

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 42
Number 3 *The Messenger*, Vol. 42, No. 3

Article 1

12-1915

The Messenger, Vol. 42, No. 3

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Recommended Citation

(1915) "The Messenger, Vol. 42, No. 3," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 42 : No. 3 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol42/iss3/1>

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THE MESSENGER.

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

VOL. XLII.

DECEMBER, 1915.

No. 3

AN INSTINCT.

Temple Snelling, '19.

When purple mist is falling,
And dusky bats arise,
And katydids are calling
To gently darkening skies,
The gleaming firefly, waking,
Then sparkles through the mist,
And darts away in darkness
To shun a dimpled fist.
Youth wills to grasp such brightness,
So filled with unknown powers,
That he may pass with lightness
The dreary, darkening hours.

The burning sun arises,
The birds trill their delight;
With rapturous, new surprises,
Mankind resumes its fight;
While in the noisy tumult
Of labor, heat, and strife,
The task alone that's measured
Appears to count in life.
A man beset with sorrow
Is groping for a light
To guide throughout the morrow
His stumbling steps aright.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

Moses Gellman, '17.

TOBIAS PATRICK HAGAN, *alias* Pat or Toby Hagan, was born of poor, but dishonest parents. Thus, from the start, he labored under a handicap, which, incidentally, he never overcame. He, no doubt, inherited the instinct of a politician, for now, at the age of fourteen, he was the revered commander-in-chief of a ragged regiment which hailed from Kelly's alley, and which held in subjection the gangs in the vicinity. In spite of his success in war-like activities, he lacked the fundamentals of polite behavior. He was a street flower, thriving unattended, and without watering—his face and hands. Because of Toby's ignorance of the commandments, especially the eighth, the Italian fruit vender of his neighborhood suffered financially from the loss of his wares.

Times were hard. Even if the calamity howlers of the country blamed it on the Administration, times were hard anyhow. Wall-Street brokers complained, but still they could feed their motor cars gasoline. East Side complained, too, but who was to feed its masses?

Tobias P. Hagan awoke hungry. He had a faint recollection of having eaten something the morning before, and then all else was void. As he sat up in his bunk, rubbing his eyes, yawning, it dawned upon him that summary action must be taken, and, after a few minutes of hasty, but thoughtful meditation, he started out to extricate himself from his sea of culinary troubles.

At the corner was a fruit-stand. He stopped. The proprietor's back was turned, the apples were there, and in a second one apple had strayed from its fold into the ravenous hands of little Toby.

The next stop was Kelly's alley, headquarters. There he was greeted by his host of followers. Toby went one better than the great Napoleon; he knew all of his men by their first, last, and nick names.

"Hi, Tip! Hello, Hog-Eye, Blinkey! Howd'ye, Mike, Lefty, Skinny!"

"Hi, Toby!" they answered in reverential tones.

"Who's got a stump?"

Six hands quickly held out pieces of much-used cigarettes, gathered here and there from the gutters. Toby selected the longest one.

"Say, Blinkey, chase me a match, will you?" And straightway Blinkey Lewis ambled off to obey orders.

"Come here, Tip, old boy. I wanna talk wid you," said Toby, of one of the crowd, a skinny, freckled-face lad, whose lifeless, wan face and sunken eyes betrayed insufficient feeding and an excess of cigarette stumps. The two boys moved into a doorway, and there began formulating a scheme whereby a good meal could be realized.

"Now, listen here, Tip; you know I gits more'n you, 'cause I'm the 'riginator of dis here business. You just git a tin cup, and leave the rest to me. Don't fergit, now; be there at ten."

"All right, bo," answered Tip to his captain; "I'll be there."

Toby took leave of his gang, and went straightway to Central Park. There he heroically set out to copy the sign from Blind Joe's hat, as he sat innocently musing there in the shade.

* * * * *

Seated upon the lower steps of the Fourth-street post-office were two ragged little boys, one blind, holding a battered tin cup in his right hand, and hanging around his neck a sign like this:

PLĒSE HELP

THE BLIND. THANKS.

The other, the spokesman, petitioned every passer-by to "Please help me poor, blind brudder."

"Yessum, lady, ever since he was t'ree years old, mam," answered the un-blind one to a kind old lady, who had inquired how long his poor little brother had been blind.

"Thank you, sir. No, sir, he can't hear neither, and he's dumb too." This time an elderly man was the inquisitor. And so, during the hour that they sat there, the length of the blind one's affliction ranged from one to six and eight years. Verily, 'twas a pitiful sight to behold.

Their success was due either to the sorrowful countenances that they wore, or that the passers-by were unusually generous this morning. When collections reached the price of a good meal for two they arose and started away the one leading the other to his home.

"Gee whiz, boy; how much?" impatiently asked the junior partner.

"Don't rush me, Tip. Wait 'til I count it," answered Toby Hagan.

"Six bits! Seventy-five cents! Say, Tip, I git forty-five cents and you gits thirty. You know the bargain we made at first," said Toby.

"All right, bo; we won't argue."

The deal was all straightened out between the two partners, and Toby went away to appease his growing appetite.

As Toby was about to enter a cheap lunch-room on Essex street he heard a low, sniffing cry, about five feet from the door. He turned around, and saw standing, with face against the house, a ragged little urchin.

"What's matter, kid," asked Toby, as he came up to the thinly-clad figure of a small boy. "Aw, stop yer crying, and tell me yer trouble. I'm wid ye, ain't I?"

The boy seemed assured of Toby's confidence, and straight-way, amid sobbing and stammering, told a sad story.

"Me mud—mudder's sick, and I—I—lost the money I had to git the medicine wid. Me mudder's real sick, too." He ended in a bawl that was threatening to come out all during his speech.

"Well, don't cry about it. Ain't I wid ye?"

Toby felt the money in his pocket, and looked in through the lunch-room window, where the cook was performing some very startling aerial manœuvres while frying an egg.

"Say, kid, how much do ye need?" inquired Toby.

"Forty—forty-five cents," answered the boy, and started crying anew.

"Forty-five cents," repeated Toby.

He fumbled in his pocket, and thought: Assets, forty-five cents; liabilities, among many, a prodigious appetite. An appa-

rition of a plate of ham and eggs flitted through his mind, followed closely by a picture of a poor, sick mother. His battles for existence with the world had taught him generosity. Toby hesitated no longer, but drew forth the few coins which he had earned by the sweat of his deceptive brow, and handed them to the boy.

"Here, kid, take this and git your prescription filled, and mind ye don't lose it."

The "kid" hastily pocketed the money, and, with a fleeting thanks, disappeared around the corner, where he was met by another lad of the same size and kind.

"Mickey," the kid said, "come on wid me to the 'movies.'"

QUAINT FAMILIES I HAVE SEEN.

L., '17.

IN a little, out-of-the way village, with a store or two, dealing in all sorts of commodities; with a small, but enthusiastic school, and with two or three struggling churches, is the home of one of the most interesting families I have seen. I sometimes wonder if interest is a constant quantity, or if it varies with the intensity of the interest of the observer at the moment. At all events, I found this family interesting.

It was a beautiful afternoon in late autumn. Indeed, the leaves had fallen so long before that they no longer "rustled to the rabbit's tread," and the snow that had fallen and melted had turned the road and meadow into a half-frozen mud. Overhead, the sky was clear and fresh. The sun shone with unusual brightness, and now and then a flock of snow-birds flitted by.

As we approached the home of the family in question, I was struck with the neatness and artistic beauty of the outside of the home. Set by itself in a pleasant lot, with shade trees growing into respectable size, and hemmed in with flowers, bushes, and shrubbery, stood the cottage. It was newly built, and set at an angle which gave it the homiest appearance.

We were met at the door by our hostess, and welcomed, with quiet gravity, into the small, but well-furnished hall. There stood the tall mirror, with hat and coat rack combined. From the hall opened three doors and the stairway leading to the second story. We were ushered into the pleasant living-room. Great-paned windows let in floods of light as long as the light of day lasted. Then, as the shadows gathered and day faded, the light of the open fire became more marked, and shed its rays abroad. By the faint and wierd flickerings of this fire, we could make out the furnishings of the room. Everything was of the finest woods, and arranged in the finest taste. The color scheme was quiet and pleasing, being of mahogany, with touches of light here and there.

The hostess excused herself, and returned to the kitchen, to

see to the preparation of dinner. How pleasant everything seemed, and how home-like! Yet I marked, with a little tinge of regret, the fact that every chair was set at just such an angle; that the drugget lay in perfect repose, without a wrinkle; that the vase of chrysanthemums stood on the beautiful centre-piece as if placed there by the hand of an artist, and that even the andirons and poker beside the fire-place were placed as if to be seen, but not used. Yes, even the sticks in the fire were laid with order, as if some loving dryad had placed, with care, the remains of his hallowed home. The whole room looked like the shrine of some ancient deity that had not been used since its early inhabitant had passed from the realm of reality; or like I imagine the interior of the tomb of some ancient monarch might have looked centuries afterward, had it not been for ravage and decay. Instinctively I thought of Egypt and the Pyramids, and of that fairy cave to which the key-flower admitted the shepherd of the olden times. I dare not move the chair where I sat, lest the movement should disturb the equilibrium of the whole, and call forth a rebuke from the nymph which I felt sure was watching near. I have seen in catalogues pictures of furnished rooms with advertised suites of furniture, made in several colors, of which this room reminded me.

I was disturbed from this reverie by the voice of the hostess, who had come in and taken her seat near the fire. She chatted of many things—of the work of her husband, who had not yet come home; of the long drives he had to take in the pursuit of his business, and of the experiences he often met with on bad roads or in bitter weather. Then she drifted on to the events of town, and the latest parties, who gave them, what was done, and of the petty gossip which attended each. In short, the conversation, polished to perfection as it was, impressed me with the unconquerable feeling that she was talking because social custom and law demanded that she should entertain her guests in that way. As if talking were the only way one might be entertained! I could not keep my mind from wandering. I was not interested one bit in the gossip about the neighbors, none of whom I had ever seen or known. As an act of courtesy, I forced myself to listen and nod my head in approval, and, when the tendency

to yawn became irresistible, I drew out my handkerchief and pretended to be brushing off a mite of dust, which never could have lived in that spotless room. And I answered back—but without spirit. My talk must have seemed as empty to her as hers did to me. I must have made the impression of being exceedingly stale, while she impressed me as being equally as shallow.

The day was only saved by the presence of the other guest, who had more ability to talk after that fashion, and soon I lapsed into silence, and let them talk back and forth. I became the interested (?) third party.

Presently she excused herself once more, with the usual excuse about the maid being sick, or going to a funeral, or having her day off, or some such matter of importance. I breathed a sigh of relief, and for several moments neither of us spoke. When we did we made no mention of the surroundings. It was useless for either to mention that of which we were so oppressively conscious. So we spoke of other matters of mutual interest. At last my companion ventured the curious question as to whether there were any children in the home. Thus far we had seen none. Children! in that atmosphere! Do they keep squirrels behind the cut-glass counter? Are there minnows in the aquarium of the wealthy, or sparrows in the cages of costly parrots and tropical beauties? Or do we expect to find roses and lilies in Iceland? No, no, there were surely no children in that home. Then we lapsed into silence once more. It was more expressive.

Presently the sound of distant chimes was heard, like the fairy tinkle of myriads of elfin choirs. Over and over it sounded, growing nearer and louder, until it burst forth in a flood of charming music as the door was thrown open. The hostess stood in the doorway, beckoning with perfect grace for us to follow her to the dining-room. There we met her husband, who had just come in and had time to dress for dinner. And there, to our utter astonishment, were two children—one about ten and one about six, both girls. I caught myself wondering inwardly whose children should be visiting in this home. But I was being told that these were "*our* children," and there was what might have been, in some past generation, a touch of maternal pride in the tone of the mother. It was gone now, though—cultivated into something finer.

The table was pure mahogany, polished like a mirror. There was no tablecloth to hide its beauty, but, instead, scores of beautifully-embroidered mats and doilies protected, while they did not hide, the sparkle of its surface. From the handful of silver scattered carefully and accurately about my place, I sought for the most *proper*-looking weapon to attack each separate viand as it was served me. I felt sure that this bewildering display of splendor was for no other purpose than to give the displayer the opportunity of smiling inwardly at the confusion of the suffering guest. Truly it was a splendid supper—that is, it would have been had there been anything to eat. Instead, we nibbled this, and took a whiff of the odor of that; I do not know the names of anything we ate—even the bread was something else, and the potato was "*pomme de terre*," or some such name. I gave up then, and mentally classed all as grub to eat, incense for the gods, or bouquets for the admiration merely.

The meal was over, at last, and we retired once more to the shrine from whose sacred precincts we had emerged to partake of that fairy repast. The mistress of that domain, with many apologies, admitted the children to the living-room with us, while she disposed of the dinner dishes. Deep in my soul I was glad that she was not half as sorry to permit this desecration as she declared herself to be—had she been she would never have allowed it.

I have seen a cloud-burst come down on the trackless prairies with wind and gushes of water, and transform the dry and baked plain into a flood of surging water within an hour; I have seen the warm sun break in a snow-bank, and turn it into a stream of cold water in a short time; I have seen the bud burst forth into beauty, and the trees of the orchard turn from dark and naked limbs into magnificent showers of beauty and fragrance; but never have I seen a transformation more complete, more startling, and more refreshing than was wrought by those two mites of children while their mother performed her duties in the other part of the house.

The rug was turned up in ten seconds, and every chair was turned upside down or all the way around. Several flowers were pulled from the vase, and scattered with cruel and ruthless

hand about the floor. From the most unsuspecting places toys of every description were resurrected and thrown with utter abandon in every posture. Dolls stood on their heads, or lay crumpled in a heap. A little wagon, with one wheel gone, lay on one end, and a toy cannon pointed from behind this impoverished breastwork at the terrified form of a doll, whose arms were thrown above its head in a posture of surrender. Everything was chaos, confusion, and—life!

The mother came in, and, horrified at what she saw, began to excuse the children's lack of manners. She assured us that she had instructed them not to act so—but it seemed they had forgotten as soon as her back was turned. I thanked all the lucky stars in the firmament for the shortness of childhood's memory, and hoped that it would never grow longer in that respect.

The hostess started once more her ramble of society and talk, but was fortunately interrupted by a childish question, and an urgent appeal to "look." The host smoked contentedly; he was evidently used to it, and did not care. The poor mother became almost desperate at the antics of the next generation, and when one of them actually climbed into my companion's lap she almost fainted. But he assured her that he liked children, and, before she knew it, we had both taken leave of our decorum, and the two children and the two visitors amused themselves with stories on the one hand and questions on the other. At last the mother, in distraction, carried the children off to bed. When she was gone I yawned tremendously, and even ventured a mild stretch. Our host took the hint, and showed us to our room, and my friend and I have had many a quip and joke over how we vanquished our hostess that night.

REVERIES OF A POET.

J. W. G., '18.

The heart that knows the keenest pleasure
Is the heart that beats to measure,
Beating in a drum-like time,
To some poet's runic rhyme.

Married to immortal verse,
The hungry soul doth now rehearse
Pleasures that have caught the eye
Of some bard or poet high.

Singing in a mirthful strain
Of the heaven's sun-kissed rain,
Meadows pied with daisies bright,
And the morning's sombre light;

Singing of the azure blue,
And the sunset's golden hue,
Stealing o'er the ocean wide,
Now resting on the foam-tossed tide;

And of the sunshine through the rain,
Dappling summer fields of grain
With colors varied, red and brown,
That stream from out the rainbow's round.

Now chanting in a lightsome air,
Of Mother Nature, passing fair,
As the poet Caedmon sung
When the earth and sky were young;

Who sang of how the birds and bees
Founded homes in tufted trees,
And how the grey squirrel built its nest
On the rough oak's gnarled breast,

And the blue-bird's piping shrill
Winged his call o'er dale and hill,
'Till the vaults of heaven ring,
To the echo, Spring! 'tis spring!

Singing, too, of things above,
Of heaven's glory, God's great love,
Where the streets are paved with gold
And set with rubies manifold;

And how that crystal stream of pearl
Flows from heaven, round the world,
Cleansing souls from sin, with truth,
That must precede eternal youth.

Thus the bright angelic choir,
Accompanied by the harp and lyre,
Sing their ceaseless, endless song,
Praising Him, omnipotent, strong.

A COWARDLY CRIME.

E. E. Northen, '17.

ON the fourth day of June, in 1865, two young men might have been seen plodding along a certain dusty road in the Valley of Virginia. A close observer would have noticed that they were young, and yet there was that about them which unmistakably marked them as men of experience, and they bore themselves with a sort of courage better suited to mature manhood than to youth. Neither was more than twenty years of age, but on their tattered gray uniforms were the insignia of rank—one was a captain and the other a sergeant—and their conversation would have been sufficient to identify them as a part of that army which had fought long after hope had failed them, and yielded only when it was clear that hope would come no more. Though they spoke of the dreadful scenes through which they had recently passed, there was no gloom resting on them; although they had struggled and lost, they were too full of young life to be morose.

About them now are scenes familiar from their earliest days. Off to their left lies the rolling land of the Valley, with North Mountain in the distance, and to their right is that eternal haze which gives the name to the Blue Ridge.

They approached the village of Newmarket, and passed through its almost deserted streets, and then the younger spoke—for memories of that childhood which seemed so far away had caused a silence to fall on them as they entered the village.

“Well, Tom, there’s old Massanutton. The war hasn’t changed that, at any rate.”

“I’ve just been thinking, Henry, of that old trail we used to follow on the mountain when we were boys. How long ago it seems!”

“We won’t have much time now for tramping over the mountain. We’ve got to get down to work. You know your father lost his arm at Gettysburg, and mine contracted rheumatism at Point Lookout before he escaped. So we’ll have to take their places and build up the farms again.”

"I expect most of the people have changed. Our friends are all grown now, and there's no time for play."

"You mean those that are there; but most of the boys have been in the army, and many of them have been killed. I suppose we'll find most of the girls still there—your Mildred, at any rate."

"Henry, I never wanted to see anybody as bad in my life as I want to see Mildred. Dear little Millie, how I hated to leave her! I'm going to see her to-morrow, that's certain. It'll be too late to go to-night."

"Yes, it'll be night by the time we get home, and I'm longing like a boy to see my mother. I know she's had a hard time."

And so they passed on, planning their future, and living in advance the joyful reunion they knew awaited them beyond the mountain that was now so near. There was still a hard climb, and then the rough descent; but what was that to men who had marched, weary and footsore, through the campaigns of three years, and had come hundreds of miles from the southern State where their regiment had disbanded.

Full of the vigor of youth, they were also as full of fun as on the day they left college to shoulder muskets in defense of their State, and so, with steps growing lighter as they neared the only places they had ever called home, the turnpike was being rapidly traversed, when one of them, looking up, said: "What's that coming up the road? Looks like a Yankee cavalryman."

"That's just what it is, and an officer at that. I heard somebody in Newmarket talking about a regiment of Ohio volunteers near here somewhere. Let's have some fun with him."

"All right, you go ahead, and I'll back you up."

And so, in a spirit of fun, they planted the seeds of a tragedy as black as any that ever disgraced a nation—seeds that would bear their baleful fruit before another day should pass.

The young men were unarmed, while the officer had both his sword and pistol. But what was that to men who had marched up to bayonets wielded by brave foes, and had heard the shriek of shrapnel about their ears until it was a familiar sound. They knew nothing as to the sort of man they were meeting, but a thought of fear never entered their minds, and so, when they met the approaching horseman, by a quick, skillful movement

they disarmed him, and, tossing his arms to one side of the road, ordered him to dismount, which he did. They made him go through a sort of drill, salute them, kneel, dance, and do a number of other things, treating him just as they had treated many a freshman in college, and the coward, frightened almost out of his wits, obeyed them in every detail. Finally, they ordered him to mount and ride toward Newmarket. When he had gone some distance, they resumed their journey, crossed the Massanutton, and, just as night came on, reached their homes, which were on adjoining farms.

Neither father was at home. They had gone, together, to Luray, and were not expected home before midnight. But the mothers were at home, and, after the first outburst of welcome had passed, they settled down to ask and answer questions, and the hours flew like minutes.

About 11 o'clock, as one of the young men sat near his mother, while his sister, just budding into womanhood, was leaning on the arm of his chair, he was telling of his struggle for the cause that was so dear to them all. How the hearts of mother and sister swelled with gratitude to the God of battles because He had spared their loved one! Suddenly the noble watch-dog sprang from the porch with a savage growl and then a fierce bark, and rushed toward the road. The young soldier went to the door, followed by his mother and sister. They heard the tramp of horses approaching the house, and, in a moment, a squad of cavalry dashed up, dismounted, and seized the young man. When he was securely bound, they answered the questions asked of them by saying that they had been ordered to bring at once before Colonel ——— the men who had insulted and maltreated an officer that afternoon. The officer had returned to camp and reported the hold-up, and the colonel had ordered the arrest of the two young rebels. The detail had had some difficulty in finding the houses, and so were late in arriving.

The young man asked the sergeant in command to remain over night, saying that he would gladly accompany them the next morning. The sergeant replied that his orders were to return immediately when he had secured the men. He was then begged to remain until the father could reach home, but replied

that it was impossible, and so the young soldier was torn from the side of his weeping mother and sister, and, his companion of the afternoon being arrested in like manner, they started back across the mountain, with the assurance that the two fathers would follow as soon as possible.

Of course, nothing serious was apprehended by them. The worst that could happen would be a fine, and the only problem confronting them was where to secure the money to pay that fine.

Wearry and footsore, they reached the camp just before sunrise on that beautiful June morning. The commanding officer was already awake, and ordered the prisoners brought before him. They were identified by the cowardly victim of their boyish pranks. When they attempted to explain the matter they were rudely silenced, and ordered to be taken out and shot at once.

Finding that defense was useless, the young men requested that their execution might be postponed until the arrival of their fathers. This was curtly denied them. They then asked that a chaplain, or other minister, be sent for, that they might have aid in making what preparation they could for death. This, too, was refused. Then they begged for a few minutes in which to write to their friends, and, grudgingly, this was granted. One wrote a short letter to his mother, and the other to his sweetheart, and then they were marched out on the hillside, and, refusing to be blindfolded or to turn their backs, were shot down in cold blood, and their bodies left as they fell.

About 11 o'clock that day the two fathers arrived, and found the bodies exposed to the sun, as they had fallen, and covered with flies.

* * * * *

About one mile north of Newmarket, in a field adjoining the Valley turnpike, stands a marble shaft, marking the spot where those young men were murdered. The shaft contains their names, and the name of the fiend who ordered their death, and the facts of the story are told by the old inhabitants of that section substantially as related here.

WHY OUR LANGUAGE IS A MIXTURE OF SAXON AND NORMAN.

Mercer O. Clark, '18.

ON the 27th of September, 1066, at the mouth of the Somme, four hundred sailing vessels, more than a thousand transports, and sixty thousand men were on the point of embarking. The sun was shining brightly, after a long rain, and everywhere trumpets and shouts of men could be heard. The shore was crowded with men, while the water, as far as the eye could see, was covered with white sails and masts. This enormous fleet set out on its journey, blown by a southern wind. The people who manned this fleet were said to have come from Norway; they were kinsmen of the Saxons, with whom they were to fight. There were others among them who were not Normans; many were adventure seekers from all parts of Europe. It has been said that this expedition, though said to be Norman, was as much French as Norman.

In the battle of Hastings, October 14, 1066, William the Conqueror, at the head of the adventurous Normans, met Harold, leading his clumsy, ill-trained Saxons. The battle, as we all know, went in favor of the Normans, Harold and many of the greatest of the Saxon leaders being slain. The Normans, as they had done in other countries, set about, at all costs, reforming and civilizing their captives.

The Saxons were sore in need of reform. "The Saxons," says an old writer, "vied with each other in their drinking feasts, and wasted their income day and night in feasting, whilst they lived in wretched hovels; the French and Normans, on the other hand, living inexpensively in their large houses, were, besides, refined in their food and studiously careful in their dress." This was seen the night before Hastings. The Saxons ate and drank all night; they danced, and filled the air with shouts of laughter and noisy joy. In the morning they packed themselves behind their palisades, and, with battle-axe hung around their necks, they awaited the attack. The Normans weighed the chances

of heaven and hell, and tried to enlist God on their side. The Normans, made up mostly of bow-men and horse-men, were cool and collected, as they marched in well-formed lines upon the enemy. They were ordered by their leader to shoot high, and, by obeying this and his other orders, they were led safely to victory.

Let us notice how this Norman came to seek his fortune in England. He took the estate of some Saxon who had been slain in battle, and settled himself upon it, with his fellow conquerors. He gave his soldiers land, houses, and the right to levy taxes, on condition that they would fight for him in time of public danger. In this land of danger they had to provide means of defense against their enemies. They built large castles. At the time of the death of King Stephen there were 1,115 of these castles in England, fortified with loop-holes, surrounded by moats, and maintained by a large number of soldiers. Sixty thousand of these land owners placing their hands in those of William the Conqueror, promised fealty and assistance. Thus the Normans were placed under one ruler.

The Normans, thus joined together, persecuted, without mercy, the conquered. Many Saxon lords worked on their own estates as serfs of some Norman overlord. If a Norman was found dead the Englishmen had to suffer for his death; if an Englishman was found dead the Normans did nothing to avenge his death. In the chronicle of those times it is asserted: "They thought they might do whatever they pleased. They shed blood indiscriminately, snatched the morsel of bread from the mouth of the wretched, and seized upon all the money and goods of the land."

The Normans would not borrow any idea or custom from the boors; they despised them as coarse and stupid. They stood among them as the Spaniards among the Americans in the sixteenth century, superior in force and culture, more versed in letters, more expert in the arts of luxury. England had changed everything but its name; where once it was Anglo-Saxon, it had become French and Norman.

French literature was, therefore, established across the channel. The conquerors tried to make it purely French, purged from all Saxon alloy. The kings and noblemen sent their sons

to France to be educated, to keep them from coming in contact with the barbarians. Students in universities were forced to converse in French or Latin; poetry was written in French, as well as the *Legendary History of England*, by Wace. What became of English? One might only hear it from the outlaws, peasants, and lower classes. People who had time to write were generally French, and even the Englishman who wrote endeavored to write in French.

Yet, after all, neither the tongue nor the race has disappeared. The Norman had to learn English to converse with his tenant, his wife was probably a Saxon, and his nurse spoke English to his children. He heard it in the chase, in the forest, and on the sea. The Norman came in contact with English-speaking people, and therefore learned the language. The cultured Norman learned the English language more easily than the ignorant Saxon learned that of the Norman.

These languages, in the reign of Henry III., after two centuries of coming in contact with each other, were finally blended together to form a new language. This new language is made up of some Saxon and some Norman. Thus modern English was formed by compromise. This is the reason why to-day, instead of having an entirely Saxon or an entirely Norman language, we have one made up of both.

WILD MUSIC OF THE PLAIN.

L., '17.

“Out of the land of eternity,
 Into the land of time,
I come from the vale of what shall be
 To the real of to-day—the rhyme
Of the poet, the prose of the world,
 The still, dead hush of a languid life,
And all, like a tempest, wildly hurled,
 Fearless amid the strife.

Matchless the land I left behind,
 To view, once more, my former home;
Come to the brink and feast your mind;
 Come, spirit, used to roam.

Wonderful stream of unknown shores,
 Watering a soil untouched by man;
Over rock and boulder evermore,
 And through still vales it ran.

Upon the banks the lily grows,
 And never fades or dies,
Upon its bosom fall no snows,
 And there no waste thing lies.

It widens as it onward flows,
 And bears a load of hope to be,
Between the stately cedar rows—
 The visions of eternity.”

It faded then, the voice of youth,
That soothed the warrior's ear with truth;
No more the echo came from off the stream,
Beside whose banks he loved to dream.

The years had lapsed, the seed time come,
 And Nature called him to come home;
 The birds sang on, and went their way,
 And night came on the heels of day.
 Above it all the golden sun
 His daily course had duly run.
 Oh, ruthless universe—why move
 In such a mighty, brainless way?
 Why all this strength, where never love
 Has held a moment's sway?

So Yanka mused, as there he sat
 Beside the river, swiftly flowing,
 The same gay feather from his hat
 The same fierce tribe was showing;
 The same fixed smile played on his face,
 The same hard features placid moved,
 But never could one find a trace
 Or evidence that he had loved.
 Like stony grandeur sat his smile
 Upon the brazen walls of time,
 And yet, beneath the face the while,
 There played the memory of a rhyme:

“Then sing, my soul, a new refrain,
 Perish the tears, nor rise again,
 But lift up your eyes, behold the light,
 Glorious the skies in beauty bright,
 And hear the call forevermore,
 That leads the soul from shore to shore.”

The promise—was it made in vain?
 Or will the spirit come again?
 From shore to shore—would it might be
 Eternal travel, Love, with thee!
 But thou hast gone to see the day,
 While my heart moulders on the way.

I cannot pass the speechless pall
 That shuts me in this narrow hall.
 I cannot face the sullen range
 That keeps my spirit on the grange.
 I fight with self, and strive to go,
 The agony of hope I know,
 Dull life is long, and death comes slow,
 And peace to me is strange.

Thy voice! what was it came to me
 From o'er the rolling waters wild?
 Truly I'd reach eternity
 If hand in hand with thee, my child.

So Yanka sat, and wished, and thought
 Of what his life might have been made;
 Oh, idle wish; oh, bitter dream;
 Oh, sunshine turned to shade!
 The love that might have saved the soul
 Estranged for fleeting lust and pride;
 A little stain that stained the whole,
 And dragged him to the swamp's dark side.
 Meanwhile wild Fancy—Hope's despair—
 Sung pleasant songs of what might be;
 While dead Hope tore her blanched hair,
 And longed for death eternally.
 Torn by two passions—one of wish,
 And one of deadening, fearful fact;
 What tongue can relish such a dish?
 What heart but quivers, and shrinks back?
 Fled from the tribe that loved him well,
 And gave him promise boundless, free;
 Immersed in sin, and doomed to hell,
 The burning conscience and the tree.
 Yet e'en such hearts will paint a rose
 Upon the squalid banks of hate,
 And sometimes still the blossom grows
 With perfume matchless rich, though late.

So sat he dreaming of that day,
And singing o'er that childish lay;
The very accent lingered long,
 The youthful trip, the trusting smile,
The face expression blessed the song,
 Bore in upon him with a wile
Too powerful to be denied,
Yet kept from him by mountains wide.
Thus worketh memory in the heart
That loves and then is torn apart.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Vade Sylvis, '16.

“**C**ARY, isn't it glorious to be alive?”
 “Yes, Clothilde, it is.”
 “Cary?”
 “Yes.”

“Play—again, will you?”

He arose to carry out her request. He strode across the room to the door of the drawing-room, she following close behind. They entered. There all was quiet. The orchestra, playing behind the palms in the balcony over the reception hall, sounded like tiny elfin orchestras, low and weird. Several persons were seated about the room, in the centre of which a miniature fountain sparkled and leapt with the joy of life.

Cary found himself, still as in a dream, seated at the piano, for, somehow, his playing had become known, and all were eager to hear him. That sense of want that animated him to-night thrilled now in his supple fingering, and he played, not as he had played to Clothilde in the quiet evenings and misty twilights, but as though he were summoning the world. It was the Grand Polonaise of Chopin that he began with, and before he had gone far he felt the breathless interest about him. He knew that Clothilde had drawn near, and was listening as the others could not listen. There was magic in this music for her. He had never seen her as sober before. She sat with hands clasped, gazing straight ahead, with a penetrating stare. As his hands struck the keys—those stupendous, rapid chords—he seemed the very incarnation of the music that he played, and when he had ended there were cries of “Bravo!” as her guests crowded about him. Clothilde neither applauded nor exclaimed, but Cary heard her silence as he did not hear their speech. It rarely happened that Clothilde and he had an evening alone together. The very few times that this was the case Cary wondered whether he found it pleasant or dull, since she entertained him with stories of her doings in the world of society. She was surely a typical

"butterfly," he thought to himself. But, whatever she was, he loved her, and he had quite made up his mind to come to an understanding that night.

They left the drawing-room, and made their way to the terrace. The weather was cool, but clear. The after-glow of the sunset lingered still, and the moon, full rounded, looking over Flag Mountain behind them, turned the valley into a wondrous sea of misty light, out of which the higher hills lifted their heads like fairy islands. There was a track of silver across the little lake in the valley, and the cedars made a soft black fringe around the water. When they reached the very end of the terrace, and the view of lake, and moon, and mountain burst upon them, Clothilde broke the silence by a sudden fervidly uttered, "Ah—h!"

He turned, looked at her, and said abruptly, "You like it, do you not—this wild country?"

"Like it? I love it!" she responded.

"This is strange. I never heard you say anything to lead me to believe that you were a lover of nature. On the other hand, I have become so accustomed to associating you in my mind with autos, dances, cocktails, and flirtations that this is indeed a surprise."

"Cary, I'm miserable. You don't realize."

"Don't realize? Don't realize what?"

"You don't understand me. I don't understand myself. I do love this scene now. I feel as if I could live in it the rest of my life, happy—away from the hub-bub of metropolitan life. And then I hear the orchestra, as I do now; I can see couples swaying in perfect rhythm to the music. It's wine in my veins. The scent is in my nostrils. I must go. It's a part of me, and all this get-back-to-nature theory is nonsense."

"Yes, Clothilde, you're a butterfly."

"No! no! Cary; not that! Anything but that. I do try so hard to do the things you would have me do, to love the things you like, but I can't do it."

After a short silence, he said, in low, concentrated tones: "Your experience of life has been bitter. If I could think of anything to change things for you! I can. I am going to. Listen! To-morrow morning I take the steamer for Quebec.

I'm going to spend one year in the North woods—in God's great out-of-doors—hunting moose and big game. Come with me. I love you, and I shall convert you to the teachings of Mother Nature, and make you forget your own language, to speak in the vocabulary of the wild. I love you, Clothilde; will you come?"

"Cary, I will gladly, if you—"

"Mr. Welsh! Telegram for Mr. Welsh!" a footman was calling.

They both hastened to the house, where, upon arriving, Cary was handed an envelope on a silver waiter by the butler. He tore it open and hastily read its contents, which consisted of a trivial matter—a matter of business. He turned to Clothilde. But she was gone. He started forward, peering in the alcoves of the spacious room, always searching where the shadows were deepest. He thought she was hiding from him. He gave up the quest, and sauntered into the reception hall. A lazy, dreamy waltz was being played, and a few couples glided majestically over the surface of the newly-waxed floor. A couple came whisking by him, and a small hand shot out and touched him on the arm. He wheeled about. It was Clothilde.

It almost drove him mad. To think that she had left him so abruptly. It drove him into a rage. He had a mind to just let himself loose, and literally tear up the place; he felt like breaking every glass in the place, and then to top it off by getting gloriously drunk. But, no! There wasn't a woman alive who could make a fool of him. Let her go. Possibly her absence would be a great deal better than her presence anyhow. He was aroused this time by her speaking, as she swung gaily by him.

"Cary! It's a great life. I can't be a hermit; you had better give up the hair-brained scheme. You leave at seven, do you not?"

That settled it. He turned about, and made straight for the cloak-room. His eyes were blazing, and the cords in his neck were bulging, and his fists were clenched. Receiving his wraps and cane, he slipped out without saying good-night to a soul.

* * * * *

The next morning found Cary leaning over the rail of the "Sophia." Five miles astern lay the smoky harbor of New

York, dim in the haze of a spring morning. The steamer, driving her nose into a slow, monotonous swell, that rolled ceaselessly westward and from the great waste ahead, seemed to find exhilaration in the coolness of the green seas that parted cleanly under her sharp bow.

He gazed back in the direction from whence he had come. His heart was heavy and sad. But one thing he was glad of; he was going away from it all—away from the hideous din, the hypocrisy, and the fast life of the city, to a peaceful country, where the race for the almighty dollar on the cut-your-neighbor's-throat slogan was not in evidence; where the weather was charming, where the birds sang in the trees, and the face of nature would lay before him, all smiles and sunshine—in short, to a land of plenty, peace, and bliss.

He stretched out his arms and yawned. Something soft and velvety crept into them. He closed them, and looked down—there nestled the “butterfly.”

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

M. Glass, '18.

IN recent years man's intellect has exercised its ingenuity in problems of the most abstruse and stupendous proportions. It has delved into the realms of the infinitesimal in its search for the indivisible component of matter. It has traversed the manifold gradations of thought, and has begun to wrestle with the mystery of the seemingly infinite—the composition of the stellar universe. But all these ponderations, exalted though they be, fade into nought before a conception which is the most novel and far-reaching that has ever cast its impression upon the human brain—the fourth dimension. This phrase means nothing to some, while to others it is the key to our universe. Some ridicule it as an absurdity, to be classed with vagaries like the squaring of a circle and the construction of perpetual motion machines, while others view it with holy awe. Many people, misled by the fervid enthusiasm of some writers on the subject, gain the impression that the actual physical existence of a fourth dimension is advocated, and they, thereupon, demand proof.

The truth is, that the existence of a fourth dimension cannot be, and probably never will be, proved, owing to the limitations of our senses. The most elaborate array of analogy will avail nought, nor will the most exhaustive exposition of the urgent need of a fourth dimension ever demonstrate its presence. On the other hand, all attempts to disprove the physical existence of a higher space must likewise fail, since they are based upon the deficient argument that there is nothing in our experience to warrant it. The fourth dimension is the answer to the question, Length, breadth, and thickness—and then what? The fourth dimension is simply a fairyland, in which a multitude of miraculous things would be possible.

In this essay we will, therefore, choose the golden mean; we will advocate no theories, but will confine our attention to a brief discussion of the properties of the fourth dimension, and

the significance of the term in several departments of human life and human thought.

Let us, first, see how we arrive at a notion of the fourth dimension. The prime difficulty in thinking of a dimension that is neither length, nor breadth, nor thickness—but perpendicular to them all—is the impossibility of forming a mental picture of it. That this difficulty is a natural one may be readily seen by an analogous situation in the land of two dimensions. Let us imagine a plane surface, inhabited by shadowy beings, gifted with human reason. These filmy people would have no conception of the three-dimension universe encompassing their Flatland, for an immutable law would confine all their experiences to two dimensions. Everybody in their universe would be bounded by lines; a surface, surrounded by a line, would form a perfect prison. If a resident of our three-dimension world should stumble upon this land of shadows, he would have it entirely at his mercy, since he would be operating from a direction unknown. He could gaze into their private apartments, empty their safes, touch the interior organs of the inhabitants, and perform sundry other mysterious feats.

Applying the analogy, why may there not be a four-dimension world, including ours within it? Furthermore, if one possessed the power of movement in this fourth dimension, he could leave a closed room without penetrating the walls; he could untie knots without moving the ends of the cord; he could peer into our vitals; he could extract the contents of an egg without breaking the shell, and drink liquor from a corked bottle. Two triangles, though exactly equal, cannot be made to fit on each other without raising one into the third dimension, and turning it over. Similarly, we cannot change a right-hand glove into a left-hand glove (except by turning it inside out), but if a right-hand glove were tossed into the fourth dimension, and turned over, it would re-enter our world a left-hand glove. Likewise, suppose the shadow man were to attempt to assume the position of his mirror image, he would in no wise succeed. But he could be raised into the third dimension, turned over, and replaced into his world, the reversed mirror image of his former self. If any of us were to undertake to step behind the mirror, and assume the exact

position of his image, his utmost exertions would not suffice—only motion in the fourth dimension would avail him. Thus we see how analogy aids us in determining the properties of a higher space; but we must not follow analogy too closely, for it may lead to ridiculous results. For instance, one writer recently argued that, since the inhabitant of "Lineland" could view "Flatland" if *he* only had an eye in his "stomach," and the shadow man could see our three-dimension world if *he* only had an eye in his "stomach," therefore an unobstructed panorama of the fourth dimension would be revealed to us if we had eyes in our stomachs!

Now let us briefly touch upon the subject from the mathematician's point of view. Modern mathematics has shown that, assuming a certain axiom, a consistent geometry can be built up, which may not be true for our space, but would be true for a space in which the axiom held true. Assuming that at *one* point *four* lines can be drawn perpendicular to each other, a logical geometry of the fourth dimension has been constructed. The mathematician defines the fourth dimension by its properties, even as the physicist defines the ether. For him the expression "fourth dimension" is only a handy formula, like $V-1$ or X^{-2} , which may be employed to refer to a "queer" concept.

The fourth dimension has significance in other ways also. In physics the assumption of another dimension would simplify the problems connected with the ether, especially light and electricity. In chemistry it would explain a number of puzzling facts. For instance, there are two kinds of tartaric acid, alike in every way except that the arrangement of the molecules in the one is the exact mirror image of the configuration of the molecules of the other. These two acids change easily from one kind into the other, without apparent chemical reaction. As set forth above, these transformations are explicable, if it is assumed that the molecules are free to move in the fourth dimension. Certain theologians, anxious to prove that the events which we call miracles can occur without the suspension of the laws of nature, refer the origin of these miracles to interference by beings possessing the power of motion in the fourth dimension. Likewise, the fourth dimension has come to the rescue

of the spiritualists, whose favorite ghosts have so long been flitting about without any definitely assigned abode.

In the field of abstract philosophy, the fourth dimension conception may be construed to play an important *role*—especially so in the speculations regarding the human soul and its immortality. The nature of this new thought regarding the soul may be concisely set forth as follows: A pure shadow man is non-existent, in our sense of the word, since he lacks the necessary extension into the third dimension, without which no object can be conceived by us as existing. Shadowland is a creation of man's fancy. Even so man is but the fancy of Something Higher, since he lacks, apparently, the necessary "thickness" to make him real to a being in a hyper-space. Our world is thus only "the shadow of a more real four-dimension world," and, in Poe's words, "Creatures are but the thoughts of God." But man *does* exist, since existence is so painfully real to him, and, therefore, he must possess a certain n -dimensional "thickness." Of this extension into *all* spaces man has a vague, ill-defined consciousness. He feels within himself a Something that is not three-dimensional, and that something he calls his soul. The soul is the common property of the inhabitants of spaces of any and all dimensions; it is the link that chains them all to Infinity—to God. In this sense, Milton's lines are applicable: "What if Earth be but the shadow of *Heaven!*"

Thus far, all remarks have been confined to the fourth dimension—but we are now ready to inquire, why stop at four? Why not five, six—or n dimensions? Analogy bids us include an infinite number of dimensions.

In concluding, it may be asked, what is the use of this fourth dimension concept? The answer is: It is of as much use as all astronomical knowledge, such as the distance of Sirius from the earth, or the determination of the number of asteroids. Such investigations are conducted to satisfy man's insatiable craving for knowledge, for its own sake. They result in a broadening of the mind; they inspire true religious feeling; they are steps in the evolution of our ideas of time and space. From the conception of a six-thousand-year-old universe, of which the earth was the centre, and in which the stars were points of light, fixed in a rigid

sphere, man has, in the brief course of a few centuries, advanced to a realization of a multitude of universes, of which each individual component is greater than the whole of his former universe. Time and space are no longer thought of as having beginning or end. But, even the word space no longer suffices to cover the range of man's thought. As a result of the fourth dimension agitation, we are now thinking in terms of *spaces!*

In regions where our senses have deserted us, our minds yet lead us on, and propound questions which stir our inmost beings. Is our life but an infinite journey through spaces, and death but the mile-post marking the transition from a lower to a higher space?

AU REVOIR.

E. J. F., '17.

The captain shouted his orders,
And slowly from the ship in the lee,
Afloat on the deep, broad waters,
The ship moved out to sea.

At the rail two lovers stood silent,
And watched the gray city slide past;
Then waved, as if by mutual agreement,
To friends now receding so fast.

A flutter of white from the shore line,
And all was then vague and blurred.
The shout of the people's mad cheering
In the distance could scarcely be heard.

On the shore two loved ones stood watching
The form of the ship from afar.
Their hearts as one were now beating—
Two soldiers were off to the war.

THE HALF-BACK.

Vir., '17.

HERE was a reason for quietude, rather than hilarity, on Overton College campus. The big game of the gridiron season had been lost. The usual aftermath of dormitory explanations of the "whys" and "hows" was on. Incidentally, other things were discussed.

"I declare, I don't know what I am going to do," sighed big "Billy" Thornton, the husky half-back of Overton.

"What you are going to do?" said George Gray, repeating the query in considerable enthusiasm. "You are going to stay on that team at half-back—that's what you are going to do."

"Yes, yes," replied Billy, to this outburst of loyalty. "But, 'ole lady,' you don't understand, you don't know," continued the boy, gazing through the window, as if he saw ten years hence.

William Thornton and George Gray were room-mates at Overton College. They were now lounging around, their minds absorbed in the great loss. George was not an athlete, but a loyal supporter of the boys when they were on the field. William had played half-back for three consecutive seasons, and was now entering his fourth and last year.

"Dog-gone it, Billy; everybody is sorry—deuced sorry—we lost the big end of the score this afternoon," went on George, "but do you suppose, just because we didn't get over their chalk line as often as they did ours, that you are personally to blame, and therefore cannot play any more this season?"

Billy looked George straight in the eye, but with absolutely no expression whatever. Nor did he make any pretence of speaking.

"Now, look here, Billy Thornton; there is something wrong with you. This isn't the first game in which you have been the conquered. In the reason of a shoe-sole, what's got you going? In three years I never saw you lose out like this."

George was about to continue his inquisitorial admonition, when Billy arose from his chair, removed his coat and vest, and

with much care, hung it in his closet. Returning to the study-room, he fell across the couch, and appeared unusually restless.

"George, you are a good old scout," said he; "it would do me lots of good to see you on the field sometimes. I want to see you out there with a gridiron suit on."

"You would see a mouse in a flour-barrel," replied George quickly, with a laugh. "Such a thing would be perfectly absurd, and my slim 'shanks' would be of less value than now." And all the time he was wondering what Billy had in mind that he should be talking so foolishly. Billy knew he was no athlete, and why should he make such a wish. Both boys remained silent for several minutes.

"George," inquired Billy, at last, "was there a great deal of betting this afternoon?"

At this George was too amazed to answer. Billy inquiring about betting, when every one at Overton who "shook the dice" on a foot-ball game would never fail to consult Billy before making the bet.

"William Thornton," began George, "by the collar-button of your shirt, you know you have more inside dope on that question than any one in college. Will you kindly say to me whether you are crazy, or think *me* to be the fool?"

"George, we have been rooming together for three years, haven't we?" asked Billy, suddenly sitting up straight on the couch, and looking more like himself than heretofore since the conversation regarding the game began.

"Yes, three years," replied his room-mate.

"And we have been very intimate," continued the half-back, almost ignoring George's reply.

"Intimate puts it mildly, 'ole lady'; but I can't get what you are driving at!" replied the bewildered boy. "Get on something tangible, or else explain what you are aiming at."

"Now, George, be patient, and I think I can do just what you ask. You know father has always encouraged me in athletics. He has never objected to my playing foot-ball, or any other outdoor sport. He is not a foot-ball enthusiast, yet he is a good sport, and doesn't kick on me when he knows I like the game. He, like myself, believes foot-ball will develop moral qualities.

Probably betting is the worst quality connected with the game. At any rate, the better qualities offset the evil; therefore I play with dad's approval."

"I think I understand what you have said thus far," remarked George, for Billy seemed to wait for some word from him.

"Father never questioned me about betting on a game," the perplexed half-back began again. "Probably he thought I would bet a little, and therefore never said anything about it. The truth is I have always put up a small wager, as you may know already. But, George—" Here he stopped.

George waited for him to speak, for Billy Thornton was no soft-shell. He handled matters of importance with proper dignity.

"Well," answered his listener, finally, feeling that he had best speak.

"Yes, George. I had almost forgot I was talking to you. I am going to tell you this whole affair. You know father sent me a check for this term's expenses—the entire amount for this term. I had the check cashed, and decided to put up about my usual wager on the game. But, like a 'mutt,' I carried half of the amount over to the field."

"Billy, you carried all that money out to the field this afternoon?" exclaimed George, for he knew what a half term's expenses meant.

"Every cent of it, and, what's more, I put up every cent on the game. It seemed to me everything was in our favor. Every 'Varsity man was in perfect trim—not a sprained ankle, injured shoulder, cracked rib, broken nose, nor bruised temple in the line-up. It's true Templeton's average weight was a little beyond us, but our back-field moved in just about half the time of theirs. I believe now our ends were faster, and it looked to me that the rest of the lines were about well matched," explained Bill.

"Doubtless any 'lone shaker' would have staked all on your summing up," added George, by way of consolation.

"The guy that took me in is what gets me. He surely must be fifty years old. Evidently, he came prepared, for, if I had had another dollar, he was ready to cover it. I thought perhaps he had played foot-ball years back, and was staking on looking

the teams over. The chances are he had probably got some inside dope."

"But how he got it into you so heavy is what puzzles me," interrupted George.

"He was so game, I tell you, George. He actually laughed at five straight. 'Is that the best bet you can put up? Say, I'll go you five to two on final score, and make the bet as much as you please,' was the way that guy talked. Five to two. What did he know about the teams of Overton and Templeton? He at least looked like a human being, notwithstanding his supernatural air. 'I'll take you, sir,' said I, as I planked down every cent of half of this term's expense money."

"Did he do any questioning before he made such an offer?" inquired George, anxious to clear up the matter.

"Not a question before or after," replied the athlete, "except he asked me if I would play in the game, as he glanced over our squad. I told him I was going to try hard at half-back."

"Your husky appearance didn't shake him, eh?" asked George, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Not in the least. I never saw such sand. He wouldn't topple if Haley's comet passed by."

"Who held the collateral?" was the next query from George.

"Jim Morgan, who usually has every pocket full. The old guy saw him with his note-book, and seemed to understand the trick. When I planked down the sweet half for this term that old bird just covered it in the ratio agreed on. You should have seen Jim's face after the bet was arranged. He looked at me, and then at my tall guy, as I hurried over to the squad."

"And when the game was over?" added George, inquiringly.

"Billy Shakespeare gave us a good sentence in Hamlet's soliloquy—'Ah, there's the rub!' " was Billy's answer. "Now," said he, "do you understand when I say I don't know what I am going to do. There is only one thing to do—leave college and get a job."

"Throw that stuff to the fish. You know your father would not have you leaving here during your senior year," remonstrated George.

"Dad, I repeat, is a good sport, but, for two reasons, there

is no redress here. First, I wouldn't accept it of him again, after I have thrown it away like that, of which fact I shall inform him immediately. Secondly, he has other expenses besides me, and, can't afford to throw away money. Therefore, I shall leave college," concluded the boy, with much determination.

* * * * *

"It will be perfectly agreeable with the college officials for you to stay here at night, until you have secured a good position," said George, after they had finished packing his books that night.

"Yes, I suppose they will not kick," replied the disheartened boy.

The next afternoon they went to the post-office to get the mail. When it had been assorted, they got theirs and returned to their room. George looked over the "Help Wanted" columns of the afternoon paper, while Billy read his letter.

"Three and two for the half-back," yelled Billy, at the top of his voice.

"What the devil?" roared George, jumping up in his surprise.

"Check for half-term expenses; Dad was my tall guy—wig, false beard," was the explanation Billy offered.

OUT AND AWAY.

Francis Lee Albert, '18.

Out in the woods with God,
 Away from my worries and cares,
 Away from life's burdens and fears;
 Out where my sorrows cease,
 There's where my soul finds peace—
Out in the woods with God,
In their stillness with Him alone.

Out by the brook with God,
 Away from the haunts of weak men,
 Away from temptation and sin;
 Out where my heart prays a prayer
 That mind and lips cannot share—
Out by the brook with God,
By its freshness with Him alone.

Out in the hills with God,
 Away from humanity's sham,
 Away from the falseness of man;
 Out where His voice speaks truths,
 There's where my faith renews—
Out in the hills with God,
In their realness with Him alone.

Out in the night with God,
 Away from the noises of day,
 I gaze to His heavens and pray;
 There's where my sin absolves,
 There's where my soul resolves—
Out in the night with God,
In its calmness with Him alone.

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G. T. TERRELL, '16.....	<i>Alumni</i>	A. C. CHEETHAM, '18.....	<i>Poems</i>
		W. E. WHITE, '17.....	<i>Essays</i>

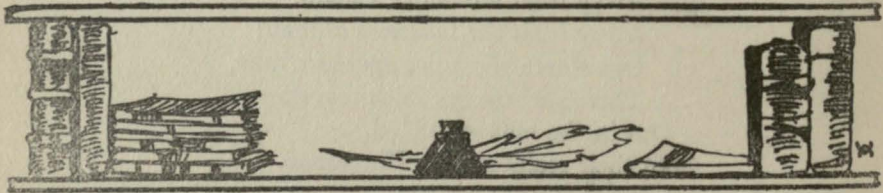
MANAGERIAL STAFF.

Philologist.

W. E. DURHAM, '16.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
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Mu Sigma Rho.

WILLIAM H. BAGBY, '17.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
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EDITORIALS.

We are not getting ready to complain of being overworked. Nor are we about to send up a howl to the heavens for more support. Of course, there is work

THE UNENVIABLE
POSITION OF THE EDITORS
OF A COLLEGE PAPER.

in connection with getting out a presentable college paper, and, of course, there is never so much enthusiasm supporting it that

the editorial board has to create a department for the restraint

of contributors. Yet our trouble is not along these lines. It is a real trouble, and may be stated in a very few words. There are three complaints, which likely will apply much more generally than to our own local conditions. Briefly stated, they are as follows:

First, against the false notion many contributors have of their share of responsibility for the support of the paper. They seem to feel, many of them, that writing an article is a personal favor to the editors, and that it is to be written for a particular edition of the magazine. This is wrong. If one has not enough college spirit, together with the personal benefit which will be derived from the composition, to impel him to write as often as he can, he had better not write—he had better not stay in College—his only place is digging ditches or carrying hods. It is a mistake to promise to write an article, and then ask for the last day on which it can be accepted for a certain month's issue. Write as you have time, and as the mood is upon you, and then turn it in immediately. We will not lose nor forget the article because it comes in a day or two before we have to go to press.

The second complaint links in with the first, and is in the false idea which many contributors have of the duty of the editors toward *them*. Must we use every article which we receive up to the 20th of the month in the paper which was to go to press on the 15th? Is it an editorial crime that we should hold over an article from one month to the next? Yet some have become angry because the columns of the magazine would not be held open for a week, or even more, that a certain article of *theirs* might be put in! Others have refused to contribute because they contributed once and it has never been printed. Are all writers infallible? Will they give up the first time? What will you be good for in life if you give up the first time you try? Suppose the editor was unjust in not using your article—suppose it was better than that piece of trash which X wrote; are you so weak that you can be twisted about the finger of any person, or group of persons? If it did not come out the first time, it may come out later. Several very good articles in this paper have been on the editor's table for several months, awaiting the time when it seemed to the editors that a suitable place was open for

them. It is no mark of inferior merit in the eyes of the editors that your work does not have first place. The numbers in a certain volume are arranged and selected with a view to fitness, variety, and general effect, as well as merit.

Our third complaint is aimed at the associate editors. Perhaps some will say we ought to present this complaint personally, rather than in a public fashion. We have done this. But we believe it is a thing which deserves public notice. It is a common fault of college men—perhaps of other men and women, too—that they delay a task until the last moment, and then often find it impossible to get it done on time. Don't hold an article for two weeks, and then give the editorial board one or two hours to look it over and decide on where and how to use it. Because the paper is intended to go to press on the 15th is no reason why no article must be turned in until the afternoon of the 15th. Keep the material moving; keep the stream of intellectual effort running; we won't forget when we are to make up the copy for the printer.

May we add to the above a concise statement of our policy regarding the acceptance and use of articles. Every paper received is treated in one of three ways: First, if considered fit, it is filed in with other like articles, to be used when appropriate occasion presents itself; second, if we feel that it would be suitable, with some changes, we suggest such, and return it to the writer; or, third, if it seems entirely unsuitable or inappropriate, we return it to the author with such statement, and the reasons for our conclusion. We don't throw any contributions in the scrap-basket unless it is a worthless piece and we cannot find the contributor. Therefore, if your article does not come back to you within a reasonable time, you may feel sure it is accepted for use. We are aware that this policy is not carried out by most editors, and some, at least, of our predecessors, have not attempted such a plan. We feel, however, that it is more fair to the writer, and we can easily do it here, where we are all students together, and meet each other daily, or at least often.

A fellow editor was recently heard to remark that he was

tired of having to fill his columns with "hot air." We immediately began to wonder what was meant "HOT AIR"—by that illusive, and yet very common, WHAT IS IT? bit of slang. Everybody uses it more or less, and how many, we wonder, have a clear idea of what they mean?

In the first place, we must guard ourselves by saying that the term has an evil connotation. One does not like to be accused of using "hot air." We are sure that some are discouraged from trying to speak or write, for fear their fellows will laugh and sneer at their attempts in this belittling phrase. Its distinguishing features seem to be that it excites disgust and engenders lack of confidence.

Does the term refer to smooth-flowing sentences, with many fine-sounding words interspersed? Then we must condemn Patrick Henry, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and many others whom we would all be proud to be able to imitate.

Do we mean by it the using of words without a clear sense of what they mean as used? If so, we should have to apply this term to the writings of most children, many humorists—who speak thus for humor's sake—and nearly all illiterate persons. But, on the contrary, the term is nearly always used of those who are, or are considered to be, cultured and serious.

Shall we class as "hot air" that which is "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing"? If so, we shall include many of the most majestic of Shakespeare's utterances, for they mean nothing to most readers. The meaning of a passage is, after all, a relative term, and is dependent upon the capacity of the reader. Some of the deepest parts of Wordsworth are little understood, and much of Holy Writ is a mystery to mankind. How shall we know what signifies nothing? Shall each condemn that which does not mean much to him? Then we shall all be guilty of being "hot air artists" when we speak to many of the men and women about us!

After all, must not "hot air," as a slurring term, be reserved for those who speak and write insincerely? Then many are guilty in a large degree, and most in a small degree. And those who judge are most guilty, for there is nothing so insincere and rash as to ruthlessly condemn another of such faults.

No, that which is born in an honest mind, and bears with it an earnest thought, however small and commonplace, is not "hot air"; it is the utterance of an immortal soul, and we may not slight that.

That which comes only from the surface we may condemn, but how shall we know what is superficial. Some utterances are unmistakably insincere, but many that are condemned as such, perhaps, are from a deeper source than we suspect. It is a good working rule to exercise charity and to abstain from judgment, lest we expose ourselves to attack.

In the third act of Hamlet Polonius sees a cloud, and, in order to agree with Hamlet as to the appearance of this cloud, he declares it to be shaped like a camel, then like a weasel, and then like a whale. We cannot but smile at the stupidity of such servile agreement.

THE SLAVERY OF
TACIT AGREEMENT.

Yet, any day, we may go into the circles of society, and hear one say: "How cold the weather has become the last few days!" or "Isn't this the very worst weather you have ever seen?" or "I certainly enjoy this nice, cold weather; it is so bracing!" or "I am glad it has at last turned cold; it is so much more healthful for this time of the year." And, whatever the viewpoint of the remark, did you ever hear it contradicted?

Again, listen to the young man and his sweetheart, as they talk together in the usual gushing fashion. She will speak rapturously of Tennyson, or of Mendelssohn, or of Caruso, and he will assure her that he delights in those luminaries also. Yet, when he gets with his cronies, he reads "Mutt and Jeff" and "Bringing Up Father," and sings "Everybody's Doing It" and "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." In the presence of those with musical tastes (?) he will dote on grand opera, but, immediately he is free from this galling company, he will go and join a "curb-stone quartette."

Doubtless you have all heard of the visiting preacher who was told not to speak against the saloon, as Deacon X was a wholesale dealer; not to speak against gambling, as the Sunday-school superintendent was part owner in a billiard hall; and not

to speak against this and that sin; until, at last, inquiring what he might speak on, he was told to "Fire away at the Mormons—there isn't a Mormon in the house!"

The business man will make as much over his associate as a society lady over her ugly bull pup, until he learns that there is no chance of landing his deal, and then he will turn him the cold shoulder. The salesman will give the buyer all kinds of favors, and toe along in his wake like an obedient little kitten, until he learns that his proposed contract is to fall through, and then he will not notice the purchasing agent on the street.

An audience will sit spellbound under a good speaker, and take every word for the essence of truth, just as those who debated with Socrates in Plato's "Republic" always agreed with Socrates.

There are two reasons for this slavery of opinion—one is laziness, which is the most abject of slaveries, and one is haste, and lack of willingness to search the statement; and this, too, is slavery—slavery to another's whims. Emerson says: "Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist." And, again: "Every new mind is a new classification." Don't follow anybody unless he is right, and, if he is, don't wait to follow him—lead him!

OUR ALUMNI.

G. T. Terrell, '16.

Denny Culbert, '14, is in business at Marion, Va.

Clay S. Cole, '10, is selling farm machinery at Chilhowie, Va.

Parker Wilson is in the hardware business in Bluefield, W. Va.

Tom Moss and M. G. Finnegan are practicing law in Richmond.

William H. Sands, Jr., is assistant to his father in the taxing of Richmond property.

John Logan, our foot-ball and base-ball "star" of last year, is in business with his father at Yorkville, S. C.

W. T. Hall and O. G. Poarch, '14, are pursuing their theological course in the Southern Seminary at Louisville, Ky.

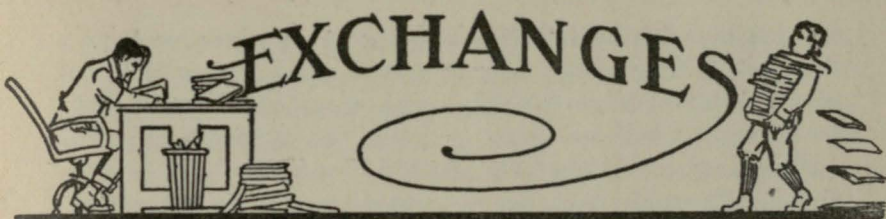
E. M. Hudgins, of the '08 Law Class, was recently elected as the representative to the Legislature from Mecklenburg county.

Claude B. Green is principal of the Clarksville High School. He has been acting as superintendent in the place of Mr. Beddinger for the past few months.

Willing Bowie, of the Law Class of '10, has recently been elected as Commonwealth's Attorney of Caroline county. Willing is located at Bowling Green, Va.

We are glad to welcome back to our College this year Prof. Garnett Ryland, of the 1892 class. Dr. Ryland has been Professor of Chemistry in Georgetown College, Ky., for several years. We are glad to have him as the head of our chemistry department this year.

Frank C. Riley, '12, has recently erected the large and flourishing church at Orange Courthouse, Va. "Father," after graduating from Richmond College, 'Varsity, took his B. D. at Crozer, and his M. A. from the University of Pennsylvania. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Riley and his "bride," and welcome them back to Virginia.



Wirt L. Davis, '17.

The magazines for November have not yet come to our table. We are therefore compelled to review a belated October number, or to leave our exchange columns blank for this month. Choosing, then, the lesser evil, we shall review one of the October books.

But we cannot submit to this necessity without registering a word of protest. Our work for each month should go to press early enough to be printed and to be distributed in time for acknowledgment and criticism in the next month's exchange. Accordingly, we urge our editors to put forth a little more effort; or, better, perhaps, to begin the work sooner, in order to obviate similar delays in subsequent months.

But let us cut short this parley, beginning a criticism of *The Davidson College Magazine*. We shall notice first the short stories, of which there are two. "Foot-prints on the Sands" is, indeed, not much more than an incident. It is too compressed. Without any check or delay, it rushes straight to the climax. Like a skyrocket, the story flares up, makes a fuss, and then falls flat, leaving the reader gazing off into space. The writer does not create for us a feeling of suspense. The story lacks that cat-like playing with the reader's emotion, which holds attention and compels later reflections. But it is hard—we had almost said impossible—to write a real short story in so small a compass. When we read "The Moonlight Maid," however, we are at once brought under its spell. This is a ghost love-story, of what we may call the Z type. Beginning at the top, the first line moves to the right, toward a genuine ghost story. In this division, Captain Gerald,

visiting his uncle, is informed that the house where he stays is haunted. Going immediately to his room, the nephew looks, for a while, into the yard flooded with moonlight. As he looks something appears—a ghost as pretty as a fairy maid. His bull-dog, having followed the spectre, returns the next morning dumb. The plot now, having created a ghostly atmosphere, swings again, like the diagonal of the Z, to the left—toward the realm of the real. Here the “Moonlight Maid” is a girl of flesh and blood. Gerald meets her, and they talk. She tells him that she is his uncle’s ward, arbitrarily imprisoned in her guardian’s home. The next evening they meet, by appointment, and, silently, arm in arm, they stroll. Breaking the silence at last, Gerald tells her of his love, and woos her to flee with him. Then, suddenly, the young woman falls back, exclaiming, “I am dead! Good-bye, my love; good-bye!” At this point the story becomes spectral again, moves steadily to the right, completing the Z. In this last section the “Moonlight Maid” vanishes, and though carefully sought, is not seen again. After breakfast, next morning, the uncle carries his youthful kinsman into the old family picture gallery. As they pass along, Gerald sees the portrait of the girl whom he has just come to love. He learns, upon inquiry, that she lived back in the fourteenth century, and that, being crazy, she had been imprisoned in that room. Surprised and grieved, the youth picks up his dog, and throws him through the canvass. See how the emotions are reversed. First, the girl is a spirit, illusive as a moonbeam, and then she becomes a woman, capable of capturing the heart of a red-blooded man. At last she goes up, like a mist, from the earth, and is seen to be the restless spirit of a crazy girl, dead now for some hundreds of years. The story, though tenuous in places and impossible at times, is, nevertheless, told so simply, and with such sincerity, that it seems not only possible, but quite real.

The magazine contains also two essays. “The Failure of The Hague” promises more in title than it gives in substance. Again, “The Lighting System at the Exposition,” though of interest, is not unified. The first three paragraphs do not lead to the subject in question. Again, the paragraph (page 33) on the Forestry Department, is entirely irrelevant. Notice, further-

more, that the two paragraphs at the bottom of this same page, apply the arc light to moving pictures, and the Diesel engine to battleships. Of course, this shows the wonderful development of electricity and of gas as a motive power, but it does not give us a clearer conception of the lighting system at the Exposition. To sum up, this essay is a collection of inherently related facts, but these facts are not well organized, nor clearly unified.

The oration, "The Danger of the Peace Movement," stands with "The Moonlight Maid" in point of careful preparation. The speaker's philosophy is "Education must come before arbitration."

Lastly, we come to the poems. We pass "An Evening Song" and "To Her" without comment. In "Friends," however, we see friendship symbolically set forth in the life and death of two pine trees. Its central truth is the steadfastness of friendship through struggles and triumphs, and even to the final dissolution—death.

We are glad to note the arrival of the following periodicals: *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Blue and Buff*, *The X-Ray*, *The Ouachita Ripples*, *The Georgetown College Journal*, *The Canisius Monthly*, *The Georgetonian*, *Yale Literary Magazine*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The John Marshall Record*, *The Chronicle*, *The Record*, *The Washington-Jeffersonian*, *The Missile*.

Westhampton College Department.

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BOARD OF EDITORS.

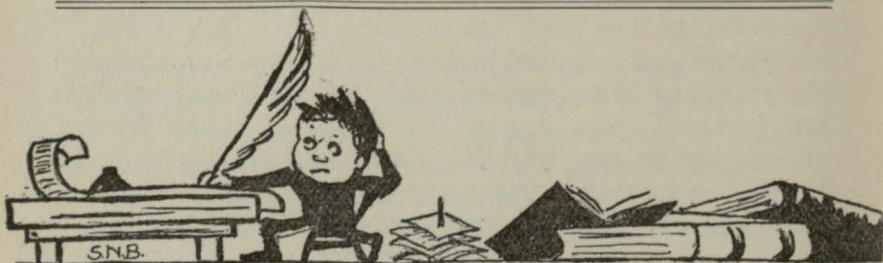
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FLORENCE BOSTON, '17.....	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
DEAN MAY L. KELLER.....	<i>Advisory Editor</i>

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EMILY GARDNER, '18.....	<i>Exchanges</i>

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FRIEDA DIETZ, '16.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
FLORENCE SMITH, '17.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>



EDITORIAL.

About eight years ago, acting with the authority of and upon the instructions from the Board of Trustees of Richmond College, a campaign was launched for

THE CO-ED. SCHOLARSHIP FUND. the raising of a fund known as the "Woman's College and Endowment Fund." The use to which this fund was put is witnessed in the result—the present site and equipment of Greater Richmond College. It enabled the College to move to a larger and more pretentious location, and, in addition, to incorporate under the enlarged system the Woman's College,

which has come to be known as Westhampton College for Young Women.

At the time that this campaign was launched there were in attendance upon Richmond College about twenty young women. One of the methods of pledging to the fund was by means of scholarships—\$1,000.00 the scholarship. These twenty young women accordingly pledged themselves to raise \$1,000.00. All pledges were supposed to be in the hands of the treasurer of Richmond College in five years from the date promised. This particular Scholarship Fund was to be known as the Co-Ed. Scholarship Fund, and the "co-eds.," as we were then, each year were to make themselves responsible for the payment of this money.

These few facts are now before us. The time in which this money was to be paid was five years. In 1914 the five years was up. In 1914, likewise, the young women attending Richmond College ceased to be "co-eds.," but became whole creatures in our own Westhampton College. However, our obligation did not cease, nor will it cease until the class who entered Richmond College in 1913-1914 as Freshmen—"co-eds."—leave the College in 1917 as graduates of the Greater Richmond College.

The session of 1913-1914—the last session as full-fledged "co-eds.," found to our credit on the treasurer's book, \$731.96—\$268.04 yet to be raised. At the close of the session 1914-1915 our credit stood \$836.50—\$163.50 yet to be raised. Speaking from the standpoint of moral obligations, the sessions 1915-'16—1916-'17 *must* show the entire payment of the \$1,000.

The two methods which have been employed for the raising of this money have been: First, the payment of small sums from year to year by individual alumnae; and, second, the giving of lawn parties, entertainments, and such like, by the students during the session. Both of these methods take time—in fact, it always takes time when people are thinking of parting with their money. The principal drawback, however, lies in the fact that never will the many do their part, and the burden will likely fall on the few.

Mention has been made of the fact that our written agreement closed in 1914, when the women students ceased to be

“co-eds.,” and that our moral obligation closes in 1917, when the last class of women students enrolled in old Richmond College shall graduate. Right in the midst of the two, an emergency, or something of the like, has arisen. Beginning with the early spring months of 1916, Greater Richmond College launches another campaign for \$1,000,000.00

The point is this: Shall we allow this campaign to be launched while we still have on our hands the responsibility of closing a payment of money pledged to the old campaign. There are about one hundred alumnae who have gone from the College since the Co-Ed. Scholarship Fund was pledged. At present there are about twenty-five girls in College who attended the College as “co-eds.” This leaves something like seventy-five girls in Westhampton College who have no connection with nor any interest in the Scholarship Fund. Could not these one hundred and twenty-five who are interested, and these seventy who have no particular interest save that of the College in general, all make their interest one, and endeavor, with all their will, to get the debt of \$163.50 off our shoulders, and thus be ready with our interest and material aid to undertake the new campaign for one million dollars?

Just a word in regard to this campaign, in the form of a few general facts, and one or two thoughts about the relation to Westhampton College.

THE MILLION DOLLAR CAMPAIGN. As has been stated, the campaign will be opened formally, as it were, in the early spring months of 1916. One million dollars seems big. It is a big task, but it means big results. About one-third of the million will be used for buildings, and for necessary material equipment; the remaining two-thirds for the enlargement of the endowment fund.

While both phases are of great interest to us all, it is with peculiar interest that Westhampton College looks to the first. Not at all do we expect that with the first funds Westhampton College will be especially blessed, but, as optimism is the boon of all human-kind, we can't help but feel that interest and money will grow until, in the near future, Westhampton College will

have added to her present group of buildings a large, commodious, well-equipped students' building, a building given over to the interest of college life; a large assembly room or auditorium, various rooms for the meeting of the several clubs and societies, and, if a separate gymnasium building is not practicable, also a large, thoroughly-equipped room to be given over entirely to the interest of athletics.

There are, indeed, many, many ways that flock to our minds in which this money could be effectually used. The principal object now, however, is to get the money.

Will not every girl bear in her mind when she goes home for her Christmas holidays this great Million Dollar Campaign; realize what it will mean to her College; talk about it, and thus be influential in getting some to pledge a liberal amount toward the enlargement and the betterment of Greater Richmond College.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

Ethel Smither, '15.

This month we wish to bring to your attention two matters which we feel are of especial importance to all alumnae.

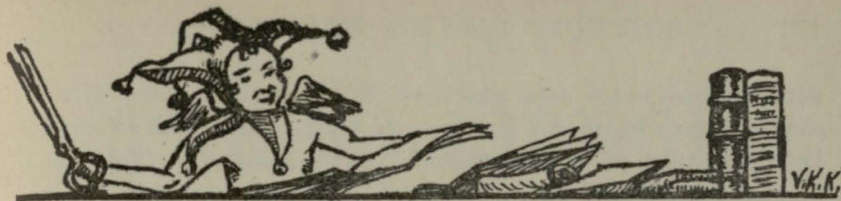
The first of these matters is that of class reunions.

By class reunions we mean not the formal reunions at Commencement time, but frequent social gatherings of the various classes from time to time during the year. Always at these meetings old friendships are renewed, old scenes called to mind, and our minds are gladdened by much wit of the type we exchanged during undergraduate times. To those of us who feel sometimes as if our faith in the goodness of things was slowly decreasing, these meetings will ever be a source of renewed interest.

The class of 1915 has instituted the custom of meeting monthly with some member of the class. These reunions have proved a source of joy already. Once we have had the pleasure of meeting with a member of the class of 1916, the connecting link between alumnae and College, somehow we always feel as if the old spirit of the College had come back to us, as if *alma mater* had taken us back again. We realize that our work for her is not done, and that no loyal alumna is ever a "has been," that her influence may always be what she wills it to be. And, because class reunions make such a feeling arise within us, we commend them heartily to all alumnae.

The second matter which we wish to bring before you is the Christmas meeting of the Alumnae Association. Heretofore we feel that Christmas jollity has eclipsed the importance of this meeting. We beg that this year this will not be true. Notice of the meeting will be inserted in the daily papers and in the College weekly. We beg that all will come.

Last, but not least, do not forget the alumnae Christmas table. We are counting on your support in this.



EXCHANGES.

Emily Gardner, '18.

The October number of *The Acorn*, Meredith College's literary magazine, contained a predominating essay on "Negro Education in the South." The writer had gathered much material from various sources, put it together, and handled it in an exceedingly interesting as well as instructive style. The progress of the negro's education in the South was traced, many statistics were used, and then the courses, both industrial and academic, were spoken of. The needs of the negro were discussed. The worth of this essay was attested by the statement at the beginning that the Carter-Upchurch medal had been awarded its author. "Come Early and Avoid the Rush" was an amusing account of a rather common occurrence, a train flirtation—helpless man vs. woman's stratagem. May we, in all good will, say a few things? Do you not think that that essay required a proper amount of support? In a play one is not satisfied that the leading actor be the only good member of the caste. We must have a good company to make the desired impression. One's expectations cannot be raised too high and fall, without causing a disagreeable sensation. May we say, then, if you have one writer who can write a good essay, you have others who can write good stories, or compose good poetry. Get busy!

The two essays of *The Bessie Tift Journal* were good. "Wild Flowers of Song" told of the increasing research for old folk-songs, and the importance—or probably it were better to say, the sentiment—attached to them. The various folk-songs of different countries were mentioned, and their characteristics shown, among them our own dearly-beloved negro lullabies. The other essay, "Lest We Forget," deals with the

little, inconsiderate acts which we find ourselves doing every day. It was written in a free, natural style, pointed, but softened behind a volley of jest—a veritable sugar-coated pill. The conversation in “Two ‘Offers’ Accepted” was well managed. It is difficult to employ every-day conversation “literarily” without being stiff and formal in writing.

The best features of *The Vassar Miscellany Monthly* were two short stories, “Full Measure” and “The Hearth Fire.”

“Full Measure,” written in the first person, was of the type of story which holds one’s interest to the end, with no particle of supposition as to the actual conclusion which the writer had in mind.

The key-note was “Every man should have as much suffering in this life as he causes.” The time was in one day, in the same place, and yet, without being confused, one was able to catch a glimpse of fifteen years in a few pages. The writer’s vocabulary was good. “The Hearth Fire,” written in diary form, described the struggles of a girl, with the ideas of feminism branded in her soul, against love for a man who, as she confesses, makes one feel as if he were a “hearth fire.” Feminism wins. The poems were exceptionally fine. The Alumnae Department occupied one-half of the magazine. Is it best to live on one’s reputation? Live in the present. You have plenty of material at college. Why not use more of that. Even then there would be space enough for the alumnae. We wish the essays were as good as the stories. In the October number there was not one essay.