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# THE MESSENGER.

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VOL. XLII.

APRIL, 1916.

No. 7

## A THOUGHT.

*H. L. Stratford, '19.*

The sun pours forth its dazzling light,  
And the flowers ope in bloom;  
The meadow lark sings to her heart's delight,  
The brooklet chants its tune.  
The little lambs skip on the green hillside,  
And the bees toil on with joy,  
The ocean leaps with majestic pride—  
Mankind is as yet the boy.

The moon pours out its mellow light,  
The blossoms fold and sleep,  
The nightingale sings of her piteous plight,  
The brook on its way doth creep.  
The flocks have gone to a near-by fold,  
And the bees fulfilled their plan,  
The ocean moans softly its song of old—  
Mankind is, at last, the man.

Oh, the bliss and the joy of our youthful day,  
And the life so blithesome and free,  
May have, long ere this, passed far away,  
Leaving sordid reality.  
But why can we not construct in this  
A palace of perfect plan,  
And live our lives 'mid joy and bliss,  
Combining the boy with the man?

## "EDE."

*Joy, '16.*

**A** GIRL stood waiting in the shadows of the huge Gwinn Trust Company building, just off the busy and crowded thoroughfare. She was flashily dressed, painted, and wore the general appearance of the well-to-do, but, upon closer inspection, it could be seen that the smartly-tailored suit was worn and soiled, and that the shoes were the worse for wear. That bold look, that sallow complexion, relieved by a hectic flush of rouge on either cheek, and that peculiar air of abandonment, proclaimed her an outcast.

She glanced sharply at each passer-by, as if expecting some one, and sometimes tapped a frayed pump on the pavement impatiently. Again, she would walk the length of the shadows, stop, and glance at her watch, and then return. A man, young and clean cut, detached himself from the hurrying crowd, and came down the side street, walking briskly. As he passed the girl she involuntarily shrank back within the shadows, and, trembling, covered her face with her muff. He stopped on the corner, and lighted a cigarette. Hesitating a minute, the girl sped after him, and overtook him at the next corner.

"Ken?"

Kenneth Scott stopped, and slowly scrutinized the girl. Her face was partly hidden by her hat, but her eyes glinted ominously.

"Oh, hello K—— Edith, what on earth? You here? When did you come? I didn't know you were here. How long have you been here?"

"For a long time, Ken. I've seen you several times, but I didn't speak. I didn't want to see you, but I couldn't help it to-night. You've made good here, and it couldn't help you any by being seen talking to me anyway——"

"Why, Ede——"

"No, don't stop me; I want to talk to you. You're at the top here, runnin' with the swells, while I—well, I'm nothing.



Ken, there's a big crimp in God's laws somewhere, and they are dealin' a crooked deck to me. You are as guilty as I am, and still you are respected and looked upon as one of the 'catches' of the season. Sales manager for Puldock & Terry, and slated for junior partnership—oh, I've heard all about your making good—and there's nothing fair about it."

"But, Edith, I—"

"No, wait. I'm bad, and I know it. There's nothing else for me to do. I can't go back home now. I had to leave there—I couldn't stand it. The baby—our baby—died; it's buried back there. My own people are against me. God, boy, I died a thousand deaths when you left me. I started to end it all several times, but life is sweet. I thought I could get a job in a department store here, but—"

"Why didn't you come to me?" interposed young Scott, noticeably nervous and ill at ease.

"I'd have died first," bitterly. "I didn't even want to see you. Ken, I can't forgive you for that—never. I trusted you, Ken—I would again, I guess, if you would only say that you had even sympathy for me."

"I do—"

"No, you don't, Ken Scott; you know you don't. You want to get away right now, and can't think of a good excuse."

"Now, listen, Edith, it is all foolishness for you to carry on like that. Of course I'm sorry that it happened, and if I hear of a job open anywhere—"

"Yes, you will! I don't want it; I want some money, Ken, and I want it now. A hundred will do. I want some clothes, and I'm tired of this. Get me a hundred dollars—I'll go with you to get it. It'll last until I can find something decent to do. You aren't going to refuse, Ken?"

"A hundred! Well! I say, Ede, what do you take me for? Haven't you any money? I told you I'd try and get you a job. But a hundred—well, I think not. What's the matter—business no good?"

He distinctly heard her catch her breath, and the next instant something glinted as her hand came from her muff. The small revolver spat twice, and Scott caught to a picket for support.



Surprise and fear was written on his face, as he gently sank to the sidewalk.

The girl dropped the gun and fled. She didn't stop until she reached her boarding-house, and then, exhausted, she sank upon the doorstep. Gradually the realization of her crime dawned upon her. Fearful, she hurried to her room, and threw herself, face down, upon the bed. Sobbing, but dry-eyed, she lay there for what seemed to her hours, but, in reality, a little less than an hour. An indescribable feeling of terror, and a longing to confide the horrible secret in some one, overcame her. She couldn't stand it any longer. Throwing her coat over her shoulders, she hurried down-stairs, ran across the street, and up to the room of her friend Liz.

"Oh, darn! Come in," was the response to her knock. "Why, Ede, for the love of Moses, what is the matter? Why, kid, what—oh, sit down, and get it off your system."

"Liz, I've killed a man, honest to God I have. It was Ken Scott. You've heard me talk about him, and—"

"And it was a good job, kid," answered the other. "But wait, Ede; did anybody see you? Where were you. How did you kill him?"

"I didn't see anybody. I don't know. What must I do, Liz? Will they hang me? I must have dropped the gun somewhere. Don't let 'em get me, Liz; don't let 'em get me. I'll kill myself first."

"Now here, kid, don't get histericky; keep a stiff upper lip. Wait a minute. Here, take a good pull out of this; you need it. No, out of the bottle; we'll save the glass for Sunday."

"Liz, I've just got to find out if I killed him. Let's go around there and see. He might be alive. We can walk along by on the other side of the street, and see if anybody has ever found him. I've just got to go, Liz."

"And get caught," rejoined Liz. But her curiosity got the better of her prudence, and she agreed to Edith's entreaties. They walked swiftly to the corner, but Edith's determination failed her there, and she begged the other to go on alone. Liz saw that her chum might give herself away if she was brought to the scene of the shooting, but she was loath to leave her alone. Again her curiosity impelled her to go on.

After what seemed an hour to the waiting girl, she returned. Enjoining silence, she took her by the arm, and forced her into a fast walk in the direction of home.

"You got him all right," she answered to the unvoiced question of the trembling girl. "Big crowd there, they had just found him, and he was as dead as— Say, honey, you are going to sleep with me to-night. You're scared to death, and you need somebody. Take another drink of that whiskey, if you want it, and curl up and go to sleep. Everything will be all right in the morning. Don't you worry."

But there was no sleep for Edith that night, and for a long time Liz lay watching the tortured anxiety of her chum. From an exhausted sleep, next morning Liz was awakened by rough shaking, and looked up to find Edith bending over her, wide-eyed and excited.

"Get up, Liz, for God's sake, and go get a newspaper. I hear a newsboy down on the street. Hurry!"

Liz ran to the window and called the boy. Breathlessly they both read the big head-line: "Kenneth Scott a Suicide—Young man prominent in business and social circles found dead at the corner of Twelfth and Harding streets with 32 Smith & Wesson revolver in his hand. Two bullets in region of his heart tallies with the two empty chambers. Friends attribute the cause to financial reverses."

"God, Liz, they don't know! How do you reckon he got that gun in his hand? He wasn't close enough to me to pick it up when he fell. He crawled and got it to keep them from thinking I did it. He wanted to shield me. He did care—he did care—a little. I know he did—" But the other was deeply engrossed in the details.

Then Edith did the natural thing. She sat down and cried. Liz looked on, and, knowing that it would do her good, resumed her reading.

Presently the sobbing girl arose and walked over to the window. For a long time she gazed out in silence; then she came back to her chum.

"Liz, I'm going to leave here. I can't stay here now. I've got eleven dollars and ten cents, and that will take me away. No,



I don't want you to loan me any; I've enough and more, maybe. Good-bye, Liz; you were good to me last night, and I won't forget it. He cared for me, after all, didn't he?"

Outside, she turned toward the business section, and walked along slowly. Presently she entered a hardware store. To keep down suspicion, she resumed her old *debonair* and bold mien as she sauntered up to the glass show-cases.

To the clerk, who stood smiling across the counter, she said: "How's the price on smoke-wagons, kid? A lady needs protection, and I want a good shooter."

"The prices run from about five to fifty dollars. What kind did you want, chuck?"

"Got any for eleven dollars?"

"This 25-cal. Colt automatic is eleven dollars. Good little gun, and—"

"Wrap it up—put it in a box or something, and, say, give me ten cents worth of bullets."

With her package in her muff, she went swiftly home, and locked and barred her door.


\* \* \* \* \*

She was buried in the potter's field the next day.



## ENGLISH WOMEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

*Dorothy Gary, '18.*

HE sixteenth century in English history is one of progress, unrest, change, and renewed intellectual activity. In this period the Renaissance reached its flood tide in England, and the Reformation came in, both greatly influencing the men and women of the times. This was the age of Tudor absolutism, when Parliament was a mere tool of the crown, and also an age of great growth in nationalism. In the latter half of the century we have the rise of the middle class, one which was "between that of country gentleman and gentlewoman and peasantry." The rulers dominated this age by their strong personalities, and in them we find expressed all the tendencies, good and bad, of the times. This was a picturesque period, exuberant in spirit and excessive in living—one of the most productive and complex in history.

## DRESS—EARLY TUDOR PERIOD.

From this scant historical background, we can better understand the women of this age. The artificiality and violent love of splendor and display characteristic of this age was best shown in their dress. The reign of Henry VIII. saw many introductions of continental fashions in dress, for the men as well as for the women. The court ladies wore the same style of dress as those of the middle class, except for the embroidery and jewels. The gown fitted the figure closely, having an ample flowing skirt. Young unmarried women wore no covering on their heads indoors, but drew their hair up in knots and plaited it with ribbons. At weddings their hair was allowed to flow free. After marriage their hair was completely concealed under a stiff diamond-pointed hood, brought in from France, or under a folded kerchief. This is a good description of a rich woman's costume of the time: "Gown of tawny coverlet, with velvet of same color, turned up; a kirtle of white tafetta, and a pair of slashed sleeves of satin; a frontlet

(for forehead) of crimson, velvet lined, and a jewel of gold for collar and sleeves, and a French white partlet." Bodices were cut square in the neck; waistcoats were used, laced stomachers, simple cauls of gold net-work, and rich girdles. Gowns had trains or not, as the person wished.

Mary, on accession, started the fashion for extravagance in dress. The Spanish farthingale, a wide, hooped skirt, resembling a dropped barrel, was introduced; and the natural outline of figure was so destroyed as to prepare one for the coming Elizabethan monstrosities. Much gold and embroidery was used, after the French fashion; and also great divided sleeves, velvets, and other rich stuffs. English women wore mufflers at this time, which hid the lower part of their faces, and gave them the appearance of nuns. One Spanish courtier, who came to England with Philip, described Mary thus: "She has no eyebrows, is a perfect saint, and dresses badly."

#### IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

In Elizabeth's reign the dress of both men and women reached the height of its folly. Faces of courtiers, both men and women, were always painted; hair was dyed, and wigs were exceedingly popular, Elizabeth having eighty and Queen Mary, of Scotland, one for each day in the year. The fondness for fads and imitations everywhere prevailed. "There is nothing so constant in England as the inconstancy of attire," says *Holinshed's Chronicles*. The dress was the most popular point of attack by all abusive writers of the time, for all classes "dressed as fine, or finer, than their pockets would allow," and, when completely dressed, "all resemblance to the human figure was lost," "a round, wide, stiff, rigid figure, abounding in sharp angles and straight lines" appearing instead. The upper part of the body was cased in a neat, laced bodice, with the huge, white, starched ruff of linen, which had been adopted, first by the men, then by the women, from Spain. The farthingale, already described, extended from the long-waisted bodice, and, for the first time in England, silk stockings were worn, encased in heavily-embroidered, bright satin slippers. Buttons were scarce, and very large, but much jewelry was worn, especially



rings. As in Henry's time, only the married woman was required to wear hoods, the "Mary Queen of Scots cap" being exceedingly popular. By these caps the state of a woman in society was told, velvet hats being worn by artificers' wives, French hoods by merchants' wives, 'meane gentlewomen,' and hats of tafetta by every poor cottager's daughter." There were numerous statutes passed in each reign against extravagance in dress, and also numerous attempts to regulate what the different classes should wear. All citizens' wives were constrained to wear "white knit caps of woollen yarn, unless her husband could prove himself a gentleman by descent." Gloves, fans, mirrors, and perfume completed the toilet of vain and frivolous court women and their middle class imitators. This excess in dress applied *only* to the court women, "meane gentlewomen," and wives of the middle class, for the dress of the poor underwent small change.

#### TABLE MANNERS—FOOD.

The sixteenth century people prided themselves on their table manners, but there was a general lack of refinement in eating as well as in dress, not only in England, but on the Continent as well. But there was some advancement. We have in Henry's reign the introduction of tooth-picks, made of gold, with jeweled cases. The table linen was perfumed and heavily embroidered. The food of the Tudor period remained mediæval, was highly spiced, and the drinking of *water* was almost unheard of. Wine was drunk by rich and poor alike, but sweets and white bread were consumed by the rich alone. Elizabeth was the first person to use a fork in England, and it is doubtful if she made much use of it. Each person used his own knife, which he carried in his girdle, holding the meat with the left hand and cutting with the right. *Rich* families were daily provided with silver spoons and cups and salt-cellars. Handsome silver plates were kept for display, but those used every day were of wood or pewter.

#### PASTIMES OF THE COURT LADIES.

The hours and the number of meals were very irregular, but the amount eaten was appalling. What to us would be a banquet was to them a light repast. Thus "delicate ladies of the court



commenced and concluded their day with broiled steaks or mighty surloines and flagons of brown ale." The tables of private gentlewomen were plentiful and appetizing, and the food of the poor was not inferior to that of to-day. The amount of sweets eaten and tobacco smoked gave the court ladies very bad teeth, but their admirers were, nevertheless, many and ardent. At the end of the meals the women withdrew to drawing rooms or bowers, where they "practiced daily occupation of sewing and playing upon the lute, and looking out of the windows at the passing gallants." There were many other ways in which the women amused themselves, for this was a time when love of pleasure and excitement ran high. Most of the sports were out of doors, such as tennis, horseback riding, hunting, bear-baiting, hawking, pageants, and tournaments. Indoors, story-telling, chess, cards, and riddles were popular. Books were scarce among the common people. The ladies of the court amused themselves indoors with interludes, mummeries, devices, dancing, "trick-wagons," the exact meaning of which is lost, but the descriptions remind one of pantomime transformations and of a circus procession. The actors were both male and female, in the time of Henry VIII., but, under Elizabeth, the plays which were given in the theatres were presented only by men. Thus we find some "squeaking Cleopatra" "boying her greatness." The theatres were extremely popular with all classes of people, and it was fashionable for women to go masked to them.

#### ENGLISH CUSTOMS—FESTIVALS.

The great centre of social life in "merry England" was the tavern. England has been in all ages noted for her inns, and this is the period of their great popularity. The hostess of the tavern made her guests welcome by kisses, but this custom was not uncommon anywhere in England. Foreigners observed, with great surprise, that "kisses were exchanged, as well as embraces, between sexes as tokens of good will." The fairs were also great social centres, where all classes jostled each other. To market and semi-annual fairs "the little house-wife would ride in gallantly between her ponies, laden with butter, eggs, chickens, and capons." The great festive times came in England

on the Saints' days, at christenings, at the jubilant celebration of Easter, and at Yuletide, when all class distinctions were forgotten. Elizabeth herself mingled with her people at all times, and the ladies of her court naturally imitated her. On May day every one took part in the rural sports, and the May pole dance, then so popular, has lasted even until to-day. "Robin Hood" was usually presented on this day, and Maid Marion was sometimes personated by a young woman, but often by a young man in feminine attire. Thus did England gain justly for herself the name of "merry England."

There was but little progress in domestic comfort and decency of the times. And there was much poverty and filth until the very close of the century. An editor of the age comments: "Plain people in the country use seldom times to wash their hands, as appeareth by their filthiness, and few times comb their heads. Baths are used only in treatment of certain diseases."

#### DOMESTIC DUTIES OF THE ENGLISH WOMAN.

Even as early as the sixteenth century the cry of "the high cost of living" was being raised, due to the extravagance in dress, in food, and in pursuit of pleasure. So it was *necessary* that the English woman be a good house-wife, and we find that ladies of all rank took part in household duties and were well versed in the domestic arts. An English housewife should "sweep house, provide meals, tend dairy, swine, poultry, bake bread, brew ale, attend to garden, prepare cloth (spinning, weaving, etc.), winnow corn, wash and wring, make hay, and, in time of need, to help husband plough, etc., and to go to market with produce, rendering an account to her husband, as he should her if he marketed." She also should understand medicine and nursing; herbs, when to sow, when to gather them; distilling and ordering of wines; cookery, and the proper serving of food; "else," says an Englishman of this time, "she can perform but half her vow in marriage." Markham, in his "English Housewife," tells the sixteenth century woman that "next to her sanctity and holiness of life, it is meet that our housewife be a woman of great modesty and temperance, inwardly as well as outwardly—inwardly as to her behavior towards her husband. She must shun all violence of rage, passion,



and humour; coveting less to direct than to be directed, appearing ever unto him pleasant, amiable, and delightful. And, though occasion or mishaps or misgovernments of his will may lead her to contrary thoughts, let her ever be subservient \* \* \*." It is almost needless to say that this advice was little followed, as is shown by the fact that it was a common practice in rural districts to give some irate wife a dip into the river close by, in order to sweeten her disposition and her treatment of her husband.

#### DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

A Spaniard writes: "Wives in England are entirely in the hands of their husbands, their lives only excepted; yet are they not kept so strictly as they are in Spain and elsewhere. They are not shut up, but have free charge of their housekeeping. They go to market and buy what *they* (the women) like best to eat. They are well dressed, fond of taking it easy, commonly leaving the care of household drudgery to servants. In all banquets and feasts they are shown the greatest honor; they are placed at the upper end of the table, and are served first. All the rest of the time they spend in walking, riding, playing, visiting friends, making merry. Although husbands often recommend to them the pains and industry of the German and Dutch women, the English women persist in their customs. That is why England is called the '*paradise of married women.*' The girls who are not married are kept more strictly than in the Low Countries." A father might whip a grown daughter, and he had control over her marriage.

#### EDUCATION OF THE WOMEN.

The sixteenth century saw an educational revival. This was the time of new learning, but the thought of education of the young was directed, for the most part, towards boys. Grammar schools and universities were founded for the use of men, but girls were educated at home by private tutors. It was fashionable in England to be well educated, and every girl of noble family learned domestic arts, as well as music and dancing. Elizabeth, Mary, and Lady Jane Grey, characteristic figures of the age, could read and speak Latin, French, Spanish, German, and Greek, and this was not uncommon among ladies of noble birth. Shakespeare's tribute, in almost all of his characters, to the intelligence



of women, such as Portia, shows that women were not ignorant or stupid in this century. There were, however, ladies who enjoyed no such good tutorship, but were handed over to a lady's maid to learn manners and nothing else. One lady's maid was recommended to "wait on ladyship's daughters, to bring them up well, and to teach them manners." Among the lower classes the education was, of course, even less. Shakespeare's parents could not write their own name. Books were scarce in the homes of the poor, and their superstitious nature, due to their ignorance, was very strong.

#### RELIGION.

This was an age when men and women were interested in the wonders and the marvels of the material world, but it was also an age of strong religious feeling. Among the court ladies we see more frivolity and more shallowness than anywhere else, but even at court we find such women as Lady Jane Grey and Mary Tudor. All of Henry's wives were politic and scheming, but their position forced them to be so. Many of the ladies of the court seemed to seek only pleasure and flattering admirers, but each day they spent much time at mass. It was quite the fashion to attend church, but we hesitate to say that the ladies went only because it was fashionable. It was among the middle class that genuine religious feeling was strongest. It was here that the Reformation gained its firmest grip. We realize that there is more than froth and sham and corruption of morals in this century when we read the stories of Rose Allen and of Alice Benden, both of whom suffered at the stake for their religion. Elizabeth's coarse jests and oaths are overshadowed by Mary's vigorous, if blindly cruel, religious zeal. As always, we find women and men scheming, corrupt, vain, immoral, worldly, self-centered, and imitative, but we also find women idealistic, "all their lives true servants of the good God, in religion most sound, in friendship most constant, in wisdom excelling, in governing of their homes and in rearing of their children most rare and singular." There were virtues and vices common to all, but every period has its weaknesses, as it has its strengths. Who dares censure too harshly our great-great-grandmothers of the sixteenth century? They were but human, and there is much to praise, as well as much to condemn.

## REVERIES.

*G. F. S., '17.*

In the silence of the evening hour,  
When the dusky breezes kiss each flower,  
And the chimney swallows skim the sky,  
As they high above the meadow fly,  
A spirit bold, from out the shadow'd rows,  
Leaps before me, stirs my soul, then goes.

Oh, the sadness of the heart within me!  
How it sinks and swells, as the billowed sea!  
'Tis a vision of the days gone by,  
When youthful joy and I soared ever high;  
When the birds sang just a little sweeter,  
And the sun shone always, only brighter.

I can hear the cow-bells sweetly ringing,  
And the mocking birds are gayly singing;  
I can see those daisy fields, snow white,  
And the waving golden-rod, so bright.  
Oh! I loved to roam the fields alone,  
To search for hidden treasures still unknown.

But as the gloomy shadows fade away,  
And the canopy o'er-shrouds the way,  
There comes to me a voice from off the hill,  
So sweet, so soft—and, yet, I hear it still:  
"Arouse thyself, O, man of playful dreams;  
Go fight life's battles 'till thy saber gleams!"

Then, within the bosom of my soul  
The conflict is renewed—I see the goal!  
Eternal Truth reigns on her golden throne,  
While Doubt lies conquered on a hearth of stone.  
"O, Christ!" I cry, "for Thee alone I'll live;  
Unto Thy cause the best I have I'll give."



## THE TYRANNY OF FASHION.

*Ellen Hudgins, '19.*

WHEN we speak of the "fashions" a vision of the high heels and short skirts, characteristic of the present French styles, at once flashes into mind. But the styles of dress, with their constant varieties of form and kind, are not the only fashions which Americans are copying or rejecting at will. All that we do and all that we say, as well as all that we wear, must be fashionable. It is fashionable to attend church on Sunday, and the theatre in the week; it is fashionable to use slang phrases and chew gum; it is fashionable for the men to smoke cigarettes and take their drinks, and for the ladies to gossip over their tea-cups and play "bridge whist." Fashion is the "fad" which all must follow, and may well be called a tyrannical despot, who thinks that man's pocket-book has no end, and declares that woman's time was made in order that Dame Fashion might be employed.

Let us first consider a few of the varied modes of fashionable dress. First, everything must match—dress, coat, hat, shoes, and gloves. Then the suit cannot be worn more than one season, or it will be "old fashioned." This last is not only true for the evening gown, but for the street dress and the morning apparel. What is proper for one occasion is not for another, and, to keep up with the fashionable life about us, we must wear fashionable clothes.

Next, we must be fashionable in our religion. In order to do this, the ladies attend some particular church, occupy some particular pew, and carry gold-clasped prayer-books and hymnals. To keep up with the fashions, the churches have "paid" choirs, and the music is even ragged, in order that it, too, may be fashionable. No longer do the church members welcome the newcomer to the church, but an appointed committee does the welcoming. If the committee happens to be indisposed, the visitor will have to wait for his welcome until later. Why is it that a young girl can attend a fashionable dance, and dance for hours



in the arms of a young man she has never previously met, and still, if she sees a stranger at Sunday-school, it is not proper for her to give him a word of welcome? We admit this is strange, but yet it is in accordance with fashionable rule.

No matter what the fashion, if one fails to follow it he is considered low and ill-bred. If his coat is not in the latest style, or he wears a straw hat a little after season, he is not "fashionable." Because a girl has not everything in her boudoir to match, or has to wear a last summer's dress, or fails to get a new hat for Easter, her former friends cannot recognize her, because it will lower them to associate with any one who is not "fashionable." Often the noblest heart beats beneath the threadbare coat, and the finest character is found in the girl attired in the ten-cent calico. Never was there a truer saying than those few lines from "Gabe Tucker's Philosophy":

"You may notch it on the palings as a mighty risky plan

To make your judgment by the clothes that kivers up a man,


For I ain't no need to tell you how you often comes across

A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar horse."

Fashions will last as long as the world lasts, and people will live for "fashion," and will worship her as their idol. To live a fashionable life, in every sense of the word, means to obey, love, cherish, honor, protect, reverence, respect, and live in, for, by, and with the fashions of the day. When we do this we are tempted to forget our Maker. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," the Proverbs teach, and we may add, "than fashionable life."

## HIS BURIED TREASURE.

*W. B. Loving, Jr., '18.*

ARL HENDERSON was lazily leaning over the rail of the small schooner, "The Mermaid." He was wistfully looking into the sea, and was thinking how like the rippling curls of his little childhood playmate were the tiny waves which cast up their small crests against the sides of the trim little boat. Well he remembered how angry she had become when, at play one day, he had mischievously cut off a ringlet of a treasured curl. He had not seen the little girl for nine long years, either. He had supposed, ever since his old friend, the light-house keeper, had written him that Margie was "the pride of Shallow Cove," that she was also some young sailor's wife. This he never thought of long, for it made him shudder to dwell on such unpleasant thoughts.

As Henderson hung over the rail, swaying with the even motion of the little boat, the old captain walked up and slapped him on the shoulders. "Hendy, son," said the weathered old man, with a smile unusual to one of his temper, "we're going to reach port at noon to-morrow, and 'twill be a good two weeks or more before the "Mermaid" will be able to leave port again."

"Do you mean that, Cap'n?" asked the sturdy young mate, with genuine surprise. He scarcely realized what the captain had said to him, he had been so deeply engrossed in his reverie.

After a few moments he recovered, and fully realized what that two weeks off board would mean to him. He would drop in and surprise his feeble parents. And he knew that if he ever landed and left without seeing the old sailor at the light-house station he would never be forgiven. Night and the following morning crept slowly by. Carl was all the while planning how he was going to spend his first vacation within range of his home port. He had written to his parents occasionally ever since he left home, and now and then he would send a letter full of questions to his old friend at the station. But not a single familiar face had he seen in the nine long years of his life as a sailor,



It was the time of the year when every one is light-hearted and joyful that Carl Henderson walked up the narrow street of the small sea-coast town. The evening breezes had begun to blow, and Carl took off his cap, allowing the salt-laden little puffs of wind to play havoc with his hair. Looking up, he saw before him a sight which caused him to quicken his pace. In a few seconds he was in front of a dilapidated little cottage. A low paling fence, with a paling off here and there, encircled the small yard, and a rickety gate stood partly ajar at the end of the walk. He pushed open the gate, and, with a sweeping gaze, took in the surroundings. All these things he had not seen since he had chosen the calling of a sailor. Yet they were all familiar and unchanged to him. Taking a deep breath, he ran up the walk and opened the front door. His parents were seated around an open fire, for the chilling breezes from the water were disagreeable to the old couple. At the sight of their boy the old people were overcome with joy, and tears of gladness streamed unchecked down their wrinkled faces. The remainder of the evening was spent in questioning Carl about his experiences while afloat, and Carl, in turn, inquiring concerning all the happenings which had taken place during his absence.

The next morning Carl was up early. After hurriedly eating his breakfast, he went to the wharf and engaged a row-boat for the day. In this he rowed over to the light-house station, and gave the old keeper the surprise of his life. The old sailor would not allow Carl to leave until late that evening. And as the youth and his old friend walked down to where the little boat was tied, the grizzled sailor turned to his young friend and, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, said: "Carl, my boy, I have tried the life of a sailor, and if I was in your place I would never go on board another boat as officer or private. I know you will get a promotion, but the whole business is not worth the trouble. If I was in your place, I would build a cozy little cottage on one o' them lots that belongs to your dad. You know he said they was yours for the wantin'. I needn't say anything more; you know what I would do next." With tears in the place of the twinkle which had been in the old sailor's eyes when he began talking, the two friends parted without a word.



On the way across the bay Carl rowed carelessly. His mind was not intent on how or where he was rowing, but was rather devoted to the advice which his old friend had given him. The inland breezes had begun to blow and the moon was beginning to rise as he slowly drew the little boat up on the beach. He walked briskly toward his home. The breezes were chilling, and added to his already high spirits. He was intent on carrying out a plan which had developed in his mind. The advice which the old sailor had given him was not so bad, after all. Still—there was an inward force tugging at him, and trying to persuade him to go back to the old life. With a determined resolution, he downed that inward force. And as he entered the gate to his home his heart was as light as it had been on the former evening. Greeting his mother with an affectionate kiss, he hastily went to the room where he had slept when a child, and where he had often dreamed of a life on the sea. Going over to one corner, he took out his knife, and, kneeling, pryed up a little square of the flooring, and pulled forth a small tin box wrapped in an oil-skin cover. This he tucked in his blouse. Then going back into the dining-room, he joined his parents at supper.

After supper was over he told his mother and father that he was going out to see a chum, and would not return until 9 or 10 o'clock. The old couple looked at each other understandingly as their boy fairly bounded out of the house and down the street. Carl passed numerous friends, to whom he would have delighted to talk for hours at any other time, but now he only nodded, and passed hurriedly on, for he was on the most important errand of his life. Finally he reached the end of Harbor street, and, turning down a little lane, he saw a tiny, neat cottage. The incoming breezes were sporting with the immaculate white curtains at the windows and swaying the vines which twined in and out of the lattice-work summer-house in the rose garden. The garden in front of the house was a labyrinth of pansy, violet, and hyacinth beds. A shift of the breezes wafted a mingled odor of the flowers toward him, and he was filled with a feeling which he had never felt before.

At last he reached the gate and opened it noiselessly. Immediately he spied the owner and care-taker of that garden in

the summer-house. She neither heard him as he approached nor heard the gate when he opened it. Tipping up to the door, he saw "The Pride of Shallow Cove." Stepping inside, he seated himself beside her on a cedar bench. Not until then was she aware of the presence of any thing or any one except her flowers, her thoughts, and herself. Turning quickly around, she uttered a faint "Oh."

There was an immediate recognition, and Carl was the first to speak. "Margie, do you remember the day when I cut off a ringlet of one of your curls, and you said you would never be my little pal until I gave it back? Well, I have brought it back."

Carl's words had given Margie an abundance of time for recovery from the surprise at seeing her old play-mate. Now she gazed straight into his eyes, and, hesitating a moment, said, "Yes, Carl, I remember. And I have many, many times wished that I had never said that. But I couldn't 'unsay' it. What made you wait so long? Why didn't you bring it back before now? Didn't you want me to be your little pal? I've been waiting and yearning for you to come and ask me to be your little pal once more for these nine long, long years."

The cool breezes awoke the flowers from their drowsiness of the day, and they lifted up their faces to receive the dew. The moonlight filtered through the lattice work and cast fantastic images on the ground. And there it was, immersed in moonlight, dew-kissed flowers, and a mingled odor of many blossoms, that Carl found "His Buried Treasure."



## THE PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

*W. H. Barlow, '16.*

**L**ITERARY society work has always been a great source of interest and instruction for the students of Richmond College. As early as March, 1843, the Franklin Society was in existence, and in 1845 there was another organization, called the Columbian Debating Society, which met on Saturday night. The main feature of the program was the debate. The subjects for debate were usually stated in the form of a question, and were destined to produce oratory rather than to secure practical good. Here is one of this type: "Does eloquence assist or impede justice?" Sometimes a good knowledge of history was needed to handle the subject, as in this one: "Was the taking of Constantinople beneficial to the advance of civilization?" The classic influence was in evidence, and Roman history played a large part in furnishing questions for debate. "Was it an act of moral courage or cowardice in Cato in falling upon his sword?" In 1846 some one proposed that the name of the society be changed to the Hermean Society. This met with approval, and the name was changed, but two weeks afterward the old name was restored. A short time after the change the question committee seems to have departed from its usual field of subjects, and we find this one up for discussion: "Is a student's time profitably employed in the company of the ladies?" It will hardly be necessary to state that the negative won the debate.

The Columbian Society was not the only literary organization in College, for on May 2, 1846, the Washington Debating Society invited the sister society to join her in a picnic. Just what the nature of this picnic was is not known, but, at the beginning of the next session, October 10, 1846, the two societies united under the name of Mu Sigma Rho. Each society reserved the right to dissolve this connection at any time that either one thought wise. The union evidently surpassed the anticipations of those who caused it, and in February, 1847, a resolution was



passed declaring the union indissoluble, under the name of Mu Sigma Rho Society.

If the Franklin Society was still in existence, it seems to have had nothing in common with the Mu Sigma Rho Society, which was the leading literary organization for nearly a decade. But a period of inactivity came, the interest failed, and the society, as an organization, was not gratifying the literary desires of ambitious college men. Something was destined to happen, and it did, for on October 12, 1855, C. H. Ryland, W. E. Hatcher, J. T. Tomkies, Harvey Hatcher, Ed. Eppes, T. J. Binford, and Carlton asked for permission to dissolve their connection with the Mu Sigma Rho Society. There seems to have been no internal trouble that caused these seven men to leave the society.

Previous to the withdrawal of these men, on October 8, 1855, a group of sixteen students met together to arrange for a new society. W. S. Penick occupied the chair and Charles H. Ryland acted as recording secretary. A committee of six was appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws, to be presented at the next meeting for adoption. Two important members of this committee were William E. Hatcher and Charles H. Ryland. This committee was further instructed to petition the Faculty for permission to organize a new society, and to send a copy of the constitution and by-laws with the petition. There was no trouble with the Faculty, for they gave "their unqualified assent." Many names were proposed for the new society, but none seemed to meet the approval of the group until Charles H. Ryland proposed the name of "Philologian," which was almost unanimously adopted. Three days later the society met again, and the constitution and by-laws were "most unanimously adopted." It was agreed that each member should pay a fee of one dollar, and a committee was appointed to draw up an initiation ceremony. Ryland and Hatcher were on this committee.

The next day the society met to elect officers, and, after a long and stormy session, with many ballotings, the polls were finally closed, with W. L. Penick, president, and Charles H. Ryland, recording secretary. The place of meeting was to be the Academic Hall, "at the second ringing of the bell." The board of managers, of which W. E. Hatcher was chairman,

brought in two questions for debate. The one chosen, to be debated a week later, was this: "Does the anticipation of the future or the memory of the past afford greater pleasure to the mind?" A second question was selected, to be debated two weeks later, which was stated thus: "Which exerts the greater influence in the formation of the character of youth, man or woman?" When the first question was debated there were no judges, and the society decided in favor of the negative by ballot. After the debate the subject of hall lighting was discussed, and it was decided that the hall should be lighted with candles. When these candles burned dim, "cheap snuffers" were purchased. On the next meeting night a motion was made to purchase six candlesticks, which were not to exceed twelve and one-half cents apiece. There was also included in the motion a box in which to keep these candlesticks.

At this meeting Secretary Ryland presented the names of some of the professors as honorary members. One of these names was that of President Ryland. It need not be stated that they were all duly elected. The honorary membership of the new society soon began to include men outside of the College community. From time to time names of prominent men in the city would be proposed. On one occasion a letter was read before the society from Dr. John A. Broadbush, who accepted his election as an honorary member of the Philologian Society.

The society was to be a permanent organization. Before the fall term was over a committee was appointed to secure a pattern for a badge. Some one also proposed that the society start a paper, but it was postponed until a later date. In December the secretary read several literary productions of the members. Some of these were so well written that it was thought that work of this kind might be made profitable. This was the beginning of the paper that was afterwards to play such a prominent part in society work.

The winter term was commenced in dead earnest, with Charles H. Ryland in the president's chair. One of the first subjects chosen for debate was: "Is it beneficial to a young man at College to visit the ladies?" The early Philologists were not hostile to the fair ones, and when the vote was taken, after the



discussion, it stood fifteen to ten in favor of the affirmative. The debate was not all of the society's activities, for they set to work to build up a library. It was a long process, but the little collection of books continued to grow. In February, 1856, the society subscribed for the *Southern Literary Messenger*. This did not mean much at the time, but to-day, when one reads the COLLEGE MESSENGER, which is named for this magazine, he is inclined to think that the subscription was not lost. There was one literary activity which engaged the attention and support of both societies, and that was to have some member of the Faculty lecture to them occasionally. They also felt the need of having a good man to address them at Commencement.

At the next meeting night in February it was determined that the society have a paper. The name proposed for the paper was the *Philologian Organ*. One week later this name was dropped, and the paper was given the title *Classic Gem*. The paper proved worthy of its name, for a few weeks later, when it was read before the society, it met with decided approval, and the recording secretary, in the minutes, refers to the paper as "something which 'Philologists' only can write." Then, as now, the Philologian pride was evident. A few weeks later he offers this comment: "In simplicity of style, in eloquence of thought, and in beauty of diction, it was pre-eminently good."

Fines were common in those early days. It was a source of revenue, and the censor seemed ever alert to catch the unfortunate one. To create a disturbance in the hall was a fine, and any member who persisted in making himself conspicuous for misbehavior was required to pay the sum of twelve and one-half cents. This was a rather heavy fine for the time.

The first months of the society brought sorrow as well as joy. On April 3, 1856, President T. J. Binford died. In his death the society sustained a great loss, and, to show their grief, the members wore a badge of mourning for thirty days. A fellow member was like a brother, and when one died the fellows were deeply grieved to give him up, because a companion was greatly missed.

W. E. Hatcher was elected next president, and was as faithful in office as he had been as a regular member. He was one



of the founders of the society, and he had labored to make the work a success. R. B. Boatwright was elected to follow him in office. With men like these for officers, no one need be surprised to learn that the Philologian Society has a history of which the members can justly boast.

It was not until 1857 that a motto for the society was chosen. The one selected is still used, and may be seen in the preamble of the constitution, "*Rostra et Penna.*" During this year a book in which to write the *Classic Gem* was purchased. The idea was a good one, and many copies of this interesting paper have been preserved. In addition to these forward steps, a semi-monthly orator was added to the program.

It might be well to note the relationship between the two societies. They had often met together and listened to some member of the Faculty deliver a lecture for their benefit, and at the Philologian anniversary celebration, which was an important event, the Mu Sigma Rho Society always had a place. These anniversary meetings were usually held in some church in the city, and tickets went far and wide. Such meetings must have meant much for both organizations. The friendly relation existed for five years, but in June, 1860, there was some disagreement about the presentation of a medal. Resolutions were sent from one society to the other in rapid succession. At one time it seemed as though the Faculty would have to intervene. The tide of ill-feeling ran high about the close of the session, and no reconciliation was possible. Vacation came. When they met again in the fall there had been time for reflection, and communications between them were resumed.

The Civil War was approaching, and it might be well to note the effect on the society. Strange to say, there were very few subjects pertaining to politics debated. In March, 1859, this question was discussed: "Are the influences which tend to perpetuate stronger than those which tend to dissolve the union of the United States?" The vote was taken, and the result was a tie, which showed that the argument must have been about equal. The next year this question, "Would a division of the union be beneficial?" was won by the negative, by a vote of seventeen to twelve. On April 22, 1861, there is a brief record

of the last meeting of the society just before the great struggle between the North and South. The recording secretary hastily penned these lines in concluding the minutes. "There being no other business, on motion, the society adjourned (for an indefinite space of time, not knowing when they would meet again, since most were going home to fight black Republicans and free negroes)."

Five years passed before the society met again. Many changes had taken place. War had laid the hand of devastation upon the society. There were only twenty-one men who met on October 22, 1867, to re-organize the Philologian Literary Society. Charles H. Ryland, who ever had the interest of the society at heart, was present, and stated the object of the meeting. J. E. Holmes was elected president and W. O. Bailey recording secretary. The society began work at once. The war had removed the ill feelings between the two organizations, and they started their literary careers in harmony. It may be said that the war brought a blessing.

The society has been in existence now for nearly a half-century since its re-organization. From a membership of twenty-one there has been a gradual increase, until now there are nearly seventy active members, not to mention many honorary members. The society's record is one of which her members may be proud. The men who founded the organization did a piece of work that stands as a monument to their fame. No matter what the society may do in the future, those first years, from 1855 to 1861, will always be a source of interest and inspiration. The high standard of work set by the early members is worthy of note and imitation. The work was well done, and recorded in such an interesting and exact form that one could almost say that it was classic. The fact should not be forgot, for much of the Philologian history would prove valuable if the members cared to follow a good example.



## TO A LAKE AT NIGHT.

*Edmund H. Rucker, '19.*

Thou silent, clear, and glassy lake,  
 Hedged by trees and topped by sky,  
 O'er whose waters the wild fowl take  
 Their winged course, and beneath which lie  
 The finny dwellers of the deep,  
 Wrapped in solitude and sleep.

Thou magic mirror, in whose glass  
 Are pictured shadows, dark and grim,  
 Which pause, quiver, and, at last,  
 Disappear with daylight dim,  
 Broken and scattered by the light  
 That separates the day from night.

Would thou couldst speak, thy tale unfurl  
 Of mysteries of heaven and land,  
 And crimes committed in the world,  
 As yet unknown to man!  
 But forever wilt thou keep  
 These mysteries hidden in the deep.

## THE MU SIGMA RHO LITERARY SOCIETY.

B. D. Allen, '17.



THE Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society of Richmond College was organized October 10, 1846. There existed prior to this time two societies, known as the Washington and the Columbian. The minutes of the Columbian Society have come down to us, but nothing is known of the Washington, except what we find in the Columbian records. For some reason, unknown to us, but probably because of small membership and financial conditions, the Columbian Society proposed to the Washington Society that the two unite and form a new society. This proposition was at first rejected by the Washingtons, but later was accepted by them.

On October 10, 1846, a temporary union was formed, each society claiming the right to withdraw from it if, for any reason, either might deem best to do so. William L. Royster, of New Kent, formerly a member of the Columbian Society, was elected first president of the unified societies.

The first thing to do, as a matter of course, was to select a name and motto for the new society. It stood to reason that neither of the former names would prove satisfactory, because of previous rivalry and feelings. Several were proposed, but, on suggestion of Dr. George F. Holmes, then Professor of Ancient Languages in the College, *Musa* (literature), *Sophia* (wisdom), *Rhetorike* (oratory), was chosen as a motto, and the first Greek letter in each word was decided on for a name—Mu Sigma Rho.

Work was immediately begun. This same night, October 10th, an extemporaneous debate was held. The following topic was discussed: "Is success in life owing more to native and original talent than to perseverance?" After a lively debate, the decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

Work now began in earnest and with a zest. The new union proved itself to be so desirable that on the night of February 11, 1847, four months after its founding, the union was declared



indissoluble by the constituting members, and from now on no more is heard of these societies except as memories.

Along with the regular routine of work, there have, at several times, been established society papers, some run independently, and some jointly with the Philologian, or sister society. The most important of the independent publications were the *Mu Sigma Rhonian Star* and *The Gladiator*. *The Star* was established November 15, 1850. It consisted of several sheets of foolscap, written by hand. This was read at each regular meeting of the society, and was continued until some time after the war. Several volumes of this magazine may now be found in the College library. On December 6, 1850, *The Star* had three editors. October 12, 1867, at the time of its revival following the Civil War, another editor was added. A regular scribe was also put on the staff at this time. *The Star* dealt with little gleanings of College life, jokes, essays, and poetry. The last issue we now have is dated December 18, 1874. In conjunction with this paper, *The Gladiator* was published by the society. This was a printed paper, and was kept up only for a short time. It was started January 22, 1858. There is one volume preserved to us.

There have been at several times magazines published jointly with the Philologian Society, the most notable being the *Monthly Musings*, which publication later became THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER, and which magazine is still published by the two societies.

In regard to books. The records show that a reading room was kept up until after the war, and that the library was ever increasing. Soon after the war the society presented all its books to the College library.

The session of '54 and '55, because of a large membership, was almost entirely devoid of interest. On October 12, 1855, several men, among whom were William E. Hatcher and Charles H. Ryland, withdrew from the society. We learn from the Philologian records that these men had helped to organize that society on October 8, 1855. There is but little of this new society in the Mu Sigma Rho minutes of this time. We learn, however, that with this movement the old society took on new life, and entered into a prosperity that lasted until she disbanded in '61.

On the call to arms, in '61, many of her sons, who had gained distinction while in the society, now went forth and gained greater honors in the struggle for Southern liberty.

At the opening of College in 1866 the students' minds again turned to literary work. On October 5th, with twenty-four men present in the College chapel, the Mu Sigma Rho Society was re-organized. C. F. James was elected president, and the regular routine of work once more began.

Before the war there had been almost a continual squabble between the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Societies. All enmity seems to have been wiped out by the war, friendly rivalry taking its place. The first joint debate with the Philologians was held in 1867. A precedent was thus started—namely, that of having annually one or more inter-society debates, which has come on down to us. At these debates much interest has always been shown, and much society spirit made manifest.

Medals have always done much to add to the lustre of society work. Before the war the Mu Sigma Rho Society had presented one medal annually—a gold medal, costing twenty-five dollars, to the best debator. In 1868 it was decided to add a best declaimer's and best orator's medal to the list. Later, at a joint session, the two societies, by common consent, decided to give yearly a joint writer's and a joint orator's medal, the decisions to be rendered after a special contest. These two medals are still presented at Commencement time each year.

Up to 1873 the Mu Sigma Rho Society had had no special meeting hall of its own. For the most part it had come together in the College chapel, or one of the lecture rooms. During this year, 1873, the society furnished and occupied the hall used up to 1914. Although most of its furniture was destroyed in the College fire of 1910, the meeting hall was temporarily fixed, and used until the College removed to Westhampton. At the new Richmond College the society was given an especially-prepared meeting place in Ryland Hall. This new place has been neatly furnished with mission furniture, and presents a tidy appearance.

Since this time the work of the society has been smooth and uneventful. There has been little to record but continual work and prosperity.



## THE INEVITABLE WEDNESDAY.

Moses Gellman, '17.



HEREFORE was Wednesday night distinguished from all other nights in Pete Robbins' Calendar of Daily Events? Why did this same Pete Robbins, on each Wednesday night, take such scrupulous care in dressing and preparing his toilet, venturing even unto far behind his ears, and washing his neck too? They say it happened like this:

One day, about dusk, the boys of Cowan's Ranch were hanging around Mike's saloon, down there in the valley, when along came one Sallie, surnamed Hicks, the fairest and daintiest *demoiselle* for many miles around. Some unidentified wretch dared to intimate that Sallie's celestial beauty was beginning to fade. As a noble defender of Sallie's slighted pulchritude, Pete Robbins resented this unwarranted and cruel remark. There followed a clash between the Sallieites and the anti-Sallieites, and when the shooting ceased Pete gained a few yards of trenches on the enemy by escorting the lady home under their waning fire.

This took place on a Wednesday, so, to perpetuate the memory of this eventful and fortuitous occurrence, Sallie issued Pete a passport, with full privileges to enter the borders of her domain every Wednesday night from henceforth on.

Week after week Pete had been paying homage to his lady love, and upon each succeeding visit he allowed himself to sink deeper and deeper into the amorital mire. Night after night had he valiantly striven against that preposterous and ever-recurring blight to lovers' hopes, bashfulness. Not once, however, did it occur to him that, driven into a fiery mood of passionate expression, he would have only to say a few short words and pledge himself for life. Yet he assiduously studied his lines, ever hopeful that they might stand by him in his hour of proposal.

According to "Todd's Book of Courting and Proposing, Useful for All Other Occasions—Never Known to Fail," it was about high time for Pete to begin searching for the young lady's

waist. To-night, Wednesday, April 8th, he determined to set out on a momentous expedition, that of circumnavigating the bountiful waist of Sallie Hicks. He wasted little time in this procedure. His arm was soon anchored in position, and, armed with his memorized and oft-rehearsed speech, he began. There was a hasty clearing of his throat, a short, nervous cough—but—suppose she would refuse him? He had never thought of that. There was the rub that must give him pause, and make him think on the calamity that would befall him should she whisper “No” to his appeal. Yet he began. With renewed courage, and another nervous cough, he poured forth such a mellifluous flow of language, the relieved pressure of a burdened heart, that Sallie “fell for” his pleading, and, falling, landed in his receptive arms.

“Sallie, dear,” began Pete, after he had recovered from the shock of being accepted, “Sallie, my dear, you don’t know how I have been waiting for this opportunity.”

“So have I, Pete,” whispered sweet Sallie, as she nestled closer, “but you were mighty slow, darling.”

There was recorded in the Hicks’ family album, under the head of “Marriages,” the following:

“Peter Jacob Robbins to Sallie Amelia Hicks, on Wednesday, June 13, 1877.”

\* \* \* \* \*

During the formative days of the West, when judicial justice was a matter quite unknown, this shortcoming was supplied by a democratic public spirit, not of moving-picture vengeance, but of honest dealing between man and man. Later, to uphold the dignity and respect of whatever law existed, the office of sheriff was instituted. He, the sheriff, meted out and propounded the law according to a code all his own. When, upon one occasion, a half-breed was caught appropriating, uninvited, the glass of whiskey of a customer at a local bar, the sentiment of the community ran so high, the offense was branded as one so grave, that the culprit was ordered arrested and tried. Evidence was weighed on both sides, and, after a five-minute consultation with the bar-keeper, a true bill was found against the offender. He was ordered, by the ruling of the court, to buy for the sheriff



and plaintiff a quarter drink, and for the witnesses and spectators a drink each of lesser proportions. An investigation as to whether the sheriff was a stockholder in the saloon was never instituted, because the decision was perfectly satisfactory to every one involved—except the defendant.

About this time it so happened that during a gambling brawl Joe Dennis had some rough words with Hank O'Keen about their respective honesty. Matters reached a climax when Joe caught Hank cheating, and then the game broke up, with threats from both parties: "D—m you, I'll git you yet."

That very night Hank O'Keen was found dead, lying in a pool of blood at the cross-roads, with a note pinned over his mortal wound, reading "I've got you." Naturally suspicion rested upon Joe Dennis, but he was nowhere to be found. The only actual incriminating evidence was that brought forward by Pete Robbins, who claimed to have seen two figures struggling in the dust as he was passing along the road. Pete ran up, but before he arrived at the place one man had fled, and the bleeding mass of Hank O'Keen was left lying there. Years passed, and popular sentiment drifted from a feeling of insane passion for revenge to mild indifference, and later to entire oblivion.

One day there appeared in town a stranger, a tall, bearded fellow—long-coated and Stetson-hatted. He had money, and flashed it upon the slightest provocation. He was a gambler by profession; he played anybody for any amount. During a card game Ned Holden, one of Cowan's boys, noted the haughty attitude he assumed when he won and the coolness with which he lost, traits belonging to some one that Ned could not recall. Another paid marked attention to the missing half of the middle finger of the gambler's left hand. The ranch gang compared these peculiarities with those belonging to the missing Joe Dennis. The stranger was apprehended, examined, and finally taken into custody as a suspicious character.

During the years of Dennis's absence a real up-to-date court had been established. There was the august, tobacco-chewing judge; there was the regular legal indictment, setting forth how X, the party of the first part, unlawfully, feloniously, willfully, deliberately, premeditatedly, and with malice aforethought, did

do something unto Y, the party of the second part, etc.; and, among other court-room accessories, cuspidors and a barrel for empty pint bottles.

The prisoner at the bar was allowed the inalienable right of all unfortunates to secure counsel, and an embryonic legal light was employed to plead his cause. The trial began, and out of the past were revived memories of the early freedom, the easy life of the pioneer Westerners, and, as scenes of former years were re-enacted, the court-room breathed of by-gone days.

Witnesses were heard from both sides, but, apart from the threat uttered in the bar-room, no evidence was produced to substantiate the commonwealth attorney's claim as to the guilt of Dennis. There was only one man who could, perhaps, fasten the crime upon the prisoner. That was Pete Robbins, who had seen the scuffling pair of fighters on the night of the crime. He was summoned, and all the interest of the court-room centered about him.

The young lawyer began his cross-examination with a loud cough.

"Your name, sir?"

"Peter J. Robbins."

"Age?"

"Twenty-nine this last gone May."

"Mr. Robbins, how long have you been living in this city?"

"Eight years."

The lawyer seemed satisfied and continued:

"If I understand correctly, you know and recognize this gentleman," pointing to the prisoner, "as Joe Dennis?"

"I do," answered Pete, with the same degree of calmness he was wont to exhibit.

"Again, sir, you claim to have seen Mr. Dennis here on the night of the supposed crime, fighting with the deceased?"

"I do."

"How long has it been since that very night?" thundered the attorney.

"Six years, this June coming; Wednesday, the thirteenth," replied Pete, with perfect accuracy.



The lawyer coughed again. He was to spring a point that would astound all. He hesitated before renewing his attack. His tactics were to minimize the excitement of the fatal night before the eyes of the jurors, and to paint a picture of the rough West so horrible as to make it appear that if a man did not kill some one before breakfast his appetite would be spoiled for the rest of the day.

"Mr. Robbins," he began anew, "do you mean to say, sir, that you can remember the casual happening of one single, trivial fight? Why, I have been led to think that not a day passed in your town without some brawl; a man was shot, or stabbed to death, and nothing was ever said about it. The fight in question took place six years ago, do you realize that?"

Peter Robbins answered, "Yes, I do."

The attorney turned to the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury, do you hear the absurdity of such a statement? Of the 365 days in a year, six years past, in those uncivilized times, when murders were a necessary evil, the witness here recalls one night, and exactly what took place on it. Honored sirs, scientists and psychologists tell us that the human mind is incapable of recalling incidents of such remote occurrence."

There was silence in the court-room. The point and the question were well taken. Ten jurymen shook their heads approvingly. The lawyer, not yet satisfied, persisted in firing more questions.

"But I say, Mr. Robbins, tell the gentlemen of the jury, please, how on earth and by what means you have contrived to be so vivid on a point of such incidental detail."

The young lawyer smiled a premature smile of victorious satisfaction. The spectators sat still, and, with wide open eyes, looked only upon Pete Robbins. He, however, sat composed and tranquil.

"Well, gents," he began slowly, "I ain't a man who goes about telling his family affairs, but if my friend here is so anxious to know what he has asked me, I'll put him straight. The reason why I remember this fact so distinctly is because it was on the very night of the murder, a Wednesday, I proposed to my girl, and she accepted me."

(NOTE.—For the benefit of those interested in the fate of the unfortunate prisoner, I have searched the court's records, and learned that he was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung by the neck until dead, six weeks from the day of his conviction, on a Wednesday.—*Author.*)



## NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

*A. C. Cheetham, '18.*

Men of vision, lo! the dawning  
Of a brighter, fairer morn  
Lies beyond our brief horizon;  
There our greatest hopes are born.

Shall we falter when, by treading  
Swiftly on life's upward way,  
We can lead our brothers higher  
Toward the land of perfect day?

True, we have a noble birthright;  
Let us use it nobly, then—  
Live our lives for God and others,  
Faithful friends to fellow-men.

We are blessed beyond deserving,  
Many gifts can we count o'er;  
Ours to use, and not to hoard them,  
Nor t' increase our golden store.

Ours the duty, ours the honor,  
To press on toward nobler things;  
May we taste the joy and pleasure  
Lofty action ever brings!

## THE MIRROR CONQUEST.

*By Narcisse, '19.*

**T**HE 5 o'clock car swung around the last long curve, and brought up at Stop 30 with a clumsy flourish. Being in all respects a normal person, as I stepped from the platform I thought little of the fifteen minutes' walk actually before me, but much of what I wanted to find at its end, the afternoon mail.

My room-mate, wearing my sweater, was at the lake, and called to me that I had a letter and a package. I joyfully quickened my steps. Between the foot of the hill and the mail-room I passed five people. Each one contributed some bit of information concerning my mail.

"Your letter has more foreign stamps on it," an eager voice testified.

"You have a box, but it doesn't look like 'eats,'" commented a girl with her hands full of fig Newtons.

"Yours is addressed in a perfectly lovely handwriting," declared another.

"It isn't smuggled, because it has a huge custom house seal," spoke a serious-looking girl.

"Oh, I know it is from that soldier you knitted for last year," quavered a romantic soul.

From the first mention of foreign stamps I knew that the package was from Gertrude, one of my best chums. Her parents had had the travel habit, and, at a very early age, Gertrude had "done" the big places of the world twice over. Now she was "doing" the little out-of-the-way places. The first page of her letter was a characteristically radiant description of the small, quaint village where she expected to spend Christmas. The rest of the letter was about the box. She wrote:

"—— On the very outskirts is a tiny shop. They sell almost everything in it. Sometimes they have very old things brought in from near-by excavating grounds, formerly under the direction of an archæological society, now open to the



chance pillager. Yesterday I found there the ancient 'box' mirror that I send you. I know it to be extremely rare. In one temple we saw one very like it, consisting of the two metallic disks, hinged in the same way, with the upper disk polished to reflect on the inside, only the rest of it had elaborate carving. The date upon that was about 400 B. C. Now please do not be conscience-stricken and pack yours off to some stupid historical society. Of course, it is extremely valuable. However, I have taken pains to authenticate the fact that yours could not have any such age upon it, not by twelve or fourteen centuries. But, whatever you do, please do not let a 'society' get hold of it. Be sure to notice that the little figures on yours represent Pan and some nymphs.

"This old mirror has stirred in me a lively enthusiasm for mirrors and their history. I have learned that mirrors, like nations, have an ancient, mediæval, and modern history. Greeks, Romans, and Etruscans had ancient mirrors made of bronze disks. Later, there were full-length mirrors, fixed to the wall, or moving like a window-sash. There are said to be more extant examples of Etruscan mirrors than of Greek. Their feature is always the Trojan war scenes incised on the back. The Roman disk mirrors were engraved, but without any subject designs. Plain mirrors traveled over the world wherever Greek and Roman civilization spread; they have been found even in Cornwall, among the Celts. They were quite common under the Empire.

"Fine ladies of the Middle Ages had their pictures painted with small, highly-polished mirrors carried at the girdle.

"While steel and silver mirrors seem to have been used almost exclusively, I was interested to know that in Venice mirrors were made by blowing glass cylinders, slitting them, flattening them on stones, and carefully polishing. Methods were well known for beveling the edges and 'silvering' the backs by an amalgam.

"Mirrors were known in the Orient too, because in Japan they told us that a bronze mirror was given by the sun goddess at the founding of the empire. At the time that I was told that it did not make much impression upon me, but I recall it now, and wish that I had asked some further questions.

"I do hope that I can make you share my mirror enthusiasm,

though no doubt you are wishing that I had been gifted with a will strong enough to say 'Get thee behind me' to the temptation to write you this rigamarole. Do not let it cast the semblance of a shadow on your holidays, and accept my wishes for the jolliest Christmas ever.

"Yours,

GERTRUDE."

When I finished reading the letter I was tremendously excited. I fairly gasped with amazement and pleasure, mingled with a feeling of importance, as I unwrapped the package.

That night, between the ten and ten-twenty bells, I put my treasure upon exhibition, and read and re-read Gertrude's letter to my visitors.

"You remember," said the history teacher, with complimentary inflection; "the Phœnicians practiced enough chemistry to render themselves famous for the manufacture of glass, soap, and dye-stuffs, and in Pliny's natural history a manufactory of 'mirrors of glass' is mentioned at Sidon."

"Oh, and did you know," asked one girl, dropping two lumps of sugar in her tea (my room-mate, who has a new tea-set, never loses an opportunity of serving tea), "that sugar was used sometimes to get pure silver from silver nitrate without melting it, when mirrors were to be silvered over?"

We laughed, but she insisted that she had it on good authority, and challenged us to reserve our questions for chemistry quiz.

The girl who always knew odd stories told us that in Greece mirrors were used in a divination ceremony for the sick. She said that the mirror was let down a well by a string until it barely touched the water; after certain incantations had been repeated it was pulled up, and it revealed the face of the sick one, alive or dead.

A scholarly friend suddenly darted from the room and returned with a stout book, from which she read at random such metaphors as:

"To hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature."

"Speech is a mirror of the soul; as a man speaks so is he."

"Poets, the mirrors of gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present."

"Life is a mirror of king and slave."



Like "the stretched metre of an antique song," she was still reading them when the ten-thirty bell rang. I drove her away by threatening to break my engagement to chaperone her to town the next morning.

Thus the next day saw my friend and me walking rapidly down the rocky road toward the car. We both were wearing new shoes, and kept our eyes groundward more than usual. That, in part, may have been the reason that we caught sight of a small round mirror in the middle of the road. With the events of the previous night fresh in our minds, we paused involuntarily before the glittering little mirror, which shone bravely up at us from the dust, though the face was shattered and cruel, jagged cracks passed from rim to rim.

"It belonged to one of the waiters; I saw him with it," asserted my friend; and, looking toward the lake, she made this proposition, in measured accents: "Let us give it a last resting-place in Nature's first and greatest mirror."

I am not scholarly. My friend's remark sounded uncannily bookish, and, in consideration of the fact that we were cutting English class to make the quarter-past car, it might be construed to have somewhat the flavor of diplomacy. I regretted that the court could not have heard it. I will not say that my scholarly friend is vain, but I noticed that she only picked up one (the largest) piece of the broken glass, and she several times inclined it toward her face at varying angles. I am not vain. I seek a mirror for only two purposes—to ascertain if my face carries excess powder, and if my hat-pin point is visible for more than an eighth of an inch. There is a law about the latter, and there should be one about the former. Though neither scholarly nor vain, I am, however, an ardent member of the S. P. C. A. (A stands for automobile tires), and I cheerfully gathered up the bulk of the pieces, and cast them into the lake with all the dramatic grace I could muster.

Either the performance must have taken longer than we reckoned, or the car spent less than the required time at the switch; at any rate we missed that car. My lips were about to frame a very uncharitable remark when my friend, with eyes fixed upon the disappearing car, began sweetly: "When I was in

France—" (I have never been abroad, and possess an insatiable thirst for tales of its glories. Accordingly I turned at once to hearken to my scholarly friend.)

"When I was in France," she continued, "in one of the old palaces, I have forgotten which, among the display of tapestry, gorgeous ball-gowns, and queer jewelry, the guide called attention to an old brown, be-sealed piece of paper, which he said was Colbert's personal inventory. It was framed, and the glass over it magnified the faded writing. The French was old, but not hard. I remember that in it was listed a silver-framed Venetian mirror, forty by twenty inches, I think, at 8016 livres, and a Raphael—consider, my dear—at 3000 livres. I wish that I had remembered this last night when everybody was talking about your mirror. I kept racking my brain over those quotations, and then, after I had been in bed about an hour, it flashed on me that I could have told something original and interesting."

My friend laughed, and added: "But you know that really Venice was the first to make mirrors on a commercial scale. The knowledge of the process was equivalent to a fortune, and was always kept a profound secret. The government was careful to see that the secret did not perish with any family. The state gave all sorts of privileges to glass-makers, and they organized like a corporation. Then the French, by bribery, brought a small colony of workmen to France, and it was not long before French mirrors surpassed the Venetian."

"I wonder," I said, "how old mirrors really are." Then, hopefully, "'Great mirrored halls' are in all the palaces in fairy tales, and there was a mirror on the wall in the story of 'Snow-white and the Dwarfs.'"

"Homer knew nothing of mirrors," triumphed my scholarly friend. That was a crushing retort, plainly to be administered only to the most ignorant. I said nothing, and I am proud to remember that not even by a faint acquiescence did I feign the knowledge which I had not. Later, I found that she was absolutely correct in her statement, and that she had gotten her facts from the encyclopædia that morning.

My friend did not deign further conversation, but, as we boarded the next car, she flung over her shoulder, "The ancient mirrors in Germany were called 'bull's eyes.'"



And, as the door closed noisily, I caught the words "small," "convex."

As she would not talk to me any further, I amused myself by watching the motorman, who, at every stop, peered into a little mirror hung before him, to see the arriving passengers. Through the window I saw the automobiles that sped by. Each one carried at the side a small, clear mirror, to give warning of vehicles coming from the rear.

At the Country Club the car stopped for a single passenger. There was a breath of roses, a flash of color, and every one on the car smiled, pleased at the very radiance of the vision, as a gay butterfly of a girl settled in a front seat. From somewhere about the enveloping fluff she drew out a pocket mirror. With loving eagerness, and the soul of joyous feminine vanity in their depths, the bright eyes questioned the mirror. I thought of my quaint box mirror. From its polished metal surface, belonging to an almost barbarous time, to the tiny glassy trinket, belonging to a period of the world's greatest civilization, there seemed reflected a long, steady ray of light, reaching through the years. There was the great wonder of it; in all nations, in palace and cottage, in the place of commerce, in the place of worship, the mirror is ever present, and rare indeed is the orator or writer whose outbursts are without a reference to the mirror, given in the most elevated rhetorical figures. I began to perceive that the spell of my friend's gift was at work upon me. I did not know that there were so many mirrors in the world as I saw that day.

The same night, after the lights were out, as I sat on the side of my bed, drowsily reviewing the events of the day, my roommate's voice asked in a solemn whisper, "Don't you hope and pray that you will never have another Christmas gift with as much history tacked to it as that mirror?"

I laughed softly; for I, too, am a kind of Narcisse—Nell Brinkley's ingenious feminine of Narcissus. Although I am not enamoured of the reflection in the mirror, I confess that I am heart and head in love with the mirror, just a piece of furniture, but with engaging qualities amounting almost to personality, and sufficient to get it somehow entangled in the history of proud human beings.

## THE HEART OF THE WORLD.

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

Oh! the heart of the world, I hear it—beating, beating afar;  
In the glamour and gloom of despair, in the night, in the carnage  
of war,  
In the cold, sad voice of the past, in the dawn of the future to be,  
For the heart of the world is the heart of the souls that speed to  
eternity—  
Ay! and the frigid, passionless heart, of the heart in you and me.

Oh! the heart of the world, I hear it—beating, beating afar;  
From India's coral strand to the clime of the polar star—  
From the land of the rising sun to the glowing heart of the west,  
For the heart of the world is the flag now unfurled to the breeze  
of humanity's jest—  
Ay! and the toiling, unconquerable heart, of the heart that  
knows no rest.

Oh! the heart of the world, I hear it—beating, beating afar;  
Will it throb, O, Christ, in Thy peace, or die in the battle's grim  
maw?  
Will it throb when the cannon hath ceased, or yield to the  
ravage of strife?  
For the heart of the world is the heart that is hurled like a soul  
on the billows of life—  
Ay! and the quivering, wavering heart, that quakes at the point  
of a knife.



## SIDNEY LANIER—POET, MUSICIAN, AND WARRIOR.

*(Printed by Permission of Onward.)*

*R. Taylor Coleman, '18.*

**I**F the noble deeds of the great characters of the past have any power to spur us on to finer achievements, and if we joy in reading of true self-sacrifice, and a struggle against disease and privation that has every element of heroism permeating it, the life of Sidney Lanier should most insistently appeal to us. He was only nineteen years of age when the war between the States swept over this Southland of ours, with its devastating touch, but even before this time the youth, Lanier, knew—knew deep in his heart—that he might become a musician or writer, or both, of no ordinary ability, if he pursued his work diligently. The Muses of Poetry and Music had already begun to stir within him. There was no mistaking their call, soft though it was, but with a compelling force that might not be withstood. Yet, in spite of these inner feelings, in spite of the hopes that had been his, young Lanier gave up his plans for study and practice, enlisted in the army of the Confederacy, and fought until the cause had been lost and Lee's shattered troops had turned sadly away from Appomattox.

During his life in the trenches and his confinement in the military prison at Point Lookout, Lanier contracted the dread disease, consumption, and from that time on his life was an unending battle, showing the true warrior that he was, against the ravages of it. But the brave spirit never gave up hope, or ceased to work as long as there was the weakest spark of life in it. Gallantly Lanier wrote, delivered lectures on English literature with splendid critical acumen, and played in symphony orchestra concerts, in order to pack much into the few years that he realized would be his portion here. With this side-light on the true Lanier, you will not be surprised, I am sure, when I

tell you that the most of his enduring poems were composed when, from sheer weariness, he should not have left his bed. His life was such a one as did untold good by its very existence, even if it had not been productive of beautiful poems; his was a life that exemplified all the graces of the genuine Southerner; his was a noble life, take it from any angle you wish.

Sidney Lanier was born in our own Southland, at Macon, Georgia, on the 3d of February, 1842. At least three of his ancestors had been musicians high in royal favor at the court of England's kings, and from them Sidney undoubtedly inherited his love for music and literature. It is often related—but will bear telling once again—how he one day, as a boy of seven years, cut a reed from the bank of a near-by river, stopped the ends with corks, hacked some openings in the reed, and on this makeshift imitated the songs of many of the birds. In a short time after this happening he had taught himself to play the flute and banjo; a little later he could perform, with credit to himself, on almost any musical instrument.. As far as can be determined, he was never given a lesson in music in his life. But what did that matter? He did not need them. Before his death he was rightly considered the finest and most artistic flute player in this country. Does not this, of itself, set the seal of genius unquestionably upon Lanier?

At the early age of fourteen the youthful genius entered Oglethorpe College, a small institution at Midway, Georgia. Here, as might be expected, he was a general favorite, because of his happy disposition and rare musical skill. His beloved author was Sir Walter Scott, and he read, with great eagerness, the novels of this celebrated romancer. The first letter home from college is always of interest, and in Lanier's the following lines are recorded: "I have just done studying my first lesson, forty-five lines of Horace, which I did in fifteen minutes." A most creditable speed, is it not?

We are not to suppose that while at college Sidney Lanier was thinking only of his studies and his flute playing. His eyes were on the future, and, in his quiet, but masterful way, he was pondering the question of how his life might best be spent. To prove that this was no mere mental process, but a longing com-



mitted to paper, the following appealing paragraph is cited from a note-book which he kept in college: "By what method shall I ascertain what I am fit for \* \* \* ?" Through his reading and playing he was already evincing a love for literature and music, and was most surely paving the way for the poet and master musician that he afterwards became.

Lanier's passion for military affairs found sad, but ample, expression in the early part of 1861, when he joined a Southern company to fight for the land he loved in her time of stress. He prized, with all his heart, the free life in the saddle, on the back of a trusted charger; the wild dash, perhaps, along the coast in a blockade runner, and the soothing camp-fire under the stars at the close of the day. Although the horror of war often saddened him, he was ever, so it seemed, in the best of spirits, and ready for any pranks and jokes. While stationed near Petersburg, in 1862, he oftentimes joined a merry bunch in serenading the town from end to end with all kinds of uproar and blatant music.

Yet all this time the thought of a life devoted to letters was in the mind of Lanier, and, since this is so, we should not be surprised to find that during the leisure of camping on the James river he began his first novel, "Tiger Lilies." This work was published five years later, after the war was only a haunting and horrid memory. This incident only shows how eager Sidney Lanier was to begin his life's work. He was hindered greatly, but never ceased to labor and to hope. Not long after he had started on his novel he was captured on a blockade runner and imprisoned. Many a weary and broken soldier, tired of the strife, did he cheer with his flute, kept always at his side. And by this same means did he give his own feelings expression, as he thought of the span of days before him and what they might bring forth for him.

In 1864 we find Sidney Lanier writing to a friend in this wise: "I find that my whole soul is merging itself into this business of writing, and especially of writing poetry. I am going to try it." Not a great length of time after this was penned the struggle between the States came to an end, and Lanier returned home, absolutely penniless, and broken in health. The story of how, weakened in body and sick in spirit, he tramped nearly the entire

distance to his Southern home, is too well known to need further mention. It is, however, typical of the unconquerable determination of the man, manifested so often later in life.

All might have gone well, but now it was that the disease contracted in the trenches began to gnaw more deeply; and there came to Lanier the realization—how unnerving it would have been to the ordinary man—that his days were numbered. Then it was that he determined to give his spirit utterance in literature and music. So it came to pass that he at length set out for Baltimore in 1873, and had not the slightest difficulty in securing an engagement as first flute in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra. In a letter to his father, who wished him to return to Macon, he says, with all feeling: “ \* \* \* these two figures of music and poetry have I steadily kept in my heart, so that I cannot banish them.”

Just so began this fruitful period of Lanier's life, pitifully short, as it later proved to be. He now had access to large and complete libraries, and studied and wrote zealously. While filling concert engagements in the Symphony Orchestra he still found time—for he knew that his time was strangely fleeting—to compose and send into the world his beautiful verses, verses as melodious as the notes of his responsive flute.

His poem, “Corn,” first brought him before the public in a favorable light, evoking the loud praise of Paul Hamilton Hayne, who hailed him as a genius in no uncertain terms, and with conviction. Soon it came about that Lanier was selected to write the cantata for the opening of the Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia. It is the consensus of opinion that he wrought a masterpiece to grace the day for which it was intended. As many works of a fine nature have, the poem aroused much adverse criticism. Lanier was not worried—he took it most calmly. He never made his verse conform to what he knew was a lower standard to win public approval, always fleeting and chimerical. He was the true poet, willing and anxious to be judged soberly and with critical acumen. He seemed to know that his work would live longer than he would, and he labored to attain to the highest reaches of poetic expression. Time, “the destroyer of all things,” as Virgil somewhere says, has honored him, and put him in the list of the truly great American poets.



How rich in splendid results were those last years in Baltimore, from 1873 to 1881! Although filling musical engagements at frequent intervals, and from time to time delivering lectures at the Johns Hopkins University, Sidney Lanier nevertheless wrote poems that will endure. The finest of these are the two—both dealing with scenes in the South—"The Marshes of Glynn" and "The Song of the Chattahoochee." The moral that can be drawn from the latter is a noble one—the call to service and self-sacrifice in tones as clear as a trumpet blast. In some respects it is an echo of Lanier's own life. The little stream, the Chattahoochee, has risen in the Hills of Habersham, and "hurries amain to reach the plain." The rushes and water-weeds along its source strive to hold it, the poplars would fain tell the little brook fairy tales and legends—but, no! it brushes aside all obstacles, and shuns all allurements in its course—it has work to do and "mills to turn." Long must the search be, and perhaps futile, that will reveal a stanza more marked in beauty of thought and purpose than this, the concluding verse in "The Song of the Chattahoochee":

"But, oh, not the hills of Habersham,  
And, oh, not the valleys of Hall  
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain;  
Downward the voices of Duty call—  
Downward to toil, and be mixed with the main,  
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,  
And a myriad of flowers mortally yearn,  
And the lordly main from beyond the plain  
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,  
Calls through the valleys of Hall."

Surely this sketch cannot be concluded without some mention, inadequate as it may be, of the work of Lanier for the youth of our land. The great old books wherein are depicted the brave deeds of knights, their reverence for woman, and their strife for the right, he brought forth again, and edited them in such a way that they would appeal to the tastes of a red-blooded boy. He rendered them highly readable and intensely interesting. In this list are "The Boy's Froissart," "The Boy's King Arthur,"

and "The Boy's Percy." By devoting himself to this work Lanier showed himself a true friend of boys and one who had a conception of the joyous feeling of youth. The books are edited—it takes no careful reading to determine this—with some of the freshness and unrestrained buoyancy of youth, bringing us to know that Lanier was old and suffering only in body, and not in spirit.

In addition to the poems already mentioned, the subject of our discussion was adept in his treatment of the most homely themes in the dialect of the negro and the "poor whites," as the lower class came to be known in the South. The cleverest and wittiest of these are "A Florida Ghost" and "Thar's More in the Man Than Thar is in the Land." This use of dialect was quite a new thing, especially in Southern territory, and Lanier very probably stimulated other writers to essay work along this line, notably Joel Chandler Harris, of "Uncle Remus" fame. We thus see that his verses bore fruit in at least one field, but it is not the only one, we assure you.

It taxes our credulity and conservative ideals sorely to recall that all of the work to which we have had reference was done while the poet, musician, and warrior was making his losing struggle against death. The audiences at the Johns Hopkins University course of lectures which he was delivering often sat with bated breath as Lanier, pale, worn, haggard, gasping, would cease for a moment to gain strength to continue. And, though they admired him as a poet and a musician, they almost revered him as a warrior, warring against pain, fever, and disease. His last poem—his "Swan Song"—was something fresh and bracing—"Sunrise." And when was it written, perhaps you ask? At no other time than when fever raged in his veins and his temperature was 104 degrees. Is this not bravery of the highest kind; is it not as awe-inspiring as any deed ever done on the battle-field when the enemy charged wildly, or the order was passed around—vain hope—for a last plunge into the storm of bullets to the aid of dying comrades? Sidney Lanier was not afraid of the spectre, Death, and from his poem, "Sunrise," there breathes life and strength and joy—the feelings of one who hopes to "see his Pilot face to face when he has crossed the bar,"



Frequent trips to Texas and to other parts of the country failed to prolong the rapidly-failing spark of life. Sidney Lanier was beyond mortal aid. On the 7th of September, 1881, when the green covering of the earth, too, was beginning to wither, "that unfaltering will"—the will of the poet, genius, musician, and unconquered warrior—faded away at Lynn, North Carolina, in the Southland that Lanier had loved and immortalized in his poems.

His was a life into which only that which was best was allowed to enter—a life of attainment, a life of love for man and nature. But it was a sad life, in that the thin-spun cord was so soon snapped. A fellow poet, Robert Browning, must have been thinking of just such a fleeting spirit as Lanier's when he penned the lines:

"This low man seeks a little thing to do,  
Sees it and does it;  
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,  
Dies ere he knows it."

## HIS CROSS.

*J. A. L., Jr., '16.*

**I**T all happened so suddenly—so unexpectedly did it come, just at a time when emotions were whetted to the keenest edge, and tense excitement was raised to almost breathlessness—that, for a moment, the crowd had merely gasped in astonishment, and then settled back into that deadened complacency which the monotony of recent thrills had produced. For they were becoming weary now of startling scenes—nervetrying situations, which, under other conditions, should have caused an outbreak of pent-up emotion. Hence, when the wild-eyed, nervous fellow pushed and squirmed his way through the crowded aisle to the front, his witnesses merely ceased their subdued murmurs and waited silently, expectantly.

Day after day the court-room had been packed with a curious, sympathetic mob, listening in their peculiar, gloating way as each item of evidence piled itself upon the others against the accused man there in the prisoner's box. Every aisle had been crowded since the very beginning, and even the window sills had served as perches for the peering, clamoring throngs that jammed themselves uncomfortably lest they should miss some word or fail to catch some hopeless expression from the man they knew now was doomed. Some mingled feelings of sympathy, with a morbid delight in their own tears and in the grief of others, as the pitiable net of accusation each day had entangled the hopeless more and more.

Finally there was an end of legal struggles, of vague questionings, of heartless condemnations—the lawyers rested their case, but the audience knew full well how futile had been the battle, and how uselessly had been spent the days and nights of hope, and fear, and vain searchings for some clue that would give the solemn-faced man up there a chance. Few men really thought he was guilty, but all the evidence had been against him. Just another of those unexpected cases, its very nature adding to its interest, as attested by the huge crowds that had attended



the trial. The jury was not long away, in their solemn, cheerless chamber. They filed in slowly, through a hush that was almost stifling, a lost cause written in glaring lines across their faces, heads bowed down, as if ashamed to have been the agents of such unhappy fortune. "Guilty!" The words had rung dully through the room, and seemed but a taunting reminder of something that every one had known already.

Then the slim little woman up there by the prisoner's side—she had never left him except when forced away—fell down to her knees, and, with her arms about him, buried her head on his breast—"Oh! Henry! Henry! It can't be! Not that! O, God, how can you let them do it—let them take him away from me! He didn't do it! He didn't! He is innocent—"

And then it had come—above the woman's sobs—instead of the looked-for commonplace and usual action of an over-excited man—"Your Honor, that man is innocent. I killed Frank Hemingway!"

This was the needed touch to the over-heated, strained rabble, and the tension loosed full sway—a woman screamed, and had to be led from the room; somebody laughed—a nervous, high-pitched laugh—and women wept. The accused man stood up, the girl clinging to him nervously, unbelieving, and gazed full in the face of the speaker—and fainted. He was speaking; the house was hushed.

"I killed Hemingway, and sneaked the knife into the house, where it was found. I tried to ruin him—Henry Hadley—but lost my nerve. I can't do it—*he is my brother!*"

He turned to the crowd. They looked upon the wreck of Leon Hadley, and remembered. It couldn't be—"Leo" Hadley, despised, disgraced, dishonored, was not man enough to do this thing. It seemed almost uncanny—everything was so unreal. This could not be the Leo Hadley they had been forced to shun and to mistrust!

\* \* \* \* \*

For years, and, in fact, all his life, he had been the family care, the one shadow across an otherwise peaceful threshold, the one stain on an old and honored name. This made his worthlessness stand out more distinctly—it had scarcely seemed possible

that two brothers should be so wholly different in everything. These two had been the only children, left early in life to the care of a widowed mother. Henry had ever been, even since a mere boy, the one great source of help and comfort to her, while poor Leo—wayward, careless, spiteful, always a care and a burden. School-days over, there was little change—for the worse, if at all. Both boys had gone into the bank with which their father had been connected in a long and honorable career. As was expected, Henry succeeded, while his hapless brother dawdled and frittered away his chances, reckless, ambitionless.

Then there was the girl. Both boys loved her and wooed her. This love, it was often said, had been the only worthy emotion Leo had ever experienced—but he lost her, and was a bad loser, along with the other questionable traits in his make-up. His love turned into something else, and he grew vindictive, sullen, scheming. His poor mother wasted away with her heartaches and disappointments and caring for him. He took to drink finally, as the logical thing to be done in such a case, making life more miserable for those about him, until the little mother faded and soon was gone, leaving him to lose his own weak battles alone. Her death, from the depths into which his distorted nature had sunk, he laid to some of the imagined faults of his brother and the girl who he said had ruined his life. He begrudged Henry the success he had earned, and lived, as it seemed, only to mar the happiness of the two.

Often he went away, but when his funds were gone he would return to his brother for more. His social standing was all gone, and he was shunned by his old acquaintances. This, too, he attributed to his brother, and it intensified his resolve to “get even.” And in this one particular, at least, he was sincere and consistent, for, as a result, soon his brother’s frown of care was moulded into long set lines across his face, and at his temples the inevitable spots of gray attested to burdens weighing and dragging. A hinted slur connected with the name of his wife finally well nigh caused a family tragedy. Henry came to be looked upon with pity; the old light and steady gleam had faded from his eyes, and Kate was drooping too.

Again the tormentor left. Months of absence elapsed,



and, when hopes of peace at last were growing, he returned, bringing more unhappiness. When matters had approached what seemed a crisis, he went away, and this time he stayed. But into the broken happiness soon there came the tragedy—Hemingway, rich, influential, was found dead—murdered—near Henry's home. There were rumors of unkind remarks between the men and of their parting in a heated scene. A bloody knife was found in Henry's home, after suspicion had wound about him—the blade suited the wound—other evidence arose, along with the wealth of Hemingway, to involve the accused in the meshes of the circumstantial net. His lawyers delved faithfully and long into the depths of their craft, but their case had failed hopelessly, as they knew, long ago, it would fail. Hadley's own testimony gave no help, and Kate, by her prompt denial of everything, complicated affairs to no good end. And thus they had lost—now the crisis, the verdict, had been passed, and at least he would be free from his brother's inevitable tormenting tricks, but——

\* \* \* \* \*

The stillness was terrific. Men scarcely breathed. The prisoner and his wife had drawn nearer, waiting when the noise should cease that he should finish; he was speaking—there was quiet—

"I've been all wrong, Judge, as you yourself know, and now I'm going to pay for it. I've been crooked, and now I'm going up. I happened to know that Henry had some trouble with Hemingway, and I saw my chance to get even, to take out my spite, for I had always been jealous of him because he made good and I didn't, and he married the girl I loved. Then I thought they together had ruined my life, and I wanted to get square with them. I've been no good. I killed that man so that Henry could get the blame. I sneaked back to town, to give them some more trouble, and got the news about Hemingway. That was my chance to put the thing through. I stabbed him, and laid him out there where they found him. Then I slipped the knife in Henry's house that night, while they were asleep. I skipped, and waited until I saw from the papers that developments were beginning. Then I came back to get my satisfaction. But her

sobs, Judge—her grief—my brother—well, I lost my nerve; that's all—I'm ready now."

\* \* \* \* \*

He sat calmly in the chamber of death, patiently waiting the end. There was a different air about him now. Perhaps it was the unconscious feeling of having at last done something worth while, or a consciousness that he was soon to pass into some great mysterious somewhere, that had replaced the leer on his lips with the quiet, peaceful smile for those who greeted him. No longer the sneering, vindictive, cynical Leo of the old days, but a quiet, kindly creature, as he watched the rays of his last sun filter through the corridor outside. Kate and Henry visited him each day, and had given him books to read and things to eat. They had forgiven him now, and he had relieved his mind of all imagined wrongs. The preacher had been there often, and others he had known—tearful, some of them—pitying. He met them smilingly, while they marveled at the change. Only a few more hours now, and then peace. As the shadows grew longer, and the minutes flew swifter toward the close, he lay upon his cot and sank into thought. There were no fears of the other world into which he was about to come; somehow he was contented, only a little eager for the dawn of the day which was his last. His eyes moistened—but he was not weakening toward the event of the next sunrise. He was living over again his blasted years, and wishing that he might now recall some of the heartaches and cares he had given those whom he should have held dearest. He was eager for the morrow, that his soul might be comforted by his paying all in full.

The hours drifted on—he didn't sleep, because a million neglected thoughts were crowding his brain. On, on into the night he drank his cup to the bottom, and when the hour approached he was waiting and ready for the last ordeal of his shattered life. Then, as a fitting close to a mis-spent life, he knelt beside his cot, reverently, humbly. He had long since forgotten when he had last said his prayers, but in this last hour he felt the need of a closer appeal than could be made to any human ears. His house was all in order, and he was ready; they would come presently, and he would walk without a falter down the narrow, deathly corridor to the end. A few more minutes.



Softly, that the guards who chanced that way might not over-hear, he began the last of his earthly expression:

“O, Lord, I am so glad I did it. Forgive me the lie, and make them happy. I believe, Lord, you will forgive my sins, and that I will find you waiting at the gate, and that I may see the little mother, and tell her I am sorry I was bad. I am trying to give my life for the sake of others, as One who once hung upon a cross for others’ sins. Forgive me, if you will, but, O, Lord, never let that judge know I am innocent of the murder, and that I am giving my life to square things up. Amen.”

## PUSH ON!

*L. M. Latane, '17.*

Lo, I awake within a maze,  
And, wondering what this tumult means,  
On some far prize I fix my gaze,  
And stalwartly, through all life's scenes,  
Push on!

The way I move along soon grows  
Joyful and bright within the age  
Of youth. But, while the young blood flows,  
And while the youthful passions rage,  
Push on!

With growing power and strength I march,  
With ripening might I onward go;  
By bustling mart and temple's arch,  
By quiet scenes, by friend or foe,  
Push on!

In sorrow's night, while all is dark,  
Then dreary grows the way I tread,  
But, lingering not, on to my mark,  
With but a tear, leaving the dead,  
Push on!

The day grows old; I foot my way  
With feeble step. The future brings  
I know not what. A beaming ray  
Of hope shines through, and to me sings,  
Push on!



# THE MESSENGER.

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### EDITORIALS.

"Since the United States was founded, only one man in 750 has gone through college, yet from this group have come 17 of our 26 Presidents, 19 of the 27 Vice-Presidents, and 17 of the 34 persons in the Hall of Fame. Only 1 per cent of our present population are college people, yet this small percentage furnishes

29 of the 51 Governors of States and Territories, 61 of the 93 United States Senators, 272 out of 395 Congressmen, and 9 of the 9 Supreme Court Judges."—*Exchange*.

We notice, with interest, that the group listed in the above quotation containing the smallest per cent. of college men is the group of persons received for the Hall of Fame. Just one-half of these are college trained. It would appear that college training is more requisite to places of public trust than to personal excellence in some chosen line or calling.

We recently heard this phrase used as descriptive of a great many glibly quoted, little understood, and less thought over adages. Which one of us does not continually quote some old "saw," which, perhaps, is in sore need of re-sharpening? Some time ago *Judge* published a list of "Addled Adages," and from time to time we have seen stray proverbs recast into new and striking form. For the most part, a proverb is too short to express a truth fairly. The over-emphasis of one aspect of the subject is what makes the epigram "stick." Take a few re-pointed daggers, for examples:

Love's labor costs.

Honesty is the best fallacy.

Lives of great men oft remind us we need lots of push behind us.

Eat, drink, and be sorry.

Never stay dry.

Rage before duty.

Love thy neighbor for his pelf.

What is home without a mortgage?

A soft powder turneth away rash.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gets a lot of polish.

Actions speak louder than words, but the sheep fear the dog with the big bark.

All's well that lends well.

You can't put a square peg in a round hole, but you can put a round peg in a square hole.



*Moral:* Speak in epigrams if you would stab your hearer, or if you would say much in little, or if you would be thought wise; but, if you would be exact, avoid the smooth-flowing and polished epigram.

Mrs. Mary Harris Armor, the prohibition orator, knows, as the *Georgia Cyclone* says, "The liquor men haven't had a new idea in forty years." She offers one dollar  
 To THE POINT. for every new argument they can offer.

Of the 810,503 gallons of moonshine liquor confiscated in the United States last year, according to the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, only 1,582 gallons were seized in prohibition States.

The manufacture and sale of liquor in the Philippines, other than certain native drinks, has been prohibited by Congress.

It is not our custom to mention individual articles, but this month we feel that we should call attention especially to the two essays on the Literary Societies of the College. Aside from the literary merit which they may show, and even aside from the careful study which they evidence, we wish to commend them as valuable records of histories, almost lost in the accumulation of reckless succeeding generations, each intent on doing something worthy. You who are members of either of these fine old societies read them through carefully. Note the tendency of change which has come over the order of business, and the nature of topics used in discussion. And do not forget that the past is all that we have on which to build.

With this issue the present editors retire to the shades of more or less remote memories. We may say, with the Roman of old,  
 "What I have written I have written." THE  
 A LEGACY. MESSENGER and its policies have been molded  
 for another year. With high hopes we undertook, and with deep regret we resign, our part of this task. And yet there is a certain satisfaction in having finished the task which was given us to do. As we look back, we find many things

which should have been otherwise. If time could turn backward in its flight—but, thanks to Providence, it cannot.

Might we suggest to our successor a few things which have been beaten into us with much mental perspiration?

The most difficult part of the editor's work is, of course, to get the material together. The best way to keep it "moving" is for the editor himself to keep "moving." He should have a *corps* of active and energetic associates, who are forever after embryonic writers. We wish to commend the hearty co-operation of most of those who have helped us as associates. Some, however, we could not commend without being hypocritical. Of the twelve who have served in this office during our term of office, four or five have been of little use to us. They have loafed and been late in every engagement. It is probable that there will ever be about that percentage of dead-heads in anything which one may undertake. We recommend that everything possible be done to keep such timber from the staff; they should have enough loyalty for the paper to get off the staff if they cannot do their duties.

There is one question which has been discussed among the editorial board, both *pro* and *con*, which it may be well to mention publicly. That is the matter of high school exchanges. We have had a number of high schools on our mailing list. Personally, we feel that this is well, and we have sought to promote friendly relations with all preparatory schools. We do not feel "out of their class"—it is our hope that we never will pass out of the range of sympathetic relations with those coming along in life.

It is difficult, but we believe highly commendable, to publish, from time to time, serial stories and connected essays. One writer has given us several good essays on prominent literary men—we hope that he will continue to do this. Another has a serial story in course of construction. It is a sign of maturer minds to be able to sustain thought for longer than it takes to read the jokes in *Life* or to glance over the cartoons in *The Review of Reviews* or some similar paper. The trained mind is the sustained mind, capable of grasping a large subject in one grasp.

There is one other thing which we urge on our successors, as far as it is possible. That is to vary the paper with cuts, pictures,



and photographs occasionally. Some of our best exchanges have done this, and are better for it.

	In the quiet fields and meadows,
	By the stately river's bank,
THE	Where the long, low swell of waters,
FINISHED	And the rushes, dark and dank,
PAGE.	Hide among the trees and bushes
	On the mountain's shaded flank;

There to labor till the sunshine  
 Fades away in sombre hue,  
 With our hymns of praise arising  
 To the ever-changing blue,  
 And the night about us settling  
 With the settling of the dew.

Tasks completed, hardships over,  
 Works of love and friendship wrought;  
 Miles of misty, murmuring meadows  
 In the background, where we sought  
 Golden dreams and pangs and passions,  
 Which our eager hands have caught.

Even thus appears the labor which has been so pleasant with THE MESSENGER. Spots of joy and priceless experiences have mingled with moments of depression and discouragement. Yet the joy which we anticipated has come, and with it much valuable knowledge and experience.

And now, in resigning the task and the glory to our successors, we wish them well. May THE MESSENGER, "fair maiden of a thousand loves and tutor to a host of pens," ever thrive and prosper. And may succeeding generations, in looking through forgotten files and volumes stored away, stop now and then over some choice verse or thought, to drink of the nectar of days departed, and shed a silent tear for the feet that have passed this way and the hands that have wrought.

On the Directory page of this and the last issue of THE MESSENGER a comparison will reveal the fact that a number of mis-

Two  
CORRECTIONS.      takes were made in the officers of the Literary Societies. The spring term officers, whose names appear, should not have been put in until this issue, and the winter term officers should have appeared two months ago. We wish that the secretaries of these societies might see that correct lists of elected officers are in the hands of the editors of THE MESSENGER, rather than leave it to him to find them as he can, often from second-hand informants.

On page 336 of the March issue the essay headed "Literary" Test, etc., should have read "Literacy" Test, etc. The same correction should be noted throughout the article.



## ALUMNI NOTES.

*M. L. Combs, '17.*

Roy C. Angell, B. A., '14, is at Crozer Seminary.

Samuel J. Rowland, B. A., '14, is teaching in the Philippines.

T. J. Stinson, B. A., '08, is pastor at Lebanon, Russell county, Va.

J. B. Hill, B. A., '09, finishes his work at Crozer this coming June.

P. C. Ellis, B. A., '13, has recently accepted a church in Maryland.

H. G. Duval, B. A., '14, is superintendent of the schools of Clifton Forge.

W. W. Townsend, B. A., '14, is principal of a high school in Gloucester county.

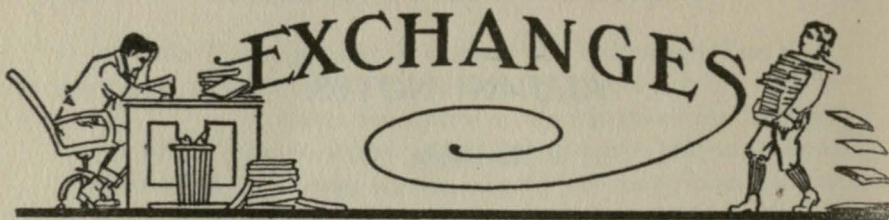
F. C. Ellet, B. A., '15, is principal of the Clifton Forge High School, Clifton Forge, Va.

J. E. Tucker spent a day or two on the campus recently. "Jimmy" finishes his Th. B. at Crozer in June.

E. C. Princon, B. A., '13, is at Crozer, taking work at the University, and is pastor of a church in New Jersey.

C. A. Tucker, B. A., '15, is pastor of a church at Hopewell, and it is rumored on the Richmond College campus that he is a candidate for Mayor of that city.

E. W. Cochran, B. A., '11, is at Crozer, doing work for a Th. Master degree. Since leaving Richmond College Cochran has taken an M. A. degree at the University of Chicago.



E. J. Fox, '17.

*The Furman Echo* has a good list of contents for February. It hasn't as many articles as might be inserted to advantage, but what are there are as good as is usually found in like periodicals. "At the Close of a Day" and "Alone with God" are the best poems. "The Dancer in Scarlet" and "The Battle of Cadet Prichard" are the best stories. They have unity of time, place, and character. "Two Soldiers" lacks unity of time, place, or character, and the plot falls flat towards the end. One is disappointed to find at the end only a contrast in the way two men die upon the field of battle. We think the plot of "A Fountain Pen's Confession" could have been treated in a more impressive manner. There are three things told in the account, with which the fountain pen was in no way connected.

We are greatly pleased with much of the January-February edition of *The King College Magazine*. "The Greater Victory" and "His Mother's Picture" are both excellent stories that sustain the interest to the last. "To Mother" is a beautiful and glowing tribute to the best friend any boy ever had. "The Spirit of Militarism" is a well-worded oration and contains "stuff." "An Interview With Adam" is weak. The poetry is lacking, both in quantity and quality. Let your poetically-inclined contributors mount the winged steed, Pegasus, and seek the goddess Muse. The spoils of such a chase are much needed in your columns.

The Washington and Lee organ has just six literary articles



in its list of contents—a healthy lot for such an institution as it represents. Two stories, two essays, and two short selections of verse comprises its complete list of contributions. If you take out the editorials and advertisements there wouldn't be enough left of the magazine to make a good mouse nest. The poets, essayists, and literary geniuses of your institution need waking up, Mr. Editor. Get busy, and give us more material in the future. Your paper, however, is not without merit of any sort. "The Cub" is a good, well-worked-out story, though a little precipitate towards the end. The author failed to dwell long enough on the crisis, but swept us off our feet by such a hasty and sudden proposal that it left us up in the air, and "The Redemption of Jim" would have been much better if it had been treated all the way through in the narrative style of the last half. The author falls down in trying to tell it in the dialect form of an old man. Your essays are good.

We gladly acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges, as well as those already mentioned: *The Chronicle*, *The Record*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *The Mercerian*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The X-Ray*, *The Messenger of Louisiana College*, *The Buff and Blue*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Tattler*, *The Carson-Newman Collegian*, *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *The Ouachita Ripples*, and others.

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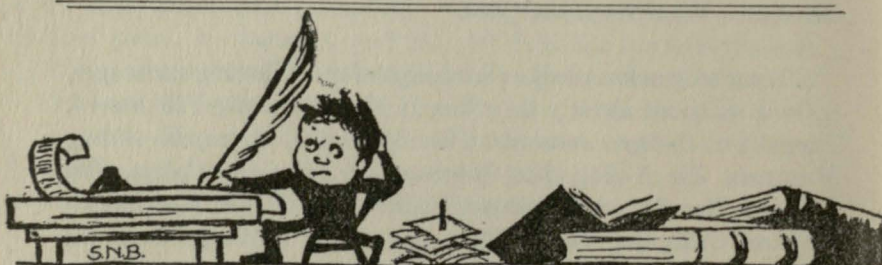
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## EDITORIAL.

The purpose of this article is to give, in a general way only, because necessarily so, an outline dealing with the main topics of particular interest in the Pageant.

### THE PAGEANT.

#### *Its Object and Place of Presentation.*

In the first place, let us say that the Pageant arranged at this time—the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Shakespeare—is an attempt to reproduce the life and activities of English men in the sixteenth century. And because of this one great essential fact, because of this one thought,



which it is hoped will pervade the minds of all—that we are living the fourth and fifth days of May in England as it was three hundred years ago—the campus grounds of the Greater Richmond College at Westhampton furnish the only *real* setting for the production of this wondrous spectacle. From a cultured and an educational point of view, the entire influence of surrounding would be severely lost if the attempt were made to present the Pageant elsewhere in the environs of Richmond. Our splendid buildings, that we scarce give the value they deserve, are constructed along the lines of the architecture of the sixteenth century. The topography of the situation is particularly lending in effect—the woods, the hills, the lake—all. Not among the least of the features of especial interest on the campus is the presence of the stadium. How wonderful the stadium and the athletic grounds will be for the witnessing and playing of the old-time jousts and tournaments.

#### *Management.*

The production of a Pageant of such scale and magnitude as this is anticipated to be is indeed a task of no small undertaking, and one which must needs be in capable hands. Richmond is fortunate in this respect. Dr. Ora Hatcher, of the Vocational Bureau, located in Richmond, is in entire charge of the Pageant. Rallying to her assistance and support are prominent men and women in Richmond. The management is divided into six parts, consisting of six committees: Dramatics Committee, Costume Committee, Finance Committee, Properties Committee, Transportation Committee, and Publicity Committee.

#### *The General Plan.*

Now to turn to a discussion of the main plan, and of a few facts of particular interest. In order that we may have a clear idea from the very beginning, we shall say that the Pageant proper is made up of two principal parts. The first part consists of six divisions, or, more exactly, of six groups, representing, alternately, the historical background centering around Elizabeth and her court and the life and work of Shakespeare. In other words, the first group in the procession is led by the coronation procession, followed by the prominent persons of the first decade

or two of Elizabeth's reign. The second group will represent the earlier life of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, 1564-1587, about contemporaneous with the preceding historical setting. The third group shifts to London, and has for the chief interest the defeat of the Armada—that is, the time is 1588, the event the procession of Queen Elizabeth to St. Paul's to render up thanks for the victory over the Armada. Tradition might include Shakespeare in this group, since he came to London in 1587, but, for historical accuracy, and to avoid the necessity of so many Shakespeares, a full discussion of Shakespeare in London is reserved for the fourth group. This fourth group will represent Shakespeare's active life in London, among the call boys at the theatre, among his actor friends, among his dramatist contemporaries. Shakespeare's life in London extended over a period of some twenty years, 1587-1611. For the fifth group the scene is now shifted to the court atmosphere—the funeral procession of Elizabeth, in 1603, and the immediate coronation procession of James I. The historic element is complete now, and again, in group six, we are back with Shakespeare at Stratford—Shakespeare, the retired, dignified citizen, his family and friends about him—date 1616.

The six groups, as we have said, make up the first great division of the Pageant plan. The second part can scarcely be described on paper. Picture, if you will, all the players of all the plays of Shakespeare, group them into their proper groups, and then you have it. And so we have the outline of the general conception of the Pageant.

#### *The First Group—Coronation Procession.*

Now, as a matter of interest, we shall try to give some idea of what shall be seen in each of these Pageant groups. The first, as we have said, is the coronation procession, including prominent figures for the first two or three decades. The procession begins with the entry of Elizabeth into London to be crowned, and the account of it will be taken from state records. The Queen will begin her march at Westhampton College, and the procession, including the Queen and her personal attendants, will wind down the hill towards the lake, as though coming from a



long journey. Elizabeth will here appear in a coach, attended by some forty or fifty persons, ladies and gentlemen, all historic characters. Historically, a delegation of noblemen were appointed to meet and attend Her Majesty as she entered London for the first time as Queen, and so, in the Pageant, this group of some thirty-odd noblemen, coming from a different direction, as though from London, will merge with the procession at the foot of the hill by the side of the lake. Here Her Majesty descends from the coach and is placed in a gorgeous litter. The coronation procession then begins. The remaining persons of this represent the year following the accession. So we see the twenty or more ladies of honor who were at the court and about London, the many earls, lords, barons, knights, serving men, gentlemen, heralds, the master of the rolls, lieutenant of the Tower, the master of the revels, the musicians (the list authentic), the lords spiritual, the bishops of London, dean of St. Paul's, the Commons (in robes), the speakers, the citizens, burgesses, the Lord Mayor, and twenty-six aldermen in scarlet robes, the sheriff, bailiff, constables, etc. (We must bear in mind that here, both in name and costume, in so far as it is possible, the characters will be historically accurate.) Not least among those who will be noticed will be the Puritans, few in numbers, who have not yet dared to assert themselves to their fullest. Another element in this first group will be the court ladies and gentlemen along in the 80's. Also here will come the twelve suitors of Elizabeth, prominent among them Philip II. of Spain, the Archduke of Austria, Charles IX. of France, the Prince of Sweden, the Earl of Leicester, and, conspicuous because of his dress, the Earl of Arran, from Scotland.

*Second Group—Early Years of Shakespeare at Stratford.*

Thus will the first group end, with its gorgeousness and display, and we shall be carried into the quiet, unpretentious atmosphere of Stratford-on-Avon. The second group will be headed by the parish clerk, bearing the parish register of Stratford Church, open at the page where the date of Shakespeare's baptism is inscribed, April 25, 1564. Shakespeare's father and mother are prominent here, the father being dressed in the scarlet robe of

bailiff or mayor. The twelve aldermen of Stratford will follow, likewise in scarlet robes. Not a few people have thought of the possibilities of having the Trustees of Richmond College to serve either in this capacity or as the twenty-six aldermen of London. Then there will be the town clerk, the constable, the clergyman of Stratford Church, the curate, and three school-masters, all of whose names are of historic knowledge. Also there will be a group of Shakespeare's Warwickshire contemporaries—Michael Drayton, at sixteen, etc. In some way the three traditions of Shakespeare's early years will be represented, probably by floats. The first is the visit of the Shakespeare family, along with other Stratford folk, to Kenilworth, 1575; Shakespeare aged 11. The second is known as the Bedford revellers. Shakespeare is pictured as a companion of the roistering crowd at Falcon Inn. The third of these would represent Shakespeare before Sir Thomas Lucy for deer-stealing. The last two would make particularly attractive floats. From tradition to fact, then we would see, as the last entrants in this second group—Shakespeare's early years—Shakespeare at eighteen, and his bride, Anne Hathaway, twenty-six, the two bondsmen for his marriage, the bishop of Worcester, Richard Burton, rector at Stratford. Accompanying these will be the large groups of attendants upon the semi-annual fair at Stratford—country people, farmers, shepherds, market women, milk-maids, flower sellers, children, acrobats, jugglers, ballad singers, owners of bears and cocks—in fact, a conglomerate, heterogeneous mob. The Morris dances will be represented here: The Faerie Queen group, the Robin Hood group, and the Queen of the May group.

*The Third Group—London, 1588.*

And so we leave Shakespeare, married in 1582, in Stratford. Again, in the third group, we return to London. The time is 1588. The news of the victory over the Spanish Armada has been received, and the third group represents the Queen in royal procession, on her way to St. Paul's to give thanks for the victory. Prominent in the procession will be the standards of the Dragon, of the Greyhound, of the Lion, of the Rouge Dragon, the standards of the Rouge Cross, banners of Cornwall, and those of Ireland



and Wales. The academic figures from Oxford and Cambridge will also appear here, all in academic gowns—the school-masters of note, the explorers, including Drake, Raleigh, and Hawkins, and the poets, Spenser, Harvey, and Daniel. The municipal governing element are also seen in this procession, likewise country gentlemen, wealthy merchants, their wives and daughters, and, as always, a crowd of beggars, pensioners, tinkers, etc. That this procession may be more realistic, the plan is, as the whole Pageant procession makes its way around the lake and across the bridge, that this third group shall continue straight toward the north to the library building, which shall serve as St. Paul's. The Pageant procession continues around the lake, across the bridge, and up the road between the two men's dormitories, on to the stadium, at which place the Queen, upon her arrival in "London," will be entertained by jousts, tournaments, games, etc. A charming idea, isn't it?

*Fourth Group—Shakespeare in London.*

And now we are come to the fourth group of the long procession, this attempting to represent Shakespeare's life in London. The three sub-groups of note in this main part will be Shakespeare's London friends—the first, the Mountjoy family; the second, Shakespeare's fellow actors; the third, Shakespeare's fellow dramatists. There are portraits of about one-half of these men, and they may thus be represented very accurately. Among the actors we shall see Richard Burbage, walking around as though he had stepped from his picture-frame. Most interesting it will be to see Ben Jonson walking before our very eyes, as though he yet lived in the flesh. Accompanying the central figures of this group will be also charity scholars begging, quack doctors showing decided signs of quackery, English and foreign sailors, working-men's guilds in full holiday regalia, Irishmen and Scotchmen, various kinds of peddlars, fortune-tellers, gallants a-horseback, foot-boys, French lackeys, etc.

*Fifth Group—Funeral Procession of Queen.*

Very different will be the atmosphere of the fourth group from that of the following fifth group. Shakespeare is still in London,

The time is 1603. The Queen, after a long and eventful reign of forty-five years, has died, and her funeral procession is passing before our very eyes. It will be impossible to give here the long list of personages in the funeral procession. Suffice it to say that the persons arranged as they will be in the Pageant were not so arranged in their place and order in the actual funeral procession of the great Queen three hundred years ago. The group will present a sumptuousness, a display, a grandeur, a royalty unequalled, yet all veiled in an atmosphere of dignity, quiet, and sadness.

*Coronation Procession of James I.*

But such is the way of the world, and fast following the funeral procession of Elizabeth, the last of the Tudor sovereigns, comes the coronation procession of James I., King of England, the first of the line of Stuart Kings. Glory, grandeur, and display are in the procession, the heralds, all the proper people in their proper places, the officers of the Crown, the municipal authorities, the nobility, the clergy, the bishops, the pensioners, etc. The Puritans this time will figure in larger numbers, with John Milton, a boy of eight years, among them. Nine actors from Shakespeare's company are in the procession, distinguished by their scarlet cloaks or capes. The Queen, in royal purple robe, accompanies the King, her husband, and is attended by her ladies-of-honor and ladies-in-waiting.

*Sixth Group—Shakespeare Retired at Stratford.*

We are done now with the history which is vital to the period in which we are most interested at this time, and in 1616 we are back with Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. This forms the sixth and last group of the history and the life of the period. We see now Shakespeare retired to his old home. He is yet but fifty-two. His daughter, Susannah, at thirty-three, with her husband, Dr. Hall, and daughter Judith, at thirty-one, with her husband, Thomas Quincey; the Stratford friends, John Camber, William Camber, Francis Colliers, John Robinson, Hamlet Ladloe, and Robert Whatcott are the only figures in this last quiet, brief group.



*Dramatics.*

And then the first part of the great Pageant procession has passed on. The second part, as we have said, will include all the players of all the plays of Shakespeare. It is true that the attempt is being made to have as many groups here as there are plays of Shakespeare. This distinction must be made, however. All of the play groups will appear in the procession, but only those selected by the committee as plausible for the presentation of certain scenes will take what we may denominate a "speaking" part. That is to say that at periods of the day set aside for the purpose certain acts and scenes from certain plays will be presented.

*Conclusion.*

It is impossible to state just now what the other features of the Pageant will be, and we are not to assume that the account of the procession given above is accurate in detail. However, we have a vision somewhat of boat stalls, of booths, of inns, of Anne Hathaway's cottage, of peddlars, of quaint costumes, of the sounds and noises of the streets, and of a thousand unusual things. In other words, the site chosen for the presentation of the Shakespearean Pageant must prove to all a veritable bit of England, a veritable bit of England as it was in the days of the great man, of the great dramatist, William Shakespeare, of whose death the city of Richmond will, during the first week in May, 1916, celebrate the three hundredth anniversary.



## EXCHANGES.

*Emily Gardner, '18.*

The February number of *The Brenau Journal* was the Freshman number, for "every dog has his day," and, though a Freshman number, it was good. "Mandy Comes

*The Brenau Journal.* "Thu" was an amusing sketch of the subtle cunning of a negro woman to seek revenge on another of her sex under the guise of

religion. Mandy wanted a new hat, which Miss Nell had promised her, to wear to a revival, but, through some misunderstanding, one of her neighbors had gained the treasure before Mirandy. She thereupon determined to ruin the glorious creation, and managed to do so in her nervous excitement at the revival. The atmosphere was good, typifying the wild disorder and confusion of a negro meeting. "Water-Lilies," though a love story, and, consequently, emotional, was not so tiresome as the average love story is. The story was fairly well handled, the time being that when the Plymouth Colony was founded. There was left some doubt in the mind of the reader as to the probability of a water-lily blossom being kept for a year, and through such vicissitudes, and yet living when planted later. While the morals of "Polly Carrington, Freshman," were liable to question, yet one was forced to admire the splendid formation and accomplishment of her plans. Probably a Sophomore would deny the existence of such brilliancy in a Freshman's head. The story was written in the form of a play—shall we say, in a letter. The style was free and easy, carrying one along with its flow. The essays were not so good. Evidently the writers of "A Voice from the Heights" and "The Story of a Student Movement" had not been much concerned in getting material for their essays. The reader would



not have gained much information from them. However, there were several interesting personal opinions thrown in.

*The Wells College Chronicle* for February "starred," as we might say, in several ways. The essay on "Strindberg" would so arouse the reader's interest in the man and his personality that he at once would desire to become further acquainted with him. The writer did not recount the history of Strindberg's life, but brought out more the species of plots that he used, and his character as displayed through them. The essay was full of rich, interesting material. The short-story, "Intermezzo," laid in ancient Rome, imitated the dignified, elevated style in which the stories of those days are written. This was well sustained throughout. Probably it would have been better if the introduction had been more condensed, thus leaving out some of the unnecessary characters there introduced, which, more or less, detracted from the main plot. "Guilt," in imitation of the Russian writers, was another excellent story. The rough, short sentences were well used, and the wild, cold atmosphere well depicted. The repetition of the name "Sarator" caused rather much difficulty for the tongue at times. The title was too trite for the story. The poetry was particularly good.

In contrast to the story, "Intermezzo," in *The Wells College Chronicle*, above mentioned, was "Mona," in *The Winthrop Journal*. Though laid in the same place, ancient Rome, the atmosphere of "Mona" was not so good. The same style was not used. Both brought out the cruelty and brutal instincts of the day, in one ("Intermezzo") that of the woman, in the other ("Mona") the man. The first was the better. The vocabulary was wider. "The Modern Juggernaut" was an argument against war. The expense, the uselessness, the waste, and the horror, with other phases, were brought out, yet there was nothing particularly fresh in it. War and its follies have been so much written on that if one is not able to find something new, or arrange the material in some more forceful way,

an essay on it is inclined to be tedious. There are two things to be careful of in writing essays—write for the one who does not know anything on the subject selected, and, at the same time, interest and inform the reader who does know something. “Macaulay’s Theory of Poetry” was rather brief, and not much individuality was shown by the writer.

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