THE FAIRY DANCE.

M. S. R., '17.

I went to hunt in the woods to-day,
To find the nymphs and fairies at play,
And dance while the hours stole away.
    But, sad to say,
    There was not one.
The day was cold, and the leaves were still,
    With no sign of a fairy to skip and run,
And the lonesome call of a whip-poor-will
    Seemed to say that my fairy days were done.

And I was sad, and wondered why,
    If such things weren’t and never could be,
And all the wonders were only a lie—
    Why they had ever told them to me.

The pine tree moaned so dreary and sad,
    And the sycamore rustled with discontent,
And the wind blew the oak as if it were mad,
    And the hickory seemed so gnarled and bent.

I had hoped to find a fairy bright
    In a crypt of amethyst, ruby, and pearl,
And gnomes fantastic to dance in the light
    Of a wonderful magic world.
Instead, all was sad and dark;
   But the clouds were rift, and the sun shone through,
And the whip-poor-will sang like a lark
   When the clouds were gone and the skies were blue.

Now the leaves of the maple were yellow and red,
   And some were almost purple and blue,
And the sun smiled down as its beams led
   In a dance that even fairies could never do.

And I've come to know there are wonders yet
   In the woods for those that can see,
And by these even now the fairies are met
   As they whirl in their dance of glee.
I

T was Sabbath eve, solemn and sacred hours, when week-day worries are set aside and a garb of spiritual sanctity invests all; when an ever-impending fear of physical existence is exchanged for one more awful, more conscious, more holy—a religious fear. Throughout Russia, and elsewhere, the same simple scenes, which meant the existence of a race, were being enacted.

Yankoff Rabinovitz, peasant, and his family of four, sat at their evening meal. Two candles, in holiday earthenware candlesticks, lined the tiny room with an unwonted brightness. As the light cast over these sturdy faces a stream of Sabbath radiance, so did it also expose each little nook to view, revealing signs of household tidiness and immaculate care. They ate in silence. Quietly, with the aid of her two younger daughters, the housewife cleared the table, making preparations for their weekly discussions and teachings, here in this school-room of the poor, the home.

The father commenced by recounting the stories of old, history and legend, tradition, parable, and fable, handed down by generations of elders, made even more dear by repetition. The candles began to nod, and as the shadows climbed the wall, scrambling higher and higher upon each other, the atmosphere of solemnity and serenity became more intense. Here thrrove the lore of the prophet, of hero, king, and priest. Here were rooted and established holy, religious precepts. Here these teachings were made more secure of perpetuation when the human history of those martyrs, who had died for them, was also related. The son gazed upon the father in reverence. The mother looked longingly at her son, and visualized her hope and prayer, the time when her oldest would be a rabbi of great renown. To-night Yankoff spoke particularly of the uncertainty of life and death,
and how, for this very reason, one should so live as to be prepared to go when called by the will of God.

"Children," he quietly addressed them, "live each moment of your lives as faultless as the next. Have constant regard for your conduct towards all. God, the most just, records our acts, regulates our existence thereby, determines our fate, the extent of our being upon this earth, and decides the manner of our departure therefrom. For, do you not recall, Yossele, my son," he continued, hoping to make the lesson more impressive by a quotation, "do you not recall, son, that on Rosh Hashonah, and again on Yom Kippur, we recite that noble 'U-Nesanneh Toikef' prayer?" All eyes were directed intently upon the father. They watched his slowly-moving lips, hanging upon each word as it fell.

"This is the sacred prayer:

'On the first day of the year it is inscribed, and on the Fast Day of Atonement it is sealed and determined how many shall pass by, and how many be born; who shall live, and who die; who is to perish by fire, who by water, who by sword, and who—'

Knock! Knock! Knock! Three sharp decisive blows upon the door interrupted Yankoff in the midst of his lesson, and threw over the entire family a feeling of terror and awe. Who knew but that a "pogrom" (massacre) had not been started by some vodka-crazed Cossacks? Wherefore such rude rupture of this tableau of peace? Yankoff Rabinovitz immediately regained his composure, and, in a gentle, though meaning voice, addressed his daughter in a tone as if a friendly visitor had just easily tapped.

"Go, Rebecca, my child. Open and let enter."

All arose to see. The child timidly approached, pushed back the bolt, and pulled the door inward. Only the panting of a heated horse could be heard. Upon the threshold there appeared, in full military costume, a Russian war officer, who had ridden all the way to the outskirts of the town, doubtless bent upon delivering a message of great import.

"Yankoff Rabinovitz," he called from out of the dark.

"Here, sire," answered the one addressed, reverentially, accompanying his remark with a short, respectful bow.
“Jew,” the officer continued, in a rough and deep-sounding voice, “war has been declared upon Russia! The ‘Little Father,’ His Imperial Majesty, Czar Nicholas, has issued a proclamation to the effect that every able-bodied man of this district is ordered to appear at the city court-house, ready for departure, at once. No delay. At once.”

He said no more. He had said enough. He mounted his horse, and was gone to deliver his dreadful message again.

Stunned into silence by these words, Yankoff did not recover from this sudden shock until his wife and children, who were clinging about him in a state of fright, asked the meaning of this rude edict. He knew full well its meaning. There was only one possible interpretation to such a proclamation, and that was, “departure at once—no delay,” just as the officer had calmly announced.

“Jew, war has been declared,” were the words of the command. With what kind of willingness would he go? Jew, in peace, exorcised, denied all human privileges, denied freedom of life and liberty. Jew, in a country where free speech is a crime, free thought is under lock and key, free press is kept down by sword, where to raise one protesting voice means prison, lashes, and torture. And now, when war had come, he was expected to protect such a hell. As a Jew, he had nothing to gain. His only profit, his only honor, his only glory, would be the opportunity to kill those, men of his own martyred race, or to be killed by them. Only a chance to bore his bayonet through the breast of his brethren, and, in return, he must be ready to die by a bullet sent back by them. Each prepared to dive at the other’s throat in vindication of his respective country’s cause. What mattered to him who would win? The fate of his tribe has always been at the mercy of them who hate him.

Yankoff Rabinovitz stood stupefied, combating conflicting emotions, facing bitter presentiments.

“Prepare for my departure, Rachel,” were words wrung from a burdened heart. Go he must; return—who knew when? Yankoff realized the sooner his going the shorter the bitterness. Swift, quiet instructions were given in shaky, nervous whispers. All was soon prepared. His family clung to his garments re-
luctantly, striving to lengthen these last few moments. Many
times they tried to speak, but tears choked their efforts.

“Yossele, my son, my ‘bechor’ (first-born), though young
and frail, do your duty. Protect your mother and sisters until
God guides our destinies, watches our actions, and records them.
He decides all. Remember my prayer.” His voice faltered.
He could speak no more. All offered up a silent entreaty to Him
who saw and judged. Yankoff slipped out into the darkness,
and was gone.

It was Sabbath eve. Throughout Russia, and elsewhere,
the same portentous scenes—sciences which might mean the annihi-
lation of a race—were being enacted.

II.

Solomon Edelblum was a student at one of the great German
universities, and, as such, he knew well the remarkable rise of the
great Prussian dynasty. He prided himself on his German
birth, tried to evade his humble Jewish origin, yet spoke to every
Auslander of his Vaterland with that hauteur so character-
istic of the true German. In discussions he could quote statistics
to show how his country lead the entire universe in political,
economic, and social perfection.

Just before the outbreak of the European disaster Solomon
Edelblum was well up on the political state of affairs, realized the
stress period, and almost foresaw the storm. Time and again he
had orally manifested his patriotism. First, he was a good
German. Then Germany had a reputation to uphold, and
he felt it his duty to aid in so doing. For forty-odd years each
generation of Frenchmen learned of their fathers’ shameful degra-
dation, and within their breasts they harbored an open wound,
whose only balm was complete vengeance. Solomon Edelblum
knew all of this, and he also knew that Germany’s increasing
militaristic progress caused even more humiliation to the de-
spondent French. All knew. Each member of the Edelblum
household, from the “Vater” to the “Kutcher,” from the “Mut-
ter” to the “Dienstmadschen,” experienced the same desire to
see Germany uphold her glowing reputation. So, when war was
declared, Solomon, without a moment’s hesitation, actuated by a vivid racial consciousness, stirred by an earnest and fiery patriotism, willingly went to his duty.

III.

The spotlight of the world’s drama had been focused for many months on Russian Poland, shut off from all neutral lands and from the sea. Surrounded on either side, in the front by hostile Germany, to the south by unfriendly Roumania, this region was overwhelmed where it stood. Over its provinces crossed and re-crossed the German armies from the west, the Russian armies from the east, and the Austrian from the south.

In early September of the year of these fearful onslaughts, in one of the corners of the province of Bessarabia, a strip of land affording a passage to the seat of the railroad line leading into the interior, to the base of supplies for the Russian detachment stationed along these points, was the objective of a great German movement coming from the west. All along the road various scattered and petty attacks had taken place, with no better result than the fatality of a few hundred men on both sides. Teutonic reinforcements encouraged a final big assault, and a long continuous drive was their next manoeuvre. The Czar’s forces could retreat no further, because their opponents were upon them. The Bear cowered, and the Eagle spread its wings. A pitched battle was imminent.

The Russian army halted on the eastern bank of a small tributary of the Dneister river. After two days of incessant preliminary firing, the stream was forded by the aggressors, at the cost of many lives. The next morning brought official orders to make a headlong attack upon the open trenches of the Russians. Great shots of roaring thunder greeted this command and heralded the on-coming encounter.

The battle was on. Dispatches sped from line to line, and the mustered flanks, trampling over the unburied dead of previous combats, rushed forward at the officers’ shrill commands. Both sides seemed to have been prepared for these movements. Confused retreat followed wild advance, wild advance followed confused retreat. Shrapnel fell within the lines, maiming scores.
Pits and craters of fire suddenly burst open, shocking and rocking the very hills. Trenches were blown up. Tons upon tons of steel met each other in mid-air. The sky, filled with vapors of pestilential gases, trembled with loud explosions. Things were flying through space. What about the men, the human actors in this play? They obeyed hurried orders, which led them into mouths of hell-fire. Men leapt into sharp declivities upon their bloody fellow-men. All fear of life was abandoned. The crazed beasts, their blood-lust liberated to unlimited bounds, became mad. Wildly guided ambulances, carrying the hopeless and screaming, fled to safety. Groans, shrieks, yells, all rose on the confused air, combining to reproduce pandemonium itself let loose. Armless, headless, unrecognizable masses were heaped upon the oozy soil. Lives were snatched away by one sharp blast of a gun; gray human forms were scythed down, and those still standing leaned upon the heaps of the dead for rest, hopeful of a cessation. The battle was soon over. Who won? Companies—where were they, where fallen, and who? Over the rugged hills and sharp slopes, in trenches, in pools, mud holes, gashes, craters, puddles, lay what had been, but a few hours before, living, breathing human forms. A strange, unnatural quietness like sleep, so akin to death, overtook everything. Now came the suffering and hovering between life and death. Minds, realizing the helplessness of their bodies, abandon all hope. Those who before were hard and desperate, knowing by a faint intuitive presentiment the hopelessness of their lives, their end being near, struggle to live. The faithful utter unintelligible prayers; the faithless, curses—strange intermingling. The dying, no longer cognizant of feeling, await their end. A sea of an agonized world. Groans from the expiring ones, gasping their last words on earth, grow less frequent, and the sufferers suffer no more. Then, all at once, as a cloud driven headlong by a gentle wind, the tide of battle moved onward to newer fields, to repeat similar scenes, leaving in its trail these irreparable masses.

IV.

For many weary months Yankoff Rabinovitz tramped about with the army. Each step prolonged the fulfillment of a silent,
suppressed longing to return home. Each step increased the pangs of separation, and the mental anguish under which he continuously labored. As he marched through the Jewish Pale in eastern Poland, and saw the horror and desolation that spread over his own people, while the cities in that country were being disputed by the opposing armies; how the Jewish youth, the bread-winners, were being mowed down on the battle-fields, while their elders, weak and old, women, children, homeless and naked, suffering from hunger, thirst, and disease, were being driven like cattle backwards and forwards between the upper and nether millstones of the German and Russian forces, Yankoff's soul burned within him. His thoughts reverted to his loved ones at home. The passion of anger was replaced by a deeper feeling for both the sufferers and perpetrators. Yet often, during a lull in battle, where the surroundings gave rise to flighty meditation, he dared to dream of the redemption of his people, of a time of peace, equality, and brotherhood, but all his visions were quickly shattered by sounds of shooting, which soon brought him to a realization of his position.

Marching all day, he would reckon all important events from the day he left home. Holidays, sacred and festival, came and went. These days, which at home were so much distinguished by devout synagogue attendance, he met now with labor and heartaches. During times of prayer Yankoff held individual services. On New Year's day, for an altar he had the wall of a muddy trench, for a prayer-book his heart, and for the blowing of the "shofar" (trumpet) he had the shrill screams of shells passing overhead. This New Year's day that he was proclaiming, what would it bring him? More misery, more anguish, more silent tears.

Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, the gravest of all the holy days of the year, dawned with the morn of the above described battle, somewhere in Poland on the banks of the Dneister. It found Yankoff among the ranks, doing his duty. This day of penitence darkened his clouds even more. The sun arose, and he began the day with prayer. In low, fervent tones he uttered his reverent petitions to God. The battle began, and yet this did not stop him. It was all the more incentive to increase his fervor.
The attack was ordered. The officer gave his command to charge just as Yankoff had begun the memorable prayer, most sacred above all others, the "U-Nesanneh Toikef." Fellow soldiers on either side met this charge with oaths of hate against their enemy. Yankoff had for them prayers of mercy.

"In the first—day—day of the year—it—is inscribed,"
he began, amidst the roaring and din, unheard by all except One. His breath shortened. He continued with faltering voice: "And on the—Fast—Day—of Atonement—it is sealed—and de—ter—mined—how—many—shall—pass by,—who—live—" His line now met the opposing line in a mad hand-to-hand conflict. He saw a soldier's glittering steel lifted above his head. How could he raise an arm to kill at such an hour? He prayed, he gasped—"who—to perish—" Something, a bayonet, a sword, pierced his breast. He dropped into a lifeless heap. At the same moment he who had stabbed Yankoff was, in return, transfixed by the shot of another, and he fell headlong, pinning his victim to the ground. A gush of blood rushed from the wound as the thrust was blindly removed. Yankoff felt his life's blood oozing out. A weight lay across his chest, crunched into a mass, clutching that which had felled him. Both were panting loudly. Even in such a condition Yankoff realized his position, and his faith was undiminished. In his last moment he must finish. Words came after many efforts. The body above him squirmed in pain. The rest of the army had passed over the two, and left them alone.

"Who—is—to—per—ish—by fire,—who—by wa—ter,—"
He could speak no more. The creature upon him had moved about in such a position as to cover Yankoff's mouth. He felt a rough face touching his own. A half-crazed being looked into his glassy eyes. He had heard the prayer, and, with a final effort, crawled up to see the visage that had muttered these words. Yankoff had been smothered to death. The wreck upon him picked up the broken passage. His end, too, was near. With dying voice he breathed forth painfully: "—who—by—by—sword,—and—who—" It was Solomon Edelblum, German Jew.

Thus it came to pass that here, upon war's bloody, sacrificial altar, the all-merciful God joined His scattered, chosen people.
MY DREAM.

J. W. D.

Above the river's darksome flood,
Five rods high, my castle stood,
The castle of my dream.

High in air those turrets proud
Pierced the breast of a lowering cloud,
   Dark as a raven's wing.

There, with all my regal train,
I held my sway o'er vast domain,
   O'er peasant and o'er prince.

Royal purple with ermine lined,
Purest gold and diamonds mined,
   Adorned my kingly self.

Harpists gave their music sweet
From gilded harps around my feet,
   To soothe me and to cheer.

Menials came at my command,
Courtiers bowed to kiss my hand,
   And cried, "Behold our king."

But deep within my jeweled breast,
With all this pomp and glory drest,
   My heart beat not aright.

Like wind amoan around the towers,
Or singing voice in saddened hours,
   I heard a still voice speak:

"Wealth, power, all—all is thine,
Yet thou must quaff of the wine
   Naught but the empty foam."
'Thou must obey the voice of state
When thou wouldst choose thy queenly mate,
    And choose her soon thou must."

Flinging the garments to left and right,
Screaming, I fled into the night—
    Far rather death than that.

Gone, gone for aye, my turreted hall,
Yet, losing it, I have gained it all—
    I'll wed my peasant maid.
MAMMON'S DECALOGUE.

Max Glass, '18.

WENTY-FIVE centuries ago, as the Biblical tale runs, in the wilderness of Sin, at the foot of Mount Sinai, there were born two great religions, which, in various Protean forms, have contended for supremacy throughout all history. From the mountain's flaming summit, surrounded by echoing clouds, amid flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, the Ten Commandments of God were promulgated to the rabble below, who listened, awe-struck, and vowed eternal obedience. The elements of culture were given to the world; the Declaration of the Duties of Man was handed down to the future. A brief month passed, and the cornerstone of another powerful religion was laid. This time Mammon is Allah, and Aaron is his prophet. For Moses, the prophet of God, had remained on high, awaiting the tables of testimony—and he lingered too long. The multitude murmured: “Make us gods,” they cried, and Aaron said, “Bring me your gold.” A molten calf he fashioned, and said, “These are thy gods.”

From thousands of pulpits and hundreds of rostrums the fame and glory of the one religion have been thundered forth, but no orator or literary genius has ever extolled the praises of the other. And yet, which has best survived the acid test of time? The glowing similes of zealous dreamers and impassioned optimists cannot be accepted as a trustworthy description of the real world. From the remarks of these well-meaning gentlemen we might even infer that the earth is ruled by the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of the Rights of Man and—the Ten Commandments. But such conclusions would be widely at variance with the facts of existence. Theoretical considerations of what mankind ought to be are useful in their way, but bitter. Reality condemns us to live in the world as it is. Perhaps the Decalogue of the Bible would be a glorious rule for the guidance of life; the Decalogue of Mammon, however, is more nearly the rule whereby life is guided.
The human race does not always obey the ethical code of the commandments of Sinai, nor are all sacrifices offered at the altar of the one God. The reign of the ancient God of Israel is not undisputed, for Mammon's banner commands a following which is international and inter-racial in scope. Men pretend to worship God, but they shape their lives by the laws of the golden calf. Common sense, expediency warrants, such measures. God seems inconstant to His children—at times He apparently forsakes them altogether, and they know not whither to turn in their dismay; they cry out for a sign, for a miracle, but only the echoes of their plaints return to mock. God often withholds His blessings from those most faithful, and bestows His gifts upon the wicked; He abandons them that have Him most in their hearts, and pitches His tent in the camp of the ungodly.

But Mammon is not so. He is the willing slave of them that worship him, and no prize within his power will he ever deny. He is ever present to the multitude—he gives unmistakable signs to all that seek him steadily, and the manifold miracles daily wrought in his name serve as a living encouragement to his followers. Only the true believers does he aid, and consistently are his curses heaped upon them that refuse him allegiance. And the curse of Mammon is an awful punishment, which does not consist of empty threats of imaginary hells. Poverty is the thunderbolt that smites the enemy of Mammon—poverty, the stifter of hope and ambition, the creator of ignorance, crime, and disease. Poverty is the monstrous vampire whose frightful presence surpasses the sum total of all the gruesome inventions of the human mind—whose haunting figure dominates the pages of history, and eclipses progress with its gloomy shadow. Poverty is the hell that foolish man fears in a vague other world. The fear of poverty is the all-converting missionary of Mammon. Many there are who preach the commandments of God; few are they that practice them. No pulpit orator ever arises among the host of Mammon, but countless is the number of them that live the life he has ordained.

The commandments of Sinai are preserved in writing, but the bible of Mammon has been nurtured silently throughout the ages in the hearts of his disciples. Although Moses ground into powder the golden calf upon which the Decalogue of Mam-
mon may have been inscribed, the mob nevertheless drank the solution, and generations of descendants have borne the laws in their blood. Is it too bold an enterprise to attempt the reconstruction of that Decalogue? We are led to reply in the negative. A remarkable analogy exists in the circumstances under which the two reigning religions came into being, and this similarity can be employed to resurrect the creed of the calf. It is only necessary to make slight changes in the wording of the biblical covenant, to make it more concise by combining the last two commandments into one, and, finally, to modernize the subject matter, and the result is the lost creed that we are seeking.

Our confidence in the historical-scientific method of prophecy is complete. Future archeological researches may bring the true original to light, but we believe that the discovery will render little change necessary in our results. These articles are offered to the public in the firm conviction that millions will recognize in them their true religious tenets. The classification of men into Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, and Buddhists is now anachronism; there are, essentially, only the two religions herein discussed. If the language of the following has too cynical or pessimistic a flavor, do not be quick to reproach, for the author is one whom Mammon has but little favored.

I. I am the Lord, thy God, who bring thee out of the hell of wage slavery, and out of the purgatory of poverty.

II. Thou shalt have no other gods before thee; thou shalt make unto thyself graven images of me, and thou shalt bow thyself down to them and serve them. For I, the Lord, thy God, am a vengeful God, visiting the poverty of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that love me and keep my images.

III. Thou shalt not spend the Lord, thy God, in vain; for the Lord will not hold him rich who spends Him in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy. If thou have me not, six days shalt thou labor, and do all the work for them that have me in abundance, but the seventh day is the Sabbath in honor of the Lord; on it shalt thou do no work, in order that thou mayst be prepared to slave the next six days in pursuit of me. Therefore hath the Lord, thy God, blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.
V. Honor thy father and thy mother, for they are not immortal, and thou canst thus assure thyself of inheriting the graven images which the Lord, thy God, hath given them.

VI. Thou shalt not kill, save that thou hast stored up a surplus of my images wherewith to defeat the aims of justice and law.

VII. Thou shalt not commit illegal adultery; it is imprudent behaviour, and avaleth thee nought, for the Lord, thy God, hath built thee plentiful refuges wherein thou canst satisfy thyself without risk.

VIII. Thou shalt not be caught stealing small quantities of my images, for then thou wilt not have a sufficient amount to liberate thyself; and thy misfortune will be richly deserved, for the Lord, thy God, will not hear thy prayers.

IX. and X. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor, nor shalt thou covet anything that is thy neighbor's; but upon the stranger mayst thou practice any form of mischief, if thou art certain that the graven images of the Lord, thy God, will reward thee. For a wise man is he that doth live on good terms with his neighbors; for the Lord hath said, Thou canst never know when thou art in need of him. But an asinine fool is he that misseth a good opportunity to ensnare the stranger.
From the stillness of the sable night,
Which mantles earth's recumbent light,
     I hear a voice—
Its texture soft, its cadence rare,
Deep diapason on the air;
     My heart rejoice.
'Tis Yolande! Each and every note
Of song poured from her mellow throat
     She sweetly trills.
Her plaintive message softly stealing
Throughout the night, her love revealing,
     My being thrills!

Sing on, beloved Yolande, sing!
Your dulcet tones will ever bring
     Unto mine ear
A source of unalloyed pleasure,
Blest dreams of thee in boundless measure
     That disappear.
But in the fleeting of each note
You pour from out your golden throat,
     I pluck a gem;
From all which thou hast sung for me,
Reset, I'll send them back to thee—
     Love's diadem!
AMERICANIZATION OF THE IMMIGRATION

Albert C. Cheetham, '18, and Lee F. Crippen, '17.

[A STUDY OF A GREAT AMERICAN PROBLEM, IN CONNECTION WITH DR. BRYAN'S COURSE IN SOCIOLOGY.]

URING the decade previous to the great war immigrants poured into this country at the rate of a million annually. It is estimated that there are now more than fifteen million foreign-born immigrants within our borders. As to the condition and disposition of this alien element there has been little serious thought until recent years. Americans, generally, have taken it for granted that they were rapidly being assimilated, and, by some method, being transformed into loyal citizens. The war particularly, and startlingly, has taught us that such is not the case. We not only have beheld thousands of our erstwhile "loyal citizens of foreign birth" sailing back across the seas to fight under the flags of the countries whose allegiance they foreswore upon assuming American citizenship, but we have also become painfully aware of the presence in our land of foreign-born citizens who have waged a secret warfare, with bomb, pistol, and torch, on behalf of their renounced Fatherland. Danger threatens our country in the existence here of groups of inhabitants whose allegiance is divided, who are not assimilated and Americanized, and, though a world war may be necessary to make us aware of the fact, the danger is constantly hovering over us, and we must take cognizance of it. The war, causing the rapid influx of immigrants to temporarily stop, gives us the opportunity to examine the matter thoroughly and to plan our remedies.

For the safety of our land, for the enjoyment of life by our native-born citizens, and for the highest good of the immigrant himself, the alien who comes to our shores seeking a home in a land of peace and plenty must be Americanized. If America is to fulfill her destiny as the molder of one nation from many peoples, the immigrant must be assimilated. Having reached this con-
clusion, the question, therefore, arises, how is the desired end to be attained?

In the first place, some check must be placed upon the influx of undesirable and unfit immigrants. Not for a moment would we argue the barring of any man, woman, or child who is mentally, morally, and physically fit, but we do not want America to be the dumping ground for the dregs of humanity. America should not withhold her blessings, but no maudlin sentimentality should induce her to bestow them blindly, indiscreetly, and indiscriminately. If we are to assimilate the immigrant, we must be sure that he is a fit subject for Americanization before we open our doors to him. The admission of the unfit—the inferior—means a lowering of our race standard that will curse our posterity while it may only inconvenience us. Many who knock at our doors are worthy, and should not be denied access, but a vast number should never be allowed to enter.

The present immigration law has but little effect in reducing or checking the great stream of aliens that flows annually into our land. In fact, it scarcely excludes any except those who are afflicted with serious mental or physical defects. Indeed, if it were not for the few debarred on these grounds, and the occasional contract laborer, anarchist, criminal, or immoral person turned back, the effect of the law would be almost negligible. Despite the mandatory provisions of the law, it has been difficult in the past to deport aliens even when they are mentally or physically defective. It has become customary for friends or philanthropic societies to appeal in behalf of rejected aliens, and, in taking such appeals, little or no consideration is given to the merits of the case, the desire being at all events to place the alien on American soil. The endeavors of all parties concerned are frequently directed toward persuading the department that the board of special inquiry, composed of three experienced immigrant inspectors, and the public health surgeons, are mistaken in their conclusions. If the friends of the immigrants fail to have them landed, writs of habeas corpus are sought, in an effort to have the courts set aside the decision of the administrative officers. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, 1,033,212 aliens applied for admission, and only one and four-tenths per cent. of them were
excluded, for all reasons. In the following year there were approximately 1,375,000 admissions, and the percentage of exclusions was no larger than that of the previous year. Most of those entering were unskilled laborers from eastern Europe and western Asia. We are evidently doing ourselves and our land a great injustice by allowing the unfit to enter. The restriction of the immigration of the physically, mentally, and morally unsound should be made more thorough. The physical standard for male aliens who expect to do manual labor should be raised to approximately that enforced by the army and navy upon recruits. The provisions governing the exclusion of criminals are utterly inadequate, and bespeak the indifference of Americans to matters that vitally pertain to their welfare. Our present immigration laws make it an easy matter for the criminal alien to land upon our shores, and, having entered, to remain. To take men of such type and Americanize them is a hopeless and fool-hardy task. They should never be allowed to enter. As the law stands, only the criminals who either confess their crimes, or who have been convicted abroad, can be excluded. One who has committed a crime abroad, but who flees from justice, and who remains silent, cannot be excluded. Furthermore, an immigrant may land upon our shores and immediately commit a crime, yet he will not be deported for it. The law should be changed so as to exclude all those who have committed crimes, the executive authorities to be the judges of the adequacy of the proof of the immigrant's guilt.

Many undesirable immigrants are entering our country, and can hardly be excluded under the present law. Substantial further restrictions are demanded, particularly by moral and social considerations, in addition to the economic side of the question. The restrictions should be such that the immigrants admitted be such, both in quality and quantity, as not to make too difficult the process of assimilation. Once we allow an alien to enter our land, we are morally obligated to do all in our power to mold him into a citizen, a constructive unit of our national life. If we are to fulfill this moral obligation, we must have a fit subject for Americanization. Hence we contend that a proper check and further restriction should be placed upon the alien element entering our land.
Having definitely provided for the exclusion of all but the "fit and desirable" immigrant, our problem largely resolves itself into one of education. With the fifteen million foreign-born in our land, and the annual alien increment of one million, our problem is, indeed, one of vast proportions. Beyond a doubt, it is only through proper education that the immigrant can be assimilated. This education not only includes the foreigner, but even the American, in the way of broader sympathies and greater consideration for the new-comer. The ultimate aim of Americanization is social like-mindedness among those who live beneath the protecting, life-giving folds of "Old Glory." We must not be too greedy for rapid results, however, and dare not hope for complete assimilation until the second generation. Our problem, nevertheless, concerns itself with those who now are coming to our land to dwell, and not with their children. It may be of interest to note what conditions must be faced, and what attempts are being made to solve this problem.

America is generally regarded as a fusion of many races, traditions, and forces into a vital and unified whole, but there are fifteen million foreign-born, or fifteen per cent. of the total population living within her borders. At present many of these people are so grouped and so disposed individually that their assimilation is difficult. Nevertheless, it is necessary for their highest development and for our nation's greatest good. In East Youngstown, Ohio, where a strike of foreign-born workers developed into a tragic private war, with pitched battles, resulting in the killing and wounding of many, the direct cause of the trouble was a group of unassimilated immigrants. In East Youngstown, out of 9,700 foreigners, mostly Poles, Serbs, and Lithuanians, there were but 462 registered voters. The school enrollment was but 1,102, and there were twenty in the eighth grade and nine in the high school. There were no kindergartens or night schools, and the Board of Education had refused to spend a dollar for teaching foreigners. There was no church whatever in this foreign section, and the mayor of Youngstown had no plan for bringing the masses of foreigners under Americanizing influences. There can be little wonder, then, that these foreigners employed medieval methods in endeavoring to settle their disputes with their em-
ployers. This is but one illustration of a condition that exists generally in American cities. Moreover, there are many rural communities of foreigners, where the Americanizing influence is so slight that, to all intents and purposes, the community is but a small part of Europe transplanted. To penetrate these groups, reach each individual, and Americanize him, is the task that confronts us. The main agencies to be used in this task are the public schools, the church, the Young Men’s Christian Associations, the Young Woman’s Christian Associations, settlement houses, and various quasi-public clubs. While all of these agencies are of significant value, the major portion of the work must be done by the public schools.

Methods of educating the foreigner, for the most part, have for their immediate goal his preparation for citizenship. Though the aim is the same, the methods vary greatly throughout the country. The matter is usually purely local.

Of all cities, Cleveland, Ohio, has tried the most interesting experiment in training for citizenship. Under its new charter the city has organized a Department of Public Welfare, which includes a city immigration bureau. This bureau had for one of its purposes the promotion of the teaching of English, civics, and citizenship, through the elementary public night schools, missions, settlements, and other agencies, particularly the organization of citizenship classes. The officer in charge supervises the teachers of the night schools, calls them together each week in conference, gives them training in methods, advertises the classes, and generally advises immigrants concerning the opportunities, duties, and rights of citizenship. The immigrant is started on the right road to citizenship on his arrival in the city. He is met at the depot, given a pamphlet setting forth information about America and about Cleveland, and told, in his native language, of public school facilities, and how to become a citizen. The immigrant is advised where to attend school and how to apply for naturalization. A course in “Everyday English for Every Coming American” and a “Citizenship Manual for Cleveland” have been prepared by the official in charge. The citizenship manual treats first of “Brief Facts about Naturalization in Cleveland,” “Citizenship Classes of the Free Public
Night Schools,” and the “City Immigration Bureau.” Then it describes, in graphic form, the process of naturalization, necessary qualifications, gives samples of various necessary papers, the organization and features of the national, State, and city governments, a short history of the United States, the Constitution, and important laws.

The main educational needs of the immigrant are adequate and sensible courses in English and in civics. While many cities, like Cleveland, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Rochester, have made definite and valuable provisions for the education of the immigrant, a large number of American cities are remiss in this particular educational function. There are few States that have made any State-wide provision for immigrant education, most of the States leaving the matter largely to the locality. New Jersey makes the most definite legislative provision, the law specifically authorizing the establishment of evening schools by a district school board, “for the instruction of foreign-born residents over fourteen years of age in the English language, and in the form of government and the laws of the State and of the United States.” Practically every State makes some provision with reference to the establishment of evening schools, and, as a rule, these schools are largely attended by foreigners.

For about a year and a half the Bureau of Education at Washington has been engaged in a nation-wide investigation into the facilities provided for the education of the immigrants. Circulars and news-letters describing the most effective methods are issued, together with information regarding the most advanced facilities offered by private institutions and school authorities. A special department of the Bureau of Education, under the direction of Dr. H. H. Wheaton, is given over entirely to the work of helping to educate the foreign-born for American citizenship. Special emphasis is placed by the Bureau on the teaching of English as the fundamental requisite in the making of a citizen, for there are nearly three million foreign-born whites, ten years of age and over, in this country, who are unable to speak English. A knowledge of English is necessary before the immigrant can be assimilated.

Advice and assistance as to the manner of conducting schools
for immigrants is given at local educational departments by the Bureau of Education at Washington. The courses suggested are arranged in three grades—viz., elementary, intermediate, and advanced. The branches of studies included under those grades are: Conversation, reading, language forms and idioms, phonics, spelling, writing, memory gems, simple number work, United States history, and civics. In conjunction with the classroom studies, a “citizenship laboratory,” in which the duties of citizenship and governmental affairs are taught, is advised. All this work by the Bureau tends to standardize the education of the immigrant, and is a direct, important step in the Americanization of the citizen within our borders.

Briefly, we are confronted with the task of assimilating fifteen million immigrants already here, and an additional million every year under normal conditions. We cannot hope to Americanize the new-comers unless the unfit and undesirable are barred; consequently there must be placed a check upon this influx of aliens by further restrictions of the morally, mentally, and physically unsound. Finally, the problem of Americanization is largely one of education, and this education should be standardized and adapted with a view to the efficiency and acceptability of the foreign-born citizen.
JOHN DALTON’S RETURN.

E. Y. Noblin, ’17.

It was soon after the north-bound train moved across the State line, making the last lap of his journey, that John Dalton began to feel uneasy about his trip home. Ten years is a long time to be separated from the land of one’s youth, but when it bears the stamp of exile it spins minutes into hours, and years into eternity.

To John, indeed, it had been an eternity, in which his soul was hanging between life and death. The flight had been necessary to save his life from those who would have put out his light as willingly as they would have extinguished a candle. How well he remembered the morning when he made his way over the hills and struck out boldly for the West! It was an old, old story, with a plot that could never have a happy ending—two men loved the same girl and were determined to have her at any cost. Cleve Council, a member of the hated clan, and an upstanding young giant, in every respect equal to John in courage and stubbornness, had met his rival unexpectedly on a lonely mountain path. They started to cross a stream on a log that was placed across it, and a dispute as to who should cross first arose. Feelings between the young men had risen to the danger-point, where the fever of youth cries for blood. Neither would give way for the other, and so, there above the swift-flowing stream, they drew their guns. A fatal result was inevitable, and the story is quickly told. John fired a second ahead of his adversary, and the bullet found its mark. Cleve tottered, fell into the stream, and was swept down by the current.

John, luckily, was unhurt, but he knew that he was in imminent peril, and must get away. He had no time to see his own friends—few in number, to be sure; no time to leave a word for Judith Walters—if, indeed, she would care to receive it; but, with the love of life supreme in his heart, he continued his flight until two thousand miles lay between him and the land where his life was sought.
In his new home, far to the Northwest, he had never sought to establish any connection with the folks back home. There was none to care particularly about him, and he was afraid it would lead to his discovery if he dared to write. At times he almost became reconciled to the loss of his sweetheart, for, some time before the shooting at the creek, she had shown unmistakable evidence of preference for Cleve. No sooner, however, did he persuade himself that this was true than he resolved to have her in spite of every member of the Council clan between him and his old home.

Had he acted the part of a brave man? That was a question he argued. If the Council faction had not been in control of the courts—if there had been any reason to think that he could get a fair trial—if—His mental process led him around in a confusing circle. He usually satisfied himself, however, by saying that there was no law there except the feud law, and there was certainly no justice in that; consequently he persuaded himself that he had done the right thing.

But his conscience kept asking him questions as the months dragged by, and at last John felt that he could stand it no longer. They could do to him what they wished, but he would go back and take his punishment like a man. The ardor of the clan had doubtless cooled off after ten years. The court would grind out justice, but in no case could it do anything more than find him guilty of murder. A year or two in prison, a pardon, possibly, and the matter would be off his mind.

And thus it was that John closed out his business in his foster home, paid his debts, and collected what he could from his numerous debtors. With five hundred dollars in his pocket, and the two thousand dollars which he had remaining in the bank, he started eastward. Five days later he was nearing the blue hills that he loved, the land of his birth.

The train was slowing down at the little town of Chula. At the lower switch he swung off on the far side of the train, and rolled over into a shelter of chinquepins unseen. The decaying burrs painfully pricked his hands and face. He arose, and listened carefully. No sound was heard save the puffing of the little wood-burning locomotive. He wondered if Black, his cousin, still lived
near the spring at the foot of Squirrel Knob. He wondered why he was hiding around in this hedge. Was it fear? No, not fear, but precaution, he muttered, and continued his course down the slope.

The top of Table Rock glistened in the afternoon sun. He remembered his childhood and the pleasant hours he had spent climbing the hills. He would go to Black’s home, and learn from his trustworthy kinsman what changes had been wrought during his absence. A glance at his watch told him that he had time to spare. It would be a little risky to reach Black’s before night-fall. He decided to climb to the top of Table Rock, and there to enjoy a breathing spell in the fresh, crisp air.

Near the top he slipped and fell down the slope a few feet, and his chest was scraped by a sharp piece of granite, which inflicted a slight gash, from which blood flowed freely. He stopped the blood with his handkerchief and thought no more of it. It was a mere trifle. He began to think again of the great changes that had been wrought in his absence, and of the girl whom he longed to see.

The ping-ping of bullets singing over his head aroused him abruptly from his revery. He wheeled around in the direction from whence the shots came. At the far end of the peak he saw the faces of two men, who had covered him with their rifles. John knew how to be calm under such circumstances. It was useless for him to resist. He obeyed their harsh command, and held up his hands. Other men came swarming up the peak, like so many ants, and quickly joined the two. It was a small mob, just the kind that would do what they wished and feel perfectly easy that no one would turn traitor. As they drew near, John recognized Joe Council, Cleve’s younger brother, and Neeson, Lee, Wirt and others, who were bound by ties of blood or friendship to the hated Council clan.

Joe Council disarmed him, and handed his pistol over to Lee. “Well, Harrell, have you anything to say?” he asked, in the characteristic Council whine. “You’d better out with the whole thing, and be done with it. We’ve got the goods on you good and strong.”

“Why, gentlemen, you have made a terrible mistake. I am
a stranger, prospecting for coal. I don’t know what you mean or who you are after, but it can’t be me. I am not the man.”

With bitter sarcasm, Joe replied, “I like your nerve; prospecting for coal. The description fits you exactly—size, beard, and mustache—that tell-tale spot on your shirt—everything. You are the man we want. Here, Hite, isn’t this the scoundrel? You know him.”

Hite promptly answered emphatically: “Yes, sir; that’s him!”

“That settles it with me. We are glad to have prospectors for coal, but we are not going to have them come in here and rob and kill our men like that. Blood must pay for blood, and there is none more precious than Ralph Council’s. Say your prayers, and we’ll back you up against that rock there and play target practice on your carcass. Where is that money you stole, anyway?”

“I have none, except my own money here in my pocket,” John answered. He opened his shirt, and handed the money to Joe. Joe counted the money slowly. “Four hundred and twenty-six dollars and five cents,” he announced, as if pronouncing final judgment.

“That’s just about the amount that Uncle Ralph had. Here, boys, what’s the matter? Let’s get through with it. Tie his hands, Jim. Bud, have you got a handkerchief? Blindfold him.” They started to obey the commands, but Neeson stepped forward and stopped them.

“Hold a minute,” he said. “If this man shot and robbed Ralph, I say the quicker the better; but what about those fifty and twenty dollar bills? Ralph’s money was all in gold. And this man has no gold in his money. Why can’t you loosen your tongue, stranger? If you are innocent, as you claim you are, you had better be proving it.”

John looked at him in gratitude. “Is Mr. Ralph Council still living?” he asked, catching at a straw of hope.

“Yes,” replied Neeson, “the doctor says he has a chance to live.”

“Take me before him, and let him say whether or not I am this man Harrell, That is nothing but fair and right. If he says that I did the deed, you can do what you wish to me. Gentlemen, I am innocent of what you charge me with.”
A hasty conference followed, and John was soon conducted into the little weather-beaten cottage that was the home of Ralph Council. He was taken into the front room, and left there under guard, while Joe went into the sick room to consult the nurse. Presently he returned, obviously impatient at the delay.

"The nurse says that we can't see him. I guess you won't object to carrying out the original plan now, Neeson."

Again Neeson came to John's rescue. "Let me try. She will listen to me. The women folks are all shy of you, Joe."

Neeson opened the door softly, and held it ajar while he beckoned to the nurse.

"No, you positively cannot see him," she said, with gentle firmness. "He is delirious now, but to-morrow, if he is better, you may see him."

Through the door the nurse cast a glance at the stranger, who was awaiting the final decision. A look of wondering recognition came over her face. "That's John Dalton!" she exclaimed, as she came running towards him with outstretched arms.

"Judith! Judith!" excitedly called out John. He no longer thought of the danger he was in. For the moment he completely forgot himself, and was only thinking of the joy of meeting his old sweetheart, Judith, once more.

In the heart of Joe Council alone rankled the hatred of the vanquished. He faced Dalton, and bitterly said: "Wasn't it enough that you sought the blood of one Council without coming back and trying to murder another? You are our old enemy. You deserve death."

But before he could execute any of his evil plans the door opened, and the sheriff entered.

"I'm glad I'm in time," he said, almost out of breath. "I heard you had Harrell and were fixing to lynch him. But you have got the wrong man, boys. Harrell has been arrested, and is now on his way to the county jail in care of my deputy. But no wonder you were mistaken. This fellow looks like him—beard, nose, eyes—everything."

The sheriff suddenly stopped, and looked the agitated man squarely in the face. "What's the matter? Why, thank God! it's John!" he said, and remained silent for a moment, his ex-
pression undergoing swift changes. Then he came forward, holding out his hand. "I'm glad you've come back, John," he murmured huskily. "I've always thought you would, and I've tried for a long time to find you. Yes, this is Cleve, and I am sheriff now. Civilization is here, and the old order of things is dead for good. You needn't be afraid. I hold no malice against you. It was all my fault. But you didn't get me after all," he laughed, "for I was only wounded in the shoulder, and the stream tossed me in reach of a friendly bush. You have suffered enough, and now you come into your own." He nodded his head towards Judith, as he and the others quietly withdrew, leaving John and Judith to renew their vows.
God guard our native land,
Grant us Thy peace and care;
Jehovah, Lord, with mighty hand,
Save us from pit and snare.

The maddened nations rage,
Destruction spreads apace,
God, what a bloody age
Hath fallen on the race!

Famine and hate and shame
Stalk through our sister lands.
They craze, and kill, and maim;
Vast toll their lust demands.

The monster cannon roar,
The shrapnel screams o'erhead;
The vultures poised and soar,
And mark the piles of dead.

The nations' life-blood spills,
The trench-scarred fields are stained,
Swift hatred strikes and kills;
What loss! and naught attained.

War's insatiate maw
Engulfs their men and gold,
Strife that knows no law
Grips them with strangling hold.

From our blessed land of peace
We see the smoke arise
From fires that never cease
'Neath threat'ning, war-black skies.
The nations reek with war,
    Fields and cities lie waste;
Murder and pillage pour
    Forth misery and crime in haste.

Hear, Lord, our earnest plea,
    Guard us from all our foes;
Keep our land bright and free,
    Save us from War's wild woes.

Ward Thou our shores from harm,
    Guard us, Thy people, Lord,
Fend us from dire alarm,
    Avert Thou fire and sword.

Turn we to Thee in prayer;
    Thou art the Giver of Life,
Thy blessed name we bear;
    Keep us from deadly strife.
CHARLES DICKENS caught the spirit of reform from the age in which he lived. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the countries of Europe were almost barbarian in their treatment of prisoners, both before and after trial. They looked upon a prison as a place of punishment solely, and in no sense as an institution for purposes of reform. Their attitude toward the work-houses and their management and their treatment of the insane were equally to be deplored, while their ideas of schools were too crude to be expressed. Reforms were beginning in Dickens' time, but we would not gather this from his works; we would not suspect that they were in their embryonic state, so fearful do the conditions appear, according to the novelist.

Strictly speaking, Dickens was not a real social reformer. This statement can be substantiated by several evidences. Dickens wrote about needed reforms largely in an indirect manner—i.e., through irony and sarcasm. He is like Tolstoi, of Russia, in this respect; he would rather talk and write about reform and social service than to soil his garments by getting in the ditch with the workman. The country was full of reform; everybody was interested in it; therefore, reform problems would take well in the novels. Dickens is an author who makes friends of all his characters, even his villians. He talks about his villians in a horrible manner, but he is never cruel to them. The reader, along with the writer, is so interested in the career of the villian, as a rule, that he feels like befriending him, and is often in genuine sorrow over his adversities. He does not seem to care a great deal about reforming his characters, or for removing the conditions which made them villians; he talks about them only because he can make it into an interesting story. A true social reformer cannot love a bad character, as Dickens did. He could pray sincerely for all those who were suffering desolation or oppression, be they good or bad. Dickens was a sympathizing brother to a beggar and a prince, to a cut-throat and a sister of charity.
In depicting the conditions of children in poverty and crime, we have reason to believe that he is quite untrustworthy at times. He dearly loved children, and in his own home and with children of other families he was a constant companion and play-fellow and sympathizing friend. It is said that he had child friends with whom he corresponded quite regularly; we can read some of these interesting letters, and get first-hand information with regard to him and the children. His children are always too precocious, when they are supposed to be children in the normal or natural sphere of life. If they are weak and sickly, they are too much like angels, ready to take their flight; if they are thieves, he makes them the best in the gang. It can readily be seen that in all his works in which he deals with children he stretches the conditions in order to make them fit the child, and in this way has some very melodramatic incidents and situations. We must think of Dickens, then, as a social reformer in spirit—as a man who really wanted to benefit society, but as a man who was not scientific in his manner of putting the conditions, nor yet constructive in his policies, his main policy being to pull down prevalent ills by exposing them to ridicule by the use of his one-edged sword, irony, and his two-edged sword, sarcasm. He was so much interested in getting interesting things out of his character, from the reader's point of view, that he cannot be trusted to be either scientifically or historically accurate.

With these before-mentioned cautions in mind, we may examine two of Dickens' best productions briefly, and get some information from the original sources. The two books used will be "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby."

What, then, is Dickens' contribution to social reform through "Oliver Twist"? This novel was written in part to expose the workings of the Poor Law, and to give pictures of life among criminal classes. "Oliver Twist" is a war against social oppression. Dickens "means business," as the current saying is, from the very first chapter. In this novel we are able to see that the author has a purpose in the funny, tragical incidents, which he is trying to fulfill in his own round-about way.

We have spoken of Dickens' age as being an age of reform—of radical reforms. Many men advance systems of reforms
just for the sake of a reform—to be in fashion, as it were. Often one had a theory of reforms which he tried to make fit in every particular, and, if the condition could not be made to fit the theory, so much the worse for the condition. If a man happened to be a republican, he was bitterly opposed to any kind of monarchical rule, even to the matchless Victoria. It was this class of people which had brought forward the modern work-house. It is the modern work-house which Dickens assails with his irony and sarcasm in the first part of "Oliver Twist."

Charles Dickens was unlike the school of reformers just mentioned. He did not care about the political affiliations of a man; he was concerned only with the fact as to whether or not he was a good man. If he were a good Tory, good Whig, a good Republican, or a good what-not, all right; but if he were a bad man he was bad, regardless of his race, color, or politics; he was a beast, and ought to be flayed alive. Our author was pre-eminently the champion of the weak against the strong. Does the reader grow furious when Mr. Murdstone whips David in "David Copperfield," and does he not applaud to the very echo when Davy bites a mouthful of nasty flesh out of Mr. Murdstone's hand? Dickens did, certainly. In "Oliver Twist" he sees the weak inmates bullied by the beadle, and his generous and sympathetic heart rebels against it. He does not appeal to the reader by offering a better solution of the problems. If he does attempt it, his logic is sometimes very much off pattern. Dickens was a man of the heart more than of the head, though we must respect that head for its originality in many lines.

The second part of the book we will consider briefly. This is a cross-section of life among the criminal classes. Its purpose is to show the low estate of some outcasts of society and the extent of their villiany, and the inadequacy of the laws to provide for a condition by which crime would be minimized. If the whole truth were known, doubtless we would find that the writer gave the exaggerated facts of the case for the entertainment of the reading public. Some moralizers would say that that page of life was given to warn the young men of that time against the evil associations of a great city; but if the author intended this he made his point but poorly indeed, for he makes his villians
real heroes in their mischief. I submit that the average young boy would applaud the stratagems of the Artful Dodger, and desire to emulate him in spirit, if not in deeds.

In "Nicholas Nickleby" we find a different theme. The elementary system of education in England at this time was about as inefficient a system as a country could have. It is only within recent times that England has had anything like a good system of elementary and secondary education. The great schools of Rugby, Harrow, and Eton were, and are now, for the well-to-do only. The preparatory schools for these institutions were conducted by ignorant and cruel masters. The masters were most often men who had failed in everything else which they had undertaken, and had, with a temper made sweet(?) by adversity, resorted to school teaching. Now and then one crept in who was a good manager. Turning his ability to his own advantage, he made money out of his school, at the expense of the boys' appetites as a rule.

Dickens makes Squeers go beyond all bounds in order to have an awful tale to tell, which is his usual failing.

Here again he does no constructive reforming; he does give a singular solution for the one particular case, but there is not a general uprising, so far as we can ascertain. He has Nicholas beat Squeers, as a heroic school boy would beat a big bully for practising his art on one of the smaller boys. This was poetic justice. A much more logical thing to have done would have been to have had Squeers prosecuted for cruelty to the boys committed to his care, and thus have had his license taken from him.

With these brief considerations, it is possible to sum Dickens up as a social reformer in a few sentences. He was destructive, rather than constructive. He was too much of a sentimentalist to stick close enough to facts in order to get a hearing from those who knew the conditions. He was rather illogical, or non-logical, in the schemes which he seldom offered as solutions. He allowed his irony and sarcasm to run riot with him, so that it is not always possible to tell when he was in earnest. It is just possible that he would rather talk about reform in general than do actual reforming in practical cases.
HOMESICKNESS.

Mary McDaniel, '20.

I was a "rat," a poor, humble little "rat"—away from home for the first time in all my existence. I had always dreamed of college as being nothing but fun. I thought it would be great to get away from home, where I could have an allowance of my own, and do with it as I liked. Then I wouldn't have my brother to tease me about my freckles and pull my hair. I had never thought of going away from home under any other conditions.

As I sat alone in my room on that rainy afternoon I had a very strange sensation. I had never had that feeling before. It was not like sea-sickness, but it was just as bad. Somehow I had never felt so little or lonesome as I did then. Most of the girls had gone to town, but I didn't want to go with them. Things were very still, except for the sound of the rain-drops on the roof. Everything had gone wrong that day, and, to add to the dullness of it all, I had a cold. I'm sure my mother could have cured it if she had only been there.

I pictured the scene at home when I left. There was my old colored mammy standing on the steps, crying at the thought of her "baby chile's" going away, and my little pet dog was barking and whining to get out of the door. My father was calling me to come on, or I would miss the train. Oh, why hadn't I missed that train!

On the wall was a picture of my family, and near by was one of my horse. I looked up at them, and two tears rolled down my cheeks. Why didn't some of the girls come in to see me? Not that I wanted to see them, for I'm sure if they had come in just then I should have thrown a book at them, but it would have felt so good to know that somebody was thinking of me.
I was so tired of "Math." and Latin and spoon-bread and hash that I felt as if I couldn’t stand it any longer. The ticking of the clock and the pattering of the rain nearly ran me crazy with their sing-song tune going over and over again. I went to the mirror and looked at myself. My face burned and my nose was red. My head was throbbing, and I just hated college and everything about it. I flopped down on the bed, and the tears would come. I cried and cried, until my supply of tears was almost exhausted. Then I fell asleep, and was dreaming of mother and father and tea-cakes and home-made ice-cream when one of the girls shook me and said, "Mary Mc, wake up and get some candy. We had a wonderful time; you ought to have been with us." And I thought, "Oh, me! why didn’t I go!"
DO not pretend to know more about Chopin than you—as a matter of fact, my knowledge of his history is rather scanty. But I think there can be no one who loves him more than I; and so I have chosen to write something of what Chopin means to me.

Chopin was a Pole, of French extraction, delicately reared, and accustomed to all the niceties of life. The atmosphere in which he was brought up, and the spirit which the man's personality and all his compositions exhale, is that of refinement and gentleness, curiously combined with all the fierce emotionalism and vivid feeling which are proverbially Polish. This much of his character it is impossible not to divine in an even casual study of his works. Every rippling waltz of his is eloquent of the sensitiveness and elegance of his nature, guided by a carefully controlled passion of emotion; every wild mazurka shows the fierce, swift feeling of his Polish countrymen; every dreamy nocturne reveals his moody temperament and melancholy beauty-loving soul. So, even partially to understand Chopin's compositions is to understand something of the nature of the man who wrote them. And it is quite as true that some knowledge of his life will give one a sympathy for his moods and feelings which will be invaluable in an interpretation of his work.

Chopin's most important works, as listed in the "Encyclopedia Brittanica," seem to be, "Two concertos for pianoforte and orchestra, a trio for pianoforte and strings, three sonatas for pianoforte solo, and one sonata for pianoforte and violincello." I suppose, if I were a scientific student of Chopin the musician, instead of only an amateur—(a "lover" of him, as he so beautifully expresses it)—I should be intimately acquainted with all these; but the fact is that I do not know any of them, except by reputation. My own experience with him is in his less magnificent moods—in the little "salon pieces," of which he wrote so many.
It would be useless to name the key and Opus of my favorites. I never can remember the Opus number myself, and you would probably know no more after I had told you than you did before. But my first acquaintance with him, and my first love of him, began four years ago, when I first took his "Waltz in C Sharp Minor." This waltz, as I think of it, is in three moods—a vivid and virile opening, followed by a passage whose delicacy and swift beauty I have never found anything to surpass, and to this succeeds a serious mood—dreamy, rather than sad, and singing its way into the heart in a manner never to be forgotten. These three moods follow one another over and over again in swift succession, and the waltz ends with one of his characteristic runs which, if properly executed, leaves one holding his breath, and all a-thrill with the rush of it. Then there is the little minute waltz—rippling, care-free, delightful—one of the very few of Chopin’s compositions in which there is no touch of sadness. It is one of those compositions which I always think of as being “fun” to play.

When I am in a different mood I like to attempt one of his mazurkas—those erratic, barbarically splendid folk-dances which are so fascinating, and—to me—so difficult of interpretation.

To still another mood one or another of the nocturnes appeals. Do you remember how Noyes’ poem, “The Death of Chopin,” makes old Heine ask the young composer, “Do roses in the moonlight glow like this, and this?” There is one nocturne which always makes me think of that—a dreamy, quiet, faintly mysterious bit of tone-beauty that seems all compounded of moonlight and softly-shining, sweet-scented whiteness. Then there is another one, much akin to the first, yet in some inexplicable way vastly different, which makes its appeal to me through the sheer beauty of its melody and rhythm.

These two I like to play when I am quietly happy, but when everything seems to go wrong, and I am all “cross-ways,” I turn to another nocturne—a composition all in a minor key, which, in some places is hopelessly, drearily sad, and in others becomes stormily rebellious in fortissimo chords that give me free rein to vent my own feelings, but which is of such harmonious beauty of tone throughout that, when it finally ends on a hopeful major
note, I find my brain cleared of anger and my heart stilled with the loveliness of it; and beside its stately sadness my own petty annoyance has become so small that it has vanished away.

These are my favorites among the compositions that I know. There is one which I am more than anxious to learn, but which I am much afraid is, as yet, beyond me. That is the "Scherzo in B Flat Major." I tried it over in an idle minute this summer, and, even under my bungling fingers, the stately majesty of some passages, the singing sweetness of others, and the wave-like, lightning-swift beauty of the runs and arpeggios, fascinated me.

I believe—and you have probably discovered—that the chief reason why Chopin is my favorite, above all other composers, is because he appeals to and satisfies every different mood of mine. I feel that I come nearer to understanding Chopin—his spirit is just elusive enough and difficult enough of interpretation to be fascinating, but it never teases me beyond all patience, as does that of Greig, nor is the technique so difficult as to hinder me from getting at the real spirit. So I love him, and somehow, as I play, the love in my heart gets into my fingers, and then I do not need to remember all the thousand-and-one rules which harass the conscientious piano student, but I obey them instinctively, and thus come a bit closer than at any other time to that desire of all piano students—that of being an artist.
THE very words, "Night Sounds," almost make me shiver, and yet it holds for me a certain terrible fascination. As far back as I can remember I have had an uncontrollable fear of the dark. In the night the familiar every-day sounds are, in some way, all changed, and become weird, potent, bringing terror to my heart.

This fear of the darkness was caused, partly, I am sure, by the ghost stories which my nurse delighted to tell me as a child. She was a genuine "old-timey colored mammy," who loved to amuse her "chillun" with the most "scary, hair-raising stories" that she could possibly think up.

And we loved those stories dearly, even though they scared us almost out of our wits. I can see the dear familiar picture of my old "mammy" now, seated before the shadow-casting blaze of a huge fire, with the children crowded around her, relating one of her ghost stories. As the story progressed, nearing its awful climax, we drew closer and closer to "mammy," feeling that she was our only protector from the ghosts and goblins that sought to devour us.

After these stories were finished, and we were tucked into bed, and the lights put out, I would often lie awake, tensely straining my ears for the real and imaginary sounds of the night.

One night in particular seems to stand out clearly in my memory. I had been sent to bed in a dark room alone, and had lain for a long time, restlessly tossing and turning, vainly seeking slumber. I heard the quivering voice of the screech-owl down in the grove. There was a sound in the yard just beneath my window—was it only that old Nell had gotten into the yard, and was grazing beneath my window, or—what? I was almost afraid to breathe. Everything was still except the rustle of the dead leaves on the trees and the who—oo of the wind around the corners of the house. Then there was perfect stillness—perfect quiet. The
dark stillness became oppressive; it was a sounding quiet, which grew more and more intense.

Then, far away, over the hills, I could hear a faint whispering sound, as of the wind. I recalled the words of my "mammy" in her ghostliest story, "and den, honey, it started way down the hill, soft like, at fust, jest dis a-way, 'Gimme my golden arm.'" I drew further down under the cover, trying vainly to shut out the weird voices of the night. The wind grew louder—now with a pitiful moaning sound as of a mother wailing for a lost child. It rose almost to a scream, howling around the old house, hurling its force against the rattling shutters in terrible grief and anger. It seemed to seek revenge for some atrocious wrong. Its awful presence seemed to enter my room.

"Mammy! Oh, mammy!" I screamed, and the next moment found myself in her comforting arms.
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EDITORIALS.

The college man, or even the average youth, is naturally an idealist. The world to him is still full of ideals, and, while they may have lost the childish fancies that surrounded them a few years before, his ideals still have a glow and a radiance that is in striking contrast to the deadening materialism of the world of reality. Only too often
a man loses the idealism of his youth, and smiles at it as one of
the follies of his college days. The lawyer forgets the high stand-
ards of honor he once had, and excuses his little underhand
methods as being the usual thing. The doctor, the business man,
and the preacher all find their tasks so different from what they
had imagined they would be that they succumb to the usual,
and never rise out of the rut of the routine. We can't help feeling
that it would be a good thing if the man in the world held on to
his college ideals. Then the politician would have principles of
statesmanship and clean politics. The preacher would not be
narrow and dogmatic, but would hold to the liberal principles
of his college days. The ideals of youth and of college are things
to cling to, to cheat old Father Time and keep away old age, to
brighten up the dark passages of life, and to help us attain that
great aim of life—namely, accomplish something.

The college man has an ability to see both sides of a question
that men of perhaps greater experience too often fail to possess.
Woodrow Wilson, speaking at Richmond College some years ago,
said that college men were more unbiased and freer from prejudice
than any other class of men. In after years his judgment is
colored by his ego and his opinions are distorted by his personal
interests. Then the college man's range of interests and capaci-
ties is greater than that of the man on the outside. What a
college man lacks in specialization he usually gains in versatility.
A wide range of interests gives a man an ability to form judg-
ments that are fairer and make decisions that are more just
than those of the man whose interests are merely the narrow
ones of his own personal advantage. This freedom from prejudice
is surely a virtue to cling to.

Yet another characteristic of the red-blooded college man
that would help him in the world beyond the college walls is his
exuberance of spirits. It is the college man who, with a rare
abandon, will

"* * * Make one heap of all his winning,
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose and start again at his beginning,
And never say a word about his loss."

It is the college man who forgets himself in a burst of en-
thusiasm in the cause of his college. The barbarity and savagery of war is almost counter-balanced by the moral value of this sacrifice of the individual for a common cause. It is this that makes the hero. Why cannot college spirit blossom into community spirit? Only too frequently, as we pass from one scene to another in the drama of life, our character loses more than it gains. If, in the richness of experience and manhood, we could still cling to these qualities of youth, then much of the darkness and sadness of life would be brightened.

The worm has turned. The days of hazing and horse-play have passed. The Sophomore no longer rules with iron hand, and issues edicts to the trembling “rat” or “fish” (or whatever term of endearment may be used to designate the man who has just entered college). Instead, the Freshman solemnly votes on the rules by which he shall be regulated—democracy with a vengeance! On the other hand, “rushing” has been so ruled upon and regulated that the works of Clyde Fitch will soon need notes. Sure, and the days of old Siwash have passed. No longer is college life a helter-skelter, harum-scarum affair, but it follows along efficiency lines, directed by Student Government and Y. M. C. A. bureaus ad infinitum. Will the apostles of the new order pardon a tear shed over the memory of the passing regime. The days when the “rats” were “taken out” and given “ninety degrees” were happy ones, and there was not a Freshman but who was a better college man after thus being physically initiated into the fullness of college life. True, the old system had many disadvantages. Probably the editor of the Nassau Literary Magazine is right in stating that the Freshman should find in college freedom and opportunities for friendship, instead of all sorts of rules and commandments. As a matter of fact, the Freshmen are not such bad fellows, after all, and are sometimes worthy of the friendship even of Seniors. So, as the old regime has passed, let us make the best of the new, and assimilate the Freshmen into the college community as best we may.
ALUMNI NOTES.


O. H. Bagby, '15, is studying medicine at the University of Texas.

Russell Bowles, '15, who taught at the Chamberlayne School last year, is, we are glad to note, around again, after a serious illness.

Rev. J. M. T. Childrey, B. A., '92, now of Haddonfield, New Jersey, was recently elected President of the Baptist Ministers' Conference of New Jersey.

Among those who are now on the border are "Mac" Cosby, Joe Wills, P. G. Perdue, and W. R. Silvey. The latter sent a communication to the editorial staff in the form of an interesting letter. He says that Brownsville, Texas, is, undoubtedly, the worst town in the world.

The New York Chapter of Richmond College alumni, whose meeting was attended by Dr. Boatwright last spring, includes many of the prominent and influential men in the city, such as Curtis Lee Laws, editor of the Watchman-Examiner; Rev. Russell Owen, pastor of the Hansen Place Baptist Church, of Brooklyn, and Charles M. Graves, managing editor of the New York Times. There are, all told, about sixty alumni in that State.

Two of our graduates are now presidents of city Y. M. C. A.'s.—W. D. Duke, of Richmond, and E. C. Matthews, of Norfolk. The latter recently led a successful campaign for the raising of $125,000 toward the Norfolk work. It is also interesting to note that not only two of the three gubernatorial candidates, J. Taylor Ellyson and John Garland Pollard, are Richmond College graduates, but also the two candidates for the position of Superintendent of Public Instruction, R. C. Stearnes, present incumbent, and Harris Hart, Superintendent of Schools in Roanoke city.
Some of those who were members of last year's class are now located as follows:

W. K. Allen is pursuing graduate study at Yale Divinity School; Victor Metcalf is working for his M. A. at the University of Virginia; W. H. Bahlke is specializing in chemistry at Johns Hopkins; S. H. Gellman is doing graduate work at Harvard, and Brooke Anderson is taking a course in scientific agriculture at Cornell.

Warriner, Ellwanger, Garber, Savedge, and Snead are teaching.

J. A. Carter and J. A. Leslie are both in newspaper work, Carter being the business manager of the State Journal and Leslie on the reportorial staff of the Virginian.

W. E. Durham is teaching and acting as Y. M. C. A. Secretary at V. M. I.

D. J. Fatherly is taking law at the University of Virginia.

Crozer Seminary enrolled Barlow, Brannock, Coburn, Dewling, and Wyatt last September, while Connelly, Hamilton, and Wiley are now at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.
As the eye of the Exchange editor runs over the number of magazines that have come to his desk there is a thrill of pleasure that permeates his being at the quality and the quantity of excellent collegiate literature that the month has produced. It may not be out of order here to mention the fact that many of the magazines are not as literary as one would expect. In many instances there is a dearth of anything that smacks of effort along that line, and, in place of it, there is found a mirror of college life. One of our exchanges states its purpose is “to aid their [the students’] literary improvement and to chronicle the news of the University.” That they carry out their policy is seen in the fact that, of the sixty pages which the issue contains, twenty-nine pages are literary in character and the rest of the issue is taken up with college notes. For a magazine intended for local interest, this receives our hearty approval, but, for a magazine intended for intercollegiate interest, why not follow the standard of The University of Virginia Magazine, which devotes over fifty pages of its issue to literary productions? With this criticism, we proceed to our task. In this issue it is the Exchange editor’s aim to consider the literary work of our sister colleges according to literary classes. With this in mind, we take up the first class.

POETRY.

Of all our exchanges, the magazine that is weakest in this respect is The Hampden-Sidney Magazine. Oh, would another Crockett would bring his muse to the assistance of the editor! The finest poetical production is “Sharon Valley and the Slumbering Hills,” from The Nassau Literary Magazine. There is a delicate yet masterful touch manifested throughout the poem.
that receives our hearty approval. The religious tinge is not obtrusive and is in harmony with the poetic conception. It is a nature poem of more than average collegiate tone and quality. It may be said here that the predominating theme of the poetry of the exchanges is nature. Instances of this are seen in "The Silver Lining" and "Evening," from Davidson College Magazine, and "Autumn Musings," from The Wake Forest Student. The former is highly poetic and manifests talent, and the latter is of the Riley type.

That the classical element of poetry has not faded in this present prosaic century is proven by the appearance of two excellent productions in The Yale Literary Magazine. The titles are "Dionysus" and "Caprice." These are among the best that have come under the Exchange editor's surveillance in his college career. The liberty is taken to quote the last stanza of "Dionysus."

"O, Dionysus, in these latter days
Thy brow hath altered; even in thine hair
Laurel and thorn, instead of purple bays,
Thorn-leaf and laurel on thine heart dost wear.
Is it thy crown, then, on the centuries,
King of the old, king of the new eternities?"

ESSAYS.

Several character studies have made their appearance this month. "Pierre Loti," from The Yale Literary Magazine, is an excellent appreciation of the French litterateur, in which the author justly weighs the merits and the weakness of impressionists. Every college literary lover should not neglect to read this article, for Loti is one writer whom the Anglo-Saxons find rather difficult to appreciate, and it is our opinion that it would create a desire to read more of the exquisite work of the talented Frenchman. The Wake Forest Student presents an historical study of the character of "Benvenuto Cellini." This is ably written, the author's style being fluent, and the facts in Cellini's adventurous life so well woven together. Since a man's character is shown in his poetry, we may consider "The Poetry of Rupert Brooke," from The University of Virginia Magazine, under this heading of
essays. The writer quotes rather copiously from the poetical works of the young English patriot, but in every case the quotation is justifiable. Poet, warrior, scholar, man—these qualities are manifested in the life of Brooke, and are mirrored in his poetry. In one of his poems, as the author shows, the poet wrote his own epitaph (for he fell in battle), “in a supreme outburst of passionate patriotism.”

“If I should die, think only this of me:
That there’s some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.”

How such an essay as “Ante-Bellum Fun in Old Virginia,” from The Hampden-Sidney Magazine, could win a prize, we fail to see. It is entirely lacking in originality, being simply a paraphrase of the works of the famous Dr. George W. Bagby. But the dual essays, “The Question of Shakespeare’s Heroes,” from The Davidson College Magazine, and “Wilson Must be Re-Elected” and “Wilson Must Not be Re-Elected,” from The Nassau Literary Magazine, receive our hearty approval. The pro and con of the question are given in such a clear-cut manner as to interest even a casual reader. An excellent historical essay, “The Witchcraft of New England,” is found in The Wake Forest Student.

OTHER LITERARY FEATURES.

In our exchanges we notice two dramatic efforts, “Samuel Titmus, Insurrectionist,” from The Wake Forest Student, and “Such Stuff as Books,” from The Yale Literary Magazine. The latter is a unique play, based on an author’s interview with the characters of his books, and the former is of the Alfred Noyes type of drama—a wayside hostelry, a drunken Falstaff, a tapster, a wandering king disguised as a peddler, and an agitated landlord. Both are well rendered and worthy of a place in any of our exchanges.

The short sketch, “Who David Wiley Was,” from The Hampden-Sidney Magazine, is an article of local interest. Dr. A. J. Morrison, the author, has contributed to no little extent in gathering historical facts of the early Hampden-Sidney College history, and it is an excellent plan for his work to appear in the
magazine and thus be preserved for posterity. Could not our exchanges do something along this line? Local traditions and historical facts are ever interesting.

"Marie Rossett," from The Furman Echo, is a short story, written in letter form. The letters from "Jack" to his sister, telling of his heart affair, are tastefully written, and the scheme is well carried out.

Reviewer's Corner.

JERUSALEM.

By Selma Lagerlof.

Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanson Howard.

(Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1916.)

Selma Lagerlof, as yet the only woman winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, and a member of the Swedish Academy, has given the public, in her latest book, "Jerusalem," an insight into the characters and lives of the people of Dalecarlia, the province of Miss Lagerlof's adopted home.

"Jerusalem" opens with the history of a wealthy and powerful farmer family, the Ingmarssons of Ingmar Farm, and later broadens its scope to include the whole parish. The domineering school-master, the conventional prosy pastor, shop-keeper, and peasants, all are portrayed with a fidelity to life and a knowledge of character that is everywhere true of Miss Lagerlof's work. She sees character with woman's warm and delicate sympathy and with the clear vision of childhood. Her characters are simple, deep, but never complex; she delights in analyzing the emotions of the normal healthy man or woman, just as Ibsen devoted himself to the study of the abnormal or pathological. The peasant folk of Dalecarlia, with their staunch religious convictions, stolid serious character, and conservative habits of thought, offer a fruitful field for just such a study of realism and idealism combined as is presented in this story.

Over against this background of Dalecarlian simplicity and ruggedness is portrayed the religious revival, introduced by a practical mystic from Chicago, which is the cause of much dispute and turmoil in the community, and finally results in the selling of many ancestral homesteads and the emigration of a small body to the Holy Land. These peasant farmers have seen visions and dreamed dreams. The men and women who believed still
in their hearts in witches, fairies, and the Wild Hunt, the country which produced a Peer Gynt, or his like, saw also the Lord in visions, and followed the still small voice of conscience.

The story deals with two generations of Ingmars, and their love stories compel our interest. The story of the younger Ingmar and his beloved Gertrude, whom he renounces in order to keep the old estate from passing out of the hands of the Ingmars, is full of pathetic charm. There is a tradition that every Ingmar, once in his lifetime, strong and upright as is the family, does a cowardly or wicked deed. This was Ingmar's curse, and bitterly does he repent when, too late, he realizes what he has lost and how useless was the sacrifice.

The book shows a succession of well-portrayed situations, little cross-sections of life, rather than a well-developed plot, but the memory of the reconciliation scene, when Ingmar's battered watch is handed to the man whom he felt on his death-bed he had wronged, the dance in Strong Ingmar's hut on the night of the Wild Hunt, and the scene between Gertrude and Ingmar, when she renounces him forever for her religion, lingers long after the reading, so full are they of pathos and genuine emotion.

The underlying motive of the book is the world-old conflict of idealism, represented by Hellgum and his new creed, with the impulse so deep-rooted in these rural communities of the old world, the love of home and the home soil, typified by Ingmar and Hok Matts Ericsson. The tragic intensity of the book is relieved by flashes of humor, and we laugh and weep with the Jerusalem pilgrims.

The spirit of the Swedish original, with its quaint simple diction, has been well preserved by the translator. The sentences are often short, there are few unusual words, but the whole gives an atmosphere of reality not without charm. The rugged farms of Dalecarlia are set before our eyes. The fir forests groan on winter nights as the Wild Hunt goes over them, and, above all, a glimpse is given us of life. We are privileged to see into the hearts of these men and women with faults and virtues similar to our own, and to know them as they are, but also with the picturesque veil of idealism thrown about them, which is characteristic of all of Miss Lagerlof's work.
In this copy of The Messenger we inaugurate a new department—a "Book Reviewer's Corner." We hope this will prove both interesting and stimulating to our Reviewer’s readers. Our plan is to have in each succeeding issue at least one review of some good recent fiction. This will be done not only by the students, but also by members of the Faculty. Either suggestions or criticisms in regard to this addition will be welcomed.

We are most happy in having our Dean the initial contributor to this department. She gives a most sympathetic discussion of Selma Lagerlof’s latest work, "Jerusalem."
Looking at the facts with a serious and unbiased mind, can we, as loyal students of Westhampton College, afford to continue this attitude of indifference and neglect towards our chief literary production, The Messenger. We have no other publication which is so vitally dependent upon the efforts of each individual, and which reflects either credit or reproach upon each of us as units of this institution. It is, in truth, the mirror in which our friend and our enemies alike behold the status of our literary work.

Perhaps you have tried to write, became discouraged, and quit. Well, we can only quote the age-worn adage, "Try again." We do not demand masterpieces, but we do expect your honest and conscientious best. It is up to you to make The Messenger worthy of the College it represents.

And, for a friendly Parthian shot: Don't forget The Messenger Class Cup!

The Department of English Speech, which has been established in this College, under the supervision of Miss Emily F. Brown, a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass., promises to receive the success it deserves. The course comprises a thorough technical and practical study of voice culture, literary interpretation, platform art, and physical training.

In our pursuit of education there is nothing more valuable than learning to speak the English language correctly and euphoniously. This does not mean merely proper pronunciation; the cultivation of the voice and the refinement of articulation are equally important.

In an address before an association of physicians, Dr. Grayson, of Philadelphia, stated that, in his opinion, every public school, college, and university should teach voice culture. He said, "The child should be taught the art of ordinary speech—an art that should not be regarded as an accomplishment for the few, but as an essential feature of the education of all."

We Americans are accused by our English cousins of speak-
ing American English, and this is largely due to our indifference and lack of proper training in childhood and youth. We slur, clip, and muddle our syllables to such an extent that the words of which they are parts become more or less unrecognizable.

Is it too much to hope that the inspiration and knowledge derived from this new department in our College may have some small influence in the cultivation of an American voice that will be clothed with its full complement of overtones, with all the resonance that nature intended it to have, and with a delicacy of modulation that will adapt it to every occasion?

This course has yet another mission. It is designed to awaken in the student a realization of her own potentialities, and to give such direction to her training that she may attain them. It is self-evident that a strong personality, a cultured and noble womanhood, is infinitely superior to any tricks of voice and gesture. When a person loves the truth and lives it, and can present it effectively to others, he or she has received the best possible preparation for the work of life.

After reading the editorial in the Richmond College Department last month, the Westhampton editors bestirred themselves to find out conditions "across the lake."

Circulation of The Messenger. The results are rather encouraging, yet not what we should like them to be. The Messenger is taken by one out of every three girls, and we are safe in saying that it is read by more than half of the College. By the end of this year we hope to have introduced several new departments in the magazine, which will make a more general appeal. The first of these additions is the "Reviewer's Corner," which makes its formal bow to the public this month.
In some respects a deplorable, and, in other respects, probably a very excellent illustration, is furnished by the graduating class of 1916. Certainly any class that goes out from Westhampton, and especially the class of 1916, is amply able to contribute its share to statistics. On this basis, then, we make the following statement: Nine out of every ten young women graduating from a college equal in standing to that of Westhampton College spend the next scholastic year in attempting to impart some of their newly and gradually acquired knowledge. The class of 1916 has ten members. Eight of this number are now teaching in various parts of Virginia; one is in West Virginia; the tenth has chosen to follow another path of usefulness.

Let these general remarks concerning the class of 1916 be thought of only as an illustration, and not as an example—of necessity. It seems to have gotten into the blood of boys and girls finishing school that the first, last, the only and unchangeable course opening to them is teaching.

There are yet other fields.

There are two things which it shall be the purpose of the space allotted to "Alumnae Notes" to accomplish. In the first place, we trust that there will be there written a brief continued chapter of the doings of each of the Seniors of 1916. There is always more or less interest among the old girls, returning as Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, to know what has awaited the class that did not return. This will take the form not only of personal notes about each member, but, in addition, of a personal note from each member. This, then, will occupy a part of our page.

In the second place, we want our page to tell, from time to time, of the doings of the older alumnae. (No offense is intended toward any one at all; we are only dignifying those passed the one-year stage.) These notes will naturally fall under two divisions:
Notes of alumnae in particular, and notes of interest concerning the Alumnae Association as a body.

If, after one shall have read the words on this page, and shall, at any time, know of any item, or items, that will add to the interest in this page, the receipt of such items will be immeasurably appreciated by the Alumnae editor.
EXCHANGES.

The Brenau Journal is an interesting magazine from cover to cover. The play, "A La Bien Aimee," skilfully handled an old plot with a pleasing unity and happy touches of humor. Originality of incident and sympathetic portrayal of character mark all of the stories. We heartily wish that more stories were cast in the mold of "Antonio Ferrari, American Citizen." The lack of essays among so much that is excellent is a serious weakness in your magazine, particularly as the latter is to be issued only quarterly.

The Acorn, handicapped by the loss of three of its editorial staff, is to be congratulated upon its creditable issue for October.

The Lesbian Herald makes an exceptionally favorable impression by the variety of the departments presented and in the refreshing quality of the two stories, "Kitty Faces the Dragon" and "Rivals," both of which ring true to college-world attitudes.

The State Normal Magazine (Greensboro, N. C.) uses a system of having a board of editors, which we note with interest, in view of the fact that they were able to secure from five (including the assistant business manager) of the eight staff members at least one contribution each. Moreover, all of these brief articles were worth while in thought and execution. They will probably be wise enough to vary this plan occasionally by having one or two longer editorials. This
number contains a poem, "The Mist," which is wrought with a notably delicate touch.

We are glad to see you, although you are not yet up to the standard which we have a right to expect.

We acknowledge, with appreciation, the following: Mary Baldwin Miscellany, Limestone Star, The Bessie Tift Journal, and The Alleghany Breezes.
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