these have been made a most interesting part of the organizations, and their work has furnished a most enjoyable and interesting feature of college life.
There are many possibilities in the working out of these two societies, and it is to be hoped that there will be a sufficient number of girls to make it "go."

The one great objection that nearly everybody will raise is that "there is not enough time for all this." In answer, it may be said: In the first place, others have done it—why couldn't we? Second, every girl is not expected to take part in everything, nor should she. And, third, the work of any one of these clubs and societies is not a thing foreign to the prescribed course of study in College. In every instance, should we stop to think, a remarkable co-operation can be adjusted between the work that our professors map out for us and the work that we undertake in the various clubs—a co-operation adjusted where already an undeniable relation exists.

If the objection cannot be answered satisfactorily to every one by any or all three of these replies, there is certainly one fact which all will admit. Anybody, and particularly young college women, can do anything they have a mind to. And if once we can get even a glimpse of the value that an appreciation of things that count will mean to us, in the enrichment of our better selves, and in the subsequent enlargement and broadening of our view-point, there can be no doubt but that students, young women in such a College as ours, will want to avail themselves of every means looking to these results.

The whole aim of the work outlined in the above is one of these means.

The author of the "Easiest Way," which appeared in the October issue, 1915, was not Elizabeth S. Fore, but Elizabeth S. Love. The editors wish thus to make this correction, that the proper name of the author may be known.
Looming large on the horizon of all alumnae at present is the Christmas sale which the alumnae will have during the second week in December, for the benefit of the Scholarship Fund. For quite a number of years this fund has been an absorbing subject to all alumnae and undergraduates of Westhampton. Realizing that a Christmas sale will meet the needs of so many of us, both in and out of College, whose days are full, and also meet the needs of the Fund, we are making an appeal to all loyal alumnae to give us various dainty articles which will be suitable for Christmas gifts. To undergraduates we make the appeal also. There will be a Christmas table at the College, and we ask that you give us your support. The committee in charge are Miss Smither, chairman; Miss Celeste Anderson, Miss Irene Stiff, and Miss Madge Clendon. Announcement will be made in the papers regarding the exact time and also the place in Richmond where a table will be stationed. We ask and feel confident of your united and loyal support.

Miss Gladys Johnson, '14, is teaching at Manassas, Va.

Miss Elizabeth Gray, '14, is teaching in the High School at Arcadia, Florida.

An interested spectator of the William and Mary game, on October 23d, was Mary Barnes, '13. Although she did not have the pleasure of going down on the "Spider Special," we were heartily glad to see her.

One of our number, Miss Frances Coffee, '10, (M. A., '11,) has had some very thrilling experiences lately. She was a passenger aboard the Greek ship which was burned at sea during early September. We were very glad to hear that Miss Coffee was uninjured.
The best features of the May issue of *The Focus* were the two essays, or, perhaps it were better to say, arguments—one, "Our Unjust Attitude Toward the Negro," and the other, "Back to the Country." The first, a strong debate against sentiment without reason, would probably not attract us Southerners to it by its title. In fact, one is inclined to feel rather insulted at being accused of being unjust, and especially towards a race of people whom we consider ourselves to know so well. The chief argument, and the one which the writer uses forcefully, is that we judge the entire people by those who occupy our servants' positions in our homes, and who are really the worst of the lot, the best being independent of the white people. "Back to the Country" is an excellent article, written well and convincingly. It points out, to a good advantage, the necessity of more of our younger generation remaining on the farms. Where were the short stories? One or two of the sketches were good, but they do not take the place of the short stories. Why not use simplified spelling entirely?

*The Hollins Magazine* for May–June was thoroughly commendable—in fact, it was the best magazine we had on our exchange table this month. It was well balanced, in the first place. Probably a little more poetry would have been better, but what was printed was good. It was not the jingling kind, nor was it merely "words! words! words!" "The Parasite," a story dealing with socialism vs. aristocracy, personified in two young people, was well handled. The attention, interest, and sympathy were sustained until the end was reached. The little play—shall we call it?—"The Lunatic," was light and amus-
ing. The parts were carried out well, except for a few stiff portions in conversation. Here is hoping that there is "more poetry than truth" in it! In the essay, entitled "Women in War," a good amount of work was shown. It was systematically arranged, and would impress the reader strongly. What is writing for, if not for that? The heroic bravery among the women whose hearts are breaking under the cruel strain of constant mental torture, and also the practical relief that the women of the present belligerent countries are rendering, are not to be overlooked in comparison with the activities of the men.

The Commencement number of *The Isaqueeena* was not up to its usual good standing. Probably it was the rush of the season, or the spring fever, or something else. One of the stories, "The Losing Case," dealt with a rather unique circumstance—that of a young man just starting out in his work as a lawyer, who finds himself face to face in his first case with the "young lady of his dreams," as the popular expression is, who is also a lawyer. She wins the case, but he wins too—only something different. The essays could be better. They are rather dry chronicles of encyclopedia matter. The valedictory of 1883 was interesting and helpful. It is sometimes well to look back on what our mothers did, and compare it with ours. Are we doing as well?