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THE MESSENGER.

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VOL. XLIII.

OCTOBER, 1916.

No. 2

TO A JEWISH MAIDEN.

G. W. D.

Daughter of Esther's tribe, fair as the morning,
Eyes like the evening star, bright ever shining,
Sweet be thy peaceful dream, beauty adorning,
Far be a troubled heart, far be repining.

Calm breathes the breath of night, chill in its going,
Yet thou dost slumber still, breast calmly heaving.
Far in the azure depths, where stars are showing,
Echoes a lullaby angels are breathing:

"In the vale, the misty vale,
Vale of dreams,
Spread abroad thy silken sail—
Stretch its seams.
Glide away, glide away, glide,
Glide to the place where moonbeams hide,
Glide to the place where the fairies all love,
Glide to the song of the cooing dove,
Vale of dreams.

"In the land, the golden land,
Land of dreams,
Vast expanse of silver strand
Ever gleams.
There the dew to roses cling,
There the blue-bells sweetly ring,
There the grapes in purple cluster,
To thy bounty add their luster,
Land of dreams."

Daughter of Esther's tribe, sweet be thy dreaming,
Naught shall disturb thy rest till comes the morning.
Then when the lace of dawn westward is streaming,
Rise from thy slumb'ring couch, duty adorning.

"TO LOOK CHILDREN IN THE EYES IS DANGEROUS."

Moses Gellman, '17.



SPIRIT of listless lethargy pervaded the entire coach. As for me, I was sleepy, and yawned, just as most of the passengers did. The man in the seat across the aisle was buried beneath a bunch of Sunday papers, and emitted therefrom sounds signifying peaceful slumber. The young drummer in front, with wrinkled brow and puzzled squint, was trying to solve the labyrinthine mystery of his time-table. The two old-maid school-mistresses behind me were balancing world problems, and when they got through with the world there wasn't much left as it had been. If they had their way, "they would box the ears of every horrid king, stop this horrid war, and—declare universal suffrage."

Just at this moment they were frankly and vehemently expressing their indignation at the unpardonable ignorance of a certain beast, Man, who simply would not recognize the independence of woman, and were abusing us poor souls for not granting them "only that which we justly demand, and to which we are absolutely entitled."

"Now just look," began the one, in a voice similar to the tone she would have used on catching Mary Jones chewing gum during school hours, "just look now, Miss Matthews, at those vile, forsaken things lying there. They, the dregs and outcasts of all classes of regularly constituted human society, have the full and inalienable privilege and right to vote, to pass laws whereby *you* and *I* are governed. Isn't it a shame and a disgrace that such conditions prevail in an enlightened country so modern and so far advanced as ours is? Why should we be placed on a lower scale," etc., etc.

You know, I had heard these same old arguments scores of times before from Matilda, my wife, and, besides, I was already converted. (Ask Matilda, if you don't believe me.) So, in

hopes of some sort of diversion, I turned my attention to "those vile, forsaken things lying there."

I looked over into the direction to which the slender finger of Miss Matthews's friend, the school-mistress, had pointed. About three seats in front of me, all crumpled up in a dishevelled mass of tawdry raiment, were, for the lack of a more polite and euphonious substitute, two drunken bums. Vile indeed they were, but not forsaken—oh, no; for out of one's side coat pocket stuck a half-emptied bottle of whiskey. A greasy, grey cap sat on the back of a closely-cropped head belonging to him o' the bottle. Their red, unshaven faces, bloated eyelids, and heavy breathing evidenced a too frequent indulgence in the contents of the flask. They must have been brought up on the bottle, and, doubtless, as they grew there developed such a tenacious attachment to it that, in their maturity, they could not bear to forsake it. They slept. From out of the seat arose a low, grating, continuous buzz. As one inhaled and snored the other exhaled, and, while the other emitted his share of snoring, the one caught his breath to prepare for the next round. The younger, next to the window, was the exact prototype of his colleague, except that his thin, sunken jaws showed lesser signs of the maudlin dissipation they had been pursuing.

Such close scrutiny of the two led me into a mood of serious consideration. I had nothing else to do but to observe—and sleep. I recalled the tempestuous remarks of the teacher behind me, and adjudged them as sane and true. Come to think of it, why should they be allowed the rights refused the women? Now, don't think that this is a brief in behalf of suffrage, but the fact that the argument and example were brought so near together convinced me. I sat there pondering and revolving these facts in my mind, and soon fell off into a quiet nap.

* * * * *

I awoke with a start. I had been dreaming. I was pacing the floor with little Georgie, my youngest, who would not be consoled. The brat was bellowing to the point of exasperation when I opened my eyes. There, at the front of the car, a little child was giving an account of itself in a thin, shrill voice. Since these devotees to Bacchus had lately been the subjects of my

meditation before I napped, they were naturally the first things I thought of on awakening. They, too, had been aroused by the noise of the baby. The younger opened his eyes, and started to yawn, but was arrested in his attempt by a look at the child. The Knight of the Flask awoke, looked straight ahead, and smiled. The smile that crept into his face seemed to have difficulty in passing over the deep wrinkled gorges. It was painful. He punched his friend, and said, "Look, Hick; look at the kid."

"Well, what about 'im, Pete?" answered Hick, carelessly.

"Oh, nothin'."

"Say, I'm darned thirsty," began Hick anew, after a short pause, changing the subject entirely.

"There's some water up yonder over the kid."

Hick arose and stumbled up the aisle to the water-cooler. This was placed directly over the seat where the child and its mother sat. The little boy was standing on the plush seat under the cup machine, and, as the man fumbled in his pocket for a penny, the child got thirsty all of a sudden.

"Ma," he said, in a half wail, "I want some water."

"No, Georgie, you can't have any water *now*."

The mother glanced unamiably at Hick, as he stood before them. Little Georgie did not get the significance of the "now," nor did he mind his mother; for he looked up at the man, who was drawing water for himself, and addressed him:

"Mister, gimme some water, please?"

"What?" answered Hick, gruffly.

"Some water, please." The little boy looked pleadingly into the grimy face in front of him.

I know that this Hick would have liked to topple the child over, drink his water, and stumble back to his seat. But, instead, he drew the water, carelessly held it to the boy's mouth, and stood there looking down on him as he drank. When the child had finished he got some for himself, and gulped down in quick succession five cups of cold ice-water, trying to dilute the whiskey in him, I suppose.

"Thanks, mister," courteously said little Georgie.

Hick did not answer, but stood there amazed at such cleanliness of dress and politeness of manners. He seemed obliged to

pat the child upon his blonde head, so impressed he was at that moment. That pat! What did it mean to him? He still stood there, with his hand upon the child's head, unmindful of the increasingly unfriendly glances of scorn shot at him by the mother. There must have been in that touch a transfusion of something which made Hick feel the contrast between the child's purity and his baseness. When he came to himself again he quickly withdrew his hand, and stumbled along, amidst the heaving and rocking of the train, back to his seat, into which he slipped with a thump. I saw his head bobbing up and down. He was, for the first time, uncomfortable. He tried to look out of the window, but became tired of that. He sat up straight, but soon slouched into a low sitting posture, seeming, all the while, to be moved by an innate disturbance.

You remember how the little babe at Roaring Camp unwittingly effected the regeneration of a whole gang of dissolute tramps? I could not help thinking of the magic touch of the Luck. I compared the touch of the two children. My whole interest was now centered upon this poor struggling creature.

You know, I think every man possesses his share of human kindness and tenderness, developed, undeveloped, or possibly dormant for a time, or even hardened by a neglect of association with things kind and tender. This man must have long been unused to these two primal instincts of human nature. He had only to be forcibly reminded of them, and I think this child gave him cause for serious thought.

There seemed to be an attraction between the two that drew the man forward again. He rose and walked to the water-stand. The child, too, was coincidentally thirsty, and, in the same gentle voice, requested a drink. There was no gruff answer. This time the man's hand trembled as he held the cup to the baby's mouth. It seemed as if his blurred eyes could not meet those of the child, which were clear and true and radiant. He could not look at this innocent face and not see the purity of its unspotted soul. The child again thanked him, but he did not answer. Every feature in his face twitched and twisted; though his lips had formed to say "You're welcome," he could not speak. Instead, he quickly lifted the little boy in his arms, and kissed

him, much to the displeasure of his mother. His eyes grew eager, and he would have hugged him, but here the mother interfered.

Once more he staggered back, and there he sat, struggling with the passions of love and truth.

* * * * *

I fell off to sleep for the second time, lulled by the monotonous chug of the engine and the rolling of wheels. I was this time awakened by the conductor.

"Cedarville! Cedarville!" he bellowed. "Next stop Cedarville!"

This was my station, a small town which, before the war, lay among its surrounding hills unsung. Now, however, the European war had magically converted this place into a rushing mushroom munition town, attracting people from the four corners of the country. I jumped up, grabbed my bags, and started down the aisle. I thought I heard somebody behind me mention "a pair of vile, forsaken things." As I reached the subjects of this tale I found them busy arguing about a point upon which both could not agree.

"Come on, I tell you, Hick. You know we can open a bar here and make piles of cash. Aw, come on wid me."

Hick, the one who had had his experience with the child, looked first at his friend and then longingly at the playing tot ahead. His eyes were half closed as he spoke.

"Naw, Pete. Good-bye, boy," he answered. "I'm goin' back home to Maggie and the *kid*."

"Step lively there," shouted the impatient conductor. I hurried, and jumped off just as the train moved on.

THE TOW-HEADEDNESS OF SHEL.

Elizabeth Ellyson, '18.

He had run away. He knew he had run away, but he did not think one way or the other about its being wrong. He dug his toes into the warm sawdust, and smiled exultantly up at the gnarled oak overhead. Grown-up folks are so careless; they put you in the back-yard to play with the atmosphere, while they sew dresses for the baby or blouses for the older school-boys, or elbow on the front gate-post with their neighbors, and expect you to play with nothing until the next meal time. But you never do—that is, you never used to do it. Quite hidden by the chicken-house, it is so easy to roll under the fence in the space of that missing white-washed board, and escape down the hill to the woodsy little brook, up which you stumble until it bubbles from under the old sawdust pile—your goal.

The browned little toes stuck up, and the sawdust trickled through. Thus had been their escape from the barren land of nothing into the world of things-as-you-want-them. And it made him deliciously happy; there was no one to molest him. Above was seen a lone buzzard, lazily dipping in the sky, and an occasional cackling of the old hen echoed from the house. Now he could make believe he, too, was up the hay loft, hunting eggs, or fishing for minnows with the other boys, or maybe—he caught his breath in that downward swoop; he had just touched the bough with the tip of his toe, and was “waitin’ fa de cat to die.” He was too little. Shel was always too little. He could hold a fishing pole, and maybe put a worm on his line; but then there was the hook stuck in his thumb, or hung on the brazen alder bushes, and, besides, he must always be “toted” half the way to the creek. True he was six, but he was such a little fellow, you know. The doctor had said he would grow if he lived in the sunshine, and for his next birthday he was going to get a watch if he would eat no candy.

But now he lay upon his back, and gazed up at the green

baby leaves over him. The wind, smelling of pine, blew across the broom-sedge field, and curled the pale little wisps of hair up from his head. Yet around the sawdust pile, save for this one side, the tangled wood still hid the maze of paths, not too abstruse for the keen old rabbit, and sheltered the lady-slipper, or the sun sparkled through upon the shy forget-me-nots; the stream gurgled by the dainty white violets.

And, living only in the present, it was blissful; so he forgot this old world, and dreamed himself into another land. There he always ran the fastest, and was never caught in tag; he climbed the highest tree, and came down with one hand, holding in the other the speckled robin's egg; or, bareback on a pony, he raced across the country. Now he found himself sole owner of a rifle, with a belt of little shot around his waist, and he hunted for crows and chicken-hawks. On through the woods he wandered, until he came upon a white bird—a bird bigger even than he was, but very gentle, and it took him up on its back, and flew far up in the sky, above the trees, to the clouds. There many little cloud-folk all eagerly awaited him; they clambered around him, and welcomed him to their frolics. Soon he learned to stretch out, and to bend his knee back, and make a cloud bay, curving round, and to bob his head up and make a mountain. Then he became ring-leader of them all, and showed them how to fold their hands and make a little lamb, or stretch their arms out, and he, as leader, to form a flock of cloud geese and fly across the sky, and fly, and fly, and fly. He became very tired—Did you see that pink cloud baby floating, resting up there in the sky?

Long he lay there on the sawdust pile; a shadow grew in the sky; the big bell over the school-house sent out its warning to the kitchens that the hungry children were coming home. Shel would have known what that bell meant, but to-day he did not stir. And the sky grew blacker; the wind sighed through the branches overhead; great drops of rain began to fall.

“Whoop, here he is!” And the older boys, with a yell, pounced down upon the little figure in the sawdust pile and triumphantly bore him home. They were all glad to see him, because you see he had almost been lost in a storm, and Daddy even pulled him up between his knees and half fed him out of his

own plate. But, even in storms, grown-up folks have work to do, and the boys stole off to their work-shop in the loft of the old carriage house. Shel was safe at home—and forgotten.

What could have made the little cloud-folk so sad? For a week, their faces all dark, they had been weeping steadily, while Shel wandered listlessly around the house and played with the baby. By and by she grew weary, yawned openly, and fell asleep. He turned to the window, and watched the boys in their swimming suits ducking each other in the rain-barrel. What fun it was! One stood up in the barrel, while the other pushed him down under the water. Up he came, all sputtering, his long, dark locks covering his eyes; then a chase—caught, and a race for the barrel. Shel's eyes sparkled and danced. Who would get there first? Bump—ouch! Yes, he knew they had gotten there at the same time, and turned the barrel over; that was what had made him butt his head against the window. There was a bump coming, too. Dismally he crawled up before the dresser and mirror. Why should they have all the fun, while he was not even allowed on the porch?

Two blue moons in the mirror stared soulfully back at him, a lip quivered; slowly a walnut appeared under the skin on his forehead, accentuating the pale little wisp of a curl floating above. "Tow-headed" the boys called him. He did not know what that was, but it must have been something dreadful—something that made everybody think he could do nothing, or, at least, should do nothing. Miserably the blue moons met—if only he had a black piece of hair to pull down over his eyes.

Still more miserably he crept down the back stairs to "An' Mawfy," who was droning a tune of her slavery childhood. He stood in the kitchen doorway, and watched her on her knees, scrubbing the floor.

"An' Mawfy," he said, "what makes your hair black and mine white?"

"Land sakes, child, how you scairt me, standin' dere so quiet like; I mite a took y' fur a hant. Don' y' come in heah, a-trackin' all dis heah flo' up wid dem bare feet o' yown. Ne'er seed sech a chile in my life, way he do creep around wid dat angel face o' his'n."

"An' Mawfy, do you know what makes hair black?"

"Do I kno' wha' makes hayr black? Wall, I don' jes know ez I do, les'n 'tis de Lord. Do' dey do say dat de ole Missis used to keep hers dark, ober de temples whar 'twas gittin' sorter white like, wid de green sage tea dat yo' mumma all time gittin' me to make to send to de sick folks. Now old Mrs. MaClu am gone an' got de rumetics; wid all dis rain, 'nough to make anybody ketch dere deaf do'."

"Well, An' Mawfy, will you give me some of it?"

"Gib y' some ob it, ob dat green sage tea I done make? Wha' in de name of heaven could a chile like y' wan' wid green sage tea?"

"But I do want it."

"But y' do wan' it, hey? Wal, I do 'clare. If 'twant dat I know'd 'twant no use arguin' wid y'—y'd keep on a-hankerin' 'round and a-pesterin' me fur wha' y' wan'—I neber would gib it to y'. But, heah, take dis heah can-full ob it; it got so much water in it y' could drink it all an' neber know 'twas tea. An' mind y' keep out ob ma kitchen while I'se washin' de flo'."

* * * * *

And still it rained, and Shel nearly wore his nose off on the window-pane looking for the sun, and in the corner, under his bed hid a tomato can full of a pale, yellowish liquid. Fifty times a day he ran to the mirror to view that pale wisp of a curl. His eyes, now even larger and brighter, rested upon that soft ball, and saw it darken. Darker and darker it grew; the wisp uncurled, and a straight black lock lay upon his forehead. At the same time he saw his chin appear above the edge of the mirror, his neck, his chest—how tall he looked, how big! All this he saw—and still it rained. But wait till the sun comes out, and he will show them what he has seen in the mirror; and again he peeped under the bed at the meaningful can.

At last the cloud folk, too, wearied of it all, ceased weeping, and scurried off through the sky, beckoning him to follow. The sun looked down, and the earth was glad. How long it seemed through the wood and up the creek, as he toiled with the tomato can; but on he stumbled, slipping once on a rock, and jolting the precious liquid over his blouse. On he struggled through the grasses and low bushes, on to the land of things-as-you-want

them. Up to the top of the mound he climbed, as fast as his little legs could plow through the shifting sawdust.

His fingers, trembling, held the tomato can between his knees. He caught his breath, and gazed around at the world-as-it-was. Every flower had opened its eyes to see him change into the world of things-as-he-wanted-them. Softly the trees nodded approval. Where was the half-dejected little hump to his back, the wan smile, the sorrowful eyes? Straight he sat upon his pinnacle, his legs flung wide on the spacious slope, two fists grasping a can before him. His chest rose and fell with sharp breaths, a bubble of laughter burst from his parted lips, and the sun was caught and held fast in the wan little wisp of a curl.

Down his neck it ran, soaking his blouse; but still he sat straight, with chin held high, two blue orbs dancing and dazzling the world with happiness. Down the centre of his forehead he felt a straight lock of hair, from which amber drops dripped, trickling down his nose, and falling upon the sawdust—happy youth—ah, *happy* youth! O, man, wherefore made you mirrors? Break them ere 'tis too late. O, man, wherefore made you mirrors, to lead from the land of things-as-you-want-them to the land of things-as-they-are?


NIGHTFALL IN THE DESERT.

A. L. Stratford, '19.

The moon, a sickly wan, ascends her way,
Amid the myriad stars that in and out
The burnt-red atmosphere, at close of day,
Do vainly seem to chase each other's route.
The air feels dead, and close, and stifling hot,
As the soporific scent of poppy-flower;
Full many a mirage casts it before the spot
From whence a writhing stream of smoke doth tower.
'Tis nightfall now, still all about seems bright,
Yet hazy in the quivering fiery glow,
And only now and then there gleams a light,
And every little while the hot winds blow;
The sands stretch ever forth in endless line,
And choke the atmosphere of color rare.
Save where the busy fire-fly's tiny mine
Of light doth pierce the shimmering air:
The serpents, coiled, are sleeping in the grass
That dry and dead lies here and there apart,
The prowlers of the night do quickly pass,
The buzz of legion wings both stop and start.
Upon the distant line there gleams a ray
The dung-fire's dying embers sends abroad.
Anon the jackal's shriek proclaims his prey;
The bulbul shrilly chants her mournful word.
Near-by the rustling of a desert palm
Sounds dead, and if half full of secret fear,
The tiny tinkle of a stream which breaks the calm
Brings alone a welcome sound unto the ear.
The camels, munching, grunt a tune or two;
The camp-boys pipe a love-song on their lute,
And lay and dream of hours yet to woo,
When Allah wills that we shall all be mute.
Faintly now fade the sounds upon the ear
Into the tinkle of the silver stream,
And dimmer grows the glowing atmosphere;
'Tis midnight, and in the desert *all* must dream!

BY THE REPORTER.

L. E. K., '18.

“E was a mighty fine fellow, the Judge was, an' the country'll miss him terrible.”

The speaker shifted his lazy weight from one foot to the other, and expectorated a quantity of “ambeer.”

“You’re a paper man, ain’t you?” he drawled.

I nodded.

“Well,” he continued, “you’ll find things done up in quick order, I’m thinkin’? They ain’t no ev’dence been got ’gainst nobody ’cept Joe Parrish (he’s the clerk, you know). An’, cert’n’y, with his desk wide open, his own revolver layin’ out on it plain as day, an’ him drunk, you couldn’t want nothin’ more.”

The man was the first to whom I had spoken since arriving in the little town the night before, and, since he seemed typical of the majority of the populace, I was interested to learn the common opinion as to the murder and the coming trial, so I lead him on.

“What gets me, though”—he chewed a minute thoughtfully—“what gets me is how that boy, generally meeker’n a lamb, could a got up his spunk to shoot anything, an’ specially ol’ Judge Kincaid. But, then, you do get mistook in a fellow occasional. You just can’t allus tell.”

I interrupted him.

“Who is the tall man in the silk hat, going up the court-house steps?” I asked. “I didn’t know your town afforded that variety of head-gear.”

The loafer stuffed his hands deeper into his trouser pockets, ambled his quid convulsively for a time, and chuckled.

“Well, I guess you might say he’s our nex’ judge. It’s Brooks Clay. He’s the mos’ pop’lar man in the county, specially with the niggers. He gave um a brass band last year, an’ set um plum crazy for him. He’s the pros’cutin’ lawyer for the trial.”

I watched the attorney enter the court-house. There was

an air of affluence about him which set him apart from the ordinary citizen. He smiled suavely on the crowd standing around the steps, obviously conscious of their admiring glances.

Yes, he must be popular with the people, I thought.

And then my attention was called from him. Just behind me I had heard a peculiarly halting step, and a vague sense of having heard it before possessed me. I turned and saw the heavily-veiled figure of a woman in black. She was lame, as the step had testified.

I again sought information of the tobacco-laden citizen.

"And the lame woman in black, who is she?"

"Lame woman? Why, that's Miss Agnes, the Judge's daughter. She an' Mr. Clay are goin' to get married, an' well she's deservin' uv him, too. She's had a mighty sad life uv it."

The bell in the court-house tower gave forth two rasping peals, and, with one accord, the crowds loitering in the yard and on the steps poured inside.

On entering, I was immediately conducted to a desk within the inclosure below the judge's stand by a deputy, who evidently recognized my profession by my portfolio.

It was only 9 o'clock, but the court-room was packed to overflowing. Farmers from thirty miles around had already arrived, with their wives and children, and were occupying front seats. The windows were filled with slouching, inquisitive citizens, who, it seemed, must have reserved their seats beforehand, because of the superior advantages offered by the position for frequent expectorations. Young women, clad in white, even then busy with embroidery hoops and needles, were scattered throughout the assemblage. Summer boarders, of course, I thought. All were excited, all were curious; only the figures of the woman in black and the prosecuting attorney were conspicuous among the throng, so out of their element did they seem.

And then the sheriff took his place, the gavel fell, and the whispering and spitting were quieted.

The lame woman drew her veil closer and sank farther back into her chair. Her hands lay limply in her lap. She seemed hardly to breathe. I looked towards the attorney. He, too, had been watching the woman, and, on a sudden impulse, went

over to her chair. I was glad. She had seemed so alone. For a moment after he sat down at her side she seemed to breathe deeper, and then, of a sudden, leaning forward, she convulsively clutched the rail in front. The attorney frowned; then, in seeming haste, returned to his desk, smiling.

It was rather unusual, I thought. Why had the man's presence affected her thus? I wondered.

The jury had been chosen, the preliminaries completed, and the first witnesses put on the stand by the end of the day. The circumstances surrounding the case were interesting, and I made a good story of it for *The Herald*. In the report I described the accused as "a weak, uneducated boy; a pitiable object, meek and inoffensive, a creature not to be connected with crime." The city fifty miles away talked of it, but, prone as are many small places to adhere stingily to first conclusions, the little town was obstinate.

The trial proceeded, and my stories lagged. For some reason I could not bring myself to write interestingly of the commonplace, when I felt, as I did, that there was something hidden, something still undiscovered, which lay at the heart of things. Then I had become unusually, *and strangely*, I might say, interested in the two figures who, to my mind, were the most prominent in the whole affair—the attorney and the lame woman. From the first hour that I sat in the court-room, knowing the names of none save of them, they had become so closely connected for me that, in a most peculiar and inexplicable way, when I thought of one I inevitably thought of the other. I watched them constantly.

I heard the woman on the witness stand. She stood as she was examined, with her veil lifted. The counsel for the defense propounded innumerable questions, and she answered bravely. Then, when the prosecution faced her, her whole attitude changed. Her body stiffened, her lips drew tightly over her teeth, her voice became husky and cracked. And, with it all, I saw in her eyes the expression I had seen in my own mother's when, as a small boy, I had told her a falsehood, and she whipped me. It was distinctively a woman's look, so tired, so heart-hurt.

Her testimony, too, was unsatisfactory. She was entirely non-committal, breaking down all motive on the clerk's part, yet

implicating no other. I could see the defense was always pleased when she was put up, and I saw, or thought I saw, continual dissatisfaction and a shade of nervousness on the prosecution's countenance when she arose.

As I watched *him*, day in and day out, I formed a most definite idea of his character. In the first place, he had every citizen in the county at his fingers' ends. He said what he chose, and when he smiled each and every one readily acquiesced, so sunny was that smile, so benign his countenance. He handled his questionings with genius, always as cunning and shrewd as a wild beast.

And while the woman watched him, so powerfully pleading his case, she was variously affected. At one time, when he, for a moment, would lose his actual subject in a flight of oratory, when his tongue seemed inspired, and his bell-like voice held his audience breathless, she involuntarily leaned forward, relaxed, and seemed to forget. Then, as suddenly as the tenseness had left, it would return with the woman anguish in her eye.

I knew she had suffered much, but I could not attribute these emotional phases to her known sorrow. There was something in the dullness of her eye which was deeper than mere death of a loved one could have caused.

The more I observed the more fixed became my suspicions. There was something between the two, something hidden, yet a thing which so seriously affected their lives that I, a mere stranger, could easily detect its presence. Yet the question remained, What was that something, that link which bound them?

Three weeks of the trial had passed. At first the woman's absolutely non-committal testimony had rather baffled the lawyers. However, this was gradually attributed to the shock of the murder and to her grief. She was not keeping anything back; she simply knew nothing to tell.

To the constant attendants on the trial the outcome seemed certain, and, in truth, there had been no evidence against anybody but Parrish. The boy was drunk on the night of the murder, and that fact alone filled in all gaps in the case against him. The defense was now scarcely more than an on-looker. He had exhausted his powers of persuasion, and he had no evidence of any

kind. The jurymen slept in their box; their decisions were settled. The prosecution smiled more affably than ever, while the woman grew more nervous, and nearer collapse every day.

There was nothing to hold back the final verdict any longer, and at the end of four weeks, as I sat in the court-room, I found it to be the general opinion that all would end on the following day. Towards evening I believed so too. At least, I believed a crisis of some kind to be near. The lame woman sat motionless for hours at a time, her eyes closed. The clerk appeared dead, in a state of listlessness.

And then the session adjourned for the day.

The lawyers and reporters, as usual, remained at their desks to gather up their papers.

The lame woman fell behind the out-going crowd, and I saw her stop at Mr. Clay's desk. For a full minute their eyes met. In hers I saw something indefinable. To me the attorney was much more comprehensible than the woman. At first he smiled on her—I could not but expect a smile from him—and then an expression of incredulous unbelief passed over his features. What had surprised this look I know not. Then the woman thrust a piece of paper into his hand and fled.

Her halting step died away along the hall outside the room before the attorney glanced towards the missive. After looking cautiously about him, and, evidently finding no one watching (I sat a little back of his desk), he unfolded the scrap and read the several lines in pencil which I saw were there. He jumped to his feet. A sudden convulsion seized the muscles of his face. They twisted and jerked, and then, snatching his hat, he rushed through the door.

He had left his desk open. I closed it for him, and went to my room in the hotel.

The mystery was soon to be solved, I believed. Something was pending.

It was after midnight when I folded up my papers and prepared the day's report for the early edition. It was very sultry, and, after turning out the kerosene lamp on my desk, I stepped to the window.

The town was peacefully asleep. Only the occasional rustle

of birds in the tree outside my window broke the absolute stillness of it all. I yawned. And then, from far down the narrow village street, I detected the sound of steps. It drew nearer, and I readily distinguished its unmistakable unevenness as that of the lame woman. It sounded strangely unusual on the brick pavement. The step had haunted me from the first morning of the trial, and now I remembered that I had heard it just below my window, as now, on my first night in the town.

She was nearing the corner. Perhaps I might see her as she passed the lamp-post, and I did. But, just as she came into the flickering light a tall figure stepped from out the shadows. It was the attorney, and the two withdrew together into the blackness. Was this the moment? I wondered. Was he there to obey the order of her note?

I stood motionless, listening intently. There was not a sound. Was it possible that my suspicions were groundless? Had an over-sensitive imagination deceived me? They were engaged. Certainly they must be lovers, and why should she not turn to him at this time, when the strain was greatest? Ah, it was all a concoction of a restless mind! And I turned from the window. But I stopped short. A muffled shot had pierced the stillness of the summer night.

The something had happened.

A second following the shot I heard again the halting step. Once it came, and then again, slow, and more uncertain. And then, with a soft thud, something fell to the pavement, and a black shrouded body rolled into the gutter, under the unsteady light of the corner lamp.

Already doors along the street were being opened, and I knew a crowd would gather in a short time.

I rushed from my room and into the street, arriving at the corner just as two citizens had recognized the Judge's daughter.

Leaning over the quiet form, I felt her pulse. It was still. But something was clutched tightly in her hand, and, taking it quietly, I carried it to my room. It was "the note," as I had hoped, and, after reading it, I knew that that small scrap of paper had undoubtedly hastened the climax. It ran thus:

"You must have suspected long ago that I knew. You

must have known that it was none other than I who entered the office door as you were arranging Parrish's desk. You must have known that none other than I would have withdrawn so quietly. Oh, God! the agony of it all—of faith battling with distrust, of love with duty! At first I was strong; now I can bear no more. For God's sake, save Parrish before it is too late, and justify yourself."

It was signed "A." That was all.

In ten minutes I was with the counsel for defense, and in two hours complete evidence had been collected.

Few slept in the town that night. Two murders within so short a time! And in the morning their excitement was still so great that only at the urgings of the attorney was the trial resumed. Weeping softly, he advised the swift close of the first case in order to accommodate a second. The townsmen and jury consented. They failed to see the possibility of complications arising from the second crime.

In his final plea the prosecution reached the height of his power. Parrish collapsed.

And then the defense arose.

Within five minutes the jurymen were leaning from their boxes. A dead hush fell over the almost mob in the court-room. And then the note was produced.

Nothing else was needed. The evidence was complete. My mystery was solved, and the town had at last awakened. At first it was hard for them. Their idol had fallen. But gradually they saw it all, remembering various instances in which he had seemed to be thinking only of the community's benefit, but which now showed themselves as further evidence of his deceit.

* * * * *

Several weeks later I sent a write-up to *The Herald*. The head-lines read: "Popular Attorney at Last Convicted of Murder in the First Degree. Will Arrive at the State Prison To-Morrow to Await the Fulfilment of the Law."

ROMANTIC ELEMENTS OF COWPER.

Weston Bristow, '17.

"God made the country, and man made the town."



THE above verse from one of Cowper's great poems, "The Task," convinces one immediately that there was a large romantic element in the poet.

It is not the purpose of this paper to argue that Cowper was romantic, or that he was anything else, poetically speaking. But it is the purpose to give some quotations, with comments to show that there was a romantic side to this rather pathetic life.

It is not possible to draw "hard and fast lines" as to where his romantic element begins and ends. But there are several very distinctive romantic elements in his poetry. A very noticeable one is his love of nature. The verse quoted above is evidence that he greatly admired the country. It has been said of him that "he, first of English poets, brought men back from the town to the country." Mrs. Browning said of him:

"God wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars harmonious influences.
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number;
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber."

Of "The Task," his great poem, four of the six books are of themes on nature: "The Garden," "The Winter Evening," "The Winter Morning Walk," and "The Winter Walk at Noon."

True pleasure for him was not in the great cities, but in
"Nature, whose Elysian scenes disclose
His bright perfections at whose will they rose."

—*The Task.*

His love of nature was not of the cynic nor of the philosopher, but of one who loved nature because it was beautiful to him, and he could sing:

“I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.”

—*The Task.*

In comparison with his love of nature, his love for his country is very striking. His patriotism is different from the popular conception of this virtue. Cowper loved England because God controlled England, and led the people from ignorance to wisdom. This is something greater than mere admiration for England's glory on the seas or her advanced state of civilization.

“England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.”

—*The Task.*

Another of his poems gives evidence of his love and interest in England's welfare. A stanza from “The Loss of the Royal George” will show this:

“Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with your cup
The tears that England owes;
Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charg'd with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main;
But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Must plough the wave no more.”

—*On the Loss of the “Royal George.”*

There are several other romantic elements which might be mentioned, but it would take too much space. There are a few others, however, which must be mentioned, as they stress the romantic side of the poet.

The most prominent of this group, which might be called the psychological traits of the man himself, and expressed in his poetry,

is naturalness. Macaulay said of him, "He had preserved in no common measure the innocence of childhood." He wrote not as the classics, not stilted high-sounding phrases, but it was thoroughly Cowper, writing English poetry in Cowper's way.

A very striking illustration of the simple, genuinely natural expression is "The Retired Cat." How skillfully the little sketch is worked out, and yet how simple and natural! A cat may be seen up a tree, in an old pan in the yard, or on the handsomest piece of furniture of the house.

A poet's cat, sedate and grave
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.

* * * * *

"A draw'r—it chanc'd, at bottom lin'd
With linen of the softest kind,

* * * * *

Puss, with delight beyond expression,
Survey'd the scene, and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease ere long,

* * * * *

When in came, housewifely inclin'd,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast,
By no malignity impell'd,
But all unconscious whom it held.

* * * * *

That night, by chance, the poet, watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching,

* * * * *

He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the draw'rs explore,
The lowest first, and, without stop,
The rest, in order, to the top.
For 'tis a truth well known to most
That whatsoever thing is lost

We seek it, ere it come to light,
 In ev'ry cranny but the right.
 Forth skipp'd the cat, not now replete
 As erst with airy self-conceit,

* * * * *

Moral.

Beware of too sublime a sense
 Of your own worth and consequence!
 The man who dreams himself so great,
 And his importance of such weight,
 That all around, in all that's done,
 Must move and act for him alone,
 Will learn, in school of tribulation,
 The folly of his expectation.

—*The Retired Cat.*

Sympathy is a trait of Cowper which is readily noticed. Woodberry calls Cowper "The companionable, soft-hearted, pathetic man, whose pastimes, whether in gardening or poetry, or in caring for his pets, were a refuge from the most poignant anguish." In addition to this, Cowper wrote as a part of his own epitaph:

"His highest powers to the heart belong,
 His virtue formed the magic of his song."

His sympathy for the slaves was genuine, even though he offered some apology for England's continuance of the traffic. It is perfectly plain that Cowper would like to have liberated them.

"I own I am shock'd at the purchase of slaves,
 And fear those who buy them and sell them are knaves.
 What I hear of their hardships, their tortures, and groans,
 Is almost enough to draw pity from stones."

—*Pity for Poor Africans.*

Piety is another element to be found in Cowper. His religion was not of the feigned sort; he was sincere, and religion was a reality to him. Not emotional beyond reason, but it gave him real joy, and his experiences gave him good hope. He once

wrote to his cousin, Lady Heskett: "I know, and have experience of it every day, that the mercy of God, to him who believes himself the object of it, is more than sufficient to compensate for the loss of every other blessing."

Hayley wrote, in his famous epitaph on Cowper, that he was "Devotion's bard, devoutly just"; and Tuckerman calls him, "A soul gratefully recognizing the benignity of God, in the fresh verdure of the myrtle and the mutual attachment of doves, and yet incredulous of his care for his own eternal destiny."

"Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at His awful name, or deem His praise
A jarring note."

—*The Task.*

Perhaps the greatest evidence of his piety is his contribution of the Olney Hymns. More than sixty-five inspiring hymns are the product of this mind inspired by the divine impulse of a pious heart. It is an inspiration to read some of these hymns. "Submission" is one of the most characteristic:

"O, Lord, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

"Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

"No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me."

—*Submission.*

The subjects of his hymns range over the many virtues of the Christian experience—grace, faith, prayer, love, salvation,

glory of God, hatred of sin, and many others. The first and last stanzas of "Walking With God" could not have been written by any one save he who really felt the power of the appeal.

"Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

* * * * *

"So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb."

—*Walking With God.*

The last element we shall note is that of gloominess. Now it must not be inferred that Cowper was nothing but gloom—not at all; in fact, there is a distinctive humor in some of his poetry, although Cowper was not what we would call humorous. One who had passed through his experiences could hardly be expected to exhibit much humor. Leslie Stephens said, "He trifles because he is driven to it by necessity. His most ludicrous verses have been written in his saddest moods." From this it is readily inferred that he wrote humorous poetry frequently to dispel some of his gloom. He was more gloomy than humorous, by far. It has been said of him that "the only passion that ever moved him was the morbid passion of despair." In "The Castaway" he has given somewhat of a short biography of his gloomy, despairing existence.

"Obscurest night involv'd the sky,
Th' Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destin'd wretch as I
Wash'd headlong from on board;
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home forever left.

* * * * *

"Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,

Or courage die away;
But wag'd with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind
And scudded still before the wind."

—*The Castaway.*

Cowper's religious experiences were real to him, yet it seems there sometimes came doubt which would throw him into a spell of gloom beyond all description. His life seems to have been a great struggle. He loved nature, loved people, loved the best things, the beautiful things, simple things, the afflicted and persecuted, and, above all, he loved God. These facts are clearly shown in his poetry. He could never have put such feeling in his poetry if he had not had the impulses in the heart. His poetry arouses emotions and admiration for him; yet, in all of this, one has sympathy and pity for the man, because of his struggles, because of his doubts, and the gloom it brought over him.

Few verses in English poetry convey more real feeling than those of "The Contrite Heart":

"The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

* * * * *

Oh, make this heart rejoice, or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be."

—*The Contrite Heart.*

In conclusion, one may say, after reading some of Cowper's representative romantic poetry, that he is even more than a

forerunner of romanticism in English literature. He was romantic by nature. Nothing ever happened to him to make him romantic. He could never have acquired a love for nature, flowers, trees, shrubbery, winter and summer walks, birds, bees, dogs, cats, and other things, which he exhibited. Such characteristics were born in him, and, when he expressed these innate emotions, it was an expression of the natural man, in his own simple and natural manner.

"COON-A-MIGHT HOLLOW."

W. B. Loving, Jr., '19.



SHOWER of soft, steady rain had fallen in the early afternoon. A white mantle clung to the mountains and hovered over the valley below. As Uncle Billy, the veteran trapper, shuffled about in his tiny kitchen, preparing a luscious supper of squirrel and hoe-cake, a brisk breeze swept up the valley, into Coon-a-Might Hollow, and over the ridge. It carried the mist with it, and left the mountains their natural hue.

By the time the old darkey had eaten his supper and cleared away the few dishes, the moon sprayed its beams on the log hut and through the windows. The breeze continued—softer now—and, as lonely Uncle Billy sat on the sill of the door, puffing at an old clay pipe, a shrill yelping reached his ears. He sat more erect, and listened for a repetition of that welcome sound. "What in tarnation do ye 'spose thet fool pup is yapping at now?" he mumbled to himself as he reached behind the door for his rifle.

For years—how many none of the dwellers of the valley below knew—old Uncle Billy had lived in these mountains. He had no relatives—at least, no one ever heard him mention any. He had lived in the same hut, had hunted in these same mountains, and trapped in the same streams for more years than any one knew. He was not the only trapper—by no means; there were swarms of them. But it had to be conceded that none knew the haunts and habits of animals as well as the old negro.

There were two animals in these mountains that had evaded all traps, whipped the best dogs, and made raids on pigs and chickens in that community for the last eight or ten years. How was this known? Easy. The animals always traveled in pairs, and when one of the settlers missed any stock he usually set traps for the varmints. Many times a female coon or wild-cat had been trapped in the hen-house or shelter. These two animals were two superb types of the coon and cat family. What made it more interesting was that they were rivals. Each considered that

the one was encroaching on the feeding grounds of the other. Both were sly, sensitive, and had superb strength for animals of their weight. Many times one or the other of these lords had been cornered; but each time there had been a lightning rush to the more rugged cliffs on the mountains. Both animals were wise from experience, and battle-scarred from obtaining this experience.

Uncle Billy was the only man that had ever had so much as a glimpse of either of the rulers. Then it was only a fleeting glimpse. He had often wondered what would be the result if the two ever crossed paths.

The strength of the coon lay in the grip of his iron jaw. This Uncle Billy could testify to, because he had seen the neck of his best dog minced by that very grip. He once told a trapper, "Onc't thet coon teks holt, de debil couldn't make him turn loose." The strength of the other lay in his two velvet-padded paws. Furtively concealed under that velvet were steel-tipped claws that could rip the toughest hide.

In a very unconcerned way the old darkey got up and walked around the corner of his hut. A whip-poor-will called from a dead locust near by, and all was silent. "I 'spose some ole 'possum is grinnin' at thet fool pup," he muttered. Before he had ceased mumbling the shrill yelping of the puppy reached his ears. Volley after volley of echoes bounded from crag to cliff, and diagonally back across the valley again.

As he shamled off up the mountain side the moonbeams filtered across the path through the interlacing foliage overhead. The breezes had ceased, the puppy had stopped barking, and all was solemnly silent.

Suddenly this silence was broken. The old man's attention was arrested by a snarl, a click of jaws, and a spitting sound, all of which came from so close at hand that the negro's eyes bulged and appeared all white. A gleaming flash caught his eye. He cocked his rifle and waited.

There, in a little clearing, where the moon's beams were not intercepted, Uncle Billy saw what he had long wished to witness. Creeping closer, his rifle ready, he reached the edge of the tiny arena unnoticed. The ground was hard and firm, and sloped gently to the centre of the clearing.

Apparently the contest had just begun. Each of the contestants was as cautious as possible. Two supreme elements of nature's production were contending for supremacy. Finally the contest took on a different aspect. The cat did all of the charging. Each time his attacks were evaded, or nearly evaded, by the coon.

After two minutes of fierce charging, snapping, and growling, both animals became blindly furious. Both lunged, scratched, wailed, and fought stubbornly. Seeing that neither was making any headway, the cat crouched—his belly flat on the ground, his paws spread, and his tail twitching restlessly—and took every possible precaution, for an infinitesimal fraction of a second of neglect on either side meant sure death to the careless one. As the cat crouched all was still. The coon moved restlessly, as if impatient for that expected lunge at its throat. Now an owl hooted on a far-off ridge; the puppy resumed his barking, and a fox barked far down the mountain. A final twitching of the tail signaled the spring. The body of the cat sped through the air and landed squarely on the chest of the coon. The coon was bowled over by the contact, and in the ensuing scuffle that iron jaw closed on the hind leg of the wild-cat. A crunching of bones, and a wail of agony cleaved the still air. The cat, in its agony and rage, ripped an ugly slit in the coon's belly.

Now both the antagonists bounded apart like loosened coils of springs. Again the cat crouched for a spring. But the wisdom of the coon more than equaled the speed of the cat, for when the cat leaped one leg trailed uselessly. The coon stepped aside, and the body of the cat half fell, half stumbled, to the opposite side of the clearing. The coon was not a second late. He rushed in, and, with a lightning snap, buried his muzzle deep in the throat of the cat. The two rolled and tumbled about, but the grip could not be shaken off. The cat slashed, ripped, and tore at the body of its rival; but to no avail—the grip could not be loosened. Then a claw dug deep into the vitals of the coon, and the old negro smelled heart's blood.

Frantically, furiously, blindly, and bravely the cat struggled for freedom. The coon gave a mighty shake, and collapsed on the ground. It lay quivering, with the cat on top of it; but death was the master of ceremonies.

Uncle Billy stood motionless for a full minute. He was unable to break the silence which he had kept during the final stages of the fight. Now he chuckled and mumbled to himself: "I swan, I wouldn't tek a purty fer seeing thet fight. Lawd! Didn't them varmints faut? I allus is had a itching thet them critters was goin' to cross trails some day."

Then, kneeling, he caught the coon by the scruff of the neck. When he attempted to raise the body the wild-cat came up, fastened to the coon. Even death had not broken the hold. Turning about, he started down the mountain. His puppy came bounding to meet him, and proudly held in its mouth was a half-grown 'possum. At the sight of the old man the dog tucked its tail and went whimpering down the mountain, not to stop until he had crawled under the low hut.

That night Uncle Billy skinned both the animals. After he had finished skinning them he again took his position on the door-sill and lit his pipe. He sat there with the moon pouring down on his hairless head, and the stillness of the night settled around him. He put his head in his hands, and continuously muttered: "How them varmints fit! Um-m-m."

IN THE TIMES OF PERSECUTIONS.

Albert C. Cheetham, '18.

Up to the highest court of the land
Comes the prisoner, in chains and bonds.
They question him close, with threat'ning hand,
But the captive never responds.

"Where hides your master?" they sternly ask,
And threaten both torture and death;
They promise him wealth and a well-filled cask
For a traitor's words. Then he saith:

"My lord confided to me his plans
Of flight from a blood-seeking foe,
A place that is safe, with friendly clans,
And this place of refuge I know;

"But before my master took to flight
To him on my knees I did swear
Loyalty ever, which is but right.
For him even death will I bear.

"So if you will, to the torture room
Come lead me, for it is in vain;
I see no terrors in such a doom—
You will ne'er conquer me through pain."

His captors take him forth to his death,
But his master's secret he keeps.
"Loyal," he whispers, with failing breath,
And then with the faithful he sleeps.

THE PRIDE OF FULTON.

Allan M. Kimbrough, '19.



ED O'GRADY sat at the open window, his unseeing eyes gazing out over the drab, hot little street, while his fingers beat a steady tattoo on the window-sill. His eyes were half shut and his forehead twisted into a frown, as was his custom when he was considering deeply some problem. Ned was worried, for, like other leaders of men, he had come to a crisis in his life.

A year ago his father had moved to Richmond, following an inflated rumor of abundant work and good pay. The dream had failed to materialize, and, in consequence, he was forced to accept a mechanic's position with the Tredegar Works. Thanks to his Irish nature, however, he lived ever in hopes of betterment, and, through the frugality of his Scotch wife, managed to make ends meet. Both because rent was low there, and to be near his work, Mr. O'Grady had taken a house in Fulton, a section of the city which was not held in much esteem. Ned, with the abandon of a boy of fifteen, had not questioned their change of environment.

Hardly had they moved into their new home ere Ned was off, searching for the "bunch" that was to replace the one he had left behind. He did not hunt long, for, as he turned the first corner, he ran plumb into the midst of about ten boys, some apparently of his own age, and one both larger and older than the others. As Ned slowly approached one of the smaller boys spied him, and, with a loud shout, cried, "Gee! Just look at Rain-in-the-face." The others spied him, and in a second he was given many other equally as complimentary names. The larger of the boys now approached, and asked whether he played checkers. "Rather a friendly beginning," thought Ned, and he was glad that he could answer in the affirmative.

"Then it's your move," said the big one, termed "Pug" by the others, as he blocked Ned's path, standing with his arms akimbo. Then Ned understood, and the angry flush that mounted to his face matched his hair and blended with the flagrant freckles covering his cheek-bones. The Scotch in him coun-

seled caution, but it was the Irish that made him clench his fists and square off.

"Pug" needed no second invitation, for was he not the leader of the gang by virtue of his pugilistic prowess? But go easy, "Pug," for do you not know that freckles are only old Sol's trade-marks, and are guarantees of long wind, fleetness of foot, and muscles like whip-cords. But "Pug" was obdurate, and in less time than it takes to tell the fight was over, but not before Ned had sat astride the prostrate "Pug" and made him yell "'nuff."

From that moment on Ned had been accepted into the gang, and, through his fistic prowess and his companionable nature, had gradually been accepted as their leader, his refractory red hair winning for him the nick-name of "Spike." For a year, now, he had run with them, for they were all good fellows at heart, easily swayed and impulsive of nature—shared alike their hopes and disappointments, and collaborated with them in the planning and perpetrating of their numerous escapades. As time went on Ned's pugilistic abilities grew, as did his reputation, and now he was known by many as the "Pride of Fulton." So vigorous had been their activities that not only had they become a nuisance to the neighborhood, but particularly to the superintendent of the Sunday-school in that community. The church property bordered on the lot on which they played ball, and each Sunday they would assemble for a game of "struictions." Their noise naturally interfered with the services, and often would the young superintendent remonstrate with them. When he did some would laugh, some pretend not to hear, and a very few listened with shamed faces. Among these latter was Ned, but, like the other few, he was easily influenced to repeat the game next Sunday, for they all feared the ridicule that would result should any one protest. The young superintendent had been quick to see that Ned was a natural leader, and he knew that, if he could interest him in something which was both right and useful, he would have a powerful ally. Accordingly he had taken pains to talk to Ned, not along religious lines, but about topics which he knew would interest him. Ned, in turn, had grown quite fond of the young man, for he realized that his work was a good one. These talks had set Ned to thinking about

how foolish he was to waste his time in such useless pursuits, and how extremely unfair it was that he should influence the other fellows to do as he did. It was for this latter reason that he was now knitting his brows—not that he cared about himself particularly, but because of the other fellows.

Ned was suddenly startled out of his reverie by the voice of his mother calling him to supper. He jumped up quickly, a happy smile on his face, and went down-stairs whistling merrily.

That night the gang met, as usual, in the old deserted box-car on the siding. It was a different Ned that rapped for silence this time, for in his eyes was a light the boys had not seen before, but they sensed strange happenings.

"Fellows," began Ned, "I want to ask you three questions. Haven't I been your leader for nearly a year? Have I done well enough to earn your confidence? Will you trust me in just one more trip? You all know that I've played square with you all; I've never let a big fellow hurt any of you; and you know also that there is no one that wants to do more for you than I do. You've never known me to lie to you, and you know that I will take no lie from you. We may be pretty rank, fellows, but we are not rotten—and that is what everybody thinks of us. There is not one of us but would rather follow the superintendent in on Sunday than to disturb the school by playing ball, but there's not one to lead. I, for one, am sick of being called a 'rough neck,' and I am going to quit. Listen to me now; that superintendent is a tip-top fellow; he's a better man than any of us, because he is not afraid to do what he thinks is right for fear somebody will laugh at him. But now, fellows, this is what I have got to say: To-morrow is Sunday, and at a quarter past 9 o'clock I am going to be in front of the church. At that time I want every fellow here to meet me there, all spruced up in his Sunday clothes, and with a nickel for the basket. Remember, I can't make you come, but the bunch I run with from now on is going to be a Sunday-school bunch, and—well, if you don't come, then I'll just naturally knock the stuffing out of somebody."

The next morning the young superintendent was greatly surprised and overjoyed to see the "bunch," faces shining from vigorous application of soap and water, waiting outside the door of the church, and at their head was the "Pride of Fulton."

EVERY-DAY RHYMES.

Francis Lee Albert, '19.

I do view, as you must too,
Life as neither black nor blue;
It's all right if you keep bright,
And labor on with all your might.
But, each day, read what I say,
As a guide along your way.
For the soul that claims a goal
Larger than a six-foot hole
These terse lines hold more than mines,
Or ten thousand dollar signs.

Just to smile a happy smile
Once or twice each little while;
Just to run in lots of fun,
Yet not laugh at your own pun;
Just to play those times you play,
But not keep it up all day;
Just to laugh a hearty laugh
Ev'ry hour and a half;
Just to sing with such a swing
As shall make the rafters ring;
Just to say your little say
In a kindly sort of way;
Just to sleep the peaceful sleep,
And arise at daylight's peep;
Just to learn, and still to learn,
And for deeper knowledge yearn;
Just to read each time you read
With most concentrated heed;
Just to write the things you write
In a manner not too trite;
Just to give what you can give,
And be thankful that you live;

Just to seek to help the weak,
And bring joy each time you speak;
Just to weep when others weep,
With a sympathy that's deep;
Just to work and not to shirk,
Keep up spirit though you irk;
Just to make, and then re-make,
Noble efforts for His sake;
Just to pray, and always pray,
In a simple, trusting way.

These things do, my friends, each day,
And you shall know life's happier way.

FLUCTUATIONS OF A FICKLE MIND.

Moses Gellman, '17.

EVEN way back yonder—well, it isn't so far back—when the highly-colored pages of the physiology book we were studying opened my eyes, and I began to interest myself in the performances of the human anatomy, I had kindled a hope of a further pursuit of this study. I liked it; it appealed to me; so I studied it. Then one day, when I wasn't feeling well, father took me over to our family doctor. He began to feel my pulse.

"It ought to be 96, doctor," I suggested.

"That's right, sonny. How did you know that?"

I told him I had studied it in school; and, as we talked further, I gave forth more startling information—what a vein was, what an artery was, and expatiated upon with what disdain we good people should look upon the morbiferous germ—all new to the doctor, of course—and many other bits of knowledge I had learned.

"Why, Mr. G.," the doctor said, addressing father, "that boy ought to be a doctor."

Father smiled proudly upon me, already viewing my utterances as manifestations of a youthful prodigy. The doctor jestingly smiled. But his proposal went straight through me, and touched a fond hope that I had already been cherishing.

Time passed—as time will do—and the folks around home were calling me "little doctor." My name and fame spread far and wide among the children of the neighborhood, and I was respected with no small reverence. I always experienced a peculiar pleasure in tying up the sores, cuts, burns, etc., of the kids of our "gang," and I suppose it was in this sense that I earned my nick-name of "little doctor." "Hog-eye," one of our boys, used to pride himself because he cut his foot and had six stitches taken in it, and he would parade about, proudly exhibiting it to all who had nerve enough to look. The little girls shuddered at his approach, and couldn't look. I wasn't afraid. Why should I be? Wasn't I going to be a doctor?

I lived on and on, in a realm of happy expectations, until once again I went to see our doctor. This time he invited me to come over, and offered his library at my service, so that I might even now acquaint myself with the mysteries of the study of "bones." I browsed about, picking out the book that had the most pictures. Then I settled down to a religious study of a volume about as big as myself. The first paragraph was enough. I spent the first hour in a fruitless attempt to pronounce one or two medical terms.

"Goodness me!" I said to myself, "is this the study of medicine—words about a foot long and unpronounceable?" My ambition was waning; my star was being driven from the sky by the approach of a dawn of long words. But why? Simply because these elongated terms scared me.

Some time later I began the study of chemistry at high school, and I was there impressed by the strange miracle-like phenomena of this science, and slowly I was again awakened by dream-like speculations, and there yearned within me a strong inclination to go back, be brave, and woo again my forsaken love. With renewed courage, I once more became content, and felt relieved that I had at last chained my fickle mind to a final determination.

But it was not to be so. A horrible circumstance proved disastrous to my intentions and effective in once more convincing me that I was on the wrong path to glory. I visited the Medical College of Virginia. There, among other things, the careless handling and cutting up of dead bodies, and— But that was enough—enough to make me desperately opposed to, to forsake—nay even to denounce—the study of medicine. I shall not mention the fact that on the evening of my visit to the college I pushed aside my supper, and for a week my appetite fled me. Thus I argued: If the study of medicine necessitated a clash between food and the dealing in dead bodies, the decision would be in favor of food.

* * * * *

I have grown a bit older since those days of doubt and fluctuations, and with age came maturer reflections and reconsiderations. The time had come when I must decide upon a future

vocation in life, and not let myself be governed by superficial objections. I looked back to see whether there were any real causes against realizing a once so much desired aim. First of all, there were long and hard names, packed in prodigious volumes. This was only a childish objection, and, after all, words of any size can soon be mastered by study. Then came the visit to the Medical College. I was too young then to realize the fundamental necessity of practising upon the dead to save the living. Yet, even if the worst must be experienced—*i. e.*, the mingling with corpses—time and association would erase all scruples.

Now, since there remained no other reasons in sight to counteract my desire, I shall work to overcome all obstacles that may present themselves—and a sure dispenser of obstacles is industry; shall strive to follow up a vocation that will, beyond doubt, prove beneficial to all humanity, besides furnishing a means for sustenance for future needs. And, with renewed courage, I shall strive to fructify a childish fancy, a boyhood dream, a matured desire, and a future aspiration.

THE MESSENGER.

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EDITORIALS.

It was on Monday, October 9th, that we made a speculative little canvass in the interest of ourselves and concerning our fate. We even became so interested in our work that we compiled one or two interesting statistics. We might remark, in passing, that these statistics are by no

A BID
FOR POPULARITY.

means stale, flat, and unprofitable. On the other hand, they might be said to be pathetic.

But, without more ado, let's to our subject. We discovered that one man in every eleven (of those we approached) reads *THE MESSENGER*—a slightly larger portion (these figures are too ludicrous to print) subscribe to it. The rest of the subscribers, who admit that they do not read it, admitted, under provocation, that they did look at the advertisements to see how many merchants were insane enough to advertise in this embryonic Hall of Fame. One half of those who condescend to pay a dollar a year for their literary betterment use *THE MESSENGER* to wipe the frothing lather from their razor blades.

We were much taken back, but ventured the impertinence to ask one "college man" why he did not read our efforts. "Oh, well, *The Collegian* covers all the sport dope, jokes, and local news, and, if I want to read some *good* stories, I buy *The Parisienne*," and so on, with a kindly little (unsolicited) oath at the end. Parenthetically, we might state that this gentleman neither subscribes to *The Collegian*, but that is irrelevant. Our next approacher was carrying too heavy a ticket—four classes and no lab.—to read the literary effusions of a bunch of milk sops (milk sops, it is understood, to include such men as last year's foot-ball manager, captain, the President of the Student Senate, and the track manager). But we didn't say anything, as literary men are supposed to be meek and retiring.

Now we are philosophizing. We wonder if we are going to be able to keep up our reputation of serving with our stuff each eleventh man, or, as time rolls on, this vast assemblage will be decreased, and we will slip into that oblivion in which we and the printer's devil will be our only patrons.

But we are optimistic, which doesn't exactly tally with being a philosopher, and we at least hope to make ourselves worthy of being read by at least one man in every *ten*. We wonder if this is too great an ambition. Sh! We wonder if some professor will not come to our aid, and assign us as parallel reading.

Back in the '70's (in 1878, to be exact) when the Literary

Societies of Richmond College were planning to change the name and nature of their publication, *The Poe Memorial At Westhampton. Monthly Musings*, they chose the very appropriate title, RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER, in recognition and memory of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Now, after some forty years of tolerably successful life, it seems probable that THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER will have as its home the old building—reconstructed, to be sure—in which the *Southern Literary Messenger* was published. Yet the “probable” in the above sentence must be emphasized, because the finances necessary for such restoration must be largely raised by private contributions. Still we can’t help planning and dreaming of what we could do should we have the good fortune to secure the Poe building for Richmond College. If we have trouble in finding material, if we feel the need of some place devoted entirely to college publication work, we always think, “When we have the Poe building then it will be all right.” So, while we appreciate the sentiment concerning the preservation of this Poe memorial, we also have a rather selfish desire for its removal to Westhampton, for it will be of immense practical value to Richmond College.

Having before us recently an all-day ride on the train, we purchased a magazine that makes a specialty of stories that are advertised as snappy. We read five of the stories, and glanced over ONE KIND OF MODERN SHORT STORY. the others carefully enough to get an idea of their plots. The longest, a sort of novelette, was the story of a girl who married a titled Englishman with the understanding that he was to be permitted to spend his time with another man’s wife—in fact, the very woman that had made the match. So far as we could see, the plots of the remainder of the stories were equally as insipid. A newly-married couple were spending a week-end at the home of a member of the so-called smart set. They are given—proceeds the story—separate rooms, and, by mistake the wife is shown into the husband’s room. In the wee small hours of the night she is awakened by the entrance of the hostess in negligee.

By a series of rather brilliant misunderstandings the wife is completely hoodwinked. And such fiction is in great demand by the American public. The only qualification for a successful story is that the action of the characters be clever.

To be sure, the line between right and wrong in fiction is hard to draw. The artist justly claims the privilege of picturing life as it is. He is almost under obligation to show the seamy as well as the smooth side of life. But the authors of this type of fiction are giving merely a partial picture of life. Evil wrapped in a tinsel of cleverness brings with it retribution as truly as the most bestial acts of which human beings are capable. This fact the "snappy story" fails to recognize. The moral of such stories is always "Do whatever you may artistically, and you can get away with it."

The amateur writer follows the paths outlined by professionals. The college magazine follows, more or less closely, the magazines of "the big world." But too often the college man finds his types among the stories that are clever rather than good, fascinating rather than artistic. The temptation to an editor to use such stories when they are submitted, is great, because it is probable that they will be liked by the student body. Such stories are usually easy reading and entertaining. Yet, in addition to weakening the moral standards of the man who makes a habit of reading them, such fiction destroys a man's taste for the better sort of literature. In the same way the man who writes stuff that makes an appeal of this sort will find that he is losing his ability to appeal to the finer traits of human nature. Stories with a lax moral tone cannot but lower the standards of any publication. The college magazine, in particular, will do well to steer clear of this questionable type of fiction.

The management of THE MESSENGER wishes to express its appreciation of the good spirit shown by the student body in accepting the June issue of last session in place of the October issue of this session. By doing this the financial burdens of THE MESSENGER have been greatly lessened, and we are in a better position to "deliver the goods" during the coming session.



J. W. Diehl.

A foreword may not be amiss. The Exchange editor has a very unique mission in the realm of college literature. As the magazines from other institutions come to his desk, it is his duty to review them, not in any other spirit than that of just and friendly criticism. This is of great value to the editors and staff of the magazines reviewed as the future numbers of their publication go to press, and it gives the students of the local college a worthy conception of contemporaneous collegiate literature. The Exchange editor has his finger on the pulse of the college literary world, and he must make a true diagnosis. If he does not he is untrue to his task.

The University of Virginia Magazine has come, clothed in a simple garb, having the appearance of a true literary production.

The University of Virginia Magazine. It contains only seven articles, and each one is worthy of a place in the issue. The weakest composition is the short story, "No Man's Land," and this is weak only in the handling of the negro dialect. We would suggest that the author study the works of Page and Harris, both masters of this art. "To My Lady" is a delightful lyric; another poetical effort, "The Stranger," is a bit of domestic life, full of emotion, breathing a heart-throb. "Plattsburg Training Camp—An Interpretation" is a delightful personal memoir, written in a graceful, interesting, and instructive manner. The literary merit of "The Philosophy of Wordsworth's Poetry" is of first class, and the author has set a high type for the future issues of the magazine. "A Voice From the Sea" is a mystery story, dealing with a unique case of

"hypnotism, telepathy, self-delusion," which is very entertaining to a certain degree.

The next magazine to be considered is *The Wake Forest Student*. This is a well-edited college publication, the contents being tastily balanced with prose and poetry, and the editorial department being exceedingly well handled. "Up to Delphi," *The Wake Forest Student*. a travellog by Dr. B. F. Sledd, is delightfully written and thoroughly entertaining. One follows the author in his rambles among the ruins of ancient Greece, stands with him by the sacred fountain of the Muses, and pauses to dream with him as the twilight falls over the theatre of Dionysius. It is well worth reading. The lyric, "To a Good Ear of Grain in the Shuck," is of mediocre quality; but the fine portrayal of a rustic scene in "A Southern Autumn" meets with the critic's hearty approval. The poetic conception is of the highest order, and is in concord with the meter and rhyming. There is one criticism that is common to the two short stories, "The Literary Light That Failed" and "The Romance of Jay," and that is the characters do not talk as do characters in real life. The language seems unreal and stilted, and no matter how excellent the plot may be, if the expressions placed in the mouths of the characters do not become the characters, the story fails in its appeal to the reader.

We are delighted to welcome these two magazines to our Exchange Department, and trust that others will come to join the number. Let us all remember the words of the sage Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be."

Westhampton College Department.

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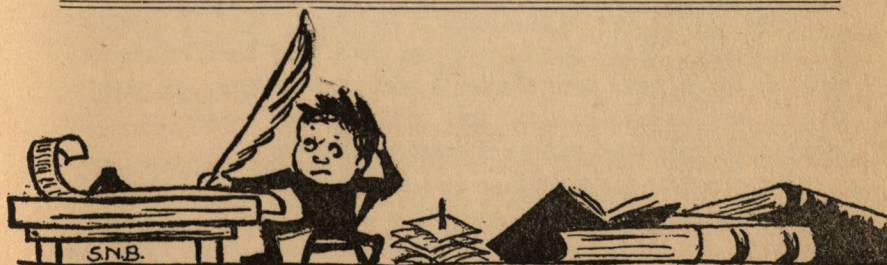
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EDITORIAL.

Summer is over, and, after such a short three months, we find ourselves with one milestone passed and another at hand.

To those who have returned to take up the
GREETINGS! work left off, THE MESSENGER's greetings would be superfluous. Full well do they know their own value to us, and just what we expect of them.

To the freshmen and the new students in general we extend a most cordial welcome. We hope great things *for* you, and we expect great things *from* you.

You come to us, we trust, ready for work and ready for play.

You are ambitious and you are optimistic. You have voluntarily chosen a college career, and with some there may be sacrifices that you be enabled to have that career which you have desired. And so, while you are here, make it all count for something. It is not a career of ease, nor yet is it one entirely of labor. The successful student is never a "grind" and never a "loafer." It is he or she who learns to live moderately. We have all heard that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but it has never been proved that "no work and all play" will make him a bright boy. What a pitiable sight it is to see a man or woman with a body insufficient to his or her mind!

Then, to the new students, THE MESSENGER looks for co-operation. Co-operation is essential to growth. Without it a community is dead; without it a college is dead. We are all members of a common body, and for that body to live and thrive, its members must be harmonious, just as the many parts of a great machine must be unified in order to run smoothly.

And, lastly, THE MESSENGER is looking to the new students for assistance. Each one of you can *think*, and most of you can *write*, so let us have your thoughts and your themes. Of course, all may not be published at first trial, but don't give up. The criticism of your work will be of great value to you.

Yet the time for welcomes and advice is short, and the stern reality of work is upon us. Already we are forgetting our season of leisure, and, like Lamb, "we cannot conceive of its being an affair of yesterday." But shall we not all make an effort, by alternating our work and our play, by co-operating in the love and loyalty we should all feel for our College, and by doing our share, in its different departments, to make the year a bright one?

The time you spend in college will determine the whole course of your life. The friends made in college are the closest friends you will ever have, and the reputation which you make at college will stay with you forever. So be careful in your choice of friends, and do not build your future reputation carelessly. Every day you have opportunities to prove yourself. Use these opportunities so that you may have no regrets. All of us are, to a certain degree, "self made," and that you may not be ashamed of your "job" in later years is the best we can wish for you.

Good luck to you, every one! We are glad you are here!

It is not an easy thing to have responsibility suddenly thrust upon you, and it is less easy when you realize the capability of the one on whom the responsibility has last

EXPLANATION. rested, and your own inexperience.

In May the editorial staff of THE MESSENGER was elected by the Partheno-Systaesis, the union club of Westhampton. The selection was a wise one, but circumstances have arisen which prevent the continuation of these editors' service, and now, at the beginning of a new year, we find ourselves as "strangers in a strange land," attempting to carry on the efficient work begun.

We are sure that we but voice the sentiments of the entire College when we thank the two retiring for the excellent copies of this magazine which they gave us in the spring, and when we express our regret in their necessary resignations. May we prove worthy of their beginning!

Because of the seeming lack of personal responsibility felt by the College in general towards THE MESSENGER, it has been deemed advisable by the Partheno-Systaesis, THE NEW CUP. and by the editors, to formulate a new plan for its management, which will tend to increase interest and co-operation. The plan decided upon is one which will appeal to class as well as college pride. All contributions which are handed in for publication count for your class, and must pass through the hands of a committee appointed for the purpose of receiving them. Then, at the end of the year, the Partheno-Systaesis will present a cup to that class which has had the largest representation in the magazine.

The committees appointed from the classes are as follows:

From the Senior Class—Gladys Holleman.

From the Junior Class—Elizabeth Waddill and Gertrude Johnson.

From the Sophomore Class—Janet Wyatt and Elizabeth Tompkins.

From the Freshman Class—Mary Guest and Ruth Carver.

THE MESSENGER is the only means Westhampton has of showing her real value to other colleges, and should we not all

feel an individual pride in making it a true representative of our abilities?

Under the supervision of Dr. Montgomery, the Westhampton girls are now rehearsing "The Trojan Women." This is the first attempt which has been made at the College to stage a classic, and the presentation will mark an epoch. Vassar, Wellesley, and all the standard colleges have played classics, and it is well that Westhampton realizes the importance of her doing the same. Anybody can give a Bernard Shaw, but, with the material we have, we should attempt something not so easy.

Public taste is deteriorating rapidly, and it is not altogether the public's fault. The theaters are run to afford pleasure, and, as long as good plays are well played the audiences find pleasure in them. Now, however, there are so few standard dramas presented, and so many worthless ones, that literary taste has been warped, and when a Shakespearean production is billed, at very rare intervals, the general desire is to avoid it. So rusty have become the average intellects, and so overly sensitive are the audiences to "big hits," that a good play is a bore.

The American speed mania has aided in this deterioration of taste. Unless the action rolls along at an unconscionable rate of speed the spectators yawn. They have no time to spend on anything more weighty than "The Only Girl" or "Watch Your Step," and, even then, if the scenic effects are not uniquely dazzling, and the music "howling," they care not for that. It is to the eye and ear, and not to the brain, that the "season's best" must appeal.

And so it is high time that those who realize these conditions should make an effort to remedy them. Westhampton is to be congratulated, and we wish "The Trojan Women" success.



EXCHANGES.

Frances Woodson, '19.

The sight of the *Wells College Chronicle*, with its sketches, *The Smith College Monthly*, with its variety, and the *Vassar Miscellany*, with its completeness, stir in us the remembrance of pleasant ways not trod for a quarter of a year. Their invitation to renewed activity we are glad to accept, accepting it as a challenge to claim the rewards of true work worthily performed.

Surely the Exchange Department provokes reflection, and reflection encounters paradox. This department is the least artificial development in modern college publications, its "*raison d'etre*" the most natural. Ideas, contact, and, sometimes, inspiration, are gained in a genial atmosphere approaching the colloquial. It is an intercollegiate social centre. For material it depends upon the work of other colleges, but the spirit pervading it is the spirit of the home campus. Yet, if the present soaring prices of paper, combined with the present decline of allowances, should lead to the elimination of certain departments by popular vote, the majority would doubtless sign the death warrant of the Exchange without one pang.

Moreover, the fact remains that the editor of Exchanges is the only member of the staff receiving material compensation. He has the exchanges. His is the first right of possession in the sheaf of crisp magazines that come, each a-tingle with its own individuality.

Any college magazine represents institutional character, corralled in the limits of printers' ink by constructive student personality (and faith). The Exchange editor, being the one person having justifiable pretext for reading all of these magazines, is the only one who possesses an outlook upon his own college, broadened by a knowledge, almost intimate, of what

a score of other representative American colleges are doing and thinking. He quickly becomes familiar with the outstanding personalities in each college community, and his capacity for friendship at once expands to include them, with results that cannot fail to enrich his private life.

What, then, is the responsibility, and the possibility, for the Exchange editor to share with the student body at large? Probably no Exchange editor has ever been without some feeling of this responsibility. It is known that no editor has found the possibility. The reluctant public continually baffle direct easing of the editorial conscience. It is not well that the Exchange editor display too freely his knowledge. However, it is essential that he recognize that there are possibilities, definite opportunities, for giving some of the gifts of his department indirectly.

Since promise and prophecy are alike rash, let us confine ourselves to fervent prayers that for our College, during the coming year, such opportunities for co-operative service will be legion.