HALIM KHWALI.

A. L. S., '19.

The moon hangs dim and over-full,
   Her face veiled with a cloud;
Tall shadows peer from the glassy pool,
   Night draws her ebon shroud.
From the lapping of the frantic lake,
   And the denseness of the air,
A piercing voice I freely make,
   Which fills my soul with fear.

"Oh, Halim Khwali," it seems to cry,
   "Thy soul shall ne'er find peace.
Knowest thou Kismet? Alas, 'tis I,
   Hence thy longing shall never cease!
Thy eyes shall burn in vain for sleep,
   Thy heart consume for love,
The water thou watchest, within its deep
   Thy soul must close above!"

The shadows move quickly, the lake is still,
   The veil from the moon has burst;
This message I heard—but Allah's will
   That I should be thus cursed.
The sleep I desire is the freedom from care,
   The love but for happy estate;
And the voice of the water which pierced the air
   But the voice of every man's fate!
It was almost midnight, and all but four of us had forsaken the big sitting-room of the Physicians' Club. We sat grouped before the open fireplace, whose glowing embers were fast changing into grey ash, and discussed many subjects touching of our profession.

Dr. Lancaster was telling of the horrible conditions that existed during the black days of the Middle Ages. He spoke of how important operations were performed without the administration of anaesthetics, how death often resulted from infection following operations, how physicians were without antitoxins and many drugs considered essential to-day, and how the lack of facilities for attending the sick added much to the suffering of human-kind. He further spoke of the cruel and inhuman treatment of the insane and feeble-minded during mediæval times, and said: "But all that is a thing of the past. To-day the medical profession is in a highly-advanced state, and all the facilities possible are provided for the sick. The insane and feeble-minded are no longer mistreated, but are given proper care and attention."

Just then Dr. Scott, who had been listening intently, interrupted, and said: "Lancaster, I disagree with you regarding your last statement. Let me explain this by telling you of a case that came within my notice.

"Some time ago an extraordinary patient, in a desperate condition, was brought into the hospital and put under my charge. This patient, who was hovering between life and death, was a woman of about twenty-eight years of age. She was five feet in height and weighed but fifty-seven pounds. She had a luxuriant suit of light brown hair and deep blue eyes, that had a strange look of weirdness about them. The skin of her face was like parchment, her lips were bloodless, and her cheeks were sunken. Her bony hands resembled talons, and so devoid of flesh were her
limbs that it seemed as though the bones were on the point of piercing the skin that covered them. She paid little attention to what was going on about her, and seemed to be in a reverie or sort of trance. When spoken to, however, she would rouse herself from this study, and would reply to a question with an affirmative or negative shake of the head. She apparently had lost all power of speech. Evidently ill treatment and lack of food were the causes of her pitiable condition.

"When I learned the circumstances under which she had been living I understood more clearly the condition of the patient. State officials had forcibly entered a private residence, and, against the wishes of her parents, had removed her and brought her to the hospital. The room from which she was taken was small and gloomy, eight feet wide and ten feet long, with barred window and bolted door. The furniture was of the rudest kind, consisting of an iron bed and an old wooden chair. The room was in a condition of filth that does not admit of description.

"Naturally, when I learned of the surroundings from which she came I was interested to find out something of her past life. From different persons I obtained my information, and, putting together the various accounts, this is what I made of them. Grace Marsh, for that was her name, lived on a farm about two miles from a country town. And, although she was only sixteen years old, she was considered quite beautiful, and was much sought after by the young men of the community. Her most ardent suitor, Frank Dooling, was a man some ten years her senior, whose attentions were most displeasing to her father and step-mother. In many ways they showed their dislike for him, and this was a constant source of grief to Grace, for of all her admirers she liked him best. Opposition to this friendship but fed the flames of love, and, in desperation, they planned to elope and secretly marry. Late one dark moonless night Dooling cautiously placed a ladder beneath her window. Then the shutters were quietly opened, and the girl's face appeared at the window. He assured her that all was well, and she clambered out of the window and began to descend the ladder. Just then her father ran yelling from the house, shot-gun in hand, closely followed by his wife, who carried a lantern. Grace merely glanced
at them out of the corner of her eye, but became so greatly excited that she missed her footing on the ladder and fell heavily to the ground. Dooling and her father rushed quickly to where she lay. They easily perceived that she had been badly hurt, and when Mrs. Marsh approached with the lantern they discovered that she was unconscious. Carefully the men picked her up and carried her into the house. As soon as she had been laid upon her bed Marsh turned angrily to the other man and ordered him from the house, threatening him with death should he be found there again. Knowing the unreasonableness of the girl’s father, Dooling walked from the house without a word, hurried to where he had left his buggy, and drove rapidly to the home of the nearest doctor. He roused the physician from his slumber, told him of the urgency of the case, and requested him to bring back information concerning the girl’s welfare.

“Upon the doctor’s arrival an examination of the girl was made, and it was found that she had a badly fractured leg. The doctor temporarily put splints on the leg, and when he returned the following day to put the leg in a cast he was informed that another doctor had been called in and his services were not needed. From that time the community saw no more of Grace Marsh. Rumors concerning her went broadcast throughout the neighborhood, but nothing was known concerning her whereabouts. What actually happened was this. Grace was first confined in her own room for several days, with nothing but bread and water for nourishment. Although her injury was excruciatingly painful, she had no medical attention whatever. At the same time she was attacked by a fit of melancholia, on account of her separation from her sweetheart, and because her parents informed her of their firm intention never to allow them to see each other again.

“Between her anguish of soul and anguish of body, her mind became affected, and she seemed to lose her reason for a time. Then it was that harsher treatment was resorted to by her inhuman parents. They placed her in a small room, which I earlier described to you, and kept her a close prisoner, under lock and key. For twelve long years she dragged out her existence in this miserable hole, with food that barely kept the life in her body, usually bread and water, with occasionally weak tea. She had
no one to speak with, for neither her father nor her step-mother ever addressed a single word to her. Naturally, she soon lost her power of speech.

"Perhaps she would have been under confinement in that same place even now had it not been for a chance visit of one of her relatives to the Marsh home. This visitor, an aunt of the girl, remained there over-night, and slept in a room adjoining that in which Grace was a prisoner. During the night she heard feeble groans coming from the room next her own. Fearing that some one in the house was ill, she quickly arose, went to the room where Mrs. Marsh was sleeping, awakened her, and told her of her cause for alarm. Mrs. Marsh reassured her, and told her that it must be her imagination, and advised her to go back to her bed and sleep. This she did, and heard no more of the groans until early morning. She awoke at dawn the next morning, and, when she heard low sounds, indicative of great suffering, proceeding from the next room, she decided to investigate. Cautiously she made her way to the locked and bolted door of the little room. Placing her ear against the panel of the door, she was able to distinguish better the sounds that she had heard, and she realized that within there was some human creature in pain. She called softly, but heard only moans in return. She saw that it would be impossible for her to open the door, because it was fastened with a heavy padlock. Faintly remembering the story of the disappearance of Grace, an ill-defined surmise as to the true state of affairs forced itself upon her intelligence. Could it be possible that for these many years her parents had confined the girl in this narrow room, causing her untold agony? The thought was so gruesome as to be appalling, but the girl’s aunt was determined to solve the mystery. She waited until breakfast time, and then demanded that they should tell her who was confined in that room. They indignantly denied that there was any one in the room; that, moreover, it was merely used as a store-room. The aunt insisted, however, that there was some one there, and that they must tell her who it was. This led to a dispute, and they wrathfully advised her not to interfere with their affairs.

"Without a moment’s hesitation, she left the house, hurried to the sheriff’s office, and informed him of her suspicions. The
search followed shortly after. Grace Marsh was found to be the prisoner, and, in an extremely weak condition, was brought to the hospital.

"Gentlemen, this sounds as though it were taken out of the darkest days of the Middle Ages, but every word of it is true. The girl is now convalescing, and is rapidly regaining her strength. Her power of speech is gradually returning, and she is beginning to take a keener interest in things that go on about her. Her mentality is that of a sixteen-year-old girl, the melancholia has left her, and, no doubt, she will soon bridge the gap that her twelve years' absence from the outside world had caused.

"Her parents are now in prison, awaiting punishment for the criminal and inhuman treatment of their daughter, while for her the future is becoming brighter every day.

"Now, Lancaster," said Scott, "do you still contend that all such things are of the Dark Ages?"
THE PATH OF WAR.

G. W. D.

On tented field the soft moonbeam shines
Where the tired soldiers lie sleeping,
And on a cot decked with fragrant vines,
Where some widow is sadly weeping,
Their beats the armed soldiers' tread,
Their guns still hot with the battle's strife;
They look away o'er the slaughtered dead—
Each on the morrow must risk his life.

The soldier, in his fair visions of night,
Is far removed from the cannon's roar;
Gone is the gallant charge, gone is the fight—
He treads his native heath once more.
The yesterdays that so happy were
Flit by as the clouds in the azure skies,
But on the morrow the ball's dull whir—
The soldier falls—he gasps—he dies.

A soldier dead in bloody tomb interred;
No battle-flag enfolds his form.
But some deep brown eyes, with tear-drops blurred,
And a loving heart, are to weep and mourn.
Only a soldier—but 'twas war's decree;
Not so—'twas the avarice of kings.
A soldier's life not much reeks he
When ambition spreads her vulture wings.

O cottage by the Danube's rolling wave,
O palace where flows the storied Rhine,
Thy heart is to-night in a soldier's grave,
Bathed in carnage and soft moonshine.
O hut among the hills of France,
O home that nestles on Britain's isle,
Thy soul is wrung by war's red dance,
And tortured is in her blazing pile.
THE HISTORICAL SETTING OF ROMOLA.

Olivia Gwaltney, '17.

"ROMOLA" is essentially a realistic historical novel. The time is near the close of the fifteenth century, when the full swing of the Renaissance was beginning to be felt in ever-widening circles on the continent. It is at a time when Italy was a prey to the petty tyrants of the surrounding countries, and when Florence was troubled and corrupted by the chances of Italian politics, and by the intense hatred of the Medici family by those with democratic prejudices, who declared that not even the French king would make them "swallow the Medici." Although "Romola" deals with private individuals, who were possible inhabitants of Florence at the time, it weaves the threads of the story around the great public characters. The characters are so revealed and complicated that they display many incidents of Florentine life during the rise and fall of the great Dominican monk, Savonarola.

The story of "Romola" begins in 1492, just at the time of the death of Lorenzo de Medici, that great patron of art and letters. Even in this first chapter, we feel that Fra Giroloma, or Savonarola, is to be the dominating power of the book. To the common people the death of Lorenzo seemed to come as an answer to his prophecy that the tyrant of Florence should soon die. From now on, until his fall, he was to rule the people more wonderfully than any sovereign Florence had ever seen.

The next great historical event which we find in the life of Savonarola, and which is used as one of the main complicating forces of the plot is the visit of Charles the Eighth, of France, in the fall of 1494. He was on his way to Naples, to assert his claim as ruler, and it was natural that he should pass through Florence, as it was such a rich and splendid city. There could be no resistance to his entrance, because, since Lorenzo's death, his son had held only a very feeble sway, and, indeed, was about this time driven out of the city. Piero rushed to meet Charles,
and gave him an unconditioned entrance into his city. Savonarola had excited the democratic prejudices of the people by his passionate eloquence, as he had preached from the text, "Behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters on the earth." He believed that the flood of waters was the emblem at once of an avenging wrath and purity—to be the divinely appointed symbol for the French army. Eliot seems to think that his influence made the majority of the people accept this theory, and that outwardly they were anxious for his entrance, for he had been true about Lorenzo's death, and why not about this? She also says that plans for resistance were made only "behind bright drapery and banners symbolical of joy." Some historians give an idea of open excitement and indignation, saying that "a terror and indignation and passionate patriotism all united to make the populace half frantic with excitement." Whether there was a subdued intensity of feeling or not, we know that Piero de Medici met Charles, surrendered the city, and that Charles entered the city, drove out the Medici family, and established the republic of Savonarola. Nevertheless, after the French have entered the city, we have this state of more or less excitement increased by the superior air of the Frenchmen. While the French king and his court were being treated with highest honors during the eleven days of his visit, the people grew tired of the insults, and became hard to hold in subjugation, and it became evident that something must be done. The Medici, represented by Piero, were praying for help, and once he was reported as being at the gates, and the republic, with its new liberties, were demanding his attention on the other hand, thus making his negotiations dubious, and requiring more time. While the officials were thus occupied, we have the rising of a mob—caused by the escape of several of the French prisoners. This is more or less insignificant as a historical event, but it serves to show the underlying spirit of the majority, and in the novel as one of the great complicating forces.

Now all hope of the Medici seemed gone, and the French king was about to make a treaty unworthy of Florence, but it was rejected by them. "We shall sound our trumpets," said the king. "And we our bells," said Capponi, as he snatched and tore up the treaty. The French king stayed little longer after
this, but left, and Florence began to reconstruct its government.

Of course, there were many debates as to what plans to pursue, but, as no definite efforts were made, and the workers were suffering, Savonarola felt the need of a leader and adviser, so he threw himself into it. At first he was rather general in his suggestions, but then he became more and more specific. He declared that "the Great Council was the will of God." This sermon was preached, and within a fortnight the plan had been adopted. From now on Savonarola was to be the political as well as the spiritual guide. His idea was to make "Florence approach the character of a pure community, worthy to lead the way in the renovation of the Church and the world."

The Council was not to be confined to people of noble birth, but to the benefiziati. He set forth the laws from the Duomo, ending with his plan for a final event of judicial appeal against the Florentine bench. He was at the height of his power now, and the disappointment of some of his hopes in these plans point towards his decline.

In 1496 we find Florence suffering from a great famine, because of the terrific gales around the coast, which had driven the ships from Marseilles, and then, too, there was lack of fighting men. She had been forced to decline to join the league at her peril because of this, and to still adhere to the French treaty. To add to this, Savonarola had, by a brief from Rome, been forced to cease preaching, but then, realizing the fear of the people, he had gone forth to the Duomo, and told them to wait and be steadfast, and the divine help would come."

One of the most amusing events of the book is that of the "Bonfire of Vanities," in the carnival season of 1496. The Florentine youth had long been the despair of the city in this season, and Savonarola, to abate this nuisance, had set up little stands along the street, where the white-robed boys received offerings for the poor. This time he had decided to let them collect material and ornaments, and let them burn them on the last day. George Eliot gives us an attractive picture of the collection, but we will never know what it really contained, but we may guess that there were wigs, masks, dresses, and other things which might have
been prepared for the carnival itself. Eliot leads one to suppose that many valuables were burned, but this is more or less improbable, as he was a preacher of "good sense and moderation."

The Medicean party was again triumphing, and Bernado del Nero was gonfaloniere. Savonarola was also preaching, but every one felt that his ex-communication was imminent. Now that the Medicean power was again dominant, his followers began to diminish; finally he was ex-communicated. Then we have the conspiracy of Piero de Medici and his attack on the gates. The result of this was the condemnation of Bernado del Nero and his companions. By this time Savonarola had ceased to be the head of Florence, and was only the leader of the Piagoni, and it would have taken a more powerful word than that from his pulpit to have saved these conspirators. Even if he had had this influence, why should he have used it, because they were enemies of all he had striven for. His opinion that they should be condemned was that of the greater part of the city.

Savonarola preached but once more in the cathedral, and that was on Septuagesima Sunday, but he continued to preach at San Marco. It was during the carnival season, after it seemed to him that every day brought new seditions, that he preached the sermon in which he, for a moment, felt untroubled triumph. He said: "If I have said anything to your * * * which was not true * * * if I have deceived you—pray to God that He will send fire from heaven upon me, and consume me in the presence of the people—to send death to me in this place if I have not preached the truth." For an hour the crowd was intense with prayers and waiting, but there came no answer from the clear, sunny sky; so the monks returned with their leader to the convent.

He seemed to be full of faith, and made several challenges, which were unanswered; but then it became his turn to be challenged, and it came from a Franciscan monk. We do not know the exact reason for this challenge, whether it was to test their faith or to deliver the Dominicans into the hands of the mob, which was continually growing more discontented. Savonarola set himself against this, but it was accepted by another Dominican, Fra Domenico. The Franciscans refused this acceptance, and declared Savonarola's to be the only one. Fra Girolamo's struggle
was terrific—possibly he felt that his truthfulness had been tested at San Marco, or he felt that his time, with its ambitions, was too much to lose. Sometimes he felt that a popular tumult and his own murder was intended, and that no justice would be done to him. Finally he saw he could no longer refuse to let Fra Domenico do it without dishonor to the order, so he accepted it conditionally. Secretly, he felt that in some way Fra Domenico's entrance into the fire would be hindered, and, if not, he would carry the sacred host, and then the ordinary effects of fire would possibly be stayed.

Accordingly, on the 7th of April, we have the preparations for the ordeal by fire completed on the Piazza. In the centre was a great pile of fuel; on each side were the troops—five hundred soldiers of the republic, five hundred of the Compagnacci under Dolpo Spini, three hundred Piagoni, who were to protect their leader. The Loggia dei Lanzi was divided into two—San Marco on one side and the Franciscans on the other. Besides, there were people—people everywhere, clinging and standing on every available thing. Each side felt confident of victory.

Fra Domenico, preceded by all the brethren, and followed by Savonarola, came up. Everything seemed in readiness—Fra Girolamo calm and seemingly fearless. Fra Domenico was anxious to begin the test, and show his faith, but, gradually, the Franciscans became agitated, and brought forth various pretences for delaying the trial—they found fault with Domenico's cape, and had it changed; then they protested against carrying the Holy Sacrament into the fire. With these and various other negotiations, the day passed on—the Signoria did not appear, the Franciscan champion did not come. At last a tumult arose from the weary multitude, and then, finally, a messenger brought word that the ordeal was called off. In vain Savonarola remonstrated; then he saw that he had surmised correctly—"his enemies wanted no death but his own."

His journey back to the convent was tragic indeed; his few men rallied around him, and offered their feeble protection against the taunts and jeers of the multitude. That night he realized that his sway of Florence was over—the very cry of those who had once been his friends mingled with the shoutings of his
enemies. He had given his best, and striven towards the ideal, and now he received little except abuse and scorn. Did he regret that he had not offered to take up Domenico's acceptance, and prove his convictions? We will never know, but we do know that whatever his thoughts were his sufferings must have been terrible.

This was the downfall of his party—just why we cannot explain. Savonarola had felt himself to be the establisher of a new Jerusalem, but now he knew that he must accept the fate of the other great men who had come before him.

The waiting was not long, for on Palm Sunday, or the next day, came his final appearance in Florence. Only two years before he had walked the same streets as the triumphant leader; now he went, amid the insults of the crowd, for his last service in San Marco. As he passed, the crowds gathered around the doors became more intense and excited—the mob spirit was increasing. It increased, and the cry, "A San Marco! A San Marco!" was taken up.

As the monks were singing their chants, and peace filled the convent while the evening wore on, the furious mob was approaching. They assailed it. Hastily the monks began a vigorous defence. Savonarola, in his priestly robes, carrying the crucifix, started to the door. His friends threw themselves before him to prevent his voluntary sacrifice. He called them around the altar, and, after prayer, told them not to try to defend him, for he would go out to them. Notwithstanding this entreaty, many gave up their lives in a heroic defence. The commission soon arrived, and requested Savonarola to appear immediately at the Palazzo. After confession, the Frate was seen "issuing from the door of the convent, with a guard who promised him no other safety than that of a prison." Amid the tumult he was conducted to the prison, where he stayed until his death in the great Piazza.

Here he endured tortures, while Sir Ciconne secured the records which, when changed, served as his death warrant. Sometimes, in moments of supreme torture, Savonarola yielded, and "rejected his pretensions to prophetic insight, and confessed that he had delivered predictions which were not directly from divine insight, but were based upon his interpretations of passages
of Holy Scripture.” This is the only recorded confession, but many false clauses were inserted by his enemies. For eleven days he suffered these tortures and questionings, but he made no more definite statements. His brothers were also tried, but they did not waver. After this he was moved to his cell, where he was allowed a little more ease and freedom.

On the 19th of May the Pope’s commissioners arrived, and his final trial was held; he endured the same punishments, and, when he saw that everything was already settled, he retracted his confessions. On the 22d the sentence of death of the three brethren was published. Each one of the doomed received it in a way characteristic of his life.

The next morning, after the celebration of the holy communion, they went to the Piazza, where death was awaiting them. Again there was the huge pile of fuel and the multitude of people, who were not to be disappointed this time. Savonarola was stripped of his Dominican garb, and stood in his coarse woolen tunic; he was degraded, and “cut off from the church militant, but not triumphant”—no, that was not theirs to do. As he ascended the ladder the people expected that he would address them, but he only looked at them, for he felt it was too late to explain his actions. Thus he died, “the great Prior of San Marco—the most powerful politician, the most disinterested reformer of his time.”

These are the most important historical events—in which the characters weave and unweave their life, their actions, with all its complications. Of course, there are innumerable other events, men, and political intrigues which are connected with the story, but they are of more or less minor importance, and would require too much time for this brief sketch. However, these are enough to show what a thrilling time that must have been, with all its corrupt politics, State and family rivalries, and what Savonarola’s influence must have been at its height, and what his downfall meant to that time. Could George Eliot have selected a more historical setting, and one with more interest than this, for her novel?

From all these historical events, and the accuracy and minuteness with which they are worked out, it is quite evident that
George Eliot must have spent infinite time and carefulness in her research. All her previous novels had dealt with people in her own country—a people whose ways and characters she had known from early years, and so she had put in her own experience and observation, and made them great realistic masterpieces, and one which the average reader delighted in. But now it was quite different when she began “Romola,” which was to be a novel dealing with history of earlier times and in an entirely different land. She realized that a great amount of research would be necessary for it, and that she must spend time in Florence, acquainting herself with the life and every-day conversation of the people. It had to be a novel written with a conscious effort, and by planned work and study. Of course, she had a general outline of the history of that time, but that was not sufficient—she must know it well enough to make her characters real people, and to give the atmosphere and spirit of the time as well as the events, because otherwise her novel would be a mere skeleton, without life, spirit, and energy.

It is in her letters which were written about 1860, that we find the first mention of her purpose to write “Romola.” In a letter to Mr. Blackwood, the publisher, she says, “When we were in Florence I was rather fired with the idea of writing a historical novel—scene, Florence; period, the close of the fifteenth century, which was marked by Savonarola’s career and martyrdom.”

From time to time in her letters we find a few scattered allusions to “Romola,” but, as she was working on “Silas Marner,” we find no definite statement of the working having been begun until in the spring of the following year, when we find her in Florence studying the topography of the city, the street dialect, and reading old manuscripts and books of contemporaneous life. At times she seems to feel herself to be incapable of such a task, and about ready to give it up. She was an extremely conscientious writer, because in one letter she says, “I’ll never write anything to which my whole heart, mind, and conscience does not consent.” She survived her period of doubt, and in her diary for that year we find: October 7, 1861—“Began the first chapter of my novel (“Romola”). December 12th—“Finished writing my plot.”
On May 23, 1862, we have this statement: "I am to publish my novel, 'Romola,' in the Cornhill Magazine, for £7,000, to be paid in twelve monthly payments." It is not until 1863 that we find a statement that the novel has been completed. June 9, 1863—"Put last stroke to 'Romola'! Ebenezer!"

All during the two years of work we find references in her diary to book and notes which she read, and which related to laws, costumes, customs, learning, art, religion, superstitions, manner, thoughts, and politics of the fifteenth century. Among the books mentioned as those which she read in the latter part of 1861 are: Nardi, "History of Florence"; Sismond, "History of the Italian Republics"; Audin de Reans, "Introduction to Savonarola's Poems"; Burlamacchio, "Life of Savonarolo"; Pulci and Villari, "Life of Savonarolo." Michiavelli works; Heren, "On Fifteenth Century"; Pettigree, "On the Medical Superstition"; Bulwer's "Rienzi"; Savonarola's "Dialogue de Veritate Prophetica," and "Compendium Revelationum," "Historie des Ordeux Religieux," Petrarch's Letters, and many other works relating to the particulars of Lorenzo de Medici's death and to the preaching of Savonarola in the Quarisema.

To read these books, and do the other innumerable smaller things which are necessarily connected with such an undertaking, must have demanded a large amount of patience and perseverance. How such a tremendous effort affected her can best be judged by her confession to her husband, Mr. Cross: "I began it a young woman; I finished it an old woman." What seems to express her labor better than the above list of books is a paragraph found in a letter. "I took unspeakable pains in preparing to write 'Romola'—neglecting nothing that I could find that would help me to what I may call the 'idiom' of Florence, in the largest sense one could stretch the word to."

"Romola" is an essentially historical novel, but it has only reached its place in literature because of George Eliot's determination to make it realistic as well as interesting, and her never-tiring effort in searching for the facts and events which would give it these qualities.
THE FOREST.

E. H. Rucker, '19.

I.

Oh, dark, gloomy forest, stirred by the cry
Of some prowling monster, or bird in its flight,
Whose echo, once harsh, but now a faint sigh,
Is borne to our ears on the wings of the night;
But soon fades away with the swift-flowing breeze,
To be silenced for aye by thy whispering trees.
Some sing of the deserts, the prairies, the seas,
But I love the darkness, the stars, and the trees.

II.

Thou king of the wilderness, prince of the night,
Shrouded in darkness, hid from the view
Of the vast, fleecy heavens, and hid from the sight
Of the green rolling valleys, besprinkled with dew;
Towards whose thickets and moss-covered glens
The all-powerful sun repeatedly sends
Its swift-footed envoys of warmth and of day,
Destined by fate to be turned far astray.
WORK, in its modern form, is essentially a co-operative phenomenon. For the purpose of this essay, we may use the definition of work as given in the Standard Dictionary—namely, "to exert physical or mental power for the accomplishment of some object." As a co-operative undertaking, it has proved, and continues to be, a socializing influence of much moment. In order to understand our subject better, let us briefly observe the evolution of work.

Primitive man, in the lowest stage of civilization, labored singly. He fitted some cave for the habitation of himself and his mate, or constructed some rude shelter of boughs and twigs; he roamed the fields and forests in search of food; he slew wild beasts, and tanned their hides; he protected himself against harsh nature and cruel foes; and all this without the aid of any individual but himself! Not even his children aided him, for, as soon as they were able to work, they were left to shift for themselves. The man did all his work, and he did it alone. But this condition existed only in the most primitive man.

The genus homo is a gregarious creature, and early in the history of the race our primeval ancestors grouped themselves together and formed "hordes." Then began co-operative labor in its crudest form. Individuals still performed the majority of their tasks alone, but the men of the "horde" would work together on any big undertaking. If the chief's house was to be built, many hands would hasten the task; if a particularly dangerous beast was making depredations upon the group, many hunters would join in the chase; if a neighboring tribe encroached, the choice fighters would go out and slay side by side. This working together came about easily, for, as Marcus Aurelius writes, "We are born for co-operation."

Following this simple co-operation, there came a division of labor. At first the labor was divided between the men and
the women, the men following certain pursuits and the women others. To the lot of the women fell the tasks of caring for the offspring and for the home, preparing the food, making clothing, and often building the home. Most of the hunting, fishing, and fighting was done by the men. As new pursuits and industries sprang up, however, there appeared a different kind of division of labor. Those skilled in hunting killed the game, and others cooked it. The strongest and bravest did most of the fighting. Some hewed timbers; others built huts. Men skilled in handicraft fashioned the weapons and made rude furniture. Later, when man had advanced somewhat, new occupations, such as keeping flocks and herds, were filled by men especially fitted for them. This division of labor had an important effect in socializing men, as we shall see later, particularly since the diversification of pursuits caused an intensity of co-operation among those who worked at some distinctive task.

From the solitary labor of the most primitive man, work has gradually grown into the highly complex, vastly diversified, and nicely adjusted economic phenomenon of the present day. There is work of the hand, and work of the brain; there is work in the ditch, and work of the skilled mechanic; there is work of the educator with his great intellect, and there is work of the master-mind whose will controls thousands. In the organization of modern work we see all these elements, woven and interwoven, in varying combinations, and what a tremendous socializing force modern work is!

Whenever man meets man each has an influence on the other. In daily work men come in contact with their fellows more frequently and for longer periods than in any other way. This meeting is followed by friendships, or, occasionally, by enmity or aversion. An exchange of ideas takes place. Men tell their experiences to each other, and common experiences are discussed. Difficult questions that one man may not be able to solve are often simplified, and a solution found by one of the man's associates. Different view-points are obtained; a man's knowledge is widened, and his outlook upon life is broadened. Sympathy, to a great extent, springs from contact of individuals in their daily work, and sympathy, according to the sociologists, is the greatest bond between man and man.
How widespread the social contact of workers is may be realized by the calling to mind of any of numerous examples. The book-keeper in a large commercial house daily associates with other clerks and book-keepers, with higher officials, and with men from other business concerns. The factory employee takes his position at his machine, and numerous other men at work in the same building, as well as his employers, are his associates. The salesman in a store is thrown in contact with fellow workers, and, as he performs his accustomed duties, he meets many people, all of whom have some influence upon him. The ticket-seller at a railway station, the conductor of a car or train, the traveling salesmen, are constantly meeting many people as they engage in their routine duties.

Nor is direct contact the only kind that occurs in daily work. One group of workers meets another group, and the second meets a third group, while the third group may rarely meet the first. Nevertheless, there is indirect contact between the first and the third, and this contact, too, has its influence. For instance, in an insurance company the agents and policy-writers come in frequent contact with the book-keeping and clerical force, yet they rarely meet the actuarial force, which does, however, have a close association with the book-keeping force. It is true that the two groups mentioned have important influence upon each other, though they do not meet, and this is due to the indirect contact. Furthermore, all these groups have indirect contact through the superintending officials, and the outlook, views, and sympathies of all the individuals are accordingly broadened.

Evidently, then, social contact—that is, contact between the individual and others of a group—largely occurs through work. Since this is true, what can we say of the socializing force of work? The man who, in pre-historic times, worked by himself had no exchange of ideas, no expansion of views, and nothing to arouse his sympathies for his fellow-men. The man who, in modern times, works in co-operation with others, grows mentally, has a deeper sympathy for other men, and learns to endeavor to secure the welfare of the social group. When a man thinks seriously of others besides himself, when he strives to accomplish something for the group, and when he safeguards the interests
of the community, he may be said to be socialized, and this is exactly what modern co-operative work effects.

Especially is this seen in the highly-diversified and widely-differentiated kinds of work, which are the natural outgrowth of the early division of labor, before mentioned. Consider the printers, particularly those employed in a newspaper plant. There is one large group, and this is divided into smaller groups, such as the proof-readers, stereotypers, make-up men, hand-setters, and linotype operators. In the entire group there is cooperation of individuals and of the smaller groups, one with another. In the entire group there are common bonds of sympathy, the matters in which the men are most vitally interested are all the same. An examination will show that their habits, characteristics, the nature of their amusements, and their manners of living in general are astonishingly similar. Along certain lines their views are the same. What injures one of them injures another. Consequently, what aids one aids another, and the result is that the men who have co-operated for work co-operate for securing the interests of the group, and, accordingly, they are socialized, as far as their own group is concerned. But this process of socializing does not stop here. It is like the little ripple caused by dropping a stone into a smooth-surfaced lake—it increases in ever-widening circles. The spirit of community interest and welfare of the fellow-men grows, and, from its awakening in the small groups, it increases until the man who has it takes into his scope the entire world and all humanity. When a man works for the common good of his little specialized community he learns how to work in this same spirit for the welfare of a greater community.

Another example is that of educational workers. The recent meetings held in Richmond are indicative of the co-operative spirit of the teachers. Though widely separated as to the place of their work, the more serious-minded of them have the same interests at heart. They all are endeavoring to secure the welfare of the State. They show that this is so by meeting, and giving their time and thought to plans for the educational advancement of the Commonwealth. This is not from selfish motives, but it is because they have the spirit of community interest, brought
about by their co-operative labors. The sociologists tell us that our "modern economic life, complex and universally organized as it is, is but the result of the co-operation of individuals in a community," and thus we can easily understand how important modern co-operative work really is.

Without a doubt, when an individual is placed in a group of workers co-operating to perform certain tasks, he is de-individualized and is socialized. This may be nicely observed among newspaper men. The rawest "cub" can go into the city office of a large newspaper, having the ego predominant, thinking mostly of himself and little of others, but, after several years of training, he will be a far different man. In his daily work, association with other reporters, with the editors, and with people from whom he obtains his news will gradually draw him out and socialize him. He will think more of the interests of the group; his ego will shrink to make room for his alter, and the co-operative work that he is doing will force him to think of the part he is to play in securing the welfare of the community. This is particularly true of newspaper men, for, as they work together daily, they have their fingers on the throbbing pulse of the very human world, and, through contact during their every day's work, they are socialized, and made to feel their duty toward the community.

Greater than any other result of the phenomenon of modern work, aside from that of providing a living, is this, that men are fitted to take their places in the world-community, or in some portion of it, and play important parts as social entities, striving for the welfare of the entire group. Accordingly, then, we may safely conclude that modern co-operative work is a socializing force of great import.
A YEAR had passed since the experiment related by Hawthorne had been made in Dr. Heidegger's study. Grieving over the fleeting touch of youth, which had mocked them a moment, Colonel Killigrew and Mr. Gascoine had gone away to die, with broken hearts and blighted hopes. Only three of that familiar group now remained.

On the occasion of which I speak, Dr. Heidegger, older by a full year, was again in his chair, drawn close to the table whereon lay the "ponderous folio volume." The old skeletons were still in the closet. The picture of the young lady yet hung on the wall, and the "brazen head of Hippocrates" still frowned. No doubt, the several ghostly faces were ever ready to peep from the mirror if the chamber-maid should again lift the book of magic. In the room everything seemed as it did that wonderful evening a year before.

But no one looking upon the man and woman (Mr. Medbourne and Widow Wycherly) before Dr. Heidegger would have guessed that they were the same people who, on the former occasion, had drunk of that "water of perpetual youth," and, in spite of their decrepitude, had repeated the follies of their youthful, lusty days. Nor, indeed, judging from the happy temper of their minds now, would one have thought they were the irritable souls whom, until recently, people of agreeable manner had vigorously shunned.

The former widow, now Mrs. Medbourne, was a healthy, strong woman. She chatted and smiled so pleasantly now that even the old Doctor could but wish that he—and not Medbourne—had caused the days of her widowhood to cease. I do not mean that the "Widow" was youthful. She was rather what one would expect to find in a well-preserved woman just passed the meridian of life. There was no gush, no vanity, no giddiness, such as she had exhibited when under the influence of that water from the
Fountain of Youth. She possessed at this time that perfect counterpoise resulting from a happily sane mind in a perfectly sound body.

Similar, also, to the changes noted in the "Widow" were the differences clearly seen in Mr. Medbourne. His face was smooth, and, but for a sprinkling of gray hairs, he appeared young. He was now a man of energy and purpose. Indeed, the new life which now thrilled through his frame had already made him resolve, in the face of his great loss through "a frantic speculation," to establish a good business which would support him and his wife when some day old age should creep on.

This scene of vigorous life before him in those who were pathetically decrepit only a year ago completely confounded Dr. Heidegger. His astonishment now was even greater than it was when in the experiment he had seen his old friends re-made into rollicking, frolicsome youths. What was the secret of it all? This was the question constantly rising in the Doctor's mind.

"Now," my friends, "now that luncheon has been served, I am ready and eager to hear from you how you have become almost young again."

Be it said that for some time, in following the result of his now famous experiment, Dr. Heidegger had been interested in senility, its causes and prevention. Would it be possible, having secured his friends' secret, for him to work out a preventive, if not a cure, for dotage? Pricked on by this question, the old physician was beginning his inquiry.

"Mrs. Wy—Mrs. Medbourne, we shall let you tell your story first," continued the Doctor.

In her simple, clear way the "Widow" set forth the details of her search for the Fountain of Youth. For, indeed, that is what had happened. She and Mr. Medbourne, carrying out their resolve to find that wonderful water of which they had had but a sip, had individually made a trip through Florida in order to find that spring.

"No," said the "Widow," replying to the Doctor's inquiry, "we did not go the same route. This is what confuses us. Our paths did not cross until we met that night at Jefferson, and discovered that we were young again. You see, then, if each of us found the Fountain of Youth there must be two!"
"She is entirely right," interrupted Mr. Medbourne. "Up to the meeting at Jefferson, neither of us was really aware of the extent of the changes we had undergone. Of course, we knew we were better in health and stronger in mind, but we did not know we had been completely re-made."

The fact is, of course, that their changes had been so gradual, and had come so little each day, that they were hardly perceptible to the persons themselves. But the difference was quite obvious to each other when they met after the lapse of months.

The "Widow" resumed her story.

"I shall never forget those weary days, and, but for the undreamed-of happiness at their close, I should never recall them again."

"Yes," said Dr. Heidegger, "for a lady of your age—I mean your age then—riding all over the country from—"

"Riding!" exclaimed the "Widow"; "I didn't ride."

Here she related her trip in detail, giving a synopsis of a day's journey. It developed, as she talked, that her desire for that youth-giving water was so intense that she was afraid to ride from place to place, lest she should thus lose the object of her quest. Her description and narration of herself and her journey were most amusing. She went to every well, spring, stream, and fountain that she saw. Sometimes, when she had drunk of the water, she felt like a thrill of youth had passed over her. Then she lingered and drank, and drank again. But, finally convinced that that water produced no such change as she had felt on the day of the experiment, she passed on. If one could have followed her for a day one would have thought she was a hydro-maniac. For she visited every place where water could be had. She asked every one for water, water, water!

At this point time was given Mr. Medbourne for telling his story, which was, in the main, about as that of his wife.

Clearly Medbourne and his wife were happy. Their minds were alert; they entered with zest into the conversation. They were now conscious of possessing real manhood and womanhood.

After both experiences finally had been told, the three friends sat and talked. They dipped here and there into books, religion, and science. Now and then was made a pleasant reference to rejuvenation and to senility.
In this manner the evening passed. Finally Mr. Medbourne and his wife arose to leave. Yet Dr. Heidegger had not given his decision as to the cause of their happy transformation. He had already formed a theory from the case, but was not willing to state his belief until he had made another experiment.

This experiment the old Doctor was determined to try. Accordingly, after this evening another quest was begun for the Fountain of Youth. This time, however, the seeker was Dr. Heidegger, and the place of the search was not Florida, the reputed home of that blessed spring. The new quest was begun in his own home, and among his own dear New England hills. He drank water before breakfast and after it. All day long he would drink water. He made long trips on foot. These walks were, of course, short at first, but were lengthened as he could bear them. My information as to the final result of the experiment is lacking. But it is to be hoped that Dr. Heidegger succeeded in this experiment as well as did Mr. Medbourne and Widow Wycherly.
JACK WILSON was headed straight for hell. Some few of his friends, who had enough candor, told him this, and his other friends recognized the fact, but hated to speak of it for fear of hurting his feelings.

Shortly after getting his A. B. from College Jack had come into a comfortable sum of money through the death of a rich uncle, whom he had seen but once in his life. In school he had made a fair record, and had lived decently enough, but he had no definite aim in life, and thought too much of a good time. Consequently, when this stroke of good luck befell him he started celebrating with an extravagance and abandon that would have done credit to any young multi-millionaire. First, he gathered together some of his boon companions of former days, and this care-free group of gay young sports undertook the task of smearing the town with paint of a scarlet hue. Drinking bouts, private entertainments of a questionable nature, and all-night poker games were but incidents of these days and nights of revelry. The pace got too strong for most of the boys, and, one by one, they dropped out of the group of merry-making debauchees, and returned to their respective places in society. But no so Jack Wilson. There was no need for him to stop, he thought. As far as he knew, his money had no limit to it, and there was no stern father to call him to task for his disgraceful and dissolute life.

"Jack, why don’t you quit this rotten life, and try to be a man again?" said Herbert Wallace to him one morning, as Wilson lay, half in stupor, after a night of dissipation. "You certainly can’t call it having a good time. You are losing your best friends, your health is being ruined, and pretty soon you’ll lose all your self-respect. I know it sounds like preaching for me to talk this way to you, but I can’t help it. I don’t want to see you throw yourself away like you’re doing. You never have done much
that was worth while, and, now that you’ve got a little cash, you’re making a regular ass of yourself.”

“Aw! Herb, cut that advice talk, won’t you? You make me sick,” Wilson said in reply, lazily raising himself on one elbow. “Can’t a fellow enjoy himself a little without having a lot of old women, that think they are men, coming around and telling him what a fool he is? I expect to have a good time while I have a chance, and, after I’ve had a little fun, I’ll get to work and show some of these fellows what I can do.”

Wallace talked further with his friend, but he proved obdurate, and insisted that he intended to have a “good time” for a while. Several other of his chums tried to persuade Wilson to stop his foolhardy, suicidal mode of living, but all to no avail.

Kennedy, Brown, Henderson, Wallace, and several other friends of Jack Wilson met for a little stag party at Wallace’s apartments several nights after his talk with Jack. The men talked of various matters, but the chief topic of conversation was the plight of their friend. They agreed that it was a hopeless task to get him up on his feet again, and faced in the right direction, by merely cajoling or advising him. Consequently, a council of war was held, and various plans were discussed. Nothing suggested seemed satisfactory until Jim Henderson, who was contemplating a trip to South Africa on his recently-purchased yacht, startled the bunch by saying: “Why not kidnap him and take him away from the gay lights for several months? You boys know that I am going over to Capetown on the “Corsair,” and I think it would be just the stunt to take Wilson across with me. By the time he gets back he ought to be sobered up rather well.” This plan met with the approval of all, and soon the men were deeply plotting the “kidnap-rescue” of Jack Wilson.

“Send them right up, Duncan,” said Wilson to his man, who had just announced two of his friends. Shortly afterward he greeted his visitors, Jim Henderson and Arthur Kennedy, and soon they were busily engaged telling him of the splendid features and the beautiful appointments of Henderson’s steam yacht. They invited him to ride down and look the trim little ship over, and he willingly assented. It was then late in the afternoon, and Henderson had arranged for an informal farewell dinner on
the boat at 6 o'clock. Wilson was to be there for this affair, and then the owner promised him an inspection of the "Corsair."

Wilson thoroughly enjoyed his short visit, as he thought it was, and, after it had grown rather late, he told his host that he must return home that evening. Henderson, however, persuaded him to stay over for the night, and promised him a comfortable bunk. That night Wilson and his friend, and several other men who were guests on the yacht, sat up late, and told story after story out of their treasuries of memorable occasions. Major Graham, an English army officer, on furlough, had a particularly good fund of interesting tales, to which the men listened earnestly. The time passed rapidly, and when Wilson looked at his watch he saw that it was past 3 o'clock, whereupon the group broke up and the men went off to their welcome bunks.

With a start Wilson awoke the next morning. The rhythm of turbine engines working at full speed greeted him in an unfamiliar sound, and he wondered what it could be. He looked around him in surprise, and then recalled that he was on shipboard. He jumped out of bed, and peered out through the glass of the port-hole that admitted light into his stateroom, and saw that the yacht was in motion. All sorts of vague notions swept through his mind in rapid succession. He hurriedly slipped on his clothes and sought Henderson.

After a few minutes he found his host seated in a comfortable steamer chair on the after deck. He demanded an explanation of the circumstances, for it was evident that he was being taken rapidly away from his home. Henderson calmly motioned him to a seat opposite, and then, in a strong, earnest voice, told him how his friends, thinking of his welfare, had determined to take some drastic action in order to set him straight again. Jack was enraged at what he heard, and demanded that the ship be turned around, and that he be set upon land again. Henderson absolutely refused. Wilson threatened and raged, but his friend would not relent, and advised him to make the best of the situation. Furthermore, he said that if Jack became violent he would be forced to put him in irons.

For more than a week Wilson sulked, but he finally decided to make the most of it. From that time on the trip was a de-
lightful one for him. The pure salt air, with the tang of the sea, was like the breath of life to him. His appetite increased, his outraged, dissipated body was being refreshed and built up again, and he now saw his old life in its true light. He admitted to Henderson that he had been an ass, and that he would never be content with such a life again. The two men became closer and closer in their friendship, and, together, they began planning a career for Wilson.

Major Graham, who was returning to his command in South Africa, as a passenger, suggested that Wilson should enroll in the British army, and spend four years with the forces of the island empire before returning to America. This, he said, would make a true man of Wilson, as it had of many noble, but dissolute scions of English families. They often discussed this question of Jack’s enlistment, and just before they had reached their destination he had fully determined to do what his friends advised.

Four years had passed. Kennedy, Brown, Wilson, Henderson, Wallace, and Major Graham had met in Henderson’s home for a little stag party in celebration of Lieutenant Jack Wilson’s home-coming. The men were in high spirits, and in splendid mood for telling stories. Among the best were those of Wilson’s, not the old Jack, but a real man, fostered and molded by rigid discipline and clean living for the past four years. These tales were gleaned from four years of toil and adventure and bravery, and seemed indeed interesting to the small circle of listeners. But the story that brought forth the most applause was the account of how Jack Wilson had been kidnapped, and thus saved from himself, and started on the course that had returned him to his friends once more a man.
NEWSPAPERS and magazines are so interwoven with our modern life that it is scarcely possible to imagine ourselves without them. We depend upon them, more or less, in every phase of life—literary, social, political, religious, or economic. But, as all-important as is the press, it is a comparatively modern development. With perhaps two exceptions, there is nothing before the sixteenth century that corresponds to our modern journalism. It is the aim of this paper to trace some of the beginnings of periodical news publications in England up to the time of The Spectator. The Spectator may be chosen as the end of the beginnings, for two reasons—first, because of the stability of its literary reputation, which will last as long as the English tongue is spoken, and, secondly, because it is, with The Tattler, the earliest of the periodicals accessible to the average modern reader.

Two predecessors of the modern newspaper deserve some mention. The first is the Roman Acta Diurna. This was a daily report of public occurrences, issued by the government, and posted at various central places. They were never more than succinct bulletins of the news. That they were of little importance in the Roman’s life may be concluded from the scarcity of references to them in Roman literature. From time to time some ingenuous antiquary produces a copy of a copy of an original Acta Diurna, but our authority as to their exact nature is extremely doubtful. It would be difficult to prove that they had any actual bearing on the newspaper of modern times, but they form an interesting example of the truth of Solomon’s famous platitude.

There existed in China a news bulletin of the same type as the Acta Diurna, called by Europeans the Pekin Gazette. It claims to have been regularly published and posted for public reading ever since 618 A. D., though it cannot be surely traced
further back than 1340 A. D. It is interesting to note that in the Chinese districts of several of the cities of our western coast a similar periodical bulletin is published and posted even to-day.

But of greater influence than either of these was the Venetian "Notize Scritte," started in 1566. Printing had been introduced during the latter part of the fifteenth century. Strange to say, however, the earlier copies were written by hand, and the printing press was not substituted for the pen until the latter part of the sixteenth century. It appeared once a month, and was widely circulated, being read aloud at certain stations. Its original purpose was to enlighten Venetians on the progress of the war with Turkey. After printing was introduced for its production it was sold for a gazetta. From this Venetian coin comes our word "gazette." Most of the earliest copies of the "Notize Scritte" are in the Magliabecchi Library at Florence. Periodical publications developed both in France and in Germany a little earlier than in England. In Germany alone we have about eight hundred examples of periodicals and news pamphlets before 1610.

The partisan pamphlet in England was the forerunner of the newspaper. Our knowledge of the earlier pamphlets is more or less indirect. The majority of the numerous scurrilous pamphlets that were circulated in London during the reign of Henry VIII., and down to that of Elizabeth have found a deserved oblivion. There is a proclamation, though of doubtful authenticity, issued in 1544 by Henry VIII., prohibiting "certain books printed of newes of the successes of the King's arms in Scotland." Ballads and songs of a more or less scurrilous nature "began to fly about the city of London during the reign of Mary." Writers of the time refer to attacks on Wolsey or on the Pope, circulated in quarto pamphlets. Owing to the fact that there are none of these earliest pamphlets now extant, the authenticity of which is certain, it is impossible to say much of their nature.

By the time of James I. the news pamphlet began to take a definite form. The beginnings of the controversy that led up to civil war kept the printers busy with political pamphlets. The news pamphlet now, however, begins to be differentiated from the partisan essay. It becomes periodical and regular; and these are the outstanding characteristics of the newspaper as differing
from any other form of writing. Foreign news was an important item. Nichols gives the list of the entries at the Stationers' Hall. Some of the earliest are:

"Newes from Spain" (12 page, small quarto)—date, 1611.
"Newes Out of Germany"—1612.
"Good Newes from Florence"—1614.

There were many others of a like nature. However, we find no record of any publication interested in home affairs until the period of the Commonwealth.

These news letters and pamphlets have a part in the evolution of the newspaper, but they could not be correctly classified as newspapers. They were by no means reliable or regular. However, there is extant, in the British Museum, a series of papers beginning on the 23d of May, 1622, consisting of news from the continent, published by Bourne and Archer. There is another series, beginning the same year, or perhaps the year before, published by Nathaniel Butter. The earliest number we have of the latter is marked No. 31, hence the exact date of its founding is doubtful. As above noted, when the pamphlet becomes periodic and regular, a definite step forward has been made in the development of the newspaper. Nathaniel Butter was later granted a monopoly of the news. He was satirized in Johnson's "Staple of the News." Yellow journalism seems to be as old as journalism itself. Take this head-line from one of Butter's papers:

"Newes from Prague of an Husband who, by Witchcraft, had murthered Eighteen Wives, and of a Wife who had likewise murthered Nineteen Husbands."

But for all its crudities and nonsense, Butter's Weekly News is perhaps the earliest genuine English newspaper.

It is a little later that we find traces of the earliest hawkers, or so-called "mercury women." The papers, judging from references in contemporary literature, were sold at various taverns in London by women. There is an item of news, in the turbulent year of 1649, of one of these mercury women forcing three of the "Commonwealth's vermin, called soldiers," to drink a health to the king. But if the distributors of the early news sheets were a rowdy lot, it is more than likely that their authors and publishers were fully as rowdy. Judge from some of the titles of publications extant in the British Museum:
“Newes, true Newes, Citie Newes, Countrie Newes, the World is Mad and it is a Mad World, my Masters,” etc. (1642).

“Newes from Hell and Rome and the Innes of Court” (1642).

“The Marine Mercury, or a true account of the strange appearance of a man-fish about three miles within the river Thames” (1642).

How much of this was wit, how much superstition or ignorance, or how much madness, is hard to decide.

With the Commonwealth comes a flood of news publications called “Mercuries”! Reports of the proceedings of Parliament were published in 1643 by John Birkenhead in his partisan paper, Mercurius Aulicus. Birkenhead was a man of culture and education, a fellow of Oxford. As he was an ardent Royalist, his paper was discontinued during the Commonwealth. Marchamont Needham was also an Oxford man, but stood by the Puritans. For ten years, from 1650, he was “official writer of public intelligence” through his Mercurius Politicus. At the Restoration Needham was dismissed, and died in obscurity. Others of the writers of the mercuries were men of ability. There was Peter Heylim, dean of Westminster and editor of Mercurius Aulicus. Bruno Ryves, editor of Mercurius Rusticus, was a churchman of some note in his day. But others were mere quacks or rowdies. There was John Taylor, an inn-keeper and boatman, who edited an eccentric Mercurius Aquaticus. John Booker, who wrote Mercurius Coelicus, was a fortune-teller, and George Wharton, an astrologer.

Mercuries were issued from the rival camps of Cavalier and Roundhead. They reflect the time, the political controversies, the superstitions, and the morals of the Commonwealth, and, later, of the Restoration. At various times they were more or less strenuously opposed by the government. The licensing acts, at various times, must have somewhat checked the flow of mercuries. In 1663 Roger L’Estrange was appointed “surveyor of the press,” and given a monopoly of the news. He published both the Public Intelligencer and the Mercurius Politicus. Except for their inaccessibility and for the mass of worthless material in them, these papers of L’Estrange’s would be of enormous value to the student of English history and social life.
Roger L'Estrange, mentioned above, is one of the earliest characters who really owes his fame to newspaper work. Coming of a noble family, he was actively engaged in the Royalist cause. With the coming in of the Commonwealth, he was arrested and sentenced to death. Through the aid of friends, he secured a pardon, but had to live in obscurity for several years. With the Restoration he came to the front, and gained control of the newspaper world. Later we find him a member of Parliament and a prominent man in both political and literary affairs. If we are to judge by the statements of his contemporaries, however, his political methods were rather unscrupulous. He edited the *Intelligencer*, and, later, the *Observator*. The latter, though it seems crude to us, was a distinct advance in style over any preceding periodical. L'Estrange, in his manner of writing, is the forerunner of Defoe.

In L'Estrange's *Intelligencer* we find advertisements becoming of some importance. It is well-nigh impossible to say when the first advertisement was published. Before this time they had been regarded as items of news, and not as sources of revenue. And, even after advertisements were published, they were always mere notices, and never occupied a large space. The psychology of advertising is distinctly a modern development. The following will show the style, besides being of interest as bearing on the rise of an English custom—or failing:

"That excellent and by all Physicians approved China Drink, called by the Chineseans Tcha, by other nations Tay, alias Tee, is sold at the Sultan's Head, a Coffee house by the Royal Exchange, London."—*Mercurius Politicus*, 1658.

An advertisement in the *Important Protestant Mercury*, of December 9, 1681, announces that the Chamber of London will insure houses in case of fire. Another announces the formation of the "Friendly Society" for insuring houses from fire. These advertisements are of great importance in studying the rise of insurance companies. One of the main values of the early newspapers—to us, at least—is the light the advertisements throw on contemporary life.

There is one more character to be considered—Defoe. Before taking up his contribution, there are two or three minor facts
relating to the rise of journalism that should be noticed. The first is the establishing of the Daily Current, in 1702, the earliest daily paper. The size of its pages was 14x8 inches. Another interesting item is that it and other journals of the time were printed on one side of the page only. One editor, in a prospectus, suggests that the blank sides could be used for private correspondence, thus combining news and stationery. The third fact that should be noted, and has already been referred to, is that throughout their early history newspapers were made to live hard by various licensing acts and stamp duties. The stringent licensing act was nigh impossible to force, so the government adopted a policy of turning the journals into a source of revenue. At one time there was a tax of a shilling on each advertisement, and a stamp duty of a half-penny for each quarto. When we remember that the income of the journalists must have been meagre, this tax seems exorbitant. It did drive many out of the business, but perhaps, by a process of selection, it aided in the survival and progress of the fittest.

Daniel Defoe, the father of the novel and the father of the short story, played no inconsiderable part in the development of the newspaper. He came from a middle-class family, his father, James Foe, being a butcher. Defoe himself was a man of business, although his pen has produced about as much in quantity as that of any other writer. In politics he claimed to be a Whig, in religion a Dissenter, but both his political and religious views seem to have been easily adjustable. His writings cover practically every branch of human knowledge. In private life Defoe seems to have been a trustworthy citizen and honest man, but in the field of journalism he fought with any weapon or trick at hand, without scruple. As a result, he failed to please either the Whigs or the Royalists. An incident in his early life, that of being arrested and exposed in the stocks, seems to have influenced his entire career. It put a bitterness and sting into his irony.

During his life Defoe was actively connected with some twenty different journals. The Review, established in 1704, and running to 1713, is the best known. Practically the whole of this journal, dealing with every conceivable topic, was written by Defoe. The eight large volumes, of some five thousand pages,
are in the British Museum, but they have never been reprinted. The Journal has something of the straight-forward style of "Robinson Crusoe." It makes a better pretense at accuracy, and has more liberality than any of its predecessors. Defoe is the first master of journalistic prose. One critic points out "Defoe is a master in the selection of corroborative and explanatory details—circumstantial details, which is essential to good journalism." Defoe's contribution to journalistic English is fully as great as his contribution to the development of English prose and the novel.

The Tattler was started in 1709, and The Spectator in 1711. With these journalism has reached a position of literary recognition. It now extends its influence to all the walks of life—to the court, to the wharves, to the coffee house, to the exchange, to the universities. Since then it has changed in many ways, in form, in style, and in size, but with The Spectator the beginnings are over, and the main characteristics of journalism are surely well developed.
LITTLE GREAT THINGS.

G. W. D.

A little tear,
   A painful sigh,
A broken heart
   That prays to die.

A little bird
   With silent song,
A little deed
   Of greatest wrong.

Little it was,
   But never 'tis small
In the eyes of Him
   Who beholdeth all.

A REVERIE OF THE DAWN.

M. G., '17.

For some reason or other I cannot sleep this morning. It is early. It must be very early, for I hear the shrill notes of a neighboring chanticleer. From afar there float to my ears the scarcely audible notes, driven by the wind, of another rooster. Then silence. In a higher key, still very weak, the sound is resumed by a third, possibly awakened by the first. Thus this early morning greeting travels on and on, and finally, through a series of highly-variated pitches, returns again to its starting place, and begins
anew with the same irregularity and incompleteness of a free fugue, all parts of the whole eternally chasing each other.

Wherefore does there reign such a mysterious stillness about all this morning? Where is the usual rattling of carts, the din of the cars as they rush madly by, or the loud echoing steps of the early—perhaps belated—workman? Why are these, on this particular morn, muffled, deadened, and vastly different from other days? These questions I revolve in my mind as I lie beneath my warm covers. I am going to find out; so, forgetful of the cold breezes, which ordinarily make me shiver, I sit upright in my bed, and gaze before me with half-open eyes. It is the first snow of the season!

I go to my window and look out. Such quietness, imparting to all an aspect of holiness—such whiteness, suggesting purity. The roofs, whose outline was yesterday uneven and irregular, now appear to be on the same level. Each tree, each dark branch, has its own white hood. Each yard, in whatever chaotic state it had been, is planed down to even lines. The filthy, the pure—everything is coated alike, without distinction or discrimination. To all is one common background—the pale grey of a winter sky. Far off, emerging from somewhere, comes up a thin cloud of black smoke, arising a few feet in a semi-straight column, but soon, becoming the prey of the winds, is strewn about, and loses shape and action as it gradually disappears into space.

So, pleased with all, and forgetful of the cold, I, standing there wrapped in silent admiration and reverie, feast my eyes upon the scene before me. Then, when I have seen all, I suddenly become conscious of the chill, and return to bed, fully repaid for my venture into the icy climes. I lie there, contemplating the pleasures that are to come of the day that is just dawned.
A MORNING SCENE.

E., '20.

At morning, when the sun is low,
And birds their mates are calling,
The skies and mountains deeper glow,
Till colored drops seem falling.
The clouds take fire, and golden hues
Reflect from every dwelling,
And myriad fairy lights spring out,
The shades of night dispelling.

A PERILOUS NIGHT.

Edmund H. Rucker, '19.

The great room, with its high, dome-like ceiling, sent a thrill of horror through me. Along the walls were large pictures, from whose frames piercing eyes gazed steadfastly at the dismal scene below. They alone knew the secret of the murder. They had seen the blow which stretched Martin lifeless on the floor. They held the secret of the mystery which the four gloomy walls kept from the outside world. Yet they were silent. Great curtains, between whose folds I caught glimpses of dusty books, blotted out the corners, and soft Turkish rugs relieved the bareness of the floor. In the far end was a massive desk, to the left of which was a massive bureau, at whose side was the only window. Near the door was a huge four-poster bed, above which was a heavy brass chandelier, which lighted the room with its great gas flame. The only door was fastened with a great bolt, which was slipped in place at night by the murdered man. In the centre of the room was a vast table, upon which lay the remains of Martin. The firelight, playing upon the white covering of the body, gave a ghastly aspect to the scene.
The mystery was baffling. When the officers had battered down the bolted door, Martin, with his head smashed in by some blunt instrument, was found lying in the middle of the floor, covered with blood. The window was latched, and the shutters firmly hooked on the inside. There were no traces of robbery, and no weapon could be found that could have inflicted the deadly wound. How had the murderer penetrated these solid walls?

Time and again had I gone over every inch of the room throughout the afternoon. The other officers had left, and I was left in full charge. Nothing had I discovered. No clue had I found. With despair I sat down upon the bed, and gazed thoughtfully about the room. The flickering firelight and my weariness soon made me sleepy, and, getting up, I walked swiftly around the room. The dim light proving too ghastly for my strained nerves, I turned the gas on full, and, picking up a novel, lay down upon the bed to enjoy a few moments of repose before my return to headquarters.

After reading a few minutes, my need of sleep overpowered me, and I dozed off. How long I slept I can't tell. The next thing I remember was a feeling of oppression, which seemed to steal over me. I breathed with difficulty. My sleep was tortured by monsters who, in spite of my struggles to shake them off, clung more tenaciously to my parched throat. A heavy burden sank slowly upon my laboring chest, and my very soul cried out in agony for a breath of fresh air. I attempted to yell, but my half-formed words stuck to my throat; I tried to rise, but something held me down. With a supreme effort I sprang up, screamed at the top of my voice, and gave one despairing leap in the direction of the window. At that instant I received a violent blow on the top of my head, dealt by some unknown assailant. I was mercifully plunged into unconsciousness.

Aroused by my yell, the porter rushed into the room, picked me up, and carried my limp body into another room. In the morning I returned to the room, although I was still suffering from the effects of the blow. At the door I was struck by the strong odor of gas. I approached the chandelier, and carefully examined the fixture. Striking a match, I turned on the gas and lit it, but, on lowering the match, another flame of light shot
out from a curve in the chandelier. A large leak! At once I gazed at the sharp point of the chandelier closest to the bed with my magnifying glass, and at once detected a dark stain and a few hairs still clinging to it. How plain everything now was! What a bunch of fools we had been!

On the night of his death Martin had turned on the gas full blaze, thus permitting the surplus to flow out of the leak in the chandelier's curve, and had settled in bed to read a little. Growing sleepy, he had dozed off, without turning off the light. Overpowered by the gaseous fumes, he had made a leap similar to mine, but, in his death leap, he had managed to turn off the gas. Thus, during the twelve hours which elapsed before his body was found, the gas entirely escaped, and hence we could not discover the truth about the affair. Owing to luck, I had failed to turn off the gas when my head struck the sharp end of the chandelier, or possibly one more death would have been added to the list of murders committed by some unknown criminal in that famous room, afterwards known as the death room.
The young writer, and the old writer, too, for that matter, is sometimes disheartened and discouraged when his work is criticised as trite, or it is insinuated that his plots and ideas are borrowed from others. But, after all, what theme of human interest is there that has not, at some time or other, been written upon? Surely every type of
character in this world has been delineated, and stories of the next world, of Mars, or of animals are, at best, unsatisfactory. Every sort of plot, from the hero plot of Beowulf and the virtue-rewarded plot of Cinderella to the surprise plot of O. Henry, has been used over and over again. This is the situation that faces the would-be story writer. Is he to push out on like the research scientist to find some new type of character and plot, or is he to abandon the field as unprofitable?

This misconception of the author's task is largely due to the idea that an original story must have an original plot. A plot that is entirely new, and, at the same time, full of human interest, would be as impossible to discover as a new continent. Could we write a story with an altogether new plot, it is probable that it would be unintelligible to the average reader. What gives a story originality is giving a new turn or twist to an old plot, by letting one's own fancy play on those ideas that are everybody's property. The explorer that searches for new continents may be worthy of praise, but he is not half so valuable as the scientist that finds new uses for the things all around us. It is by putting an old plot to a new use that originality is gained.

In the second place the triteness of a story sometimes depends upon the reader. The first O. Henry story I ever read was original to the extent of being unique. By the fiftieth I had tired of his style and his plots seemed hackneyed. Perhaps you write a story in the flush of the fresh discovery of some principle of life. To you the story breathes the vigor of newness. To the man that reads the story the idea may be commonplace, and he judges it accordingly. A wild West story, with the conventional cow-boys and Indians, would not thrill a well-read man as it would a boy in the early 'teens. It is only the truly great story that can be read and enjoyed by all sorts of people, and even then there are a great variety of judgments formed about it. If your story brings a smile where you wished a tear, or a sneer where you wished a smile, there is just as much reason to believe that it is the reader's fault as that it is yours. The man that fails to see the fine humor and the touching pathos in life will fail to see them in fiction, and will call them mere machinery.

This leads us to another baffling problem that faces the writer. To what extent may he, and should he, borrow from the thoughts
and ideas of others? Of course, we can see no excuse for deliberate plagiarism, but where, pray, shall we draw the line? If this or that idea inspired an Emerson, why should it not inspire me, and why should I not express it? It is generally admitted that an idea belongs to him who expresses it best, but it should not belong exclusively even to him. Life should be a reservoir from which the writer may draw his ideas and plots, but no one can monopolize or exclusively possess these ideas, for this reservoir is general property. Whatever thought a man may chance upon, if he thoroughly assimilate it and make it a part of himself, it becomes his own, no matter who first expressed it. Some two years ago, in a book by Dr. Eisenwein, we saw a statement to the effect that it was the new twist given to an old plot that gave a story originality. We have since seen the same statement made by several others, and, consequently, felt at liberty to make it ourselves above, although in a different connection. Indeed, it is in the field of literature that the writer must find a large part of the germs that develop into plots that are his own.

There was once a time when it was deemed an honor to have intellectual attainments. That day is not now. The athletic prowess of the strong-armed and the speedy INTELLECTUAL are fast taking the place of the serious, spectacled scholar, who could place his hand on a pigeon-hole of his brain and promptly pull out classical allusions by the yard, quote all the standard writers, and could even produce some efforts himself which might be termed intellectual in their outlook.

This day is gone, did we say? No, we will retract our rather hurried statement. It is passing. The popular magazine, with its catchy, light—even sensual—stuff is fast replacing the thought-provoking meditations of our fathers. This age of materialism is forgetting how to think. They do not want to think as long as they can dance, drink red liquor, and lie to women.

But we have philosophized enough. This editorial, strangely enough, was written with a purpose. That purpose is this: To induce the younger generations of Richmond College to exert all the ability they have in preserving the standards of this magazine. To do this you must be a real, conscientious athlete, one
who cares not for the praise of the rabble. For we are going to be very frank with you, and tell you that there is going to be a very small and select few who will ever see your effusions. Hence our title, intellectual athletes. The real athlete cares not for individual prowess, but for the general good of his college.

Each year the two literary societies of Richmond College dig down into their small resources—and sometimes beyond their resources—to provide a medal, costing the intrinsic sum of twenty-five dollars ($25.00), to be awarded to the best intellectual athlete. This intellectual athlete must prove his worth by a written transcript of his brain power. He must also pay a stenographer, if he does not possess one of these things that we are using, to have it typewritten for him. Then he hands it over to a spectacled gentleman, which is us, at some time near the end of the year—time to be announced later—and we, in turn, hand it over to some proven intellectual athletes, and they, in turn, conscientiously delve into the subject-matter, and tell us whether you were conquered or olive-crowned. Then, when the Commencement comes your name is called out, and you mount the platform, with scholarly reticence, and, before the fair gaze of Westhampton, listen to the flowery wisdom that proceeds from his lips. It makes little difference that he does not know what you have won, or how you won it, or that he doesn’t give a rap of his intellectual finger who you are—it is all very impressive.

So, come out, men, and take a turn around the cinder track of literary productiveness, and let us have your endeavors. It is, of course, immaterial to us who wins—since editors are never partisan, but, confidentially, we would like to see you get it.

Never is the fallibility of human intellect so forcibly impressed upon us as in connection with the proof-reading of The Messenger. When we sent the December proof back to the printer we could have taken an oath that it was absolutely free from errors, whatever other imperfections it may have had. But some two weeks after it had been issued it was called to our attention that, through a queer twisting of the type, the title of the essay “The Americanization of the Immigrant” had been printed “The Americanization of the Immigration.” We wish to take this opportunity to apologize to the writers of this essay.
ALUMNI NOTES.


P. W. Fore, B. A., '16, has a position in the ship-yards at Newport News.

W. F. Dunaway, M. A., '02, is pursuing graduate work at the University of Chicago.

A. J. Hall, M. A., '99, we note, is now Professor of Philosophy at Ballor University, Texas.

Lloyd T. Wilson, Jr., has formed a partnership with a prominent and prosperous member of the bar of Littleton, N. C.

Dr. Percy S. Flippin, B. A., '06, has accepted the chair of History and Political Science at Hamilton College, New York.

The famous Gaston-Avenue Baptist Church, of Dallas, Texas, now has as its pastor Rev. P. W. James, B. A., '02, LL. B., '06.

Christopher B. Garnett, LL. B., '02, formerly of the State Tax Board, has been transferred by the Governor to the State Corporation Commission, which body elected him as its President.

Rev. S. H. Templeman, M. A., '05, who was Professor of English Bible in this institution for two years, and is at present pastor of the First Baptist Church of Laurens, South Carolina, paid us a brief visit recently.

Two Congressmen from this State are Richmond College men: E. E. Holland, LL. B., '81, of Suffolk, re-elected from the Second district, and A. J. Montague, '82, LL. D., Brown University, of the Richmond (Third) district.

Three of our alumni are on the Faculty of Wake Forest College: E. W. Sydnor, B. A., '11, (M. A., Columbia University) as Associate Professor of History; J. L. Lake, M. A., '82, head of the Department of Physics, and C. C. Pearson, M. A., '04, (Ph. D., Yale) of the Department of Political Science.
George West Diehl.

It is a pleasure for us to review The William and Mary Literary Magazine. The poetry is of excellent collegiate order. The poem "Matoaka" is original in conception, and the tone is entirely in harmony with the theme. "Night" is a nature poem, and, while it bears all the marks of a novice, yet it displays talent and promise. The short narrative, "The Box of the Magician," is on that common theme, the European war. This literary effort is well handled, and the plot is developed to the climax—the aerial fight over Heligoland. There are two essays, "Court Life in the Days of Elizabeth" and "The One-Poem Poets of the South." The former is a social study of the early days of "merrie England," and, considering the vastness of material at the disposal of the author, and the wide compass of his theme, he has succeeded in presenting the essence of his subject in a comparatively short paper. The other essay is a running comment on the Southern poets who have produced one famous poem. Such being the nature of the work, it is very much disjointed and incoherent. A bit of biographical study is seen in "James Whitcomb Riley." What is said of the famous Hoosier poet is all true, and is well written, but really it is impossible for any one to write a worthy appreciation of Riley which will consume three pages of a college magazine.

To The University of Virginia Magazine we take off our hat. It is, undoubtedly, the best college publication that comes to our table. In the December issue the little lyric "In December" receives our applause, and to the author we say that his thoughts are ours.
The University of North Carolina Magazine comes to us breathing the fragrance of the pines "down home." The poem, "To the Davie Poplar," is one of the best that have appeared in Southern collegiate literature in many a day. Although it was produced in 1844, it deserves to be re-published. It is an excellent contribution, one of which old University of North Carolina may justly be proud. The entire composition of the magazine is above par. Of all the short stories, the one that most appeals to us is the one entitled "The Hall-Marks of Time." This is a weird story of an ancient English house and its master. The setting is in excellent harmony with the plot. The tale is well told, and interest is sustained to the very end, which, although tragic, is, nevertheless, the logical ending.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine gives the opportunity of criticism in two of its essays, "Contact" and "What Will the Morrow Bring?" Both of these contributions are worthy essays, but the criticism may be made that they are too oratorical in tone. If they are orations, let it be so stated, for there is a difference between such and essays. The one other essay, "South America and Its Commercial Relation to the United States," is a good economical dissertation. The character sketch, "Uncle John," is an appreciation of the services of the aged negro servant, who has been so long in the employ of the college that he has become a part of its traditions. Long will the sound of his shuffling foot-steps and his hearty chuckle be remembered by those to whom he in kindness ministered. Dr. Morrison's article on "Hampden-Sidney and Agriculture" is one of interest—not local, but State-wide as well. The poetical contributions, "A Thanksgiving Prayer" and "Sayings of the Sage," are too prosaic and didactic. Were they not printed in poetical form it is evident that they would never be considered as poems. The class to which they belong is the one known as "po' ms."
The Southern Collegian is well composed, and the articles are tastefully arranged. Much is expected from this magazine because of the power back of it, and there is no reason why it should not come up to the expectations.

Our exchanges received are those we have reviewed, Georgetown College Journal, The Furman Echo, The Wake Forest Student, The Yale Literary Magazine, The Buff and Blue, The Limestone Star, The Nassau Literary Magazine, and many others.

The Summary and Comment.

The best poetical work that appears in all the exchanges for this month, ranking on an equality with “To the Davie Poplar” (University of North Carolina Magazine), is “Song of a Forgotten Shrine to Pan,” from the Yale Literary Magazine. We quote the first and the last stanzas:

“Come to me, Pan, with your wind-wild laughter;
   Where have you hidden your golden reed?
Pipe me a torrent of tune-caught madness;
   Come to me, Pan, in my lonely need.

“Come to me! Come to me! God of mad music,
   Come to me, child of the whispering night;
Bring to all silences torrents of music,
   People all shadows with garlands of light.”

In commenting upon collegiate poetry, it may be said that there seems to be a different spirit that pervades the Northern colleges from what we find in the South. This is nearly always the case. As is seen from the poem quoted, and from the review of last month, there is a leaning toward the classic element in literature, especially in poetics. In the South there is a strong leaning toward nature, with a goodly sprinkling of sentimentality.
A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

(BY PERCY MACKAYE.)

Mary Robinson.

If, as a child, you reveled in stories which began "Once upon a time," you will be caught by the title, "A Thousand Years Ago," the name of a play by the American dramatist, Percy MacKaye, and listed in the Drama League Series of plays. If you are not yet too fully grown-up to take a sneaking delight in "dragons, magicians, clowns, villains, and heroes"; if you can still enjoy the atmosphere of "The Arabian Nights Tales," with all their flamboyancy, mystery, and magic; if, in short—to quote from the play—you are a lover of "Miming Romance, seductive Adventure,
Amorous Magic, improvised Comedy,
And all the love-charming, blood-thirsting Enchantments
Our prosy old work-a-day world has lost wind of,"

I recommend to you this play. If, however, you are a matter-of-fact realist, one who wants a reason for everything, and every reason in its place, I advise you not to read it. Now, of course, O, literalists, after this admonition, you will be sure to do so, for you are practical enough to investigate for yourselves. You will read, but you will not enjoy. But you, O, romanticists and weavers of fancy, you will be in your element from the time the play opens, revealing the wall of Pekin gruesomely adorned with severed heads of men young and old (can you still summon up that fascinating blood-curdling Blue Beard shiver) until it closes in the rich and ornate palace of the Emperor. You will be interested not only in the romantic love plot of Calaf and Turandot, but also in the fortunes of the five fantastic vagabond players, "the troop of the tragical, symbolical, comical, melodramatic Commedia dell' Arte," who have fled from their home, Italy,
where art, with a mask on, is considered old-fashioned, to China, which still lies a-dreaming.

The two plots are woven together like the warp and woof of a piece of Oriental tapestry—remove either, and the whole fabric would fall into pieces. Calaf, the son of the King of Astrakhan, who has been slaughtered so mercilessly by Altoum, the Emperor of China, is also supposed to have been slain, but he has escaped by disguising himself as an unkempt beggar. In such guise, while hiding in the Emperor's garden, he has received from the Emperor's daughter, the lovely Turandot, a rose and a smile. Deeply infatuated, Calaf now haunts the perilous city, unable to avenge his father's death, risking his own life for another smile from Turandot. He does not know, however, that she, too, has been caught in the magical spell, has lost her heart to a seeming beggar, and has, therefore, persuaded her father, much against her true nature, to behead all suitors who fail to answer her three riddles, promising to marry only him who shall answer aright.

Altoum, at a loss to understand his daughter's whims, engages Capocomico, the chief of the wandering players, to find a cause and cure, and, for this purpose, surrenders to the latter for a day the position of Emperor, on condition that if Capocomico fail he and his four associates shall be doomed to torture and slow death. The wily and astute Capocomico soon discovers the secret love of both the beggar and the princess. After gaining the confidence of the latter, he straightway reveals to Calaf (who now disguises himself as the young Khan of Beloochistan, and decides to appear as a suitor to Turandot) the answers to her riddles. She, not recognizing the humble beggar in the royal suitor, is wholly enraged when he guesses her riddles. She attempts suicide, but is intercepted by Calaf's swift hand. Then, unwilling to take the princess against her will, Calaf confesses his disguise, and promises if Turandot can the next day guess his real identity he will release her. That night Turandot, armed with a potion from Capocomico, which makes a sleeper divulge his name, and disguised as a harlequin, goes to Calaf, and learns that he is the son of the King of Astrakhan; but, before she can escape, she is caught and unmasked by Calaf, who woos her so ardently that Turandot, even though she declares that she hates him, and vows in her soul
allegiance to the beggar, is yet held spell-bound by the eyes so like
those of the beggar. By a mighty effort, however, she rushes
away. The next day, just as all points towards a tragic ending,
Capocomico steps in like a true deus ex machina, unites the lov­
ers, appeases Altoum, and gracefully retires, claiming as his
reward only the withered rose.

Capocomico is decidedly the most interesting character in
the play. The lovers, with their sudden infatuation, with their
riddles, rings, and roses; the Emperor, coveting the fortunes of
peace and the victories of war, and even the other vagabond play­
ers, Scaramouche, Punchinello, Pantaloon, and Harlequin, are
all types. But Capocomico is an individual. He says:

“Signorina, all
We dream or do is jesting, and ourselves
The butts of the jester. We are antics all,
To advertise it is my specialty.
Therefore, if we be kings or deuces hangs
On how the clever jester cuts the pack.”

And it is with this sans souci air that he wanders about,
caring not what state life brings, but craving only that it bring
adventure. He blithely follows his nose—even though it is a
false one—to fortune, ready for whatever the morrow may give.

“A single day is short to make all snug,
The Lord took six,” he says;
but in one day he adroitly adjusts the difficulties of Altoum.
Then he tosses off the gorgeous emperor’s cloak, joyfully assumes
his tattered motley, and springs away to seek “more roses and
romance.”

This character is one invented by MacKaye, who, for the
most part, in this play gives us old material revised. He has
delved around in the romance of the past, and brought to light
the ragged remnant of a play, a survival of the Italian Commedie
dell’ Arte Improvisata; he has shaken out the cobwebs, mended
the holes, dipped it in the alchemy of his own imagination, and
given it to us re-modeled, re-colored, with an extra bright patch
or two.
This play reminds us, perhaps, of the costume of Harlequin, intended for a holiday mood, only to amuse. Just as most of us, if we are not too sedate and serious, like, occasionally, to put on the fantastic garb and mask and cavort merrily, so, in something of the same spirit, we enjoy "A Thousand Years Ago." It is not meant to teach or to preach. It has no heavy morals.

We are glad to receive this sort of play, to escape for once, the realistic pessimism of the problem play. We reach the end—of the old-fashioned "and-so-they-all-lived-happily-ever-afterwards" type—feeling grateful to Percy MacKaye for being a disciple of romanticism, and not one of the vast horde of realistic dramatists.
EDITORIAL.

There are things of our childhood which we should and do outgrow, and there are those which we should never, at any age, leave behind. We outgrow our fondness for toys, but we should not outgrow our fondness for play. We leave our belief in Santa Claus; we never entirely lose the thrills of childhood at Christmas time. And forbid that they ever slip from us, those innocent thrills and that abundant capacity for enjoyment! The Christmas season is universal in its appeal. There is something of romance in its symbols, something exhilarating in the pine tree, the holly, the mistletoe, and the
yule log, and it is hardly strange that so many writers have given especial attention to the joyous season, using it both as a background for prose and as a subject for poetry.

It seems to us that Dickens and Scott have given us the most sympathetic treatments of Christmas, and might not the reason for it be that these two men had simply never lost their childhearts.

Dickens never outgrew the exuberance of spirits and the fullness of enjoyment of his childhood, and in his "Christmas Stories" we realize anew his universal sympathy with mankind.

And yet we can but think that Sir Walter Scott (in his Introduction to Canto Six in "Marmion") has surpassed all in making us feel the buoyancy of the yule-tide of the festive hearth and hall of the old manor-house in those old days. There is none who has so exactly given us the spirit of Christmas, with its whistling wind and its crackling fire.

"Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We’ll keep our Christmas merry still."

With these first three lines the spell is begun, and only a man who had kept his child-heart could have felt such unbounded delight in simple things.

"On Christmas eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung.

"The damsel donn’d her kirtle sheen;  
The hall was dressed with holly green;  
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe.

"The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
The huge hall-table’s oaken face,  
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord."
In such lines as these the author has struck the chords which charm us all. The verse is simple, but the swing of it and its ringing exuberance make us smile as we read, in weird enjoyment of the scenes painted for us.

Indeed, it is a wonderful thing to be happy—to be able to enjoy! And it seems to us that the only restraint on this gift of getting pleasure out of life is the blight of selfishness. It is as George Eliot says, there is "no speck so troublesome as self," and when that speck is held too close to our eyes the outside world is blotted out. As children we were happy, and only as we grow older, and the consciousness of our own selves looms larger before our eyes, are we blinded to full, keen, delicious enjoyment.

Oh, for a continuing happy heart, like that of the author, who lived unselfishly enough to enjoy!

Again this month we are happy in presenting a Book Review from our Faculty. "A Thousand Years Read the Book Ago," by Percy MacKaye, is most appropriately and delightfully reviewed by Miss Robinson, our instructor of English, at Westhampton.
One attitude which we depend upon college training to develop is an appreciation of the equal value of form and of subject matter. Although this tendency appears readily applicable to the college magazine, in reality there is a tipping of the scales in favor of the subject; for this question of interesting subject is that which determines whether any pages of a magazine shall be passed over as blank, or shall be read as something to make us proud of our college. Surely, to the author, the subject is a matter of importance, first in point of time, if nothing more. Recalling the encouraging phenomenon that somehow the writer's personal, abiding interest in his theme can always put to flight awkward construction and jarring phrases, a consideration of exchanges is deemed worth while from the standpoint of subject matter, as employed in the four types commonly accorded the ideal magazine—namely, stories, sketches, essays, and poems.

First. Stories, naturally, offer the widest range of choice in subject matter. Unfortunately, good stories dealing with college life are rare; the writers appear self-conscious; too often there is fatally misjudged "selection, rejection, and arrangement of details," resulting in a straining after naturalness.

How much better done are the stories centering about a period not quite as near to us, childhood! One delights to turn to this type, warm with its affection for memories almost sacred, and tender with its understanding of the workings of wee minds. Such is "The Measure of a Gentleman," in Hollins Magazine; and, with much less of the artistic revealing of the child nature, "The One-Toothed Cat" (The Concept), and "For What We Haven't Got" (The Acorn).

Few of the stories that embody the frequently discussed
"atmosphere" are done with as sure and faultless a touch as "Two Old Wives' Tale," in Smith College Monthly.

It is Smith's, too, that gives us another type in "Platonics" and "Neo Platonism." Queerly enough, the minor characters, and what should be minor portions of the stories, are the best done. This is, in part, due to the fact that in the so-called "background characters" and in the clever conversations introduced rest the only chances for originality, since the supposed principal characters are obliged to be stereotyped; the ending must be an invariable capitulation to love, differing merely in the advantages in the terms of surrender. Mountain feuds are tempting themes, handled in their various phases, one of the best being "The Fiddler of Sleepy Hollow" (Wells).

Next in order are the stories in dialect. In The Concept, "How Brer Rabbit Got Married," a story with "Uncle Remus" and "The Little Boy," is written with an appreciation of the child and of the darkey that is, in itself, a tribute to the original beloved "Uncle Remus."

Concerning fiction in general, and, in particular, the out-put of college publications, there is cause for rejoicing to note the emphasis placed on character rather than plot. Half a dozen sentences, from as many stories here and there, recur again and again to our minds, sentences that denote an insight into the separate songs that make up the "still sad music of humanity."

Here belongs mention of "The Two Pieces of Gold" (The Vassar Miscellany).

Second. In sketches, likewise, the choice of subject may be diverse, as indicated by the titles of some of the month's best—"Alice in College" and "The Obvious One" (Smith); "The Days of 'Play Like'" (Hollins); "As Others See Us" (Acorn). "On Going Adventuring" and "The Pricks of Conscience," in the Wells Magazine, are after the manner of Lamb.

Third. In the case of the essays the shades of the prison-house begin to close, and the difficulty of choosing an interesting subject increases ten-fold. The number of essays is not great, not all of the magazines having even the customary single essay. The best for the month are "Mayflies" (Wells Chronicle) and "Dickens' One Nice Young Lady" (Acorn), both inclining to
the personal type, and written with unusual degree of charm. Yet, surely, the reflective type of essay is a realizable, if ambitious, ideal, and more of the critical essays, apart from the class-room task, a possibility for every form of vital, interesting treatment.

Fourth. In poetry, the results of going far afield are not gratifying. Poems dealing with nature are the most successful, and are contained in most of the magazines. The subjective verse in college publications is usually lacking in what, for lack of a more expressive term, must be called finish, in that essential union of depth of emotion and ease of form; but such lines as "On the Path" (Smith) and "Peace" (Vassar Miscellany) show us that this does not belong to the realm of the unattainable; and our advice, for all time, is to write more poetry. "Peace," by the way, does not touch upon the universal theme one might be led to expect, but upon the seeking and finding of a blessed, healing calm in a storm of a personal grief. The narrative or ballad type claims our attention in "The Wishing Well" (Concept).