

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 43
Number 5 *The Messenger*, Vol. 43, No. 5

Article 1

2-1917

The Messenger, Vol. 43, No. 5

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Recommended Citation

(1917) "The Messenger, Vol. 43, No. 5," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 43 : No. 5 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol43/iss5/1>

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THE MESSENGER.

Entered at the Post-Office at Richmond College, Va., as second-class matter.

VOL. XLIII.

FEBRUARY, 1917.

No. 5

BE THOU WITH US.

G. W. D.

In these days of dismal darkness, when the war-drum's wild
alarms

Calls the toiler from the work-bench, and the toiler from the
farms,

When the blood of angry nations mingle o'er the hill and plain,
And the beauty of the landscape fades amid the leaden rain,

Be Thou with us, O, Jehovah!

When the widows' cries are welling, as they call to us for bread,
Mingling with the orphans' sobbing o'er the graves of soldier dead,
When from ruined hut and hamlet, or proud cities with their spires,
Come the prayers that war e'er kindles by her wild and heartless fires,

Be Thou with us, O, Jehovah!


Be Thou with us, O, Jehovah, in this hour of trial and need;
Help, oh, help us feed the hungry, bind the stricken hearts that
bleed;

Aid the widows and the orphans, all who now are sore distressed;
Help, oh, help us, Thou art mighty, in the way Thou deemest best;

Be Thou with us, O, Jehovah!

THE MILKY WAY.

Moses Gellman, '17.

“T first the infant,” says Bill Shakespeare—“crying for his bottle,” add I. There elapses a period of many years, during which time the child grows to manhood, and, growing, cultivates a tenacious attachment to his little flask.

“Last scene of all,” continues Bill, “that ends this strange and eventful history,” and I conclude, “finds him still clinging to his first love, the bottle—but of a vastly different brew.” Thus life, as some would see it, is one bottle after another. I sing—fearfully out of tune—of the contents of the first and last, milk and beer, respectively.

* * * * *

“If dat bummer Davenport from across der vay stops me vunce more again yet on the stairs, und if he does it vunce more, I tell you, I’ll svwat him von right on der nose,” indignantly exploded the rotund Herr Karl Heinrich Volkmann, as he entered his kitchen door and violently threw his coat over the rocker.

“Soak ’im one for me, pop,” chimed in little German-America, in the person of Fritz Jacob, affected by the air of pugnacity brought in by his parent, and who was not too busy sewing a string-ball to take a hand in the conflict.

“Vy?” *Was ist jetzt los, Heinrich?* inquired the peaceful but rotunder Mrs. V., without turning away from her task of setting the table.

“Vy? Vy?” screeched the Herr. “Ach, veneffer he meets me, in der street, on der steps, he talks to me about prohibition, temperature, und all such subjects like dat. ‘Vy,’ he asks me just now in der car, in front of everybody, ‘vy don’t you stop drinking beer?’ Denn he starts off mit a speech, *mein Gott*, right dere in der car, as long as der Rhine, right dere in front of effery—”

“Vell, dat’s *genug*, enuf,” interrupted the lady of the house. “Come, eat.”

Then Volkmann’s flow of passionate protest was cut short and

strangled by the redolent fumes of frying garlic and liver-wurst.

* * * * *

Down on the East Side of New York, where cleanliness is apparently—and, let us hope—subordinated to godliness, in one of its dingy, lofty tenements, with all the modern inconveniences, among the fifty-odd families and hundreds of kids, there flourished on the fourth floor the house of Volkmann, and in the apartment opposite that of Randolph Davenport. Now, instead of living peacefully together, as neighbors should do, there arose between them such a hostile estrangement that the only members of each party who were not at odds were, strange to say, Volkmann's German *dachshund* and Davenport's French poodle, and the two heirs, Fritz Jacob and Randolph Davenport, Jr. The fuss did not arise between the ladies, which is stranger to say. The central characters were the sires of both households.

Mr. Davenport, the elder, was an ardent prohibitionist, prone to soliloquy in an atmosphere, however, not generally conducive to the development of the forensic art, and a firm believer in abstinence—in whatever he didn't like. He was the mainstay of the "Third Avenue Anti-Saloon League." Absolutely inebriated with the subject, he became a fanatic, and could, either with the proper stimulus or without the slightest provocation, discourse unintelligently upon any subject within the compass of human misunderstanding. Herr Volkmann liked his beer, and Mr. Davenport nobly took it upon himself to lead his neighbor from the liquid paths of Anheuser to the milky way, and, thereby save him from a beery destruction. The arguments that were put forth up yonder in those gloomy halls on the fourth floor, fortunately spared public airing, could have been put up in book form and sold, for their enlightenment, to the neighbors below for fifty cents, provided there were attached to the books coupons redeemable at O'Rourke's Corner Family Liquor Store for the value of sixty cents. At each chance meeting of the two Davenports was armed to the teeth with a mouthful of fresh arguments, and it was an occasion of this kind that accounted for the belligerency of the opening conversation.

In order to maintain his self-respect in his own household,

and to practice in truth what he preached. to spite his German neighbor, and as an instructive example to the younger members of his family, Davenport used extensively at his meals *milk*. Whether he brought home the bacon to his starving folks or not, he always managed to have enough left to send his young son out for milk before the meal began. He came home for dinner at noon, gave the same old war-cry, "milk," tossed a dime to Randolph, Jr., and, instead of grace before meals, he gave them a lengthy speech on temperance, before, between, and after.

Almost at the same moment, according to his usual custom, Herr Volkmann, coming home at 12 M. to dine, felt the call of a parched throat, and, stuffing with difficulty his chubby hands into his trouser pocket, drew forth the price, and sent his son to fetch him a full bucket of "suds."

Now one Saturday it so happened—either prearranged by us or destined by fate, it matters not, though at least worthy of recording—that both of the families sat down at their festive boards. Beer and milk were orders from the fathers, and both boys, grabbing their buckets, exactly alike in appearance (forty coupons from Mother's Oats, saved by the thrifty matrons), started out on their ways. There was absolutely no animosity between these two boys—in fact, both went to the same school, stole peaches together, and were two of the most important members of the "Little Terrors," a neighborhood base-ball organization.

They met on their landing.

"Hi, Fritzie," greeted the one.

"Hi, Davy," answered the other, as they started down the steps, carelessly swinging their twin buckets, and bumping them here and there upon the banisters. They need not question each other about the similarity of their containers, nor the dissimilarity of their missions. They walked arm and arm down the three flights of steps, reached the landing, and parted, the one headed for one corner, the *other* for the *other*, each bent upon securing beverages to please the palates of their respective *paters*. In about two minutes they both left the stores to which they had gone, and, approaching each other from opposite corners, they glided down the avenue, the most ostentatious feature about

them being the enclosed buckets. They reached the door at the same instant, and their conversation began forthwith. It was of the nature of a *post-mortem* of a disastrous defeat in a baseball game of the day before, full of excuses and *alibis*, why they lost the game to their most formidable rivals, "The Pratt Street Tigers."

"Well," began Karl, "if Flinkey had put me on third instead of that little bone-headed boob, I betcha I'd a put that guy out, believe me."

They reached the second landing in their careless ascent

"Ya, but why didja miss that little ole pop fly out yonder in right?" retorted the son with the Davenport name.

Karl felt hurt. He thought hard for a moment. "But wasn't the ole sun in my eyes, and didn't I have the tooth-ache, too, and didn't I stumble over a tomato can?" Three excuses were better than *none*, he thought.

"Well," began young Randolph, philosophically, in a tone that would have shocked his father, "I don't care if we did lose that ole game, anyhow."

Karl looked at him in surprise at such a traitorous remark. What? Didn't care if he lost the one deciding game of the famous championship series? Perfidy! Treason! Treachery!

"Because," continued Davy, coolly, "I hooked the dollar and two bit ball of theirs."

"You did!" Well, that altered the case considerably. The game was right important, but a dollar and a quarter ball in such ranks was the beginning of a new epoch.

They had already reached the third landing, and were so engrossed in discussing the ill-fated game and its consequences that they became unmindful of the time and its fleeting sands.

"Aw, lemme see it, will you? Got it wid you?" anxiously begged Karl.

"Sure, in my pocket," was the proud answer.

"Aw, lemme see, Davy; you know me."

Karl put down his bucket. He now began to excavate the huge ball from the recesses of his small pocket. He tried to pull it out by pushing his pocket from the seamy side, but did not succeed. Expectant, Karl stood by, with eager and bulging

eyes. He, too, set down his bucket beside the other one, and helped to hold the pocket open while Davy dug the ball out with his finger-nails.

Meanwhile, during this protracted parley on the landing below, the sires above were becoming impatient. The exponent of prohibition took this delay as an opportunity to review and catalogue, to practice and re-recite the new and mighty arguments he had acquired on his morning excursion, but he soon landed on his famous and most oft-reiterated gem, expatiating on the evils of drink, and gloriously ending by stating that a living example of all the steps in the degradation of a single human could be traced in the career of his neighbor, Herr Volkmann. But even his fiery passion began to pall as the sun rose higher and his throat waxed dryer, and even amidst his noble declarations he yearned for his son's return, and he began to visualize the cooling refreshment of the sent-for milk.

But the other parent took the delay as a matter of course, and as a necessary evil, and attributed it to the weaknesses inherent to the minor frailties of youth. He, however, made use of his time by rehearsing his little *Deutcher Sang Verein* classics, "Bier, Bier, full mich his hier," and "Down where the Wurtzburger flows." But the time soon came when he had filled himself up to here with beer enough times to be reasonably groggy, and the Wurtzburger had long flowed its course down to the sea, and then he, too, felt a strange parching of the throat and the need of some sort of stimulating appetizer.

Both fathers, at one time, angry, thirsty, hungry, opened their doors, met each other face to face, stepped to the balustrade, and, looking down to the landing below, descried their young hopefuls discussing, in voices vehement and earnest, the respective merits of Davy's ball and the one owned by Doggy Matthews, which was reported to have been made sacred by the revered touch of Matty Matthewson, Doggy's twelfth cousin.

"*Karl, du bummer, du komm hier, schon!*" was the Germanic war-cry of the elder Volkmann.

"Randolph, you idler, hurry," was the other method used to interrupt the two.

The boys were startled by such a rude calling, and hurriedly

grabbed up a bucket apiece, and scampered up the last flight of stairs under the scathing verbal fire of the men. Karl entered his door under a volley of harmless German epithets. Randolph came into his parental kitchen, set the bucket down at his father's place, and meekly shuffled to his seat. Even now, pursued by the pangs of a delayed hunger, the preaching father took this as an opportunity to lecture on punctuality, obedience, respect, but was sure not to omit the merits of the drink they were about to indulge in. With one last spurt, he raised the covered bucket over his reverential head, and delivered, in true oracular style, in tones appealing and convincing, a powerful treatise.

"Ever since man, in some distant age, first discovered that invidious process of fermentation whereby sugar is converted into alcohol and carbonic acid, and experienced the intoxicating influences thereof, there has been a temperance question. But, thanks to the holy interference of the Almighty, we have a wholesome substitute. Here," he cried, "I hold in my hand," as he waved the bucket on high, "the purest and most healthful liquid ever concocted. It is the first food of the new-born, and, as such, is fit for us at all stages of our lives on earth. Compare it with that bane of human existence—beer. Look at our neighbor across the way, consider what it has done for him, and learn never to touch that horrible product. Never has it touched my lips, and may it never."

In so saying he pulled off the top of the mysterious bucket, and gracefully poured therefrom into his own mug a liquid, opaque, slightly yellowish in tinge, effervescent, icy, sizzling, and foamy—known to us all as *milk*.

* * * * *

Would it be too cruel to state, as a matter of legitimate history, that Randolph Davenport, Jr., is now owner of one of Milwaukee's largest and most prosperous breweries?

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

W. T. Vandever, '20.


When the light of the day is dying,
And the gentler shadows of night
Softly steal upon the weary world,
And the evening lamps are bright;
When the fading light of the setting sun
Lingers still in the western sky,
And the blue expanse is to silver changed,
And the night-birds loudly cry;
Behold! in the azure setting
A gem that is softly bright—
A pearl in a setting of silver,
Pouring out a mellow light.
Thou art the primeval star of the evening!
The queen of all the stars!

Thou art a messenger of God!
Speaking peace to a weary soul,
And filling my heart with a quietness
That is restful. More precious than gold
Is thy message, Oh, evening star!

In the quietness of the evening,
And the language of the skies,
I can hear thy quiet voice speaking,
And my soul replies.
Thou art the "Still small voice!"
Whispering, to a toiler of the sod,
The message of our Creator—
"Be still, and know that I am God."

THE ATHEISM OF TOM PAINE.

Max Glass, '18.

“E doubt,” remarks a noted historian, “whether any name in our Revolutionary history, not excepting that of Benedict Arnold, is quite so odious as the name of Tom Paine.” Continuing, this same apostle of the gospel of history avers that the notorious Paine abused and beat his wife, was never sober, had nails like the claws of a bird of prey, never washed, was callous to shame, devoid of honor, untouched by gratitude, and died hated and despised by all, in squalid misery and filth. If, after this catalogue, in the breast of the skeptical reader there still lingers a spark of sympathy for the Great Unspeakable Paine, another broadside shivers all opposition—“Paine was an infidel!” is the terrible accusation; and a pious silence must greet this curse. Of course, he was a drunkard; undoubtedly, he maltreated his wife; filth, shame, dishonor, and ingratitude, all were his boon companions—was he not an infidel, and, *horribile dictu*, an atheist.

To refute all the slanders and absurdities which have buried the name of Paine for a century would require an entire volume, but some comment may be expended upon the titular prefixes, atheist and infidel, without which his name sounds orphaned. The popular mind has always known Paine as the anti-Christ—the great enemy of God and morality—the author of “The Age of Reason,” an awful book, written with the collaboration of His Sooty Highness. Needless to say, none can read this masterpiece of Satan without dooming his soul to eternal perdition—and who would risk his seat in heaven to satiate a sinful curiosity? Few have read “The Age of Reason,” but all can expatiate upon its contents; unfamiliarity with its pages simply permits one to speak with greater freedom of conscience, for knowledge is apt to prejudice the reviewer.

So much for the common people; the important factor is Roosevelt's comment upon the matter. In his usual strenuous

manner, the Oyster Bay sage is fired with holy zeal when he chances to mention the loathed name of Paine, and he digresses into a sanctimonious tirade thus: "So the filthy little atheist * * * amused himself with publishing a pamphlet against Jesus Christ. There are infidels and infidels. Paine belonged to a variety that apparently esteems a bladder of dirty water as the proper weapon with which to assail Christianity." Several observations may be made on this edifying *critique*: Firstly, the Colonel is referring to "The Age of Reason"; secondly, he has never read the first page of this book; thirdly, he has never met any one that had read the first page.

One other example may serve to demonstrate how general is the Paine myth. In the editorial columns of a leading Richmond paper there appeared, several months ago, an able article on Mark Twain's "The Mysterious Stranger." The writer commented upon the great humorist's atheism, and, to lend greater force to his remarks, he illustrated by stating that Mark Twain's words were comparable only to "the frenzied atheism of Tom Paine." Unwittingly, the writer has told the truth; the atheism of Paine is no ordinary godlessness—it is *frenzied* atheism.

And now we shall engage in a highly sacrilegious act, since we are about to quote some of the blasphemous sentences of the devil's own prayer-book—"The Age of Reason." We are careless of our share of future bliss, and are willing to hazard it in permitting Tom Paine to state his own case. On the first page of the infamous book occurs this heresy: "I believe in one God, and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life." Elsewhere he hopes that "man would return to the pure, unmixed and unadulterated belief of one God." In explanation of the purpose of the book he says: "The people of France were running headlong into atheism, and I had the work published in their own language to stop them in that career." To prove the universality of his creed, he has this: "There is one point of union wherein all religions meet, and that is in the first article of every man's creed: 'I believe in God.' Those who rest here, and there are millions who do, cannot be wrong as far as their creed goes." The beautiful legend of the atheism of Paine ought to be in a tottering state now, and to help it along the following will suffice: In an address

to a French theistic society, he opened with "Religion has two principal enemies, Fanaticism and Infidelity, or that which is called atheism"; and then he held a long discourse to prove the existence of God from the facts of nature. His last will begins with "reposing confidence in my creator, God," and closes with "I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my creator, God."

These quotations are only a few of the hundreds that could be cited to prove Paine's theism, but no more are necessary. Many who have religiously believed in Paine's atheism may wonder why his name has been coupled with that of Satan. If "The Age of Reason" preaches monotheism, why, then, is its author so despised? The answer is simple: Paine attacked the Bible.

The Protestant revolt overthrew the absurd dogma of Papal infallibility, but it substituted the even more rigorous dogma of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. In our own day all thinking beings have realized that men cannot accept the results of science, and at the same time believe that every dot in the Bible is God's own handiwork. Broad-minded religious leaders have learned, after a bitter struggle, that truth cannot be defended by falsehood. If religion be made absolutely dependent upon the fallible words of a man-made book, then religion will fall, no matter how much truth it contains. The principles of religion must be judged upon their own merits, and not by the records of ancient, semi-barbarous tribes. In the latter half of the last century over-zealous ministers, in their ill-advised attacks upon scientific achievements, frequently ordered their congregations to choose between religion and facts. Only too often the men who were placed in this dilemma chose facts and forsook religion, because they had been practically urged to this course by the advice of the well-meaning Church leaders.

Tom Paine lived in an age when to question the Bible was atheism. The creeds which surrounded him were to him, as to millions of men to-day, mere superstitious weeds that threatened to strangle true religion. He was always made to feel that the Bible was the staunch defense of every dogma; he was, on all sides, compelled to believe that the spiritual faith of the day was inseparably linked with the Scriptures and the gospels. Upon

examining the Bible, especially the Pentateuch, he found that the statements therein were completely out of harmony with his own conception of a righteous Deity. It was, therefore, but natural that he should attack the sacred books of the law in defending his God; and, since he had been taught that the truth of the Bible depended upon the verity of each separate word, he rejected the testaments in their entirety, as valueless and iniquitous. Paine was mistaken. To-day we appreciate the fact that the Bible, though the result of the labor of many different men in various ages, is, nevertheless, of incalculable value—the mote of corruption no longer hides the beam of truth; but Paine's error was due largely to the opinions of his time, and not to his own malice or ignorance.

“The Age of Reason” is clearly and consistently written; it is impossible to mistake the meaning or to gather several different interpretations. In this particular, at any rate, Paine's book differs from the Book which is attacked, for hundreds of creeds have been constructed upon the latter, and countless doctrines, each contradicting all its predecessors, may be chosen therefrom. Paine's position is best summed up in his own words: “My belief in the perfection of the Deity will not permit me to believe that a book so manifestly obscure, disorderly, and contradictory can be His work. My disbelief in the Bible is founded on a pure and religious belief in God.”

The Pentateuch, especially, contains a number of instances of savage cruelty, obscene amours, and barbaric injustice, all committed in the name of some God. Whatever crime the Israelitish tribes were guilty of was purged with a “Javeh spake unto Moses, saying.” Three-fourths of the great evils in this world have been committed in the name of a deity; nations were exterminated, women and children were slain, virgins were seduced, Jesus was crucified, learning was suppressed, ignorance was fostered, war was carried on, religion was persecuted, and thriving cities were laid waste, all by some partnership of *Ich und Gott*. Sometimes the firm was Chosen People and God, Inc., then it was Catholicism and God, Ltd., and, still later, it became Bible and God. To-day the old trust has been destroyed, and has, consequently, split into a number of minor firms, such as Czar and God,

Wilhelm and *Gott*, Rights of Small Nations and God, and so on. The significant fact is that the Deity is always a partner, and always the *junior* member of the corporation.

Tom Paine, as many before and after him, had seen a different God in this universe. Within the pages of the Law he found a mere immaterial idol, the patron divinity of a small, uncivilized people, inhabiting an insignificant area upon a speck of an earth. Paine has been called a braggart, but he was not enough of an introspective egotist to imagine himself the goal of all creation, and the most important existence in the endlessness of worlds and space. In the infinity of stellar universes, in the immensity of the Milky Way, in the awful beauty of the nebulæ, in the shadows on Saturn's rings, in the twinkling gleam of Sirius and the steady brightness of Venus, he beheld another Creator, vastly superior to the Paltry Protector of Palestine. To him the heavens declare the glory of God, and all being affirms His presence. "Do we want to know what God is? Search not the book called the Scriptures [human hands can make that], but the scripture called the Creation." The storm in the Bible is a mere tempest in a teapot when compared with the endless rise and fall of worlds. The bold, sweeping assertions of the creeds are impostures; "the key of heaven is not in the possession of any sect."

The opinions that dominated Paine are those of every one that has opened his eyes to the wonders of nature. "God dwells not in temples made with hands" says Paine; "the goddess of truth dwells in the temple of nature" echoes a great German contemporary scientist; "God is everywhere except in the Church" satirizes a famous Frenchman. We have expended centuries of thought and volumes of energy in eliciting from a collection of literature a philosopher's stone, which should divulge all hidden truths and convert the baser suppositions into profound facts. Truth no longer has its seat in the semi-shadows of stained windows, nor in the prison confines of the monastery, nor in the incense perfumes of the Catholic Church; in the green of the grass, in the snows of the lofty mountain peaks, in the light of the stars scintillates truth. The modern prophet cannot find God in the idolatrous physical descriptions of the creeds; theology finds

expression in one inspiring sentence of the Hindu, Tagore: "Listen to me, ye sons of the immortal spirit—I have known the Supemer Being whose light shines forth from beyond the darkness." God is light, not cloister gloom.

Coarse, unrefined, vulgar, obscene, brutal, and crude are the adjectives generally employed to describe Paine's style. These epithets, in the main, can only be applied to "The Age of Reason" by those that divine its contents without the embarrassing necessity of a perusal. The author of "Common Sense" is never vulgar except when quoting some Bible story; it only proves the truth of Paine's claims, that those who hesitate to term anything in the Bible obscene do so freely when the same tale appears in the writings of the infidel. No doubt he is often, in the eyes of the orthodox, brutally frank and destructive in his allegations, and yet who shall upbraid him for this fault? Certainly not the reverent church-goers, for none have been more cruel and vindictive in religious matters than the "defenders of the faith." Paine's barbarism consists in language, while the crimes of the Church have been in deeds. Shall the Church demand that Paine handle it with dainty politeness—that same Church which created the inquisitions, slew peaceful Albigenses in France and Hussites in Bohemia, persecuted Galileo, heaped savage anathemas upon Darwin, outlawed Spinoza, organized Pogroms in Russia, and civil wars in Germany? The demand is so comical that it borders on the tragic.

"The Age of Reason" is called crude and unscholarly. There is truth in this charge, but all depends upon the standard of judgment. Tom Paine did not have at his command the results of modern "higher criticism," archæological research, and philological discovery. Nor did he possess the general linguistic knowledge and broad scholarly attainments which are prerequisite in any dissection of the Bible. Paine did not devote his life to study, and never had the advantages of a university education; "The Age of Reason" was only a chance product of an unusually busy life. His learning was remarkably broad, considering the manner in which he procured it. The only books with which he was thoroughly familiar were the Old and New Testaments; he had at his command a small but diversified knowledge of Biblical

exegesis. Part I. of "The Age of Reason" was written without access to a Bible, and yet, among numerous citations, there is only a reasonable number of errors. In spite of all these limitations, many of the arguments in the book are in practical accord with the latest results of modern scholarship, as typified by such a work as W. F. Bade's "The Old Testament in the Light of To-Day" (which has been commended by the great T. R. in glowing language). In fact, one of the most striking characteristics of "The Age of Reason" is the modernness of the style, method, and subject matter. Paine admits that he went through the Bible as one would go through a wood felling trees; he does not assume any false delicacy, for he was a plain man, and could see no reason for suppressing his views. Like another apostle, he preached upon the house-tops what he had heard in the ear.

Atheist or theist, Paine will remain popularly hated for blasphemous infidelity. It matters not that he wrote "Common Sense" and "The Crisis"; "The Rights of Man" is forgotten; his endeavors in two struggles for liberty are deemed negligible; it availeth nought that he was the friend of Presidents and statesmen—he was an *infidel*! And what means this all-condemning word? Literally defined, it signifies one who lacks faith; it has come to be applied to one who disbelieves certain religious doctrines. The epithet is an extremely harmless one, for no inherent opprobrium attaches to it. To call a man an infidel is simply to bestow upon him a purely relative judgment, which may become a title of high distinction. The definition of terms like blasphemy and infidelity always depends solely upon the place, time, and judges, for, as Paine states, "If I do not believe as you believe, it proves that you do not believe as I believe"—and that is all it does prove.

There are many conflicting religious creeds on earth, and, in the opinion of any one of these, the adherents of all the rest are infidels. Different ages produce different gods, and it is possible for an individual to be an atheist with respect to one god and a pious orthodox as regards another deity. In "The Age of Fable" the divinities were usually assorted according to trades; thus the shoemaker's god was scarcely the poet's Creator, while the Spirit that moved the waves was not the Inspirer of the thunder. Then,

again, for several thousand years, the gods were apportioned in concordance with their creeds. The Final Cause of the Mohammedan was not to be confused with the Jewish Javeh or the Father of the Christian, nor was the Pope's Employer co-equal with the great Ruler of the Holy Russian Church. To-day, we have a still further line of cleavage; there is a God of War and a God of Peace; there is also a God of the Allies and a God of the Teutons, since it is surely not prudent to say that the Germans and the French are both confident that the same divinity is battling furiously on opposing sides, one for justice, the other for barbarism. Thus we see that blasphemy in itself is nought—Jesus was crucified for it, and all the early Christians were persecuted in its name, yet, within a few centuries, the innocent descendants of the jury that convicted the Nazarene were being hounded throughout the earth. The infidels of one age are the true believers of the next. Even now were Jesus to return, and attempt to enter Holy Russia, some all-wise Cossack official would doubtless exclude him as a foreign Jew.

There can be only one God, the Creator of everything,
holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all,

And in this God Paine placed his trust. To all who brand him infidel, he gives the reply with which he greeted the objections of Samuel Adams: "What, my good friend, do you call believing in God infidelity?"

THE PROCESSIONAL.

E. McCarthy, '20.

A mighty sound is lifted up; the great
Cathedral choir, a long and vested throng
Of men and boys, in slow processional gait,
Their voices blended rich in holy song,
In stately order march in double file,
With hymn in hand, along the spacious aisle,
Now mounting to the stalls on either hand.
The buoyant swell of round crescendos and
Majestic sweep and lightly ebbing flow
Of soft diminuendos rise
And fall in grand and stately grace; and, lo,
Resounding harmony intensifies
The sacred sounds that bear a melody
Of praise and worship up to God on High.

PREPAREDNESS.

Dave E. Satterfield, Jr.

HERE is, at the present time, a great and growing dissatisfaction, throughout the length and breadth of the land, demanding the adoption of some plan of preparedness. All over the world serious thought is being devoted to the question of lasting peace.

Some thirty separate plans for the organization of Europe in the interest of law and order have been put forth by societies of standing and authority, and still others equally important by individual men.

It is very gratifying to those who love peace to observe so hopeful a sign as all manner of preparation, outlining, and planning of federations and individuals, and of schemes of international reorganization, all matching their wits to attain such a rational settlement of national disputes as to make future wars as preposterous as they are wanton and murderous.

There is in this country to-day a heterogeneous mass of opinion as to what should be done along these lines. There is the militarist and pacifist, each contending that he is right in his ideas. The militarist is as truly an extremist as the pacifist. Therefore, neither are of any real worth to their country, for, to heed the counsel, advice, and incoherent ravings of an extremist is folly. The militarist clamors for the old order of Germanic despotism, militarism, and insanical discipline. He would inoculate the blood of young America, which already is at white heat with business enterprise, with the germ of militarism. This would be suicidal. It would mean the same slow death that the Teutons are now suffering. On the other hand, the pacifist would willingly and gladly throw into the Atlantic every single weapon. It is he who preaches the doctrine that preparedness is an invitation to war. It is he who goes prattling about, enunciating to the masses the highly theoretical and illogical theory of earthly peace and brotherly regard between all mankind, when the thunder of the big guns at Verdun and Ypres drown his voice. He would

recommend that we denounce all military preparation, and to throw away our means of defense, while the European countries are snarling over the picked bones of their dead like so many wolves, and to have them turn upon us, prey, for their hungry and God-forsaken souls.

In a time like the present, when every man, from the cobbler to the President, should be debating in his mind this question of preparedness, it is readily seen that neither of these parties are an asset to the nation. The question naturally suggests itself, What is to be done?

The great problem of adequate defense is yet unsolved. There is a growing necessity for its solution. The reason it is unsolved is that the people of the nation have not been brought face to face with the question in such a manner as to awaken in them the instinct of self-preservation. Congress passes a bill authorizing the construction of a dreadnaught. Power is immediately launched against the project. Congress has passed a bill calling for three years actual service and three years subject to call for those who enlist. Power is being exercised to have this law revoked. And so the never-ending strife between the citizens goes on and on, with no definite national idea in view relative to the military preparedness of the country.

With nearly all the world at war, the most natural thing, of course, is that many people have now begun to think of the United States as a possible subject of war. While this nation flaunts no aggressive policies, yet we must not lose sight of the fact that we are *bona fide* subjects of warfare from any number of causes. As Senator Martin Glynn, in his address before the National Democratic Committee, so wisely said:

"We, as a nation, are peace loving. With us war has never been a choice; it has always been a fate. We would like to furl the flags of war and still the throbbing drums; we sigh for the day when men will beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning hooks, but we recognize that the miracle is yet to be performed which perfects human nature and imbues nations with a spirit to do unto others as they would do unto us.

"Like the old Indian chieftain who loved peace, we would gladly throw the tomahawk of war so high into the blue that no

man's hand could ever pull it down. But when some other nation sends us a quiver of arrows, wrapped in a snake's skin, we want to do as old Governor Bradford, of Massachusetts, to be in a position to send the rattlesnake's skin back stuffed with powder and ball.

"We depreciate the compulsion, but we recognize the need of the policeman on the beat, the safe in the bank, and the watchdog on the farm. We pray for the millenium, but we accept things as they are. As men of common sense, we realize that, for a nation, the policy of turning the other cheek when unjustly smitten means national decapitation, and a funeral at which *our* people would be the mourners, our enemies the heirs."

We have fought one war for existence, and one for survival. We fought one war to exclude foreign interest, and yet another to secure internal peace. Surely these wars were absolutely necessary. There was in them no element of aggression. It was purely defensive; hence the fallacy of the pacifist, who says, "No war is justifiable." This is not true; any war waged in defense of the lives and honor of our women or the source of our life is justifiable.

The great reason for the difference between the views taken by the militarist and the pacifist is that the pacifist believes many things, which are quite true, to be impossible. The militarist believes all he hears, but the trouble is he believes too much. The immediate danger to the safety and future prosperity of this country lies in the unwillingness of the American people to believe the incredible. They feel that no nation flaunts aggressive policies before us, or sighs for empires to conquer in the western hemisphere; our nation's integrity and independence are not visibly threatened; the persistence of our institutions is not a matter of doubt; the location of a new European State in America seems to be a chimera, and the colonization of the Pacific coast by the Japanese is apparently a figment of the imagination. How, then, can we be in any danger, if no nations intend to assail us, and if we ourselves cherish no aggressive policies?

Is not the present European war, where nation is arrayed against nation, each ardent in its own defense, a product of delusion and insanity? Does not this war dispel all doubt as to the

inevitable. War comes grimly on, pursued and spurred by greed and passion. Can anything that this nation do ever stave off the inevitable outcome of economic disturbances and circumstances in the European countries? No. We must remember that the fundamental interests of the United States are, from the viewpoint of foreign policy, neither its integrity nor its political independence. We shall require for the defense of our interests the exertion of a force of which we ourselves at present are not capable, but some plan of preparedness must be taken up at once.

It used to be said that armed force protects prosperity. All past generations have believed this, and, indeed, the present statesman believes it. But we must not lose sight of the fact that we are wiser than the past and present Europeans. We will not, for a moment, admit that force can *create economic phenomena*; it can only hasten or retard it, and it may even regulate it, if its exercise is tempered with discretion. So there is, of course, an *imperative necessity* for force. It has been said that the greatest manifestations of force in the world are military. This is untrue; the only *truly permanent* manifestations, the only truly irresistible, are moral. Between these two (morality and brute force) lies the sphere of economic phenomena. The economic conditions bring about the ambitions of a nation, and if that greater force, morality, be not strong enough to execute the will of a nation, organized force always remains a possible method to be tried before relinquishing their purpose. War is always the final factor, because all other manifestations of force have proved their inability to make headway against it. This brute force is the only power which the savage and the civilized man alike have at their disposal. Hence we cannot escape the fact that the organized force of millions of men is an ultimate appeal in all human relationships by refusing to admit it. Like the moon and the stars, it does exist, and upon it, in the last analysis, our own right must also rest.

The war across the seas has brought home to us the fear that so long as men are men and nations nations, wars will continue.

We have been rudely awakened from our dreams, to stand face to face with the grim fact that nothing that man cherishes is

safe from attack; that the man who would protect his blood, his happiness, and his rights must stand ready to defend them with the last drop of his blood. Looking into the future, we can clearly see that if our liberty, our sovereignty, and our very lives are to be safeguarded from attack, it will only be because the rest of the world knows that we are strong enough to defend ourselves.

There are two great remedies suggested by the people to get rid of this bug-bear, war. One is isolation and the other is independence.

To many thoughtful people the eminently desirable object of American policy is the discovery of some avenue of escape from the maelstrom of the world with the precious talent entrusted to the United States in the interests of civilization, to bury it in secret, and somehow exclude the rest of the world from this garden between the oceans. They say, "Why should we not keep ourselves unstained from blood-drenched Europe? Why not dwell here in our own land? Why not tap the thousands of hitherto undeveloped resources of the land? Why not continue the isolation that now already exists because of the war?" Ah! but to do so is to pay a price, for, indeed, isolation spells independence, and independence spells Pan-Germanism. Indeed, it would be the same thing for which we so heartily condemn Germany. The aim of German statecraft was simply independence, and, in truth, her position in this respect is much more excusable than ours would be, for she is located between other powerful nations, and may, conceivably, by a coalition of her neighbors, be conquered, and thereby lose her territorial integrity and her political independence.

As for independence which would be the direct result of isolation, it would nurse and give life to militarism, which is directly against the non-military traditions of American life.

The possibilities and the chances we have as young Americans are many. Even the glory of Rome will dim beside the glare of the annals of America, if the people of our nation can cement themselves together with ties sufficiently strong to withstand dissension that necessarily must follow in the years that are to come. America stands out as a temple of peace, in a world aflame

with passion. Wealth has come to us, health has come to us, and power, not by the sword, but by the ideals of peace; but we cannot carry the theory of peace too far, for, though it be a divine thing, yet it will not endure if carried to extremes.

Aside from the threatening peril of other nations, we have right in our midst a sore which, if it be not given close attention, will become a menace of gigantic proportions, and that is the emigrant.

Indeed, America must seem like a promised land to all Europeans. Westward ho! is ever in their mind. It was the cry and instinct of their ancestors. Greece, Rome, and Judea are gone forever, leaving to generations the legacy of their accomplished work. China still endures her isolation, and exists to-day an old uninhabitable house in the brand-new city of nations. England, France, and Germany, and all European nations, raging and seething in the bloody cauldron of war are, day by day, coming face to face with decline and decay, and to these United States of America, yet undeveloped, full of dark possibilities, and grown, like another Eve, from one rib, out of the side of their own lands, the minds of young men in Europe must turn materially at a certain hopeful period of their lives. This is hard for us to understand, for we who live in this land do not appreciate its possibilities to that extent. But prick up your imagination, and picture in your mind's eye a young man who shall have grown up amidst rigidity, tradition, and the marked stiffness of European life; who, from the time he could toddle, has been taught to distrust his natural instincts, to stifle his wants, and to devote his life to a senseless sacrifice, and who now suddenly hears of a family of his cousins who dwell in a land across the seas, in perfect security, and whose every whim, though they are as changeable as the winds, are *capable* of satisfaction. Just imagine this, and you will have some imperfect notion of the sentiment that impels the European youth to come to the friendly shores of America. It seems to them that away across the seas, and beyond the forests, out into that vast region, the plains, the war of life is still carried on in open air, and on free barbaric terms. It is not confined to graceless intrigue, diplomatic service, and compromise, but it is a dealing man to man, give and take, and a case of the survival

of the fittest. Which of these two lives a man with red blood in his veins prefers to live, he will correctly decide for himself, and so the never-ending stream of emigrants; but his coming brings an internal disorder. Back in the earlier days this country offered boundless opportunities to the emigrant—a willingness to work was almost a guarantee of riches; but now this is changed. The moment the emigrant puts his foot on American soil he begins his fight with labor, and at the same time labor tightens its fight against capital and the emigrant, and there is the eternal triangle. To sum it up in a few words is to say that the emigrant, coming of the poorer class, and coming in such hordes, is a liability, and not an asset to the nation. Indirectly, they are agitating war for the reason that America is no longer a land of limitless opportunity, for the seemingly limitless opportunities of former days have all been claimed and capitalized. Willingness to work is no longer a guarantee of fortune. Reasonable restriction upon the emigrant is imperative, and is one of the steps toward preparedness.

National defense is not a modern issue. Our Puritan fathers insisted that the young men should drill on the village green. What shall the United States do? Shall it act upon the precedent of its ancestors, and prepare, or shall it blaze the trail, and set a new example of restraint and pursuit of the ideals of peace, at the risk of helplessness if its peaceful aspirations prove false?

Most of us have read and subscribe to the theory of the economist, that normally the average citizen contributes only a certain percentage of his potential capacity for work, and that it takes a crisis to stimulate him to put forth his full strength. The usual illustration of the crisis is war. The clearest and most concise expression of this will be found in a speech by President Wilson before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in 1915, when he said:

“And when peace is as handsome as war there will be no war. When men, I mean, engage in the pursuits of peace in the same spirit of self-sacrifice and of conscious service of the community with which, at any rate, the common soldier engages in war, then shall there be wars no more.”

Never were wiser words uttered, but, alas! the miracle is yet to

be performed which perfects human nature, and imbues nations with a spirit to do unto others as they would do unto us; and to follow this ideal blindly, with no adequate preparation for our national defense, would be to put ourselves in the place of the little lamb in the story of the lamb and the wolf.

Public opinion has gone forward with giant strides since the outbreak of the European war. The army and navy appropriation bills in Congress go far beyond anything ever before considered in time of peace. However, there is one essential element still lacking. There is no bill either before the Senate or the House which provides for a national system of universal military training. Yet it seems that public opinion is swinging strongly to a final conclusion on this vital subject.

Business men are not afraid of compulsory military education. They believe it will develop a better-balanced and more self-disciplined youth from which to build succeeding generations of American citizens. When this plan of military education becomes national in its application, and compulsory and not elective, as at present, a great deal of the arrogance and haughtiness will disappear that so often crops out in those graduates and students of our well-known military institutions of to-day.

The theory of compulsory military training should not carry with it the compulsory service of every able-bodied man in the country's national guard, as *was* the case in Germany. Instead, the compulsory feature should extend only to the schools. That is, to pass laws compelling every school in the country to include in its curriculum two years of military training. Such a plan would work no hardship on any one, and, at the same time, should prove beneficial to the individual as well as to his country.

Public opinions—*i. e.*, the views of our friends the pacifist and militarist—are frequently difficult to analyze. But when three hundred and fifty-nine commercial organizations in forty-three States vote, by 120 to 1, *for* a scheme of preparedness to make the entire military, industrial, and financial strength of the nation fully available, there need be no further pessimism as to the general soundness of American citizenship. Some years ago one would have stood aghast if they had been told that the commercial and trade organizations of the Chamber of Commerce of

the United States, the leading business associations of the country, had come out for universal military training. The fact is that the business men cast an overwhelming vote for it. We must realize that in a democracy the only solution of aggregate responsibility must be found in equal obligations on the part of all the citizens. We do not have voluntary taxes; why should we have voluntary defense?

Eminent political economists and many of our business men have, in the past, held tenaciously to the belief that military preparedness was a thing to oppose, on the grounds of the economic cost. They point out that preparedness will cost the Government millions of dollars, and that means the people, as a whole, bearing the burden, in the form of taxation. This is very true, but, if it is a necessary protection to industry, is it not an investment instead of an unnecessary expenditure? Obviously, this would be true if we were to adopt the old Germanic idea of a great glittering standing army. But will we not profit by the bitter experience of Germany? The preparedness we should endorse should be that preparedness that will come through unselfishness for private gain and wholesome co-operation on the part of every citizen. We should tolerate no great standing army, to be housed and fed by the people, but, instead, each and every man should, in his school days, be made to study as assiduously his military as he does his Latin and math. From the ancient days to the present time, the greatest instinct of man is self-preservation, and now, in this trying time of wars and international intrigue, to wantonly sacrifice and lay aside such a God-given privilege is nothing short of criminal.

We need the discipline of military training, for, as it has been said, "Our tendency has ever been to grow up self-willed men and women; man-handled by poverty, or mollicoddled by wealth, the tendency everywhere has been the same—intolerance of authority, contempt for obedience, aversion to laws, indifference to rules, and worship of self."

Let us be mindful of the inscription in the armory of the commonwealth of Venice:

"Happy is that city which, in time of peace, thinks of war."

We must prepare for war *now*. Facts have to be faced, and

theories should be laid aside until less perilous times permit some experimentation with ideas that are diametrically opposed by the recorded history of nations and the present every-day acts of individuals.

Most persons are forced to admit that the strong are most likely to prey upon the weak, and that only with power and force can righteousness triumph over violence and injustice. It is to be hoped that in these blissful days of peace we will not be so lulled into unconsciousness by the whirring of the wings of the peace dove as to entirely lose sight of the fact that, at best, the dogs of war *are only leashed*.

After all, it seems that He who toiled at the carpenter's bench is at last to convince the world that *work* alone brings peace. For ambition there is no rest, and for passion there is no fruition of joy; but where the hand does honest and honorable work there the heart sings, and the laborer at his forge or furnace, the workman who polishes his wood or perfects his iron, knows that honest toil lends a certain peace that wealth cannot increase nor poverty take away. The hope of our nation—aye, the hope of the world—is in honorable industry, in economy and thrift. But again, let us not lose sight of the fact that, first of all, we must secure ourselves in such a manner that, when the time comes for the test, we can enforce these ideals of peace at the point of a bayonet.

THE GOAL OF MORTAL STRIVING.

Albert C. Cheetham, '18.

An hour alone I crave
From all the world apart,
Away from problems grave,
Communing with my heart.

Safe from the wearing grind
Of dragging toil and strife,
With free, unburdened mind,
And soul uncloyed with life.

When duty's heavy chains,
Unshackled for a spell,
Unbind all that restrains,
And grant repose full well.

Although such peace I crave,
And sometimes have my wish,
No griefs my heart engrave,
Nor suffer deep anguish.

Soon comes again the call
To me from throbbing life:
"Take up again thy thrall,
Renew thy toil and strife.

"See how thy fellow-men
Struggle with might and main
Through darkness, mire, and fen,
Up toward the open plain.

"You cannot live apart;
Go help them as you may,
Go forth in field and mart,
And tell them what I say:

“ ‘The soul of man must learn
To tread an upward way,
And, though your tasks be stern,
And dismal looms the day,

“ ‘Ye do not strive alone
Against all evil things,
Nor need ye weep and moan
At sorrows that life brings.

“ ‘Be of heroic frame,
Trust God, who loveth all,
Call ye upon His name,
Seek Him whate’er befall—

“ ‘For though, without, within,
Thy troubles grow apace,
Contend ’gainst vice and sin,
Move onward with the race.

“ ‘ ’Tis true, man is not all
That perfect man should be;
His actions yet recall
The beast of cave and tree;

“ ‘But, as the ages roll
Adown the allotted spans,
God, wise, unseals the scroll,
And works in us His plans.

“ ‘The race’s life is young,
We still are in His power,
Our spirits are God-sprung,
And grow from hour to hour.

“ ‘While centuries pass, we change
Into a nobler shape—
Our souls have loftier range—
Less of the bestial ape.

“ ‘Though we may not attain
A sight of God’s great plan,
We move—in joy and pain—
On toward the perfect man.

“ ‘Of small import, perhaps,
May seem the single soul;
But God, while years elapse,
Gives to each one his role.

“ ‘Our province is to live
In our allotted sphere,
And to our brothers give
Our best while we are here.’ ”

And, hearing thus the Voice,
I rouse me from my rest;
Go forth, in toil rejoice,
And strive for what is best.

BOMB-SHELL AND THE GROUND-HOG.

W. B. Loving, '19.

OMB-SHELL was a bull-dog. He was a Virginian by birth, but an Englishman by ancestry. His mistress was a shy, mischievous little mountain maid, and an unbreakable bond of friendship existed between the girl and the dog.

As to physique, he was superb. He was not large, but every inch of him was muscle and fight. His front legs formed an oblate-spheroid, while his under lip protruded just enough to give his whole countenance a vicious look. His muzzle was flat, his neck thick and short, as were his body and tail. But this stub tail served the purpose of wagging with lightning rapidity when his mistress drew near.

Adial post-office was a general "hang out" place every day when the mail came up the river. People crowded in, to cuss and discuss farming prospects and every other topic under the sun, from the probable outcome of the present war to the length of the ladies' skirts.

One day an old negro hobbled up to the store with a bag over his shoulder. No one, however, paid any attention to that, because people often brought bags of chickens to the store to exchange for articles of necessity.

The old negro was Josh Bailey. He was champion water-melon grower of Nelson county. And a war was each year waged between Josh and the wood-chuck, or "groun'-hawg"—as it is better known in that vicinity. The ground-hog's appetite is suitably adapted to young plants, and he usually plays havoc with a melon patch.

Josh had beaten one at his own game. He had seen where a ground-hog had been at work in his melon patch, and had gotten up before day to go to his patch and watch. The old negro hid near the ground-hog's den, and, about day, the greyish-brown form of his arch enemy emerged cautiously from its hole. Josh remained perfectly still. Then, when the animal had gone about

fifty yards from its den, Josh crawled noiselessly up to the hole and stuffed a bag into it. The mouth of the bag he fastened around the entrance to the den, making a net for the ground-hog to become entangled in.

After he had securely fastened the bag, Josh sneaked to the side of the patch beyond the ground-hog. Then he made a noise, and the animal made a dash for its hole, with Josh close behind. The ground-hog made no stop at the mouth of its den, but dived headlong into it. Just then Josh came up, gathered up the mouth of the bag and tied it.

Thus Josh Bailey had in his bag that Thursday, not chickens, but a ground-hog.

Bomb-Shell and his mistress were at the store when Josh came up. And Bomb-Shell, being of an inquisitive nature, circled behind the negro, and began sniffing at the bag.

"G'way fum heah, dawg!" Josh exclaimed, in a none too comfortable voice. He had seen one pair of brand-new overalls shredded by this same Bomb-Shell.

"What you got, Josh?" asked one of the loafers.

"Lawd! Mister Evans, I got de bigges' groun'-hawg you ever see. Kotch 'im in my melum patch dis mawnin'."

This aroused interest, and all, when they had taken one look at the cowering varmint in the bag, were convinced that Josh hadn't lied.

If there is anything that a mountaineer likes better than a fight, of any kind, it is two or three fights. But they especially enjoy a dog fight.

Bomb-Shell had won the respect of all the white people by his fighting, and from the negroes he had won awe, fear, and respect. From all the other dogs he had won a kind of tuck-tailed submission.

As soon as old Ben Hale, father of the mistress of Bomb-Shell, and also veteran hunter and trapper, saw the ground-hog, he said, "Josh, I'll give ye half er dollar fer yer groun'-hawg."

Josh willingly consented, and handed over the bag. Then Hale walked over to the tiny poultry yard in which the store-keeper kept his chickens, drove the chickens into the hen-house, shut the door, and dumped the greyish-brown form on the ground.

Hale knew that if he turned the animal into the road there wouldn't be any scrap. All the dogs around the store would pounce on him. In a way, it might seem unsportsmanslike to pen the animal up with no hope of escape, but here he would have a fighting chance at least, even though that chance was small.

Hale didn't have to call Bomb-Shell. He and the ground-hog were already exchanging low, guttural hostilities through the wire. But when Hale opened the gate to the pen, Bomb-Shell rushed up to his antagonist in an incautious manner, and received a slash across his nose for his carelessness.

Wood-chucks don't usually fight, unless they are intercepted from their dens or a hasty flight is unavailable. The one in the pen was in a predicament where he had to fight. And when a wood-chuck *has* to fight, he surely can scrap. He fights in a cat-like manner.

Now the combat seemed under way. The ground-hog squatted gloweringly in his corner, following the criss-cross movements of the dog with his eyes. Bomb-Shell pranced about in a rather playful manner, sometimes prancing too close and receiving a reminder of the sharpness of the ground-hog's teeth and claws.

As yet, no scar marked the result of any charge from the bulldog, whereas the whole of Bomb-Shell's face was a checkered mass of scratches, and one ear was chewed up considerably.

Bomb-Shell didn't seem to know how to deal with his foe. In other fights he always circled his enemy, watching for a chance to charge in and get that death hold for which his race is so famous. The scratches caused him no little inconvenience.

Once more, Bomb-Shell, now infuriated at his inability to dislodge his enemy from its entrenchments, sallied forth brazenly. But, alas! poor Bomb-Shell! When he retreated one eye was cut, while the other was closed entirely. Somehow he was unable to make use of the strategy by which he had overcome so many former opponents. He was surely one ungainly sight. Blood smeared and dripped from his face, and there was something of a whine in his growl. But he hadn't given up, though things did look a bit unfavorable.

Lowering his muzzle, he lifted a paw to soothe the injured

members of his head. The ground-hog mistook the move, and concluded that his chance had come for a charge. Rushing from his corner, like a fighter at the sound of the gong, the ground-hog reached Bomb-Shell just as he raised his head. The eye that wasn't closed hadn't been asleep. Bomb-Shell met the enemy with a quick spurt, and the enemy, being the lighter of the two, was bowled over. Now Bomb-Shell's chance had come.

Quick as a flash he clamped his jaws into the throat of the ground-hog, and the latter's seconds of life on earth were limited. Gloom departed from the countenance of the bull-dog, as the body of the ground-hog flopped about his head, shaking the life out of the only animal that had ever given him so much as a scratch.

When the killing ended the dog grasped the dead body in the middle of its back, and, pushing the gate open with a fore-paw, trotted proudly up to his mistress and laid down the burden in fond homage.

While the crowd of onlookers dispersed, mumbling admiration at the fight the ground-hog had shown, Bomb-Shell slowly raised a blood-stained, mutilated head to receive the affectionate pat which he knew was forthcoming.

A THOUGHT OF PARTING.

"*Slick*," '17.

There is one whose smile
Inveiging ensnares,
As gracefully she glides across the ball-room floor.
There is one who,
As alone in the crackling warmth
Of the cheerful blaze,
You muse on,
Visioning another home, another fire.
There is one
At her best
As in the sports of life she plays a part.
There is, of course, that one
Who to your fancy's eye
Appeals
Because she *is* a woman,
A being of the other sex.
There is she whom in dire trouble
You would seek,
And look for solace—the mother girl.
But, after all, there is one only
Who, for her innate being,
Her very soul,
You desire.
Frank, but not provoking,
Pretty, but not conscious of it;
Attractive, but not affected.
She is—oh, well, this is
Just a thought
At parting.

GOD MADE THE CITY.

Joseph A. Leslie, '16.

It was Cowper who, in his flights among the fields and trees and brooks, laid down the troublesome tradition that "God made the country and man made the town," which had, for many years, successfully raised a mere superstition to a dignified political principle. The poet, for ages, has sung the glories of nature and of God's masterpieces as his peculiar bent would carry him, for his idealism will allow of no other view, and it is quite natural that he should prefer to deal with these vague, intangible things, where his imaginative flights may find ample fields in which to soar. And whenever preachers and public workers find the complex social problems in urban life too difficult, they free themselves of incapacity by scurrying behind the barrier of "back to nature," and plead with the boys to "stay on the farm."

The poet, in teaching of the splendor of rustic life, and showing the way for men to die, has overlooked the very important preliminary, for man first must also learn the way to live. It is in the city that such cares are specialized, and man's life, in every phase, becomes a special pride and a special task.

In the modern city the health of the individual is recognized as determining the quality of citizenship, and municipal protectorate begins in early childhood. The school nurse and the school doctor come first in order, and the child is subjected to whatever medical inspection is necessary at all times, regardless of his station in life or condition of health. As early as 1894 this practice had begun, and by 1911 four hundred and forty-three cities in the United States were using the school doctor, until, at the present time, the practice is so common that the few smaller cities which have not fallen in with the idea are recognized as backward, and not in the list of the progressives with which we are dealing.

In spite of the congestion and crowded condition necessarily attendant upon the life of the densely-populated cities, here real

recreation finds its highest stage, for playgrounds conducted on scientific lines afford the younger population advantages not to be found elsewhere. These public places of recreation are common to every city, and are maintained on the strictest and highest planes, where boys and girls may obtain, free of all cost, all the recreation essential to good health. Trained men are placed in charge, and the advantages gained have come to be so widely recognized that the playground plan is now almost a universal custom. Statistics show that the decrease in crime since the adoption of the plan has run parallel with the betterment in health, and that all the recreation necessary to the young may be afforded there.

When the body is strong it is ready to do duty with the mind, and in the city we find the best there is in schools. Education has been worked out on the most minute and detailed lines, until the slightest detail is given the most careful attention at all times. Schools are open all the year round, in the day time and at night, where boys and girls from every walk of life may gather, free from cost, learning that is essential for their good citizenship. And now, almost universally, the compulsory education laws force those who are unwilling to attend the schools, and ignorance thus comes to be a forbidden vice, and a thing to be shunned and frowned upon.

Another great movement, found exclusively in the city (and the larger the city the more pronounced the practice) is the system of food inspection by the health authorities. Through food, of course, may all the germs of every kind of ill health travel, and this may be the means of producing more disease than any other. But in every city of note there has been set up a custom of food inspection, until at this time it is well-nigh impossible for any food stuffs which do not fulfill the requirements set down by law and experts to come into the use of the community. In the days of the ward boss and political corruption, the sale of unclean milk and other products necessary to life came to be one of the crowning evils of the day, but now, in every city, this particular phase of domestic life is regulated with the utmost care.

Men do not come to the city to die. It is not a place where

Death stalks in the by-ways, and men fall by his hands in all paths. Such, doubtless, was the case in other days, but they are long ago and forgotten, save as the superstition still clings in the minds of those who would raise their cry of "back to nature." Conditions of living naturally vary from one locality to another, but, as the march of progress extends its grasp, all sections of the country will feel its effect the same, and the conditions in one city may be paralleled in any other. The contention here is set forth that the city is a good place in which to live, and that men do not come to town to die.

The white death rate of cities is slightly greater than that of rural life, but such a condition is readily explained. The larger percentage of urban deaths is among the lower classes of people, who herd into tenements, and into other crowded districts of the city. They do not figure largely in the trend of affairs, and even, often times, do not safeguard themselves with the means they have at hand, and mainly they compose the class of people who would raise the mortality rate as well if placed in rural conditions. It is no fault of humanity that people of the lower grades of society will not keep themselves clean, and that, because they must live and have their being in communities where others dwell, the latter are not necessarily hampered by the conditions these lower people accept and propagate.

Such statistics as these, and others easily available, show that the city is not, necessarily, a place where men go to die, or throw away responsibility for life when they enter.

Not only man's health is here made the object of great care, but his property and his person is made secure. Police and fire provisions in the present day have reached a high state of efficiency, and men may walk the darkest streets on the darkest nights with impunity. But the streets are not dark, for good government has provided lights in such a fashion that night is turned almost to day, and thieves, cut throats, and thugs must seek other fields in which to ply their trade. The moment a fire breaks out within the limits steaming engines are tingling with action, and trained men are guarding, with capable hands, the property of every man, be he rich or poor, of any color or station in life.

God did not create man, I think, to be a puppet of good

health alone, and to bask free from care, in the sunshine of freedom, beneath the clover-scented breezes, but as a mere beginning of a being, who should accumulate to himself all culture and wisdom and knowledge he may have the power to command. The city affords him opportunities to broaden his field of living, where his mind and his soul may have wide sway and commanding grasp of the world and things about him. The city is a beautiful place, where human hands have joined with nature, and vied with her in rearing things of beauty which do not perish in a night, as a rose, a shrub, a plant, but stand in glory for centuries, as inspiration and encouragement to those who would construct the beautiful. Man must have knowledge to complete the tasks of men, and the city abounds in things which afford the wisdom and the truth of ages. Man must be happy to be well, and to be happy he must have access to the pleasant things of life, the beautiful, and the good. "The Greek love of beauty was born of that spirit which not only peopled groves and mountains with the creatures of poetic fancy, but, at the same time, fostered urban life, and in the nation's mighty towns democracy wrought her first and most imperishable expression. Athens, according to the universal human impulse, built first for protection and defense, had her shames, but her compensating gifts to mankind were the glories of the Periclean age, an art and a philosophy which still endure, the one the beautiful vague despair, the other the tender consolation of humanity."

Man cannot fulfill the completeness of his life and his purpose in quietude and repose, but must "be up and doing" in the course of things. Activity builds up the spirit and the mind, and, in turn, sheds on all mankind a needed benefit. America could not remain a rustic community and accomplish the purpose for which she was destined. The city must have come, and if we contend that the city is bad we must admit that the universal plan has been misconstrued, and that all times are out of joint.

All through American history we discover a certain moral disapprobation of the city, and the complaint that it is devouring its children and the children of the country—the city is represented as restless, greedy, materialistic, irreverent, selfish. There has always been, and there still is, some measure of truth in this;

but the city is the home of active men and women in their prime, as contrasted with the country, where live children and old people, both conservative. The city thrives under the dominion of expediency.

Taken religiously, the city is the meeting place for all such forces of the world. A church on every square, with doors thrown wide, invites all who will to come and worship there, and sends out men and women anxiously to seek those who are reluctant in following the call. Mission houses are found at every turn among the lower classes of life, where the gospel is given eagerly and freely to all who will come to hear. The field for doing good has no limit—it is as endless as the chain of generations which come to receive it, and men and women so inclined may help share in the bountiful of their labors among society's less favored members. Charity spends itself to great purpose here, and, in giving of life and labor and means in such a setting, there comes back the greatest of all benefits, the return of bread cast upon the waters.

It is not the purpose of these expressions to deny that God's hand fashioned the country and the true beauties of rural lands, nor to detract from any of their real glories. But the city must be given its share of praise for its rare beauties, its virtues, and its truthfulness. The city—its beautiful streets, avenues of sunlight, and dispensary of ever-changing wonders—has passed from the early state of rudeness and ruthlessness to a masterpiece of artistic form and true splendor. The old political corruption, with its thousands of attendant evils, is vanishing, and it is the memory of such conditions that lies back of much distastefulness attributed to urban life. The new age is on, a new state of things, in which man must realize an ethical beauty, foreshadowing the time when our cities will be beautiful in their morals, in their spirit, and in the individuality and personality of their citizens; when the brow-beaten and tattered inscription of an ancient poet will be relegated to the other musty things of the past; when credit will not be given solely to man, but will eagerly declare, with progress and with truth, that God made the city as well.

INTOXICATING BEVERAGES.*

Al Coe Hall.

(A. D. 2008.)

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—We hope that no one will take offense at this essay. It was written in a perfectly sane and sensible manner, and not to contaminate the pages of this magazine. Because such an essay would be probable one hundred years hence, we are giving it our stamp of approval.)



THAT "distance lends enchantment" is peculiarly true in regard to the traditions that have been handed down to the present time concerning the imbibing ability in intoxicating beverages of the people of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. It was my pleasure, not long since, to chance on an old bottle labeled "Kentucky Tavern Whiskey, 100 Proof," in a trunk that had been in the family for many years, and when I placed a bit of it on the end of my tongue there was a tingling, burning taste, which I hastened to remove by water. The next day I took it to the city chemist and had him to examine it, and he informed me that the substance contained 21 per cent. pure alcohol. This got me very much interested in the subject, and I thought it would be indeed valuable if some one, as myself, would dig up from old sources accurate information about these alcoholic beverages, which not only were deleterious to the human constitution, but worked on the senses in a strange manner, the tongue in particular.

Probably the best way that a subject of this kind should be approached is through the medium of history. The first really historical reference to persons becoming intoxicated is in the Bible, a book which was commonly accepted as literal even up through the first half of the twentieth century. We are all

* BIBLIOGRAPHY.—Samuel Pepy's Diary, Volume II.; "Reflections of the Morning After," Herman Lee Meader; *La Vie Parisienne*, issue of December 8, 1909; *Life* (a contemporary comic weekly), January 9, 1914; *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, issue of June 26, 1888.

familiar, of course, with the story of King Nebuchadnezzar, who, while surrounded by his harem of dancers, after the forty-first course—the last fourteen of which were liquid—by wont of his over-indulgence in the fermented juice of the wine, imagined himself to see a handwriting on the wall. This vision was also observed by his courtiers, who became very much frightened at the words "*Mene, mene, tekel upharsin*," which, when translated into modern English, means "You have been placed in the spring balance, and discovered to be perfunctory." However, this allusion has reference to fermented juices only, and we have nothing suggestive at all of the nineteenth and twentieth century "whiskey." (Parenthetically, I might remark that, although some people seem to doubt the reality of this vision of Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Jews, nevertheless we had, only one hundred years ago, cases quite as remarkable, and somewhat analagous to this. There arose in the late part of the nineteenth century a disease known as *delirium tremens*, caused by over-indulgence in alcoholic drinks, in which the victim would imagine small, wiry-like, vicious snakes to be crawling down his arms and legs and entwining themselves about his neck. The poor creatures thus afflicted would carry a pair of shears around with them, and thus clip the snakes from their bodies. I merely mention this to prove the plausibility of the vision of King Nebuchadnezzar.)

If the ancient Greeks had a tendency to intoxicate themselves we know little about it. However, in Roman history, they are not so ashamed of their over-indulgence in liquors of good vintage, and even the rustic Quintus Flaccus Horatius placed the Bacchinalian beverage in poetry and wrote some odes to it.

When the Romans invaded and conquered England they carried their prescription of drinks with them, and, since there were no prohibition commissioners then, they probably smuggled in some few quarts. Of course, we are not certain of this, but it is rumored that King Arthur, he of the Table Round, had goodly knights about his table who were quite steeped in imbibing knowledge. Says Lord Alfred Tennyson, (an English poet who wrote

about 1830,) in his "Idylls of the King," concerning King Arthur and his worthies:

"Red after revel droned her lurdan knights,
Slumbering, their squires across their feet."

This insobriety, started thus far back in the ages of time, continued and grew in magnitude. It is not exactly known when the first introduction of "whiskey" was made. The first historical reference we have to this drink, I believe, was when the Dutch traders and English colonists came to young America. There they found a species of people living called the Indian, who was ignorant of the uses of the beverage. It seems that the traders would induce the savages to come aboard their ships, and, after they had taken their wares, beads, trinkets, etc., they would pour this substance into their bellies, causing a kind of *mania a potu* to come over the Indians, and then they would take them back on the shore, where they would lie quite harmless.

You may be sure that the various nations soon began to contest with each other about their relative inebriety. Even so far back as Dick Steele's time (an English essay writer of the seventeenth century), we find in the diary of one Samuel Pepys statements like this:

"Thence to the whay house and drank a great pot of whay.

We did drink to the ladies' healths quite merrily, and did vie with one another on our relative abilities."

At this time the favorite drinks were whay and butter ale. It seems very odd to us how they inaugurated the custom of drinking to one another's healths, when really, in the act of drinking, they were tearing down their nerve tissues.

However, such data as I have been treating has been more or less remote. We must come now to the later nineteenth and early twentieth century. We know, by this time, that all over the world there were places under public sanction where bacchanals were held. In France there were the *cabarets*, the *cafe restaurants*, the *comptoirs*, the *cabaret artistiques*; in Germany there were the *weingarten*, the *bierschenke*, and the *weinschenke*; in England there were the taverns, the cafes, the "pubs," the rathskellers; but it remained to America to furnish an institution

of carousal, peculiar to the civilized world, the bar-room. These bar-rooms contained mainly a long mahogany counter. At the bottom of this counter ran a brass rail, so that the tippler could rest one foot on it in a sociable manner—for this was a great social age—and at the top there was usually another rail, for moral as well as physical support, usually becoming necessary after the third or fourth drink. Behind the mahogany counter there would stand a “bar-tender,” with various brands of liquor at his disposal, who would dispense them to you at prices according to your position in life, for it is an acknowledged fact that men were rarely conscious of the amount of money that they would free themselves of in these drinking sprees. The rest of the bar was taken up in glass-cases, filled with tobaccos of various kinds, usually in the forms of cigars and cigarettes. This does not strain our credulity, as there are people living to-day who have puffed on the anterior end of these stenching weeds.

To the ingenious Parisians belong the credit of first producing the effervescing potion. In the southern part of France there is a province very productive in grapes, known as Champagne. Taking these grapes as a basis, they invented a drink known as *champagne*, which became known the world over in the early twentieth century. When ready for service, the drink was a combination of fermented Champagne grapes, gaseous water, and alcohol. It is quite evident that a combination of such substances would cause a violent chemical reaction, and it is said that when the stopper from the bottle was loosed a bit it would fly off with explosive violence, and travel through the air for some twenty or thirty feet. During this impressive ceremony the dissipators would nudge each other, laughing hilariously, in anticipation of the joys to come. This drink was not for the poor man, however. Its cost of production was so immense that it sold as high as twenty francs per quart.

The effect of this drink on the individual was unusual, to say the least. It seems that no *champagne* party could be complete without the presence of a half-clothed slip of a woman, known as a chorus girl, seated across the table from him. Herman Lee Meader, in his “Reflections of the Morning After,” says:

“The most sociable attitude for two people to get in is to

put elbows on and knees under the same table. Then look at each other through some soft blue smoke over the top of champagne glasses."

She, in turn, would ogle at him with inveigling glances, causing him to foam at the mouth, quite similar to an insane canine, and he would gurgle out something quite unintelligent and hiccupy. (A hiccup, I might explain, is a noise which proceeded primarily from the throat, a noise such as one would expect from an over-indulgence in very dry food.) He would also slur his words in an eccentric manner. Instead of saying a sentence in this manner (quotation from *Life*, issue of January 9, 1914): "I certainly am glad to see you, Gladys, my beautiful queen," (I am attempting a faithful reproduction,) it would come in this form: "I shertiny am gad t'shee you, Gadysh, my booful queen." Thus, you see, making the language sound something like the former speech of the South Sea Islander, who would slide through his words from sheer laziness. In this way one effect of liquor is shown—the production of tremendous inane carelessness.

Probably partly to the French, probably partly to the American, belongs the distinction of mixing beverages. In America there were in the twentieth century several mixtures of general consumption. The most popular of these was probably the "high-ball," called "the logical drink" by the young dandies of the day. This was a combination of pure rye whiskey, a little lemon, ginger ale, and carbonated water. You may be sure that this made it quite effervescing, and it seems that the effect on the drinker's intellect was also effervescing, making him feel light, floaty, and unconfined by the laws of gravitation. It was indulged in quite frequently by young men before going to dances, in order that they might more artistically lie to the homely women, for the men of this age despised homely women. During the dance also it is easily imagined the delightful, filmy, glamorous effect it gave. It also encouraged the use of the tongue, and would make a person, usually quiet, quite affable.

The knowledge of the drinking of these "high-balls," as well as other popular drinks of the time, whose odor was quite offensive, and characteristic of its constituents, could be effaced almost entirely by the placing of mint leaves under the tongue, by the

chewing of a prepared and flavored gum, and by the eating of a candied mint which sold in packages at a "nickel" (a name formerly used for five cents) a package.

Close akin to the "high-ball" in flavor, and we are told, deliciousness, were the "mint julep," the "cocktail," the "sloe gin rickey," and other fancy drinks, mainly used by the upper classes, for the prices were too prohibitive for a poor man to indulge in them to any extent.

The drink of the poor man was almost universally a malt beverage called beer, containing two and a half per cent. alcohol. This drink was bottled, or could be bought "on draught," meaning in large stone or glass cups, called "steins," from the "bar-tender." The intrinsic value of a "stein" of this drink was five cents, or a "jit." Individuals were known to consume as many as six bottles at one sitting. The tendency from drinking beer was to make one incline to obesity around the waist line.

For over-indulgence in any of these intoxicants there was one effect—or, rather, two effects—one at the time of the imbibation, the other the next morning. When a person had taken too much of the stuff he was at once notified of the fact from the interior, in a sensation quite like that of *mal de mer*, and he would immediately rush out from the assembled crowd and nourish his ailment in an obscure place. The next morning he would wake with bellowing demands for cold water and ice-bags. His interior anatomy would be upset, and he would dress in the memory of what had passed on the night before, with a grim smile, and then would go to the nearest dispenser of drugs, and straighten himself out physically and mentally with a "celery caffen," or some other opiant.

The calmness with which the general public looked on this intemperance is amazing. We even find materialistic philosophers springing up who defended the practices of carousal. Such philosophy as this was common at the time:

"If dissipation interferes with business, give up business."

"They say whiskey inflames the stomach, beer produces Bright's disease, brandy ruins your kidneys, burgundy brings on the gout, and absinthe destroys the brain. Now we know

typhoid and malaria lurk in water and tuberculosis in milk, so what is a thirsty man to drink?"

The newspapers carried full-page advertisements of the delightfulness of various alcoholic drinks; the magazines also carried multi-colored pictures that even to-day makes one want to try the stuff, out of pure devilish instinct.

But it was all to end. Humanity was going to be saved. We understand that a number of gentlemen wearing small, bow, white neckties, and with long beards, decreed its abolition. They wrote sermons, and drew vivid pictures of the harrowing consequences of *liqueurs*; they compiled marvelous statistics about the relative values of abstinence and debauchery; they sent men to the legislatures preaching their creed. And so towns, counties, States, and, finally, our whole nation was "dry" (an expression of the time to denote the abolition of liquor). After it had become dry, it soon dawned on the belated mentalities of the drinkers that conditions were better without liquor, and never again was there any more in America.

In Europe a different process was going on. The great world war, which started in August, 1914, and ended in the spring of 1919, the one which preceded our disastrous entry into Mexico in 1924, and the ultimate conquering of that muddled nation—I say the great world war ended the liquor traffic in Europe, it being determined that men could not fight and drink liquor at the same time.

THE MESSENGER.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

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EDITORIALS.

It was at a little social function in town. She says to us, she says (among other things):

“—and where do you work?”

IT PAYS
TO ADVERTISE. saw fit to reply.

“I don’t work; I go to college here,” we

“Massey’s?” she asked.

"No! Richmond."

"Oh, I know now." And very sweetly, "I know, the Richmond Barber College."

When we came to she was gone.

We wanted to tell the poor, unenlightened heathen the grand and glorious history of our *alma mater*.

We wanted to tell the little thing how and when it was founded, way back in the thirties and forties.

We wanted to tell her of its early struggles, the ideals of its noble men, its vicissitudes, its ambitions, its past, its present, its future.

Aye, we even wanted to tell her about our Million Dollar Campaign.

We wanted to tell her—but she fled us.

Is it true that the city folks know so little about us? Is it true that our large campus had been in Richmond for seventy-five long years, in the most conspicuous spot of the city, and that some innocent souls did not know we even existed? We certainly thought more of ourselves than that.

But if it be so that they do not know we are here, why can we not make our presence felt by taking an active part in the life of Richmond? There are plenty activities that ought to interest us. There is at present the agitation for a public library, a fray in which we could well take a hand, and justly should, for who else better than us are more fit to struggle for the *Lumen Sciential* of our seal? There is the Civic Association, a frequent attendance upon whose meetings would help the good cause, and at the same time repay us by a knowledge of modern civic improvement. There are many charitable organizations, much settlement work, and social service wherein we could spread our good names broadcast, beside registering to our credit a few good deeds.

If a frenzied, cheering march down Broad street after a victorious game is the only way to make ourselves known, let us march every day, until ignorance is driven from the land and Richmond College becomes a household word.

—M. G.

There can be no question but that the world at large judges

an appreciation and love of music as one of the main signs of culture. This is entirely aside from the benefits of music, æsthetical, psychological, and even physiological, as some claim. The mere fact that an appreciation of music, involving some knowledge of it as an art, is regarded as a shibboleth of culture, should be sufficient reason for our colleges to place more emphasis on its study. It seems hard for us to realize that the school and college should emphasize the same things that are emphasized in life, for education is life, and not merely exercise and preparation. The tendency of the college to over-emphasize language study as a standard of culture sometimes has the effect of deadening, rather than increasing, the appreciation of genius, whether expressed in art, literature, or music.

We could ramble on in this way for several pages, but will refrain from doing so, because we have two or three definite propositions that should be brought before the general student body. In the first place, the College Glee Club, with which is combined the Mandolin Club, deserves the active support of every man in College. But we have just this suggestion—the Glee Club should certainly give more than one concert at the College. In the past the club has usually taken a trip, which the members of the club (and, *probably*, the audiences they entertained) enjoyed, but the student body saw and heard comparatively little of the club. The men this year have had the benefit of the training of one of Richmond's leading musicians. We hope that they will make their arrangements to give at least two or three concerts on the College grounds or in Richmond. Further, they should broaden out in their work, and another year stimulate interest enough in the College for the organization of a Male Choral Society. We believe that there is even greater opportunity for a comparatively large chorus composed of Richmond College men to achieve something in the musical line than there is for the Glee Club.

Speaking of the Glee Club leads us to suggest that the college man owes it to himself to make use of whatever advantages Richmond offers in a musical way. It is pleasing to note the rather generous sprinkling of Richmond College men at the various concerts that occur in the city. There is fully as much to be gained

THE COLLEGE AND MUSIC.

in cultivating a taste for things musical as there is in plodding over Livy or Calculus, and, in after years, we may treasure the former much more than the latter. Then there is a large and ever-growing musical literature that the man who wishes to be well informed should have some acquaintance with. There is no more inspiring study than the history of the development of music in the nineteenth century.

As somebody said, we have fetched a large circle, and the conclusion we have come to is just this: If your education is to stand for culture, music must find some part in it.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Walter F. Martin, '18.

M. G. Percival, B. A., '15, is in business in Minnesota.

Paul A. Hubbard, '11, is a Rhodes scholar at Oxford this year.

R. E. Biscoe, B. A., '14, is a graduate scholar at the University of Virginia.

C. W. Buford, B. A., '15, is engaged in business with the National Banking Club of New York City.

A. N. Wilkinson, B. A., '14, is teaching his favorite subject, chemistry, in Bartow, Florida, this session.

Virginus L. Arnold, LL. B., '11, has begun practicing law with the firm of Gaillard, Mahorner & Arnold, in Mobile, Ala.

We note, with interest, the promotion of R. H. Broadus, '02, to the position of cashier of the Merchants National Bank, of this city, and of Thomas B. McAdams, '02, as Vice-President.

T. C. Durham, B. A., '10, M. A., '11, after three years as a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, at which institution he took his B. A. degree, is teaching this year at John Marshall High School, in this city, and is reading law.

Reports from the North bring to our ears tidings of the success of J. H. Kimball, M. A., '14, in his new position with the Weather Bureau in New York City. Kimball was transferred to his present position last year. Prior to that time he was employed at the Bureau in this city.



George West Diehl.

Of all the magazines, of all the exchanges, in all the land, none holds the place of *The Nassau Literary Magazine* (December issue). "The Chaopolitan, a Burlesque of America's 'Greatest Magazine'," has placed itself as an innovation in the realm of collegiate literature, and the staff is to be congratulated on the success of its break with traditions that are hoary with age. The style of the popular magazine writers of the present day is imitated to perfection, as is also the type of plots used by those worthies. To the readers who have wandered through the maze of material offered in a certain popular magazine, it is not difficult to understand who is being imitated. Congratulations on your spicy work, Sir Editor.

One of the breeziest of college publications that has been laid on the Exchange Editor's table this year is *The Newcomb Arcade*. It comes from its home in sunny New Orleans breathing a fragrance that is decidedly pleasant. The composition is varied and interesting; now it is a bit of verse, and now some college life; anon it is a quaintly told story. For real feeling, and for a portrayal of a heart laid bare, the little narrative, "Maquita," is a perfect gem. This story of a little Italian girl of New Orleans seems to bear out the truth of that old adage that tells us we often accomplish more by our deaths than we do by our living.

The Wake Forest Student (January issue) should be noted

for one feature—the essays. The biography, “Thomas Jefferson,” is an excellent appreciation, and, being written in such a delightful style, makes not only the reading of it a pleasure, but gives instruction to the reader in an entertaining manner. There is another biography, “St. Francis of Assisi,” that is presented in an approvable way. Of it the one criticism may be made that it is too short. While the bare facts of that noble life are given, and the power of his character is worthily set forth, yet an essay, to do justice to the subject that the writer has taken, ought to be, and, necessarily must be, of greater length. A unique sociological problem is well discussed in the paper entitled “The Non-Slaveholders of the South.” To those who have held the idea that the majority of the white population in the South was composed of slaveholders, it will be a surprise to read that the “non-slaveholders” constituted about 82 per cent. of the whites and 55 per cent. of the total population of the slave States. There were twenty non-slaveholders to one slaveholder, but only two non-slaveholders to one slave.” This is an excellent study, and the thesis is well carried out.

In *The University of Virginia Magazine* there are two bits of poesy that are delightful. The first, “Rubaiyat,” is a bit of philosophy that is written in the same style as Fitzgerald’s masterpiece. While one may not agree with the thought expressed, for it is the philosophy of Omar, yet the work is masterful. “Mammy,” the second poem, is purely Southern in tone. A little girl from the South had gone North with her “Mammy,” and the latter was much noticed because of her ebony appearance. The little girl comforts her nurse in her childish way, and how child-like are the following stanzas:

“Never min’, when you’s er angel
 You go’n’ be jus’ like de res’;
 But I sholy am go’n’ know you,
 Even in yo’ bran’ new dress.

“An’, when Jesus ain’t a-lookin’,
 I’m go’n’ clim’ up in yo’ lap,
 Whar it is so soft an’ comfy
 Dat I speck I’ll take er nap.”

The essay, “William Vaughn Moody,” is an excellent article on one of America’s really great men. The author has disclosed two qualities that are absolutely necessary in any biographical essayist; he has mastered the fact of Moody’s life, and has familiarized himself with the literary works that he produced. It is delightful to see this manifested in a contribution to a collegiate publication. Then, to weave the two elements together gracefully, as the author has done, is the ear-mark of genius.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines this month: *The Limestone Star*, *The Era*, *The University of North Carolina Magazine*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Daleville Leader*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The King College Magazine*, *The Chronicle*, *The Missile* (Petersburg High School), *Mary Baldwin Miscellany*, *The Southern Collegian*, *The Nassau Literary Magazine*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *The Newcomb Arcade*, *College Rays* (Blue Ridge College), and others.

Reviewer's Corner.

THE WAR AND HUMANITY.

(BY JAMES M. BECK.)

Of all afflictions of the mind, probably the most insistent the most uncontrollable in its effects, subjective and objective, is that state of fixedness colloquially termed "getting it on the mind." The particular something that was ensconced upon the mind of the reviewer was H. G. Wells' "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," a book of such acknowledged inspiration to the casual reader and the deep thinker alike that it is now in its ninth edition since September. Longing for this book, of which it has been said that "it should live as literature after the war has become only a memory," buoyed by the hope that in it would be found the qualities of a perfect novel that was truly "epical and epochal," the reviewer trudged weary stretches of gleaming wet streets, battling in stormy winds for life and umbrella, journeying from friend to friend, from library to library—only, on the last day of the allotted time, to return home unrewarded.

It was then that the reviewer was confronted with "The War and Humanity," by James M. Beck, and turned to spend worth-while hours in its company.

After all, be a novel as psychologically sound and as sympathetically true to life as Mr. Wells' novel is said to be (and we cannot help believing it true), can its *appeal* be greater than that *force* which caused it to lift its voice?

Humanity and the world war—this was the tremendous theme that awoke the true genius of Mr. Wells into masterful expression, as it must also inevitably sound the depths of individual feeling. Many are spared the experiences that enabled Mr. Wells to comprehend and so fairly reveal the heart of England. Mr. Wells' book presents England; Mr. Beck's book is a discussion of a world conflict, and involves the duty of the United

States. Mr. Beck, too, has at his command resources unusually wide. A member of the New York bar, he was formerly Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. He has spent time abroad, was in France during mobilization (1914), and passed the summer of 1916 in England and France in diplomatic and army circles, being a witness of the battle of the Somme. His discussions are not as other discussions are. Such chapters as "The Case of Edith Cavell," "'Where There is No Vision,'" "America and the Allies," "The Vision of France," in intensity, are near novels, and, nearer still, real life—the last two ringing out with the force and spirit of the spoken word.

Indeed, the general impression is that Mr. Beck is talking with us face to face. The book abounds in short, clear-cut sentences, phrases that tempt quotation, and arrestive bits of information, inserted often in a subordinate clause. The book is full of fire, and some of the triteness of the fuel we pardon for the penetrating presentation of facts that stir us out of "mental neutrality." The author does not offer a wearisome discussion of a few well known, superficial facts. With Mr. Beck facts introduce problematic situations that it is our responsibility to face; and so, fact after fact is presented with references to ancient and modern view-points, which show an equal familiarity with the words of Isaiah and Æschylus, St. Luke and Trajan, Milton and Lamartine, Touchstone and Byron, George Eliot and Bismarck—a familiarity, be it remarked, more than that fostered by ready access to his or to his secretary's clipping file.

Mr. Beck evidently seconds Miss Agnes Repplier in condemning the "contented ignorance of those living in history," for we find him saying "The superficial character of scholastic education in America is one cause of want of vision"; and he wishes it to be a standing rule "that no man shall receive a degree unless he has a working knowledge of the Constitution of the United States, and can pass a real examination in the true history of his country!"

One may be surprised to hear the statement that "America is capable of being the first military power in the world," from an author who avows himself "a consistent worker in the cause of arbitration."

One may be surprised, may even detect apparent fallacies, in Mr. Beck's successful modernization of George Washington.

One may not be in the habit of saying that "The Hamlet of nations is America"—the analogy being in that it "thinks too precisely upon the event," and is "fat and scant of breath" (a first-folio reading, as Mr. Beck points out).

One may not be generally aware that "Few, if any, aspects of this great world crisis should give the thoughtful American greater concern than the altered attitude of other nations to his country. * * * The United States no longer enjoys the respect and good will of the world in the same ungrudging measure as heretofore." Still, these are the things that make one pause and ponder deeply.

Although the book contains severe adverse criticism of President Wilson, this is not given for political purposes, since the publication was withheld until after the Presidential election, and this, too, stimulates the reader to definite thinking.

"The War and Humanity" is essentially thought provoking. Mr. Beck, like Professor Neilson, of Harvard, is bidding us clear our minds of doubt as to what we think, and our reasons for thinking it, and to realize that, in Miss Repplier's phrase, "lack of opinion means only absence of thought."

Westhampton College Department.

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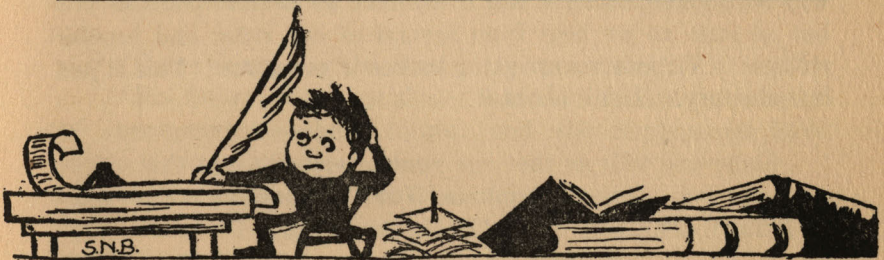
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EDITORIAL.

“The South Carolina College Press Association is an organization of which the colleges of this State should be very proud, for we are one of the few States who can boast of a College Press Association. This is an association comprised of the staffs of various college monthly magazines and weekly papers. The officers of this organization are elected yearly by the different staffs, and at the annual convention they, together with the delegates, who consist of one executive committee-man and two other representatives from each staff, meet to discuss matters concerning the betterment

of their publications, and to thrash out problems confronting them, as well as for mutual criticism, and to hear the announcement of the prize-winners in the annual press contest.

* * * * *

"The South Carolina College Press Association is a splendid organization. With its annual contest and its round-table talks, it stirs up new interest in the editors, and creates a friendly rivalry between the different publications, and so tends to bring out the very best that is in us. It would be well for the colleges of other States to have such an organization; they would surely profit by it as well as enjoy it."

* * * * *

The above is a clipping from the December number of *The Concept* (Converse College), and it has set us to thinking. Isn't a State College Press Association a great thing, and wouldn't Virginia be proud to boast one! And there really is no reason why we should not have one. We have no definite plans as yet, but as soon as we hear from several of our sister and brother colleges in Virginia we are going to bestir ourselves. This is just introductory. Think about it.

Some one tells us that she reads every editorial that comes out in THE MESSENGER. She must be the Exchange Editor!

In this number we find a living memorial to courage. A member of the Sophomore class reviews "The War and Humanity," by James Beck, and she follows two reviews by the Faculty.

We hear a great deal about "College Life," and many are the editorials and the college essays written on the subject, but seldom do we find as delightful a discourse as the one in the September *Harper's*, by President Foster, of Reed College (Portland, Oregon), entitled "Should Students Study." We can't resist quoting a few of his stirring paragraphs:

THIS MONTH'S BOOK

REVIEW.

COLLEGE LIFE.

“ ‘I tell you, boys,’ cries the Old Grad, warming his feet by the fire and his imagination by the wonder of the Freshmen, ‘it is not what you learn in your classes that counts. It is the college life. Books, lectures, recitations—you will forget all that. Nobody cares, after you graduate, whether you know any Latin or algebra, unless you are a teacher, and no man can afford to be a teacher nowadays. But you will remember the college life as long as you live.’

“ ‘Whatever we may think of the ‘Old Grad’s’ remarks, the idea does prevail in many a college that the most important enterprises are found in the side-shows, conducted by the students themselves, while the Faculty present more or less buncombe performances in the main tent.

“ ‘Even upon the correspondence schools are grafted some branches of the tree of college life. It is said that a father in Hood River, Oregon, found his son standing on his head in the crotch of an apple tree, waving his legs in the air, and giving a college yell.

“ ‘ ‘Come down, boy,’ he cried. ‘Are you crazy?’

“ ‘ ‘No, father; leave me alone,’ said he. ‘I have just started my correspondence-school course, and the Sophomores have written me to go and haze myself.’

“ ‘On the other hand, President Hyde voiced the common idea of college teachers when he said, in an address to Freshmen: ‘Put your studies first; and that for three reasons: (1st) You will have a better time in college. Hard work is a necessary background for the enjoyment of everything else. (2d) After the first three months you will stand better with your fellows. At first there will appear to be cheaper roads to distinction, but their cheapness is soon found out. Scholarship alone will not give you the highest standing with your fellows, but you will not get their highest respect without showing that you can do well something that is intellectually difficult. (3d) Your future career depends upon it.’ ”

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

I think it is just fine that THE MESSENGER is going to lend us, who are, for the most part, teachers now, space in its pages to have a little "Round Table" conference. You see, I am a real teacher, because it is only at teachers' meetings they talk about "round table" talks. It certainly is very nice to be able to compare notes through the medium of THE MESSENGER, because it is so very hard to write letters when one is teaching—almost as hard as when you are in college.

I am just so eager to hear how the other girls of good old '16 like teaching, and how those that are not teaching like their work. I am down in Sussex county, and like very much. It is a land of cotton and peanuts, and I am so glad of the latter, because I never had enough but once before—once when the Smithfield girls had a box. Of course, the possessors of the cotton take even more delight in it than in the peanuts, now that cotton is so high. The country is very flat, and, as I was reared among the hills, I miss them ever so much. They say one of my first remarks upon my arrival went something like this, "And it just got flatter and flatter after I left Richmond." And do you know some of the children didn't know the word "bluff" in any sense but to *bluff* the teacher. There really is no concrete example.

I thought you learned some wonderful things at college; but I believe I have made some more remarkable discoveries since I have been teaching. One child gave in a definition like this the other day: "A telescope is an instrument for optimists." However, I can't tell you everything I've learned.

Teaching is good for your disposition, too. It keeps you from getting vain or conceited. One little boy wrote in a sentence not long ago (he wanted to use the word *process*): "Miss Holland is going through the process of teaching." He was a trustee's child, too. I know that children have very vivid imaginations; this child, I think, has a sense of humor. The little fellow this time wanted to use the word "satchel," and, as he didn't mind being personal, and, as I said, had a sense of humor, he wrote a

sentence something like this: "Miss Holland has a large satchel to carry her money in."

So, such is life with me down in Sussex county. We are very near to Greenville, but we are so glad we are in Sussex, because we think the name is so much prettier.

On the whole, I believe I like teaching—at least, I like it at Jarratt High School.

Thank you so much for the space you have given me, and remember, dear Miss Alumnæ Editor, how very anxious I am to hear what the others are doing, and urge them, as you did me, to answer your letter very soon.

Very sincerely,

SALLIE WILLS HOLLAND.



EXCHANGES.

Frances Woodson, '19.

After a consideration of subject matter, which proved of profit and interest (both personal, since readers scrupulously avoid the Exchange Department), the Exchange naturally turns to a similar consideration of form and type. Such a meditation promises to be as random as its theme is subtle and its term defying, its purpose not being to recommend or restrict the use of certain forms, but merely to examine some of the types normal to college magazines.

Because it is striking, and psychologically belongs to an early period of human development, the dramatic forms may serve as a beginning. The most obvious difficulty there is the matter of space. Even when a play is of a justifiable length for publication, the magazine may sacrifice something of its representative character. Often space given to a play by one writer might have been occupied by contributions of from two to five persons. It is noticeable, in the second place, that a majority of the plays appearing in school magazines are fantasies, or are historical plays (supposedly). Is this not a graceful concession to the difficulties of writing a play (of sufficient compactness for magazine publication) that in interest and readableness one can attract and compete equally with a story of modern setting? Does not the introduction of characters and scenes of antiquity, with whom very few of flesh and blood characteristics are commonly associated, point to a veiled acknowledgment of the general failure of students to produce vital, sparkling bits of present-day drama? Too many of these plays are not distinctly dramatics. With rather more than the usual in artistic characterization, "The Net" (*Smith College Monthly*), with its detailed stage directions, is much nearer a sketch than a play. However, a confession

that plays do not make enjoyable reading should not be understood to discourage the dramatic in college writers, for it is to be remembered that a judicious amount of the public's patience is necessary for the development of any interesting type.

As long as personality and the capacity for observation endure, letters and diaries will have a chance to prove themselves acceptable articles for stories, since they may be adapted both to narration and to character drawing. This type, because of the great human possibility of letters, can only be extremely good or extremely poor. Two of the December exchanges have mastered the letter method. In *The Lesbian Herald*, "As Told to Christobel" shows insight. In *The Tattler*, "Summer Letters," while rather long for a single contribution, has a genuine charm, and is at a refreshing distance from the conventional and trite. "A Christmas Much Ado" (*Hollins Magazine*) loses an opportunity for character drawing, which, on account of the rather apparent plot, is needed to round out this diary, that manages to hide, instead of reveal, its writer's personality.

Each evidence of the increased use of suggestiveness, rather than the method of bold statement, is to be hailed with delight. For this achievement, one may congratulate the author of "The Kalsomine Kid" (*Smith College Monthly*), who dismissed a peculiarly strong temptation for verbal (not to say moral) comparison with this one sentence: "Then Fate, who was still hovering over Revere, smiled, and her smile was not so impersonal as of yore."

About this matter of form there have been two disappointments this month. "The Wishing Time O' Year" (*Lesbian Herald*) in the first half page prepares us for the two threads of the story. Still there is a feeling that something is lost by the incorporation of Mr. Forster's love affair, since it diverts attention from the adorable Jimmy, who is clearly the central figure. There is an unfortunate strain on the imagination to conceive Mr. Forster's grief for the death of his wife of a spite marriage, causing his complete withdrawal from the world. In "Sarah Jane's Discovery" (*The Tattler*) the reader feels sincere regret to find the presence of the white kitten and the failure of any one to meet Sarah Jane (both of which are accorded prominent

places in the introduction) are without bearing upon the later action of the story.

Quite the most pleasing sketch that has come along the humdrum highway of exchanges is "Keeping Order" (*Smith College Monthly*). Clever as is the use of dialogue, skillful as are the control of the movement and the picturing of the children and their father, together with their respective argumentative methods, it is the breezy, satisfactory conclusion that establishes the feeling that the author is a near genius.