'Tis sunset on the sea,  
And once again my soul doth creep  
    Out o'er the waters,  
    Across the deep,  
And the eyes of heaven watch o'er me keep,  
As my soul doth onward bound and leap—  
    Out there.

Ah! Father, out there in the infinite blue  
Heaven meets earth in the azure hue,  
    And my soul doth raise,  
    As it rides the wave,  
Its even song of love and praise—  
    Out there.

Ah! out there—out there, where all is forgot;  
All—what is, and what is not,  
    My soul doth breathe the breath of heaven,  
    Whose stars are seven;  
And dream its dream again—  
    Out there.

Oh, God o' the sunset!  
    God o' the deep!  
Dost Thou heed my soul as it forth doth leap  
    To lay in adoration at Thy feet;  
Where heaven and earth do seem to meet—  
    Out there?
THE HOME-COMING.


I.

Nobody ever knew his real name. The boys called him "Capt'n," out of a sort of gentle courtesy, and so long had they been calling him "Capt'n" that he himself really believed that he had once been one. The truth was, he had only been a plain private, and a very plain one at that. Normally, he was a feeble old fellow, neat and grey, nobbing around on his pine peg, his bronze cross bobbing up and down with the heave of his uncertain motion. One might remark jocosely about his wooden leg, shot off, not surgically amputated, while in actual service, of which he was justly proud; but his honor was always involved if his badge was referred to as "brass," this word, popularly the antonym of gold, the real stuff, suggesting a kind of displeasing inferiority and cheapness.

Ask him, just say:

"Capt'n, tell us a story."

That was enough, too much. His dim, dark eyes would leap, and his sallow countenance would joyfully brighten. As a sort of a prologue, he would begin with a volley of liquid ambeer shots, emitted from a toothless mouth.

"Wall," he drawled, wiping the brown drops from his chin with the back of his hand, "'twas way back yonder in the winter of sixty-three—no," he hesitated, to think a while, "wait, it must have been the spring of two. No, that's not it." He thought for a moment. "Now, I remember," he resumed again, "'twas in the fall of sixty-one, when I lost my old leg." He patted the stump endearingly. And when he had at last definitely settled the exact date, he unfolded a tale of bravery and prowess, full of earnest thrills and mild truths, which sometimes actually left the boys a feeling of momentary admiration at his noble efforts to preserve a falling State. It was right at the point when "we made those dern Yankees run"—his company always did
that—that in his face sprang an expression of grand triumph; his bent figure became suddenly erect, and his whole being seemed to be transcended into a resurgent youthful vigor of days long past. When the battle, or skirmish, or attack was won—his company always won, too—he relapsed into a comfortable pose of complete satisfaction, leaning back tired and exhausted, as if he had, in reality, just returned from the daring escapade he had just finished relating. If half of what he recounted was true, he served his country valiantly.

He had a peculiar notion that bothered no one but himself. Without the slightest hint of what he was going to say, he would mutter, absent-mindedly, it seemed, to himself:

"Yas, suh, I'm goin' back home to the folks one of these days. I goin' back to Jordan's Creek, I tell you. I promised them I'd be back."

"But where is Jordan's Creek, Capt'n," he was asked.

"Oh, up on the South'n a lil' ways," he replied, indefinitely. Then he changed the subject.

"Now, boys, won't you give me a lil' sumpin'?" he would ask pleadingly, "just a nickel or so." And, drawing closer, in a whisper, he resumed, ".cause I sholy want to go back to Jordan's Creek again."

The boys didn't believe him. They were sure that these nickels he was in the habit of collecting after a story or two—he felt like he earned them—were going for a "lil' dram," for they had reasons for suspecting—murder will out—that he drank—like all good Southerners—mildly. (We live in a new age now.) Nobody ever doubted the purpose of these polite hold-ups—in fact, nobody ever took the trouble to disbelieve him.

One fine day he came limping in, beaming and fairly buoyant in spirit for an old one-legged gentleman that he was.

"Wall, boys," he began, hardly containing himself out of his unwonted enthusiasm, "I've come to say good-bye." He paused, caught his breath, and proudly declared, "'cause I'm goin' back home."

"What d'ye mean, 'good-bye'," interrupted one.

"This is so sudden," jocularly remarked another.

"You ain't gonna leave us so soon, are you?" added a third.
"Where you off to, Capt’n?" asked a fourth.

The Capt’n was a bit confused at this outburst.

"Wall," he began again, "I’m goin’ back home. I told you, I told you—all all along I was goin’, and I—"

"But why the hurry?" he was again interrupted.

"Wall, you see it’s this way." He stopped and scratched his head. "To-morrow Jordan’s Creek is havin’ a sort of reunion for the old boys. All the boys are coming back. And besides," he hesitated, embarrassed, "and besides, she’s expectin’ me too," he added hurriedly.

_She—that was something new. He usually said they. The bunch noticed the change of number and gender from third, plural, common, to the specific third, singular, feminine.

They could not figure out where he had accumulated the fare until some one suggested that he had saved all the "dram money" they had given him—perhaps. They continued to jolly him along, however, and when he got ready to leave they bade him good-bye with all the sincerity they could muster. He limped on back out and away.

**II.**

With a determined move, Lawrence Butler leaped into his saddle, and, driving his spurs into his horse’s flanks, he galloped recklessly down the road. When he had gone about a hundred yards he turned around, and cried back to a young girl, slender and trimly dressed in white, who stood waving her handkerchief, "Meet me at the gate when the boys come back."

Marion Hood watched the fastly disappearing figure as it hurried on. She could not now distinguish his grey form, and he seemed but a cloud of dust racing westward and onward. As the boy reached the bend in the road the cloud of dust cleared up, and nothing more was seen. But still the girl gazed ahead. Already she was overcome by a sad, serious, sombre feeling, yet it was, in a measure, a satisfied one; for she began picturing in her mind’s eye the gallant deeds which would bring her Lawrence honor, without contemplating, however, the dangers and risks.
he might have to undergo to attain it. She was earnestly confident that he would be back within the year.

The war was over. The boys were coming back. For the last few days streams of worn and weary wanderers were wending their way homeward, after a hopeless struggle, along the road which ran past Major Hood's mansion. Marion stationed herself at the gate, at the very spot of her lover's departure. Now, during the sad days when the grey figures passed ceaselessly along, she almost lived there. She knew that Lawrence was coming back, and she feared lest he should return and find her not at her post.

Days passed.

She now began to make inquiries of her many friends, Lawrence's companions. She could get no satisfying, relieving reply. Some said that they had heard that Lawrence was a prisoner in a Northern prison. This gave her a ray of hope. Others that he was in a hospital in Richmond. This extinguished the ray of hope. None ventured to say that he had been killed, for they would not hazard so serious and painful conjecture.

More than forty years had passed. All the boys that were coming back had already come. Daily Marion Hood went down to the gate on the road, with the self-same confidence and resignation.

"He said he was coming back, and he is, too," she would say. Her careworn face, with its patient look of slow anguish, greeted every traveler and passer-by with the identical question.

"Pardon me, sir, but might you have seen a tall young man, in a grey uniform, coming up the road?" she would ask. "His name is Lawrence Butler. He said he was coming back, and he is, too," she added.

Some would reply that they knew nothing of him. Others, thinking to ease her mind, would tell her that they had seen him coming up the road a little ways back. What a gentle smile would play across that lovely and gentle countenance; how her troubled brow would become suddenly soothed. She brushed back her greyish hair, straightened out the folds of her plain
silk dress, and prepared for his coming. With a bright and wistful eye she looked down the road, and raised her feeble little self to see further.

But Lawrence never came. She only again resigned herself to her dimly-defined hope.

One evening, when the sun was about to go to rest, but was struggling with its last yellow rays to pierce a dark cloud which hung overhead, Aunt Suzie, Marion’s faithful colored mammy, who was dozing at Marion’s side on a bench down at the gate, was aroused by a light summer shower. She awoke with a start, and was surprised to see that her charge was apparently asleep. She tapped her gently upon the shoulder to awaken her. There was no response. Aunt Suzie shook her lightly, for the rain-drops were getting larger. Still Marion did not move. Aunt Suzie got up and looked her straight in the face. A pair of wide-open, lifeless eyes were turned up the road towards the west.

The sun was just sinking.

III.

An old grey, uniformed veteran descended eagerly from the last coach of a long train which had just arrived at the little station at Jordan’s Creek. He looked about puzzled, but saw no one he knew. He could hardly wait for the train to pull out, so that he could cross the tracks to the other side. He walked nervously up and down for a moment, not at all impeded in his movement by a short, pine peg of a leg. Still the train did not move on. The setting sun shone dimly, and a light summer shower began to fall. He could wait no longer. In his anxious haste he walked around the last coach between the tracks. No sooner had he stepped upon the next track, when, from the opposite direction, unobserved by him, a fastly-moving freight train bore down upon him, and crushed him to death beneath its wheels.

At this moment the sun sank into the west.
QUIET NOW.

Cothran Godden Smith, '20.

Sweet Helen's lovely eyes are closed in sleep;
Her pearly lids, those beauteous gates to heaven, are barred to me.
Her hands are clasped, as though in slumber deep,
As when, in revery, she used to dream of me.
That bosom, fairylike, is still and peaceful now;
No more it falls and rises with sweet thoughts of love.
No more it throbs her assent to our plighted vow,
Or quivers, timorous, aspen-like, afraid to move,
Lest, by unconscious movement, she, perchance, disclose
The passion burning flame-like in her face.
Those cheeks are pale that once abashed the rose;
But golden ringlets with their pristine freshness grace
Her pillow. I am left disconsolate, alone,
A ruined king, save for the memory of my own.
THE CREMATION.

Joy, '17.

"Mother, oh, mother! Where’s my plaid velour skirt? I left it in here. What did you do with it?"

Mrs. Taylor resignedly laid down her work-basket, and opened the door to the adjoining room, in which her exasperated and anger-flushed daughter, Helen, had turned everything topsy-turvy in the futile search for the greatly desired skirt.

"I think it’s in that cedar chest up-stairs, Helen. I didn’t know you were going to want it so soon, and I placed it in there yesterday. You oughtn’t scatter things around so, Helen. It keeps me busy straightening up after you and Carrington. I don’t see why you two can’t be a little more careful and thoughtful—" But Helen was already half-way up the stairs, and the kindly mother began moving here and there, bringing order out of chaos.

Her task completed, she returned to the library and picked up her work-basket. Helen, restored to her customary good humor, came in again, and stopped before the mantel mirror to put in place a stray strand or two and frizz those around her ears.

"Where are you going, Helen?" inquired Mrs. Taylor, without looking up.

"Down to Ethel’s for a while. I promised I’d go out with her to see Clara Kimball Young in "Hearts Adrift" this afternoon. Say, mother, where are my long white kid gloves? Ethel ’phoned me that she was going to clean hers, and I’m going to take mine down and clean them. Have you seen them for a day or two?"

"In the parlor on the piano, I guess. That’s where you usually put them, and I wish you would send Carrington up here. Ethel said he was down there this morning, and I can’t imagine what he is doing so long."
With the banging of the front door Mrs. Taylor sank back into her chair with a sigh of relief, and resumed her mending of Helen’s st—Pa’s socks. Absorbed in her thoughts and work, time passed quickly, and when young eight-year-old Carrington arrived in the hallway she was astonished to know that two hours had gone.

“Carrington,” called his mother, in a reproving tone, “where have you been all day? I’ve a good notion to whip you.”

Then the boy burst into the room, dirty, wild-eyed, and excited.

“Mum,” he began, “Mummy, they was a big fire—down at Mrs. Thompson’s—”

“What?”

“Uh-huh! The kitchen nearly burned up. Me and Tommy wuz playin’ Indians in the back yard, an’ I wuz Buffalo Bill, an’ he was a Indian, an’, mummy, I want a air-gun like Tommy’s. An’, like I said, he wuz tryin’ to capture my fort, an’”—

“Never mind the fort, Carrington! Where’s Helen?”

“Ain’t I tellin’ ye, mummy? I haft to tell it all, don’t I?”

“Yes, hurry up!”

“Well, we wuz a-fightin’, an’ he wuz tryin’ to capture my fort, an’ I put some chewin’-gum in the air-gun and shot him in the stummik, an’ he went an’ told his Mummy on me, an’ she took the gun away frum us, an’ we made some tommyhawks with tin-cans we mashed out, an’”—

“Now, never mind what you did! What about that fire?” nervously interposed his mother.

“I’m tryin’ to tell you, but you won’t let me. I gotta tell you all, mummy, ain’t I?”

“Yes, but go on, and tell me about the fire.”

“Well—an’ he hit me on the head with his tommyhawk, an’ I started home. You tole me you didn’t want me to play with rough boys, didn’t you? Well, I was standin’ by the gate, an’ Ethel cum out, an’ wanted me to go and get her some gasoline, an’ I didn’t want to. Then Sis cum out an’ made me—”

“Carrington, I’m going to shake you if you don’t tell me about the fire immediately.”

“Well, when I cum back, an’ wuz playin’ in the yard, we heard a big ’splosion, and Sister and Ethel wuz screamin’—”
"What happened to them? Quick!"

"Well, I'm tellin' you, ain't I? An' Ethel and Sis wuz a-screamin', an' the nigger man what was fixin' the furnace downstairs in the cellar cum runnin' out an' through the back gate, an' we followed to see what he wuz runnin' fer, an' he broke that little glass in the red box on the post, an'—"

"But Helen—was she hurt?"

"I wish you’d give me time, mummy. I can't tell nothin' when you won’t let me. Well, an’ we run back, an’ the smoke was just pourin’ out the kitchen window, an’ the nigger man pushed us out the gate, an’ shut us out, an’ they wuz all screamin’ in the house, an’ the fire engines cum flyin’ up, an’ the firemen jumped off an’ grabbed them big long—long—water squirters, an’ hitched them on to that little iron thing on the corner, an’—"

"But Helen—was she hurt? Tell me quick, sonny," his mother was crying wildly in his ears.

"I’m goin’ to tell you, if you’ll just wait a minute, mummy. I can’t tell you till I get to it. Well, an’ they tore down the fence, an’ squirt water in it, an’ the smoke was awful. The firemen, they jist tore up everything, an’ they wouldn’t let me an’ Tommy git anyways near, an’ after a while the smoke cleared up, an’ they went away, an’ the crowd all went away, an’ some body stole Tommy’s gun. Then we went an’ peeped in the kitchen, an’ couldn’t hardly see anything, an’ somebody said that the gasoline had 'sploded where Sis and Ethel had been cleanin’ their gloves, an’ put it too close to the fire. Well, we went an’ looked, an’ there on the floor they wuz all black, an’ scorched, an’ burned up—"

"Helen burned—dead!" gasped Mrs. Taylor, and she fell unconscious to the floor. Carrington was frightened, and began to cry. His efforts to revive her were futile, and when Helen came in, a few moments later, she found him huddled there, crying.

His whimpered words of explanation sent her flying for the smelling salts. In a few moments the mother’s eyelids faintly flickered, and she slowly came back to consciousness. When she opened her eyes, and saw Helen bending over her, she almost swooned again, but, recovering herself, she sat up, and looked from one to the other of her children, inquiringly. Finally they rested sternly upon Carrington.
“Son, come here!” and, without further ado, she turned him across her checkered apron. Carrington began to cry and protest, but to no avail.

Helen, to whom it was all a mystery, finally asked: “Mother, what’s this all about. I don’t understand.”

“He told me you were burned up in the fire.”

“Why, mummy,” yelled the struggling Carrington, “I didn’t. I said her gloves were burned up.”

Understanding broke upon Mrs. Taylor, but she kept on paddling.
THE MATERIALIST'S CONFESSION.

Slick, '17.

I want liberty,
The free, untrammeled movement
Of the verse in which I write.
I am of the city;
The metropolis, luring, lighted, pagan,
Is my heaven.
I am my own God.
The intellectual atheism of a Voltaire,
The passionate cynicism of a Balzac,
These are my only precepts.
I want no restraining hand,
Ever calling me to stop;
No pulsing, throbbing conscience,
Always present.
I want to give free range to
The animal that is within me.
I want my wine, my women, my freedom.

This is he whom you would marry.

Oh, God, no!
Why do I thus to you lie?
I can see that in your soul a picture,
A picture of a monster, pale and passioned,
I have invoked.
I lie, yes, I lie;
Believe me now.
I am only mortal, cringing, helpless, human,
Not so bad as I would paint myself.

Yes, all men are fools—idiotic simpletons,
But it takes a frail and babbling being,
Woman,
To convince them of it.
THE PERILS OF ANIMAL TRAINING.

E. H. Rucker, '19.

The idea that an animal trainer rules by fear alone is quite erroneous. Who is it that has watched a trainer “stalking” around a tiny ring, cracking a huge whip at the sulky animals, who has not thought that the animals are afraid of the man and his whip? Who considers, for a moment, that there are other things which have brought the animals to such a state of subjection? When one thinks and realizes that the smallest beasts will, in times of pain and anger, spring into almost certain death, and fight valiantly against larger antagonists, then common sense alone will show that this whip, wielded by an otherwise defenseless opponent, is not alone sufficient to hold in check these ferocious beasts. The great force which causes you to get up at the same time, eat your meals at the same time, and retire at the same hour, day in and day out, is one of the greatest forces in the training of an animal. The force of habit, which causes the man of greater intelligence to perform similar daily tasks, naturally affects the training of animals. After an animal becomes accustomed to act in a certain way the force of habit is so strong that his behavior is instinctive. Therefore, the main problem of the trainer is to accustom his beasts to the various tasks which he wishes them to perform. But you ask how he is going to impress the force of habit upon them so strongly. Primarily, he must master the animals by his own personality, his patience, kindness, and superior intelligence. Then he must have some definite plan of training.

To be a good trainer a man must possess certain characteristics. First of all, he must have great affection and sympathy for his animals. Next to being a great poet, I think that “Bobbie” Burns would have become immortal as an animal trainer on account of his marvelous sympathy with the smaller and less intelligent inhabitants of this earth of ours. Yet “Bobbie” had one failing which would ruin the chances of another less
sympathetic than himself—namely, his fondness for his "toddy." It is absolutely necessary that a man lead a righteous life from a physical standpoint, in order to keep his body and nerves in good condition. What chance would a drunken brute have with an enraged lion? Alcohol dulls the brain and plays havoc with the nerves, and the animals are not slow to perceive and take advantage of this fact. He must also be quick of eye and ear. It takes the quickest eye to perceive the intent of a beast to spring, and only the best of ears can hear the stealthy footfalls of an animal approaching in the rear. Nevertheless, he must be calm and ready to give punishment when deserved, for there is nothing more dangerous than to allow the animal to believe that you are afraid of him. A dog is at heart a great coward, but, given the belief that you are afraid of him, he will attack savagely. There is no question about the fact that most dog bites are gotten in the rear, or, to use military terms, while on the retreat. Animals are different, just as children; and the trainer, just as the father, has to mete out the punishment, varying it according to the temperaments of his animals. Too much whipping is bad for some children, while "petting" will ruin others. With some beasts the "quality of mercy" ought not to be strained, while others require much punishment. So you see a trainer must be his own government, himself being the governmental, judicial, and executive departments.

Just as with business men, a trainer must "thoroughly plan his work, and then thoroughly work his plan." A trainer with personality, but without plan, is a foot-ball team without a coach. The general plan of all trainers and coaches is to get their charges in condition. The foot-ball coach gets his players into good physical condition, and then he gradually gives them new trick plays. The trainer gradually gets his animals into a good mental condition, and then teaches them tricks. The first trial of the trainer is to get the animal's confidence. It is amazing how many weeks, and often months, are spent in this slow process of making friends, or mere acquaintances, as it proves in some cases. For many weeks the trainer sits or stands just outside the animal's cage, talking to him, or just reading a newspaper, or smoking a pipe. The food which he pokes into the cage is ignored
for some time, but finally the animal eats it. After some weeks of this lonely "vigil" outside of the cage, the trainer ventures inside. For some time he is just content to be in the cage, and just sits there for hours and hours. Finally, armed with a whip, chair, or broom, he approaches the animal, and makes bold to fondle it and feed it by hand. From that time the animal is promoted to the "'Varsity," and begins learning the tricks of the game. Kindness, patience, and the reward system aid the trainer in making a star performer. After every successful attempt of the animal he is given a lump of sugar, until the act and sugar become so associated that it is a matter of delightful anticipation to him.

There are some animals which have to be roughly handled before their training can begin. Especially is this true with animals that have been captured in the wild state, after they have reached a mature age. An instance which is still fresh in the public mind will excellently illustrate this fact. Mr. Arstingstall, a famous trainer, was traveling in a railroad car filled with animals just captured in the Indian wilds, when a young elephant among the car load broke loose and made a frantic rush at him. The violence of his onset so overcame Arstingstall that he was panic-stricken for a moment. In this moment, he was encircled by the snake-like folds of the infuriated animal's trunk, and hurled to the floor, where, for a second, the beast stood, as if perplexed whether to tusk or tread him to atoms. In that moment with rare presence of mind, the trainer bit down upon the sensitive tendril at the end of the elephant's trunk. With a snort of rage the elephant retreated, dropping his victim. Immediately Arstingstall sprang upon one of the animal's cages, and not an instant too soon. Right after him came a prying octopus-like mass, which reached here and there, and finally fastened on his arm. Once again his teeth came into service, and this time a piece of the tendril was left in Arstingstall's mouth. Mad with rage, the elephant attacked the cage, but the trainer saw on the top of another a pitchfork, which was used to feed hay to the animals. As the animal smashed the cage, he leaped to the floor, grabbed this pitchfork, and awaited the attack. With one swift blow he drove the prongs cleanly through the elephant's trunk,
and into the floor beneath, and left him there until his rage was
over. Strange to say, in two months this was his prize animal,
and the tamest one he possessed.

Besides having to contend with the danger of attack from
the animals themselves, the trainers also have to ward off the rav­
ages of disease against the animals. Notwithstanding their
size, animals, as a rule, are very delicate, and especially is this
true with lions. The trainers are often the animals’ doctors,
chiropodists, and dentists. It may sound strange, but it is a well­
known fact that whenever a lion’s tooth has to be drawn either
chloroform or gas is administered and the operation performed
as with a person.

Probably the greatest peril which confronts the animal
trainer is the tricky and shifty nature of the animals. Sullenness
often results in some disaster, as nearly occurred in the attack
of the lion Spitfire upon Mr. Bostock. The great beast had been
sulking for some time, and when he thought that Bostock had
his back turned he leaped upon him, and nearly succeeded in
killing him before he was rescued by attendants. Negligence of
attendants is also often the cause of trouble, as is illustrated by the
careless letting forth of the fierce tiger Rajah, who nearly killed
Mr. Bostock. And yet these great man-killing animals at
times show ludicrous timidity. A trainer once put a mouse in
a lion’s den, and the lion, for a little while, played with it like a
cat, until the mouse, by chance, leaped into the lion’s face. Fright­
ened by this, the lion leaped back in amazement, and the mouse
escaped.

When once stampeded, or frightened, large animals are hard
to be stopped or killed. It is truly amazing how hard it is to kill
an elephant unless you know the exact spot to hit him. When
the Cole show was going through Idaho it stopped for a few
days at a small town. The second night it was there one of the
large elephants ran amuck, and the frightened citizens pumped
it full of lead from rifles, shot-guns, and pistols, and by the time
it was captured it was a veritable walking arsenal. The next
day, however, the elephant was ready with the others to travel
on to the next town, and has never been in any trouble since.

Hence we have seen that, by patience, kindness, and sym-
pathy, the trainer wins the obedience, and often affection, of his charges. He is often troubled by their diseases and put into danger by their sudden attacks, but he sticks to his job, and always attempts to apologize for, rather than censure, the deed. Beset on all sides by danger, continually on the watch, never sure of safety, the animal trainer keeps up his noble work of teaching the uneducated and taming the wild.
DESPAIR.

A. L. S., '19.

The night is dark, and cold, and drear;
My heart is sad, and void of cheer,
My soul cries forth in abject fear—
I am alone with God.
He only knows at every start
And pulsing movement of my heart
The thought that’s seared in every part—
He understands.

I, too, am dismal as the day,
Life’s sunshine all has passed away—
The knotted cords of failure stay
About my hands.

It seems in vain I cannot make
These bonds of helplessness to break,
Even for my needing brother’s sake—
I am alone with God.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

How long for help must I then cry,
How much more sunshine pass me by?
Daily I hope, I believe, I try—
Answer me this, oh, God!
TENNYSON'S VIEWS ON WOMAN AS EXPRESSED IN "THE PRINCESS."

Weston Bristow, '17.

"O, lift your natures up;
Embrace our aims, work out your freedom."

When the student is studying Tennyson's views of woman's position in the social order, and finds two lines like those quoted at the beginning of this paper, he will probably conclude that Tennyson certainly favored all of the modern conceptions of woman's position.

The purpose of this essay is to show, as nearly as possible, what Tennyson did think the position of women should be. It has been said of Tennyson that he usually maintained a position between the extremes. That is, he would not allow himself to be swept from his feet by any modern movement because it was modern, neither would he suffer to hold to those of the past because they were antique. He said himself, in the conclusion to "The Princess," "I moved in a strange diagonal."

The two lines at the beginning of this paper are taken from Part 2 of "The Princess," and form the real climax of Princess Ida's address to the pupils of her college upon its opening, after an officer had read the solemn declaration,

"Not for three years to correspond with home,
Not for three years to cross the liberties,
Not for three years to speak with any men."

Before pursuing our purpose further, it seems expedient just here to review briefly the social conditions relative to woman's position in England at the time "The Princess" was written.

Prior to the middle of the nineteenth century the position of a governess in a private family, or a teacher in a boarding school, was unenviable, and, as a rule, the profession was often the refuge of the destitute. However, about the middle of the century a few of the more intelligent among the governesses
studied at the Literary Institute and the London Institution, and in 1848 some professors of King's College, London, gave lectures to the Governesses’ Benevolent Society, which, under F. D. Maurice’s care, developed into Queen’s College. This improvement in the secondary system was followed closely by a higher education of women.

It was just in this period that Tennyson wrote “The Princess.” Now, it must be kept in mind, that Tennyson did not sit down some fine day in 1847, conceive the story, and write “The Princess” and publish it. Not by any means. His son, Hallam Tennyson, says his father talked with his mother about the story as early as 1839. It is perfectly possible, and rather probable, that the general movement for the higher education of women furnished much of the detailed matter of the poem. This same son further states that he is of the impression that Mary (Wollstonecraft) Godwin, in 1792, in her book, the “Vindication of the Rights of Woman,” first turned the attention of the people of England to the wrongs of woman. This book was published sixteen years before Tennyson was born, and, whether the poet ever read Mrs. Godwin’s book is a matter of speculation. It cannot be denied that the agitation for a woman’s college “was in the air.” Furthermore, it is generally accepted to-day that Tennyson did have in mind certain ideas relative to the new movement, and expressed a number of them in “The Princess.” But again we must keep before us that Tennyson was writing poetry, and not defending nor defaming woman. For if we overshadow the poetry with the “woman question,” we shall not become acquainted with “The Princess.” So much for the background of the poem.

The story, in brief, is this: Princess Ida, dissatisfied with the condition of women and their training, builds a magnificent college far away from the social order. She gathers about her women teachers, who have “no links with men”; and to this place come girls for the higher education. A young Prince, betrothed in early life to the Princess, accompanied by a friend, disguises himself, and secures entrance to the college. Soon they are discovered and banished. The Prince would have been killed, but he saved the Princess from drowning on one occasion, and
this brought him freedom. The Princess summoned her brothers to defend her. The Prince and the brothers decide to settle the matter in a tournament of fifty knights each. The tournament is held, the Prince is overthrown and wounded, and his knights are wounded also. The Princess, who has been watching the fight, relents, turns her college into a field hospital, and, with the students and teachers, nurses the wounded knights. The Princess nurses the Prince; the "better part" of the Princess is conquered, and the marriage of the Prince and Princess follows.

Now, then, let us look at the poem more directly. In the prologue the poet is with a crowd of merry-makers, and, while the crowd makes the green merry with its mirth, he runs across an old book, and reads of a woman,

"That drove her foes with slaughter from her walls."

"Where,"

Asked Walter, patting Lilia's head (she lay Beside him) "lives there such a woman now?"

Quick answered Lilia, "There are thousands now Such women, but convention beats them down. It is but bringing up, no more than that. You men have done it—how I hate you all!"

Oh, I wish That I were some great princess. I would build, Far off from men, a college like a man's, And I would teach them all that men are taught."

Upon this wish of Lilia's the college was built, "far off from men." This was the first mistake. The Princess despised the views of men on her sex to such an extent that she worked out the theory that isolation was absolutely necessary to place woman in her rightful position. The poet, in bringing out this idea so clearly and forcibly, shows conclusively that he did not approve of the theory of the isolation of woman for her betterment. Indeed, this might be said not only of the woman movement, but any cause that isolates itself from the rest of the world will soon discover that progress is exceedingly slow, if at all.
Then there is another thing. The Princess asked herself, what did woman need to make her equal to man? She answered her own question—woman needed knowledge to equalize her with man. Therefore, in the two preceding paragraphs are the thing needed and the method by which it is to be obtained—equality of knowledge secured in an isolated college. Then, after woman has been trained in this "isolated college," and thereby emancipating half of the world; then, oh, yes, then, let her marry, and then, ever afterward, there will be

"Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropped for one to sound the abyss."

Then there is a third mistake which the Princess made—namely, trying to eliminate all sentiment from woman, and expect her to still be woman. Woman must forget men, cease to love and cherish her ambitions of the

"* * * larger woman world

Of wives and mothers."

The Princess evidently forgot that woman was not made to conquer by force, but her "jealousies sharpen her wits, the charms of her womanly nature bring warriors to her feet, and, by her loves, she makes and unmakes men and kingdoms." Vivian did not conquer Merlin by force, neither did Guinevere doom the Table Round by knowledge and force. Nor further did the Princess succeed in her theories, but, as the ideal, the queen of his love, his very life, she is winsome, strong, and womanly as the beloved of the Prince. She found her true self in her loyalty and devotion to her nature.

Again Tennyson does not approve the theory of the Princess that it was necessary

"To lift the woman's fallen divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man."

She was already higher than man. Her very nature and impulses were of a higher type. She has a large part to perform in the social order.
He also scorns the spirit which said

"God made the woman for the use of man,
And for the good and increase of the world."

It was a degraded and depraved individual who could cherish such.

On the other hand, Tennyson, maintaining his melioristic position, demands that we

"* * * let this proud watchword rest
Of equal. * * * * *
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse."

In conclusion, we believe it is safe to say that Tennyson was not opposed to the higher education of woman, but

"The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom,"
certainly has a large place in his views. This opinion is further strengthened by his portrayal of his own mother, to whom he was very devoted:

"One
Not learned, save in the gracious household ways;
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tip-toe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
 Comes easy to him, and, though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."
TO AN OAK TREE.

Edward McCarthy, '20:

Great Oak, I grieve for thee, O, noble tree!
Alas, that I thy cruel death should see—
I, who have spent so many happy hours
Beneath thy high and over-spreading boughs,
And climbed among thy limbs in childish play,
Oft with thy acorns fought in bloodless fray.
I've lounged upon the grass, and guessed thy height,
And wondered at thy age. In fancy's flight
I've dreamed of how the big Chief Powhatan
Made war, and hunted with his Indian band,
And pitched his wigwams on this sacred ground.
Thy history must in Indian lore abound.
Ah! recollections of these childhood thoughts,
As now I see thee torn up by the roots,
Come swiftly up in pleasurable sorrow.
Of thee no vestige will be left to-morrow.
Forget thee, Great Oak Tree, that could I ne'er;
Thy memory sweet will linger long and dear.
AL THOMPSON, trapper, hunter, and ginseng digger, turned over in his bed for a cat-nap just before day, one morning in early November. He lived in an old cabin far up on the mountains. His daily routine consisted of tending to a line of traps, and cooking, washing, and skinning the returns from his traps.

Animals were plentiful in the mountains, and especially bobcats. The people of the valley below turned cattle and hogs in the mountains to feed during the summer, and in the fall some of the hogs could not be caught. From year to year a number of hogs had been left in the mountains, and they had become wild. They ran in droves, with an old boar that was about the oldest of the entire drove.

Somehow or other, the hogs and bob-cats became enemies. The cats could kill a good-sized shoat, and did so often. They also preyed on young pigs, and usually cleaned up the whole litter. Strange to say, they were always successful in destroying the first litter a young sow ever produced. This was due to the fact that the young sows did not know how to protect their young as did the old ones. An old sow always pushed her pigs to the rear of the log or den in which they were lodged, whereas a young sow would lay in the rear of the den and leave the pigs exposed to cold and enemies.

The first snow of the year had fallen during the night, and when Pal Thompson stepped out of his door early that morning the god of light was no longer concealed behind Pilot Mountain, in the east. Pilot was crowned with a diadem far more dazzling than any that ever rested on a king’s head. The trees were studded with jewels that outshone any Tiffany-set solitaires. And an ermine robe fitted snugly over the earth.

Below the “Little Level,” where Pal’s cabin stood, was a miry, oozy spot of ground called the “Hog Wallow.” In the summer hogs wallowed during the heat of the day, and in the
winter they usually ranged near it. Thompson had a line of traps that ran close to the "Hog Wallow," and a day or two before he had noticed small pig tracks in the soft ground. At the time he had muttered to himself, "Some cat'll git er good bait uv young pig meat."

Pal had been carefully picking his way over the icy path, and approached the "Hog Wallow" noiselessly. He heard a low, muffled grunt, and also a guttural, spitting sound. Turning in the direction of the sounds, he saw, standing in a large hollow chestnut log, a huge sow. The log was more than large enough to admit a man, on his hands and knees. Not five feet from the log crouched a body which Pal soon made out to be that of a wild-cat, and a large one.

Most people, when the word "hog" is mentioned, mentally picture a filthy pen, with a fat, lob-lolly, peacefully sleeping swine therein. Doubtless they never dream of a sow having mother instinct, or as being able to harden quickly the powerful muscles over-laid with fat, and to bristle menacingly at the intruder or molester of her domain.

But that is the kind of sow Pal Thompson saw standing in the rugged aperture of the log—with danger confronting her and her litter, and the litter huddled behind her in panic.

How long the combatants had been facing one another Pal did not know. Neither of the two seemed to move, save for the restless twitching of the cat’s tail and the continuous munching of the sow. Her tusks protruded from saliva-dripping jaws, and her eyes shone fiercely dull in the dazzling light.

Then the cat sprang. Though the hole in the log was much larger than the sow, to the cat she seemed to fill every inch of it. For wherever he aimed his lunge, so surely was the sow to meet it that each time he was bowled away with a mighty toss of her head.

Blood was now mingled with the saliva from her mouth. One eye bore a deep gash, and was closed. A deep cut was visible on her left shoulder, and the fat was laid bare.

Time and again the cat charged. The scruff of the sow’s neck resembled a porcupine’s back. She champed her jaws more viciously, and the cat became blindly furious. His rushes lacked
some of their former precision and accuracy. The sow breathed wheezingly, and coughed blood; the cat panted as it crouched for another lunge.

The cat lay crouched, belly flat on the ground, and its tail, twitching from side to side, whisks a tiny spray of powdered snow. A lightning flash could not have been quicker. The spring had been aimed at the sow's jowls. But, with head lowered, she withstood the attack. A swift, powerful, upward thrust of her head lifted the cat off the ground and hurled him into the snow. A mad rush followed the thrust, and Pal heard the bones of the cat's head crack, as those two iron jaws came together with a snap. With one foot placed on the body of the cat, the sow jerked her head from side to side until her foe's head was torn from its body. This tearing to pieces continued until the body of the cat was but a mangled mass of fur, bones, and bloody flesh.

An atmosphere of ghastliness over-hung the miniature arena. A wind caused the trees to creak mournfully; the sow's grunting and munching added to the occasion ferocity, and the blood-stained snow added to its ghastliness. Atropos—and the sow—had snipped the chord of life, and the sow trotted back to her trembling litter, unconscious of any witness to the fight.

Then Pal, becoming less of a fixture on the landscape, recovered from the petrification he had undergone, muttered, "Ole gal, ye sho Lawd did make th' fur fly."

[Note.—This is the third of a series of animal stories published in The Messenger. Two more of the series will occur in subsequent issues.]
EVER to write a truly autobiographic novel was George Eliot's decree. She had experienced in her first writings, the "Scenes of Clerical Life," the limitations of such, the labor and lack of satisfaction. Authentic matter never interests as does imagination; a life is, as a rule, too prosaic to make a great novel. So Eliot, intensely imaginative, wrote of life—not of actual life, that which was true; but of real life, that which might be true. But deeper even than this artistic phase lay a mighty foundation of understanding of others, and the power of the delineation of human nature. She would depict the thoughts and emotions of woman so strongly, so truly, that I might ask, What woman has not, when wrapt in dreams with "The Mill on the Floss," felt Maggie to be herself? And George Eliot, too, felt Maggie to be herself, and wove into the thoughts and dreams of Maggie her own thoughts and dreams until in feeling they were one. Yet the demand of the novel forced her to cause the most pathetic difference between herself and her second self; her second self, the one which you and I were to know, must be beautiful, while the real Maggie, George Eliot, was painfully ugly. So the Maggie we know is not actually Mary Ann Evans; in their lives there are differences, but in thought, in feeling, they are one.

In their lives there are differences—conversely it may be said, in their lives there are similarities. There are many resemblances in the surroundings, the environments of each, in the people with whom each came in contact, and in the story-threads of the lives of each.

First, in environment; the main surroundings in Maggie's life correspond with those around Mary Ann; though one place is not a counterpart of the other, yet the likeness is sufficiently striking to trace out the corresponding elements as Eliot made them. Dolcote Mill represents Griff House, both homes in the
flat south England country, both the homes of childhood, in which lived two little girls very much alike. Later the scene shifts, and, as Maggie, after the death of her father, went to St. Ogg's, a bustling little social town, so Mary Ann had gone, after the death of her father, to Coventry, a larger social centre. With the places are associated numerous scenes which are alike, and which tend to make the setting in "The Mill on the Floss" fit into the memories of the setting of the life of Mary Ann. The mill-stream, with its bank, gives an echo of the canal of Mary Ann's youth; the commons, broad and hill-less, with their bands of roving gypsies, the fields and favorite romping grounds, all have the same atmosphere of those near Griff House. Even the attic, the "sunshiney" and rainy-day friend at Dolcote Mill, is a relic of the happy hunting-ground of Eliot's youth.

But the most distinctly autobiographic element found in the life of Maggie Tulliver is the childhood relationship of brother Tom and Maggie. After reading the early life of George Eliot, as written by her husband, one feels that the childish love scenes, scrapes, and "make-ups" in her novel were written solely from the memory of her youth. The adoration of Mary Ann for her brother, the craving for his love, the close friendship in early childhood, and even the falling apart of the brother and sister, are enacted by Maggie with Tom. The scene in the attic might be naturally attributed to the actions of Mary Ann, as also might be attributed the fishing scene or that of the dead rabbits. Eliot is at her best in the portrayal of the actions and especially of the thoughts of youth, because they had been her own, and she had the happy faculty of remembering the emotions, as well as the thoughts, of childhood. With what vividness she makes you feel and sympathize with the emotions of childhood!

The stern, proud Dodson type of stock in Mrs. Tulliver appears to be the delineation of George Eliot's mother; the types seem to be the same, though whether the likeness is carried out very far cannot be easily determined. There are, too, the proverbial aunts in "The Mill on the Floss," with their pet and darling, light, curly-haired Lucy, in such contrast with the tousled-haired dusky Maggie. The germs of these go back to Mary Ann's older sister, fair and curly-haired, and favorite of the aunts,
who did not care for the dark, unruly-haired younger child. But Mary Ann's father was big enough to take care of his favorite daughter, his pride and joy. So Maggie's father loved and admired her, took up for her in family discussions, and was proud of her wit and intelligence. Often he would take his "little wench" up in the saddle in front of him and ride her around through the country, as once George Eliot had been ridden through the country before her father. Thus petted and spoiled in childhood, there grew within Maggie a strong, sympathetic attachment for her father, which helped her later through the long tedious days of nursing by his sick bedside; so also there had been for Mary Ann weary hours of nursing by her dear father's bedside. Thus the resemblance in the people with whom each came in contact is observed, the family relationships being most evident.

As for the story-threads of the lives of Maggie Tulliver and Mary Ann Evans, roughly speaking, there is a good comparison. For the main outlines of Mary Ann's life there may be found a corresponding thread in Maggie's life; but Maggie, being in a novel, the element of real life, not actual life, for the interest of the reader, enters, and we find her lot becomes much more complicated, until her fate is doom.

The childhood days of brother and sister have been discussed, the days of living together in happiness, quarreling, and forgiving, but always loving. "It was one of their happy moments. They trotted along, and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them; they would only get bigger, and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together, and be fond of each other. * * * But life did change for Tom and Maggie." The above might have been taken from the diary of the spirit which presided over Mary Ann instead of the diary of Maggie's spirit. Between the care-free childhood days and later youth came the school-days, and Maggie, as Mary Ann had been, was sent to a school for young ladies, where she fed her soul on books. "But life did change for Tom and Maggie." There came a time when all books which were read were read to a sick father; self must be forgotten for the routine of home duties, and Maggie was passing through the same dark period of Mary Ann's life. Then—to
carry out the comparison which Eliot gives most minutely in the thoughts and feelings of Maggie, but which becomes somewhat lost now in the life of Maggie—then came the element of love into George Eliot's life, and her union with Mr. Lewis, a faint trace of which may be found in the actions of Maggie with Stephen Guest. But Maggie is no longer Mary Ann; her fate had been determined, and our loved, our large-souled Maggie we must lose.

Though the outside appearances of Maggie Tulliver's life may correspond somewhat with those of George Eliot's; though the background, the characters, and the plot of "The Mill on the Floss" may have been modeled after the general structure of the author's life, the reproduction is so far different that had Thackery written the novel one would scarcely have noticed the autobiographic element at all. However, it was George Eliot who wrote it, and we have not a novel of action, but a novel of moralizing, a psychological novel, wherein we read the real George Eliot through the thoughts and feelings and emotions of Maggie. Eliot has woven into the heart of Maggie all her own longings, desires, and heart-aches, all her aspirations and hopes, all her dreams and ideals, until we feel the embodiment of the soul of Mary Ann in Maggie.

As a small child, the characterization of one will give the characterization of the other. Depict Maggie, the child of nature, dreamer and lover, filled with the need of love, shy, sympathetic, yet impulsive, high strung, keen of intellect, recognizing her own superiority, and we have Mary Ann—the Mary Ann who, at four, attempted to force the family servants to recognize her excellence in piano playing; the Mary Ann who sought, with love, the love of her brother; the Mary Ann who wandered over the fields, happy and tender-hearted, content with play. The high-strung impulsiveness of Maggie caused much disaster, but also caused the deeper, stronger self in its subordination. This determined spirit, quickly roused anger, the result of a high-strung, proud nature, caused the hatred of the aunts of both children of their wild, unruly-haired nieces. In Maggie Tulliver is seen all the pride, passion, precociousness, brilliancy, and wit of Mary Ann, yet in her, too, are found the strains of shyness, the acute
tender-heartedness, the affection for others, the passionate hunger for love, the longing for play and nature, the dreaminess of Mary Ann.

It is mainly through George Eliot’s letters that she has become known to us. Her youth, so similar to Maggie’s own, a child of happiness and freedom, turned by the misfortunes of necessity into a young girl bound by love to duties wholly irksome to her nature, with the almost inevitable result of doubt and struggle, all this is found in Mary Ann’s letters. Maggie had grown into a young girl, hungry to learn, to know, yearning for the greatest and best in life; then came the dark period—all her hopes were refuted, and she was hurled into the throes of disappointment, rebellion, doubt. How long she traveled over the lonely road, trodden down to depths of depression, roughened by the tread of unwilling feet, blocked with the stones of defiance, resentment, questioning, doubt, struggle! Heart-sick, she stumbled on in the footprints of Mary Ann, until she found the broad even road of submission—still ardent, passionate; she was yearning for the great things, but submissive. Thus Maggie believed renunciation the secret of life, which was about the same view George Eliot accepted after years of intellectual struggle through the theistic doctrine of Carlyle and Emerson and Pantheism—years of struggle, which only ended with the reconciliation with her father.

The next era in George Eliot’s life does not reflect strictly the attitude of George Eliot. How strongly the association with Mr. Lewis caused a conflict is not shown in the letters of the author. She appears to have felt determined, decided ideas and opinions, revealing her freedom of thought, which is somewhat in contrast to Maggie’s relations to Stephen Guest, to her continually baffled and wavering ideas, caused by the stronger feeling of duty which circumstances placed upon her.

It is only in the last few pages of “The Mill on the Floss” that we get the atmosphere of Maggie grown to maturity. But this last scanty glance of her gives the fully developed, maturer picture of George Eliot. Now a woman, with the heart of more than one woman, sympathetic, tender, strong, sharing the burdens of those around her, giving herself to all, Maggie has grown to a broad-minded, noble, deeper self. It is true there were periods
of depression for both, due to the lack of self appreciation, but the love of mankind brought back the equilibrium, until, finally, we feel the presence of a self mastered, developed, a soul magnanimous, majestic, reaching out to give and to give—joy.

Thus George Eliot has filled her book with herself. We feel in Maggie the same fundamental truths, the same soul, the same personality, that which makes the difference in humanity, that which distinguishes. "The Mill on the Floss" is not truly autobiographic, nor was it an attempt to be autobiographic. In the life of Maggie Tulliver is reflected much of the life of Mary Ann Evans, though embellished with imagination; but there is much that is added, until the simple life of George Eliot becomes the complicated plot of the life of Maggie Tulliver. Yet of Maggie Tulliver it may be said—in the beginning George Eliot—created from the germ of George Eliot so fused with the soul of the author that Maggie may say—it is not I that liveth, but George Eliot that liveth in me.
WESTHAMPTON LAKE IN SPRING.

G. F. S., '17.

Dreaming of the spring-time, thinking of boat rides,
Drifting in the sunshine, on Westhampton Lake;
Now with ice 'tis covered, skaters swiftly glide,
Smiling, willing, screaming—spring songs quickly break
On our golden memories of the days we love.

Sunshine, ripples, bluebirds—
Oh, they live for me!
Down along the banks
Of our little sea.

Though the wintry breezes have her in their grasp,
Yet the light of April sets her all aglow.

You may sing of winter, snowflakes, sleighing, skating;
There's nothing in your music when I can have a row
On the lake of ripples, where the breezes meet.

Bluebirds, sunshine, ripples—
Then, when life is o'er,
Let me rest forever
On thy shady shore.

Tell of far-off gardens, fragrant, fair, and sweet,
Where life with love is happy all the days and years;
Yet my heart is musing on our lake in spring.

Her life is naught but laughter—sunshine, never tears,
Even our souls in spring-time—are they still and cold?

Sunshine and the spring-time
Warm our hearts with love;
God keep us ever faithful
To the things above.
AN IDEAL FLOWER GARDEN.

Alice Cook, '20.

NATURE, in every aspect, is beautiful, and has been extolled in verse and song by great men and women through all the ages. Some use the marvels of nature merely as a background for the play of human emotions; some glory in the gorgeousness, the physical beauty of it, and a few believe in the personality and individuality of nature, as God's way of expressing himself on earth.

The best expression of nature's wondrous power and loveliness is a flower garden, an ideal garden, in which the great and small plants, the delicate and hardy, are brought together in riotous beauty. A flower garden, to be ideal, must form a pleasing picture, must appeal to all in its magnificent simplicity.

The home of the flowers should be quiet and secluded, and enjoy plenty of fresh air and sunlight. A tiny stream trickling through on one side, overshadowed by drooping trees, adds a great deal to the charm of the scene. Along the banks can be grown feathery ferns and delicate flowers of the wood and dale. On the other sides the garden should be enclosed by a wire fence, covered by honeysuckle, rambling roses, and ivy, and entrance gained by a low arch, which forms a portion of a rose arbor, leading down to the water.

The plants are best arranged in grassy plots, the smaller flowers against a background of shrubbery. Roses—red, white, pink, and yellow—produce a scene of marvelous beauty. The modest violet, peeping from its bed of green leaves, makes the stately lily appear more pure than of old. And the dainty velvet pansy, with its upturned face, seems a fit symbol of the gladness and joy of living. Winding graveled paths lead past white snow-balls, drooping their heavy heads, and gay hollyhocks and nasturtiums. Clear, sparkling fountains bubble forth at odd intervals and sprinkle the greenery around them.

The arrangement should show graceful carelessness, the
result of extensive forethought and planning, each plant placed so as to be in harmony with all the others. Everything must be arranged to be restful to the eye, a delight to the gay and happy, and a retreat for the wounded spirit.

No garden is complete without the shy little humming bird, with its coat of blue, green, and gold; the busy bee, which gives forth its cheerful buzz as it gathers its supply of honey, and the fluttering butterflies.

An ideal flower garden should present nature in its highest and noblest form—a blending of color, shape, and size, soothing to the feelings and pleasing to the eye. It should be an ideal spot.

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**LETHE WATER AND METAMORPHOSIS.**

*M. G., '17.*

OU see, 'twas this way: "Mac" and "Dick," for the sake of convenience, were "scouts" at the old prep. back home, up yonder in the hills. They "hung out" together, laughed together, when laughter was the order, and mingled tears; there was between them a sort of unwritten, mutual relationship, which might, if exposed to meaningless words, be expressed by "palship," a pastoralized David-Jonathan-Damon-Pythias affair.

They both graduated one June, and contemplated college. "Mac's" people were wealthy, and he came down this way without much ado. "Dick's" folks, however, had to consider a long time before they could "figger" out whether they could spare the boy off the farm, and particularly if the family budget could stand the strain.

"Mac" was already comfortably established in his room, with a new mate, when "Dick" arrived a little behind time, due to a belated decision at home. He took a little chamber way up on the top floor, where the ceiling begins to slant and there's just enough room between the radiator and bed to squeeze a trunk; looking out of the small window you can almost look over the top of the tall pines.
Then "Mac," from his comeliness of figure, haughtiness of pompadour, nimbleness of feet, from the dexterity with which he handled the nicotine weed, from the delicacy in his selection of polite cuss-words, and by virtue of his guaranteed forefathers, is invited to enter the sacred and mysterious portals of the "holy of holies."

One month later.

"We prithee Mac, my boy, do you ever call around to see how your old pal 'Dick' is getting on?"

"Whom did you say?"

"'Dick'—you know, 'Dick' Howles, from down home; you surely haven't forgotten 'Dick.'"

"Ah, yes; I believe I do remember 'Dick.'"

Why, bless our soul, he does recall his bosom friend "Dick." Isn't "Mac" just the grandest thing for thinking of "Dick"? Remarkable memory that boy has got. Watch him. Watch "Dick." Watch them both.

For the love of Mike, and all the other Grecian gods that dwelt on the summit of Mount Olympus!

TO THE NATION.

M. E. Cooper, '20.

Oh! Thou, symbolic of wealth,
Prided in a prosperous self,
Men of staunch and tried mettle;
Thy blessed state of calm,
In freedom's shore outdrawn,
Where nations thrive with all and settle.

Thou! Guard this blessedness,
And see that none trespass
Upon this chosen pomp and grandeur might;
The glory of this name
Shall all the world declaim,
Which represents sweet liberty and right.
IMAGINATION! I wonder how many people, if they were asked, could tell exactly what this one elusive word means. Of course, I suppose nearly everybody has a vague, indefinite idea of its meaning, but can he put this idea into words that are intelligible to others? I believe the average person cannot, and, since I do not consider myself at all above the average, I am not going to promise to enlighten humanity much on that subject. The other night, when father asked me for a definition of imagination, I began bravely, even confidently: “Imagination is—er—er—oh, you know”—feeling not at all sure that he did either.

Yet all of us possess imagination to a greater or less degree, and doesn’t it seem strange for us to have a thing, and yet not really know what it is that we have? I felt this, and promptly proceeded to look up my possession in all the dictionaries, encyclopaedias, and other enlightening pieces of literature that I could find. However, these books, excellent as they may be, only added to my confusion. “The power of the mind to decompose its conceptions, and to combine them again at its pleasure; conception; idea.” “Well,” I thought, “these words are just about as vague and indefinite as ‘imagination,’ but I’ll look them up too.”

I did so, and all I can say is that “conception” means “imagination,” and “idea” means “conception.” If that is of any help to you, I am really delighted. I fear my own imagination is not strong enough to grasp the “idea,” or the “conception” either, for that matter.

Of course, some people have stronger, more vivid imaginations than others; and for them this power gilds the sordid, unpleasant things of life, making them see far away off into the dreamy distance, where all is pure and beautiful. Some are said to see misty, lavender hills and little fluffy pink clouds on their horizons. Imagination is, for those who really possess it, the key which opens the doors of everlasting youth.
Yet those who do not possess imagination to this extent need not be cast into the depths of despair, for it is, fortunately, a thing which we can cultivate. A good imagination helps us out in nearly everything we do—in our every-day life as well as in our studies. As I was working "math." the other night I discovered, to my dismay, some imaginary roots, and these seemingly harmless things caused my imagination to imagine so much that I almost imagined imaginary roots were sprouting out of my brain. Of course, I don't mean to say that when we begin to cultivate our imaginations we should do anything quite so strenuous as that. But I hope this illustration will give you some "idea" and "conception" of the necessity of cultivating an imagination. If it doesn't, can't you imagine that it does?
EDITORIALS.

With this issue our term as editor closes. It is with a feeling of regret that we lay down the work, not only because we have taken a certain pleasure in it, but because, in looking back over the work, it seems to have fallen so far short of our ideal as to what a college magazine ought to be. And, though by no means attempting to shift the blame, we can’t help complaining that,
with the exception of a very select few, the student body has done little to help us make it a success, not even giving us a sympathetic hearing. As a matter of fact, we honestly believe The Messenger has more readers among the exchanges than among the student body. With this to face, we wish the incoming editors all success.

You hear the question daily, Is the modern college a failure? Are we fulfilling our functions to the best advantage? Le Baron Russell Briggs, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of Harvard University, says: "The main object of a college education is to establish character, and to make that character more efficient through knowledge." There are many critics who question the ability of the modern college to develop stable, efficient character, and sneeringly suggest that it makes of us, as the poet suggests, "mere weirdly wistful wailings of a melancholy flute."

If from our modest perch we might take an introspective view, and find fault with our own system—from a purely appreciative viewpoint—our first suggestion, in humble deference, would be to the Faculty, and that suggestion would be: Preach to your students that college education is a business, the business of businesses, and not that business and business methods should be despised. In our opinion, if this were done, there would be more attention paid to academic obligations. Many students treat their engagements with the Faculty in such a way that would make them lose their positions in a business house inside a week. Yet no remorse affects their appetite or sleep. In this world, by the way, it is not the just who sleep—it is the irresponsible.

There are also arbitrary lines drawn between honesty and dishonesty with a peculiar tradition that makes us frown a bit. A man may copy the parallel work of his room-mate for weeks and weeks without a conscientious qualm, and yet if that same student were to copy one paragraph from his neighbor's work on a written examination the student body would lose little time in asking him to leave.

We can also appreciate the business man's viewpoint to a
certain degree, when he says that there is a physical and moral ineptitude towards mental labor, caused by an illimitable supply of "filthy lucre" from an indulgent parent for four years, money which that parent, in many cases, needs, and for which the student has invented fascinating and quite plausible tales.

We would term these faults, brought on by college life, false illusions. The student is deceiving himself. He is moulding his life along lines that cannot exist when he is to meet the business world. We remonstrate against these evils, not because we are not as guilty as the guiltiest, but because we, at least, have good intentions.

The business man, then, is somewhat justified in his indictment of us, and of the academic method of doing things. Business is a science, a challenge of intellect, worked out on the laboratory method of efficiency. The college man cannot change it. He must fit into it.

Is, then, college education a failure? We must answer by asking a question, What are you here for? If you are here to turn your knowledge into a mint, there is a better place for you. If you are here for culture, that broader perception of life, we think that you are in the right place.

However, in our opinion, the ideal college will keep its students so in touch with the business world that they will know the difference between a bank check and a summons to the police court, and also keep them from slipping into that self-satisfactory indolence which is apt to arise from an over-indulgence in things scholarly. Just so soon as we see such an ideal college, just that soon are we going to have practical college men.
ALUMNI NOTES.

Walter F. Martin, '18.

Dr. A. C. Sinton, B. A., '10, and later a M. D. of the Medical College of Virginia, has recently passed a special examination in New York City, and has been appointed assistant surgeon on the steamship "New York." He will take charge of his new position immediately.

W. B. Covington, who was here in college for a year or so, has decided to enter the ministry, and is now pastor of a church at Valley Forge. He intends to devote his time to preaching and Y. M. C. A. work in Pennsylvania.

We were glad to welcome to the campus recently Mr. and Mrs. Boyce Miller, of West Virginia. Miller entered college in 1914, but could not stay for his degree. He is in the real estate business now in West Virginia. We wish him much success in his new venture.

In the death of Rev. Dr. Littleberry J. Haley, B. A., '58, the College has lost one of its most loyal supporters, and the Baptists of Virginia have lost one of their best workers. Dr. Haley was born in Richmond December 6, 1832, being a son of William A. Haley and Mrs. Elizabeth (Allen) Haley, who moved to Kentucky when he was a boy. He returned to Virginia when he was fourteen years old. He took his degree from Richmond College in 1858, and in August of that same year he married Miss Mary R. Long, of Spotsylvania county. In 1859 he was ordained a Baptist minister. Dr. Haley is survived by one daughter, five sons, twenty grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.
We are always glad to welcome The Wake Forest Student to our table of exchange. It comes bearing a delightful burden of that genial and chivalrous spirit which so completely permeates the life of our sister college in Carolina. It gives us an insight into that feeling of loyalty which rallies around Wake Forest College as the sweet-smelling aroma clings around its groves of verdant magnolias. The very first selection is a gem, singing a soft melody to sunset. One feels that he is standing on some hill-top, overlooking a verdant valley of the Southland, and, with the author, sees,

“In the far the sun’s last lustre streaming,
Flooding the sea with molten gold,
High the myriad night-lamps gleaming
Mark where angels vigil hold.”

Another selection in The Student worthy of our admiration is “The Golden Age of Persian Poetry.” The very uniqueness of the writer’s subject, which deals with a strange class of writings, makes this discussion of unusual interest to every lover of literature. The author of “Vital Instruction” strikes a practical note. He observes the many civic diseases which are slowly gnawing away the vigor, energy, and power of the country, and in a clear, straight-to-the-point manner offers the remedy. Education, such as should be offered in our colleges and secondary schools, he says, is the one weapon with which to combat these insidious enemies of the public.

The “Lit.” has many merits which justify its significant
name. In a very striking manner its contents deal with life as seen in a typically Northern university. *The Nassau Literary Magazine.* Its writings reflect the rushing life of the commercial North, and is, therefore, somewhat destitute of much of the nature scenes which characterize the bulk of Southern writings. "The Spire and the Gargoyle" is an amusing and sad story. The theme is the failure of an idler in college, and its analogy might be found on any college campus. His freshman year was a failure, he left college, and thus shrouded his entire future in despair and self-rebuke. "Rainy Afternoon" is a delightful morsel of rhyme, filling the reader with a pleasant sensation of an April shower. "In a Subway" is a unique love story, having a setting in the dust, smoke, and noise which infests the commercial centres of America. The lover, a rough, hurly-burly cow-boy from Montana, gains the love of a giggly, fickle society girl of the East. The whole story is an amusing "Taming the Shrew" sort of affair.

*The University of Virginia Magazine* is tastefully arranged, and contains works of real merit. It opens with a short poem, sad and melancholy, yet having its flavor of comfort. The poem is a short eulogy to a young lady. The sadness of her death is tempered by the assurances that, after all, her cheerful life, smiling face, and tears of genuine sympathy have made her life well worth living. "Asloth," a story in prose, is indeed striking. The thought is worthy of note. The theme is one which stands wholly apart, and the reader must first have had the awful sensations of despair which swallowed up Asloth before he can appreciate this story.

*The Era* is a magazine imbued with a full measure of the fresh and vigorous spirit which characterizes the mountaineer. It breathes into our atmosphere the exhilarating virtue of the youthful highlands. *The Emory and Henry Era.* It fills our imaginations with pictures of blue-grass valleys, set like sparkling jewels in the midst of forested slopes, towering...
like giants to the sky. The reader cannot help noting the absence of material settings—bustling cities, noisy streets, and people calloused with the eternal grind and monotony of commercial life. All of its selections are saturated with animated life—such life as can only be found among a people living in the most natural way in vital contact with pulsating nature.

We acknowledge, with gratitude, the receipt of the following magazines to our table of exchange: The Wake Forest Student, The University of Virginia Magazine, The Emory and Henry Era, The Nassau Literary Magazine of Princeton University, The Roanoke Collegian (January number), The Clemson College Chronicle (January number), and The Limestone Star (January number).
Westhampton College Department.

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EDITORIAL.

To arouse interest in our Scholarship Society, and, crudely speaking, for advertising purposes, we would recommend as an annual event what was done recently: A talk to our student body by a member of the Faculty on the subject of the Arachindæ.

The Arachindæ—the Greek word for "spider"—was organized "for the purpose of promoting in Richmond College and Westhampton College a desire for high scholarship, and also for those qualities of character which should enable each student to lead what Bacon terms the 'full life,' and so to carry from
academic halls into his world those particular ideals which, from the beginning, have inspired the growth of our *alma mater*.

With such a lofty purpose, and standing for the highest degree of scholastic work, those winning the Arachindæ pin may justly be proud!

Consigned to the realm of the forgotten, or cast into some dark obscure corner, are the costumes and trappings used in the many phases of dramatics staged at *Dramatic Wardrobe*. Westhampton. Let us rescue these histrionic relics, and donate them to the Dramatic Club, to form the nucleus of—in lieu of a better term—a dramatic wardrobe. By means of this an unnecessary expenditure of time and money in future theatricals could be saved, besides providing a unique and interesting feature for our College. And imagine the fun, closely akin to that of childhood in a lumber room, one would have in looking through the trunks and boxes containing this interesting collection!
The following is an extract from a letter received from one of the 1916 graduates:

"* * * * I am the head of the English and Commercial Departments—you remember the hero of the ballad of the 'Nancy Jane,' who was 'cook of the 'Nancy Jane,'

The crew and the captain, too'—
of the Warrenton High School, and I like it. What more could one desire?

"Hoping your other class-mates are not as recalcitrant as I,

"Sincerely,

"HELEN A. MONSELL."

There are those of us, and particularly those who entered College the last session on the old campus, who remember Dorothy Smith. In the first place, she was, with many others, a loyal John Marshallite. In the second and most important place, she won, by ballot, the distinction of being the most popular girl in College. Well, on the evening of December 27th, at the Presbyterian Church in Bon Air, near Richmond, Dorothy Smith became the bride of Mr. R. G. Burnet. Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Burnet are living now in Charlottesville, Va.

It is interesting to note the number of Richmond College alumnae, as well as alumni, who are teaching this session in Richmond public schools, and particularly how they are concentrated at Binford Junior High School. The girls teaching there are: Hazel Gary, '14; Mary Shine, '15; Blanche Hawkins, 1912-'13—1913-'14; and Margaret James, '16.

The effort is still being made to complete the sum promised to Richmond College by the alumnae and students of Westhampton. The fund is known as the Co-ed. Scholarship Fund, and we are gradually paying in the amount promised. Since the
notes went last to The Messenger the Alumnae Association has conducted a moving picture benefit performance at the Odeon Theatre. Something like $50.00 was cleared, and that helps a lot.

Let all who read this bear this pledge in mind, and try to contribute something, however large or small, to the final dollar!