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SONNET TO LOVE.

J. W. G., '18.

O, Love, that thralls the wills, the souls of men,
That tosses them as Winter's blasts the sea;
You strive, and find, unguarded hearts to rend,
And, weakened thus, you draw them all to thee.

Within thy throes I feel thy magic spell

That takes me captive ere I am aware;

Within thy grasp, as in a Stygian cell,

The flesh is marr'd, thy strength alone is there.

Yet such a strength! O, Love, thou over Soul,

Thou Breath of God, thou Innate Spark Divine,

But fill this heart—these eyes once let behold—

And all, O, Love, that's mine, is truly thine,

And all that's thine, I would but have it be

The counterpart, the inner-self of me.

HAMLET, A DRAMA OF HISTORY.

Max Glass, '18.

HUNDREDS of writers have attacked the puzzle of Hamlet; generation after generation has wrestled with the problem, and "has deposited within the soul of Hamlet" the sum total of its efforts. The solution has always been sought in the inherent character of the hero, treated abstractly, and not in relation to the historical development and evolution of man. The historical view-point sheds light upon many riddles, and its application to Hamlet is at least interesting, since it stresses certain characteristics which are rarely emphasized. The following bits of criticism are chosen from the works of the late Jacob Gordin, who was probably the greatest Jewish dramatist. I am here giving the substance of Gordin's remarks, partly freely translated from the original Yiddish and partly paraphrased.

All the world is a stage, upon which history is presenting the drama of the human soul, its struggles, sorrows, ambitions, and emancipation. Each epoch of history is only one act of this great world-drama, and marks a transition point in human life, for it represents the eternal striving of the human mind toward freedom and independence. The hero of each act is a mighty sceptic, a mythical, philosophical champion, an inspired revolutionist, a protestant, who typifies the dissatisfaction of weak humanity, who seeks to defend it against the will of a fate, and arouses it from its passive coma to a state of unhindered activity.

The first great soldier in the war for human freedom is the divine Prometheus, who waged an unequal and tragic war against the relentless gods, the representatives of blind authority. He took from the heavens the fire of the deities and gave it to suffering mankind—the fire which has created science, art, and industry. The curtain falls—Father Time shifts the scenes; the curtain rises, and a new hero bestrides the stage—Job, the afflicted philosopher. The Jewish spirit, too, has created a sceptic

tic—not a demi-god Prometheus, free though chained, strong though tortured, proud though miserable, but a human being, smitten with leprosy, a wretched father, robbed of his offspring, a beggar who had once been rich, but, withal, hero enough to question the Deity.

Two acts of the world-drama are over, and now comes another, Hamlet, the pale philosopher in the funereal mantle. Hamlet—that is the awakened doubt of the weakened catholic Christianity; that is the ever-questioning Job, who has taken up his abode in the Christian world, and has remained silent for fifteen centuries; that is the eternal Jewish spirit, which has roamed about in the guise of a monk, and has clashed with the soul of Greece. Amelioration of the material condition of man and interest in the physical world, those are the Greek tendencies. The Christian-Jewish emphasis rests upon the moral universe and the inner constitution of the human species. Hamlet thus typifies the conflict between the objective and the subjective tendencies of human thought. It represents the psychic condition of the entire Christian sphere at the moment when Athens rises to challenge the temporary supremacy of Jerusalem; when the ghost of the buried past appears before the living present, and the spirit of Doubt wakes from its stupor and finds expression in "Humanism."

The X-rays of Shakespeare's genius have secured a photograph of the hidden soul of humanity, and this psychological study he has called Hamlet. Shakespeare has depicted not the man, but the human; not the causes, but the effects; not the individual, but the hero; not personality, but character; not a part, but the whole; not a separate province of human life, but its all-embracing Cosmos.

Whereof does the tragedy of Hamlet's life consist? The specter of his dead father affrights him; the shadow of the past haunts his dreams. The past summons him to activity, but he is paralyzed—the dead past only raises within him an echo whose reality he later doubts. Hamlet's sojourn upon the stage is full of pain, which is the result of thinking. As long as he refrained from thought he had faith, and in his faith he found a solace and a refuge. But then he began to think, and inevitably doubt

gnawed like a canker worm at his brain. Scepticism poisoned Hamlet's soul, but it opened the mind of a Francis Bacon.

For centuries the European world lay steeped in darkness; thought slumbered, and the spirit of freedom, like Prometheus of old, was chained to a mountain of dead dogmas; man, the individual, was suppressed, and robbed of will-power; like a puppet, he moved about on the stage, blindly subject to a mysterious, inexorable fate. The God of Love had become a jealous and a vengeful Lord. The Catholic Church had fashioned an aristocratic deity, an uncompromising authority, a feudal master, in place of the Father of the poor, the wretched, and the oppressed. But the ashes of scepticism were still smouldering. The power of thought may be kept under subjection for a thousand years by the reactionary forces of darkness, but it can never be destroyed. Mankind never forgets how to think. Doubt ever awakes to ask: Why are things as they are? And must they ever be so?

Hamlet doubts the material existence of all phenomena. "Doubt that the stars are fire, doubt that the sun doth move, doubt truth to be a liar!" His gross senses inform him that the stars *are* fire, and that the sun *doth* move, but are not his perceptions really wrong? Is not everything that he regards as truth only masked falsehood or deception? Like patient Job, he asks: What is it that compels us "to grunt and sweat under a weary life"? Only the dread of something after death.

And what is man after death? The head of poor Yorick, whose jests once "set the table on a roar," has become a disgusting two-holed bone. Alexander, the king of a nut-shell, who counted himself ruler of infinite space, has turned into lowly dust that is not one whit more noble than the remains of any common specimen of mankind. The grasping merchant, who accumulated vast stretches of land during his brief sojourn upon the stage, now occupies only a narrow strip of worthless earth. The king, stout and well fed, and the beggar, half starved and worn—both are only two different courses served at the same table, two choice dainties for one and the same worm. The whole world is a dungeon, and every man is a prisoner; there is no freedom of the will or the understanding.


Oh, friend Horatio, many, many things are there on earth which philosophy is unable to explain or the mind of man to define. What is the love, the promise of woman like Gertrude, or what is the beauty, the virtue of maid like Ophelia? What is friendship but a tool of extortion and what is fortune but a fawning prostitute? What is life or what is the purpose of life? What is the world's moral order and what is the world itself? What is the bright sun, if its rays can breed maggots in the carrion wallowing in the dust? Only one question remains: Where is the faith which promises heavenly reward to the good and hell tortures to the guilty? Where is that religion which, for fifteen centuries had taught the Hamlets not to contemplate vengeance; which had taught man to forgive, to love his enemies, and to leave revenge to a power which is not human, but resides afar off in the heavens? Where is the God of vengeance, who stands prepared to punish iniquity even unto the fourth generation of them that transgress His commandments?

Yes, Hamlet has begun to think, and no longer has the old faith. No longer will a Hamlet leave revenge to the might of a heaven. Already he understands that man must take upon himself the duty of punishing and eradicating the evil, the cruelty, and the injustice of this world. He understands his task, he desires to accomplish it, he is passively willing, but he is impotent to bring it about. The time is out of joint. Hamlet falls—the Reaper's scythe has cut down another hero of humanity, and his last words are about death. The rest is silence.

Yes, the curtain falls, and immediately the shifting of the scenery begins. The noble heart of a martyr-sceptic beats no longer, but do you hear the sound of the drum? Fortinbras! That drum-beat is announcing the advent of a new company of actors, who are destined to perform another act of the huge world-drama upon the stage of history. A new age is coming—the Renaissance!

FATHER.

Susie Blair, '18.

“ATHER!”

The bang of a screen door was followed by hurried footsteps along the back hall, then the frantic fumbling for a door-knob, which yielded at last.

Dr. Gordon looked up from his medical journal, and bit his bearded lip with slight annoyance, as a troubled face and fair tousled head met his gaze, the owner bearing in both arms the blood-stained form of an over-grown terrier, obviously injured in some way. At a respectful distance, caused more from fear than respect in these particular surroundings, a little negro boy, with an expression indicative of the seriousness of the occasion, followed as far as the study door-sill.

“Oh, father, do look quick—what Fritzie’s done to his foot! Henry Clay found him trying to get home.”

Henry Clay, desirous of his share in the situation, forgot himself so far as to venture a remark: “Sumpin musta runned over ’im,” and then sank back into obscurity.

The patient in question was placed tenderly on the crex rug at the feet of the doctor, who glanced down at him over his glasses, without even putting aside his paper. The little dog trembled with pain, and looked up piteously into the faces bent over him. The fact that he was bought by an adoring uncle, from an advertisement, for a thoroughbred, and proved, on his arrival, to have a decided vein of hound blood, made him, after three years, none the less beloved by his present owner; nor was Fritzie himself one atom less proud and faithful because of his missing pedigree, and the humiliating loss of plugs of hair, for which complaint no remedy seemed to exist. His little black nose had ever been on a level with his master’s shoe-tops, and his mood always sympathetic. They seemed never troubled with diverse emotions; when the one ran in breathless, the other panted along with protruding tongue; if one was tired, the other measured his foot-

steps accordingly; if one wanted to go out and play ball, the other never failed to add a drooping ear and downcast look to the request for permission.

Mrs. Gordon had remarked one day to her husband that she believed Kenneth and Fritzie were one soul. The only response she received was the turning of a page in the medical journal. The word *soul* when applied to Fritzie meant about as much to Dr. Gordon as the ashes which he knocked from his cigar with his long, professional middle finger, and was a subject to which he gave about as much thought as Henry Clay gave to the fourth dimension.

This afternoon the silence of the little group in the study was broken by Kenneth's voice again:

"You can do something for him, can't you, father? You always can," in tones of utmost confidence.

Dr. Gordon glanced, for the shadow of a second, down into the eyes of his son, who knelt on the floor beside his little maimed companion—eyes that, had they belonged to a maiden, a poet would have called violet, but being in the head of a normal boy of ten years, one simply designated dark blue.

"Hand me that bottle, Kenneth—no, don't pull up the shade, the sun pours in that window mercilessly—the only bottle on the table by the door."

Kenneth obeyed, touching everything in his reach, finally to arrive at the right one and place it in his father's hands, watching earnestly his every movement.

"What is that, father?"

"Something so powerful that if he breathed enough of it he would never know what became of him."

The older man held the bottle a moment between his fingers, and hesitated. The words "painless," "kind," crept into his mind, only to be thrust back as he gave another scrutinizing glance at the anatomy of the little creature before him, and drew his lids together grimly.

The bottle was put back in its place on the table by the door.

"He'll live on indefinitely, but never be any more good to you—never walk again probably. See here, Kenneth," as a low moan escaped the lips of the child kneeling on the floor, "take

him away now and put him somewhere for to-night; I am very busy."

"And then you can help him from hurting?" tremblingly, with bravely blinking eyelids, it was asked.

The door leading into the laboratory shut sharply, and the two little boys were left alone in the study to bear away the other member of their trio, and seek Mrs. Gordon's help in procuring a box from the store-room and converting it into a bed with a sack mattress. After the poor suffering Fritzie was safely fixed in a sheltered spot under the low eaves of the ice-house, which stood on the far side of the lawn, they sat down with hands clasped about their knees, talking in serious tones, or tossing rocks down the side of the hill, to hear them splash in the pond at the bottom. Ball was impossible to Kenneth, and the wigwam down by the garden fence did not afford the usual amusement. He wandered like a lost soul in and out of the kitchen and back porch, doing everything and doing nothing.

The only thing he could think of to make the afternoon worse was for it to be Sunday. He hated Sunday, when he had to spend an hour after dinner, added to Sunday-school, in studying the lesson for a week in advance. He had caused his mother many a sigh of discouragement because of his un-Sabbath-like frame of mind and her fruitless attempts at setting forth the beauty of the Sermon on the Mount. He usually ended this hour by a long series of unanswerable questions on the universe in general and things not religious.

Just such a series of questions was upstirring the interior of his head now as he sat on the edge of the back step and watched Henry Clay do his "night's work" under Martha's supervision. Martha, the mother as well as the supervisor of the worker, had formed an important part of the Gordon household ever since Kenneth was born. She was cracking ice for supper, and humming softly to herself something about the day of judgment and the eternal shore. Kenneth loved to suck the little splinters of ice that fell from her pan as she pounded vehemently.

"Martha," he said thoughtfully, "had you rather hurt on for a long, long time, and then die just plain so, or for somebody nice and kind to put you to sleep, and you'd never wake up?"

Martha didn't feel like talking, and she nearer grumbled than said, "Lawd knows don' nobody want to die nohow at dis here place; fear'd ev'y day I might get 'sperimented on d'out dyin' atall."

He turned to ask her meaning, but she had disappeared in the dining-room to set the table.

Supper was also uninteresting, in spite of pink jelly and milk in his favorite glass. Dr. Gordon did not speak once during the meal—not that that was anything unusual, however—and hurried to the laboratory as soon as it was over. Mrs. Gordon was the same—she always was, but Kenneth seemed unable either to eat or talk, although he made repeated efforts.

It was still very light when supper was over, so one last trip must be made to the ice-house, the five hundredth trip within a few hours, to carry Fritzie a drink of water in a baking-powder box top, which receptacle Martha gave up reluctantly, and grew very cross when water was spilled on her clean-swept floor. Nothing made Martha crosser than having water spilled after she had swept.

"'Tain't no use to carry nothin' to that dawg," she muttered; "he'll be cut up by inches same as a potater, while he still live, and den put in a bottle on dat lab'atory mantelpiece."

The whole tin of water this time dropped in the middle of the floor, and Kenneth stood before her, wild-eyed and aghast.

"What you talking 'bout!" he fairly cried; "my father cures everything!"

"Cures um wid a knife—don eben kill um." But Martha saw she had gone too far; she was frightened at the effect her words had on the child; his eyes flashed fire as he screamed at her, "It's not so! I hate you!" and fled from the room.

Mrs. Gordon had been calling for an hour; it was Kenneth's bedtime, and he was nowhere to be found; she was much surprised by his final stealthy appearance, with grimy hands and a dripping brow. When questioned as to his whereabouts he only replied with averted face, "Down by the wigwam." After the light was out, and she came in to tell him good-night, he rested his head a moment against the soft lace on her shoulder, and asked the same question that he had asked Martha about dying. Mrs.

Gordon guessed that he referred to the dog, and replied that to put a suffering creature to sleep without pain was kinder, she thought. She dared not carry the subject farther, but left him to go to sleep. He did not; he could not; once the telephone rang, and he could hear Dr. Gordon's voice answer. He caught the words specimen, dog, case, cut, experiment, heart-beat," but he could not connect them. Was the world coming to an end? The ceiling, walls, stars, everything seemed to come crashing in on him. It could not be true; the childish mind reasoned as best it could without definite knowledge of details; such a thing could not possibly exist. With limbs sprawled over the covers he lay motionless, but it seemed an aeon until 12 o'clock and the house grew still.

The August moon cast a pale glow in the laboratory windows, lighting up its furnishings of apparatus, instruments, and specimens, as the door moved softly and a figure in night drawers crept through.

In all his life Kenneth had never entered that door before; he was afraid—it was so curious, and smelled so funny; but the thing which turned him sick at heart was the long white table, with a knife, and, yes—his eyes were not deceiving him—the cut body of some kind of an animal, he could not tell what, he did not care what. On a chair close by hung his father's white coat. Then it was true; this was where every hour of father's time was spent; this was what he taught the boys in the big brick college; this was the kind of great doctor he was; this was what made him great.

With a smothered cry of fear the child ran back into the study, and threw himself face downward on the floor. All he knew was that it was something horribly true—something horribly unworthy of father.

Then he remembered—yes, he could feel it in the half-light—the only bottle on the table near the door.

The next thing was to wake Henry Clay. The back door latch yielded to his trembling fingers, and he stood outside in the white, white moonlight. His bare feet made no sound on the board walk which led to a little shed at the back of the house, and he lowered his voice to a hoarse stage whisper.

"Henry Clay! Aw, Henry Clay!"

The call had to be repeated many times before that individual turned over, rubbing his eyes sleepily, and it was not until he had been shaken vigorously and half dragged across the yard that he realized the situation, and remembered that he had been warned of this.

The ice-house cast a thick black shadow, entirely covering the box under the corner of its eaves, but no light was needed to guide those accustomed footsteps.

"Henry Clay, you go up there and hold this bottle to Fritzie's nose; go on, I tell you."

The little negro, always obedient, obeyed this time, as usual, while his master crouched down on a brick at some distance off, and buried his head in both hands. In spite of the sultry night he shivered uncontrollably. The minutes seemed hours, and it was so still; the lonesome croon of frogs down by the pond and an occasional dropping acorn were the only sounds that broke the night silence.

"Dear God, don't let him holler," was all Kenneth could think until the faithful Henry Clay called:

"He's daid now, I 'clare he is; he went to sleep jes' ez easy." Then he breathed a sigh of relief, and whispered, "Come on, Henry."

One took hold of each end of the box, Kenneth with tight-closed eyes, and the little procession moved through the garden gate and down to the corner nearest the wigwam, where a great hole had been dug in the soft-plowed earth. It was this hole that was occupying all the minutes from supper until bed-time.

Kenneth could not make up his mind to look until the box had been lowered in its place, which, fortunately, was big enough, and the first layer of dirt thrown in and packed down. He patted the ground all around as tenderly as if it had been the head of his darling, and tried to keep Henry Clay from seeing the tears which would fall in spite of all his efforts.

The grave satisfactorily completed, with a final loving pat, he turned, and, without looking backward, made his way to the house.

The moon was sinking, and the trees cast long shadows across the grass. His world seemed shattered; he felt something he had

never felt before—beside his sorrow, an awful shrinking from the man he called father.

The door scraped slightly, and the stair creaked, but nobody heard; all was quiet; nobody but the moon saw him spring into bed and wind the cover around him; nobody but his pillow heard a great heaving sob.

SONNET.

Albert C. Cheetham, '18.

For just one glimpse of thy sweet face I yearn,
 My heart is filled with longing for thee, dear;
 Unbidden thoughts of thee spring up and burn,
 And glow within my breast; an image clear
 Of thee upon my heart I seal and sear.
 It haunts and grieves, yet pleases me alway,
 And oft I fancy your soft tones I hear
 On springtime winds, borne at the close of day.
 Thy suppliant let me be, and may I lay
 Upon the altar of thy heart, my love.
 I long for thee; oh, do not turn away,
 But let me worship at thy shrine and prove
 What written lines may never fully show,
 And earth for me will be a heaven below.

THE TOWSIE TYKE.

Ralph R. Chappell, '19.

WHILE wandering about the highlands of Scotland, in order to avoid the bailiffs of England, in the year 17—, I happened, late one afternoon, to spy a little inn, whose picturesqueness was increased ten-fold by my hunger and weariness. I stepped into the little room with a feeling of infinite pleasure, and seated myself before the fire to thaw out a bit.

"A' weel, laddie, and ye may have come from England, eh?" said the laird.

"Yes," said I, "direct, and I wasted no time about it."

"Ye maun ha' been fechtin', laddie, ye ha' a sair cut in that cheek."

I assented wearily, and ordered a good, stiff drink, which he brought forthwith.

"Ye maun ha' dirled your weepoon about i' him a bit too much, laddie," said he, by way of re-opening the conversation.

"Yes, I killed him," I replied shortly.

"Th' diel! That's unco bad! Are ye sicker?" he persisted.

"Yes, quite sure," I returned.

Just then his further inquiries were cut short by the arrival of another customer. This man was tall, exceeding tall—and strongly built. His features were strong and regular, with high cheek-bones, piercing eyes, and the whole rimmed with a great, black shaggy beard and hair. On his head was a bonnet with a great eagle feather sticking therein. He was clad in kilts and tartans, and over his shoulder was a plaid, fastened by a gold brooch. At his side hung a brutally heavy broadsword, and in his belt a great dirk was stuck.

"Black Dõnal'! And ye are back?" exclaimed mine host.

"Back I am, and will stay. Bring me something to drink, I'm unco drouthy, mon. Speed! Dinna stand staring like a fool. Speed ye dolt!" he bawled

Thus exhorted, the host made great haste to fill a cup for this

worthy. The new arrival drank it at a single gulp, and called, "More." Three brimming bumpers having satisfied him, he withdrew, and sat alone in a corner, grum, grouchy, and self-contained.

"Roderick will be marryin' Mary next Sunday, Donal'," said the host.

"The diel, mon! Ye lyin', snivelin', dirty tyke! Ye promised me! Ye lied! Dinna ye lie? Speak mon!" he bawled.

"No. She wouldna ha' ye, Donal'. She wouldna be forever runnin' fra' the law wi' ye, mon."

"Runnin'! I'm na runnin'!"

"A weel, ye did run."

"I came back."

"Ye may run again!"

"I'll brak your neck for that—"

Here another entered—a youngish man, less heavily built than Donald. He was handsome, and wore the plaid with the air of a king. His bonnet sat jauntily upon his head, and at his side was buckled a beautifully-wrought sword—much more beautiful than mine, although I had cause to boast of the workmanship on my blade.

"Gude nicht, a braw nicht, Malcolm," he said, addressing the host. "Where's Mary?"

"Gude nicht, Roderick, gude nicht, son. Mary ha' gone to town, Roderick, with the mother. She maun ha' pretty things for the weddin', laddie."

During this dialogue half a dozen new arrivals had put in their appearance, and now mine host was kept busy supplying his thirsty neighbors. These people met often, and the meetings were joyous, for they were brother clansmen.

We were merry for a while, till Donald began to get a little tipsy. All had welcomed him, for none loved the laird on the hill, who had driven him away for poaching. However, he now began to get insulting.

"A weel, Roderick, ye ha' stolen Mary while I was awa'. Ye're a—a—" Here his utterance was too thick to be understood, and his voice trailed away. Then he started leeringly. "Ye ha'—ha' poached on my land, diel tak' ye. Ye are a thief. More thief than I, ye are."

"If ye hadna been a thief and a skellum, ye wad ha' had your chance."

Donald started up, and the great claymore swished from the scabbard. Roderick could not draw in time. I drew and rushed to interpose, but I had little hopes of stopping that mass of descending steel with my light bauble of a sword. I mentally declared one wedding off, when suddenly there was a howl, almost a shriek. Donald tumbled forward all in a heap, and the sword flew from his hands. Slowly from under this mass of man and plaid something squirmed. It was a dog!

"The tyke! The towsie tyke! Donal' ha' stumbled over the tyke!" they exclaimed. It was true, and Donald, rubbing his head, and quite sobered, sat up.

"Ye tripped me?" he asked, quizzically.

"No, I ha' not," said Roderick.

"Ye are a liar, a snivelin', blubberin' liar," he shot back.

"Wad ye fecht about it, mon? If ye wad, I'll nae be slow," returned Roderick.

"Nae fechtin', lads. We'll decide it wi' the pipes," said Malcolm, mine host.

The pipes were brought forthwith, and tune after tune, played alternately by the contestants, followed. However, one won as much applause as the other. Suddenly Roderick broke into the pibroch. A hush pervaded all. The pipes called joyfully, backed by the deep tone of the drones. Have you ever heard a real piper play? Thrills ran through me. I felt as if I could have whipped the world single-handed. No wonder these Scotchmen can fight, backed by such music. Now the pipes screamed wildly, madly. The crowd swayed, and Donald's eyes lighted with a softer fire. Excitement ran higher and higher. One could almost feel the battle, the strokes, and see the glens and marshes, and hear the thunder of the waterfalls, as these pipes spoke. Then, amid a thunder of applause, it ended. Roderick had won.

"Ye are a fine boy, Roderick, a fine laddie. She is yours, the bonnie lassie, and ye ha' won her fair. I could *luve* ye for the tune, lad. She ha' picked the right man!" So saying, Black Donald took Roderick's hand, and then, turning abruptly, strode away into the night, forever.

But Roderick turned and patted the head of the "towsie tyke."

ELIZABETH AND HER COURTSHIPS.

Mary Clay, '18.

IN 1558 Elizabeth, at the age of twenty-five, came to be Queen of England. In this new position she was to face tremendous and perilous problems. She, however, was endowed with a rare and contradictory nature. From her mother she inherited vanity and uncertainties of temper; from her father she received a certain irresistible charm of manner, imperiousness and tact; and from both together received their unscrupulousness. A Venetian minister, in speaking of her said: "She is as beautiful in mind as she is in body, though her countenance is rather pleasing from its expression than beautiful. She is large and well made, her complexion clear, and of an olive tint; her eyes are fine, and her hands, on which she prides herself, small and delicate. She has excellent genius, with much address and self-command. In her temper she is haughty and imperious."

It was natural that all the marriageable princes and potentates of Europe were seized, one after another, with a desire to share the English throne. They tried all means to win her consent. They sent her ship-loads of the most expensive presents. Also some of the nobles of her own country expended their vast estates and reduced themselves to poverty in vain attempts to please her. Elizabeth loved these attentions. They pleased and gratified her vanity.

Only one month after his wife's death, Philip II. of Spain sent Count de Feria on a mission. This mission to England proved to be that Philip was offering himself in marriage to Elizabeth. This came in January, 1559. Philip flattered himself that Elizabeth, whatever her wishes, would recognize her weakness, lean for support on him and his friends, and, by a convenient marriage, be secured to the Catholic confederacy. With his offer came the terms under which he would be accepted. Elizabeth must be a true Catholic; she could obtain a dispensation from the Pope for the marriage. Philip was to be allowed to visit Spain whenever he deemed it necessary for the interest of that king-

dom. The issue of the marriage should not inherit the Netherlands.

Elizabeth received the offer of Philip's hand in a most gracious manner. De Feria was royally entertained at the court. At first appearances things seemed to be just what Philip would wish. However, Elizabeth realized how inveterately hated he was by the people, and she was desirous of being popular. Count de Feria was kept dangling at court for some length. Count de Feria, during his sojourn in England, wrote to Philip, saying that "he could not deal with a woman whose humours were so uncertain, and who was surrounded by advisors too blind and stupid to comprehend their situation." After the peace of Cambrésis with France, Elizabeth declined Philip's offer by saying that he was a Catholic, and the connection could not, on that account, be agreeable to the English people; however, she wished them to continue the same friendly relations as their ancestors had done. Elizabeth realized that if she married the Catholic Philip she would be effectually undermining her own rights to the throne.

Later, in 1559, Parliament met, and sent a petition asking Elizabeth to marry, for the peace of the future. She again received another petition from Parliament, after she came near dying with smallpox, asking her to marry, or say who should succeed to the throne. She answered these petitions, saying that she appreciated their interest, but she wished to have on her tombstone, "Here lies a Queen that reigned so long, and lived and died a virgin."

In this same year Parliament passed the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity, which caused Count de Feria to write Philip, and say that England was lost and Elizabeth lost unless she was checked. There was nothing to save her except an immediate marriage to some prince or nobleman in the Spanish interests. He wrote, "The more I reflect on this business the more clearly I see that all will turn on the husband which this woman will choose." Then Philip recommended his cousin Charles, the Austrian Archduke, son of the Emperor Ferdinand. At first this offer was declined by the Queen without hesitation, but in 1565 circumstances arose which caused the negotiations to be

resumed, this time with a prospect of success. Charles' qualifications were seriously discussed. As soon as Mary, Queen of the Scots, announced her approaching nuptials with Darnley, then Elizabeth replied that she desired to keep herself free until she had finally decided on the answer to be given to the King of France, who had also offered her his hand. When Charles was sent for he came, so that Elizabeth might see him, for she would take no one on the strength of his picture. Charles was not over-wise, and he had an extraordinarily big head, "bigger than the Earl of Bedford's."

The Scotch Reformation began in the year 1559, and now Elizabeth found herself confronted by this difficulty. The Protestant faction looked to England for support, and the Catholic faction looked to France. "The lords of the congregation invoked the protection of Elizabeth." They wished her to marry the Earl of Arran, so that she and Arran might rule England and Scotland jointly. Arran was the son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and heir-presumptive to the Scottish crown. Elizabeth saw many reasons why she should not accept Arran—there was France, and interferences in Scotland had always proved disastrous; then this match might irritate Philip. Nevertheless Arran came to be looked upon. He was a very poor specimen, at times even he was not quite right in his mind. Elizabeth found him an impossible husband, but settled the Scotland question by the Treaty of Edinburgh.

Not many months of the new reign passed before it began to be suspected that Elizabeth's partiality for Lord Robert Dudley had something to do with her evident distaste for all other suitors. To her ministers and the public this partiality for a married man became a cause of great disquietude. Robert Dudley was the son of the Duke of Northumberland. He was an exceedingly elegant and accomplished courtier. The Queen seemed to encourage him to aspire to her future favors by appointing him to the office of Master of the Horse. His personal graces were sufficiently striking to dazzle the eyes and charm the heart of the Queen. Whether Elizabeth's affection was of friendship or love is a subtle question; anyway we know that he was a favorite. Dudley was just about Elizabeth's own age. About this time oc-

curred the very sudden and singular death of Leicester's wife, Amy Robsart, who was not at court, but at his home, called Cunnor House. Suspicion was in every one's mind that Amy had been murdered, in the vain hopes of Leicester in becoming afterward the husband of Elizabeth. The people of England had hated Leicester, and now they hated him more. "He, however, grew more and more intimate with the Queen, and everybody feared that he would be her husband."

At one time Elizabeth recommended him to Mary, Queen of Scotland, for a husband. At first Mary refused, but, at length, when Mary, in order to test her sincerity, seemed inclined to yield, Elizabeth retreated in her turn, and withdrew her proposal. Elizabeth made him Earl of Leicester in 1564, and granted him Kenilworth Castle—here, later on, she visited him. After a while Leicester gave up hope of becoming Elizabeth's husband, and married the Earl of Essex's wife. When Elizabeth heard this she was exceedingly angry. She had him arrested and sent to prison, but, by degrees, she again restored him to her favor. In 1585 Leicester obtained a commission of the Queen for levying five hundred men, to be sent into Holland and Zealand. He was made lieutenant and captain of the commission. The general plan of the whole army was designed for the service of the united Provinces against the Spanish. The next year Leicester's men made grave complaints against him for mis-spending their money and ill-managing their affairs. The Queen had him recalled and summoned before her. Leicester knelt, and said to Elizabeth, "Receive me back with disgrace." Elizabeth refused, and he left the court. On the 4th of September, 1588, he died at Cornbury Park, in Oxfordshire. Leicester, in his will, bequeathed a costly legacy to Elizabeth.

The King of Sweden offered his son, Prince Eric, to Elizabeth. He selected as ambassador, John, his second son, Duke of Finland, a prince of "singular talents and possessor of great personal attractions," to plead his cause. On September 27th he landed at Harwich, and on the 5th of October he was met and welcomed at Colchester by Leicester and by the Earl of Oxford. He was royally entertained at the Bishop of Winchester's palace. On the 11th of October he came by water to the court with his guard,

and the Queen received him with great cordiality. On January 1, 1560, John came to court to offer the New Year's greetings to her Majesty. Before Elizabeth had given any answer to the Duke, his father, King Gustavus, died, and Eric succeeded to the throne. He recalled his brother, believing that he was playing the wooer on his own account, and sent an "ambassador to renew the matrimonial negotiations in his name." He brought two ships laden with presents for the Queen. Eric was the handsomest man in Europe. Elizabeth accepted his presents, and he was naturally regarded by the nation as the bridegroom-elect. The pictures of Elizabeth and Eric were published. Eric never visited England, having reasons to believe that his mission would prove fruitless. He consoled himself by marrying one of his own subjects, Kate, the Nut Girl, a beauty of humble origin.

While the Swedish ambassador was still in England "the King of Denmark sent his nephew, Adolphus, Duke of Holstein, to try his fortune with the illustrious spinster." "He was young, handsome, valiant, and accomplished, and in love with the Queen." He was royally received and lodged at Somerset's palace. Elizabeth was very fond of him. He returned home with splendid presents from the Queen, and he was elected into the Order of the Garter and invested with its golden and jeweled badge. She also granted him a yearly pension.

About 1563, "peace having been established with France, a regal suitor was offered to Elizabeth's acceptance in the person of Charles IX., the youthful monarch of that realm, who had been recently declared by the States of France to have attained his majority." However, his mother, Catherine de Medicis, continued to govern in his name. He was about sixteen, and "Elizabeth, with great propriety, replied to Michel Castelnau," the French ambassador, "that she was greatly obliged for the signal honour that was done her by so mighty and powerful a king, to whom as well as to the Queen, his mother, she professed herself infinitely beholden"; that he was too great a monarch of such a realm to be able to leave it, and cross the sea and remain in England, and, besides, he was too young for her. Charles died in May, 1574.

Thomas Ratcliff, Earl of Sussex, a great rival of the Earl of Leicester, was a goodly gentleman of a brave and noble nature.

He was always constant to his servants and friends, and the best soldier the Queen then had. He possessed a judgment clear and strong. His character was honorable and upright. However, in the arts of a courtier, which he despised, he was greatly inferior to his wily adversary, but in all the other qualifications of a statesman and a soldier he vastly excelled him. Sussex had done good service in Ireland and Scotland in the northern rebellion of 1569. Sussex was low in stature, broad shouldered, and of an athletic build. Court says of the two rivals, "Sussex is serviceable to the Queen, while Leicester is most dear to the woman."

The last of the virgin queen's suitors was Alencon, or the Duke of Anjou. The ambassador, La Mothe Fenelon, in pressing his suit for Alencon, said that the Duke had so well profited by time that he had acquired beauty, strength, and stature. When Elizabeth received a portrait of him she said: "Although it was done in crayons, and his complexion had been chafed and injured with the chalks, enough of the lineaments remained to indicate great beauty, and marks of dignity and prudence, and she could easily see the manner of a perfect man." She was told by the ambassador that the Duke was growing a beard to hide the scars from his recent illness, smallpox. Elizabeth was forty-five years old and the Duke was twenty-five years younger; however, Elizabeth seemed much inclined towards the match. It is said that she sent her picture to him, and "ultimately declared her full determination to espouse him, and to grant him the free exercise of his religion in private." The marriage articles, both political and personal, were arranged. The nuptials were to be celebrated in six weeks. However, before that time expired Elizabeth was faltering in her resolution. The Duke, being an accomplished wooer, resolved to take a refusal from no one except the Queen herself. He came to England early in November, 1582, and Elizabeth gave him a most loving reception, "and appeared to abandon herself to the intoxication of an ardent passion." She said that "he was the most deserving and constant of all her lovers." At one time, in the presence of the foreign ambassadors and her whole court, she placed a ring on his finger. This action was regarded as a pledge of her intention to become his wife.

Her ladies in waiting plead with her, and on the next morning, after a sleepless night, she sent for the Duke. She described the conflict of feeling between love and duty, and she was determined to sacrifice her own happiness to the welfare of her people. He stayed in England three months longer, hoping that an auspicious moment would arrive which would cause Elizabeth to change her mind. When he decided to return Elizabeth insisted that she would accompany him part of the way, so, on February 1st, she and all "her court accompanied the Duke as far as Rochester." The Queen bade him good-bye, making him promise to return in March. This promise, however, was not kept.

Elizabeth died a virgin. "Her eager desire was to be a heroine, a beauty, the queen of all hearts, the cynosure of gallants' eyes, to reign supreme in the court of love and chivalry, to be the watchword and war-cry of the knight, and the throne of the troubadour."

IT WAS EVER THUS.

Isaac Digges, Jr., '17.

JOHN GALSWORTHY sat alone in his club, dining—the same John Galsworthy that had roused the city by his brilliant defence in the Absalome murder case the week before, and won the respect and admiration of his fellows in the legal profession. He was yet young—not yet thirty—but his stolid stubbornness and sure-footed aggressiveness had placed him high in the esteem of his *clientele*, as well as many others in the big city.

It was his marriage eve. On the morrow, at high noon, he and Alfreda Pleasanton were to be married. The thought of his brilliant work of the week before faded in comparison with this victory. He had won the one woman in the world. The thought held him in its grasp. Nothing else could interfere with the bliss of it, the delightful warmth of feeling that surged through his brain and completely enveloped him. He had long looked forward to this moment, this supreme moment, when, after he had offered his life to the one woman, and had had it accepted, here, in the warmth of the open fireplace, with its sputtering, crackling, singing logs, he would await the culmination of his desires. It was as he had pictured it. It was as he had always wished it.

He was not afraid of marriage. His life had been a good one, stolidly, steadily working with one purpose in his mind, to win her and to make her happy. He believed he would do it. As he looked back, his was not a brilliant career after all. It was consistency of ideal—yes, consistency. What would a man not do with such a goal in sight? Alfreda Pleasanton—beautiful, vivacious, subtle—and practical—for which of these did he love her? None. It was her soul, her very innate being; yes, her soul. He was satisfied with himself and with the world.

Supper over, he turned to the afternoon papers, trying to centre his attention on them. He could not, of course, and he knew that he could not when he took the papers up, but—oh,

well, there was nothing else to do. This was *her* night. He could not desecrate it with the usual bachelor party. His emotions were now at a high pitch, as restlessness began to creep over him. He laughed—yes, it was true that a man about to be married passes through a series of intoxicating, enveloping moods that border on insanity, a form of generous, superficial, harmless insanity.

The paper slipped from his hand. He propped his feet comfortably on a stool, readjusted a pillow at his back, closed his eyes, and lay back in his chair, comfortably indulging in reverie.

Love, love—that was a sweet word to him. Its magic elasticity thoroughly encompassed him. This was, after all, a good world. God was an omnipotent Deity. Man and woman were meant to live together as companions. It was ever thus. It should ever be thus.

* * * * *

Evan Wortham sat alone in his club dining—the same Evan Wortham whose name was so often in the past season associated with the big social functions—Evan Wortham, the brilliant young social lion.

To-morrow was his birthday. It was also the date of another event. Oh, God, yes! On the morrow, at high noon, Alfreda Pleasanton and John Galsworthy were to be married. The thought of everything else faded away before this one thing, this overhanging, impending nightmare. He had lost the one woman on earth. The thought held him in its grasp. Nothing else could interfere with the supreme irony of it, the maddening certainty of the fact that surged through his brain and enveloped him. Oh, how he had dreaded such a moment as this, when, after being turned away from his one supreme desire in life, the one unattainable thing, the one thing that he would have given everything else for, social position, wealth, and all—to sit there, in the heat of the fire, and await his fate. Ah, those damnable sarcastic logs. They spelled happiness, home, children—when there could be none of these for him.

This had been his first defeat. His life had been one continuous line of successes. Born of wealthy parents, money had never bothered him. He had gone to the best colleges, belonged to the best fraternities and societies, gone the limit, drank the

dregs, finally got his degree, and come home. His father's position had assured him a comfortable berth, and so his main work was in having a good time. He had it. His rather brilliant wit, his dancing legs—and his father's money—had made him the idol of every *debutante* of the season—but one, *the* one. What was the use anyway? None. Her soul, her very innate being, had conquered him, and had just begun to make a man of him, when—oh, God, that Galsworthy. He was disgusted with himself and with the world.

Supper over—or, rather, what passed for supper—he turned to the afternoon papers. Ironically enough, the first thing that caught his eye was her picture, beautiful, vivacious, subtle—and practical—and then a head-line account of the wedding on the morrow. Every word in the account was a sarcasm. He rang for his whiskey and soda. One, two, three goblets were emptied, and still the vision was not blurred. His emotions were at a tense pitch as a helpless restlessness seized him. He laughed a hollow laugh—yes, it was undoubtedly true that a man just rejected in love passes through a personal hell, going through a series of intoxicating, enveloping moods that border on insanity—a reckless, whole-souled, heart-rending insanity.

He threw the paper in the fire and watched her picture burn. The lying flames caught it up and enveloped it, and left only a charred ash. If he could only wash the thought from his soul as the flames burned the print from the paper! Was there no relief either in heaven or in earth?

Love, love—the damnable word. Its hellish tentacles firmly grasped him. This was an evil world. Surely there could be no good in a God who would allow such a thing as this to happen. And they said that He was love.

Was there no relief anywhere? His own words mocked him. He was alone in the world—alone, alone, alone. He paced the floor, back and forward. He opened the door into the billiard room, and noticed the apparent content on the countenances of those there. Why was he the only one to suffer?

He fumbled in his pocket, closed the door, and walked back to the table.

A pistol shot echoed throughout the room. It was ever thus. It would be ever thus.

TWILIGHT MEDITATIONS.

R. T. Ryland, '19.

When soft the sun is sinking in the west,
 When through the air the dusk of evening falls,
 When in yon tree the last bird goes to rest,
 When to the flocks the weary herdsman calls—
 Then comes to me with a mysterious force,
 As I doth watch this fading ev'ning scene,
 The thought that all of Nature's mighty course
 Is guided by a powerful Hand unseen;
 That we are but a straw before the wind,
 Which Time has thrown upon the passing breeze.
 That Power serene, unless forever kind,
 Could, at a thought, the blood forever freeze;
 The soul transform to realms by man unknown,
 The human frame left on the earth alone.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

W. H. Barlow, '16.

ON a cloudy, cold afternoon in December, during the 60's, twelve men in gray uniform stood in line, awaiting orders. These rugged soldiers apparently had an unpleasant task to perform, for there were occasional undertone whispers among them. A few, however, seemed to be in doubt whether they had anything at all to do except wade about in the snow, which lay six inches deep on the frozen ground. These men formed a detachment from one of the smaller divisions of the Confederate Army, which at that time was operating in northern Virginia. They had been awaiting orders for several hours, and were now chilled as well as restless. Though soldiers in regular service, and in time of war, none of these men carried a rifle or weapon of any kind. Whenever any one approached from the camp these fellows began at once to speak among themselves in subdued tones. Orders of some kind were expected, but they seemed to disagree among themselves as to what the nature of the delayed command would be.

"I don't think he will do it," spoke up Jim Melton, private.

"You don't, eh? Since when did the Colonel start changing plans?" slowly inquired John Jenks, corporal, the man next in line to him.

"Because," replied Jim, thoughtfully, "we should have been given our orders by sun up this morning. We were not called out until 10 o'clock, and now it's nearly 4."

"That's no sign, old fellow," said John, as he glanced hastily at the watch Jim was returning to his pocket. "But let us hope we will have nothing worse to do than stand in the snow a few hours, which is bad enough."

"There's an officer now," spoke up some one who had overheard a part of these remarks; "I bet he will tell us something."

Just here conversation was broken off for a time by the appearance of an officer, who gave the men their orders, such as most of them had expected, but very different from what they

had hoped for. The detachment had been called out to shoot a deserter—a man who, for two years, had fought side by side with them, and was fairly well known to the majority of the fellows. Jake Oakes had been sentenced to be shot for his third offense of desertion. The day of execution had been fixed, and now the time for carrying out the court-martial's decree had arrived. The men who had been appointed for the unpleasant task were unwilling to see the law obeyed, because they knew Jake to be a good fellow. However, they followed the officer, tramping through the snow, which muffled their footsteps, but did not silence their tongues, for an occasional muttering was distinctly audible, and from time to time a whispered conversation could be clearly heard.

"It's not right to shoot Jake," murmured Jim Melton.

"Why?" inquired the man nearest to him.

"Because Jake is a brave fellow, and he never would have deserted if his wife and children had not needed him."

"They were not always the cause, were they?" again questioned his companion.

"Yes, the poor fellow loved his family, and when he heard that one of the kids was sick he couldn't stay away, even with twelve guns at his back."

"He knew the danger, and ought not to have gone; but I guess, under the circumstances, I would have done the same thing."

"No doubt," said Jim. "What man is it that doesn't think more of his wife and babies than of his country?"

"You are right," sang out the other soldier, and, after a minute's silence, said: "If it was a Yankee spy to be cashed in I wouldn't care much, but when one's own countryman is to be shot it looks like a 'house divided.'" Then he asked, "How did they ever catch Jake anyway?"

"That was easy enough," said Jim. "It is reported that the officer found him at home trying to quiet one of his sick children."

"I don't see," reasoned the other, "how a man could be condemned on those grounds; but war is war, and devilish bad stuff it is."

By this time headquarters were reached, and the conversation came to an end. The opinion of the soldiers had not been the opinion of those in authority. Jake Oakes had disobeyed, and he must suffer, unless the Governor would grant a reprieve. The commander had learned, some days before, that Jake's wife was in Richmond, trying to get a pardon for her husband, and he had held up the execution much longer than he intended; but now the noon mail had arrived, bringing no news, so he determined to carry out the court-martial's decree without further delay.

When the soldiers reached the commander's headquarters they found awaiting them three stacks of rifles, with their butts well planted in the snow. There were just twelve rifles in the three stacks. Six of these were loaded—this the men knew when they were ordered to halt, take arms, and stand at attention. The commands had hardly been obeyed when the prisoner was marched forward. His hands were securely bound behind him. His face was pale and haggard, but there was a look in his eye which made one feel that he was looking at a man, even though a condemned prisoner, who was brave enough to stand by his convictions, regardless of the result. He seemed not to be thinking much of himself; his thoughts were far away, and one could almost see reflected in his eyes the scene of a little home, a wife, and several small children, back there in the hills of southern Virginia. In spite of his haggard, care-worn look, his tall muscular figure showed that he was, comparatively speaking, a young man. He wore no hat, and one of his curly brown locks hung carelessly over his broad forehead. He merely glanced at his old comrades as he passed. They, in turn, were gazing steadily at the prisoner, but not a word was spoken.

A silent tramp of several hundred yards through the woods brought them to a secluded spot, which was out of sight, and, owing to position, out of hearing of the camp. In the centre of this small opening was an old post, to which the prisoner was carried. The charge against him was then read aloud. Save for the officer's voice and the wintry breeze which rattled through the dead leaves, the moment was one of profound stillness. The soldiers had been talkative, but for once their power of speech seemed to have departed, and they remained as quiet as though they were viewing

for the last time the corpse of a beloved relative. The officer finished reading the charge, folded the paper slowly, and addressed himself to the prisoner.

"Have you anything to say?" he asked, in an official tone.

"Yes," replied the condemned man, with a firm, steady voice; "I want it understood that I am shot not because I was a coward, and afraid to fight, but because I placed my loved ones first."

Again that far-away look came into his eyes; he was wondering what was going to become of those loved ones when he was gone. The officer waited to hear more, but the prisoner had finished.

"You had better pray," reminded the officer.

Falling upon his knees beside the old post, the condemned man begged God to protect his wife and little ones, and then committed his soul to the One who will not fail even in death. The brief prayer ended, he stood up and faced the men, who stood shivering in the intense cold.

The officer slowly drew his sword, but hesitated to give the command which he intended. For a time he seemed speechless, his tongue refused to work, and the command stuck in his throat. At last, with a dry, husky voice, he said, "We will wait ten minutes." And, taking out his watch, he began to study the dial. Once more silence prevailed; the wind had lulled to a light breeze which stirred slightly the dry leaves. The ticking of the watch could almost be heard by the men. So rapidly did the death-watch tell the moments that they seemed like so many seconds. The time was up; the moment had come.

"Detachment, attention," shouted the officer. Then, turning to the prisoner, he lost no time.

"Jake Oakes," said the officer, "kneel down, with your back to the detachment."

Slowly, but firmly, the command was obeyed. The condemned man turned and dropped once more on his knees, leaning forward until his forehead encountered the post; there he remained without motion.

"Bugler, sound taps," called the officer.

The long wail of the bugle rang out through the forest. No funeral chant can be more doleful than this mournful call of a

bugle over a comrade. The twelve soldiers, though half-numbered by the cold, at the call of the bugle felt more keenly the horror and cruelty of it all. They had heard these notes over traitors, over spies, over the dead, but never over a living comrade. The last note of the bugle had hardly died away when the officer, raising his sword high in the air, shouted:

"Ready!"

"Aim!"

And, bringing down his sword with one mighty sweep, called out:

"Fire!"

The report was as if only one gun had fired, and the man, prisoner no longer, pitched headlong in the snow. Blood flowed freely from the six wounds in his body, and the white snow about him rapidly became crimson. One bullet had gone higher than the others, cutting the lock of curly brown hair from his forehead and pinning it to the old post, where it remained trembling like an aspen leaf in the evening breeze.

The report of the rifles had hardly died away in the distant hills, and the bluish smoke had scarcely lifted above the tree-tops, when an officer came running through the woods from the camp, followed closely by a woman. He waved a paper above his head, and, when in calling distance, shouted:

"She's got the reprieve, boys. Don't shoot."

On account of a hill and the direction of the wind, the report had not been heard at the camp. When the officer came up he saw at a glance that his remark had been useless, and turned to say as much to the woman, but she had already seen what he was about to tell. She saw that her husband was where a Governor's pardon would not be needed to stay the hand of a military tribunal.

"God help me!" cried the poor woman, as she knelt beside the lifeless form of her husband, once handsome, but now torn by bullets and smeared with blood. She tried to stop the flow of blood, she called to him to speak to her just once, and she begged him to come back to her and the children. At last her voice ceased to wail, and, burying her face in her hands, she sobbed.

The men and officers looked on in silence. They noticed

that the woman was thinly clad for winter; her dress showed the effect of long wear. Her hair had become disheveled, and tumbled about her face. The hands which attempted to stop the flow of blood, they noticed, were much toil worn. She had seen hard times. Her figure made her appear young, but her care-worn face would have led one to think otherwise.

Soon she raised her head, and, looking up to heaven, begged the Heavenly Father to have mercy on a widow and her little ones. Getting up from her knees, she turned and looked squarely at the officer.

"You," she said, "have made me a widow and my children orphans. But why complain to you. War only makes wives widows and children fatherless."

The officer had no reply. The woman turned slowly, for she seemed to have aged much in a few minutes, and, taking the lock of hair which still trembled on the old post, she placed it in her bosom. With one long farewell look at him whom she would see no more, she turned away. As she moved away her hand sought her bosom, where she had tucked away the lock of curly hair. She did not wish to lose it, for this was all she had left of papa to show the little ones back at home.

A SELECTION.

Anon.

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from Dreamland sent,
That makes the past seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came or went;
Of a life lived somewhere I know not,
I know not in what strange sphere,
Like memories that stay nor go not,
Like music heard once by the ear,
That cannot forget or reclaim it;
A something too shy, could I name it,
For others to know;
A something too vague, could I claim it,
To give it a show;
As if I had acted or schemed it,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
Long ago in the twilight.

SPORTS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Lee F. Crippen, '17.



ANY people of to-day enter enthusiastically into their sports and games, without realizing that these pastimes are but a heritage come down from the seventeenth century, or earlier. In considering the recreations participated in by the people of the seventeenth century, and those of modern times, I shall divide the subject into three main heads—viz.: Childhood games and sports, indoor sports, and outdoor sports.

Among the childhood games of the present day, hide-and-seek is one of the most popular, and was familiar to the children of the seventeenth century, especially in the rural districts. Wrestling, too, was prevalent among the boys, and there were few of them in the seventeenth century who did not, at some time or other, test their strength and skill at it. Nine-holes, running, and ten-pins were engaged in by the children of the seventeenth century, as well as by the children of to-day.

Stool-ball, which was played by the older children, is still a popular village pastime in some parts of England. It is similar to the modern cricket, but is a simpler and less strenuous game. Besides stool-ball there were many other ball games, some simple and some complex. From these games there developed the sport known as rounder, which is the basis of our great American sport—base-ball.

Loggats was a game in which small sticks of wood or clubs were thrown at a stake, the object being to come as near the stake as possible. This game is played to-day in the form of quoit pitching. Prisoners' base was a game played by two sides drawn up opposite each other, and about twenty or thirty yards apart. A player runs out from one side, and is chased by a player from the opposite side, and, if caught, is made a prisoner. The game ends when one side makes prisoners of all those on the opposite side. This game, as played in the seventeenth century, is practically identical with the game as played to-day.

A muss is another game, if it is not too simple to be called a game, that was participated in during the seventeenth century. A muss is a scramble for small coins, marbles, or other small articles thrown amid a group of boys, and those boys who were able to get possession of them were allowed to retain them. One phase of this pastime may be noticed in the present day, where men throw coins among a group of newsboys and watch the "newsies" scramble for them.

Leap-frog and see-saw, or "riding the wild mare," are quite popular among the children now as well as in Shakespearean times, the former engaged in by the boys and the latter by the girls. Trundling-hoop is played by both boys and girls. Battledore and shuttlecock, played in the seventeenth century, is played in the present day under the name of squash. The boys played much with tops, and they had one game called the top and scourge, which is known to-day as whip-top. This is played by spinning a top, and then making it continue to spin by lashing it with a whip. Hand-ball, which was played in the seventeenth century, has survived to the present day, and is popular as a Y. M. C. A. and gymnasium sport. Some of the other familiar child sports that have survived are dancing, leaping, swimming, riding, hunting, and shooting.

Not only do the children of the seventeenth century and the children of modern times have many things in common in their play, but also in the sports and pastimes of the older people there are many similarities.

Music held a high place in Elizabeth's time. A band of musicians was always attached to the Queen's court, and nobles and gentlemen of means considered musicians a necessary part of their household. Playing the virginal, which is similar to our piano, was an essential accomplishment for young women of that time, as is playing the piano for the young women of to-day. The opera made its appearance toward the end of the seventeenth century. At the present date popular songs or rag-time have greatly replaced the old ballads. Dancing was a favorite amusement for every one, and was also a necessary accomplishment for the well bred. It was extremely popular in the royal court. Then, as to-day, there were many and varied kinds of dances.

Some of the old dances are still in existence in the rural districts of England, especially the old folk dances, but for the most part they have been superseded by the modern dances.

The latter part of the seventeenth century notes, perhaps, the greatest card-playing time that England has ever had. At this time there were numerous card games. *L'hombre*, now played in Spain under the name of *tresillo*, *piquet*, and *whist* are some of the card games that have existed until the present day. It is quite likely that the present-day playing cards, or a similar kind of cards, were used in the seventeenth century, for, in reading on the subject, I find such terms used as clubs, diamonds, hearts, aces, jacks, kings, and queens. And it has been conjectured by some, on account of the similarity of terms, that *noddy* was the same as our *cribbage*.

Throwing the dice, as well as card playing, was a common form of gambling. Cheating with dice was frequent. Dice were often made false, some having a high cut, and the lower numbers being absent; others were unevenly cut, and sometimes hollow, and still others were loaded by setting in a piece of lead upon one side. Sometimes even to-day we hear of false dice being used, but the present-day dicers do not hold such a record, in this respect, as did the Elizabethans. *Backgammon* is one of the dice games of the Elizabethan period extant.

Our modern *bagatelle* used to be familiar under the name of "troll my dame." Chess, though still played to some extent, is not as popular as it was in Shakespeare's day. *Billiards* was as common a game then as it is to-day. *Shuffle-board* is now played according to the same principles as it was then, but with some modern improvements. Public bowling alleys were numerous in London, and were spoken of by *Stow*, who lived in the seventeenth century, as taking up men's time, and pesting certain districts of London to the exclusion of more respectable buildings.

Boxing, wrestling, and exercising with Indian clubs and dumb-bells were pastimes of the seventeenth century, as well as many of the other indoor and gymnasium exercises and games of the present day.

Foot-ball was a popular sport among the common people. It was played with a leather ball, which was about the size of a

person's head, and filled with air. The open street was the common foot-ball ground, instead of our modern gridirons. It was essentially a winter game, and was often played on the ice. The sport was then rough and dangerous, as it is in modern times. This may be seen from a few lines of an early poem:

“The sturdie plowman, lustie, strong, and bold,
Overcometh the winter with driving the foot-ball,
Forgetting labour and many a grievous fall.”

Strutt also says, in speaking of the roughness of the game, that when the exercise became exceedingly violent the players kicked one another on the shins without the least ceremony, and some were overthrown at the hazard of their limbs.

Skating was also another popular winter pastime, especially around London. Many games of various sorts besides foot-ball and skating were played upon the ice during the winter.

Of the spring, summer, and autumn games, tennis or racquet, cricket, and golf held favorite places in the seventeenth century. They were played not only by the common people, but also by the noblemen and princes, and were considered fashionable games indeed. Matches were played between societies and organizations then, as they are now.

Horse-racing was a common sport in England. Race horses were kept and bred by many of the nobility and other persons. Prizes were offered for the fastest horse in the race, and races for stakes of small value were frequent in all parts of the country. The races were largely attended, and much gambling and betting were done at them.

The fox-hunting of the past was similar to that of the present. The fox was chased by a large pack of hounds, and the hunters followed the chase on horseback. When the fox went into his hole or den he was either dug out or smoked out. Hunting the hare was similar in manner to that of hunting the fox. Fishing or angling was another sport extensively practiced at that time, and its popularity has never waned.

Shooting matches with rifles was a sport then that is popular to-day. The participants shot at a target from a distance of one hundred or two hundred yards. The one who hit nearest the centre of the target was considered the winner, and received a

prize. Fencing matches, which were popular in Shakespeare's time, have survived at present only in some of the larger gymnasiums, a few colleges, and among some exclusive clubs.

Children of to-day laugh and play at their childhood games, and little think that their ancestors, when young, centuries ago, enjoyed the same pastimes. Grown people, too, seek amusement and recreation to-day, oblivious to the fact that the energetic Elizabethans sought diversion in just the same way, entering into their sports and pastimes with their characteristic energy. Accordingly, while there are many stronger and more noticeable bonds between that day and these modern days than similarity in sports and pastimes, it is interesting to know that England at play in the seventeenth century and England and America at play to-day are remarkably alike.

DJEBEL KHAWI.

Karl Dennis.

Many chambers, vaulted low,
Are in the hills of Djebel Khawi,
The sacred City of the Dead—
Even here the cruel Roman,
Sparing not the living, spared
Not the dead, dishonoured, fleshless
Punic bones.
Now fig trees push their sturdy roots
Among these barren tenements,
And broods an awful desolation
In the City of the Dead.
By night, beneath the stars, and in
The yellow moonlight, jackals flit
On Djebel Khawi;
And say a mournful requiem
For thee, O, Carthage!

OLD UNCLE JOE.

Allen M. Kimbrough, '18.



HE young drummer was visibly angry. To make a twenty-mile trip on the bumpy little narrow-gauge road, through a dry and dusty country, for the sole purpose of seeing the two or three merchants in that dull and sleepy town, was certainly aggravating enough, but, when that lanky individual in whom was combined ticket agent, baggage master, and train dispatcher informed him that no train ran that day, the contagiously cheerful face fell. Naturally he began to express his opinion of narrow-gauge roads, ticket agents, and mopy little villages in general. Finding the lanky one paid no heed, the drummer picked up his suit-case and made his way back to the so-called "hotel" which he had just left. The drowsy clerk bore patiently his repeated tirade against compulsory delay until he finally passed out into the long, cool porch. His step on the loose boards disturbed an old gentleman who was dozing in one corner and whose smiling lips bespoke pleasant dreams. He awoke with a start, and, as he spied the young fellow, the smile left his face, and in its place there came a perplexed, pathetic look. Jack Blair—for so had the young fellow registered—recognized the old man as "Uncle Joe" Blair, the proprietor of the hotel, so he took the vacant seat beside him.

One glance at "Uncle Joe" was sufficient to place him. He was of the "old school." Tall, erect, bronzed by the elements, he would easily have passed for a man of fifty, but his full head of silky white hair added another decade. In the smoky, lamp-lighted hotel Jack had not noticed his host particularly, but now he saw and recognized that Uncle Joe was an unusual man. His high forehead, his sharp aquiline nose, his coal black eyes, conveyed to Jack the impression that he was a man silently bearing some great sorrow.

The old gentleman apparently noticed Jack's perturbation, for he asked what troubled him. Again Jack poured out his grievance, blaming his trouble on the perversity of Fate, and

concluding with the remark: "Personally, I don't care, but I promised mother I would be home to-morrow, and I hate to disappoint her."

"Young man," said Uncle Joe, "you speak of Fate as though you believe in it. I did once, but as time passes my belief wanes. If you would have patience enough to listen, I will tell you a story. Perhaps then you will realize why my views have changed."

The young drummer, lulled by the drowsy monotony that filled the air, quickly assured the old man of his desire to hear.

"I warn you," said Uncle Joe, as he tamped tobacco in his long pipe with a horny finger, "that you do not have to believe. I often think that I am just dreaming, and will some day awake, to find myself at home. I was born just outside of this town. On an adjoining farm there lived a little girl, just two years younger than I—a sweet, winsome little thing, golden-haired, blue eyes, and with a face to charm the gods. We grew together, roaming the open fields, ankle deep in luxuriant grass; wading and fishing in the little creek that wound glistening through the meadow; enjoying, to the fullest, the pleasures that two children could derive from God's great outdoors. Time passed; I was sixteen, she fourteen, and when there was a husking-bee, picnic, or a protracted meeting, it was not questioned as to who would be so fortunate as to accompany Mae. Our families accepted our match as only a matter of time. Thus things went on until I was eighteen, and then came the breach between our families, caused by a dispute over a boundary line. My father forbade me to ever visit Mae again. I, at the time as angry as my father, promised. Love conquered pride, however, and we met often. For two years we thus maintained our friendship. Meanwhile I worked hard, and saved my money, and on the day when I came of age we ran away and were married."

Here the old man stopped to light his pipe, grown cold while he talked, but the young man offered no comment.

Exhaling a cloud of smoke, Uncle Joe continued: "When we returned our families refused to receive us. Then I rented a little house just around the corner from here, and obtained employment as clerk in this very hotel. My salary was small, so

I was ever on the alert for a better position. Finally, through the influence of a friendly drummer, I obtained more lucrative work in a little town in central Ohio. Two years previous to my opportunity for betterment a baby had been born to us, a chubby, sturdy boy.

"I settled my affairs here, and one fine morning found all of us, my wife, the baby (then a sturdy chap of two years), and myself, aboard the "Cannon-ball," bound north. We had hardly passed over the Ohio boundary when my wife, who had been leaning far out of the window, as we rounded a sharp turn, suddenly drew her head in and, turning a white and terror-stricken face toward me, cried, "A train is coming!" Sooner than my brain could realize our danger, I was aware of a terrific jar. With a horrible crunch, I could see the end of the car telescoping in on us. Crazed by fear for my wife and baby, I thrust out my hands, as if to check the rushing death. I felt the splintering wood rake my hands—and then I lost consciousness."

Again the old man paused, and brushed his hands across his eyes in a dazed fashion. For several seconds he puffed slowly at the cold pipe. Then he continued: "The next recollection I have is of awakening in a white-tiled, dome-shaped room. Around and above me were rows of blue-clad nurses, gazing intently into the pit in which I lay. My head was aching like the tortures of the damned, and the room swam dizzily before my eyes. I attempted to ask about my wife, but they bade me be still. I was moved into a long room, containing rows of little snow-white beds, into one of which I was gently placed. For seven days I was kept there, without being allowed to speak. Finally, when I did talk, my first words were for my wife and child. 'What do you mean?' the nurse asked. I then told her about our being in the wreck, and my anguish concerning them. She did not answer, but turned quickly and left the room. She soon returned, followed by a kindly-looking old doctor. The doctor repeated her questions, and asked several more concerning the wreck. Finally, having satisfied his curiosity, he left, and I did not see him for several hours. When he did return he was accompanied by several other gentlemen, who appeared to me to be doctors. In his hand he bore a newspaper, which he thrust toward me. I

grabbed it eagerly, and glanced over the column headed 'Horrible Head-On Collision on the A. & L.' My eyes ran down the column until I came to those who escaped, and there, foremost among them, was the name of my wife and child. I raised my head and poured out my thanks to the one God, for I knew that it was His hand alone that had spared them. Lower down in the column I saw my own name, and, reading farther, I read of the mysterious disappearance of one Joseph Blair—*myself*. I then glanced at the date—the paper was *fifteen* years old. I could not understand—could not grasp it.

"The doctor then began to speak. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I have here the strangest case of aphasia that has ever come under my notice. Fifteen years ago Mr. Blair here was in a railroad wreck. A week ago he was brought to me with a fractured skull, received from a piece of falling timber as he was passing a house under construction. In the operation a large clot of blood was removed from his brain, resulting, I think, from injuries sustained in the wreck, and, from his words thus far, I have reason to believe that his mind has been a blank for the past fifteen years. If Mr. Blair will speak he can confirm my suspicions.'

"Rack my brain as I might, I could *not* remember anything that happened after the wreck. My personal possessions were those of a laboring man, but offered no clue whatever as to what I had been or where I had been. My watch I remembered distinctly, and, when I opened the back, I saw there the face of my wife, as fresh in my memory as it was the morning on which I lost her. In addition to my watch, there were several hundred dollars in bills on my person when I was found.

"As soon as I was dismissed from the hospital I boarded the train for my old home. When I arrived here I found that my father and mother had long since died, and my wife's family had moved away to parts unknown. My wife had never come home—her pride would not allow her. I invested the remainder of my money in this building, for I realized how futile would be my efforts to locate my Mae. Since then I have spent all I could get hand on in following out false clues. That was three years ago, and I still live in hope that that which we call Fate will some day join us again. I was dreaming of her when you woke me."

By this time the young man could no longer restrain himself. He rose from his chair, and, with a face white and drawn, approached "Old Uncle Joe." With shaking fingers he drew his watch from his pocket, opened the back of the case, and thrust it before the old man's eyes. "Look, man!" he cried, in a husky voice, "and, for the love of Heaven, say you recognize."

But "Uncle Joe" needed no command, for, when he saw the tiny miniature in the watch, he knew that Fate, the inevitable, the inscrutable, had revealed her mirror to him, for there was the picture of his wife, and behind and beyond "Old Uncle Joe" saw peace, happiness, and love.

TO AN INTIMATE FRIEND.

H. Gordon Weekley, '19.

My friend, a man of power are you,
A man of power in mind, 'tis true,
A man of power in body, too—
A man of power through and through.

No task for you is e'er too great;
You finish all, and never late;
You do your work at rapid rate,
Nor suffer errors through ill fate.

You talk and laugh, and smile and jest—
Therein your soul is richly blest.
Of all that's ill you see the best;
No troublous stars your skies infest.

When feats of strength are to be done,
You're there for your full share of fun;
Above you there can be found none
Who greater crowns of praise have won.

Defeat can ne'er your pleasure mar;
Your star indeed was a lucky star.
Your power exceeds all others by far—
My friend, a man of power you are.

THE MESSENGER.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

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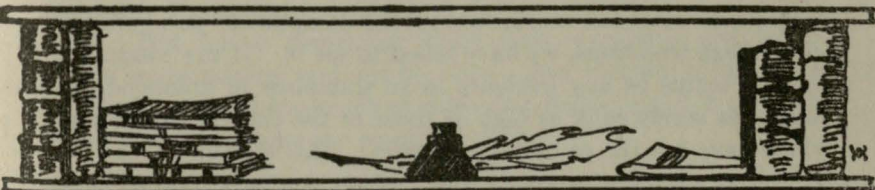
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EDITORIALS.

With this issue the editors for the ensuing year take up their work. It is with some fear, and a few lingering doubts, that we take hold of our task. We feel that the high standards of THE MESSENGER in the past must be lived up to. But we have an abiding confidence, not in our own ability,

JUST FOR A
STARTER.

but in the loyalty of the Richmond College men, and feel sure that their support will sustain us during the months to come.

It was with sincere regret that we noted the defeat in the recent Legislature of the bill designed to establish a Co-ordinate

College for Women at the University
 THE CO-ORDINATE of Virginia. It may be that the bill
 COLLEGE. was defeated solely for financial reasons,

and in no way expressed a condemnation of the higher education of women, or even of the co-ordinate plan. We can hardly think the Legislature so retrogressive as to deny to the women of the State the same educational privileges as the men have. Nor can we believe that they would so ignore the testimony of experts and the experience of other institutions as to fail to see the advantages of the co-ordinate college. But, as this bill did bring the advisability of the co-ordinate college plan into question, it might be well to take a sort of inventory, and see what the co-ordinate college means to us.

The students of the University (or, more correctly, some of the students of the University) objected to the co-ordinate college because, as they claimed, it would injure the standards of manhood of the University. Of course, we lack the proper perspective to judge impartially of the standards of our College. But if, in any way, Westhampton College has affected our standards, except, perhaps, to raise the moral tone of the campus life and enhance the College traditions, we have failed to see it. If the conduct of athletic teams be any evidence as to standards of manhood, our standards surely rank as high as those of the colleges of our class which have not the co-ordinate branch. The dormitory life has in it that community spirit which binds students to their *alma mater*. The campus life has a Bohemian flavor, without being immoral. From a moral point of view, the standards of manhood at Richmond College are as high as at any college in the State. Besides, we have not the aristocratic bumpiousness that has been alleged to exist at the University.

The numerous benefits of the co-ordinate college are evident. While the library, museum, or lecture foundations of Richmond College are by no means as large or as valuable as we would like

for them to be, it would take many a year for the Baptists to duplicate them at a Woman's College. As it is, their value to Richmond College is increased by sharing them with Westhampton. Then the co-ordinate college furnishes a social life for the institution that is invaluable. There was a fear that in a co-ordinate college the social life would interfere with the other interests of the College—that it would be another instance of the side-show swallowing the circus; but quite the reverse has been true. If anything, the social life of the College does not occupy as important a place as it should.

The co-operation of the two Colleges in dramatics and in College publications adds to these activities a quality that could not otherwise be obtained. Without Westhampton College a Dramatic Club would almost be an impossibility. Without Westhampton College "The Spider," THE MESSENGER, and *The Collegian* would lose much of their charm and much of that quality that contributes toward making them successful College publications.

The discussion of the co-ordinate college for the University has brought our College somewhat to the forefront. This should make us doubly careful in preventing all friction between the two Colleges. A *regime* that is over-puritanical will cast the co-ordinate college as much into disrepute as one that is lax. Our standards of manhood should be high; our standards of morality strict. But let us remember these high standards are to be gained by principles, and not by rules. Any attempt by students or Faculty to develop a set of rules and regulations for the two Colleges is suicidal for the co-ordinate plan.

It is encouraging to note that in a college of the cultural arts, like ours, there are at least a dozen young men who intend to fit themselves for the life of a farmer.

THE FARM AND THE COLLEGE MAN. And, really, we can think of no type of man higher than he who has, on the one hand, culture and an appreciation of the deeper things of life, and, on the other, the common sense and healthy virtues of a son of the soil. It is deplorable that our would-be-farmer, while he is sometimes willing to take training

directly bearing on agriculture, is scarcely ever willing to take a course in the cultural arts. In continual touch with material things, the farmer seldom sees the necessity of the purely cultural education. Then the college boy too frequently feels that the farmer doesn't stand as high as the so-called professional man. To live in the country is to be buried away, according to his point of view. This situation is to be deplored. Let us hope for the time when our young men will come to see that agriculture offers as great opportunities for a well-rounded life as law or medicine.

For several years past there has been a steady flow of the cream of our rural population toward our cities. This is particularly noticeable in the Atlantic Coast States. In Virginia, during the past year, this flow of population has been increased by the establishment of factories engaged in the manufacture of munitions. Aside from any moral judgment of our mercenary *role* in the world war, this munition industry, as we have it, is harmful to the substantial interests of the State. When hundreds of our young men forsake the farm or other occupations, and are lured away by fabulous wages, the lasting welfare of the State must suffer. The injury done by these mushroom industries is increased by the unhealthy and immoral atmosphere that surrounds them. It is sad to see sturdy farmers, carpenters, bricklayers, or machinists, from all parts of the State, flocking toward Hopewell. "Our civilization has gotten beyond control, and it is drifting—drifting we know not where," says a recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*. When we see the masses, forgetful of the future, forsaking those walks of life so essential for the maintenance of society, his pessimism seems well founded. But it devolves upon the college-trained man to guide and control the flow of the masses. While the college is supposed to stand for progress, and to be abreast of the times in every phase of life, it is also true that the college man should be a restraining force in his community whenever that community is swept off its feet by such situations as prevail at present.

These situations lead us to believe that there have seldom been greater opportunities than are now open to the progressive Virginia farmer who is willing to stick to his task. Not only should

he win material prosperity for himself and his fellow-citizens, but the fact that our Commonwealth is again turning to its rural districts for its statesmen should open to him the wider fields of public service. He must be progressive, but also filled with a determination to conserve those resources, material and social, on which the State depends. It is because of the farmer's responsible position that we are glad that there are quite a number of Richmond College men who intend to make farming their life work. We hope that, as the years go on, more and more of our graduates will see the opportunities of this field of work.

This is a small thing to write—a mere matter of four words—but those four words might be interspersed with four hundred or four thousand, and still not describe all of the labor that has been put forth to make this gigantic undertaking an enthusiastic success.

THE PAGEANT IS
HERE.

It is a source of great pleasure to find the business men of the city preparing to let things material take a halt for two days, and to look on this classic reincarnation. We confidently believe that it is the fore-runner of a veritable renaissance in the minds of our more prosaic Virginian people. Richmond, sadly enough, is not a literary city, but it is going to be more or less educated after this Pageant.

To dwell on the virtues of the undertaking would be useless. Much has been written, as well as spoken, on the subject. Shakespeare, and things Shakesperean, have been worked and re-worked, sifted and re-sifted, searched and re-searched, in an effort to uncover new and interesting data. We believe that the intelligent interest shown by those most concerned has done a great good. But we said that we were not going to dwell on the virtues of the undertaking, so we shall not.

Suffice it to say that the Pageant is here; that the tireless efforts of Miss Hatcher and her numerous committees have brought about an undertaking that many deemed impracticable, many impossible.

To the Faculty committees we owe our gratitude and commendation; to the students who have taken part, and to the

students who have done the heavy work, and aided in the mechanical side of it, we owe a great deal. We wish that we could mention them all individually, but this, of course, is impossible.

Richmond College will never regret the day that she undertook the lion's share of this intellectual massage.

ALUMNI NOTES.

M. L. Combs, '17.

J. H. Ricks, LL. B., '08, is practicing law in Richmond, Va.

V. L. Arnold, LL. B., '11, is practicing law in Waverly, Va.

Earl Crowell, B. A., '13, is of the Chilhowie High School, Chilhowie, Va.

H. B. Gilliam, LL. B., '11, has a very successful law practice in Petersburg, Va.

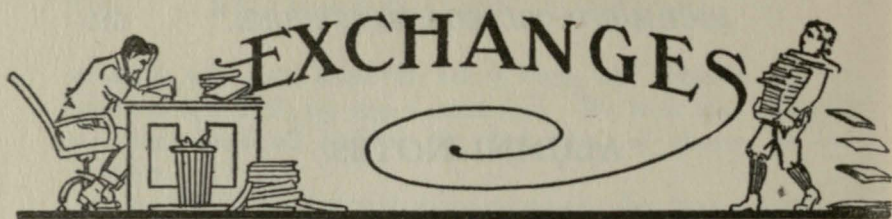
G. F. Cook, LL. B., '10, is Commonwealth's attorney of Smyth county, Va. He is located at Marion.

Walter Beverley, B. A., '11, is editor of the *Coalfield Progress*, at Norton, Va. Walter proved his skill as an editor and writer while in College.

J. W. Elliot, B. A., '13, has lately won a very valuable scholarship, which will enable him to pursue his studies in the leading universities of America or abroad.

Presley Atkins, B. A., '09, has charge of the Lexington (Ky.) *Herald*. Mr. Atkins, after graduation, went into the newspaper business in the West, where he was for several years.

John M. Lewis, B. A., '05, of Gloucester, Va., is one of the most prominent bankers of his section, being cashier of the Bank of Gloucester, which is a State bank, with large capital and deposits.



E. J. Fox, '17.

Many of our contemporaries of the exchange have assumed the privilege of diverging from the usual routine of criticism, and have attempted to offer suggestions from the side line. I, too, ask the indulgence of our readers, and beg to be allowed the privilege assumed by others.

I heartily agree with the ex. man of *The Buff and Blue* when he says, "Being an exchange editor is the emptiest of honors." With him, we have searched through many piles of "literature," in search of the gem of thought, blushing unseen." Occasionally we have been rewarded by a stray thought that mounts above the common-place; but by far the greater number of articles through which we have to laboriously wade are discouraging attempts at originality, or miserable failures of imitation, and, often-times, plagiarisms of thought and treatment. These shortcomings, however, are but natural to the young writer, and, because of this, we should be more indulgent toward them, and ready to offer suggestions in a kindly way. Harsh criticism, while often acting as a spur to determined minds, never yet encouraged the despairing writer. The best and loftiest of our nature are products of our gentler moods. Gentleness oft rules where force fails. Accordingly, a kind word often encourages the weak, where severity would have the opposite effect, and cut short what might otherwise prove a brilliant career. By gentleness, however, I do not mean mushiness, which has often been the ruin of writers.

Then, again, on the other hand, unmerited praise has even a worse effect than unjust criticism. Either has the tendency to cause the one who is criticised to form a wrong conception of his capabilities. It is as bad for one to over-estimate his powers as it is for him to under-estimate them.

But what is all this coming to? We only wish to state that many exchange editors (and here, I include myself, because I belong to the class of inexperienced critics) make the mistake of criticising wrongly. We have often noticed comments by brother editors on other publications, who do not seem to have any knowledge of their contents other than the outward appearance of the magazines. This is a fault too often indulged in by would-be critics, and one which has no right to exist. It is all very well for one to publish his opinions on a subject, providing, always, that he has sufficient knowledge about the subject on which to base his opinions. This, however, is not always the case, as is evidenced by the fact that many comments are mere "glittering generalities" that hit at the universe, and hit nothing. Whenever an article or a magazine is commented on something definite and tangible should be mentioned, its faults or its merits definitely specified. What are the exchange departments for if they are not to review, criticise, and offer *constructive* suggestions? (Knocking is all right, providing only the *bad* spots are knocked out.) How, then, can any good be accomplished unless our criticisms are based on a reasonably thorough knowledge of the subject?

Criticism, adverse or otherwise, is a crime, however, that cannot be laid at the doors of many of the magazines that come to our desk. In looking through the stack of exchanges for this month, we find that just 50 per cent. of them are guilty of any pretense at an exchange department. Why many good publications fail to include this valuable department in their editorials we cannot see. We do not believe they are entirely selfish in the matter, and are willing to receive the benefit of outside suggestions, but unwilling to give us the benefit of their opinions.

Again referring to the ex. man of *The Buff and Blue*, we find he has devoted much of his valuable time and space to a consideration of our predecessor's attempt at standardizing college publications in regard to the literary department, yet he seems to have missed the point altogether. He is of the opinion that literary material should receive secondary consideration after the jokes, locals, alumni notes, etc., and yet it is a *literary* publication. In speaking of a magazine's support, he said: "The staff of a college magazine depends upon its subscribers (students

and alumni) and its advertisers for financial support. Naturally, they must receive their money's worth." That is just the point. Every one of them is looking for a literary production, not an alumni directory, newspaper, or joke column, every joke of which is stale to the student body when published, and uninteresting to outsiders, who do not know the subjects of the jokes. When they fail to get that which they have a right to expect, and for which they are paying, naturally their support is withdrawn, and the paper not only loses a subscriber, but proportionately decreases in value as an advertising medium.

In speaking of the "faithful few," to whom we often have to look when in need of contributions, in their case we cannot speak of the "faithful" part, but we are inclined to believe they are too "few," even for their own good. This, I think, is the real reason for the paucity of their literary articles.

We are indebted for our usual exchanges.

Westhampton College Department.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

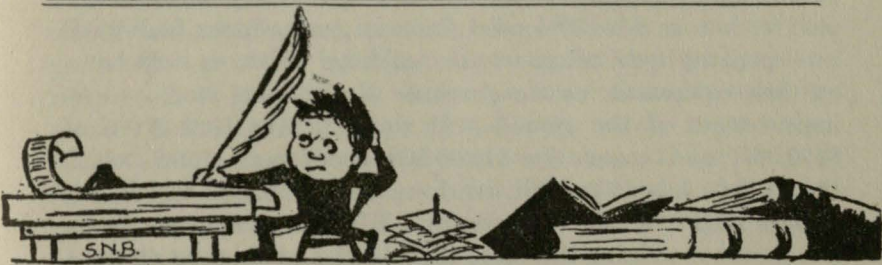
JENNIE PHILLIPS, '17.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
DOROTHY GARY, '18.....	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
DEAN MAY L. KELLER.....	<i>Advisory Editor</i>

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

MARGARET JAMES, '16.....	<i>Alumnæ</i>
ELEANOR ROBERTSON, '19.....	<i>Exchanges</i>

MANAGERIAL STAFF.

NANNIE SYDNOR, '17.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
ELEANOR COPENHAVER, '17.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>



EDITORIAL.

Well, girls, the new editors feel as if they were "between Scylla and Charybdis," or, to express it more clearly and emphatically, "between the devil and the deep blue sea." And we feel just about as brave as Falstaff about it. Now we believe that even a Philadelphia lawyer could detect the cause of our trouble. Yes, that's it; we are those necessary evils—the editors. And that's not all—we're inexperienced, incompetent necessary evils as well. And we are coming to you with our trouble, and appealing to you to help us slay the devil, and thus escape swallow-the deep blue sea whole. How can you do this? Why, we will

tell you the secret. The monster is almost another Achilles, but his vulnerable spot is proof against all weapons except three—short stories, poems, essays. Now you see that it lies within your power, and yours only, to save us. Please don't tell any one what cowards we are, for we know, with your help, we shall soon be able to say to this monster, "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" We may even be guilty, as Falstaff, of telling how we "killed five at one stroke."

Now when the Million Dollar Campaign is being launched, it is interesting to know just how much money is now invested in the College, and just what is to be done with the additional million which this campaign is to raise. At present the assets of the College might be said to be

HOW THE MILLION
DOLLARS FROM THE CAMPAIGN
IS TO BE USED.

\$2,250,000. Two hundred acres of the present site were given by two land companies of Richmond, not from any philanthropic motive, but as a cold-blooded financial proposition; \$1,100,000 was spent by the College on the buildings which we now have, on their equipment, on the purchase of additional land, and on improvement of the grounds. If we value the land given at \$150,000, and count the \$1,000,000 endowment fund which the College has at present, we have the \$2,250,000 which the College might be said to be worth. With the present campaign it is proposed to bring this up to \$3,250,000, and the most pleasant part of this lies in planning how the new million is to be used.

First, \$700,000 will be set aside as an endowment fund. Of this amount, \$200,000 is to be used for scholarships, and since, as every one knows, \$1,000 is necessary for each scholarship, there will be two hundred scholarships. How these will be distributed will, of course, depend upon the decree of the donors, but otherwise they are to be divided equally between the two Colleges. \$500,000 will be invested, and the income derived from it will be spent in paying teachers' salaries, the amount used by each College being in direct proportion to the number of students in each.

By the time that the campaign is finished, new buildings will be needed on both sides of the lake, and, therefore, \$300,000 is

to be spent for these and for their equipment. A new Science Hall will be built, and the students of Westhampton will have a share in it, just as they now have in the temporary one. But, besides this, Westhampton is to have two new buildings for her own, for we are going to grow so fast that we will need them very badly in a very short time. One of these new buildings is to be a dormitory for women, and, although neither the site has been selected nor the plans drawn, we are surely going to have it. We know that scholarships, and endowment funds, and dormitories are very necessary, yet they are not half so interesting, either to think about or to write about, as our social centre building. It is called the social centre building because it has no real name at present, and because this one seems most expressive and most inclusive. Moreover, that is just what it is going to be, a social centre for the College. Its most important part will probably be a well-equipped gymnasium, where the "gym" classes will not be hampered by lack of room, and where we can have indoor basket-ball, track practice, etc. Probably there will be an auditorium in this building, where our own theatrical productions could be staged, and where class entertainments could be given. Certainly there will be rooms for the use of various clubs, which have had such an auspicious beginning. The clubs will furnish their rooms according to their different tastes and needs, and all meetings will be held in these rooms, instead of in the rooms of the girls, as they now are. Both teachers and students will be glad to know that the practice rooms for piano students will be taken from the class-room wing, and placed in

There the labors of the musical-minded will disturb no one, for the practice hours come, for the most part, during recitation, laboratory, or study hours, and, from the very nature of the , it be used least of all during these hours. will be placed out beyond the chapel, in the direction of the class-room wing.

There are two thoughts which come to us in connection with these plans for the future Westhampton College. The first is that we must not ever become so engrossed in the future that we fail to make the best of the present. For instance, let us not lose interest in our clubs because we haven't special rooms for them

now, or fail to come out for athletics because our gymnasium hasn't been built. The other thought is that every one of us has a two-fold share in this future College. The readiness with which the money will be obtained depends upon whether or not those who are asked to give think that Westhampton is producing women that are worth while, and what they think depends upon us. Also, the spirit and customs will have been moulded, to a great degree, when these improvements come, and ours is the opportunity to mould them aright.

Spring is with us, and Westhampton is now concerned more with the beauty of the out-doors than with study. (We are trusting that the Faculty will not read *The Class Gardens*. this.) Something is in the air—perhaps the breath of violets or the trill of a bird. Who can blame us if we are lured out? Some one who is a bit of a reader of human nature has whispered that *now* is the time for the commencement of the four class gardens. The whisper has grown, and the idea has been so enthusiastically accepted by the students that some can already see and smell the beds of white, lavender, red, and yellow, though we have to remind them that the seeds have not yet been planted. We approve of your whole-hearted entrance into the plan, and we feel sure that Westhampton, by next fall, will be proud of her four gardens—Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman.

There is something else in the air, also—track and basketball. The majority of girls are participating in *Athletics*. both, and to the few uninitiated ones we say, "Come on out. Your class needs *you*, and 'you never can tell' what fun they are until you've tried them for yourself."

It is not long before the track meet and the inter-class basketball games will be held. We have many splendid class songs, and "Odd" and "Even" songs, but we have *Westhampton Songs*. only four Westhampton songs. Now these four are so good that we wish more like them. We need *Westhampton* songs. You who wrote

those splendid class songs get busy, and the rest also. Just remember what your *alma mater* is doing for *you*, and get to work. All of our songs are to be collected and published in booklet form, so be ready when a song is demanded of you. We know that you can do it if you will, and we know that you *will* do anything for our *alma mater*.

Blue Ridge! What do those two words mean to you? If you know the secret which they contain, you'll "pack your grip and take a trip" down into the Blue Ridge

Blue Ridge. mountains of North Carolina. We all need new inspiration, courage, understanding, even the best of us. Your College needs twenty-five girls at Blue Ridge. Are you planning to be one of them?

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

Margaret E. James, '16.

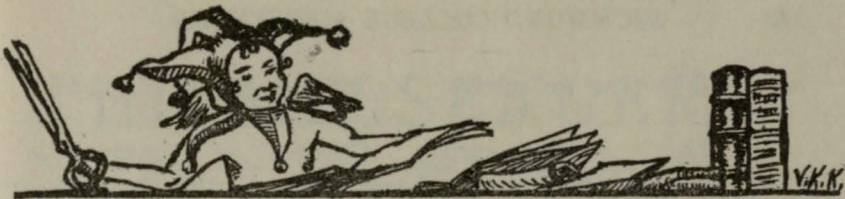
The Alumnæ Department has, for the two issues past, been without representation, because of the fact that nothing of any particular importance has been on hand among the alumnæ—that is, nothing that is ready to be written about. There are, however, several matters which are before the alumnæ at present. and which will, in a short time, be made known through this page.

Commencement week is not far off now, and it is earnestly hoped that many of our alumnæ may find it convenient to be on the campus at that time. The particular occasion in the Commencement's exercises that concerns the alumnæ alone will be the annual meeting of the alumnæ, which will be held at 2 o'clock on Saturday, June 3d, the place not yet decided upon. There is also some plan on foot for a dinner or luncheon, or something of the kind, to occur immediately following this meeting.

As has been a custom for some years, there will take place on Tuesday, June 6th, at the Jefferson Hotel, a luncheon, at which under-graduates, graduates, and alumnæ will be present.

These remarks are not stated as absolute facts, but they sound "good," and will give us something to think about from now until then.

In the next issue we shall endeavor to publish some facts which will, no doubt, be of interest to the students at Westhampton, and which will certainly contribute something to their "bureau of information."



EXCHANGES.

Eleanor Robertson, '19.

The Tennessee College Magazine for March has several poems and short stories, which are only fairly good. "Violets and

*The
Tennessee College
Magazine.*

Chrysanthemums" has a romantic title and the trite plot of a girl with lovers on both sides of a foot-ball game. "Just Because of a Dog" is a house party incident, pretty well told. Decidedly the best con-

tributions are a group of translations, two from Horace and one from Leconte de Lisle. In the former the meter has not been attempted like the Latin, but the spirit of Horace is well kept. The latter, "The Fate of the Stars," is beautifully translated, and shows all the feeling of the original. The pages in this monthly devoted to college life are full of enthusiasm and good ideas.

The Acorn, from Meredith College, has an Inaugural Edition for this month, celebrating the coming of its new President, Dr.

The Acorn. Charles E. Brewer. Dr. Brewer's address, on "The Relations and Obligations of the Christian

College" is given, as well as several addresses of welcome, made by Dr. Poteat, of Wake Forest College; Dean Keller, of Westhampton, and others. From the extracts taken from the papers, Meredith must have had a full week during the inauguration. We congratulate her on her splendid President, and are glad to have had the account of him in *The Acorn*. Such an interesting number did not deserve to have its cover put on upside down.

The Vassar Miscellany is by far the best monthly from a

large college that we receive. Its March number has a truly literary spirit that is refreshing and inspiring. "Children" is a lovely little poem of eight lines of the first spring breeze. "Night Pictures" is beautiful.

The author uses an uneven rhythm which suits the tone and subject. "Carved Ivory," the story of a typical village "mysterious character," is told with good descriptive touches and easy style. An article on "Outdoor Life" describes the pleasures of college life in the country, and is one we all agree with at this time of the year. The longest and best poem is one describing the feelings of a dweller in the city who longs for the good warm earth, long grasses, woods, and stretch of open sky. The best short story is "The Lady of the Flower Trees." A lonely old maid discovers a little blind girl playing "make believe" in the woods, and finds herself entering into the spirit of fairyland before she knows it.

We acknowledge the following magazines: *The Smith College Monthly*, *The Wells College Chronicle*, *The Wellesley College News*, *The Limestone Star*, *The Sweet Briar Magazine*.