POEM.

W. O. N., '16.

Lazily, dreamily, drifting away;
Drifting far from the heat of the day,
Into the twilight's dusk to the bay.
  Lazily, dreamily, drifting.

Lazily, dreamily, drifting away;
Drifting to realms where water-nymphs play,
Drifting along to their rhythmical lay.
  Lazily, dreamily, drifting.

Lazily, dreamily, drifting away;
Far from the world which held us in sway,
To the land where soft breezes forever do play.
  Lazily, dreamily, drifting.

Lazily, dreamily, drifting away;
Far from the cares of the world and its prey;
Just dreaming and drifting forever this way.
  Lazily, dreamily, drifting.

Lazily, dreamily, drifting away;
Into the dawn of a glorious day;
Gliding softly and silently on to the bay.
  Lazily, dreamily, drifting.
O' God! I'se dun kilt dat 'ar nigger," exclaimed Methuselah Jones, in a frightened tone, as he hurried through the bushes to the roadside. "De good Lord hep me—she's dun lyin' dar in de middle ob de road, dead. Lord, hab mercy on me. What dis coon gwinc do now?" continued Methuselah, as he paused for a moment, with gun in hand, and his lazy dog, Snipe, pawing at his feet.

The object from whose mouth the above exclamations had escaped was one Methuselah Jones, known as a matter of convenience to his friends in Dogtown Hollow as plain, every-day Thuse. He was a typical country darkey—deeply religious, as religion goes with darkies, and was well stocked with grim fears of the supernatural. Thuse was, to speak plainly, "every inch a nigger," as the white folk in the village said. He was, in fact, a person of some consequence in his community, for Thuse was reputed to be the most powerful of all the young bucks there, and stood some six feet two in bare feet. He was raw-boned and his arms dangling at his sides reminded one of so many pump handles. Thuse was noted, moreover, for being the blackest "nigger" in Dogtown Hollow, and, by way of contrast, his teeth and the white in his eyes gave forth more illumination on a dark night than did those of any of his less gifted friends.

So, on this particular afternoon in the early fall of 1870, Thuse had much to be proud of as he shouldered his gun and strode merrily off with his dog through the woods. He had promised Rinda Ross to bring her a hare or a 'possum that evening for sure, when he called on her.

Rinda sang in Ebenezer Church choir, the best choir in the "Hollow," and Thuse always managed to sing from the same book with her. He was much taken with Rinda's singing and with the saintly look that crept over her face as she would raise herself to her full height on tip-toe, and, in strong accents, make
herself heard above all others. As Thuse made his way through the woods, he fell to humming her favorite song:

“Oh, dey prayed all day, an’ dey prayed all night,
Paul an’ Silas.

“Oh, dey prayed all day, an’ dey prayed all night,
Paul an’ Silas.”

“I’se jes’ gwine tell Rinda dis night de state ob my ’ections fo’ her,” soliloquized Thuse. “I’se done waited ’til now already, an’ she art to know dat I won’t hab no other gal ’ceptin’ her.”

He was roused from his amorous reflections by the sharp barking of his dog just in front of him. A quail flew through the trees to his left, near the county road, and, startled, he raised his gun to his shoulder and fired. As he did so a loud shriek of pain was heard from the road, and, thoroughly aroused by the sound, he pushed swiftly through the bushes in time to see a short, stout, burly-looking negro woman throw up her arms and, without a groan, tumble to the road.

Thuse hastily viewed the victim of his gunshot, and, seeing the stillness of death upon her, gave painful vent to the words with which our narrative opens.

He stood for a moment with his eyes rolling wildly in fear and apprehension, and, glancing nervously up and down the road, he muttered expressions of fear and distress. No one was in sight. He hadn’t been seen. He paused for a moment only, and then, without more adieu, decided on the instant to make good his escape from those parts.

He re-entered the woods, and, without ever a glance backward, ran with all speed from the spot where the body of his victim lay. He made his way so swiftly past the trees and through the deep ravines that his dog had difficulty in following him. Thuse’s long legs had carried him several miles from the scene of the accident before he paused to rest. In sheer desperation and fright, he finally threw himself on the ground beside his dog. It was dark, and he decided to spend the night in the woods rather than to venture out in search of a better place to sleep.

The night passed, and with it some uncanny dreams of prison cells and convict stripes, and even gallows, which, to the scared fancy of Thuse, surely awaited him if he was caught.
When morning came the grim spectres, in part at least, still remained. As he wished to place as many miles as possible between Dogtown Hollow and himself, Thuse pushed on toward Cedar Point, a little isolated village some thirty miles from his native town. Here he was unknown, and, as no traveling was done between the two hamlets, except by foot, he felt that he would be reasonably safe.

"I' se dun lef' home fo' good now," sadly reasoned Thuse to himself, as he plodded his way warily in the direction of Cedar Point near the close of that same day. "Seems lak I' se dun walked forty-leben miles already."

These thoughts had not left him when a man drove by in an empty farm wagon. He stopped when Thuse hailed him to inquire the distance to Cedar Point. The kind-hearted farmer, seeing the tired look in his face, allowed the poor, hungry traveler and his dog to sit in the back of the wagon. Thuse, fearful lest his gun should betray him, had hid it in the woods several miles back.

As the farmer drove toward town he conversed with his worn-out passenger, and, seemingly pleased with Thuse, he offered him a job as a helper about his farm. This offer aroused the same sort of feeling in the weary mind of Thuse that a good ripe watermelon would have brought to his much-tortured appetite—it was just to his liking, and he accepted on the spot.

Thuse was a handy man about the farm, and he worked so willingly that he greatly pleased Mr. Simpson, his employer. He had not been there long, however, before the desire to return to his home seized upon him. The thought of his friends, and especially the sad reflection of Rinda singing in the choir without him, preyed much upon his mind. He was, nevertheless, fearful of the dreadful consequences that would befall him if he showed up in Dogtown Hollow, so he lingered at the farm, trying to banish all thought of the accident that had caused him so much grief.

A little more than a year had passed now since that fateful day in the woods. Time had partly triumphed over his fears, and Thuse finally decided to venture back in the direction of his home. Perhaps his friends wouldn’t know him after such a long absence, thought Thuse.
"I'll jes' hang aroun' de outskirts fo' a while," he mused, "den if I se sure dey dun cotch dat nigger wat dun murdered dat ol' woman, den I'll drap in town. 'Twan't me anyhow, cos' I didn't eben see her when I shot her."

Inspired by this logic, Thuse said good-bye to Mr. Simpson, of Cedar Point farm, and, calling old Snipe, who had stuck to him, started to retrace his steps homeward over the thirty-odd miles of rough road and thick woodland. He had started at sunrise, well supplied with food that would last throughout the day, and, walking briskly, his long strides had soon left his temporary haven far behind. By nightfall he rested on the outskirts of Dogtown Hollow. He was tired from his long journey, and, throwing himself on the ground, he rested while he consumed his last bite of food. Things looked very familiar and friendly about him, and his fancy brought forth pictures of warm firesides and happy scenes that were taking place even at that very hour in the "Hollow." This was prayer-meeting night at old Ebenezer, too. As he thought upon this his eyes grew misty and sparkled their brightest in the growing darkness—Rinda would be there, his "gal" Rinda.

Thuse's feelings mastered him. He resolved to steal up through the woods to the rear of the church, and listen again to Rinda singing. She always did sing on prayer-meeting nights. He was sure that nobody would see him, for the church was almost hid in the grove, and he could sneak up close to the window and look in at all of the people. His heart grew light, and he hummed a "meetin' song" as he made his way by a round-about route to the church.

As he neared the church he saw the lights gleaming through the trees. How friendly and inviting they looked! He could faintly hear the singing now, and his heart beat faster as he lightly stepped from tree to tree over the dead leaves. The singing stopped as he came within closer range of the voices, and, through the stillness, he crept nearer to the friendly lights that shone from the windows. He was so close now that he could plainly hear old "Parson" Stiles praying. It sent a thrill of tense emotion through Thuse, as he listened to this familiar sound, and he unconsciously bowed his head in reverence while the saintly darkey implored Providence to have mercy upon his flock.
After the prayer was finished Thuse drew up to one of the windows and peered through at the congregation. He immediately recognized Rinda in her accustomed place, and, as he did so, a deep sigh escaped him. The world would seem like a heaven to him if he could but be seated in that choir beside her.

While Thuse thus reflected upon the charms of his deserted "gal," "Parson" Stiles arose, in his dignified manner, and announced that, as this was their regular testimony meeting night, each and every member of his flock present was "den and dere invited to 'spress his self about de topic dat had bin chose, 'De Strait an' Narrow Road.'"

He sat down, and, without further exhorting, several of his most zealous saints began forthwith to express themselves with increasing warmth on the subject. The loud "amens" and the repeated "hallelujahs" from those in the pews kept perfect time with the speakers. It was evident from the responses which "Parson" Stiles received from his invitations that every member of his flock was walking away from "de broad road."

Deacon Brown was on the floor, and he moved his hearers to tears as he told about his long experience of forty-nine years' pilgrimage on "de narrow path." He sat down, amid the long-drawn sighs from the sisters and the deep "amens" from the brethren.

Before the groans and the "amens" had fully ceased, another member of the flock rose, and hurriedly began to testify. This time it was a short, stout, burly-looking woman, and she waved her short arms frantically as she loudly began to tell her story.

"Bredren an' sistern," she said, "I'se had a sperience dat no oder member ob dis congregation is eber had. De good Lord done spake to me jes lak He dun spake to de 'Postle Paul. Mor'n a year ago I was walkin' right in de middle ob de road, when, all a suddin, widout a bit o' warnin', I hear Gabriel blow his trumpet. Hallelujah! Yes, bredren an' sistern, I dun hear de angel Gabriel blow his trumpet. Amen! Hallelujah! An' de nex' mimit somethin' awful hit me side ob de head lak a piece ob lead. Nex' thing I know I were lyin' sprawlin' in de middle ob de road. Hallelujah! An' when I come to I knowed dat it war a message from de heabenly land. Hallelujah! I come down dat night to de
mou'ners' bench, an' I'se been walkin' de narrow path ever sense. Amen! I jes' wants to say dat—"

But she got no further, for the door in the rear of the church opened suddenly, and a tall, raw-boned darkey strode swiftly up the aisle. It was Methusaleh Jones.

"Glory, hallelujah! Glory, hallelujah!" loudly cried Thuse.

"Amen, amen!" re-echoed in rapid succession from the sobbing audience.

"Let me hug dat ar sister. Hallelujah! Fo' she done made me happy dis night. Hallelujah! I'se safe, I'se safe!" sobbed Thuse.

Thuse never killed the promised 'possum for Rinda; he was done with hunting for all time. Nevertheless, two weeks after his return to the "Hollow," Rinda had become Mrs. Methusaleh Jones.
OPPORTUNITY.


There is some moment in the life of each
When opportunity points a golden future.
It may be we shall seek alone for pleasure,
And then, perhaps, we’ll choose the fairest journey,
Forgetting, that in seeking selfish honor,
We oft will lose a chance for lifetime service.

Nay! let us look beyond and see the future,
Behold the joy in helping one another,
And know another link is wrought within
The magic chain which guides us ever onward,
And feel that we’ve denied no one a pleasure
By passing by an opportunity.
IS OUR ATHLETIC SYSTEM MEETING THE TEST?

P. E. Hamilton, '18.

To answer this question we must first determine what is
the real value of athletics in a college, or, to put it more
definitely, in Richmond College, and then see whether
we are obtaining from athletics the greatest possible
benefit.

The most apparent good to be derived from athletics is the
development of the college student into an all-around man—not
a mere grind, but one who can see things other than those to be
found in the booky sentences of Samuel Johnson. A knowledge
of books is good, but if books are sought as an end in themselves
they develop men who are devoid of an appreciation of life itself,
though they be as erudite as Mr. Johnson. Students, especially,
should take care not to relax their vigilance upon their physical
constitution, since they usually lead quite sedentary lives, and
hence are subject to the inroads of disease. The body should be
kept in physical condition, neither under-developed nor over-
developed, but compelled to serve the mind and facilitate its
activity by providing a healthy and vigorous constitution.

Another result of athletics, and one much spoken of, is the
increasing of that indefinable quality commonly known as "school
spirit." By this is not meant that spirit of elation over an athletic
contest which gives license to vandalism and wanton destruction
of property, but a loyalty to the college and its activities which
expresses itself in milder and more desirable outbursts. For
example, valuable lung development may result from the hearty
support of a foot-ball team, and the belief of every college
man that his institution is the best in the country will certainly
insure his loyalty to any other alignment in life. This fact is ably
maintained by those who favor highly-trained representative
teams, but it would be even more the case if every student were
athletic, for then each student would feel a vital interest in the
school teams. More could compete if all had training, and the
school body could support the teams with greater sympathy; thus inter-class contests would not diminish, but rather increase the college spirit.

Besides these direct results, participation in athletics should develop moral qualities which will remain when school days are over. The responsibility of a certain position on a team increases the faithfulness of a man to his duties; the knowledge that he is representing his school upon the gridiron will cause him to fight the more desperately, despite the jeers of his opponents. He must think, and think quickly, and then bear the responsibility for the result. To do this he must train himself with care, abstain from all dissipation and over-indulgence, obtaining the maximum of efficiency. That these results are desirable no one will dispute.

America is a nation of sportsmen; we are incurably athletic.

And yet I think it is possible to obtain even better results than we do at present. Our athletic system is too specialized. Picked teams, especially in the larger institutions, are often composed of men obtained by outbidding other schools with scholarships, and nominal duties for which they receive ample pay. The sporting editor of one of the leading daily papers said recently: "It is well known that the Northwest colleges are, at present, simply outbidding one another in their desire to get the best athletes. Money is used like water. It is a mystery where they get it, but they do." Mr. W. T. Foster says: "While acting as a registrar of Bowdoin College I received a letter from a man asking how much we would guarantee to pay him for pitching on the college nine. I found out later that he had registered at one college, pitched a game for his class team, left his trunk at a second college awaiting their terms, and, finally, accepted the offer of a third college, where he played "amateur" baseball for four years before joining one of the big league professional teams." It is said that alumni often pay men to play on the college teams without the knowledge of the college authorities.

These men, naturally, demoralize the rest of the student body. Unless he is a man of determination, a foot-ball player finds it extremely difficult to keep up with the class work. With so much time given to practice, he finds little opportunity for study when he is not too tired out to do his best work. In the
mad rush after athletic material, scholastic deficiencies are often overlooked, and any professor who does not pass a foot-ball player thereby lays himself open to criticism at the hands of the student body. Athletic men are usually given the highest honors and the most responsible positions in college; hence it is little wonder that they are often unable to meet the requirements of one or more of these fields. Thus we often see a premium put upon men of little literary or scholastic ability in an institution avowedly educational.

The *Atlantic Monthly* divides the conduction of athletics into two well-defined classes—athletics conducted for educational value, and athletics conducted for business purposes. The aims of the former are (1) to develop all the students and faculty physically, and to maintain health; (2) to promote moderate recreation, in the spirit of joy, as a preparation for study rather than as a substitute for study; and (3) to form habits and inculcate ideals of right living. When athletics are conducted for business, the aims are (1) to win games—to defeat another person, or group, being the chief end; (2) to make money—as it is impossible otherwise to carry on athletics as business; and (3) to attain individual or group fame and notoriety. It must be confessed that the number of colleges which employ the second method are painfully in the majority. I was once shocked by hearing a professor give voice to these sentiments, but, since then, I have become convinced that he was right. Athletics should be for the many, not for the few.

These teams, especially in larger universities, do not truly represent the student body. Even worse may be considered the case of smaller colleges whose teams are perfectly representative, and legitimately obtained, but which abandon the physical well-being of the other 90 or 95 per cent. of the student body. To be perfectly practical and definite, let us come home. Richmond College has no gymnasium; the only form of physical training offered is trying for positions on the school teams. But how many do this? Those who most need athletics are incompetent to play on the teams; many are indifferent, others are unwilling to display their lack of skill before their superiors. A very few will go through with the drudgery of dumb-bell practice. This is excellent, but it does not suffice.
It is easy enough to pick flaws in the established order of things, but it is not always so to find the right solution of the problem. It takes no genius, however, to discover that Richmond College needs a gymnasium, without which it is impossible to maintain the proper physical status. A gymnasium is open to all; it is systematic and scientific; it has the benefit of good instruction, special care being given to those who most need it; it furnishes indoor sports for the winter time, and, finally, it makes physical exercise enjoyable. This method is, in the end, the least expensive, for we annually spend thousands of dollars upon a few men who play exhibition games.

In any case, however, a gymnasium should precede the training of championship teams. We have put the cart before the horse; we have sought advertisement and a desire of display before the efficiency and well-being of the student body. The Independent, of November 29th, prints a large picture of the recent Yale–Princeton game, when the Yale bowl was filled with a multitude of spectators, and, beneath it, says, “Sports may yield its business values, but never its educational values to those who merely watch the games,” and goes on to enumerate the evils of “grand-stand athletics.” Mr. William T. Foster, the President of Reed College, says, in regard to the recent building of a college stadium: “These graduates who contributed costly concrete seats, to be used by the student body in lieu of exercise, showed no concern over the fact that the college was worrying along with scientific laboratories inferior to those of the majority of modern high schools.”

The Richmond Times-Dispatch for November 29th says, “We Americans are in danger of losing the idea of sport as it exists in England. There all the students participate in athletics; here only a handful of stars. The students on the grand-stand know nothing of foot-ball except to cry ‘Rah! rah! rah!’ at critical moments of the game.”

The remedy for such a state of affairs is universal athletics. Participation in some form of athletics should be required; in some colleges it is necessary to obtain a degree. The last-named article points out that there should be a dozen foot-ball teams in every college. “The trouble,” it says, “is that it is so utterly aristo-
cratic. If you haven't 'Varsity weight and stamina you are barred.' But there are other forms of athletics, much less expensive, and in which all students may participate, each choosing his own field. Last year Reed College adopted a policy of universal athletics, all but six men of the students and faculty participating in some form of athletics. There were contests in football, base-ball, track, tennis, volley-ball, basket-ball, and other sports, with an average cost of sixteen cents to each student. The tendency of such a system is to cause greater respect for the well-developed man, less for the mere athlete, and less for the mere book-worm.

In this way athletics would not interrupt class work, but, on the other hand, would make better work possible by maintaining bodily efficiency. This program would diminish the promiscuous search after athletic material, irrespective of scholarship, and would put a premium upon efficiency; whereas the former policy was training to win, or the neglect of everything else.

Many advocate the total dispensing with athletic interscholastic contests. Such a change, I think, is too radical. We should, however, build up the frame-work from the bottom, not working down from the top. Personal efficiency should first be maintained, and the physical development of the mass of students ascertained. Then only will we be in a proper position to uphold representative teams.
O, I love the wild, free ocean;
   Yes, I love its sullen roar;
   And I love to hear the breakers, as they mock the cringing shore,
Chanting hoarsely grim defiance—
   'Till all time shall be no more.

O, I love the call to freedom,
   Out upon its bosom wide;
   Where the glory of the sunset greets the glory of the tide,
Blending hues of God's great splendor—
   That upon the heart abide.

O, I love the storms that sweep it,
   As the sea-gull sweeps the sky;
   When the clouds, in seething motion, drink the billows up on high,
With the winds aloft complaining—
   While our ship doth westward fly.

O, I love the fish that know her;
   Yes, I love them every one;
   Oft I've watched them on the sail-road, as they bask'd within the sun,
Flashing scales of burnished grandeur
   That by Nereid looms were spun.

O, I love the playful zephyrs
   That at vesper kiss her brow,
   Lulling wide-flung foam-crest rollers into gentle ripples now,
That in slumber murmur softly,
   As they lap against the prow.
And I love the calm at twilight,
   Out upon that bosomed deep,
Where the soul of man, in worship, can with God communion keep,
Sinking self in true devotion,
   With the heart in wonder steeped.

O. I love thee, Mother Ocean;
   Now enfold me to thy breast;
For my mind is dulled with longing, and my body fain would rest.
So I pray thee shield me, mother,
   As the falcon guards her nest.
ACH cot in a dozen or more long rows of hospital cots showed the pale face of a tortured sufferer. Several busy nurses, dressed in immaculately white uniforms, moved noiselessly to and fro along the narrow aisles, stopping here and there to take the temperature of some poor unfortunate, or to smooth away the wrinkles and speak a cheering word to those conscious enough to show recognition. Some of the invalids slept; others, wherever their conditions permitted, chatted and talked, while still others, in terrible agony, moaned and groaned aloud.

In a shaded corner a youth, with dark, curly hair, lay tossing upon his cot. At his side sat his attendant, clad in the spotless uniform and wearing upon her arm and cap the insignia of the Red Cross Society. A high, burning fever consumed the youth’s intellect, and in his mental wanderings he continually murmured to himself.

It seemed that once again he trod the foot-hills of his native Aquitaine. Once more he was back among the vineyards and orange-groves of his homeland. He could hear the bees in the clover, and the birds singing in the tree-tops or calling to each other across the meadow. The faint and delicate odor of clover blossoms and blooming flowers was borne to him on the gentle evening breeze. Life was sweet to him then, and he was content to live there with his widowed mother in their simple, but happy, home.

Then there passed through his fevered and confused mind the beginning of it all. How it was, at the beginning of his preparations for the year’s harvest and the wine-press, there came, as startling as a clap of thunder from a clear sky, the ominous, dreadful drum-beat of war. The dark cloud of war rolled over his country, and settled on its future a fearful, ominous shadow, obscuring all in its terrible pall.

For him the next few weeks were busy weeks, and days and
nights were crowded into one as he made his preparations to answer his country's call of distress. Too soon there came the day of his departure for the front. The night before he left, dressed in his new uniform, and stepping with a firm military tread, he took again the well-beaten path over the hill and across an intervening meadow to where his Marie was waiting for him at the garden gate. Once more he drew her arm through his, and led her down the garden path to the rustic bench beneath the sweet-scented rose arbor. In quiet ecstasy he seated himself beside her, and listened to her low, musical voice, which was sweeter to his ears than the music of a cool, babbling brook to a thirsty, way-worn traveler. Silently they watched the full, red moon climb above the tree-tops of a distant hill. Long they sat there, basking in the moonbeams and in the light of each other's love. All nature seemed in harmony with their mood, and for a while they forgot the nearness of the time for his departure to the war. The garden flowers were in full bloom and the air was pungent with their odor. The crickets chirped in the corner of the wall, and the katydids began their calls one to another, unheeded by the two under the rose-vines. It was late ere he left her, and the moon had already covered a long lap in its nocturnal course ere he bade her good-bye. As he arose to go she trembled slightly, and in the yellow moonlight looked a trifle paler than was her wont. He took her in his arms and kissed her, and in her ear he whispered softly, "Good-bye, my little Marie; it won't last long—and—I'll be with you again shortly, I must go now. God bless you, and keep you till I see you again. Good-bye."

When only a short distance down the path he turned and looked back. The vision he saw there enchanted him. She clung to the vines of the rose-bush clambering over the gate where he had left her, and she pressed a full-blown blossom against her cheek. The rays of the harvest moon shone full upon her as she stood there draped in white. Back of her the house and garden, with all its shrubbery and flowers, stood out like the background of some wonderful production of a great master. She smiled faintly, and waved a tiny white handkerchief; he clicked his heels, and raised his hand in military salute, then proceeded on his way.
Next morning, when the sun peeped over the eastern hills, he was already on the march. By his side were many of his boyhood companions, and together they marched away, with springing steps and eager wills, leaving behind gloomy, but proud and hopeful hearts. Their hearts were almost gay as they listened to the songs of the birds in the hedges, or watched the purple streaks of dawn fade into the mellow rays of the golden sunrise. By the roadside thousands of tiny dewdrops glistened on the grass and refracted back the myriad rays of sunlight, so that they sparkled and shimmered like so many diamonds. But all of this was soon forgotten on the march, and only came back at times as haunting memories.

How terrible! oh, how terrible! were the days that followed. He shuddered as he went into action and for the first time tasted the smoke of battle. He remembered afterwards how, when the order came to move against the foe, his heart sank within him, and how he dreaded the thought of facing that long line of gleaming rifle barrels in front of him, and in whose depths there lurked a thousand deaths. Then how, as they moved across the bullet-swept field, his fear turned into eagerness, enthusiasm, and hate. Again he felt the spirit of a chase and the ardor of a huntsman.

Later came weary weeks of watchful waiting, amid life in the trenches. They were days that tried men’s souls, when soldiers were doomed to inaction and silent vigilance, under circumstances to which hell would be near akin to heaven. Mud and water, red with human blood, filled the trenches half-way to the soldiers’ knees. Behind, in front, and on either side lay the dead bodies of horses and men, rotting in the sun. The awful stench of putrefying flesh and the nauseating odor of creosote battled for predominance over the men that were yet alive, and yet no one dared to move to alleviate such horrible conditions. Any sign whatsoever above the crude mud parapet would instantly call for a volley of bullets from the enemy. The days were filled with hours of painful watching and inaction; the nights with the screech and whistle of shells through the air, and the ear-splitting concussions of exploding bombs and belching artillery. The sky was made horrid by the heavy smoke and streaks of glaring fire.
One night there came an order. A heavier cannonade than usual was kept up to cover their movements. Together the men, half-dead from inaction and cramped positions, and half crazed by the terrifying noises and awful odor, crawled from their infested holes, only to meet death at the top of the parapet. Painfully this young man dragged his mud-caked and stiffened limbs above the mound in front of him, and raised himself upon his knees.

Sping! A bullet crashed through his body.

"Oh, God! Catch me quick, Jean; they've got me! they've got me! Curses on their infernal heads!" he muttered.

Frantically he clutched his companion about the shoulders and fell back into his arms. A sharp, burning pain in his right breast caused him to move his hand in that direction. His head swam, and all was darkness before his eyes.

Presently his eyes opened again. He gazed uncertainly about him. Some one had caught him, and gently laid him on his back. His head was pillowed on a lap, and some one was bending over him, trying to pour liquid down his throat. He looked up, and instantly his face became clouded with a puzzled expression. Then suddenly it lighted up, and a faint smile of recognition curled about his lips and eyes.

"Marie," he said.

"Edward," she answered. "Do you feel better now? It seems that you have been dreaming." And she gently laid his head back upon the pillow.
HERE is always interest in sketching the characteristics, peculiarities, and probable destiny of any race of people. One hears, on every hand, what might be the fate of certain European States engaged in the great war; but to us the simple life, the future advancement, and striking weaknesses of the Southern negro is of exceedingly more interest.

The home life of the negro is uppermost in one’s mind when he hears the African’s name mentioned. He is born in the most adverse circumstances of any race of people in the United States. As to sanitation, he is the most filthy; as concerning morals, he is void of all rules of ethics; and, as to comforts, his place among our people leaves him often in want of the bare necessities of life. Such are his environments. On first thought they may appear to be somewhat overstrained, but in order to appreciate his condition one has only to make his acquaintance and share his lot in life. We see, then, how hard work stares him in the face to the end of his sojourn on earth. As compared with the white man in low planes of life, the negro remains corrupt, and at the same time contented.

The negro is fond of amusement. He is always happy when near music. Also is he delighted when furnishing entertainment for others; in picking the banjo and in singing the Southern folk-song he really is remarkable. The laborer of the South is fond of many games, and, furthermore, he takes a keen delight in congregating (a trait which is likewise noticed in blackbirds), and in pouring forth his idle magpie chatter.

The nature of the Southern black man is one of indolence. He is rather fond of lying under the shade of an old apple tree, a watermelon by his side, free from all cares of to-morrow and future days. At all times he prefers idleness to work, which preference may be called one of the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the negro race.

Next to the American Indian, he is the least responsible
person in our country. If a man in business hires a colored man to perform a day's work the employer is constantly on nettles, uncertain whether the work is being properly performed. The man of affairs may have all his plans made for important work on a certain day, and yet when the appointed day dawns may be entirely disappointed, because of the absence of some of his negro help. This is often the case during harvest time, when some of the farmers who have more money in their pockets than brains in their craniums offer the negro twenty-five cents more per day than others. Moreover, if there is anything the negro hates to do it is to pay his grocery bill on time. After getting into a store-keeper's debt, he will even quit dealing with the merchant and spend his daily wages elsewhere. The employer of negroes must be constantly in their company while they are performing their task.

Although the former slave is endowed with such an irresponsible nature, yet is he a good liver. He will spend the full amount of his wages for Sunday's provisions, which extravagance may cause him to stand a warrant from the clothier for the clothes he wears on his dark body. A barrel manufacturer once said, "One of my cooperers has a better variety of food on his table day after day than a certain white man reputed to be worth $150,000."

But the negro of the South has made much progress. In education he is gradually raising the moral and intellectual standard of his race. In Dixie the negroes are the possessors of twenty-five standard colleges. Instead of the slatted up school-house of twenty years ago, he is attending school in a building that compares favorably with those which the white race have recently erected. It is a much disputed question among the white people whether or not education is a real benefit to the negro. From observation and experience, the technical training taught at Hampton, Va., and Tuskegee, Alabama, seems to be both logical and expedient for a better understanding between the white and black races. Anyway, the State of Texas is doing great work in negro education, and, in fact, leads all other Southern States.

In politics the negro is at a disadvantage. In order to prohibit negro suffrage as nearly as possible, in every Southern State
a clause is in force in its Constitution which renders his right to vote almost void. Through education, he is gradually helping himself in the matter of suffrage.

The negro is yearly growing more prosperous. There are quite a large number of them in the South who own their own farms and utensils. In every city they own much desirable property, and of late they are beginning to realize the true value of money.

In public life and social standing the Southern negro is still behind his Northern brother, but there have been leaders from the South who have done much to improve their fellows. As an entertainer and as a user of dialect, the typical Southern darkey is ever in demand. The good darkey impersonator is one of the most comical of present-day comedians. The negro who is prominent in public affairs is coming more and more to realize the responsibility that rests on his shoulders, both to do well his present task and to uplift his kind.

The negro is born in poverty, full of the desire for physical enjoyments of life, with little thought of to-morrow. Yet, by means of education, and that alone, can he better his moral, physical, and political standing, thereby ceasing to be mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for his more favored brethren.
SONG OF THE OUTDOORS.

C. Ditto Jay, '19.

When I tire of the sin and sham of the city—
The monotonous grind and eternal strife—
Then I slip away to the free, open country,
And breathe again the breath of life.

O, you folk who toil in the dreary cities,
Have you heard the song of nature sung?
What do you know of the world God made—
The world God made when time was young?

Come away from the narrow walls of your prison;
Out in the open there's time to dream,
Time to study the growing flowers,
Time to list to the rippling stream.

You will learn to live in the sombre forests,
And, as the years pass hurriedly by,
Time will fashion that which is priceless—
A soul which will never die.

You will look at the dawn with eyes of wonder,
Then at the day with its brilliance untold,
Then even-tide comes with its glorious sunset—
Its blending of purples and gold.

Night comes on, and day follows day.
The years roll silently by.
What! You fain would search for treasure?
Lift your eyes to the stars on high.

And then, when the race of life is over,
And the end of the long trail faintly gleams,
Let there be no fear of the old Grim Reaper,
For death only brings eternal dreams.
ABOUT five miles from the little town in which I was brought up there is an old farm-house that has enjoyed, for the last thirty years, the reputation of being haunted. It is said to be the abode of supernatural beings, the place where departed souls visit and frighten the tardy traveler. It is a large hewn-log house, such as was commonly seen among the mountains of Virginia in the early part of the nineteenth century. It is surrounded by what was once a stately stone fence, but which has fallen in ruins, and only partly encloses a spacious yard that is covered with a tangled mass of uprooted trees, vines, and untrimmed rose-bushes. This yard extends out to the road-side, the entrance to which is marked by an old rusty iron gate, elevated on a stile about four feet above the level of the road.

This is a three-story structure, with a hall of large size, leading to a broad staircase, while the rooms are of appropriate dimensions. Everything around it betokens decay and desolation. The windows, in the absence of the glass, have become mere black holes, resembling the hollow eye-sockets of a skull; not unexpressive, but frowning and ghastly, giving a disagreeable impression of utter emptiness and desolation within. These, along with the shattered moss-covered roof, the obscure chambers, and decaying walls, contrasted with the white tomb-stones of the little family cemetery, not fifty yards away, altogether present a picture which is revolting to the eye and melancholy to the mind.

This house was built many years ago by one of the first citizens of the community, a man by the name of Fife. At his death the estate fell into the hands of his only son, who was never married, but lived there alone for a half of a century. He finally disappeared and it is not known to this day what became of him. After all hopes of finding his whereabouts had vanished, the next nearest relative, a cousin, was declared heir to the prop-
He rented the farm to a family consisting of a man and his wife, who had recently come into the neighborhood. They immediately moved into the premises, but only to remain a short time, for the third night after their removal they left at 2 o’clock in the morning, and ran, half dressed, to the nearest neighbor’s house, declaring that they would not stay there for all the wealth of Russell county. They said they were disturbed by all kinds of unnatural noises. The doors were continually slamming, and the covers were pulled off their beds by invisible hands. They could hear voices, scarcely audible, in the adjoining apartments, and low, dismal groans like the moaning of the wind. The neighborhood caught up the story, and the house has remained untenanted ever since. Several persons negotiated for the property, but, somehow, always before the bargain was closed they heard some neighbor tell that it was already occupied by phantoms and ghosts that seemed to keep vigil over the near-by graveyard.

Last August, when I returned to my old home town to spend my vacation, after having been away for several years, I found that as a topic of conversation the old Fife house was as popular as ever. It seems that a camping party, only a short time before this, had sought shelter there, and had been routed in the middle of the night by the most frightful sounds conceivable.

Things were in this state when an incident took place so horrible in its appearance that, had it been of longer duration, it would have driven one mad. It was on the 13th of August, and on Sunday. I had been some distance in the country, and was coming on back toward town late in the night. I suppose it was 11 o’clock before I started for home. I was on horseback, as is generally the custom of the mountaineer to travel. It was a cloudy night, threatening rain, and, consequently, very dark. In fact, it grew so very dark I could not see to guide my horse, so I dropped the reins upon his neck and gave him his own way, for I could trust him thoroughly, as I had done that many times before.

Just before reaching the old Fife house I began to reflect upon its history, and especially upon the recent report of the campers. Gradually there came over me a very uncomfortable feeling. The loneliness of the situation caused my thoughts, in spite
of all my effort to divert them, constantly to plunge into dark and lonesome beds, where a continual gloom brooded. It was in vain that I endeavored to centre my musings upon the pleasant evening which I had just spent, and the many happy evenings the future promised. Insensibly, I yielded to the occult force that swayed me, and indulged in gloomy speculations. All the tales of the horrible which I had ever heard or read came up before me. I recalled a number of Poe's tales, such as "The Black Cat," "The Premature Burial," "The Mask of the Red Death," etc. Just then I was aroused from my reflections by a shrill whistle, which sounded half human, yet it was accompanied by the most gruesome echo. When I raised my eyes I beheld, against the horizon, the outline of the top of the old house. At once there came over me the most awful chill which I have ever experienced. I distinctly felt my hair rise on my head. What must I do? I must pass; there was no way around. I could feel that old sorrel was shying at something which I could not see. I could not dash by—it was too dark; consequently I again gave the reins to my horse, and closed my eyes, so as to avoid the sight of any horrible apparition that might appear. Then old sorrel became calm, and trudged slowly on. Just when I had time to be opposite the old iron gate my horse suddenly stopped; then something jumped, as it seemed, from the stile, noiselessly, upon my horse behind me. The horse became frightened and started to run. And the next instant I felt what I thought were two bony hands encircling my waist, endeavoring, it seemed, to secure their grasp. With the suddenness of it all, and with my efforts to keep myself in the saddle, I did not at first realize the terrors of my position. Shrouded in the most profound darkness, I could not even look over my shoulder to see the nature of the horrible creature. In fact, I did not care to, for I imagined a horrible thing peeping over my shoulder, with long teeth and skeleton form, grinning and gazing into my face. Occasionally I could feel what seemed to be its knees strike me in the sides, and could hear its feet dragging in the road. I gathered, from what I felt and heard, that this thing had legs not unlike the hind legs of a katydid, and that they were so long they were dragging the ground, while its knees were clasped at my sides. Now I realized, for the first time, the
awfulness of the situation. I wonder that my hair did not instantly turn white. The idea of having, at the dead hour of midnight, in the most intense darkness, a breathing, panting something, with arms firmly clasped about one's waist! Yes, it breathed. I felt its warm breath against my neck and cheek. Its heart beat violently. It had hands. They clutched me frantically. It struggled fiercely to keep its balance. There it was pressed close up against me, yet I could not see it.

I wonder that I did not fall from the horse. Some wonderful instinct must have sustained me and given me superhuman strength and courage, for, in place of falling off, or giving up, I seemed to gain additional strength in this moment of horror. I found its grasp about my waist becoming firmer, and expected to be attacked every moment by long, sharp teeth, and a pair of sinewy, agile hands, which I imagined were already delaying, only to find a suitable place to begin.

I had no weapon with which to protect myself, except a small pocket-knife. I drew it out, and, with great difficulty, opened it, and was in the act of turning and stabbing my fellow passenger, as near the heart as I could locate it by its violent throbbing, which I could hear distinctly. But my courage failed, for I had heard of other instances of men being attacked by some frightful creature, which was visible, but no sooner did they attempt to assault it than it turned to blue smoke, and their blows had no more effect than if they were attacking the wind. At this moment I remembered that only a short distance ahead was Ward's Switch. I decided there was nothing to do but to rush on to the Switch; then, having first seen what my midnight companion was like, I could call on the night agent for assistance, if necessary.

Just then the girth to the saddle broke, and, almost before I knew it, I struck the ground flat on my back, with the saddle and the rear rider on top. I remember having shrieked with terror. But the thing that shocked me even more than the fall was a sweet, but excited, voice, that called out, "Oh, Ed, are you hurt?"

A thousand thoughts ran through my brain in a second. I scarcely believed my ears. I wondered if this was not, after all,
only a terrible dream. I was dumb-founded, I could not speak, but made out to get on my feet and release myself from the entangled debris—saddle, blanket, and ghost. By that time the ghost had struck a match, and there I stood gazing into the face of the loveliest girl I ever saw. But she didn’t look like a natural girl. She was pale as death, and wrapped in a red blanket. As she gazed at me she became as motionless as a statue, but, as the charred stump of the match fell to the ground, and left us again in utter darkness, she exclaimed, "Oh, what have I done? Who are—oh, please tell me, who are?" I could tell that she had burst into tears, but she continued, "Where is Ed, and why did he treat me like this?"

By that time I had regained myself so as to be able to speak. "Who are you," I said, "and what is your distress? Who is Ed? As to me, my name is Jim Lefer." This had given her time to restore the light with a new match.

Dropping it, she rushed toward me, with both hands extended. "Can this be Jim?" she said. "This is Betty Murphy. You know me."

Of course I had known Betty. We had gone to the same district school.

"I am glad to see you again, Betty, and that is a great deal to say, for you have simply scared me to death. Now let us walk on to the Switch, and, in the meantime, tell me what you are doing out at this late hour, and how you came to ride with me."

"Well, it is this way," she said, in a suppressed tone. "You know we have been trying to get away for a long time, but—"

"Who?" I said.

"Why, Edward and I. You know Ed Hale. Father doesn’t like Ed, and he doesn’t want me to marry him, because—well, I just don’t know exactly why. But Ed said we would go to Bristol and get married, and then move to his father’s ranch in New Mexico. Father got a hint of it somehow, and has guarded me very closely. He has even kept most of my clothes locked up, all except those that I wear around home. But did we care for clothes? We appointed to-night as the time for the elopement. We were to meet at this old house at 12 o’clock, as they would least suspect me of going to that place if they should miss
me at home. I was not afraid; I was too much excited to think of ghosts. I thought it would be a little cool, and, as I had no coat, I decided I would wear a blanket from my bed. So here it is.” (Then I knew that it was a blanket dragging in the road that I thought were the legs of my unwelcome rider.) “We expected to catch the Memphis Special at Abingdon, at 2 o'clock. Oh, I wonder what could have happened to him?”

While she was relating the story she seemed to forget Ed, at least for a minute. But, as she thought of him, I could see that it struck terror to her soul.

“But you haven’t finished,” I said. “Go on, and tell me why you wished to ride with me.”

“I didn’t want to ride with you,” she said, sharply. “When you came along, riding at such a slow pace, and near the old stile, and, too, your horse stopped as if you meant for me to mount, I naturally thought it was Ed, and that he didn’t speak because he was afraid some one would follow me. Consequently I did not speak either. Yet I thought he seemed mightily excited, and was running his horse more than was necessary.”

Just then we reached the little station house. I threw the bridle rein over a fence-post, and, after taking Betty to the waiting room, rushed into the office to ask the agent, whom I knew, what I should do. Just as I had begun to relate the affair to the agent, some one thrust his head in at the window of the office, and called out: “Bill, wire that special not to stop at Abingdon. It’s all up with me. I suppose old Squire Murphy must have intercepted my plans. She didn’t show up, but I’ll get her yet. He can’t keep her locked up all the time.”

Just then, however, she did show up. And after we had explained the mistake to Ed, they secured my horse and hurried on to catch the Special.
IMMIGRATION AND THE LITERARY TEST.


IMMIGRATION is by no means a recent question. The problem has confronted our country, in one form or another, since almost the beginnings of the nation. But its aspects continually change. The problem is ever new, and what might be offered as a solution one year would be rejected the next. The time has come when a proper means of regulating immigration should be effected. Our American institutions need better protection if they are to give the largest possible service to humanity. What measures should be used to further restrict this tide if we believe it should be thus diminished? A literary test bill has been passed by three different sessions of Congress, and each time has been vetoed by the President. Are the objections to a bill of this kind based upon sound judgment, or have we to seek another method of limiting the number who come to seek homes in America?

Taking into account two important phases of this problem—namely, the industrial and social—we can determine more exactly the nature of the question and the answer. Space will only permit a consideration of European emigrants to our land.

Undoubtedly, the vast majority of the immigrants who come over do so in order to better their material condition. In a recent investigation of the Lawrence strike it was found that the workingmen had decided to emigrate from their native land because of the enticing stories which had been circulated in regard to the ease with which money could be earned in America. They swore that they were induced to come over here by flaming pictures and posters, which showed the common American laborer returning home with a bag of gold slung over his shoulder. These people expected to find our land "flowing with milk and honey," and, when they had had their "fill," to carry back with them their wealth, and then live in ease.

It is admitted that not all come over here for such reasons. However, those who do not want to become American citizens—
in fact, cannot appreciate our institutions or form of government, having been brought up under a monarchy—have for their one aim in life the desire to gather money, and, in many cases, go back to the old home. Many do go, carrying with them thousands of dollars each year, which, otherwise, would have been in circulation in America.

The trouble lies with the people themselves. Formerly our immigrants came from northern and northwestern Europe—the French, Germans, Dutch, and Irish. But the tide has changed, and to-day 80 per cent. come from southern Europe or western Asia—the Slavs, Poles, and Italians. The former are of a desirable sort, but the latter are, to say the least, decidedly of the ultra-undesirable type.

The claim is made that these immigrants are cheap labor. Yet, despite the fact that they will work for small pay, and under conditions which the American laborer would not, they are expensive cheap labor. They are in such ignorance of all the laws of health that they do not know really how to take care of themselves. Out of forty cases of lead poisoning, thirty-eight were men of foreign birth, and twenty were immigrants from eastern Europe. These laborers would not wash themselves, either through ignorance, habit, or neglect, and, consequently, the lead became absorbed into their systems.

In many instances the companies care for and supervise their employees exactly as fathers do little children. In towns like those of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, Anno Dosch states that "the children go to company schools, they are baptized in a church built by the company, and by ministers largely supported by the company; they are kept clean by company nurses, they grow up to live in the company house, work for the company, and get their social life in club-houses built by the company." I might add that they also die for the company. Obviously, these conditions will never tend to encourage independence among foreigners, and they will not become true citizens of our republic and democracy.

A large proportion of our labor troubles are caused by this element. Take, for instance, the great strikes in Lawrence and Pittsburg. There may have been just cause for the strikes, but
there was no excuse for the riots that followed. And to add to this, foreigners are frequently utilized as strike-breakers. In 1880 there was a strike in the coal fields of Kansas, and the first immigrants from Italy were brought into the fields as strike-breakers. In 1904 the meat packing strike at Chicago was broken with train-loads of negroes, Italians, and Greeks. These are but a couple of instances where these immigrants were practically the ruin of our American working men. The labor union, under these conditions, is almost powerless. The Slav will work for such small pay that he can force the natives out, and, in many cases, American miners getting $2.75 a day are thrown out without a strike, and their places filled by a train-load of raw Italians, who are put to work for $1.50 to $2.00 a day.

There has been much agitation of late in regard to the high cost of living. Committees have been appointed to investigate this problem, and, though they have disagreed on many points, they all agree that its intensity is increased by the presence of the foreign element. Between 1900 and 1910, although the population grew 21 per cent., the output of crops increased only 9 per cent. There has been a general upheaval in prices, but the price of farm produce has risen much faster and farther than the price of other commodities. This is what has made the cost of living as high as it is. Among us to-day there is one American white farmer for fourteen American whites, one Scandinavian farmer for eight Scandinavians, one German for eleven Germans, one Irish for forty Irish, but—it takes one hundred and thirty Poles, Hungarians, or Italians in this country to furnish one farmer. And the result? They fail to furnish their share of food products, and, by lumping around the industrial centres as they do, the balance between field and mill is destroyed.

It is claimed that we cannot possibly get along without the foreigner. "If it wasn't for our Slavs," say the superintendents of the Mesara Mines, we couldn't get out this ore, and Pittsburg would be smokeless. You can't get an American to work here unless he runs a locomotive or a steam shovel. Somehow, Americans nowadays aren't any good for hard or dirty work."

The truth of the matter is the American laborer has some self respect. He will not be despised, as the foreigner is, and will
not allow himself to be classed with people who live in hovels and are indecent in every way. If the supply of Slavs were cut off standards of American labor would rise, and Americans would come into our industries. Germany's industries are carried on by Germans, Britain's manned by Britons, and there is no reason why Americans cannot handle ours.

Closely akin to the industrial side is the social aspect. What is the influence this great mass of people have on our social life and institutions?

In the first place, over 40 per cent. of our foreign-born population are illiterate, which means that at the last census there were over two million such illiterates in the United States. The ratio is steadily increasing, while the number of native-born illiterates is rapidly diminishing. Illiteracy gives rise to other evils. These people are the soil in which yellow journalism takes root and grows. Yellow journalism will not thrive everywhere. The glaring headlines in colored inks appeal to the ignorant and emotional foreigners as pictures to little children. This decidedly affects the entire community, and thus lowers our ideals.

Crime is bred and flourishes in ignorance. It has long been a tacit fact that much of the crime committed—at least in eastern America—is traceable to the hands of immigrants. A few years ago there were seventy Italian murders in New York between January 1st and August 1st. This was twice the whole homicide rate of all England.

We can account for these facts in a number of ways, but, undoubtedly, the drink habit is the cause of a high percentage of such evils. A visiting nurse, who has worked for seven years in the stockyards district of Chicago, states that of late the drink habit is taking hold of even foreign-born women at a remarkable rate. In the Range towns of Minnesota there are 356 saloons, of which 81 are run by native-born and the rest chiefly by immigrants. Into a Pennsylvania coal town of 1,800 people, mostly foreign born, are shipped each week a car-load of beer and a barrel of whiskey. No wonder prohibition is being held back and withstood. It is to such influences as this that we can attribute the low morals and degredation of society in these sections of the country.
And then follows another evil—that of insanity. Foreign born, surprising as it may seem, are more subject to insanity than native born, and, when insane, are more likely to become public charges. The New York State Hospital Commission declares that “the frequency of insanity in our foreign-born population is 2.19 times greater than of native born.” New York State every year cares for 15,000 foreign-born insane, at a cost of three and one-half millions of dollars, and, as Dr. Ross declares, “the State’s sad harvest of demented immigrants during the single year of 1911 will cost eight million dollars before they die or are discharged. This is some offset to be made from the profits drawn from the immigrants by the transportation companies, landlords, real estate men, employers, contractors, brewers, and liquor dealers of the State, and then, besides, there is the cost of paupers and the law-breakers of foreign origin.”

We now should have somewhat of an idea or conception of the evils of immigration, at least in relation to these two fields. The question now confronts us, “Well, what are you going to do about it?” A true solution will keep out undesirables, and admit only those who will be a benefit to the country at large. We have seen how a thread of ignorance ran through a large proportion of the evils ascribed to immigration. Can we safely say that the removal of this class will be like the philosopher’s stone, which would change baser metals into gold, or, as applied here, evolve evil from good? Is merely being able to read and write a true sign of anything at all? Yes, I think so. If one has real ambition in life, he will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, learn the fundamental things. Reading and writing are absolute essentials to an independent and useful life in modern society. These attributes do not indicate a man’s morals, or, in every case, his general worth, but they go a long way in the right direction. No test can keep out all undesirables. The present law has failed, according to the report of Superintendent Daniel J. Kaese on Ellis Island affairs in 1913, and it is high time something was done.

The literary test does not claim to be a panacea for all ills, but it is the best test yet proposed. The less desirable immigrants—Poles, Slavs, Italians, and the like—come from countries of greatest illiteracy. Theoretically, we could not exclude them
as a class, but, by making them undergo this test, practically
a large part would be prohibited from landing.

In view of the present war in Europe, some have assumed
that immigration will cease. But, although a countless number
may be killed off, and the work of reconstruction consume the
labor of many, yet the oppressive taxes which will inevitably result
are bound to force many to leave their native land and seek
refuge in America.

Nevertheless, sentimentalism should not suffice for sound
sense and keen foresight. Be it remembered that America is no
charity institution, where others may come and get what they
want. We have already had too much of that. Those who come
to live in this country should be a benefit to all that is American,
and be willing to enter into the spirit of our government. "The
music of the masters, the plays of Ibsen, the poetry of Rosland
and Hauptman were not brought to us by way of Ellis Island."

We owe it as a duty to all humanity to further restrict
immigration here. A literary test—combined, of course, with the
physical, and, as far as possible, the moral—should be applied to
the overwhelming flood which is continually piling up at our gates.
THE TWO SPRINGS.

From the sun to the sun, from the morn to the night,
O'er the wide-rolling prairies, so arid and white,
Where the sweep of the wind and the blast of the storm
Roll over the waves of the prairie grass torn,
Neck to neck, breast to breast, two riders rode on.
Their horses were flecked with the glitter of foam;
Their backs ached with riding, their heads ached with heat,
And they listened, half dazed, to the clatter of feet.

Ride away, ride away! Since the break of the day
We have tasted no food, we have known no delay;
Our water is gone, we perish with thirst,
We stagger and reel, as our foreheads would burst.

Lips swollen and red with the blistering heat,
Eyes bloodshot and sunken with fearful retreat,
Limbs swollen with pain, throat cracked with the dust,
And the jar of the steed like a catapult's thrust.
So they rode neck to neck in the heat of the day;
Soon their horses would drop—there's no time for delay.
Find some water, some shade, or lie down on the plain,
Lie down with a sigh, ne'er to rise up again.

Ride away, ride away! soon will vanish this day.
Will you quit? Will you die? Nay, struggle, I pray!
There is hope while there's life; 'tis not time for despair.
One more mile! See the spring! In the distance! Right there!

So they rode for the blue, where it hung like a haze,
But it faded away from their anguishing gaze;
'Twas a fake—a mirage; 'twas a lake in the air;
'Twas a taunt to the heart that was torn with despair.
So they rode idly on through the echoless air,
Rode swiftly or slow—why worry, why care?
Then they dropped to the plain, black and swollen with pain,
And lay where they dropped—why rise up again?

List away, list away! 'Tis the spatter of spray,
'Tis a trickle of water—I hear it, I say!
So he sprang to his feet, still defying defeat,
And he rushed to the spot where the two boulders meet.

And there from the rock, looking crystaline pure,
The water ran soft, like a pleased kitten's purr.
Through a basin of sand that was white as fresh snows,
The water plays gently a tune as it goes.
Mad with thirst, he falls down with his lips to the pool,
And he gulps down the water, refreshing and cool;
Then he starts with a shriek, with his hand to his throat,
While his eyes swell to bursting, his blackened cheeks bloat.

He is dying with poison, his comrade has seen;
'Tis a cess-pool of hell! Lo, the color is green!
Then he lays down the form that is stiffened and still,
And he turns from the spring to the blistering hill.

He feels his mind sinking, reason leaving her throne;
His comrade is dead, he is left all alone.
So he climbs up the hill, while he still has control
Of his body and mind—of his body and soul.
And there 'neath a rock, overhanging and cool,
Another stream murmurs, so tempting a pool.
He stoops, with despair in his eye and his heart;
With his lips to the surface, he forced them apart.

And the cool, soothing water followed noiseless and pure;
No arsenic in this! It was clear, he was sure!
So he drank to his fill, and he bathed his hot flesh,
And he led up his horse to the pool that was fresh.

Not so sparkling, nor tranquil, this second stream seemed,
And its waters were dark, where the other had gleamed;
But 'twas pure and 'twas cool, and it saved him from death,
It restored him to strength with its life-giving breath.
So he set up a sign, with its fingers of wood,
And they pointed the lost to the spring that was good;
But he left the parched form of his comrade to warn
The foot-weary man, with his spirit thirst-torn.

Ride away, ride away! at the break of the day;
We have thirsted and drunk—we have parted the way.
One stands as a warning to point to the grave,
While one plants a sign-post the wanderer to save.

Neck to neck rode two boys o'er the desert of sin;
They staggered and reeled with the burden within.
The tempter was sly—the mirage of deceit
Was laid for the careless to capture his feet.
One followed the glitter of pleasure and pride;
He smoked and he swore, he drank, and—he—died!
The arsenic of sin had poisoned his soul,
And his bloated form lies by the death-dealing hole.

Oh, the lives that are wrecked and the heart-rending sighs
By the youth that learned ways that seemed "smart" to his eyes!
Sure the wages of sin is but death, dark and fell,
And 'tis paid with a will from the coffers of hell!

The other, though flushed with the heat of the race,
Refused to be tempted, refused the disgrace!
He would die with the thirst e'er he'd drink from the spring,
He'd play the game right, whatever the sting.
So he suffered awhile the scorns of the crowd,
Then they honored him more for his stand; they were proud
That one in their midst would not yield to the call
That led to the sin that preceded the fall.

Ride away, ride away! my friend, while 'tis day;
Remember the spring that is pure by the way.
Remember the sign that will rescue a horde—
Remember to lead the strayed man to the Lord!
A COMPARISON OF THE ELIZABETHAN AND PSEUDO-CLASSIC DRAMA.

Louise Reams, '15.

In order to understand and appreciate fully the differences found in a comparison of the Elizabethan and pseudo-classic drama, as revealed by Shakespeare and Dryden, it is first necessary to know some of the differences in the times in which these men wrote.

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the Elizabethan age was its religious tolerance. It was in this period that the national government had realized its independence. It had also conquered and nationalized its church, and, as a result, we find England at peace at home and abroad. Since the island was now free from internal strife, much more time could be given to expansion and growth in all directions.

It was now that England was entering on her part in the struggle of Europe for the dominion of the undiscovered worlds. Such men as Drake, Gilbert, and Raleigh figure largely in this period. The accomplishments of these men compelled England to have a broader outlook; she had to consider America now, as well as Spain and France.

Through the discovery of the new world, the minds of the English people could do nothing but expand. It naturally followed that the old ways of thinking were being broken up by the development of the century. The whole English atmosphere was one of adventure, discovery, and speculation. The revelations made by the explorers caused the people to dream, and an adventurous spirit crept in. This spirit of experiment, enthusiasm, and spontaneity was just the thing to inspire lyric verse, and to this is due, perhaps, the wonderful development of the drama of this age.

In the later days of Elizabeth's reign there existed in London an intelligent and wealthy, but non-reading class. They were eager for new things and intellectual excitement, and they sought, especially, contentment and pleasure. The stage had to meet
this demand. It was not the simple life and things commonplace that could furnish the supply. As a result, the tone and spirit of the drama reflected and reproduced the London life; but this was not all—the drama attempted to put before the public the big national historical questions. This was done, of course, in the form of the Henry's, King John, and Richard III.

Since we are dealing with the history of this period, as well as its literature, we cannot omit one of the biggest crises through which the English drama had to pass—that of Puritanism.

Just at the close of the Tudor period the Puritans attempted to cleanse and elevate the life and moral tone of their age. Their bitterest attacks were directed against the stage. They did not attempt to reform the stage; what they wanted to do was to annihilate it. Such treatises as "The Player's Scourge," "A Short Treatise of Stage Plays" were sent to the Crown, asking that the stage productions be considered unlawful. These, evidently, were effective, for on September 2, 1642, the Lords of the Commons published the following ordinance: "While these sad courses and set times of humiliation do continue, public stage plays shall cease and be forborne."

Passing from the stage and the time of Shakespeare to that of Dryden, it almost seems that we are entering another world. We find Dryden under an entirely different influence—it was that of the court; and, as the court of Dryden's time furnished the playwright's daily bread, it was to the court he had to cater. It is true that there is evidence enough to prove that not even Shakespeare was indifferent to the good opinion of Elizabeth and James, but neither of these rulers patronized the drama sufficiently to be the drama's legislator. It was very different with Charles II. As a matter of fact, the court of Charles II. exerted a greater influence on the drama than any court before or since, but the influence was mainly toward social and political immorality. The dramatists, of course, were forced to cater to the amusement and taste of the King and his favorites.

Since this period follows up directly the Puritan revolution, it produced no great literature. It was a period of political strife and religious outbursts, and much of the literature reflected this spirit. Dryden drew most of his material from the religious
controveries of his day. “The Spanish Friar” is a satire on the
religion of the time, and reveals the hypocrisy of the church officials.

The dramatic authors of the Restoration period dispensed
altogether with the national historical drama. Tragedy was also
fast passing away. The writers of the drama were interested
particularly in inventing ingenious plots and situations, rather
than dipping into character analysis. They simply played around
on the surface. We notice particularly that the plays reflect the
life of the times. We get a glimpse of the London drawing-room,
with pink and white toy women, powdered hair, patches, rouge,
and lap dogs.

Fancy and imagination have disappeared, and real emotion is
entirely a thing of the past. People of this period felt that it was
decidedly bad taste to show one’s feelings on any subject.
Naturally, the Elizabethan drama would not appeal to this age.

A fair example of the spirit in which the society of the Resto-
ration age regarded the drama may be found in Pepy’s Diary.
He thought “Macbeth” “a pretty good play,” and a “most excellent
play for variety.” With “Hamlet” he was “m Mightily pleased.”
On the other hand, he considered “A Midsummer Night’s Dream”
the most insipid, ridiculous play that he ever saw in his life.
Dryden compares the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius to
“a triayl of skill in huffing and swaggering between two drunken
Hectors for a two-penny reckoning.” He also condemns the
story of “Othello” as “a senseless, trifling tale.”

With the foregoing as a background, which is intended to show
the atmosphere in which the Elizabethan dramatists and those of
the Restoration worked, let us now consider a play from each
period, and find the differences in the treatment.

In Dryden’s “All For Love” we have a play with the usual
five acts, and no sub-division into scenes. The entire setting is in
Alexandria, at the Temple of Isis, and the time the play covers is
only one day. Another important fact to be noticed is that
Dryden does not use many characters, and he does not allow more
than eight on the stage at one time. (This occurs in Act III.)
This play accords perfectly with the “unities,” which were in-
fluencing so greatly the writings of the time.

In Shakespeare’s “Antony and Cleopatra” there are also
five acts, but in each act there are several scenes. In Act V. there are fifteen scenes. The setting is constantly shifting from Rome to Alexandria, Athens, and then to Syria. One scene takes place on board a ship. This fact alone makes it practically impossible to stage this play. Then, too, the time "Antony and Cleopatra" covers is about twelve years. Shakespeare here, as in all of his dramas, utilizes many characters, and allows thirteen or fourteen of the principal characters on the stage at the same time, to say nothing of the attendants. (This occurs in Act V., Scene 2.)

As to the characters, we find that Dryden draws Antony with a great deal of skill. He shows, just as Shakespeare does, the power which passion is capable of acquiring over a human being. It would have been impossible for a greater genius than Dryden to have done justice to his subject within the confines prescribed by the classical drama. However, Dryden’s Antony lacks elevation. We do not pity him during his fall—the feeling is one of contempt. This is due to the fact that Dryden’s Cleopatra is stupid and uninteresting as compared with Shakespeare’s. Shakespeare created a Cleopatra so wondrous and fascinating that we do not blame Antony for being the slave of such a spellbinder. Dryden’s Cleopatra lacks this character, which none but Shakespeare could have given, and even he could not have given it if he had forced himself to observe the unities. The method of Shakespeare’s Cleopatra to hold Antony is brought out in a conversation with her maids: “If you find him sad, say I am dancing; if in mirth, report I am sudden sick.” This philosophy of Cleopatra’s calls forth the following from Antony, “She is cunning past man’s thought.” We can’t imagine Dryden’s Cleopatra ever attempting to cross Antony. She is too prone to assume the open-arm attitude.

Shakespeare’s power of characterization is at its height in "Antony and Cleopatra," and it is brought out by what the characters do. Dryden is unable to reveal character by action. He tells us everything about his characters, and leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination. It naturally follows that Dryden could not be capable of a subtle description. Take, for example, the description of Cleopatra in her barge. This is treated by both Dryden and Shakespeare.
Dryden says:
   "* * * She, another sea-born Venus, lay,
    She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
    And cast a look so languishingly sweet
    As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
    Neglecting, she could take 'em, * * * " etc.

Dryden gives us a wonderful piece of poetry, but he tells it all—he leaves no room for fancy. Compare it with Shakespeare's; he dares not even attempt a description of the Egyptian, but very tactfully says, "She beggars all description." He gives the reader's imagination full range.

In "Antony and Cleopatra" we have genuine emotion all the way through. The love scenes are skillfully handled, while in "All For Love" it is decidedly overdone, and seems very unreal. Again, in "Antony and Cleopatra" there is a touch of pathos throughout the play. The reader is never sure that Cleopatra cares for Antony, nor can it be decided that she kills herself for love of him or from fear of Cæsar. We are forced to believe the worse from the following:

Antony says: "I am dying, Egypt, dying; only I here importune death awhile, until of many thousand kisses the poor last I lay upon thy lips."

Cleopatra replies: "I dare not, dear, dear, my lord, pardon; I dare not, lest I be taken; not the imperious show of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall be brooch'd with me."

The reader has no occasion to sympathize with Dryden's Antony and Cleopatra. They are depicted as a very lovesick couple. There is, however, the element of pathos of the truest kind in "All For Love," when Octavia brings the children and speaks to Antony. "Look on these. Are they not yours? Or stand they there neglected as they are mine? Go to him, children, go. Kneel to him, take him by the hand—speak * * *" Garnett says, "This is the only instance of genuine pathos throughout the entire range of Dryden's writings."

From this comparison we arrive at, perhaps, the chief difference in the drama of these two ages. If it could be expressed in one word, it would reveal Shakespeare's greatest contribution to drama, and it would be the same as that which expresses his
supreme gift as a dramatist—that is, *characterization*. He drew characters from almost every type of humanity which would furnish fit subject for tragedy or comedy.

Dr. Alfonzo Smith has said, "If literature should do anything, it should teach men and women what other men and women are like." Shakespeare has done this. As Garnett puts it, "he made the drama a mirror of personality." From reading his plays, we feel that we've become acquainted with real, live people. Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Rosalind, and perhaps Othello, are characters that stand out in our memories as people we have actually known, and it seems almost impossible to believe that they are merely creations of fiction.

Now, turning to the works of the Restoration period, we find that there are no typical characters that stand out as Shakespeare's do. There are a few types which we might like very much, or dislike utterly, yet they never seem like human beings, as do the portraits that Shakespeare gives us. Dominick, in "The Spanish Friar," is exceedingly amusing, but he is more farcical than a truly comic character. As compared with Shakespeare's, these characters seem more like caricatures. In this period we find on the stage only unreality where "Juliet had blossomed like a flower of spring, and where Othello's noble nature had suffered and sinned."

Perhaps it would not be fair to the classical period to pass over, altogether, Thomas Otway, who gave us a drama more typical of the Shakespearean age than of his own. "Venice Preserved" has been classed as one of the dramas of this age which maintained the Elizabethan traditions. This is manifest in the general structure, the large number of actors, the changing scenes, the gross comedy, the abundance of incidents, the terrors, the ghosts, and, also, madness. We also see a portrayal of character contrast. This is brought out in the struggle of the generous Jaffeir, under the conflicting influence of his wife. The essentials of a great Shakespearean tragedy are in this drama. Like Shakespeare, he has drawn genuine women, the most prominent of whom is Belvidere, who gave herself wholly to the man she loved. Again, like Shakespeare, he made use of the crude sentiment of human baseness by introducing into this very painful tragedy an obscene
caricature, an old Senator, who stoops from his official position to play the clown in his mistress' home.

With the exception of Otway's works, the Restoration age gives to the world of literature principally satirical works on the religious beliefs and the political opinions of the times. It is a literature which reveals no emotion, but one which lays all emphasis on perfection in form and structure. It has also been noted that the writers of this period are incapable of characterization. They draw no distinct lines between good and bad. Evil is allowed to triumph, and poetic justice is ignored.

Now, from the works of Shakespeare it cannot be determined what his religion was, or whether or not he held definite political opinions. One thing is very evident, however; his standpoint is ethical. He does not let wickedness triumph completely, nor does he make a thoroughly bad man the centre of his drama, except in Richard III. Shakespeare's writings enlarge our thoughts toward charity and ennoble our feelings for each other. He laid aside all technicalities and ideas of form, and gave us life as he saw it.

We have touched slightly on the drama during the century of Shakespeare and of Dryden, and we have tried to point out a few marked differences in the literature of the centuries, "which began with full Elizabethan enthusiasm, which passed through the disintegration typified by Puritanism on through the period, while England was undergoing her transformation into modernity, which marks the greatest change in national temper which has yet declared itself in the history of England."
THEORETICALLY SPEAKING.

Isaac Diggs, Jr., '17.

"Yes, sir, this book is the latest addition, and some Christmas present. It'd suit her to a pin point. Thank you, sir. No, sir. You ain't trying to flirt with me, be you? It's against the orders of the store, you know. Good evening, sir. Say, Jerry, c'm here, and slip me another slice o' that gum. Gee, ain't you getting tired, working so hard, and this near Christmas too? Who's the fellow over on Marie's aisle, carrying on the loose-tongue stuff? He ain't got a very favorable map on him. Marie seems to get 'em, though. There ain't any gettin' around it. It must be her personality. She sells more than anybody in this department. I ain't kiddin' you, because I know how many of her bundles I wrap. Just a minute, Geraldine. Yes, sir, delighted to wrap it for you. It certainly is a modern taste for books you have. I was readin' that very same book of Charlie Dickens' last night. He's almost as good as Robert Chambers, and so far superior to that Forbes-Robertson [Morgan Robertson, she meant.] Good day, sir. Come again. No, sir, I won't go to no show with you to-night. Whaddye think I am? I may be a shop girl, but I ain't none o' that sort. Why, hello, Marie; good-looking fellow in the balmacaan. He must be a cheap skate, though, buying a thirty-nine-cent book. It ain't worth the trouble or the intelligence to wrap it. Yes, Geraldine gave me the gum. She is getting some class now, chewing the double jitney variety. I cawn't afford anything but the nickel stuff myself. Hope you an' the bookkeeper are as thick as ever. S'long. Drop around when you ain't busy. Gosh, but they work a woman to death in this joint. Yes, mam, that is the biggest bargain you ever bought. In fact, I read that very same book last night myself. It is the best—"

You have recognized her. She is the cashier and wrapping girl in the book department of the Jones–Schlem Department Store, the one with the blonde hair and the big, blue, innocent-
looking eyes, and the scrupulously-manicured nails, which she takes particular pains that you notice as she wraps your package. You remember how she had you guessing how much real innocence there was behind those eyes. You also recall how clear her face appeared at the distance, and how coquettish she looked as she smiled at you across seven aisles of books, from her lofty position in the squared box. Then, as you came closer, you know how surprised you were that there were little freckles under her skin, and you knew that the freckles belonged there, and that she was a whole lot better looking with them. Let's see, what was it that they suggested? Gave her such a wholesome look, remember? You also knew that she never painted—or thought you did—and that she used just the right amount of powder. You also remember how her hair looked at the distance, apparently all well-coiffured, and then, when you approached her counter, you saw that it was bundled up on the top of her head in a disheveled, nonchalant little knot. That was when she won your admiration. That was when you said something which sounded like you had been reading Poe about "rhythm of movement and totality of effect." You were so sorry that she had to be a shop girl.

You also remember how your castle fell when you heard her conversation. Every sentence seemed to detract from her beauty.

That's the same girl, and she is yet working for the Jones-Schlem Company, only she is getting two dollars more a week. The Jones-Schlem Company knew why they were selling so many books.

Ralph Whittemore was sitting in his room at Havershack College, smoking his fat-bowled, low-built pipe, which all college men smoke—as we are reminded by authors who have never been to college, and wish to create a collegiate atmosphere. Ralph Whittemore, however, strangely enough, had a pipe that was like those which are read about. He was couched in his chair, with his feet resting on a stool—thinking. He was good at that. In fact, that was about all he was good for. He liked to think that his pipe surrounded him with such an assimilatory atmosphere—something superior, wholesome, something designed to make him appreciate his superiority over the rest of mankind. That
was one of the things that a pipe could do that cigarettes could not—let a man appreciate his own importance. So he sat there, his left eyebrow raised at a comfortable angle, puffing out the smoke slowly, systematically.

Ralph Whittemore, senior, was one of those men that a college education is wasted upon. He was too theoretical. Down in the propensities of his brain he had certain inlaid principles—which weren’t principles at all—and which he tried to regulate his existence by. It was in that head of his that he had propounded a scheme for salting away a million dollars after he had left college. He had his plans all worked out, and placed in a safety deposit vault in a down-town bank.

Young Whittemore was effeminate—without understanding women. In fact, he neither understood men nor women—nor himself either, probably—and, not understanding his fellow creatures, he theorized about them. He tried to figure out what tendency of the beast it was that made a man yell himself hoarse at a foot-ball game, what instinct it was that caused a man to laugh at a joke, what inherent physical qualities must be cultivated to make a man popular with his fellow beasts. Many articles on these subjects he wrote, with fourth dimension exactness, for his college paper; as many were turned down by the editors. In short, he was what is known in collegiate terminology as a “crank.”

Every afternoon he took exactly five thousand, two hundred, and eighty steps in a definite direction, each of an exact thirty-six inches, so that he might have the exercise necessary to his anatomy. These walks were made to the city, a distance of approximately a mile and a half. He would walk down the main street until he had accomplished the mile and a half, wheel about and walk the other mile and a half back to the college. While walking down High street, he would observe the types of people, as his mind counted the steps in unison with his pedometer. There, perhaps, was a lawyer, a keen observer, a conservative type; here the doctor, busy, alert, somewhat analytical; yonder, perhaps, a blacksmith—long stride, awkward arms, open face, etc.

It was one Saturday afternoon, in late December, that he was taking his usual walk, with machine-like preciseness, when,
for some peculiar reason, his mind drifted to women. He never
could tell what his mind was going to do. Somehow he liked to
think that it worked by inspiration. Women—very shallow,
pretty, some of them insincere, *superficial*—that was the exact
adjective. He remembered when he entered college that he had
once been taken to see a young lady, and that his conversation
had led her to call him a "simp." He had thought at first that
it came from the Latin * simplex munditiis*, and that the college
boys and their sex had abbreviated it and made it "simp."
They were always cutting up the beautiful Horatian tongue.
Yes, there was *verbum satis sapientibus*, which had been cut
to *verbum sap*; perhaps they had treated this quotation the
same. Yet, no—* simplex munditiis* meant unaffected, grace­
ful. She had hardly meant that, judging by the intonation of
her voice. It must have come from something else, simplicity,
simple-hearted, *simpleton*—was it possible that she had called
him a simpleton? Horrible.

Anyhow, he was pondering about women this afternoon,
and as he pondered he began to realize that that part of his mental
make-up that made one seek the society of women—or, rather,
that would make women seek him—had been somewhat neglected.
And thus, by chance—or inspiration, if you will—this Saturday
afternoon he began to think of women. Provided that, at some time
in his existence, he should make such an ass of himself as to ask
one of them to marry him, how would he proceed? Of course, as
he felt then, he would never ask any woman to marry him—
entirely too humiliating—but he was willing to admit that they
possessed a certain subtlety of attack that would literally bowl a
man over at times, take him completely off his feet.

Now, let's see. Primarily, he would start off by being con­siderate. He had read it somewhere, on good authority, that a
woman loves considerations, loves to think that she is always
first in the mind of the man pursuing her. After taking the
prospective young wife to the theater a few times, and sending
her sweet-smelling flowers, to show her that she was constantly
in his thoughts, and also telling her a few times, over the 'phone
or by means of letters, how much he adored her—and the usual
stuff—then would begin the suit proper.
He had heard it said by the fellows that came in to borrow his Phil. notes—which they did an unusual number of times—that when you are contemplating falling in love it is inadvisable to "shoot too much soft soap" or "slush." Now he didn't have the slightest idea what these terms meant, but he was going to try to get an idea from his "thesaurus" when he got to school, or, if necessary, to humiliate himself by asking one of the "regular fellows"—rather "irregular" fellows, according to Whittemore. He also remembered having once read a book on "The Mastery of the Will," which had said that to make a woman admire you it is necessary to be masterful. A woman's nature calls for some one to gently dominate her, although, theoretically, she objects to it. Finally, it would be well to test the depth of the young woman's affection by apparently getting angry at times, and watching the effect. If she shows any emotion, either anger or scorn, she is deeply interested. It is better to have a woman hate you sincerely than to have her indifferent. Love and hate are very much akin. Incidentally, if possible, have the woman propose to you, for then, if any trouble should arise after marriage, you could point to her and tell her that it was her fault, and not brought on by you.

Ha! He certainly did have a comprehensive brain. If all young men could show the wisdom that he did there would be fewer marital disappointments and a closer understanding between the male and female species. So thought intellectually over-ridden Whittemore, of Havershack. No one had ever told him, worse luck, that when a man tries to theorize on his emotions, and particularly his emotions as regards the opposite sex, he is a fool, nothing more.

Just as he passed in front of the Jones-Schlem Company, on his one thousand and tenth step, the whistle for 6 o'clock blew, and the girls from the various departments ran out, putting on their hats, coats, and other feminine apparel. They hurried out from the huge store as if it had been a prison, and not a place of employment. Just as Whittemore was taking his one thousand and nineteenth step—the regularity of which was much interrupted by the homologous group of surrounding women—just as he was taking this step, with the same machine-like movement, he
saw one of the women from the group drop her purse (It was Sadie, the girl at the wrapping counter in the book department.) Of course, he felt that it was his duty, as a human being, to pick it up and return it to the owner.

His system of steps was entirely broken up as he moved swiftly with the pocket-book, hurrying after the golden-haired, careless girl who had dropped it. Now, she was a "simp" certainly. He reached her only after going half a block, and then it took some persuasion and explanation before he could convince her that he wasn't trying to flirt with her.

Silently he handed her the purse, lifted his hat, as is customary when man meets woman, and prepared to move on, when, by inspiration doubtless, he decided to try out his theories about woman on this shop girl—before writing a book on the subject. He stopped to acknowledge her thanks.

"Why, thanks, old top; awfully good of you to return it. My whole week's salary, powder puff, handkerchief, car tickets, hairpins, cologne, gloves, and chewing gum, and then some." And she squeezed his hand, an action which inexperienced Whittemore was unable to solve.

"Er—er—you know, that's all right." (Wasn't she good looking.) Then, "May I take you home, Miss——?"

"Sadie Strong, and Sadie for you," and she looked at him in a peculiar way, entirely baffling him. "Yes, bein' as you have saved the dough."

Then he remembered his first axiom, confused though he was—"Be considerate," and immediately ordered a taxi, much to the surprise of the cynical Sadie.

On the trip across town to the better tenement district Whittemore's conversation was conspicuous by its absence. He admitted that there was certainly some truth in the fact that there is a certain (?) indefinable subtleness about a woman that is calculated to bowl over most any man; therefore he thought he had best not talk, and began making further plans.

As they alighted from the machine, and as the sun was going down—a fact which showed off to some considerable advantage Sadie's hair and face, her hair bronze in the declining light—Whittemore made the remarkable discovery that he liked his
experiment. He had not heard her speak a hundred words, but he liked her. Gad! it was a pity that she wasn't intelligent. For the first time since entering college, Whittemore had a human instinct, and that instinct was to take her into his arms—and hold her. He made an engagement with her to see the "Passing of the Third Floor Back," a modern morality play, and then made a hasty departure, for fear that he might make some break.

Arriving at his room, he put his thoughts in tabular form, and dressed himself for the show.

He had some difficulty getting back to Springfield street—he was not acquainted with that section of the city—and, after arriving there almost breathless—a disgraceful condition—he found his experiment draped across the second story window, talking to a neighbor.

"Sure, Liz, this ain't a cheap sport. Pictures? Naw, we are goin' to the Elite, to see some play or other. A play, yes. Naw, it ain't a burlesque, either. There he is at the door now. S'long, Liz."

She ran to the door. "Well, I thought you wasn't never comin'." Then she glanced up and saw the taxicab, and her face grew serious. "Say, we are goin' to that show, ain't we? You ain't fixin' to take me to any other place?"

"Why, certainly we are going to the theatre. Here are the tickets."

It is needless to dwell on how much Sadie didn't enjoy the show, or how much she felt at home at the supper to which Whittemore took her after the theatre.

Back in his room that night, with the same low-built, fat-bowled pipe in his mouth, he selected several volumes from his library on heredity. He had about come to the conclusion that it would be a satisfactory investment to marry Sadie. She had an economical turn of mind, and probably could help him in his scheme to salt away a cool million, which scheme was safely lying in a safety deposit vault in a down-town bank. Besides, he had a notion that he loved her—or was somewhere near it. He blushed when she looked at him; his heart went through a series of palpitating motions when he saw her; he was somewhat afraid of her, and he thrilled—or something to that effect—when he
touched her hand, which was as far to a caress as he got. Yes, he was in love. There was hardly any doubt about it.

But, no, he couldn’t marry her without first some knowledge of what she might do after marriage, and so he studied heredity for three hours. There were two sentences that he was able to find in his various readings that stuck in his mind, the one of Darwin, the other of Spencer. Darwin’s theory was something to this effect: “Many hereditary qualities come only with increasing age, many do not assert themselves until after twenty-one years of age.” Spencer’s read like this: “The qualities of the parents may blend in the children; the qualities of only one parent may be transmitted to the child, or the inherited qualities may come from an ancestor—not the immediate parent.” These theories were encouraging, and, of course, true, if propounded by Darwin and Spencer. He believed, in the first place, that she was young enough to be taught, that the hereditary traits of her family had not made a foundation that couldn’t be broken down by constant training. In the second place, he believed that she had acquired only the good qualities of her parents, blended together—he had heard of such instances—or, mayhap, it had jumped a generation, and her heritage came from ancestors of good caliber. He slept over it; he dreamed about it, and, in the morning when he woke up, he had fully decided to marry her, after, of course, training her in the fundamentals of being a lady.

Three months later he was ready. He had taken her out many times, to different places. He had to admit, though, that the places were usually more of her selection than his. At first she had been cordial, light, and gay. Of late, however, she had been unusually cool, but he only took that for increasing admiration. (He had read that a woman becomes reticent when she loves.)

They were walking through Council Crest Park; the moon shone brightly—a condition much recommended by E. P. Roe and Jane Austen, observed Whittemore, who had been reading these authors of recent date.

“Miss Sadie,” said he, “I am about to astonish you.”

“Ralph,” she said, “you astonish me a dozen times a minute. I tell myself you ain’t—are’nt, I mean—actually true.”
"Very encouraging," thought he. Aloud he said: "The events that have preceded this evening have been but the preliminaries of an—er—courtship."

She stared at him. "Well, I'll be—"

"It is true. I have been giving you an ample opportunity to know and appreciate me—to study me, so that you might arrive at a comprehensive knowledge of my personality and suitability of becoming your husband." (He was getting on excellently.) "You have had opportunity now, so there can be no impropriety in asking the question which I am going to ask."

"Say, listen, Ralph."

But he was not to be stopped. He had his whole proposal in his mind, and he wouldn't have forgotten it for anything.

Her hand was over her mouth, her head turned away; she was trembling visibly, but did not speak.

"Miss Sadie," he said, without further preliminaries, "will you elope with me?"

It was too much. Sadie, startled, surprised, taken completely off her guard, broke into a paroxysm of laughter. She couldn't retain herself longer.

"Why, Ralph, did you think that I would marry you? Too bad, old sport. I just promised Ham Peters—you know Ham, the one who is conductor on the street railway line—I had just promised him to do his cooking for life. I like you, but you ain't—aren't—my kind. You are too different. Kiss me good-bye and go home. Come to see us sometimes."

Awkwardly he bent over and pressed his lips against her cheek, when her mouth was perfectly available, took her home without a word, and started back to school.

The next month he got his diploma, and vanished into the unknown—a sadder, but a wiser, young man for his experience.
THE ETERNAL CITY.

W. McCallum Plowden, '19.

I stood upon a hill of ancient Rome,
And gazed abroad upon the queen of yore,
But she is now no longer Power’s home—
The Eternal City rules the world no more.

For once upon these seven hills did reign
The mightiest power this world has ever seen;
Her conquering legions swept o’er Gaul and Spain,
Her eagles flew from Wales to Pale tine.

She swung her sceptre e’en to Scotland’s firth;
She dashed her fleets against the nations wide;
She cut her turnpikes to the ends of earth,
And brought in wealth and spoil from every side.

Before her every nation’s standard furled
Upon the surface of the world’s wide map.
The wealth and plunder of a conquered world
Were freely poured into the victor’s lap.

Her art and oratory rose supreme;
Her chiseled temples shone from every hill;
Her poets sung of every war-like theme,
And kingdoms lived or perished at her will.

She ruled in all the realms of power and thought,
While centuries were buried in the past,
But, in the end, her power came to naught.
Her day of doom and judgment came at last.

Ere long there came a time when, free from fears,
And steeped in wealth and luxury galore,
She lost the virtue of her former years—
Effeminated by her golden store.
And then, while sunk in dark corruption’s mire,
   The rude barbarians, in a countless band,
Burst through the boundaries of her wide empire,
   And swept her wealth and power from the land.

And now she lies abandoned—all is o’er—
   Her temples fall’n, her art devoured by rust;
Her wealth is gone, her power is no more;
   Her warriors long since mingled with the dust.

And yet, though leveled with the ground, thou art
   Sublime in ruin as in power sublime.
We hail thee now, and hail thee from the heart—
   The mightiest kingdom ever known to time.
I owe more to the future than I do to the past.

The question of Literary Society credit is one which has been
agitated much and often. It was the subject of an article in these columns in the January issue of this year. Much has been said *pro* and *con* among the students and Faculty. It is a thoroughly live issue.

The chief objections raised are that there is danger of getting the curriculum too full of various things, and that there is a possible difficulty which will arise in standardizing the work and bringing it up to the proper degree of merit.

On the contrary, it is urged that this is not the addition of a new line of work to the curriculum. The activities demanded of a man in the Literary Societies are strictly in line with other college work. The ability to speak well and fluently, to read clearly and interestingly, and to write originally is at the bottom of all our work.

It is further urged that the support of the College publications demands some sort of organized effort to get men to writing. At present, the editors of literary productions must either depend upon classes in English or upon the good nature and loyalty of a small group of fellows who will write. In some respects, the literary work of these Societies should be called the "laboratory of the English and public speaking departments." It will then be seen that, though this is not the addition of a new line of work, it is the developing in more complete form of a line always stressed in every college and high school in the land.

As to standardizing and raising to a high perfection the work, there is no reason why, with the co-operation of the Faculty and Society officers, this work cannot be made as standard as any class in College. We are sure it can. If men are attracted by the credit given, they will also be restrained by the checks and demands placed upon applicants. The work will become more serious and sound.

We are glad to see that a definite plan has been formulated, and turned over to the proper Faculty authorities. The recommendations outlined below were made by committees representing the Societies, and are being considered by a committee of the Faculty:
“First. The Societies shall guarantee at least twenty-five (25) meeting nights during the session.

“Second. Each member (candidate for credit) shall appear five (5) times during the session, as follows:
   One declamation, not less than four (4) minutes.
   One reading, not less than five (5) minutes.
   Two debates, not less than eight (8) minutes (each).
   One optional as above, or accepted MESSENGER article or oration.

“Third. The Societies agree to require attendance on the same basis as the class-room attendance.

“Fourth. In addition to the above, each candidate for credit shall be required to do one of the following:
(a) Compete creditably for one of the Society medals,
(b) Compete for one of the inter-society or inter-collegiate debating teams.”

Other statements and requirements are made as to limiting of membership to enable the work to be satisfactorily done, and as to who shall serve as judges in certain contests where credit is involved.

One hour of credit a year for each of three years’ possible work is asked for this schedule. Of course, this is the minimum, and is below what a number of men already do for the Societies.

We are not asking for anything but what we feel is a just amount of credit for work done along lines highly approved. Our one hope is that we may see this or some similar system put into force within another session. While it is true that uniformity in granting degrees must be observed among colleges in general, it is also true that every good thing has to start with somebody. It is, moreover, well known that the originator, or pioneer, in a worthy movement always reaps an abundant harvest. Prospective students are not blind to these little arrangements in a college to which they may be planning to come. The thing to be done, in our judgment, is to make the literary work of the Societies worthy, and then give credit for it.

To the students we will say this: If you feel this movement is a good one, give it your support. Talk it up. Let your views be known to fellow students and professors alike. Create an atmos-
phere of wholesome expectancy, and the authorities will hardly fail to approve a good thing when it is really the wish of the constituents. We would not blame them for refusing to accept this recommendation, on prudential grounds, if there did not seem to be ground for student support, for this is one thing in which the students must play a major role. If we express ourselves firmly and freely, but justly, there will be no excuse for a refusal—at least on this basis.

"Life is one of those things which takes possession of us whether we will or not."

The balance of life swings easily on a keen knife edge, but once o'er-balanced, returns with difficulty to its state of equilibrium.

We are all right much akin to the woman who spoke very confidentially to a friend and said, "Everybody's crazy but me and you, and you're mighty queer." Pope has very keenly put the thought this way:

"'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

We were talking with a fellow companion in misery the other day, and the name of one of our college-mates came up. "Yes," said our friend, "he's a fine sort of fellow, but he's so careless. He goes to classes and pays no attention to what the professor is saying. He takes no notes, he gets in his parallel late, he cuts class when he feels like it, and he slides through with the least effort of any fellow I ever saw."

We were silent for a few moments, and then, not wishing to be outdone in the conversation (you will notice one ghost story always calls for one a little worse in return), we replied: "He certainly takes life easy. Now there's ———, for instance. He never leaves his room. He attends no games, takes no exercise, never goes to town except on business, and hasn't taken a walk this year just for the joy of doing it. He bones and grinds. He never takes a bit of interest in the girls, and yet he does not make
any phenomenal grades in his classes. Most any day you go to see him he is to be found poring over some dusty manuscript, as far removed from his classes as the sun is from the bottom of the abyss. ——— is a perpetual grind, but never seems to get much done."

And so the gossip went on—first of this fellow who catches up every wild and eccentric belief which blows his way, and never believes anything after he finds out somebody else believes it; then of that fellow who struts about the campus looking like Tom Thumb, the Great, with the clothes of Goliath, who unconsciously seems to say to all he meets, "Yes, yes, feel free to speak to me whenever I nod to you!" and, lastly, of that poor deluded specimen of humanity who thinks that he is really popular, and honestly is convinced that all the girls are struck on him. He goes to see them ever and anon, and fills in the time between with letters, odes, and sonnets of love, passionate effusions of sentiment, and outbursts of holy admiration.

Thus we talked, and as we did there arose before our minds a multitude of distorted shapes—shapes that had once been men, and, under the powerful corrective influence of our satire and ridicule, might again attain to humanity. One by one they passed before us, and we reviewed their contorted limbs and misshapen minds. Of a sudden something struck us in the face, and there was the sound of shattered glass and splintered wood. We extricated ourselves, bleeding and surprised, only to see that we had crashed "full tilt" into a great mirror, which, in our absorption, we had failed to see. Then some power had "the giftie gie us to see ourselves as ithers see us."

No one denies that the Y. M. C. A. is a good thing. But some of us are more enthusiastic about it than others. The question is continually asked by men who are invited to join our College Y. M. C. A., "What good is it going to be to me?" When asked to attend one of the Thursday night meetings, many merely answer, "All right, if I can," leaving the impression that he would be doing a great favor to the one who invites him,
if time can be taken from other things to go to the Y. M. C. A. meetings. There seems to be a feeling of being outside of it; that the Y. M. C. A., like most of the other organizations, belongs to a select few; they own it, control it, and are benefited by it. And it is certainly true that those who put the most in it do get the most out of it.

What we should like to see is everybody putting something in it and everybody getting something out of it. There has been much talk recently about a Y. M. C. A. building at Richmond College. We certainly need it, and need it badly, but we are not likely to get it unless the students of the College show that they are really interested in the work which the Association is doing and may do. With our limited equipment, the work is limited, but with limited support from the student body the work is still more limited.

Some of us are still hoping that we may have a full-time General Secretary next year. And unquestionably we will if the students want it, and show that they want it. Some one has raised the objection that we do not need a Secretary until we have a building. But would not a Secretary who could give his full time to the interests of the Christian life be just as useful as the athletic director who gives his full time to the athletic work at College? And one of the duties of such an officer would be to stir up interest and solicit co-operation, which will lead to the erection of a suitable Y. M. C. A. building, which would be the centre of the students' social and religious life.

There is nothing more vital to a College such as ours, which is endowed, at great sacrifice, for the purpose of training those who shall guide the social and religious life of others, than careful, systematic, and thorough training, not in the theory, but in the practice of these things while at College. In fact, to some of us, such a man is fully as important as any member of the Faculty. Some may not go that far until they have done some careful thinking on the subject.

Intellectual training is, of course, the chief purpose for which we come to College. But this is almost valueless unless it can be utilized to help us live more enjoyable and more useful lives. And, without more or less constant opportunities to keep in touch
with the human and divine, through the exercise of those faculties which make life worth while, are we not likely to become wanting in these things which are best?

Shall we not keep these things in mind when we are again asked to have some part in the Y. M. C. A. work? Perhaps those of us who are here now will not have all the advantages that we hope those who come after will have. But we would not have what we do if others who have gone before us had not made some efforts in our behalf. We are interested in the future of Richmond College; we are more interested in the future services which the sons and daughters of our alma mater are to render to the world. Then let us improve the condition in which they are to live, that their lives, bent right, like the young tree, may grow right, to the glory of the College and to the betterment of mankind.
ALUMNI NOTES.

M. L. Combs, '17.

D. N. Sutton, B. A., '15, is teaching at Stevensville, Va.

Frank S. Harwood, B. A., '14, is at Colgate Seminary.

Gray Garland, LL. B., '11, is practicing law in Richmond.

A. G. Ryland, B. A., '08, is teaching at Richmond Academy.


R. S. Wingsfield, B. A., '14, is teaching in Chatham Training School.

H. G. Duval, B. A., '14, is teaching in Chatham Training School.

W. E. Nelson, LL. B., '01, is practicing law at Lunenburg Courthouse.


Clodius H. Willis, B. S., '14, and G. M. Harwood, B. S., '14, are at Johns Hopkins.


O. G. Poarch, B. A., '14, is at Louisville, attending the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

E. E. Smith, B. A., '05, who has been pastor of First Baptist Church, at Norton, Va., has recently accepted the pastorate of the Immanuel Baptist Church, of this city.
It is with a feeling of hesitancy that the present editor enters upon his duties in this department, as the role is entirely new to him. We wish to make this department one of interest and help, not only to our own readers, but also to the publishers of like periodicals in other institutions, whose merit we are privileged to criticise. It is not our intention to give unmerited praise, nor yet undue and harsh criticism to any article or paper. Rather do we wish to commend those deserving commendation, and to offer friendly suggestions where such, in our judgment, would be beneficial.

We have selected three magazines to be the subjects of our criticism this month—one to be criticised at length, the others in a more general way.

*The Georgetown College Journal* is one of the best magazines that come to our desk. It is a work of art that, on the whole, is pleasing to the eye as well as to the literary sense. There are, however, several shortcomings which we would be glad to see remedied. A greater variety of material than we find in the last issue should be expected from such an institution as Georgetown College. The editorials are good, spicy, direct, and lucid articles, which show a hard-working and competent staff of editors. Two, especially, are worthy of mention. One writer has asked, "Why New Year's Day" for making resolutions? All resolutions that find verbal expression as such, especially New Year's resolutions, are always the subjects of ridicule. Let us, therefore, resolve within ourselves, from day to day, to do our best as the light of inspiration and knowledge may lead us, so that our resolution may find
expression only in acts and deeds, which resolution will be adjudged a genuine one. "Pan-Americanism" deals clearly and pointedly upon a subject of vital and almost universal interest. We regret that there is not more of this excellent editorial. "Comprehensive Examinations" and "The Poorest Paid Profession" are by men outside of the student body, therefore outside the pale of our criticism. The latter, be it said in passing, is too long and foreign in its subject-matter for a college magazine. "Universal Skepticism" and "The Peace Value of a Military Training," the two essays by students, are both well written, well thought-out articles. But when we come to the verse and short stories we hesitate to express our opinion. "The Star of the Magi" is practically the only contribution that has any claim to literary recognition. This is an exceptionally bright and thoughtful poem, and shows the meditation and expression of a poet. The three other short selections of verse, while bright in thought, are not substantial enough to stand as poetry. Among the short stories, "The Passing of the Storm" has claim to the first place. It is a good psychological story of a soul's conflict, but lacks unity of time and characters, as well as action, to make it a perfect short story. The thought of it, though, is exceedingly refreshing and inspiring. Oh, that we all could attain such nobility of character as the man who could listen to the confessions of his brother's murderers and refrain from violent action! "The Twentieth Century Hero" is a typical college yarn, and displays no marked qualities. On the whole, the magazine lacks real, live, genuine literary material of the lighter vein. Brighten up your columns with a few more good, short, and spicy stories, and longer poems. It will do your paper good.

We are very much pleased with the production turned out by our sister college this month. It does credit to its publishers and contributors. It is lacking in poetry of a high order, but this deficiency is, in a measure, made up by the good qualities of its short stories and strong essays. Both essays and the three short stories are of such good quality that we will refrain from choosing the best, but speak a word of com-
mendation for all. We will look forward to receiving another such magazine with pleasure, and the hope that its poetic deficiency will be made up in the future.

Emory and Henry College has produced an excellent number this issue (January and February). We think it a pity that such a production cannot be made monthly.

The Era. Except for a lack of essays, it has an excellent selection of contents. One thing we note, with satisfaction—it has more selections of poetry and of better quality, than common to most magazines of like nature.

EDITORIAL.

Some of the most ridiculous, and at the same time some of the most interesting discussions are heard upon the subject of what a standard college is, what it really stands for, and which colleges in the South are standard colleges. An attempt will be made in this article to give a clear, though brief, answer to such questions as the above, which are so often heard nowadays.

In the first place, let us say that our statements are based on facts, and on the words of a former President of the Southern Association of College Women. And what is this Southern
Association of College Women? This furnishes as good a point as any for starting.

The organization is just what its name implies. It is an association made up of the graduates of the standard colleges for women in the South. The corresponding organization of its kind in the North is called the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. This Southern Association of College Women has been in existence since the year 1903. During the years 1910-'12 our dear Dr. May Lansfield Keller was Vice-President of this Association, and during the years 1912-'14 she was the President. Since that time Miss Elizabeth Colton, of Meredith College, has been the President. All women who have graduated from a standard college in the South are, by virtue of this fact, members of the Association.

The organization, since its beginning, has worked steadfastly for the standardization of women's colleges in the South. There is in the Association a special Committee on Standardization, a phase of the work of the committee being to publish annually a bulletin bearing on standards. Up to this point it has succeeded in publishing the standing of over three hundred so-called colleges of women in the South, and has, throughout, stood consistently for intellectual honesty and integrity. The Association has never, in any way whatsoever, worked against the best interests of any college, but, on the other hand, has urged all small colleges with inadequate equipment to call themselves no longer colleges, but preparatory schools and seminaries, and, in addition, it has always urged them to publish in their catalogues what they actually are able to offer to the student.

Due to the poor high school system, especially in the rural communities, many would-be colleges and so-called colleges have unquestionably been hampered by being compelled to carry preparatory departments. And, while these same schools may have a splendid teaching force, and may boast an excellent curriculum, yet, because of the necessitated presence of preparatory departments, and because of inadequate laboratory equipment and limited library facilities, they have been excluded from membership in the Southern Association of College Women. Again, why are they excluded? Why can't they have admission? Be-
cause, as we have said, the Association stands consistently for intellectual honesty and integrity, and resists persistently any attempt to make them recognize any so-called college as standard until it has come up to the ideals and requirements which women who are graduates of standard colleges think should be set up and held up.

In only a brief suggestive way, let us mention the standard that a college must measure up to before it is recognized by the Southern Association of College Women, and before it can stand on a par with any recognized college in the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, such as Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, etc.

First, there must be a complete separation of the college from any preparatory department, with no teacher in the college a teacher in the preparatory department.

Second, there must be a certain amount of endowment, sufficient for the employment of an efficient corps of teachers, and, without an exception, we think, there is not a teacher employed in any standard college who is not a college graduate.

Third, the college must have suitable library facilities, and,

Fourth, an adequate laboratory equipment.

Fifth, there must be certain well-defined entrance requirements, consisting of at least fourteen recognized college units. These requirements must be most rigidly adhered to, because it tends, beyond any other one thing, to make and to keep the student body, both intellectually and socially, upon a high level.

Probably the last that we shall mention is the requirement for degrees. A student must have done so much of real, thorough-going, efficient college work before she may carry with her into her life and environment the name—a graduate of her college.

The last word to be said now is this, What colleges in our Southland, the land that is standing more and more for progress, the land that exalts a woman—that wants her to have the best in the land—are standard. Alas! The number is far too small, but are we not, all of us, proud to say that during the first year of her life as a woman's college—though co-ordinate—Westhampton College, through the unceasing efforts of those who had
at heart her best interests, has been added to the short list of
standard colleges for women in the South?

The list stands as follows:
Goucher College, Baltimore, Md.
Randolph-Macon College, Lynchburg, Va.
Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.
Agnes Scott, Decatur, Georgia.
Sophie Newcomb (co-ordinate with Tulane University), New Orleans, La.

Westhampton College (co-ordinate with Richmond College),
Richmond, Va.

To Westhampton College:
May she always stand in the ranks of the standard colleges
for women in the South! May no wrangling nor dispute, no
minor nor personal considerations, ever be instrumental in lowering
her high intellectual standards nor her moral ideals! And, above
all, may every girl within the walls of the College work, talk, and
act to make and keep it so!
EXCHANGES.

Emily Gardner, '18.

In the January issue of The Isaqueena we found an extremely imaginative, but thoroughly interesting, story, “The New Leaf.” It was a fairy story, and with the expected moral attached to it, and moralistic fairy stories are usually hard for the dignity-donned brain of a college girl to enjoy. All of these prejudices, on the one hand, were completely overbalanced by the unique, original handling which the author displayed in this story. The theme was New Year’s resolutions, and the help they would be if kept. “Three Ideals of Womanhood as Presented in ‘The Princess,’” was as essay which had plenty of subject-matter to treat upon, but was rather rough and incomplete. The three types, as portrayed by the writer, were: First, the extreme, highly-intellectual woman, without the womanly characteristics; second, the sweet, unambitious, obedient wife, and then—the happy medium—the woman who possesses both an educated mind and all the feminine instincts of a true woman. We were rather amused at “The Boarding Student’s Tragedy,” a sketch of the vain attempt of a student to get to breakfast after the doors were closed. It was not worked out well in the writing, but it was true to life, and life is amusing “in spots.”

The Bessie Tift Journal is small, but has, sometimes, good things in it. We think it could be made better, though, with sufficient effort. In the January number we found an essay on John Masefield. The author made the statement that “the tastes and ambitions of college students are turning more in the direction of poetry,” and gives as a reason that the poetry of to-day “treats life in a real, human sort of way.” She
then proceeds to give the principal subjects of Masefield's work and illustrations. His love of the low, the common-place, and the simple are spoken of, his rhythm and originality. It was an interesting essay, but did not show much originality on the writer's part. Masefield himself, by his illustrations, made the essay. The stories were not particularly good. One already knew the conclusion of "Bob's Resolutions" as soon as Bob had made them, and the interest was not kept up sufficiently to hold the reader's attention. Some of the sketches in "New Year in the Trenches" were good.

The short-story, entitled "Pals," was the best of the stories in The Hollins Magazine. Its theme was the mother-love hunger of a little seven-year-old boy. He was of a rich family, had all, materially, that a child could want, but lacked the one essential thing, the expressed love of his pretty mother. It was there, but hidden, and was brought from its hiding place by a little circus boy, who was, as he expressed it, "pals" with his mother. The writer had atmosphere, and had drawn good character sketches. Two of the essays were on poets, their work and manner of expression—Anne Bird Stewart, the author of "The Gentlest Giant," child verses, and Helena Coleman, a nature lover. Anne Stewart's love and understanding of children in the essay were well developed, with many illustrations of her work. Not so good was the essay on Helena Coleman. One thing particularly noticeable in The Hollins Magazine is the good vocabulary of almost all the writers. The poems also were well written. It were best, indeed, sometimes to remember that

"'Tis better to forget and smile
Than remember and be sad."

On the whole, we want to congratulate The Hollins Magazine on the variety and quality of the contents of its January number.

We acknowledge, with pleasure, The Vassar Miscellany Monthly, The Newcomb Arcade, The Tattler, and The Smith College Monthly.
The session of eight months opens September 30th. Excellent equipment; able and progressive Faculty; wide range of theological study. If help is needed to pay board, write to Mr. B. Pressley Smith, Treasurer of Students’ Fund. For catalogue and other information, write to E. Y. Mullins, President.