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# THE MESSENGER.

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VOL. XLII.

FEBRUARY, 1916.

No. 5

## VERSES.

*J. W. G., '18.*

Roll on, thou grand and mighty deep!  
Thy angry foam-crest billows, roll;  
Until "that day when none shall sleep,"  
And all thy drops in blood be told.

Let plying barks that plough thy crest,  
And e'en the fish, ten fathoms low,  
Find refuge on thy heaving breast  
When tyrannous south-westerns blow.

So raise thy trident, strong of arm!  
Oh, Neptune of the thundering sea;  
And shake thy locks within the storm,  
Until He comes—thou master be.

Let Triton sound his wreathed horn,  
Across the gale-swept boundless main,  
And summon all of nature's gods—  
Of thunder, lightning, and of rain;

To meet in council halls of stone,  
Beneath the wave so cold and gray,  
When Neptune sits upon his throne,  
And rules the deep with sceptred sway.

## THE OLD MILL.

*W. H. Barlow, '16.*

**O**NE afternoon, about the middle of July, two boys were unwinding their fishing tackle on the bank of a small stream in the foot-hills of Virginia. The sun seemed to be spending his entire energy on the earth. The stream at their feet crawled lazily along, except where stones caused waterfalls; then it appeared to make up for lost time as the crystal-like spray dashed over the numerous rocks. On either side of the stream nature had displayed a lavish hand, for trees, vines, and shrubs grew in wild profusion. The afternoon was one of stillness. The birds, which were usually so gay, had sought refuge from the intense heat by flying to the hill-tops. The boys felt keenly the loneliness of the place, and this feeling, perhaps, would have been much deeper had it not been for the drone and bites of the mosquitos, which left them aware of the fact that all of nature was not asleep.

The heat of the sun, the splash of the stream, the activity of the mosquito, and the efforts of the would-be fishermen were not all the forces at work on this sultry afternoon. For, just above the horizon, in the western sky, a dark, heavy cloud was slowly, but surely, climbing higher and higher each hour. The boys did not know this, for the bluff which rose a few feet away obscured much of the sky towards the west, and if these lads, who were in the hills for vacation, had been aware of the approaching cloud, it would, perhaps, have made little difference just then, because their desire to fish was about to be gratified.

"Who will catch the first fish?" asked John, the larger of the two boys.

"I've got a bite now, but it's not a fish," replied Bill, as he made a desperate slap at a persistent mosquito. "And I missed him," he added, rubbing his neck where the insect had been at work.

"You are going to miss catching the first fish, too," called out John, as he gripped his rod and bent it almost double pulling out a fine fish.

"I'll get the next," said Bill.

And, sure enough, he did. Then they fished in dead earnest, first one and then the other pulling up a fine fish. Each one caught found its way into a small net, which was placed in the stream. After a little while the fish ceased to bite, and the boys moved on further up stream to another pool. Sometimes they fished in the same pond and again they fished alone. Every fish caught quickened their interest and made them forget the stinging bites of the pesky insects, which so often haunt the woods along Virginia streams. Hour after hour passed, without their taking note of the time.

But while they fished the cloud climbed higher and higher, until the sun was hid and a distant peal of thunder was distinctly audible. The boys did not hear it, for they had hardly noticed that the sun no longer made the water sparkle as it splashed over the stones. When, at last, they had come to an exceptionally large pool, with a big rock projecting into it, making a fine seat for them, they decided that here they would make the catch of the evening; but just as they threw their lines far out in the stream a peal of thunder, louder than any which had preceded it, reached their ears. They paid little attention to it, and continued to fish. After waiting in vain for some time to see the downward movement of the corks, which indicated that the fish were at work, they decided that, in spite of appearances, the pool was no good, or something was wrong. They changed bait, but to no avail. Once more the roll of thunder sounded, nearer than at any time before.

"I wonder," said Bill, "if there is anything in that old saying that fish won't bite if it thunders."

"It looks that way," spoke up John; and then he added, "we have been fishing here for half an hour without a single bite."

"I don't see why thunder should keep the fish from eating," said Bill, slowly. "But look," he added quickly, looking up at the black cloud which was rapidly spreading over the sky.

Just then the lightning flashed, followed quickly by a heavy peal of thunder. The tops of the tall trees were already beginning to sway to and fro in the rising breeze.



"Looks like we are going to get wet," remarked John.

"Yes, it does," said Bill. "Let's look for shelter."

"But where can we go?" questioned John. "Farmer Brown said that we must not stay under a tree in times of a cloud."

"It's not far to the old mill," said Bill.

"We must find it," replied John, hastily, "or get wet."

When he said this he began to wind in his line, while Bill did the same. This done, away they went, leaving in the stream the net which contained their "fisherman's luck." The way was rough. Sometimes climbing over high boulders, falling over vines and struggling up again, creeping under bushes, and fighting their way through the long grass, they at last came in sight of the old mill. A sharp flash of lightning and a loud peal of thunder, followed by a few big drops of rain, made the boys realize that they had not started for shelter any too soon.

This old mill, like many others in that section, had not been used for years. The almost universal use of gasoline and steam engines had rendered water power unnecessary. The mill was a curiosity. The boys had never seen one like it before, and, even if the big drops of rain were falling faster and faster, they could not resist pausing for a look at the odd structure. It was one of those old box-like, gable-roofed structures, two and a half stories high, and was built before the Civil War. The roof was covered with moss, and the side of the building next to the stream was colored green, except where some of the boards had decayed and fallen away. The object of greatest interest was the old over-shot water wheel. It was twenty feet high, but, like the rest of the mill, was falling into a state of decay. Many of the cups on the wheel were missing. These cups had, each one, in former times, held its weight of water when the gate was raised, causing the wheel to move and whirl the huge stones which ground corn for the benefit of man and beast. To gaze at the old mill, and imagine the past, was something the boys found no time to do, for just then a flash, a roar, and a crash caused them to look quickly across the stream, where they saw splinters flying from a large poplar which had been struck by lightning.

They hastened around the building to the door, but found it

fastened from the inside. The rain was now falling fast, and it was necessary for them to find shelter. About ten feet from the ground, on the front side, they saw a small window, partly open. By means of their fishing-rods and by helping one another in turn, they succeeded in scrambling through the window, not a minute too soon, for the rain had already begun to pour down.

After pausing for a few minutes to get their breath, they opened the door, but the wind and rain rushed in so furiously that they found it necessary to close it at once. As they would be there for some time, they decided to have a look around. In one corner they saw the old platform, and on it the ponderous mill-stones; close by was the meal trough, in which the warm, new-ground meal used to fall before it was put in bags by the dusty-haired miller. Here and there they stumbled over old barrels and boxes, which were scattered about the floor. When they had satisfied their curiosity on this floor, which happened to be the second, they turned to the lower floor, but were surprised to find the door at the bottom of the ladder-like stairway locked. When they found that they could not get into the room below they hurried to the third floor, but this was next to the roof, which leaked in many places, and, besides, there was nothing of interest to be seen. They remained a few minutes, then retreated to the floor where they had first entered the building. Here they pulled some old boxes near the window and took a seat.

"Listen how it rains," said John. "We just did get here in time."

"Yes," replied Bill; "and it looks as if we are going to be forced to spend the night," he added, looking at his watch.

"What time is it, Bill?" asked John.

"Twenty minutes after seven," answered Bill, as he again looked at his watch.

"I didn't know it was so late," remarked John. "We were so busy catching fish that we forgot the time."

"And the fish, too," spoke up Bill.

"Didn't you bring them?" asked John.

"No," answered Bill; "I forgot them."



"So did I," said John; and then he added, slowly, "we can get them in the morning if they are not washed away."

"Yes, yes," replied Bill; "it will have to be in the morning, for we'll never get 'em to-night."

Then they lapsed into silence. The wind roared and the rain poured steadily down. A leak in the water-gate caused a splashing noise about the old wheel, while through the leaks above there was a continuous patter. Night came on, and still it rained. The thunder rolled, but less violently than at first. The sharp flashes of lightning from time to time caused the objects in the old mill to assume a ghost-like appearance. The boys sat on, sometimes talking, but more often silent.

"I'm going to sleep," said Bill, at last.

"What!" exclaimed John, starting up. "Going to sleep here?"

"Certainly; why not?" questioned his chum.

"Well, all right then; I am with you," was John's answer.

No sooner agreed than they turned over two large boxes, crawled on top of them, and were soon fast asleep. To lads of fifteen and sixteen sleep came quickly, in spite of environment. The night grew old, the cloud passed, and another followed in its wake, yet the boys slept on, unaware of what was happening.

"What's that?" cried John, starting up suddenly, and shaking Bill.

"What's what?" murmured Bill, sitting up at once.

"It's running," said John.

"What—" started Bill, but stopped with the question on his lips.

By this time both of them knew that the old mill-wheel was slowly turning and driving around the huge stones. The boys could not account for it. From what they had seen of the mill it was apparent to them that there was no more energy in the decaying wood and rusting iron. They did not know the current report in the neighborhood that the old mill-wheel sometimes started to turn, and, after keeping up its motion for an hour or two, would stop, apparently of its own accord. While deciding what to do, they were again startled, for a light appeared at the top of the stairway leading from the floor above. In a few seconds a woman, dressed in white, appeared. She carried an old-fash-

ioned candle, which shed a feeble light in the room and made the shadows dance over the floor. She came down the steps, paused beside the old meal trough, looked towards the frightened boys, as if debating what to do, turned slowly, and in a few seconds disappeared down the stairway leading to the lower floor. Somewhere the thunder rolled and rumbled a long, loud peal. The mill-wheel ceased to turn, the ponderous stones were still, and the lost vibrations among the creaking timbers were felt no more. Silence again prevailed, except for two beating hearts, which throbbed furiously in the bosoms of two frightened lads.

"What are you going to do?" whispered John.

"I am going," answered Bill, jumping from the box and rushing to the window.

"Yes, let's go," panted John, as he rushed to the window, through which Bill's feet were rapidly disappearing.

Once outside, the boys were aware that the rain had ceased, and that the moon was struggling to get clear of a small cloud. In a little while its pale light showed the way, and the boys raced in silence over the wet road. It was a long way home, and by the time they had reached the farm-house their fright had disappeared. They wondered why they had not made some effort to find out the truth about the mill mystery. They really felt ashamed of themselves for running. When they found that all at the farm-house were sleeping, they tip-toed to their room without making any noise. The boys were tired, and, after a few words of whispered conversation, they crept to bed. In a little while they were once more deep in sleep, and dreaming of old mills and fish.

The sun was high in the heavens next morning when they awoke and made their way down-stairs to a late breakfast. They remembered that they had left their fish in the stream and their tackle at the mill, and had about decided to go for them after breakfast, when the farmer's wife came in.

"I have news for you, boys," she said.

"Let's have it," they both cried in a breath.

"The old mill near here," she said, "was raided early this morning by revenue officers, and they found a moonshine dis-



tillery in the lower room. They also found that one of the men and his wife lived in the mill."

When she said this the boys looked at each other with wide open eyes, stammered something to one another, and then told their story.

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### SPRING WISH.

'Neath shaded rows and fragrant bowers,  
When the Spring was fresh and young,  
He walked, and idly plucked the flowers,  
Unmindful of the fleeing hours;  
This song he softly sung:  
"If I could leave this mortal room,  
And live again in other form,  
Nor man, nor beast, nor stately tree,  
Nor virgin grass that decks the lea,  
Nor white-robed seraph I would be—  
But, hidden from the passing storm,  
A lily I would bloom."

## THE COQUETTE.

H. T., '19.

**I**T was a typical small town boarding-house parlor; the walls covered with a gaudy red wall-paper; the chairs, their blue plush coverings slightly worn, standing stiffly against the wall at regular intervals, and a piano, very highly veneered and covered by a gorgeous red lambrequin, ostentatiously guarding one corner of the room.

The door opened, and one of the boarders appeared. She might have been any one of a thousand girls who walk down Broadway every day, looking bored, self-centered, and vain. Her cheeks were rather too much painted, her hair a little wavier than is quite natural, her costume a trifle too *chic* to be modest, and her finger-nails quite brilliant enough to reflect her face, as she seemed to realize, for she raised them more than once to gaze admiringly upon them before she took her seat at the piano.

As soon as she was comfortably arranged at that instrument, and the "stylish" parts of her gown displayed to her entire satisfaction, she began drumming out the latest "rags," accompanying them with many surreptitious pats at her hair and glances at her nails.

After a few minutes a young man, broad-shouldered, kind-eyed, and, in a way, handsome, entered the room, looked at the girl, and, opening his newspaper, settled himself comfortably in a chair. Any spectator might have interpreted the glance the city girl gave over her shoulder and the satisfied manner in which she continued to play. She almost seemed to say aloud: "Now you will hear something which will make you take notice, young man!" So, with occasional shy glances over her shoulder, she drummed constantly for an hour, all the time noticing closely the effect of her music upon the man.

At the end of an hour a servant entered the door, walked over to the object of the girl's interest, and said close to his ear, "Sir, your train's come!"

With a cheerful smile the man turned his head slightly, and remarked in a gentle voice: "I beg your pardon, James? You will have to speak a trifle louder, as I didn't quite understand."

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### SUMMER WISH.

The long slant rays in scorching heat  
Shone through the floating, hazy air;  
From o'er a field of golden wheat  
A sage lark sung his song so sweet;  
Youth answered from his new-found care:  
"If 'mid the field of harvest wide,  
I could my place in silence take,  
How gladly would I all resign,  
This anxious toil—this care of mine,  
But where the suns eternal shine  
I'd sow my life that it might make  
A harvest for the reaper's pride."



## BY THE MUSIC ACADEMY.

*E. R., '19.*

**I**T was a cold night in December, on the main street of Dayton. A tall, well-built young man stood by the side entrance of the Music Academy, with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his overcoat, which was, by no means, a new one. Every now and then he turned his face toward the street, and met the inquisitive eyes of the passers-by with a steady gaze. A policeman asked him gruffly what he was doing, and told him to move on. The young man nodded, and stayed where he was. Once he stamped down to the nearest corner to get the numbness out of his feet. On his return he found a girl, unconscious, on the steps of the side entrance, her head resting limply against the door. Her face was sweet, but very sad, and a faint streak across one cheek showed that she had been crying. The young man lifted her to her feet, and she fell back into his arms. They stood for a moment, silhouetted against the gray bricks of the building. Suddenly the girl opened her eyes, and the young man bent his head close to hers as she spoke:

“Why didn’t you let me die, Dick? I wanted to so badly, there on that cold step.”

“Die? Like the mischief!” said the young man. “You had only fainted a little. What did that old manager say to you?”

“He let me try one verse of a song to-night, in the performance. Just before I reached a very high note I thought of how much mother needed the money I could get from this position, and I got so weak that my voice broke. When the curtain came down on the horrid, grinning audience, the manager told me to go. It’s no use, Dick; I can’t do anything but sing, and not even a theatre will take me.”

The young man smiled, and whispered a few words in the girl’s ear, at which her face became perfectly radiant. The policeman, who passed by again, refrained from remarking on the engrossed young couple, but chuckled to himself, as he re-



membered a night ten years before, when he had told Molly about the little home he had bought.

But the girl looked up into the young man's face, and said; "Dick, you are the most wonderful brother in the world! Do you really mean that your story has been accepted, and that you have enough money to get mother all she needs to make her strong again?"

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### AUTUMN WISH.

Soft, autumn airs, in sunlight bathed,  
Give place to chill and frosty days.  
The old year stood as one amazed  
Before the new—so slowly raised,  
Then mingled songs of praise:  
"If, when the year his course has run,  
To end 'mid pictured snow and frost,  
I could my place in time assume,  
I'd ask to stand amid the gloom,  
'Tween winter's bud and summer's bloom;  
Though all might seem to then be lost,  
I'd wait 'till night was done."

RICHMOND COLLEGE  
RICHMOND, VA.  
A CEMETERY FOR PAPER DOLLS.

V. G., '19.



WE loved our paper dolls, and it was our greatest delight to play with them around the roots of the huge cherry trees at the top of the hill which faced the big farmhouse, and which was covered with the most beautiful grass ever seen. We called it Cherry Tree Hill, and nearly every morning we disappeared with a bucket of water for drinking and the dolls, to be seen no more until dinner time. The roots of one particular tree made the most beautiful house in the world, with a big drawing-room, dining-room, broad staircase, and bed-rooms. There was always a secret room, too, and the more awful the secret the better.

Finally, however, certain well-beloved dolls began to look the worse for wear, as people and things sometimes will when they get old. One day the idea came to us to bury them with solemn funeral rites. First of all, the location of the graveyard was selected, and then we raced down the hill to get a shovel to dig the graves and some material for coffins. This finally consisted of paper folded around the dolls.

After due ceremony, several were laid to rest, each in her own family plot. (We never buried the men, as they were too hard to get.) White flint stones, realistically shaped, were placed at the head of each grave. Then, with an idea of making the cemetery more beautiful, we cleared away all twigs and trash, and, gathering more stones, made a fine wall, with high imposing gate-posts. Then, as the families of the deceased ones had to come some distance to mourn over the graves, roads were made that would do credit to the Good Roads Commission. How sad it was when the mother and sisters came to weep for a beautiful young girl, who habitually wore a lovely black velvet coat, and was buried in it! Soon the cemetery became the most interesting thing in our play. It had to be enlarged several times, and new dolls had to be found to take the place of the old ones.

For several summers we played there, and, even now, I

always go up on Cherry Tree Hill and see if I can find any trace of that wonderful graveyard. But one of the trees has blown down, and people and animals have sadly disarranged the symmetry of the stones. It makes me home-sick to think of it, and I often wonder if any other children ever played such a game, or enjoyed it as much.

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### WINTER WISH.

The genial glow and gentle heat  
Shed from the open fire,  
Fell on a picture, passing sweet—  
The family circle there complete  
Sang songs of high desire:  
“Oh, to be blessed to live above  
The ceaseless battle for a life!  
To feel the pull of infant hands,  
To hear the child-like, sweet demands,  
And pass away to better lands—  
That I might live e'en mid the strife  
With heart kept sweet by child-like love.”



## ON MODERN CONVERSATION.

*I. S. Barksdale, '18.*

**G**OOD conversation may be defined as the discourse between two or more persons who are thinking logically, and are speaking in a fluent, concrete, colloquial style. However, if this is so, good conversation is extremely rare. In this essay I propose to draw some lines along which modern conversation runs—first, in respect to money matters; second, concerning the discourse of the older people; third, in respect to the conversation on social occasions; and, fourth, in reference to an ideal conversation.

Suppose there is going on between two prominent business men a discussion of a certain matter; could we guess the subject of their conversation? Why, of course we could. It would obviously be about finance and financial conditions. This, I venture to say, is the most discussed matter of the present age, not only among business men, but among others as well. It is pleasing, no doubt, to a sordid and avaricious mind, but repulsive, and even positively disgusting, to those of finer sensibilities and ideals. Frequently we are bored by a discourse between two persons who are continually talking of the cost and selling price of a certain article which concerns them either directly or indirectly. Especially small merchants are guilty of this, and, since these people are so numerous, this variety of talk is quite common. Very often we hear a certain man referred to in respect to his financial successes and speculations, along with his yearly income. This, in turn, finally becomes tiresome to some who have higher ideals and a weaker desire for material substances; furthermore, it creates a longing for something loftier.

Now let us turn to another phase of thought, since the above has been briefly outlined. An old man is a peculiar being. If we approach him from certain positions we may obtain much useful knowledge, and, again, from another point, we obtain nothing but complaints of feeling, dissatisfaction, and murmurings of discontent. If we were to visit a Civil War veteran in his home,



and begin to ask him questions about the Civil War, we would get a most complete personal history of the individual during his campaigns; but if we were to enquire after his health we would likely get a catalogue of an old man's real and fancied ailments, covering many years of experience, and rambling on reminiscently for an indefinite length of time. Therefore, in talking to an old person, the subject of discussion is largely what we choose to make it. If he is a man well read in the daily newspapers and current topics magazines, a very satisfactory account of current events may be obtained. This kind of conversation is extremely interesting, compared with the one above, because, if the speaker has an interesting personality, our minds are constantly open for something less weighty, but more instructive and pleasing. He will begin to give his views concerning the present war, and contrast his war with it; it is likely, too, that he will talk about the President, the preparedness proposition, or what not, along with the problems and questions of his younger days. I am not saying that the discussion of current events is solely confined to the older class of people, because this is not so; the younger are less skeptical, and their conversation is less inclined to the present. Furthermore, the old are a great fault-finding set—nothing ever seems to exactly suit their ways of thinking, and hence a multitude of oppositions and contraries are encountered. New dances, modern customs, modern luxuries, *et cetera*, are strongly opposed or criticised. What would this country be if every one conformed to the wishes and advice of this class? Nevertheless, the older people are observant in all things, and are capable of pointing out mistakes with great ease; therefore, we, of the younger generation, should regard them as our teachers, and take some of their wise advice occasionally.

Now let us turn to another phase of the topic—the conversation upon social occasions.

On certain social occasions—parties, receptions, dances, and the like—discourse is about one great subject, and that, I venture to say, is simply *nothing*. For, on quoting that trenchant English essayist: "The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion," or *Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris*—and this is the *hic jacet* of this kind of conversation—there is no occasion.

We are ultimately bored by hearing a certain popular individual discussed; we are worn out by the narrative of certain trifling personal experiences; we are continually having our good nature tried by hearing the discussion of finances; we have our patience exhausted by a multitude of would-be jokes about Pat, the Irishman, and Israel, the Jew, which were probably found in Joe Miller's joke book. But now and then one comes upon a person who is really able to entertain, not by the above methods, but by original wit and real humor, one who is able to entertain an audience, and excite their undeveloped, socially-inclined minds by tales of his own adventures at college and elsewhere. I allude to the college undergraduate, or alumnus, because he, generally speaking, is chock-full of practical jokes and fun, and, above all, he has the ability to talk in a pleasing, colloquial style. He need not be a college-bred, but simply an intelligent individual, who knows what real humor is, and how to express it. Now and then, in company, we meet with a fellow who is continually laughing and jabbering all the while—what sort of an animal is he? Has he truly a logical mind, or is he trying to be comical, and not succeeding in doing so? Perhaps the latter is true. How would a college man be impressed by him? He would probably laugh at the poor man's vain efforts, and deeply sympathize with him.

Another tiresome subject of modern conversation is concerning modern novels and plays. If there is a second-rate stock company in one's home town, this will be the topic of discourse of much of the uneducated mass. The leading man will be the object of consideration among the female gossipers, while a motion picture play will be discussed by all. Therefore, let me conclude, in this division of thought, that gossip, rightly defined as English words without a meaning, is extremely common in modern popular discourse.

How interesting, how instructive, how delightful it is to sit among a group of learned, middle-aged men, and hear them discuss religion, science, and its concomitant laws and theories, literature, art, architecture, and philosophy. This conversation, I must and am forced to say, is the only conversation really worth while. What more do we desire than a discussion of the mysteries of religion and the Bible; of our ignorance concerning chemical



action, physical phenomena, and Darwin's indisputable theory of the evolution of animals from the less complex to the more complex; of the lives of such famous literary men as Pope, Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, William Shakespeare, Thomas Carlyle, or T. B. Macaulay, and such great masterpieces as the great epics, *Beowulf*, or *Paradise Lost*, or the plays of Shakespeare, Jonson, or "Kit" Marlowe; of the works of Raphael, Murillo, Rubens, or some Greek or Roman sculptor; of Ruskin's fine works on architecture, such as the "Stones of Venice"; or of the synthetic philosophy of Herbert Spencer, the birth of the syllogism of Aristotle, or the philosophy of that good and great Greek sage, Socrates. Nevertheless, such conversation is as rare as cat feathers, and can only be found in the very cream of society.

Now, in conclusion, let me briefly summarize what has been put forth—first was the never-ending subject of finance, which becomes extremely tiresome if perpetually discussed; second were the complaints and points of view and the criticism of the skeptic; third was the trifling conversation of social occasions, and fourth was the type of conversation that is undoubtedly the ideal. Therefore, as I have said above, good conversation requires good thought, and this thought must be consistent throughout.

## BACK UP DE BIG ROAD.

*Watchem.*

“**V**ES, I’se mighty sorry, but den agin I’se sorter glad,” said old Uncle Zack to me one day, as he was relating some of his personal affairs.

Uncle Zack was an old negro of the ante-bellum type, and was very highly respected by all the people in the community, both white and black. He was kind-hearted and generous, but loved money like a miser. When he became free, at the end of the war, he purchased a few acres of land and began farming. After a few years, he married Elviry Elam Batts, one of his childhood acquaintances. This period of matrimony had proved one of bliss for years, with the exception of a few family broils of no consequence, until one day the death angel came for Aunt Elviry Elam, and she, obeying the summons, left poor Uncle Zack alone upon the sea of life. He had to attend to his work on the farm, and, in addition, perform the duties of housekeeper.

It was not long before the fond parents of the community who had daughters of a post-mature age for marrying began to advise him to take unto himself another wife, saying, “Lor, Brer Zack, you sho ought ter git married.” This was quite natural, for Zack had a pretty good little farm, and, according to popular belief, a good deal of money hidden around the house.

These interrogations and the rumored one, “Why don’t dat ole fool Zack go on and git married, stidder livin’ dar whar somebody’s gwinter kill him fer his money?” started Zack to look around himself, with the determination to find a wife. But Fate decreed otherwise, and sent Uncle Solomon, an old negro about ninety years of age, to his home, instead of a female companion. Solomon, as is often the case among his race, when he had become too old to work, had been deserted by all his relatives. Solomon was a companion only, for, instead of being able to help Zack, it was necessary, after a short while, for Zack to wait on him, and often care for him as he would a baby. Although Uncle Zack had never “come through” at any of the revivals, he was



filled with the spirit of charity, and took care of Solomon without even the hope of any reward in this world. All the help he received from his Christian neighbors was the consoling assurance: "You shore is doin' a mighty good part by Brer Solomon, Brer Zack, and de Lord is gwinter bless yer fer it."

"I'se not worthy un all de blessin'," was Uncle Zack's reply. "Yawl had better get part un it."

"Yes you is, Brer Zack," they would respond, but offered the old man no assistance.

This state of affairs continued for a few years, and then the death angel again entered his domicile and claimed the aged Solomon.

Almost immediately after Solomon's decease the former advice of "Git married" again was brought to Uncle Zack's ears. This time Fate did not interfere. Zack was a very calculating old darkey, and none of the widows near his home measured up to the standard he set for his second wife; so he went into another county to woo, and in a couple of days brought back a wife to share his cabin.

Without asking the advice of any of his friends, he was quietly married to Nancy Umbles, a middle-aged widow, with a son, Goldbug, about eight years of age. And once more the portals of his home were thrown open to his friends and neighbors. Although they did not like the way his search for a wife had ended, it was too late to prevent the result. They accordingly consoled themselves with the thought, occasionally expressed: "Dat ole fool Zack done gone en got married. He neber did have good sense nohow, but he oughter know better dan to marry dat black wench."

In spite of the adverse criticism, everything went on propitiously for the first few weeks, and Zack was about to be convinced that a man could live as happily with his second wife as with his first. Soon, however, Goldbug seemed destined to cause trouble in the household. He was beginning to throw stones at people passing along the public road, and to engage in other forms of mischief that did not meet the approval either of those who had to travel the road by the house or the neighbors. Of course, the complaints were poured into Zack's ears. He was very much

grieved by the circumstances, but feared to punish the wayward boy on account of his mother, who, when he mentioned the matter to her, he found inclined to give the boy all the liberty he desired. Zack's philosophy taught him, "When a woman will, she will; and when she won't, she won't," and therefore deemed it unnecessary to use the art of persuasion.

Whenever a complaining neighbor came to him he would merely answer, "I'se in the terriblest perdicament I'se eber been in. Dat wife ob mine won't let me use er bresh on dat boy, and I can't do nothin' 'tall wid him." For Zack these continual complaints of his neighbors were of the worst kind he had ever had to listen to, but he managed to bear them nobly, until one day Goldbug broke one of his plows. This meant that he must dig down into his pocket and bring out some of his hard-earned money to replace the loss, a circumstance that was too much for Uncle Zack. Accordingly he cut several slender branches from the peach tree in the yard, and "invited the young genterman in de house," as he expressed it.

The first howl sent up by Goldbug brought the mother upon the scene of action. Immediately she burst out in angry tones: "Whadder you doin' beatin' dat boy, Zack? If you know what's best fer yer, yer'll stop dis minnit." Zack did not desist, and before he had time to think Nancy had picked up the long, family, "black-handled" butcher knife off the table, and, drawing it back, exclaimed: "Ef yer don't stop beatin' dat boy, I tells yer, nigger, I'se gwinter cut yer throat from year ter year."

Quick as a flash, Zack seized the heavy board-bottomed chair which had served to hold the rods which he had been using. Now the howling boy saw that trouble was about to follow, and he, not really hurt enough to cry anyway, assumed the task of acting as mediator.

Only a few words sufficed to soothe the passions of the kind-hearted Zack, who was willing to do all in his power to live amicably with his wife, and that first family difficulty was settled.

This incident served to make the man and wife a little more indifferent to each other, but Nancy realized that something must be done to the boy, lest her own reputation in the community be ruined, for people had begun to realize, for the first time, that she was the one to blame for her son's conduct.



As a conflict of words occurred almost every week after this, Nancy went for consolation to her beloved son, with a great deal of motherly advice: "Be a good boy, Goldbug, and don' yer neber cuss like all de udder nigger boys, 'cause de debbil's sho gwinter git dem all. Don' yer never use no bad words." The young hypocrite began to act like a saint around the house, but, as usual, was a little demon when out of his mother's sight.

One day, right after a good scolding by the mother, as Goldbug was playing down in the woods near the cabin, Nancy heard the notes of her son proceed from among the bushes:

"I don' give a damn whar de boat do lan',  
Jes' take keer de baby chile."

Nancy was in a very bad humor that day, and somehow this infuriated her. When Goldbug came to the house she *politely* invited him in, and, following the former procedure of Zack, locked the front door, and began to inflict the punishment.

Zack was down in his tobacco patch (his farm was in central Virginia) engaged in "layin'" it by. He heard the noise, and came up to the house to see what was the matter, but he did not venture in, for, to use the words that he employed in relating it: "I cum up to de house ter see what was de matter wid de black rascal, whedder a snake had bit him, or whedder Nancy had done gone crazy, and was a beatin' un him, as he zerved. But, jes' as I reached de bottom step un de front do, de ole spotted fambly cat cummed out at de cat-hole en runned through a crack in de fence dat a big-sized rat cuddenter squeezed through, jes' like ole Satan hissef was arter her, en tuck out tose de creek.

"Now when I was a young man I seed de big fire in Lynchbug, when aller dem warhouses was bunned up dar by de ribber, and, arter everybody and every udder libbin' critter had done left de darabouts, arter sompin' like half a hour, a ole cat cum out from de fire hitsef en set out tose de ribber. An' I larnt den an dar dat it don' neber do ter go 'bout a house whar de cat done lef, 'specially if she take out tose water. Dars hot times in dat house. So, knowin' what was going on in dar, I jes' stepped back 'hind de tree in de yard, en listened.

"De chile was a-cryin' en a-makin' mo fuss den a dog wid twenty tin-cans tied ter his tail en scramblin' round in dar samer



den a tarrapin wid a coal ob fire on his back. Nancy was a hollerin', 'Yer ain't gwinter listen ter me, and quit yer cussin', is yer? Yer durned, black, nappy-headed, flat-nosed nigger.'

"'No, no, ma; yes I is. Please don' kill me.'

"When I heered de word 'kill' fer once in my life I felt like shouting, jes' like de niggers at de big meetin' when dey gits 'ligion. I was so in hopes dat it was gwinter larn him a lessen.

"Pretty quick do, de do opened, en Nancy spied me hind de tree. 'Dar *you* is. I sees yer. Yer'll git a wusser beatin' den de boy, fer you is de one dat larnt him de cuss words.'

"I dimonstrated, en tole her I neber used eny cuss words, but dar warn't no use. I didn't know what was raily de matter wid Nancy, whedder she had lost her min' sho nuff, or whedder somethin' had jes' crossed her path. But, enyhow, I queried uv her how she could 'cuse me uv larnin' de chile cuss words when she had been using dem herself. En I tole her what she had done said when she was chastisin' de boy.

"'Youse a lie. I ain't use no cuss words. I did say "durn," but I ain't never said "damn,"' was the reply I got.

"Right den en dar I 'lowed ter her dat she better take de path what leads ter de big road, if she was cussin' en talkin' bout beatin' me. I don' want ter hit no feminine critter, but she cum down de step en hit me ober de head wid de razor strop, an' dat kinder raised my blood. I caught her hands, en tole her dat if she didn't be good I was goin' ter slap her. She blabbed back: 'Go on en slap me, en I'se gwinter put de law on yer.' Den I 'membered dat de law say, 'Thou shalt not slap a feminine critter,' but I also 'membered dat it didn't say nothin' 'bout bitin', so I jes' took her shoulder in my mouth en squeezed down on it. Dis kinder brought Nancy ter her senses, en she settled down.

"As yer know, I'se a peaceful sort of a pusson, en don' want eny trouble in de fambly, en I jes' tole her dat we mus' siperate, en, bein' as de house en farm 'longed ter me, I guessed she was de one ter do de siperatin'. She gin ter cry, en I formed her dat she mout stay, 'vided she would 'have hersef, but she seemed ter think dis deman' too hebby, en 'lowed dat she was gwine 'way. I would not let her stay on eny udder terms, so I gib her de pick ob de shoats in de pen, half un de meat, en half un de flour in de barrel, en she tuck out up de big road whar she cum from."

## ON GREATNESS—AN APOLOGY FOR MEDIOCRITY.

*M. T. Spicer, Jr., '18.*

**S**OME day, perhaps, we shall have a National Society for the Discovery, Valuation, and Perpetuation of Greatness, as exemplified in men. We already have our Hall of Fame, but it only considers men who have previously been judged great by nearly everybody. To-day, in this organized, commercial age, there is a premium on glory, and a contempt for mediocrity. An individual cannot pick out a great man. The task requires a highly-efficient committee, which weighs and measures the prospective candidates in various ways. Standards differ more than fashions, and the number is extremely limited who may hope to be approved by even a majority of these self-appointed judges.

Some think that physical courage is the supreme test of greatness. In the past the Spartans were, of a certainty, the most stalwart supporters of this belief. Others hold the opinion that the greater greatness lies in literary and artistic achievement. Again, in the past, and in Greece, the Athenians adhered to this view. This enumeration, however, leads into an endless discussion. It is sufficient, we agree, to state that there are great men in every field of endeavor, but we differ in deciding which field furnishes the most indispensable heroes.

As far back as history records, men have been taking part in the universal and everlasting race for fame and glory. Nobody ever asks what his ultimate reward will be if he succeeds. Nobody takes into account his chances at the start, or considers the adverse odds. We all turn on full power for the first lap, and let the far distant home stretch take care of itself, taking it as a matter of course that we will be among the winners, and not in the "also ran" contingent. Some of us may keep diaries, in order to aid future historians in their ascertainment of truth.

Speaking of historians, we might call to mind a certain class



of historians, biographers. Biographers, in general, are men who set out to write up, in correct, unadulterated form, the lives of members (active or prospective) of the House of Notables and Hall of Notorious. The true test of a biographer is to give him some proverbial jolly good fellow to associate with the more aristocratic, faultless, superhuman assemblage. The means to be employed are never specified nor codified, but depend entirely upon the writer's own ingenuity. All sorts of manuscripts, photographs, and love letters may be exposed, some of which may never have been in existence until after the all-important person had died, and had once been forgotten.

Where there is danger of running across glaring faults or ghastly failures, the biographer must take his mind off of his work, and turn over two pages at a time. When he has fulfilled these requirements, and has found out more than he wishes to know about the person on trial, he usually sits down, and lives on a pension. After finishing one man's biography, the writer is, as a rule, the greater hero of the two. Hence, one of the best ways to become famous is to try to show the world that some inglorious ignoramus was a martyr to his mind.

Many hardened criminals, many uncouth adventurers, many ignoble sovereigns, are among the immortal great. Jesse James, the fabled Captain Kidd, and Nero are known intimately by everybody. On the other hand, the man on the street cannot remember much about Draco, Lyncurgus, or Spinoza. Yet each of these three stand for some great movement that has a close relation to life of to-day. There are actually no essential requirements for fame—anything is liable to make a man well known.

Force of circumstances has produced countless noted men. Hereditary offices, probably more than any other one factor, have made men famous. Behind many thrones, in all ages, have sat untold numbers of obscure ministers and advisors, who have formulated royal policies of world-wide significance, yet youthful or weak-minded sovereigns have become universally famed through them. Philip of Macedon is comparatively little known, although he made possible the Macedonian Empire. However, Alexander the Great is known to every school-boy, and he only carried to the extreme what Philip had devised and begun. Vir-



ginia Dare is a familiar character to Virginians, simply because she happened to be the first child born on Virginia soil. Thus, "some are born great; others have greatness thrust upon them."

The world's noblest heroes have been the men who have made up-hill fights, who have faced the most difficult situations. The harder the fight and the more serious the situation the greater the man. There is no need to illustrate; this is fully accepted. It is the same kind of greatness, probably, that we all aim at in the beginning. It is inspiring, and lofty, and tempting. Yet, in reaching for greatness, we cannot be like unto the multitude. It seems almost impossible for the average man, in average circumstances, and with average problems to face, to become notable. There are too many men alike, and individuality, the keynote to fame, is lacking. This leads us to consider individuality as swerving public opinion.

Public opinion is almost invariably fickle in regard to famous men. A single distasteful revelation concerning a celebrity may turn the world against him. If he be a writer, and some of his theories or expressions be proved false, he drops quickly in estimation. Aristotle, from his high, surpassing pedestal of philosophy, fell hastily and heavily when Bacon spoke. In certain ages some writers have been immensely popular, but at other times they have been swallowed in oblivion. Bloody Mary was formerly a character used only to signify cruelty and meanness. Contrary to the usual inverted result, on recent closer investigation, much sympathy and respect have been shown towards her.

A soldier, a statesman, a scientist, a story-teller, each may be a popular hero one day, and the next may see him die of starvation and want. Morgan Robertson, formerly a much-admired American author, unsurpassed in writing sea stories, died a few weeks ago in New York. He was friendless, and lacked the bare necessities of life. The public, in truth, has no heart. It worships a man in his triumphs, but joyfully forgets him when his enrapturing powers are gone.

Great men, as a rule, are not even appreciated by their contemporaries. Samuel Morse, when he first made known his beliefs in regard to telegraphy, was considered a confirmed lunatic.

Here we are laughing ourselves to death over Henry Ford's peace plans. A few years ago we would have made an unlimited amount of fun over his automobile ideas, but to-day we marvel at his success in this line. Lavoisier was guillotined by the French Revolutionists immediately after making invaluable contributions to chemistry. Soon after winning one of the world's most decisive battles of all times, Miltiades, the Athenian, pined away his life, enclosed by prison walls.

Who of to-day knows Mayer? No, not the great half-back, but Julius Robert Mayer. Julius Robert Mayer was an obscure nineteenth century German physician. He discovered practically the law of conservation of energy in chemistry, attacked the theory of dynamic energy in physics, and made valuable contributions in the field of astronomy. Almost no scientist, contemporary or predecessor, can exhibit a deeper vision or a broader range of intellect. He is the peer of any man in either field. Yet encyclopedias do not mention him. Why is this true? It is simply unexplainable.

The route to fame is rocky. Countless are the pitfalls of the demagogue, the sloughs of the over-anxious, and the caverns of the avaricious. Our own American history is filled with evidence of these devouring obstructions. Former United States Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, a few days ago laid bare the political intrigues by which Senator LaFollette has tried to elevate himself before the public gaze. The recent Lorimer scandal, of precisely the same nature, has formed one of the biggest blemishing blots on American politics. This was corruption on a wholesale scale. It often dawns upon a man, after the victory has been won or lost, that his life has been wasted in the strenuous strife, and his power of enjoyment has departed. His eyes have been glued too closely to the goal. It is too late to be educated in deviation. He must realize severely that departed hours are golden, dead minutes are silver.

Contrast this plight with the contented, average man at the retiring age. He is above envy and prejudice. He has lived amidst pleasure and happiness. He laughs heartily at a new joke, yet does not gain a frown when the stock market goes down. He possesses no more than his neighbor, nor covets he more.

His conduct is not constantly scrutinized by popular view; he lives to suit himself, without fear of criticism or loss of prestige.

Genius has made many a man immune to most of the pleasures and benefits of real life. The majority of genii are unprincipled in some respect, erratic, and disagreeable in personality. The happiest people on earth are those of the middle classes, enjoying fair prosperity, and making the most of their existence in mortal state. Mediocrity is a blessing, not a curse, of our civilization.



## PEACE IN THE DESERT.

*A. L. Stratford, '19.*

The craved haven of my heart at last  
Hath been attained, and now I lie,  
Dreaming of the ever-yearning past,  
And perfectly content to die.

Far upon the west the call is heard  
Of some muezzin to his clan,  
And, ah! the bliss of not a single word  
From the lips of any fellow-man.

And now to yon moving caravan,  
With its measured step severe,  
Comes the voice of the stately dragoman,  
In tones both stern and clear.

No mirage need ever beckon me,  
For content am I here to lie.  
Here it is, indeed, sublimity  
To gaze on the wondrous sky.

The purple hues blend in the azure dome,  
And crimson streaks diffuse in harmony;  
The wide expanse of gold plains, ever one,  
Can only cause complete tranquillity.

Now fade the magic hues, far from my sight;  
Star after star peep from their hiding place,  
Bringing on the magic, glorious night  
Above my eager, upturned face.

And now, left alone, I gaze and dream,  
Enrobed in night's most mystic shroud;  
Sublime to me this earth doth seem,  
With peace my heart is overflowed.

Peace have I, at last, thus found,  
Peace, which bringeth heaven nigh,  
Peace, which healeth every wound;  
Content am I now to die.

## THE SCHEME OR THE GIRL.

*By 10, 5, 13.*

**T**HE "Quartette" had just come in off the golf links, and had thrown themselves in a lazy fashion about on the chairs and lounges. The day had been intensely warm, and the four chums, after having ordered ice drinks, were trying, by various means, to cool off.

"Your playing this afternoon was about the best this season, Guy."

"Thanks, Tom; thought it was right decent myself."

And with that they lapsed into silence. In fact, there was not a sound to be heard anywhere. The whole out-doors seemed to have been weighed down by the heat.

"Dog— if this ain't the hottest day I ever felt," exploded Bob Clinton, mopping his streaming face.

"Oh, well, not so bad as it might be," put in Bill Copeland, apparently not affected by the unusual heat of the day. Yet only one look out of the windows facing west was needed to justify Bob's words.

The sun, now a heavy red ball, was sinking slowly, amidst the hazy sultriness of the atmosphere. He had shone his brightest and most blistering the whole day long, and now, as if loath to resign his sovereignty, hung sullenly in the sky.

The "Blue Grass Club" was ideally situated, however, and almost immediately a delightful breeze blew through the open doors and windows of the adjoining rooms. Borne upon it came the sound of girlish voices from the south veranda. This seemed to arouse the men, all except Bill.

"Come on, fellows; that sounds interesting. Let's go around."

"You're right, Bob. I'm right with you," said the ever-willing Guy, fanning himself vigorously. "Coming, Bill?"

"No, thanks; I'll just stay here."

"Well, so long." And Guy and Bob walked off in a lazy stride.

"Why don't you come on, Bill," said Tom, lingering a little behind the others.

"Oh, I'd just as soon stay here."

"Now look here, old man," continued Tom, resuming his seat. "Wake up a bit, won't you? Just get you around the ladies and you draw right into your shell. I think that's what you need anyway—to take an interest in some girl. There's Mamie King, and Gertrude Whitmore, and Nell Cameron, all the—"

"Who's that you say? Oh, yes, Nell Cameron. By the way, I've got an engagement to ride with her to-morrow."

"Well, bully for that," laughed Tom, giving Bill a friendly slap on the shoulder. "But seriously, Bill, do you like her in a different way? A fellow like you sure deserves just such a girl as Nell. She's all right, I tell you."

"Oh, well, the girl I'd choose has got to have a lot of nerve—nothing fluffy and clinging—but not masculine, you understand." And Bill's tone was not entirely disinterested.

"That's what you're after, eh? In the meantime, let's go find the boys."

The club house was built like an old colonial mansion, with a spacious hall in the centre and rooms on each side. Just back of the east room, and almost directly in front of the door opposite, was a narrow hallway leading out on the veranda.

As Tom and Bill walked out of the west room, the men's lounging parlor, Tom caught sight of Nell Cameron and her chum, Leigh Braxton, hastening down this hall. As he called for them to wait, the two girls turned about sharply, as if caught in some mischief. "In a hurry?" queried Tom.

"No—that is, not particularly; we were going out to join the folks. Won't you come along?" invited Nell, in her cordial, half-contralto voice. And indeed it was not a difficult thing to follow two such attractive girls as these. The two were dressed similarly in white tennis suits. Leigh wore a small white hat, at a dangerous angle on her reddish gold curls, and Nell one of like kind, set square on her black braids.

Shortly after the two couples had joined the jolly crowd on the veranda some one mentioned the horseback ride planned



for the following afternoon. During the excitement over the discussion of this ride Nell Cameron and Leigh Braxton slipped quietly away down the rear end of the veranda, and thence to the creek flowing at the foot of the hill.

At one spot a most charming little summer house had been built. It was now completely covered with ramblers and honeysuckle, thus affording an ideal place for confidences. The two conspirators, for they were nothing more nor less, went in through the vine-arched doorway, after having made sure that no one was near.

"Oh, Leigh, I knew the minute you winked at me you had a plan up your sleeve. Tell me quick, won't you? I know it's dreadful to plot to catch a man, but, oh, Leigh, he's so splendid! Do you really think he cares for me? But tell me—what's your plan?" There was an inquisitive lift of the eyebrows and an expectant expression on the face of this charming little schemer.

Leigh herself, though in earnest, seemed highly amused. "That's exactly what I'm waiting to do. Now do be quiet, and listen just a second."

"Oh, yes, I know—but remember he wants a girl with lots of nerve, and I'm sure I could do something real brave if I had to."

"Please do be quiet, and let me talk fast—they'll be missing us. Now then—"

"Oh, Leigh, I'm sure I heard some one. It sounds like—"

"Will you stop interrupting? It's nothing of the sort. Now listen to me. Don't look so scared. To-morrow afternoon you will ride with Bill, and I with Tom, of course—"

"Oh, how lovely it must be to say 'of course!'"

"How silly, Nell! We will ride just back of you two, and when I give you the signal, instead of following the pike, you turn into the woods. There's a sort of trail that leads straight through to the old Delaine cottage, and cuts off a great deal of the distance. For a good little way in the woods are beautiful, and you'll know how to talk under the conditions. But further on it gets awfully gloomy—almost scary, and looks like there's no way to get out. Now you must act real 'brave' or 'nervy,' and I'll give you your directions so you will come out of the woods right near the cottage."

"Great, Leigh, and you're the best friend a girl ever had. Just think what it will mean."

The plotting done, the two girls, arm in arm, strolled on back to the club house. While Nell wore a happy smile, the expression on Leigh's face was probably more significant than the occasion demanded.

As they reached the house, Tom Radcliffe came hurrying up the hill from the opposite direction. As he called to Leigh to wait for him, she told Nell to run in and start the ball rolling by looking her prettiest and talking her wittiest at the informal supper that evening.

By this time Tom had reached the veranda, and he and Leigh sat down on the steps. "Well, if you aren't a veteran schemer, little girl—oh, yes, I heard it all."

"Well, aren't you ashamed of yourself for listening, Mr. Thomas Radcliffe?" At Leigh's stern manner, Tom affected a most injured expression, whereupon that young lady immediately let the matter drop.

"But, Tom, they were just made for each other, and I want them to be as happy as we are."

"Yes, you little angel, that part is all right, but Nell will be scared to death, and Bill don't know a thing about the place."

"That's just what I'm after, Tom. Bill's been in tough places before, you know; and I think he's got a wrong idea about the girl he wants anyhow." Leigh's tone was that of confidence, and her eyes said more than her words.

"Oh, there you are—I see now. But who in the world would have thought of that but you."

During the night there were showers, as foretold by the red and angry appearance of the setting sun. By morning, however, the sky had cleared, and a stiff west wind was blowing. This was, indeed, an ideal day for a jolly horseback ride into the country.

The plan was to leave the club about 5:30 in the afternoon, reach the old Delaine Cottage at about 7:00, and then, after a supper, served by the keepers of the cottage, and games on the lawn, to return home by moonlight.

At the time appointed the entire party of eight couples was mounted and ready to start.



Leigh Braxton and Tom Radcliffe managed to fall in the rear, with Nell Cameron and Bill Copeland just in front. And these two were indeed a most fascinating pair on horseback. Nell sat her "Black Beauty" in a graceful style, and Bill looked splendid on his big chestnut mount.

Soon the party reached the Denville woods. Such beauties of nature as are described only by means of themselves were displayed on every side. Trees of various kinds were in full leaf, and wild flowers of every shape and shade were sprinkled along the green carpet at the edge of the forest. Down further in the woods the undergrowth began to thicken and spread, so as to hide what wonders might be beyond.

The Denville pike had been made through the forest, cutting it about in half. The white stretch of road could be seen for some yards ahead, then, in a curve, would lose itself to the view.

The party rode joyously on. At a certain clearing in the woods Leigh Braxton galloped ahead up the pike, with Tom following fast. She waved back to Nell, and immediately that young lady turned into the woods.

"That's beautiful in there, Mr. Copeland. Let's go in a little way," said Nell, as she herself guided her "Beauty" over the ditch into the clearing.

"Why, just as you like, Miss Cameron," answered Bill, but he didn't stir from the pike. Nell, sitting with graceful ease on her spirited little horse, made entirely too charming a picture against the circular background of trees to miss the opportunity of enjoying it.

"Coming, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes—but you know the picture you—that is, the view is beautiful. The woods are fine; let's go further." And, having brought his horse up to her side, they rode together down the path.

"I say, Miss Cameron—I always like my first name so much better than the last, you know—" Bill suddenly spoke, and as suddenly became silent again.

"Well?" came the inquisitive reply.

"I was just wondering whether you'd object to calling me by my first name—my friends all do, you know," came the hasty explanation or apology for the offense.



"Why, I'm sure I shouldn't object, if you really wish it. Now, let's see—" and, with a tantalizing tilt of her chin, she pointed ahead of her. "Isn't that a scary place down there—Bill?" And, in following the direction of her crop, he lost half the pleasure of hearing her call him Bill.

Not realizing how far they had gone, they were now face to face with the densest part in the forest. The trees above were so overlapped that even at mid-day little light could pierce through, and now it was growing late. The trees were so low and the undergrowth so thick that they seemed to be smothering one in. The ground sloped rather suddenly downward from where the riders were standing. About twelve yards away a huge stone was lying in such a position as seemingly to form the mouth of a cave. What little light found its way through cast strange shadows at the opening of this cave. The outlook would indeed not have been pleasing, even to one familiar with the surroundings.

"There doesn't appear to be much way out of here, Miss Nell—if I may," said Bill; and the sound of his voice seemed to produce strange echoes.

Though a trifle nervous, Nell still felt confident of her directions. "No," she answered him, "but there's a path just back of this rock, I think." Her tone was a little incredulous, and, even as Bill started to follow, she turned a frightened face toward him. "I must have taken the wrong path," and fear was easily detected in her voice.

As Bill drew up to her side he saw just back of the stone a most foreboding pool. A green scum nearly covered what little water was there, and tiny half-dead creatures were crawling along its surface.

Nell had dropped her reins, and, for a moment, buried her face in her hands. Bill caught hold of the bridle, and lead "Beauty" around back to the other side of the cave. As Nell raised her head there was the slightest trace of tears in her eyes, and her hands trembled as she reached for her reins.

With a ring of deep feeling in his voice, Bill tried to comfort her. "I'm so sorry; that was a frightful looking place. Let's try another path."

"But I'm sure that's the way Le—oh, I mean I'm sure that's

the way to the road again." Nell's voice was trembling, and, as she looked about her a half sob broke from her throat. For a moment the man almost forgot the gathering gloom and the immediate need for finding a way out. Nell's half sob of fear struck him to the heart. He reached forward and caught her trembling hands in his own. "Black Beauty," as if aware of the need, stepped closer up to the big horse. As Nell, thus brought so near, looked up at Bill riding at her side, he saw not alone the frightened expression in her tear-filled eyes, but also her lips set in a firm and determined line.

"My plucky little girl," he said, and many would have wondered had they heard the tenderness with which he spoke those few words.

Fear vanished from Nell's eyes, and the strained expression of her lips relaxed into a tremulous but happy smile. Then the girl knew that she was not the one to lead them out of this wilderness.

The clatter and noise of the laughing party, who had gone around the pike, broke in upon the stillness and silence of the woods.

"By George! Nell, they're not more than a hundred yards from here, and just over to the left." And with Bill in the lead, they made their way successfully through what had, at one time, been a most perplexing wilderness.



## LOVE—A REVERIE.

*H. T. C., '18.*

**I**SAT alone on the narrow side deck of an ocean ship. On the hurricane deck above me the passengers walked, and discussed many matters. But I sat alone, and gazed far out across the sea. 'Twas night; the full moon cast its lurid light upon the waves, which were ever in motion. I looked, and looked, and looked again, and my thoughts were far from my environment, but from the upper deck there dropped to me the part of a sentence, and my thoughts were suddenly called back to the ship and its human cargo. The part heard was, "I love—" But just then a wave broke against the side of the ship, and this was all that I heard. I again looked out over those same waves, but I heard in my ears, "I love—"

The great ship rocked in the sea, for the mother ocean was rocking it as the mother rocks the cradle of her first-born. I analyzed what I had heard. Only a pronoun and its verb. The pronoun could mean any one using it, but that verb. I paused in my thinking, and was appalled at the greatness of so small a word. I repeated aloud, "Love," and what does it mean? What was the rest of that unfinished sentence? But the waves mocked my inquiry. Did that speaker love an inanimate object, or did he love some kindred spirit?

Turning my meditations toward this subject, I weighed that word in the balance, and found it not wanting. The waves caught up the sound, "I love—" and I knew that love was as fathomless as those waves. Like the ocean stretches from Pole to Pole, so love reaches to every clime. The heathen, in his bush tent, will defend those of his tent, and with equal tenacity the Eskimo battles against those who would injure his kin. Although not developed, these experience the emotions of love.

The prince of noble spirits breaks the customs of his royalty, and goes forth to woo and wed one of his own choice. The fair young daughter of a neighboring lord receives attention from the noble prince, and the court circle says that there is "true



love," and, at the same time, back in some obscure corner of the realm, an humble lad of the plough is telling, in simple language, the same story of love to a maid of his own rank. Her head is not decked with a crown, her dress is of homespun, and she is only sixteen; her feet are bare. And yet there burns in her eyes such a light as would make a prince take notice. The maid's hand shows the marks of toil, but that hand is asked with the same fervor, and given in the same sweet simplicity, as was the exchange of vows in the castle of the lord.

No word in all the languages of the world has been more misused than the short word, "love." This was borne in upon me when I thought of the innumerable words which might have been placed after that verb. If we speak of our attitude toward our nation, toward some enterprise, or even of some delicious fruit, we use that inspiring utterance, "love." A man speaks of loving a pet dog, and in the next breath speaks of loving his best girl, and one stands puzzled at such use of terms.

That emotion of love brings about different results in different instances. A man who has no known relatives enters the army, and dies while fighting at the front. Why? Because he loves the land that gave him birth. A father punishes his child. Why? Because he loves the child. Another parent has equal trouble in the managing of his child, but spares the rod. For what reason? He loves his child, and cannot punish it. A strong, stalwart man, who despises weakness and enjoys only those things which manifest physical prowess, travels miles across the snow-covered mountains, two nights in the week, to see a mountain lass, who is not strong, who cannot lift heavy things nor perform feats of physical strength. Why does this giant forget his feuds, his threats, and spend these hours in conversation, even avoiding the use of an oath? Because he loves that mountain lassie.

Of all emotions, love is the most enduring. We pity, but when the object of our pity is relieved of suffering or want then our pity is no more. We admire, but when the object of our admiration falls from his pedestal of fame, because he stepped from the path of honor, our admiration wilts like the morning-glory under the rising sun. The emotions of gladness and of sorrow alike are transient, and are not abiding. Fear fills the

breast, but it, too, can pass. Ah! But when we say, "We love," there is a different meaning. Oft-times admiration is mistaken for that most sacred of emotions, and when the admiration dies the natural death it is said that "love is dead," but not so. Love never dies. When true love has taken root, no change of fortune or fame, no slight or harsh word, can kill that love. It is born, we know not how or where, and it is born to never die. A giant may boast of his will power, but when once his heart has been thoroughly enchained by the mountain lassie his will power is powerless to break that spell, and with his arms and his feet free, with no barrier within miles of him, he is still as much a slave as if those chains of love had been chains of steel.

A young man moves in good society, and is admired by all of his social circle. He is a welcome guest in the homes of accomplished young ladies, and ambitious mothers watch, with interest, the frequency of his calls. He has grown up in this circle and among these same people without choosing his life companion. He visits a distant city, and, among many others, meets a young lady of moderate circumstances and of average ability. He sees her but once, and yet there immediately springs up a friendship which leads to—what is looked upon as the goal of true love—marriage. Why did this man move in a circle of accomplished ladies who could have added wealth to their accomplishments, and then leave this environment and choose one who had neither wealth nor beauty. Because he had loved her, and had only admired the others.

One loves a friend. But what does he love when he loves the friend? Is it the smile of that friend which the man loves? No, it cannot be, for he loves when the friend is in tears as well as in smiles. Is it the caress which he gives the friend as token of his love? No, for, in retiring modesty, she does not extend him that privilege. It is not her conversation which he loves, because he loves when he is far from the sound of her voice. He loves her. But, aside from these attributes, what is the life that he loves. It cannot be the physical form of a woman which he loves; there is something far deeper than that. The object of his affection loses her beauty; his love abides. Her conversation is blurred as she tosses in unconscious fever; his love



even grows. She is no more. Before him is the physical body of his betrothed. It lies cold and lifeless. He shrinks back from the former object of his love. It was not the body which he loved, but something deeper. Dust unto dust returneth, and the snows of many winters melt over her grave, but in his heart his love still lives and grows. He had loved her, and she was not the body, but the undying spirit.

The swish, swish, swish of the ship, as it parted asunder the waves, attracted me, and I began to know that the mighty unchangeless ocean was an example of true love. Man has wrought changes upon earth. The forests have been cut, the mountains have been stripped of their treasures, and dirty, noisy cities disfigure many beautiful landscapes. Ships have plied the seas from the time the first Indian pushed his bark canoe into its inviting waters until the mighty ship-palaces of to-day, and yet we look upon it, the sea, and it is the same as the one which the Indian looked upon. The ocean is boundless, and so is love. The ocean carries the commerce of the world, and yet there is room for the small boat. Love bears up humanity, but there is room for each. Even the child plays in the tiny waves, and is safe, and even the child may experience the tiny waves of true love. Love is boundless, and yet it fits itself to each life, and is born anew at the opening of each heart.



## THOUGHTS OF A DAY LABORER.

*M. S. R.*

The old man spoke:

“These twenty years I’ve sat right here,  
’Mid clank and roar of whirling wheels.  
Day in, day out, in rain or shine,  
Sleet, hail, or snow, it matters not,  
I come and go—that is my lot.  
This little piece of wood I hold  
Beneath the whizzing, shiny blade  
That planes its surface smooth—  
Long years with many pains have smoothed  
The manhood in my nature ’til  
It, willing, does this task. I pass  
The chip along—’twas passed to me.  
They make a box, a pretty box  
For ’kerchiefs, gloves, or some such things,  
They say. But naught see I or know  
Of box, but just perform the same  
Task o’er and o’er.

Not always was it so.

Long years ago, when I was young,  
Ambition burned my brain, and spurred  
Me on to higher things—wherein  
From these around me here, ’tis true,  
I differ some; but that just makes  
My bondage worse. Perhaps I would  
Have followed learning’s star, and been  
A seer; perhaps sought science through  
The murky maze of ignorance,  
And found at last the Light; perhaps  
I might have sung soul-lifting strains,  
Have been the poet of the age—  
At least, I might have been a man,  
Have tasted of life’s joys as well

As sorrow, poverty, and toil.  
But yet these dreams must fade and pass.  
While yet I was a youth, it chanced  
My father died, and work I must.  
At many tasks I've tried my hand.  
Perhaps had I been steady then  
By now I might have worked up high,  
Be foreman of some factory force,  
Or some such thing. But yet I liked  
It not. 'Tis not the work I mind—  
'Tis that its naught but work. This life?  
You say I live for merely that  
The sluggish blood still trickles through  
My veins? But yet I often dream;  
I know there is a better world.  
But these around us here; to them  
The world is never but just what  
It seems—both dark and dull—worse they.  
Poor fools, they know no pleasure but  
The rowdy sort, and ever and  
Anon ye would away with that.  
It's not of work that we complain—  
It is man's lot, both work and pain,  
From Adam down; but yet that those  
Who burdens bare and pain endure  
Have not the pleasures, but the throes—  
That's the disease, we seek the cure;  
But still there's work; be done it must—  
Though old, I ever hope and trust  
A better day will come.

## THINGS UNSEEN.

*L. M. Latane, '17.*

**C**HARLIE was dying. There was no doubt about it. I arranged the pillows to make him as comfortable as possible, and he rested back on them as if completely exhausted, for he had tossed and rolled in a mad delirium the whole of the previous night. Now there was a peculiar calm and expression of resignation on his face as he spoke to me. But, nevertheless, I could easily detect the death rattle in his voice.

"Joe," he said, "it's all up, so I might as well make a clean breast of the whole business."

I settled back in my Morris chair, expecting to hear the usual death-bed recital of dissipations and debaucheries. The Charlie that lay before was but a relic of the Charlie I had chummed with in college. That Charlie had been a hearty, vigorous fellow, brimming over with health and fun. He had been brilliant in certain classes, though not over-studious. However, it was true he was something of a dreamer. We had been the closest of comrades. I had entered the field of engineering, and Charlie that of science, and therefore we had seen but little of each other since our college days. Great had been my surprise when, two days before, I had been summoned to his bedside. And now he lay stretched before me, an emaciated, helpless relic, preyed upon by the most loathsome of diseases. Only his eyes retained a likeness to what they had once been, though they were bleared as if by excesses of all kinds. He had cold steel grey eyes, that gave one the creeps.

"Joe," he was saying, "you've been wondering what's brought me to this? I suppose, of all your friends, I was the one that you would have least suspected of going to pieces—physically and morally." Charlie had always been perfectly frank in talking about himself, and hence these statements did not surprise me.

"But look at this," he said, handing me three newspaper clippings. The first was an account of a murder that had been



greatly discussed for the past two months. A young girl of a wealthy New York family had been found murdered in her room. No clue leading to the guilty person had yet been found. The story had shocked even those Manhattanites considered as hardened to the atrocities of the criminal under-world. I glanced hurriedly over the account, for the facts were already familiar to me. I could not conceive of any connection it could bear to my friend, however. Another clipping was an account of the death of the father of the murdered girl. On the third night after the murder he had been found dead in his study. As there were no signs of violence on his body, the doctors had reported that he died of heart trouble. I could see no reason for these two clippings being in my friend's possession. It might have been that the horror of the crime had, combined with his weak physical state, deranged his mind. But my friend did not now have the appearance of an insane person, or of one who was in a delirium.

The third clipping, a small one, told of a butler, employed in a New York family, that had been placed in a sanatorium for the insane. The witty reporter had facetiously added that the butler continually talked of fighting with invisible powers, seeing invisible objects, and touching intangible things.

These clippings puzzled me considerably. I could get no meaning from them; nor could I see any particular connection of the last with the first two. The mad ideas of an insane butler had no relation to the murder or with my sick friend—at least, none that I could see.

“You don't understand them?” asked the sick man, seeming to speak with greater vigor than before. “Well, well, I don't blame you. Two years ago I wouldn't have believed it myself.”

“What? Believed what?”

“What? That I committed this murder.”

“Oh, Charlie, take some of this broth,” my doubts of his sanity became confirmed.

“No, Joe, I'm not delirious. Wait a while, and don't interrupt me and I'll explain.”

“Oh, well, but you'd better take some broth, and go to sleep.”

Charlie paused a moment, as if to collect his thoughts. I clearly saw what was the matter now. Charlie had been in a run-

down state, bordering on brain fever. He had read the account of the murder, and it had made a deep impression on him. I remembered that he had been a friend of the murdered girl in our college days. In his weakened physical and mental state he had permitted his mind to brood over the sad affair. Perhaps he had tried to imagine how the murder was committed. Anyhow, he had thought about it so continually that he had assumed the crime, and convinced himself that he was guilty of it. Such assumptions are not uncommon among those suffering from melancholia. It is one of the most frequent symptoms of insanity. But it was dangerous for my friend to talk in such a way. As far gone as he was, it was not likely that the authorities could prosecute him anyway, but I did not want his name or memory sullied by any unjust rumors. I was doubly anxious to keep these utterances secret when I remembered that Charlie was a friend of the murdered girl. That fact, coupled with the fact that the girl, at the time of her murder, was engaged, might give grounds for gossip about my friend. I was anxious to protect Charlie's good name. I was also anxious that the real criminal should not be protected by the insane utterances of a dying man. Therefore I carefully closed the door between the sick man's room and that belonging to the nurse, silently hoping that Charlie would go to sleep, or else talk about something more pleasant.

In the meanwhile Charlie had been gazing vacantly at the ceiling, as if attempting to call to mind some past experience. When he started talking again I was not surprised that it was about our college days.

"Do you remember Mendelieff's table of the elements?" he asked. "Well, in the series of radio-active substances, there are evidences of five elements as yet undiscovered. There's radium, and then a blank, and there's uranium, and then a blank, and there's thulium, and then a blank, and so on. It may be that these substances exist in metals that have never been discovered, or it may be that they exist in compounds all around us, and we have never discovered the means of extracting them."

I assented, calling to mind the interest Charlie had had in chemistry, particularly the speculative parts of it that required imagination.



"Now," he continued, "it is true that some of the rays of radium are invisible to the human eye. These facts and the other properties of radium formed the basis of my work for many years. I worked day and night, and only the fervency of my search, coupled with the power of my will, saved me from a physical break-down. I spent what money I had for chemicals, and lived on almost nothing. But the days darkened into nights, and the nights blossomed into morning, and still I found nothing. Every young chemist has a dream. These unknown elements were my dreams, and I labored on to find them. My poverty became worse and worse, but, by borrowing here and there, I managed to keep alive."

I noticed that my friend's house was luxuriantly furnished. He seemed to be in the most prosperous circumstances. However, I had never heard of any achievement or discovery that could have brought him this prosperity. Certainly he could not have built and furnished such a home with merely the income of an analytical chemist. Also I had heard that he had not been successful as a chemist, not from a lack of ability, but rather from a continual failure to keep engagements. Hence, in the light of his stories of poverty, his present condition puzzled me.

"I continued my search for three long years in this way. Do you remember the motto I used to write in my books—'There is nothing that the human mind cannot accomplish if concentrated on it long enough!' That has been my principle, and many a tough problem has been solved by it. I had determined to understand the radio-active substances. I had determined to discover the missing elements, and nothing should stop me. One morning I was heating a substance that I knew to be radio-active. I did not know its exact formula, but it was sold to me as an uranium-silicate. For several moments I noticed that the substance seemed to be evaporating. After a few moments it had completely evaporated—at least, to all appearances. I had my apparatus so arranged that all the gases given off by the substance in the retort would pass over into a flask, of which I knew the weight. After the heating was over I weighed the flask, and found that, while it had increased in weight, the increase was not quite half of the weight of the substance that had evaporated.



According to the ratio of the sizes of the flask and the retort, it should have been over two-thirds the weight of the original substance. This discrepancy worried me, and I started investigating the retort. After opening it, though I saw absolutely nothing in it, I felt a lump of what I first supposed to be a remnant of my original substance. Imagine my amazement at holding in my hand a *solid* lump of something that was as completely invisible as the air about us. At first, the realization staggered me. Then I knew that I had found one of the missing elements.

"During the next week I found out many astounding facts about my new element. I worked out and tabulated all the data concerning the atomic weight, and so on. Then I began to speculate as to its practical uses. While working with this object in view, I found that it was extremely malleable. It could be beaten into thin sheets that resembled—of course, to the touch alone—the finest silk. I also discovered the astounding fact that this cloth made any object that it covered invisible. Then the possibilities of this substance fully dawned upon me.

"I don't believe that I was the first to discover such a substance. I believe that some of the ancients knew of such substances. The legends of invisible coats and so on, perhaps, had their origin in some such cloth as this I possess. Probably many of the miracles claimed by all of the ancient religions originated from some such substance, the possession of which gave its owner a supernatural power. But notice this, Joe, in every legend of this kind the power of invisibility has been used wrongly. Plato tells the story of Gyges, who possessed a ring that would make him invisible. What was the result? Gyges committed atrocities that he would have otherwise been restrained from doing, by fear of being discovered. So it is! Whenever a man obtains a supernatural power he misuses it. But, of course, I didn't think of this then. I had found that for which I had searched, and the world seemed to hold nothing but joy for me.

"I had quite a supply of the substance, and, by beating it, I made a large, but extremely thin, cloth or shawl. In texture it was somewhat like rolled gold, though, of course, it was completely invisible. With the ecstasy of a child with a new toy, I tried my magic cloth on the objects about me. The chair disappeared. In

a flash there was but a vacant space of dusty carpet where the table had been. I threw the cloth over my own shoulders, and saw in the glass the frightful apparition of a human head suspended in mid-air. Then I covered my head also, and found that, although my cloth hid me beyond peradventure from any human eye, no matter how curious, I could easily see through it, and watch the doings of men, even as a god would. I capered. I danced. I laughed. For three years the world had starved and buffeted me. But now! Now in my hands I clasped power and wealth and pleasure. With my cloth I could obtain anything the world could give. I was drunk with power. The retorts, the flasks, the tubes, the stills, and all of my laboratory paraphernalia seemed to join hands and dance about in a mad delirium of joy over the wonderful product they had brought forth. The whole laboratory seemed to reel. From the Bunsen burner burst a glare of flame, and in the centre I thought I saw—ah, well, it may be that I was faint from the lack of food, or run down by overwork. Anyhow, if the devil himself *was* in that flame it could not have been worse for me than it has been.”

Charlie rested back on the pillows, and paused for breath. During the recital of his scientific researches he had been calm and natural, but towards the latter part of his tale he had become excited. His cheeks were flushed with a hectic red, and his breathing was jerky and irregular. His heart-beat was weak, but rapid. He seemed to speak with difficulty.

“Well, need I tell any more? I didn’t make my discovery public. I didn’t write about it, patent it, and sell it for money. God knows the world doesn’t want it! But yet I must have something to eat; and then I must have some comforts; then more comforts, and then luxury. Money would bring them all. With my little cloak I could obtain all, and, O, God! more besides. Believe me, Joe, if I had been a free man I would not have done the things I have done, but I was a slave. Yes, a slave to the very devil I had seen in the flame in my laboratory. The devil in that flame had helped me, and worked for me, and, with its aid, I had wrought this wonder. Now my cloak, that made me a master of the world, became my own master.”

He turned a little and rummaged under his pillow. Finally



he drew out his hand, apparently empty, but curved, as if holding some tangible object. His thin arm, with its hand and long, bony fingers, was indeed a gruesome sight. He gave his hand a sudden twist, and it completely disappeared. I saw before me merely the scrawny stump of an arm protruding from beneath the bed clothes. Charlie smiled when he saw my amazement and even fright.

"Huh! You thought I was lying. Here, take it. It's yours. And the devil help you, my man, if you use it."

Just at the moment I took the cloth in my hand there was a knock at the door. I hastily put the mystery—I call it such, for, though Charlie regarded it as a perfectly natural element, with peculiar but natural properties, I have never been able to regard it other than as an unknowable mystery. I hastily put the mystery in my pocket before opening the door. The doctor entered, and I took that opportunity for leaving the room.

For some fifteen minutes I paced the floor in the ante-room of the sick chamber. I tried the cloth that Charlie had given me on several objects, finding its properties to be exactly those he had claimed for it. I threw it over a handsomely carved chair—a Louis Quatorize—and the chair vanished. One after another I made each object in the room disappear. The stories I had heard were plainly injuring my nerves. I was startled and frightened by a knock at the outer door. I hastily hid the cloth as the servant ushered in a Catholic priest. I showed him into the sick room, with some surprise, for I knew that Charlie had been more or less of an agnostic in his youth. Now he was to have the baptism and extreme unction of the Holy Church administered to him. What a change! What a change!

I glanced over the clippings Charlie had given me. Now I understood them. I noticed two facts that had escaped me when I read them previously. The butler who had seen the unseen, as the reporter expressed it, had been employed in the home of the murdered girl. The other fact was that one of the doctors, in making the autopsy of the father of the unfortunate girl, had declared that he had died from fright. The other doctor had overruled him, and called it heart trouble. But now I clearly saw that the unfortunate man had been frightened to death.



The door of the sick man's room opened.

"It is all over," said the doctor. After a pause, he added, "Will you make the arrangements about the burial, Mr. Stevens?"

"Oh, yes, that will be attended to in due time."

I turned to go in and take one last look at my college chum. Before I went I struck a match and applied it to the Something that was to human eyes Nothing. One puff of smoke, one jet of flame, then a few ashes sifted to the floor, as I hastily turned and entered the death chamber.

## THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

A. C. C., '18.

Oh, who would wish to be the bride  
Of a man that goes to sea?  
Her fears do rise with every storm,  
Few joys in life hath she.

There was a lass named Molly Lee,  
The belle of all the town;  
Her suitors came from far and near,  
But best she loved Jim Brown.

Now Brown, he was a deep-sea man,  
Who'd sailed the ocean o'er,  
And much he knew of distant climes  
And learned in seaman's lore.

And Molly Lee he loved full well—  
He sought her for his bride;  
He asked that she would be his wife,  
Nor was his plea denied.

The two were wed. In happiness  
They lived three days, and then  
Word came to him to seek his ship  
And put to sea again.

He left his three-day bride in tears,  
And soon was off to sea.  
With heavy heart he trod the deck,  
And ne'er of the ship thought he.

From out the night a nor'east wind  
Blew up the raging waves;  
The brave ship perished in the storm,  
The men found watery graves.

For many a day the waiting bride  
Prayed for his safe return.  
'Twas seven weeks since he put to sea  
Ere his wife his fate did learn.

A score of years have passed since then,  
The mourning bride still weeps,  
And, hopeful that her news was false,  
Her faithful vigil keeps.

Oh, who would wish to be the bride  
Of a man that goes to sea?  
Her fears do rise with every storm,  
Few joys in life hath she.



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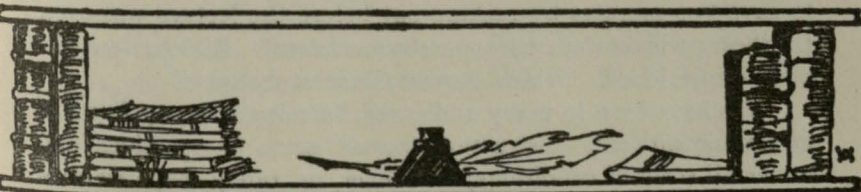
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### EDITORIALS.

The season of skating is with us, and what a beautiful sight it is to watch the skaters glide swiftly up and down the sparkling surface. Not many days have been cold enough

SKATING. to permit solid ice, but we rejoice in those which are. There can hardly be found better fun, finer exercise, or more health-giving sport than skating in the

crisp winter air. Here's to the joy-seekers, and here's to one of the finest skating ponds to be found!

We recently attended a public gathering where a speaker of note was to give an address. We knew of a number who professed deep interest in the subject of

SAVING TIME. the lecture, but said that they were too busy to attend. And yet among that number were some who spent the hour or so which the lecture took up in idle chatting, a casual game of checkers or cards, or some worse diversion.

On the other hand, there were some who attended the lecture, not because they were interested, but because they wished to be seen in "good society." Among those who attended, either for appearances or out of interest, were some who left their seats about two minutes before the meeting was over. Their reason for leaving was that they were in a hurry to be about their waiting tasks.

Now here are three kinds of folk: Those who were too busy to attend a lecture in which they were interested, but were not too busy to waste the time in various ways; those who practically wasted their time by attending, and reading some book or talking with their neighbor throughout the lecture; and those who wished to save two minutes by rushing out before the lecture was over. Of these, which were the most inconsistent? Which were the most hypocritical? Which showed the least manners?

We have been in many audiences, listening to many forms of entertainment and instruction, on all sorts of occasions and under all sorts of conditions; but never, or rarely, have we seen an audience in which there were not some of these *time savers*, or *time servers*! We have known men to be too busy to attend Literary Society, Y. M. C. A., or some other form of College organization to which they belonged, who were not too busy to spend several times that much time in idle gossip, after-supper nonsense, and loitering along the way to and from classes. Of course, a man doesn't want to drive through life like a whirlwind, leaving nothing but chaos behind him, but it does seem that one would be more consistent, and save the time which is really being wasted, if he must save time.



There is nothing more striking in the study of conditions in our modern cities than the tendency of certain elements or classes to congregate in certain districts.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER. Thus we have the business district, the residential district, the slums, and, as sub-divisions of these, every city has certain streets, or blocks, given almost wholly to dry goods or department stores, hardware stores, theatres, and the different classes of residents. Equally as striking is the fact that the highest and lowest often come into close proximity. Thus, one of the most disreputable streets in a certain large city runs parallel to and only one block from one of the best and most traveled streets of the city.

There are many good and sufficient reasons for much of this sorting-out process. Business, economic, and sanitary reasons help to divide a city into business and residential districts. Stratas of wealth cause sectional accumulation, and kinship of tastes and habits of life help to keep the lines of demarcation drawn sharply.

With remarkable accuracy, college life reproduces these conditions. We doubt if there is a college or university where there is not to be found cliques of chums. Each man is the centre of a circle of acquaintances, some of which are closest, some a little farther away, and so on and on, until, perhaps, the vast majority are in the district of mere name-acquaintance. Thus we may say that college, socially considered, is made up of many circles, which interlock and overlap, but no two of which have the same centre.

The reasons for this are about the same as those which determine a like condition in life in general—in our cities, for example. There is, to some little extent, a sifting of men from financial considerations, each choosing a room of greater or less price, as his ability justifies. But the interesting feature to notice, in this college prototype of an universal condition, is the stress put upon simple social and congenial considerations. It is for this reason that college presents a more purely social study along these lines than does a city or community. It will be noticed, however, that oneness of interest often does not deter-



mine the lines of cleavage, but that the line of cleavage determines the oneness of interest. Room mates may never have seen each other before, but, with few exceptions, they become good friends and loyal supporters of one another. Dormitory mates invariably know each other better, and sympathize with each other better than inter-dormitory mates. Cutting into, and, in some measure, overlapping this, is the community of spirit manifested in certain groups and organizations.

The question which presents itself is: Is this condition beneficial? If not, it is, at least, universal. It is, moreover, as far as we can determine, eternal, and is the very basis of all organized society. And yet, in the larger world, these are the very lines which cause strikes, lock-outs, riots, civil wars, caste distinctions, poverty, privilege, and war. The breaking down of these lines makes for peace, prosperity, and national and international understanding. Is, then, the one tendency, at the same time, the basis and the blight of society? Probably the correct answer to this is that, while these lines are universal, and apparently not to be entirely wiped out, yet true tranquility and prosperity lies in the subverting of personal to social ends. For example, a man gives up much of his right to his city government for the sake of the whole community of citizens; this city, in turn, gives up certain rights to the State, which concedes to the national government a share of its share, and the national government also submits to the mandates of international law and human reason among nations.

Here, then, we have many circles of interest interlocking and forming one of many satellites in a larger system, which is one of a group in a still larger system, and so on *ad infinitum*. Our question, Is this beneficial? may then be answered that it is both beneficial and necessary to preserve a certain kind of class distinction.

Two benefits may be noted from this tendency. The first is that it serves to add a certain flavor or tone to social life. If all men were equal, and lived the same, where would ambition find food? Where would the greatest and noblest men receive that reward which alone will induce great souls to attempt greatness? The satisfaction of a task well done is a fine thing, but it is

not enough for a man to live off of. Besides, all men cannot enjoy the same pleasures, the same work, the same ideals. Each must press on to his own goal, and this pre-supposes a fundamental difference in man's nature.

The second benefit is that those things and institutions which are the most reprehensible will gradually be thrust into a corner and die. It cannot be but that truth will triumph in the end, and it triumphs by the crowding out of untruth. The very conditions mentioned in our first paragraph are striking testimony to the suppressing effect of isolation. As an interesting and well-known example, we may cite a fact noted recently as we were riding down Broad street in Richmond. Between Lombardy and Ninth streets (about nineteen or twenty blocks), we counted, on the north or "wrong" side, seven or eight blocks with no pavement, while there are none such on the other side; seventeen vacant houses, against a much smaller number; nine moving-picture houses, and forty-two saloons. Practically all the largest stores are on the south side, while the smaller ones are on the north side. The fact that there are so many vacant houses, and many more that will be vacant, or will change hands, in another year or so, argues in favor of our proposition—that those things less highly thought of are slowly crowded out by the tendency for "birds of a feather to flock together."

## ALUMNI NOTES.

G. T. Terrell, '16.

There are a great many people who think that, since Richmond College is a denominational school, it is not as vitally connected with the public affairs of our State as the State institutions. It is generally believed that William and Mary gives us our school officials and the University of Virginia our law-givers, or certainly the majority of them.

It is our pleasure, in this number of our College publication, to disprove this idea, and to show to our friends and alumni that Richmond College produces men that are truly public-spirited, and interested in every phase of the public welfare of our State.

We find that in the present corps of officials in the educational work of our State the following are alumni of Richmond College:

R. C. Stearnes, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Evan R. Chesterman, Secretary of Board of Education.

John B. Terrell, Supervisor of the High Schools.

J. H. Binford, Rural School Inspector.

Harris Hart, Superintendent of Schools in Roanoke, and a member of the Board of Education.

It is also of great interest to note the following names of our alumni among the members of our present Legislature:

## SENATE.

Sands Gayle.....	Gold Hill, Va.
A. W. Robertson.....	Buena Vista, Va.
Clyde T. Bowers.....	Culpeper, Va.
Julien Gunn.....	Richmond, Va.
E. C. Matthews.....	Norfolk, Va.

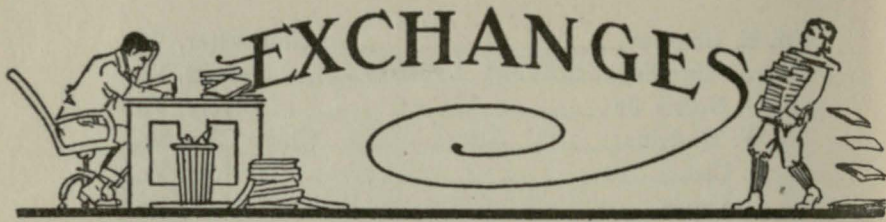
## HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

J. Harry Rew.....	Accomac, Va.
S. H. Page.....	Red Hill, Va.
R. L. Beale.....	Bowling Green, Va.
Franklin Williams, Jr.....	Fairfax, Va.



M. E. Bristow.....	Gloucester, Va.
Deane Hundley.....	Essex, Va.
R. O. Norris, Jr.....	Lively, Va.
E. W. Hudgins.....	Chase City, Va.
L. B. Cox.....	Norfolk, Va.
Q. C. Davis.....	South Norfolk, Va.
R. H. Willis.....	Roanoke, Va.

We believe that Richmond College has as many of her alumni in our State positions as any institution in the State.



Wirt L. Davis, '17.

This month we shall review two magazines in a general way and one in detail.

The verse in *The William and Mary Literary Magazine* for December is excellent. The words are poetic words and the imagination is poetic imagination. When we read "What the Mountain Said in the Morning" we feel that a real poet is in our midst. But we regret that J. W. S., '15, had to write all the poetry. This issue also contains two short-stories of some merit. The weakness of these stories—more noticeable in "Millionaire—Chauffeur" than in "Tiger"—is that the end is too easily guessed. "Tiger," however, is the better story. "Millionaire—Chauffeur" undertakes more than can well be told in a thousand words. Again, we are glad to see two valuable essays in this book. All young men, at times, write poetry of some kind; all of us are willing to try to write short-stories; but it indicates a desire to be constructive and to do hard things when a young man writes historical or literary essays. May the tribe of essayists increase! With eight contributions—four poems, two short-stories, and two essays—this is a well-balanced magazine.

*The Georgetown College Journal*, as usual, is a pleasing literary product. Artistic in form, interesting in detail, thorough in preparation, thoughtful in contents—such are the qualities that claim for this magazine a high place among the best of our exchange list.

But let us examine more minutely *The Clemson College Chronicle*. This December number of *The Chronicle* has five

poems and four short-stories and sketches.

*The  
Clemson College  
Chronicle.*

It is, let us notice, shot through and through with the Christmas spirit. The poem, "Christmas" is not particularly poetic. The thought is not connected. It talks of every-

thing from Christmas greetings to "mighty wars and strife"; from "Christmas fuss" to Woodrow Wilson, "a leader who can plainly see." The first two stanzas make the reader think that he is beginning a poem which reflects the joyous gaiety of a happy, care-free Christmas season. The last three stanzas disappoint these expectations; they treat the Saviour's peace, the European war, and America's debt to Providence for her Chief Executive. "A Thought for Christmas" is more unified. It leaves the feeling of the pure joy of Christmas made happy by making happy. The first line gives us a real source of joy—"When the last exam. is finished." "A Cheerless Christmas" tells about a darkness that must overshadow us at this time. The gloom at Christmas in Europe must have been crushing. The dreams of devastated lands and homes, and the hatred of man murdering man—all this contrasted with former happy Christmas seasons certainly makes "A Cheerless Christmas." Passing over "Love," we mention "Christmas Joys," which we think is the best of the poems. It is realistic in places. Its homely Christmas scenes are true to life. It portrays delightful scenes that are familiar to us all. Who does not remember the "wondrous tales of what old Santa Claus will bring"? Yes; who that has been a boy does not remember the "glee at each discovery (before Christmas) of some fine present, never meant for him to see"? But, deeper far than these childish glees, are those joys of

"the older ones,

Who from their colleges homeward come,

Resolved to eat, to sleep, to flirt, or love as best they may,

And thus make pleasant all the holiday."

These memories are pleasing, but what we cannot forget about these Christmas home-goings is "the happiness seen in mother's



face." We hope other writers will give us poems with this same human interest.

Now, the short-stories in this issue are only sketches. "Christmas Giving" is not removed far from the domain of the essay. It presents, in the style of a sketch, a dream, whose ethical purpose is to show that Christmas gifts are neither great nor small, except as love, or the lack of love, makes them so. M. M. B., in "The Well Mystery," has a plot germ possessing good possibilities for a short-story. For several months an old well had been emitting smoke and hissing sounds, to the confusion of the village folk. Two youths, returning home for the Christmas vacation, accidentally discover a tunnel leading to the old well. They later explore the tunnel, and find that the smoke and hissing noise came from a distillery fitted out under the ground. The story is one of mystery, but the suspense is not great. The author merely suggests the mystery, and immediately proceeds to clear it up. The interest would have been much greater if other attempts to solve the mystery had been defeated in some seemingly supernatural way. On the other hand, the suspense is at once lowered by the statement that the "mystery was not considered serious enough to be investigated by the most intelligent men of the town." Moreover, although having thus deliberately destroyed his possibilities for a thrilling incident, the author, at the close of the story, hails James, who had accidentally fallen into the tunnel, "as a mystery-solver and detective." Yet we believe the writer has in him the making of a short-story writer. "The Forgotten" is a tale of two youths who went to Southern Texas seeking fortunes. There they lived in a seemingly forgotten place. When familiar enough with ranch life they were permitted to go on a drive. On this drive one of the boys received injuries that were mortal. "The trial of death is not the dying; it's \* \* \* being forgotten," were his dying words. But he was not forgotten. His surviving friend went back to the ranch and married "Heart's Desire." Now, in the end, the memory of his dead friend, together with the young wife's influence, was "the stake \* \* \* that kept (him) in touch with that 'Power that shapes all destinies.'" This story, notice further, lacks unity. There is a love story tacked on the

predominating incident. Only two paragraphs—a short one in the first part, a longer one at last—are devoted to this episode. Now it is evident to the reader that this digression was born of the feeling that a little love is necessary to make a complete story. The last story is "Tim's Reason." A youth explains why he cannot stay from home on the night before Christmas. Having been rescued from a wayward life in college—rescued just at Christmas time—he had promised to spend every Christmas-eve night at home with his parents.

*The Chronicle*, as a whole, claims a few words. Its outstanding need is essays. Awake, essayists! The short-stories can be improved. They lack unity, climax, and imagination. Two of the poems, "A Cheerless Christmas" and "Christmas Joys," are especially good.

We acknowledge, gratefully, the following exchange arrivals for December: *The Chronicle*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, *The Georgetown College Journal*, *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *The Intercollegiate Statesman*, *The Missile*, *The Tattler*, *The Georgetownian*, *The Yale Literary Magazine*, *The Carson-Newman Collegian*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Canisius Monthly*, *The Buff and Blue*, and *The X-Ray*.

# Westhampton College Department.

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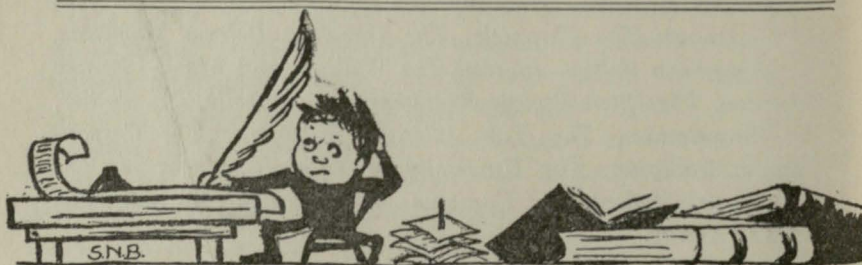
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## EDITORIAL.

Because of such vague things, and yet so vital, as congeniality of tastes, incompatibility of dispositions, conflicting temperaments, and the many things that have led

CLIQUE SPIRIT. to the deduction of such theories as those of attraction and repulsion in regard to the human family, it is practically impossible for people, whether two or more, to live together in perfect harmony and accord for any great length of time. It is likewise just as true that, for these very same reasons, some few in a large association will naturally drift together, or, the rather, unconsciously seek each other out.



Without further preamble, let us say that a "girls" college, an aggregation of female souls, representing every phase of temperament, disposition, character, and habits, more so than can possibly elsewhere be found, is an ideal place and furnishes ideal conditions for the proof of such statements as the above. Westhampton College is no exception, and, because of the intimate relations into which girls are, of necessity, thrown in college life, as nowhere else, all the more do we find the most intimate friendships between some girls and the widest estrangements between others. We use the word "estrangement" because the relation is not one of *dislike* so much as it is one of *non-liking*.

The preceding remarks will fall into their proper setting when we make the following statement: The formation of cliques in schools is inevitable. Girls as naturally fall into groups, sets, cliques, or whatever we may call them, as do "shavings" group themselves around a magnet. Of course, this is not so true among a smaller number of girls as among a larger. Consequently Westhampton College, during its opening session, was remarkably free from anything of this nature.

The spirit in College during the session 1914-'15 was splendid. It was the year, above all others, in which Westhampton College had to make strides. But the adjustments came first—the surroundings were new, the majority of the girls were new, our Dean was new in her position, and some of our professors were new. We were not entirely new, however, because the co-ordinate relation with Richmond College bound us to the old, and thus were forces pulling in both directions. Be it said, though, that she did make strides. The opening of the session of 1915-'16 is the only evidence necessary to prove the progress and growth achieved. But with the greater growth came the greater problems.

As has been said, the spirit in Westhampton during its opening session was splendid. What interested one interested all, and everything seemed to tend toward the best interest of the College. Some were not flying off at one tangent and others at another. In short, the co-operation among the students for the good and interest of their College was almost phenomenal.

But, gradually, inevitably, and naturally, among some a

spirit of rebellion against authority, an attitude of independence in regard to the good of the whole, and a gnawing sense of the selfish power of an individual, has begun to show itself; and as the student body grows increasingly larger, and more heterogeneous in its make-up, this element, small and insignificant as yet, will keep pace. Cannot we now, while we are yet small, while the student body is, in a measure, homogeneous, while our interests are near *one*, cannot we now begin to bend our conscious efforts and influence to the keeping down of any organizations, cliques, clubs, etc., which will interfere with the wonderful spirit of good will and of unselfish interest which has characterized our college life so far?

It rests with each girl to make this the case. If the girl who begins to feel that she is exerting some influence over one or more girls, whether by virtue of a position, or, greater still, her *personality*; if she will stop and examine her motives, her interest, in what direction they are tending, in what way she may be influential in leading some girls this way or that, and then will go forward in the way that she knows is right, in the unselfish way, whether it be her own way or not, then will an even balance be kept, then will every girl have her chance, then will our College be truly great.

Did you know that on March 3, 1916, the fiftieth anniversary of the Young Women's Christian Association will be celebrated; and also that the month of February

Y. W. C. A. has been set apart for Jubilee—a time of rejoicing, together with more serious consideration—a time when the members of the Y. W.

C. A.s throughout our country shall learn more of this organization, which is permeating almost every nation, and teaching the factory girl, as well as the college girl, the message of joy through service—the message of bringing more definitely and practically the standard of every-day Christianity to our attention, rather than that which lasts through for Sunday-school and church only?

There are seven hundred student Associations and three hundred city and county ones which will have special programs during this month of February. You do not want Westhampton

to be behind the others in this. A Jubilee Committee has been appointed, and they are making plans which we look to every member to help carry out with her best vim and energy.

Look in the Old Testament, in Leviticus, the twenty-fifth chapter, and read what the Jubilee year meant to the Hebrew nation, "Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout the land." May we make our Jubilee a time of rejoicing, and also a time for some serious thought. Do you recall that sentence in "Pilgrim's Progress," "Here one may be thinking what he is, whence he came, what he has done, and to what the King has called him." In other words, let us be frank, and take a census of ourselves, and get the courage to face the last part of that all-embracing sentence—to what has the King called me?

So, every member of the Y. W. C. A. of Westhampton College, let us make our Jubilee one which shall stand out in the history of our Association, and which shall be remembered long for its benefit to each one of us.



## ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

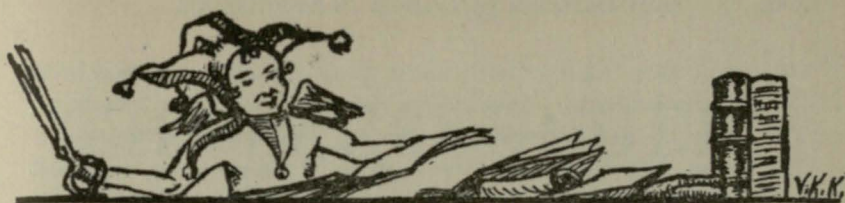
*Ethel Smither, '15.*

Although we realize that the Frost King still reigns supreme out-of-doors, yet in this issue we wish to bring before you a matter pertaining to Commencement. We feel that by beginning now our alumnae will join in eagerly with the plan. In truth, this is a matter which we never mean to let rest from now on. We want to ask for a real reunion of alumnae for Commencement.

In 1914 the call went out for reunions because it was the last year of the old College. Last year the plea was that all come to reunion because it was the first year in the new. This year we ask for a loyal gathering of *alma mater's* daughters through pure love and pride in this College home of ours. Come back to the sanctuary and be inspired anew. You who are away, toiling in drab, uneventful circumstances, through gray days; you who are carrying *alma mater's* teachings through a world as bright as the College world, come back, one and all, and forget, for a time, that we are out in the world.

We especially desire a full attendance of those classes whose formal reunion falls this year.

This is triennial for 1913; quintennial for 1911; hexennial for 1909, and so down the line. Let all of us come back. Begin to show an interest, and, by June, there will be no difficulty in the way which will prove insurmountable.



## EXCHANGES.

*Emily Gardner, '18.*

The December number of *The Concept* had as its chief feature an essay on Alfred Noyes, a prize story, and an "unprized" story, shall we say. Alfred Noyes' works, *The Concept*. his modern spirit and feelings, were carefully brought out. He was represented as a poet transforming the commonplace, every-day things into poetry, a poet with broad, humanitarian ideas, writing with an exceedingly attractive simplicity. The essay was interestingly written, showing thought and individuality. The prize story, entitled "The Double Bondage," set forth, more or less, the moral growth or unfolding of a man. The story centered about one incident. There was not much plot, but the writer had a good style, carrying out the conversation in a free manner. "Did I Lose?" the other story, might be spoken of as a detective story. It had a rather unusual plot, exciting, and yet the writer did not make the best of it. The element of suspense was not well sustained, and then, written in the first person, the construction was not always good. Probably we might say the author tried to moralize too much between the incidents which led up to the climax. That is sometimes permissible among those who have mastered the art of short-story writing, but an amateur is rather in danger of falling into pitfalls. The other stories of the magazine were trite, dealing with that too-long overworked theme, love.

The Christmas number of *The Woman's College Bulletin*, of Alabama, was not as good as we had anticipated. The short stories did not have much originality. All tended towards moralizing, which, of course, is all right except when carried to an excess, and when the morals are the same that have been advanced from the beginning of time in the same way. Many a good theme has been worn out by



too much use. Again, there was a great inclining towards love, its vicissitudes, and "they lived happily ever after" endings. The essay on the "Celtic Renaissance," though brief, was good. The poem, "It Matters More to Him," a war poem, was well composed, and the sentiment good. It was a pity there were not more of its caliber in the magazine.

We should not say that *The Sweet Briar Magazine* for January was quite up to its best standard. The poetry was fairly good.

The review on some modern poetry also was good. We are glad to see interest taken in poetry of the time. None of the stories were particularly good. "Feet of Clay" had for its theme the instability of idealizing a man, or, for that part, any one. The "feet of clay" will always show. The story was practically "climax-less." One could see the point which the author was striving to impress, yet one rather wished that her style had been better and she had had some plot to enforce her ideas. "In the Far North," another story in this issue, had no local color. Snow and bitter cold do not furnish sufficient setting for a story of northern atmosphere. It would have been better had the writer studied her territory. The suspense was not enough to maintain the interest. We will excuse *Sweet Briar* this time, in taking in consideration that it was the issue just before Christmas, when "all are busy as can be."

*The Wellesley College News*, which we receive weekly, is an exceedingly interesting paper, and we are glad to hear of the movements of our sister college.

We acknowledge, with pleasure, this month *The Brenau Journal*, *The Tennessee College Magazine*, *The Bessie Tift Journal*, *The Hollins Magazine*, and *The Mary Baldwin Miscellany*.