EDITORIALS.

As a novice, we enter that revered and mystic circle of editors, and with suddenness and force comes to us the thought of how great our task is. 'Tis just the kind of work we delight in, and we anticipate much keen pleasure. Nevertheless, when we consider our obligation to our fellow students and to our College, and when we recall the splendid reputation that The Messenger bears, and the excellent achievements wrought by our predecessors, the responsibility weighs heavily upon us, and we feel that, without the hearty co-operation of the student body, our work shall be in vain. Accordingly, we extend to all of The Messenger's...
friends an invitation to help keep the magazine among the foremost of college publications. We want articles and we want helpful ideas. If you know of any way to make The Messenger a little better, let us know. If you have any criticism, that shall also be welcomed, for we don't want to be patted on the back; we want to make the weak points strong and the strong points stronger.

In two important respects, we believe that an immediate improvement is necessary if our hopes for The Messenger are to be realized. The first of these is the GREATER INTEREST NEEDED.

The interest of the students in the magazine, as something worth reading; the second is the interest of the students in the magazine, as something worth contributing to. We are sure that the College man who fails to read The Messenger misses much that is worth his time. Furthermore, we believe that it is quite an honor and a tribute to the student's loyalty when some article from his pen is published in The Messenger. It has been the custom of many contributors to send in essays, short stories, and sketches that have been prepared for the class-room. In connection with this, we suggest that while you are working up your paper for the class-room you keep in mind publication of your article in the magazine as the ultimate goal, and, in our opinion, you will make your contribution more readable. We know that there is a lot of literary talent around the campus apparently going to seed. Here's hoping we'll just be swamped with material, for we'd rather have our problem one of selecting the best than worrying over the poems and stories that are lacking. With the help of our friends, the task we take up shall be a joyous one indeed.

Now we enter upon the work where our predecessor has left off, and we hope to build upon the foundation which he has laid. While we are not an iconoclast, we do not SUGGESTIONS WANTED. intend to be bound by traditional methods if we can find better ones. To this end we want suggestions as to how our work can best be done. If you have any idea of how The Messenger can be
made more readable, brighter, more worthy of an important place in student life, let us hear from you. Our desire is that The Messenger shall be worth while in the life of every reader, and that it shall be a worthy product of greater Richmond College.

In many colleges and universities the problem of the financial support of student publications has, to a large extent, been solved by having the students, as they matriculate, pay a fee that shall entitle them to the various publications. We believe that this method could be employed to advantage in Richmond College. This year, and in previous years, we have witnessed the spectacle of special campaigns conducted by a large corps of men in an effort to round up the stray dollars necessary for the publication of the Collegian, The Messenger, and the Spider. We have seen entreatying editorials, we have heard threatening, cajoling, and despairing speeches upon the dread theme “pay up,” and we have been frankly told that failure loomed ahead unless prompt payment were made. Such maneuvers should be unnecessary. We believe that the College publications, as an important part of student activity, deserve support as well as athletics, or anything else that we do support. We suggest, and many desire it, that, upon entrance, each student pay a fee that shall cover the cost of subscription to the Collegian and The Messenger, and that the student be entitled to these various publications. Much is heard, from time to time, of College spirit and loyalty. Here is an opportunity to show your College spirit, to be loyal to your alma mater, and back the move to put our College publications on a strong, business-like basis.

By far the majority of articles in this issue are the contributions of Freshmen. Let this be an inspiration to the upper-class men to “do their bit” in producing a successful magazine.
LITTLE CABIN CREEK was becoming very progressive, also ambitious, and its citizens were beginning to look with downright disdain upon its neighbors on Roaring Fork and Hogback Mountain. They were to have a school, with a teacher from "down East." The idea originated with "Uncle Bob" Hoyton and "Old Dave" Nully, through whose efforts the log schoolhouse was built and furnished, and the subscription taken up to pay the teacher's salary for the coming six months.

Never before in the history of the section had the idea of a school been advanced, and many of the men considered it another of Uncle Bob's "d—m fool projicks," but the majority were in favor of it, especially the women, and the self-appointed trustees—Uncle Bob and Old Dave—confidently expected it to be well attended. The circuit rider warmly praised the efforts of these two men, but the sneering jibes of the lawless element often rankled in their souls. Chief among these jibers was one Dan Horn, whose daring and recklessness, as well as contempt for the "revenues," was a by-word in these mountains.

Uncle Bob drove to Crownville, eighteen miles distant, to meet the new teacher, and bring her out. A girl, neat, young, good-looking, and athletic, descended from the train, and, after a few moments' conversation with the station agent, came straight to Uncle Bob, and informed him that she was Lineen Loring, the new teacher. Uncle Bob barely checked a snort of disgust. He was expecting a sort of a prodigy, and, instead, came this young, pretty, little slip of a woman. What could she do? Again he almost snorted. As he helped her into the buck-board, however, he couldn't help but notice a pair of keen gray, determined eyes and firm, defiant jaw.

About half-way home they heard a sudden clatter up the road. Quickly flashed into view, around the bend, a horseman, riding a superb roan. He sat his horse like a Cossack, and, dressed
in the picturesque garb of the mountaineer, gave Lineen a distinctly pleasing picture as he dashed by with a smiling "Howdy, Uncle Bob."

"Who was that, Mr. Hoyton?" asked the girl.

"Dan Horn. I expect mebbe you've heerd of him."

Her quarry! Her heart skipped a beat. The excitement of the man hunt, though not entirely new to her, was still strong enough to quicken her breath and cause her heart to act queerly at times. Lineen Loring was in the Government employ, and, under the guise of school teaching, was sent to learn what she could of the illicit distilling of moonshine whiskey that was known to be carried on in that section. While working in the customs house in New York her quick wit and phenomenal success in detecting smuggled goods gained for her recognition from the heads of the department, and she was taken from this work and put on special cases. The district commissioner had arranged with "Uncle Bob" and "Old Dave" for the organization of the school, and thus it came about that the new school teacher came to Cabin Creek.

The girl gazed at the receding figure on horseback until it was out of sight, then turned, and began plying her companion with questions, to which the old man answered—a rather long speech for him:

"Wall, you see, we ain't got no plum, downright proofs on Dan, but ever'thing kinder pints to him. His daddy wuz sent up fer moonshinin' nigh about ten years ago, and it seems to sorter run in the family. He runs around with a good-fer-nothin' bunch, and you can heer his hoss runnin' up and down the road at all times o' night, and, besides, he has been bankin' a tremenjus amount of money down to Crownville here lately, but he's slick enough to sell a little timber along to hide where he's gittin' all his money. Oh, he's a slick un, alright, but I guess he's yore man."

For weeks she saw little of Dan, though he often rode by the little school-house at break-neck speed. Many times at night she heard him galloping by, and twice he had fired his revolver as he passed. Then one day he gave Uncle Bob a bag of paw-paws, telling him not to "forgit the little teacher that wuz boardin'
thar." Soon Dan became a frequent visitor at Uncle Bob's place, usually on some pretense or other, but he never remained long. Many a pheasant and young wild turkey, with head shattered by the unerring accuracy of Dan's revolver, found its way to Uncle Bob's table, and several times golden-rod and other autumnal flowers were mysteriously left on Lineen's desk at the school-house.

It wasn't long before Dan's horse could be seen hitched to the fence in front of Uncle Bob's most any afternoon. His uncouth, unpolished advances were repugnant, repellant, to her, but she hid her real feelings beneath a mask of assumed pleasure, and Dan was none the wiser. Their being together, their long walks and rides, were sources of much wonder and gossip among people around about, but Lineen took no notice, for her plans were but slowly maturing, and, try as she might, she could not lead him into any incriminating confessions or word of betrayal. Serenely unconscious of her purpose, he continued calling, but naturally reticent, as are most mountaineers, she learned nothing new by pumping him.

Came a night when Uncle Bob gave a husking bee, and all the neighbors were there. Lineen, who had been assisting Mrs. Hoyton in the kitchen, getting ready the feast for the huskers when they were through, had gone to her room to get away from the clatter and noise for a brief instant. On entering her room she heard, through the open window, voices, and stood rigidly attent. Dan was talking with some stranger whose voice she had never heard before. She tip-toed to the window.

"—and he told me I could find you hyar," the voice was saying. "I've jist got to hev it, Dan. A man can't git married without likker."

"Alright, Sim"—it was the voice of Dan—"meet me at the old Dutton place to-morrow night at 11 o'clock, and I'll bring ye three gallons. That's all I kin carry right handy. It'll be twelve dollars."

She waited to hear no more. At last luck had played into her hands, and she was exultant. She was tired of the hills, tired of the children, tired of it all, and she was glad the end was coming. She had the proof; she had won, and the Government would pay
her well. She could get the message through to-morrow, and the arrest could be made Saturday or Sunday. The light of victory flamed in her eyes. They were dancing the square dance on the barn floor merrily, and she joined the frolickers. She even danced with Dan, and her bewildering smile left him dazzled but happy. One young logger from down the river attempted to kiss her, but Dan quelled this young man's exuberant spirits with a single glance, and, in spite of all, she felt grateful to the man she was hounding.

The party was over, but she couldn't sleep. Somehow Dan's face would dim the glory of her success. For the remainder of the week she vacillated between determination and—was it sympathy? On Saturday night there came to Uncle Bob's a timber agent, who talked "options" to the old trustee all during supper. After supper he and Lineen had a long talk, after which he left to join three other "timber agents," who were camping out in the woods a few miles below.

The circuit rider preached in the school-house the next day, and on the way home she told Dan of overhearing his talk with "Sim" on the night of the husking bee.

"Yes," he admitted, "I do moonshine fer a livin'." Then he told her of how he was raised practically in an illicit distillery, how his father had been a moonshiner before him, and had died in the Federal prison at Atlanta, and how he had naturally drifted into moonshining. "I hev put aside considerable money," he finished, "and hev jist about made arrangements to sell my outfit to a man in Letcher county. I want to see ef I can't git away frum this and live different."

"Where is your still?" she inquired.

"I'll take ye up thar this afternoon if ye want to go," he volunteered.

"No, I have a headache to-day, but I'll go with you to-morrow afternoon, if you will. I've always wanted to see one," she added.

Another consultation was held that night at Uncle Bob's, and on the morrow, when Lineen and Dan started for the still, there were four men trailing not far in the rear. High-heel shoes make distinct tracks.
Up an almost inaccessible hollow they climbed. His strength was incomparable. He lifted her over the logs and huge boulders as if she were a baby. At last they reached the place. Two huge copper boilers were in place, and the vats all ready for use.

"I haven't made a run fer several weeks," he explained, "but I'm—" The snapping of a twig caught his keen ear, and he was instantly alert.

Suddenly he crouched behind the rocks, pushing her down and out of range. Things had gone wrong—it was to be a surprise party, but the big mountaineer was not to be caught napping. His Colt's revolver was leveled down the hollow. A shot rang out, and the chips of rock flew close to his head. With an oath he returned the fire; then he turned to her, his cheeks a hectic red with anger. "It wuz a frame-up! You've told the revenues. I might a-known that I couldn't trust ye—but I did," he added, and there was despondency in his voice. Looking at her wonderingly, he asked, "Air ye a revenue?" and she could but mutely nod.

The cordon of officers drew closer, and, unexperienced and excited, were firing rapidly, regardless of her safety. Something compelled her to look at the man she had double-crossed, and pity surcharged her heart. There was hopelessness and resignation in his eyes, and his shoulders sagged dejectedly. It was a losing fight for him, and there was nothing left but—oblivion.

The range was too great for his revolver, and she heard him grate, "God, ef I could only git my Winchester."

This aroused her to action. "Where is it?" She was on her knees, clutching at his shoulders.

"Behind the vat, thar, covered with leaves," and she was already crawling toward the designated spot. In a moment she was back, and the Winchester spoke defiantly. She watched him with admiration, then broke over her the blinding truth, overwhelming and conquering—she loved this son of the hills, this barbarian, the man she had betrayed into the hands of the officers. Almost ready to cry out with the horror of it, she stumbled forward, as he, thrice wounded, sagged to the ground. She
raised his head, and was crying unintelligible sounds in his ears when the sight of his fallen Winchester brought her to her feet with grim determination. Like the lioness who defends her danger-circled cubs, she stood over the fallen man, and fought with a fury born of desperation. The magazine empty, she re-filled the cylinder of his Colt's forty-five and fought on.

The firing ceased, and when the officers broke through the underbrush they found her arm thrown across his face, as if to protect him with the last effort. She was unconscious, with a long gashed furrow just above her temple. Dan was breathing faintly.

Carried to Uncle Bob's, she speedily recovered, but for weeks Dan lingered at the point of death. Only the rugged constitution and great physical stamina of a mountaineer could have survived the effects of those wounds. She nursed him back to health, then the Federal authorities came for him. He was sentenced for five years. She waits for him back there in the mountains, teaching the little school she once hated, while the giant wheels of justice slowly grind.
LAMENT OF A LIFE MISSPENT.

M. E. Cooper, '20.

I.

The darkness long o’erspread the dusky sky,
   Mild voices wondrous flutter in the ear;
I list to dispelled gloom and heaving sigh,
   Of murky visions and of flowing tear.
Sweet exultation swells within the heart,
   For melancholy no longer dare redeem
Its rigid toll of fright; I wake, I start—
   Confound thee, Fate! Why mockst me with a dream?

II.

Ah! vain, deceitful fancy, dreaded thought!
   I cannot think on nought but misery;
The evils which a life misspent hath wrought
   Can never make life what it ought to be.
The time dawns near, the sunset’s growing dull;
   The tide is out; soon I shall be with Thee.
Have pity, pray, one moment grant of lull,
   Expel these haunting memories from me.
Jack Fairfax swung his Cadillac six into the horse-shoe driveway, and the elegant machine sped gracefully around the curve, coming to a stop at the foot of a flight of wide steps that led up to the entrance of a beautiful suburban home. He blew his horn once, and jumped out of the car and sprang lightly up the steps. The door was opened for him, and he disappeared inside.

Jack had just come home from college, and this was to be his first automobile ride with Claudia since the summer before. How he had been looking forward to these delightful afternoon spins. Sometimes when the summer air would turn cool they used to stop at the Club before coming home, and have hot tea and a short chat with their friends. This afternoon Jack and Claudia were going to christen the new Cadillac with the first of a series of pleasurable excursions.

The front door opened, and the two walked across the wide veranda to the top step. Claudia stopped and clapped her hands.

"O, Jack!" she exclaimed. "Isn’t it a perfect beauty! It looks so nice and shiny it seems a shame to get a speck of dust on it."

"Well, it’s liable to get a little dusty this afternoon," Jack replied, laughing. He took her arm, and they tripped gayly down the steps.

When they were comfortably settled in their seats Jack pressed the button of the self-starter; a little whir and a spit, and the powerful six-cylinder motor started purring evenly, musically to Jack’s ears. The gears shifted easily, almost noiselessly, and the machine rolled off down to the main road and turned north.

They sped up the smooth highway, passing magnificent suburban mansions, modest little cottages, and summer bungalows. Soon they were out in the real country. Farm-houses slid by them on either side, and green pastures, with lazy herds
of cattle, waving fields, here a worker plodding behind a cultivator, there a group of little children that waved to them. But Jack’s attention was mostly fixed to the road, and when it was not so fixed his eyes would travel no farther away than the fair face beside him. Of course, there was plenty of conversation, although on one side it was somewhat monosyllabic; Claudia was vivaciously engaged in imparting to Jack intelligence concerning events that had transpired in her world since last summer, and, for that reason, she was not extraordinarily observant of the rural beauties that would not have failed to arrest the attention and command the admiration of the artist or possibly the storyteller.

When they turned their faces homeward the sun, on their right, was getting low down on the horizon, lighting up with a superb golden glow the flat sheets of clouds that streaked across the western sky. Claudia was gazing intently at this picturesque sunset. The road was almost deserted now. Jack looked at the clock on the dash, and opened the throttle a little; the speedometer crawled around from twenty-two to twenty-eight, thirty, then to thirty-five; the purring of the motor became a low hum, and the new cup tires buzzed along the hard road. As their speed increased Claudia slid down in the seat and turned up the collar of her light cloak.

“We’re going around forty now,” said Jack, watching the speedometer at intervals. The speedometer moved beyond forty. Claudia looked up at Jack and smiled, and moved closer to him. The road stretched out before them like a great serpent, and disappeared in a graceful curve over the edge of a hill in the distance. On they sped, at forty miles an hour, till they came to a slight incline that ran down to a creek at the bottom of the hill, about a quarter of a mile ahead. Jack cut down the gas to keep his speed below forty going down-hill.

“It is so fascinating to have a little spurt once in a while,” said Claudia. “It isn’t running any risk on a road like this, either, do you think so? Sometimes it’s really thrilling. Of course, I don’t like to speed for any distance, because it’s so easy to forget how fast you’re going when you come to a place where you ought to slow down.” Jack assented with a nod.
As they were coming to the little bridge over the creek Jack said, "We'll eat 'em up on this hill." He opened the accelerator as they passed over the bridge, and they started up the hill in scorching style. The speedometer crawled from thirty-seven to forty-five, and then to fifty. The road seemed to be fairly jumping at them. Claudia raised, and turned to look back. The smooth highway was passing out from behind the machine like a long white tape from a cotton loom. She nestled back in her seat, and put her shoulder against Jack's. His face was fixed, and eyes intent on the road. Now he turned his eyes, and looked at Claudia sidewise. Her hair was blown back from her forehead, and the wind made her cheeks glow; her eyes sparkled with delight and excitement; she looked up at Jack and laughed. They were at the top of the hill.

With ever-increasing speed the machine shot down the steep grade. Suddenly something went wrong, there was a violent lurch and a crash, a piercing scream, and then—the silence of death.
THE EXECUTION OF HANSFORD.

R. A. Stewart, Ph. D.

Ye sons of the Dominion,
Whose glory is your pride,
Come hear, with awe and swelling heart,
How noble Hansford died.
Now list ye how the martyr met
A culprit's death of shame,
And how upon the gibbet-tree
He won a deathless name;
For 'mid the host of martyred saints
That deck Virginia's roll,
Ye cannot find a truer man,
Or more unspotted soul.

He had hailed the leader Bacon
With warmest fealty;
He deemed this man the chosen one,
By Heaven's high decree,
To be the Moses of his land—
To right abuse and wrong—
To give the populace the due
That to them did belong—
To treat as infamous the wretch,
E'en though he wore a crown,
Who could trample justice 'neath his feet
And strike fair Freedom down.

He had marched with Bacon's feeble force
Against the Indian foe;
He lent the vigor of his will
To their great overthrow.
When matters stood in fearful case
The germ of hope he nursed,
E'en when in dire extremity
From hunger and from thirst.
He stirred the soldiers' spirit,
    As they struggled through the fen;
And when he faced the savage foe
    He proved his manhood then.

Now, when the humbled Berkeley fled
    Before great Bacon's might,
And slunk away to Accomac,
    A fugitive by night;
To hold the fallen capital
    While he was on the trail,
As to a man of steadfastness,
    Whose courage could not fail,
The chieftain left this Hansford,
    Who late had won renown,
To take in keep the patriot band,
    And hold the captured town.

He gave him martial dignities
    And powers amply large,
That all the district round about
    Should be beneath his charge;
And throughout all the countryside
    He should levy stalwart men
In case the wily Berkeley sought
    To win the town again.
Then Bacon, firmly trusting
    In him he left behind,
Set out upon the Indian war
    With unperturbed mind.

And boldly Hansford held his post,
    And honor he did win,
Though vexed by scheming foes without,
    By treachery within;
And when Sir William moved his force
    To crush the rebel band,
Yet offered amnesty to those
    Who sought it at his hand,
Though death seemed grimly imminent
    Should Hansford meet defeat,
He spurned the tyrant’s proffered grace
    For glorious retreat.

Ye have heard how Bacon and his force
    Came hastening back once more;
How an army of twelve hundred men
    Was routed by six score;
And how Sir William fled again,
    Befriended by the dark,
And gained the safe and trackless sea
    Upon his waiting bark,
While Bacon in the vanquished town
    Maintained his rebel claims,
And Berkeley’s cherished capital
    Went up in roaring flames.

Ye have heard how Bacon’s fated star
    Now blazed upon the sky;
How the gentry pressed to hail him
    From the shires far and nigh;
But when all appeared auspicious
    For the issue of his plan,
The envious Fates conspired to end
    His life’s eventful span;
How he who sought to save his land,
    Himself he could not save,
And found a secret burial place
    ’Neath York’s majestic wave.

When stroke of evil fortune
    Had ta’en the chief away
The henchmen of Sir William
    Came sailing o’er the bay,
Where Hansford, with a score of men,
    Upon the Yorkish coast,
In ignorance of Bacon’s death,
    Held firm his sacred post;
Then, landing stealthily by night,
    The minions of the Crown
Besecured the country round about,
    And hunted Hansford down.

Proud Beverley was chosen tool
    To do this deed of shame;
"Twas Beverley who tarnished thus
    The lustre of his fame.
His prey he seized at midnight,
    And bound him tight and fast;
He bore him down upon his ship,
    And lashed him to the mast.
To Accomac he bore him,
    Within the tyrant's den;
And well the captive hero knew
    His doom was written then.

The Loyalists were gathered round
    To mock him and to jeer;
No tender hand nor soothing voice
    To comfort and to cheer;
Yet 'mid these fell indignities
    He stood erect and proud;
No mark of fear was in his eye
    Before that hostile crowd;
But on he strode to meet his death,
    Like true Virginian knight,
Clad in the helmet of the truth
    And breast-plate of the right.
HEREVER groups of men and women are gathered together, it is interesting to study the social life of the aggregation. It is particularly fascinating to observe the social ideas, forms, and characteristics of a college community, for here we have a number of the higher type of men assembled under almost ideal conditions, possessing, to a remarkable degree, a kindred trend in thought, action, and ideal, and that quality which welds men together—"social like-mindedness."

Here in Richmond College, as is quite befitting, the social part of the College life plays an important part. The student who neglects this phase of his school life is rare indeed, and the tendency is rather to over-emphasize it than to neglect it. When the College as an entirety is considered, however, we find that the student body sensibly, and in a wholesome way, enters into the social life of the College community, and, by so doing, the men are enabled to retain their poise, and to live more evenly-developed lives than by disregarding this part of the school life. It will serve the purpose of this simple discussion to review briefly the various ways in which the students are enabled to develop their social tendencies.

Most important of all is the association of the men with each other. Here we find men of vision, of ability, of high ideals, meeting each other, conversing, exchanging ideas, and each man is being influenced by his fellows. On the campus, in the classroom, and in the dormitories the students rub elbows. They form lasting friendships that are of tremendous value in character building. Many pleasant acquaintances are formed among the men in the college community, and the joy derived from these tides a man over many an otherwise discouraging day. Men work together, and take their recreation together, and these little
partnerships go a long way toward filling the instinctive desire of men for human companionship. The campus and class-room associations lift college work above the plane of mere cold-blooded drudgery, and fill it with pulsating life.

These associations are seen in a further stage upon the athletic field. This is particularly seen at the time when the College team meets some important rival. Upon the field are the men selected to vindicate the honor of the school and to bring glory to their alma mater. In a peculiar sense do they feel their close relationship. The coach has striven to co-ordinate them in such a way as to have them play with machine-like precision, and, as a result, they feel like inter-dependent parts of an integral whole. Their sympathies are well developed, their energies are directed along the same line, and they feel the need of co-operation in performing the task assigned to them—namely, to defeat the enemy. But what of the vast majority of students? We find them in the grand-stand, with every man's heart beating with loyalty for his College, with every man longing for victory, and with every man determined to help cheer the men out there on the field fighting for the school of which he is a part. This identity of purpose and function of the team, and this identity of spirit and desire of the "rooters," bring the men in exceedingly close touch with each other. Under the stress of a contest, when the interests at stake are the same, these men are all akin, and they feel it strongly, more so than at other times. Accordingly, we see that the association upon the athletic field further develops the social side of the student.

In the various college organizations we see how groups of men, with the same interests at heart, and with the same likes and dislikes, and with similar objects in view, have banded themselves together. In these groups "social like-mindedness" is more clearly defined, and the groups demand certain definite qualities in each member. Examples of these are the literary societies and the Y. M. C. A. In the literary society there exists a brotherhood, for there the men are seeking development along literary lines, and they assist each other in achieving the object of their desires. There is a distinct line of demarcation between the men who are members of the literary society and those who
are not. There is also a wide difference between the members of the rival societies. This is quite proper, for each society of this nature should bestow a distinctive characteristic upon its members, and they should feel a definite result of their association in their particular organization.

Furthermore, there are the more exclusive clubs and fraternities. In these the association of the members is the closest found in college, and, consequently, is of greatest importance to those men who participate in it. Much has been said of the good or harm that the fraternity does, but, granted that it has high ideals and honorable principles, and endeavors to live up to them, the fraternity can benefit the individual member far more than any other factor in the social life of the student. Not all students belong to the literary societies or to the more exclusive organizations, and, as a result, they lose some of the social development that they otherwise might enjoy.

Occasionally there are gala affairs, such as "smokers," theatre parties, and entertainments, distinctively for men. Here also the men benefit from the association with each other, for they are in a far different mood from that of the campus and class-room, the athletic field, and the society hall. It is true, however, that most of the entertainments and social affairs are not "stag," but are graced by the presence of ladies.

Aside from his association with his fellow students, the college man craves and enjoys association with young women. At Richmond College the juxtaposition of the co-ordinate Colleges is fortunate indeed for the vast majority of students. In a wholesome atmosphere the students of opposite sexes gather occasionally at such affairs as entertainments and receptions, plays and debates, and both are benefited. Not only do students of Westhampton and Richmond College attend these, but often the men bring young women from town, so that there need not be a preponderance of one sex. From this association the men derive enjoyment that is clean, wholesome, and beneficial, and certainly it is a factor that makes the College life more attractive and more valuable to the man who desires to be a well-rounded, properly-developed citizen.

Education is the primary object of the College, but a de-
velopment of the social side of a man is necessary, as well as is education. Certainly it is conducive to his welfare; it makes of him a normal man instead of a misanthrope. The proper view of the value of social life in college is of real benefit to the student. By means of it his stay at his alma mater is made happier, and, if he pays the proper amount of attention to the social phase of college life, he will find himself better equipped to serve his fellow-men.
AN ODE TO THE TOAD.

W. A. Reynolds, '20.

An unappreciative world are we,
For if it were not so I cannot see
Why we have not composed an ode
About the unobtrusive toad.
'Tis true the toad is like the clod,
Withal a wambling, warty wad;
But still in his head two jewels rare
Outsparkle the eyes of my lady fair.
I love to hear the song of any bird,
But really I can't say that I have heard,
At any time, the pleasant note
From any little feathered throat
That can my heart so deeply thrill
As can the toad's melodious trill,
Oh, let us not the toad despise,
Nor let us scorn his form and size,
But cherish him, and do whate'er we can
For this lowly little friend of man.
T was generally conceded that he was the singer of the age. The Metropolitan Opera Company had dug him up from apparently nowhere, and, though he was scarcely twenty-five, his was the largest salary on the company's pay-roll. New York was simply crazy over the young tenor. The editorials of the daily newspapers joined in one great paean of praise for the wonderful voice which, night after night, held the vast audiences which crowded the immense auditorium in enraptured silence. From Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and other large cities, came offers of huge guarantees, but New York, the musical dictator of the world, would not let him go.

Guiseppe de Canabria had achieved the ambition of his life. Born and nurtured in Italy, that land of singers, he had passed unnoticed till five years ago, when a French baritone, touring Italy, happened to give a concert in the boy's little town, and, following the performance, had invited all those who desired to be professionally aided in music to meet him. The young Italian's parents were very poor, but Guiseppe informed the baritone he would be willing to work for his master in any way desired in return for any help the singer could give him. The Frenchman tested the young man's voice, and needed no more urging to carry him to his studio in Paris. After five years of hard work, Guiseppe de Canabria had come out from his seclusion, and was immediately proclaimed the greatest tenor of all time.

And to-night it was "Aida," his favorite. He and Zeraphini, the Spanish coloratura soprano, had the chief roles. These two had performed together almost the whole of this season. It was rumored that ties stronger than mere friendship existed between them, and the public, always eager to weave a romance about an idol, had not only readily believed that such a romance did exist, but that the marriage would take place as soon as the present season was over.
The curtain was to rise at 8:30 o'clock. At 7 o'clock the crowd had begun to gather on the street, and by 8 o'clock the doors were closed, the huge building being filled to its capacity. Guiseppe de Canabria, in his small dressing-room, exulted. They were all coming to hear him, who had, until only a few years ago, been a poor peasant lad in a little rural town of Italy. Surely fate was good to him! He thought of his comrades of those old days—how a few cents a day meant a living for them, and for him, then. But now he made thousands every night he sang. And, for a second, the thought came: If there is a Providence, what was its object in thus raising me from the depths of poverty to the heights of fame and fortune within so short a time?

The opera was going smoothly. Zeraphini, as "Aida," was superb, while de Canabria was in glorious voice. The third act had been completed, except for the hero's solo, "Celeste Aida." And then, just before Guiseppe was to go on the stage, the cry "Fire! fire!" was heard from somewhere to the right of the stage. For a minute there was a dead silence. Then a door opened where the alarm had been heard, and a man rushed out. In another second smoke could be seen issuing from the open door. The vast throng realized, then, the danger, and, like a herd of wild beasts in a stampede, went wild. The screams of the women, the shouts of the men, the stamp of thousands of feet in a mad effort to reach the exits, mingled into a deafening roar. The stage had long since been abandoned, but Guiseppe de Canabria waited still at the side entrance. He stood as if in a trance. He loved this building, this stage; it was his home—where he had come into his own—and now it was all to be wantonly destroyed by the unsparing flames! Suddenly he was seized by an inspiration—he would sing its "swan song"! With a bound he gained the centre of the deserted stage. Then, disregarding the fighting, mangled mass of human beings before him, he raised his magnificent voice in the notes of that immortal aria, "Celeste Aida," which he loved so well. His voice, low at first, was unheard in the din of the stampede. As he sang on it gathered volume, and rose, rose, rose, through the smoke, through the crackling of the flames, through the roar of the crazy, battling mob, till it dominated all. The contending forces of nature and man bowed
before this powerful, wonderful voice. The crowd grew still, as if spell-bound. It could not see the singer, enveloped in smoke as he was, but it could see his soul embodied in his voice, as it rose and fell, the lucid, vibrant tones which penetrated the noise of the conflagration reverberating back and forth between the walls of the giant auditorium.

As the end of the song drew near the notes became lower and lower, finally dying away in sobbing, wailing tones, which trembled in the air and then were no more. A hissing stream of water shot through a smashed window near the side of the stage. The smoke, veil-like, parted for a moment by a gust of cold air. Through the rift appeared the figure of the singer, standing as if transfixed on the now luridly-lighted platform. The smoke once more enveloped him, and to the ears of the receding multitude there came the fatal crash of the burning stage, as it fell, carrying with it the Lost Voice.
The purpose of this study is to show two distinctive facts about Browning’s religious beliefs.

Cleon is represented as a Greek, skilled in all the arts known to man. He is an embodiment of all knowledge which man is capable of obtaining. KingProtus, although possessing wealth, realizes that those things which he possesses are not lasting. They will soon fade and be gone. He wonders if there is anything lasting in the world. After reflecting, he concludes that if this world does give any satisfaction to the soul, surely Cleon, the personification of knowledge, knows about it. Hence the king collects a large number of gifts, and sends them to Cleon, and, in addition, writes him, asking whether his acquisition of knowledge and material things has satisfied him, and whether those things are lasting.

The heart of the poem is Cleon’s answer to King Protus. After a lengthy introduction, the body of the letter begins:

"Thy letter’s first requirements meets me here.
It is as thou hast heard: in one short life
I, Cleon, have affected all those things
Thou wonderingly dost enumerate."

This rather broad statement and evidence of egotism is followed by a recital of the writer’s capacity for enjoying and appreciating all that earth affords. He does not claim greatness, as men in earlier ages were determined great. In the former period men were great in specific lines, but he conceived the achievements of the soul (using the word synonymous with physical capabilities):

"Intended to be viewed eventually
As a great whole, not analyzed to parts,"

He is willing to admit that he has not developed in any special field, but progress, as a whole, is his theme.

"Why stay we on the earth unless to grow?"
Now then, thought the king, since Cleon has accomplished so much, and has such large capacity for appreciation of the things of this world, and his works are so in the hearts of men:

"Thou askest if (my soul thus in men’s hearts)
I must not be accounted to attain
The very crown and proper end of life.
Inquiring thence how, now life closeth up,
I face death with success in my right hand:
Whether I fear death less than thou dost thyself,
The fortunate of men."

This is the burden of the king’s letter. Does large accomplishments of material things, a large capacity for the appreciation of material things, and a realization that your accomplishments will live in the “hearts of men” after you are dead, satisfy one; and, further, and more important, will these things make one fear death less. Ah! this is the secret of his petition, skilfully concealed in his letter.

A large part of the remainder of the poem is Cleon’s answer to this. No, his advanced type does not find life more satisfactory, but more of a failure. First is this asserted in contrast with the lower animals; they are, in their way, perfect. They lack self-consciousness, and, although they enjoy, they have no power to reflect on their capacities and joys. Man is superior here, but this superiority is a source of imperfection, for we become conscious of joys outside of us, and have desires in our souls for making these joys ours, while we have not the ability to do so.

"Man might live at first
The animal life: but is there nothing more?
In due time, let him critically learn
How he lives; and the more he gets to know
Of his own life’s adaptabilities,
The more joy-giving will his life become."

But still this does not satisfy, because the greater his capacity for enjoying the further away from his finite goal of attainment he seems to be. Then the argument why not live as the beast:

"—man make no step
Beyond the natural man, the better beast,
Using his senses, not the sense of sense."
Yet this would not do, because as man grows conscious of man's life the things of the beast are far from satisfaction to him. Hence, with this view he can but conclude:

"O king, with thy profound discouragement,
Who seest the wider but to sigh the more.
Most progress is most failure! thou sayest well."

Having drawn his conclusions relative to actual things, he next refers to the imaginative powers:

"The last point now—thou dost except a case—
Holding joy not impossible to one
With artist-gifts—"

It is true he can paint, write poetry, and say how men young, strong, fair can act; but

"Indeed, to know is something, and to prove
How all this beauty might be enjoyed, is more:"

Therefore imaginative powers lead on to but a greater failure of complete satisfaction.

Then, again, there is another fact—the species of immortality to which the Positivist looks:

"—what
Thou writest, paintest, stays: that does not die."

This was what the king wrote Cleon, and Cleon heartily agreed to that, even carrying the argument further. It was true that what he wrote and painted and his other works would live, but—

"When all my works wherein I prove my worth,
Being present still to mock me in men's mouths,
Alive still, in the praise of such as thou,
I, I, the feeling, thinking, acting man,
The man who loved his life so overmuch,
Shall sleep in my urn."

This was the least satisfaction of all, for one to know his works would live on and on, and he, the creator of those works, "to sleep in his urn." The human heart instinctively revolts from this. But this idea of immortality leads to further thought, and the great poet, Cleon, cries in despair:
"It is so horrible,
I dare at times imagine to my need
Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,
Unlimited in capability
For joy, as this is in desire for joy.

* * * * * * * * * *

We burst there as the worm into the fly
Who, while a worm still, wants his wings. But, no!
Zeus has not yet revealed it; and, alas,
He must have done so, were it possible!"

This point is unquestionably the climax of the poem. The learned Greek has exhausted every human conception for full satisfaction, and he has failed to find it. His god (Zeus) has not revealed that which he, "in his need," sometimes dares to imagine, and, if Zeus has not done it, it is hardly possible that he can. Hence human life is one great, thorough failure.

"Live long and happy, and in that thought die,
Glad for what was! Farewell."

Browning has skillfully closed the main part of the letter here, and he now introduces one "Paulus," who is preaching one "Christus." King Protus had also sent gifts to this Paulus, and also doubtlessly intended to ask him the same questions propounded to Cleon, although Browning painstakingly omitted this. Cleon responds extremely indifferently about this "barbarian Jew," and regards him and Christ and their doctrine as of little significance. Cleon's concluding sentence is:

"I gathered from a bystander
Their doctrines could be held by no sane man."

It must be kept in mind now that Browning has put, just here, in about fifteen lines, his entire argument of the poem—personal immortality. He has shown, by easily understood illustrations, how the views of the Positivist and the Materialist will not satisfy the soul. So firmly fundamental with Browning is the idea of personal immortality that he returns to it again and again. In fact, throughout the poem are under-currents or variations of the one fundamental song of his heart—personal immortality alone will gratify the desires and longings of the soul.
Now, then, let us examine the "Epistle of Karshish." The story, in brief, is this: Karshish is an Arab physician, who travels all of his time, trying to secure more information of his profession. All of his discoveries he describes in lengthy letters to his master, one Abib. This epistle was written from Bethany, in Palestine, and Karshish has met with Lazarus, who claims to have been raised from the dead by "a Nazarene physician of his tribe." This physician "perished in a tumult many years ago," and hence the Arab could not ask how this thing was done.

The letter opens with a formal introduction:

"Karshish, the picker-up of learning's crumbs,
* * * * * * * * * * *
To Abib, all sagacious in our art."

The wandering physician relates many thrilling experiences in his efforts to secure information about the profession close to his heart; having done this, he is about to close the letter, because he has some doubt about his carrier, whether he is sincere in his willingness to carry the letter:

"Yet stay: my Syrian blinketh gratefully,
Protesteth his devotion is my price—
Suppose I write what harms not though he steal?"

Then he offers an apology for relating such an absurd thing as the raising of Lazarus, but, as a matter of interest, he thinks it wise to write it "while it is fresh in the mind," lest he should forget it. In his opinion it is "but a case of mania, sub-induced by epilepsy," and the man was restored by a stroke of magic.

After Karshish has told how the incident happened in a natural way, using scientific terms, he gives us the condition of Lazarus's mind. This is a psychological study of what might have been the condition of a human mind after passing through the experience Lazarus did. He had passed into the other world, and had seen those things that are eternal. Upon a return to earth the things of the world are meaningless to him. The physician questions him, and his answers are "Be it as God please." Nothing seems to break the spell or charm upon the man. It was impossible to question the "learned leech," since he had perished.
The physician is about to say some other things which Lazarus said to him, but Browning very tactfully left out anything he might have felt inclined to put in the mouth of Lazarus, and makes his physician turn aside from the subject and introduce something apparently more interesting concerning their profession:

"Why write of trivial matters, things of price
Calling at every moment for remark?
I noticed on the margin of a pool
Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,
Aboundeth, very nitrous. It is strange!"

The irony here is very remarkably shown. "Blue flowering borage" is of far more importance than this trivial matter of a "Nazarene physician" resuscitating a fellow countryman. It was strange; although Karshish tries to put the strange ideas in his mind upon the nitrous value of a plant. He goes further, and apologizes for the rather tiresome note relative to Lazarus:

"Which, now that I review it, needs must seem
Unduly dwelt on, prolixly set forth!
Nor I myself discern in what is writ
Good cause for the peculiar interest
And awe indeed this man has touched with me."

It is true Karshish cannot get rid of this thing. He closes his letter, but the incident is on his mind:

"I send thee what is writ.
Regard it as a chance, a matter risked
To this ambiguous Syrian—he may lose
Or steal, or give it thee with equal good.
Jerusalem's repose shall make amends
For time this letter wastes, thy time and mine;
Till when, once more thy pardon and farewell."

The letter is closed. Will it ever reach the hand of Abib, and, if it does, is it worth the time I spent on it to relate those things to Abib? Was the relating of this unreasonable incident to such a distinguished man as Abib in keeping with the dignity of our profession? Possibly these and many other thoughts were in the mind of Karshish as he thought over the things he had heard
of this incident of Palestine. He cannot send that letter without adding more to it; it has been closed, but he can add a post-script—yes, that is the thing to do; hence,

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in Myself.
Thou hast no power nor mayest conceive of Mine,
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me who have died for thee!'
The madman saith He said so: It is strange."

Thus the poem concludes. With the foregoing brief analyses, we may now make a few comparisons.

In method the poems are very similar—that is, the poet does not present, directly, his main argument until the last part of the poem.

The Greek scholar finds his soul still longing, although he has attained unto the very heights as far as man’s knowledge and accomplishments can carry him. The Oriental Arab cannot solve the “mania” of Lazarus with all of his scientific knowledge. How it could have happened and why were beyond his power to understand. In the latter part of “Cleon” the Greek scholar refers to the “strange doctrine”; and Karshish, representing the knowledge of the Orient, would have his master, Abib, think of the “All-Wise, All-Great, All-Loving.” The argument that man’s knowledge can satisfy the soul is brought to a reductio ad absurdum; after the poet has so skillfully done this, then in each case he siezes the opportunity he has made for himself, and gives utterance to two principles fundamental to the life of every individual—personal immortality and the existence of a God of Love.

An eminent critic has said Browning presents in “Cleon” the instinctive need and yearning of the human heart for immortality, and in an “Epistle of Karshish” the need and longing of the human heart for a God of Love.
WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS.


It was somewhere in northern France. The British had just made one of their furious charges, and captured a German first-line trench. The "Tom-mies" were strengthening their position, and calmly awaiting the usual counter attack. Evening came, and still no charge from the gray-clad hordes of Germans, though their heavy guns were playing in a continuous roar on the British second-line trenches, for the purpose of preventing reserves from supporting the veterans in the first line captured trench.

Night fell, and was made hideous by the hiss and roar of shrapnel as it burst above the trenches or struck the parapets of the trenches, and sent its death-dealing missiles hurtling among the soldiers crouched in the bottom of the mud-filled ditches. The earth trembled as the heavy guns roared defiance, and their high explosive shells ripped up tons of earth.

"The Bosches ain't goin' to sleep to-night, and won't let no one else sleep," grumbled old Tom Harkins, veteran of many a battle since the beginning of the war, to his young companion, Bill Cartwright, who was the idol of his company.

"Tom, you will not forget your promise, not to let the Bosches get my body if I fall in No Man's Land, will you?"

"Tut, tut, my boy; there'll be no fightin' to-night."

"I feel as if we are, Tom; but, listen—we are going to have music of our own."

They paused, and heard, far above, the sputter of the powerful aeroplanes, and they knew their comrades of the air were range finding, and that soon their own guns would be answering in a deep-throated chorus the Germans with their own tune.

The two comrades turned to make their narrow space as comfortable as possible for the night, when they were interrupted by a commotion from the communication trench. It proved to be bomb carriers with new supplies of bombs.

"Tom, we are in for that next trench in front of us to-night," said Bill.
“Well, boy, we’ve seen many a night of this sort, and then et breakfast in a German trench,” answered Tom.

Just then the captain passed and left this order: “After the curtain of fire ceases,” and they knew that the charge would come after their own guns had ceased firing.

The British guns were roaring and tearing at the intricate first-line German trenches. The fire from both sides became terrific, increasing in intensity every moment, until at 12:30 o’clock the British guns suddenly stopped firing. In three minutes No Man’s Land was swarming with British soldiers. An ominous silence pervaded the German trenches.

Suddenly, as if by a pre-arranged signal, the murderous crackle of five hundred machine guns broke the stillness of the night. The British fell in squads, as they bravely faced the terrible fire. The remaining few, obeying the command to retreat, stumbled in to their trench, defeated.

Tom looked for Bill among the wounded that had been carried in on the retreat. Not finding his comrade, he went back to his post with tear-dimmed eyes and heaving breast to await the coming dawn, that would tell the sad story.

In the grey fog that settled over the battle-field, as if to hide the hideous sights, Tom was crawling slowly among the dead and wounded, searching for the boyish comrade. At last he found him, just seventy yards from the German trenches, and as he lifted the boyish form to his shoulders the fog parted, leaving him in full view of the German trenches. A single machine gun spat its murderous stream of death, and Tom, with his burden, went down. The fog settled again. The mortally wounded hero crawled the distance to safety, dragging the now lifeless form of his comrade.

In the field hospital the King stood gazing into the face of the hero, Tom Harkins. The pathetic story was told him as he was visiting the hospitals. As he opened his eyes the nurse held the Victoria Cross in his line of vision, but he paid no attention to the symbol of honor pinned on his tattered shirt by the King. His lips moved, and the King bent over him to hear him mutter, with fast-failing breath, “Well, boy, the Bosches didn’t get your body—old Tom Harkins is comin’ now.”

So Tom Harkins, winner of the Victoria Cross, fulfilled his promise of friendship.
ODE TO MUSIC,

Frank L. Montague, Jr., '20.

Oh, solace sweet of saddened mind,
Oh, joyous sight of the groping blind,
Thou savored balm of cleaved heart,
Ne’er from my soul thy lays shall part!
When in a sad or pensive mood
Thy tender notes my soul doth soothe;
But when in joy my heart doth leap
Thy carols gay my soul still steep;
Or when to martial mood I turn
Thy troubled twangs my mind doth burn.
Beloved of men, O, art of arts,
Thou reignest supreme in mortal hearts!
A striking characteristic of the March issue of The University of Virginia Magazine is its scholarly features. A large bulk of the material shows research work and close observance along rather unique and difficult lines. However, it has its lighter strains as well as its scholarly productions. The first story, "Poached Eggs for Two," is extremely interesting. A handsome and neatly-dressed young countryman comes to a great city, and, while loitering carelessly along the street at night, falls in with a merry and gaily-dressed young widow. She allures the unsuspecting "fly" to the dark and dingy eating-house, from which many men have returned wiser but poorer creatures. After partaking of a frugal meal, to "save her friend's money," they return to the street, where she takes a car and leaves the countryman. Her heart was beating time to a strange emotion, her bosom heaving, and her eyes sparkling. They were reflecting the glittering brilliancy from a great diamond which she had dexterously filched from the pocket of the credulous dupe. "Trenches Here and There" is a vivid, interesting, and instructive description of the various kinds of war excavations used in this war. He describes the simple narrow ditch, in contrast to the highly developed earthworks along the Marne and around Verdun. Some of these are artistically constructed, and afford a great degree of comfort. The facts of trench construction are so cunningly interwoven with illustrations, interesting stories, and amusing incidents as to make it very delightful reading. The insertion of a part of Shakespeare's first play, "Henry VII.," added a literary effect to the magazine. The most commendable work in this issue of The University of Virginia Magazine is an essay on "Henryk
Sienkiewicz." The land of Poland has always had the sympathy of those peoples who have been forced to look on while it was being parcelled out by the countries of Europe. It is a land of sadness and national sorrow, but, as a result of their condition, there has come forth many great writers from their ranks. The writer shows Henryk Sienkiewicz's place among those Polish writers, and his power as a portrayer of Polish thought.

Few of the magazines reaching our exchange table are of a higher type than The Furman Echo. The style of arrangement is most commendable. The whole magazine shows thought, taste, and pains-taking interest. First, there will be a poem of beauty, then a number of stories of such desirable length and interesting nature as to hold the reader without a conscious effort on his part. When the magazine is begun it takes an effort to lay it aside. The selections all have the appearance of having been chosen, and very little appears to have been put in simply for filling. The first selection, "A Christmas Picture," is a poem in which the writer is longing to see the unpractical, mystical, and priestly picture of the Saviour done away with. He longs for the time when Christ, as a Saviour of man, will be pictured as a real flesh and blood being, laboring, suffering, and bearing the burdens of sorrow and temptations of every-day, modern life.

"The Taxidermist" is a beautiful story, showing how the energy, patience, and determination of a boy among the mountains of Vermont made him a great success, in spite of the disadvantages of small opportunity and poverty. "A Christmas Story" is a poem worthy of note, showing that those who have the greatest opportunities often make the most wretched failures in life. The moral in "Man's Limitations" makes it worthy of notice. Men do not fail, according to the writer, because of outside influences, but as a result of internal weaknesses. "A Block in the Car Line" has in it many of the elements of a good story. There is a good plot, but the strongest features are its vividness and elements destined to play upon sentiment.

The first selection of worth in The Collegian is a story, "Too
Much for a Whistle.” This subject readily calls to mind the story told by Benjamin Franklin. It is well written, and contains some genuinely humorous features. “A Virginia Cove” is a delightful gem of writing. The chief criticism is its shortness. It is really a poem in prose. The thought is distinctly poetic, and the writer shows that he sees, feels, and lives in his subject. The President’s policy is well outlined and defended by the writer of “In Defense of the Administration’s Mexican Policy.” This selection shows diligent labor, and is due credit for its thoroughness. The crowning feature of The Roanoke Collegian is the selection entitled “Bobby Sends the S. O. S. and Red Responds.” It is a story of college, and is so true to life that any college man will greatly enjoy the tale. The characterization is extremely fine. The humorous features, combined with the ridiculous side, makes it a first-rate story of college days.

We acknowledge, with pleasure, the receipt of the following magazines to our table of exchange: The Wake Forest Student, The Buff and Blue, The Davidson College Magazine, The Messenger (Louisiana College), The Furman Echo, The Roanoke College Magazine, and The Georgetown College Magazine.
Westhampton College Department.

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This month marks the beginning of a real Westhampton Department in THE MESSENGER. Hitherto we have had a separate Editorial Department, an Exchange, and an Alumnae Department, but our literary contributions were intermingled with those belonging to Richmond College. Apparently this arrangement has been a fortunate one at times, for, in a way, we were enabled to hide our lack of material. At other times, when our "efforts" were creditable, we should have been glad for them to have shown themselves more conspicuously as our very own. Yet, in either case, and disregarding personal feelings in the matter, the only fair arrangement is one in which our sister colleges with whom we exchange may be able to know us and the work we do apart from the men and their work.

This individual department must mean a call to arms for our College. If we have not had proper pride in THE MESSENGER, it may have been that we have felt that we had not "equal representation." Now the space is yours to fill, yours to feel responsible for, and yours to read, we hope.
As this is the last issue of the magazine to be gotten out by the present staff, we are particularly glad of the new plan. We have at least been allowed to see some revolution in circumstances and in feeling. We are deeply grateful to the girls who have rallied to our assistance since the true state of affairs was laid before them. We are more than grateful for the interest and encouragement of the five or six who have been “with us” all the year. That The Messenger may continue to progress, and that Westhampton may continue her support, is our most sincere desire.

We are proud of this number, and we are content, although, on the graves of our disappointments and failures, some one may write:

“Nothing in life so became them as their leaving of it.”

Through the March issue of The Messenger, the various classes have gained the following points toward the class cup:

Class Standing (for the Cup).

- Seniors, 1
- Juniors, 5
- Sophomores, 1
- Freshmen, 4
THE steps came nearer on the paved floor of the old
Spanish cathedral at Toledo, but I did not look
up, for the day was almost done, and I wanted to
finish a sketch of the nave which I was making
before the light entirely failed. The intruder, how­
ever, did not pass, but, much to my surprise, stopped behind me,
and I felt that he or she was looking at me. I turned quickly,
and discovered a tall, grey-haired man of distinguished appearance,
gazing with kindly eyes at my sketch.

"That is very good," he smiled. "It's a beautiful thing to
try to reproduce, isn't it?"

I was very much surprised at his informal salutation, but he
did not look at all awesome, so I nodded, and admitted it was.

"It is quite a coincidence," he resumed, "to find some one
sketching to-day in the identical place where I sat, ten years ago,
and painted the same scene in this cathedral. This is the first
time I have been back since, and for a very good reason."

I laid down my pencil, and prepared to listen to the story
which was surely forthcoming, but with a vision before me also
of my scandalized aunt if she should hear of it. She had very
strict ideas about my going about alone, and— Well, he was
speaking again, and I was very willing to listen, for I had often
heard interesting tales in some such way.

"As I said before," he began, "it was ten years ago when I
last visited this place. As you may have guessed, I, too, am an
artist, and one hot day my wife, who always goes with me on my
painting tours, and I came in here to see the cathedral.

"It was much as you see it now, for it was only a little earlier
in the afternoon, and the light was very faint even near the windows
of stained glass which are set far back in those thick walls. The
benches and hangings in the chancel and in those little chapels
seemed shadowy curtains that might have hidden many a dark
secret. There was not another person in the church, but, in that
dim light, the old saints seemed to be alive, and watching over their home. Here and there flowers showed white against the mysterious greyness of it all, for there had been a festival service that day, and the blossoms were festooned around the grey stone arches which extend up into the blackness of the ceiling. Candles burned in those numerous shrines, throwing into relief the small statues and crucifixes. There were offerings at many of them, and one I noticed particularly was a mass of crimson roses before a statue of the Virgin. I do not see it now, so they must have moved it; but that day the roses, in the candle light, looked like a pool of blood against the white marble.

"Both my wife and I had been startled by this delusion, and stood there gazing at the statue. A slight sound made me turn, and I saw that the doors had been closed, and the sound which I had heard was that of the key turning in the lock. I ran as quickly as possible to the door, but you can imagine, from the length of the nave, that it took a few minutes. By that time I was sure that the verger had left, and there was nothing to do but stay where we were, for I had noticed the thickness of those doors and knew there was no use in calling for help. We both considered it rather a novel experience, and, as we had some lunch with us, ate supper in a happy state of mind. I was tired and my wife half asleep by the time I spread out our coats on the benches, and we composed ourselves for sleep, which came very soon.

"I was dreaming of walking through a meadow at home, and of hearing some one singing beautifully, although the music sounded strange and somewhat melancholy. The sound grew so loud that at last I found myself awake, and listening to the music, which seemed to be coming from the altar. I turned to my wife, and saw that she was staring in amazement in the direction from which the sound came. It was some chant sung in a minor key by many women's voices. Its sweetness and sadness made it seem even more mysterious. Finally my wife voiced her wonder and awe.

"'Where is that music coming from? It seems to be behind that great altar or under it. Goodness, these cathedrals must have as many peculiarities as the old castles we visited yesterday.'
"'Well,' I replied, 'if they have got secret staircases and such things, how do they get to them? I know that there is a big garden right on the other side of the wall of this building, because I saw it to-day. But who would be singing that loud at this hour?'

"'And why do they want to wander around in the middle of the night? I should hate to live in this neighborhood if the inhab—'

"A terrible scream stopped her words.

"'What is that?' I whispered, through lips suddenly gone dry, for it was the most fearful sound I have ever heard.

"Before another word could be said another cry arose; then a woman's voice pleading and sobbing in acute terror and distress. The screams and cries continued while we cowered back in our seats, absolutely terrified and too astounded to do anything. There was no break in the music, however. It rose in volume and increased in sweetness. In a lull in the dreadful cries I distinguished the words of the Latin chant, "Deus Misereatur"—oh, why was that prayer not answered! It seemed too horrible that that wonderful chant should be heard above such an obvious prayer for pity. I cannot think of it even yet without feeling a shudder at the awful irony of it.

"Suddenly a shriek of agony, more fearful than before, made us tremble, and we clung together in the darkness. We waited tense in suspense, but only the marvelous music of that stately chant rose to a climax, then slowly seemed to grow fainter as it receded farther and farther. At last it was just a whisper, and then the absolute stillness of a church at night.

"Until morning we remained there, unable to sleep through fear of again being awakened by those awful screams, which seemed still to be ringing in our ears. When at last, with daylight, came the verger to let in tourists who were already arriving, we slipped out unnoticed into the sunlit street, with deep sighs of relief.

The color and light of the scene around us was a decided contrast to the mysterious terror of the night before. All around were men and women in native costumes of bright red and yellow, with bells tinkling, and their bright black eyes laughing. Peasants, with donkeys carrying baskets, were loudly calling their wares. Dirty little boys ran here and there, everywhere, all begging for
a 'little dog,' as one of their small coins is called. There, too, were richly-dressed ladies, going to mass, happily smiling under their lace mantillas. I felt depressed to think that all of them should be so gay when all this terror had been so near. We hastened on to breakfast, in a delightful little restaurant, although we had little appetite, and then through the already hot streets to the great white house which was the home of the American consul, for we had an appointment with him that morning on business. We were both thinking of what had happened, but neither spoke much until we reached the consulate.

"After the first greetings and business were over, and Mr. Grey, the consul, was asking about the sights we had seen, he said: 'You certainly should visit the cathedral before you leave. Have you seen it yet?'

"We looked at each other in surprise, for he had touched almost at once on the one thing that was uppermost in our minds.

"'Yes,' I answered slowly. 'We went there yesterday, and, by accident, had to spend the night.'

"He laughed and said: 'You certainly had time to observe it. I hope you enjoyed it.'

"He stopped in amazement as I shuddered and my wife leaned back in her chair as pale as one of those white roses we had seen withering yesterday.

"'What is the matter?' he asked, and I could see lively concern in his eyes.

"'Listen,' I began; and told him the whole story. 'I do not know what happened,' I ended, 'but I think the matter should be investigated.'

"'I will never forget it,' my wife cried.

"'You had better forget it, and this place too,' Mr. Grey interrupted. I started to speak, but he continued:

"'The next train out of here to Madrid leaves in two hours. If you take my advice, you will catch it. The last man who told me that story wouldn't listen to advice, and— Well, he had to take something else.'

"'What do you mean? I do not understand. Don't you believe that what I told you is the truth?' I demanded, angry at this strange treatment.
"Yes, I believe you. I know that what you are saying is true, from past experience, and rather a gruesome experience too. If you have time,' he continued, 'and want to hear a tale which you probably will not believe, I'll explain to you what happened last night in the cathedral. But let me repeat that, if you value your lives and property, you will keep still afterwards.'

"'All right,' I agreed fervently. 'Go on.'

"'About two years ago a man came here and told me a story almost exactly like yours. He had been shut up in the church, and had had the same experience in the night. I told him that he had better not tell any one about it yet, and he said that he would not say anything more, but that he had thought that the official should know, and had told a priest whom he met that morning in the cathedral. He added that he was going to take the next train, and went on out. That man has never been seen nor heard of since he descended to the street from this house.'

"'What became of him?' we gasped at the same time.

"'No one knows exactly,' he answered, 'and I, for one, do not want to try to find out. You see, he knew too much, and he made the bad mistake of telling the priest what he knew. In Spain it is always dangerous to tell a priest anything.'

"'I'm glad we came here first,' murmured my wife.

"'Yes, you did a very fortunate thing,' he replied. 'To continue, there is a convent behind that cathedral, the garden of which you probably noticed. The Mother Superior of that convent seems to have had a very interesting life. She is a woman of noble birth, who, in her girlhood, had an unfortunate love affair with a man much beneath her in every way. After his desertion of her she entered the convent, hating the world and all in it. Her own sorrow, instead of softening her heart toward her fellow men and women, made her cold and hard. Through her high position, she obtained the headship of the convent, and has ruled there ever since.'

"'But to return to the convent itself. There is a long cloister, which leads from the convent to the cathedral. At this end there is a door which opens on a flight of steps, which, in turn, lead to a vault under the chancel of the cathedral. Here, for years, the nuns have been buried. The niches are already built, and the
front wall only has to be put in after each sister is laid to rest. The music and cries which you heard probably came from this vault, for the Mother Superior, as I have said before, is a stern woman, and exacts explicit obedience from her inferiors, as well as perfect conduct. If a nun commits any cardinal sin she becomes as dead to her. With all the beautiful rites of the Church, the Mother Superior has her placed alive in the vault, and the wall is built to close her within her tomb.'"

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

I relaxed as he finished, and unclasped my hands, which had been rigid in my lap.

"You can imagine how quickly we left," he added; "and never have I been back until to-day. Even now I do not think I would have dared, but Mr. Grey wrote last month that the Mother Superior had just died."
TO MARGARET.

(Supposed of a Love-Lorn College Youth to His Heart's Desire.)

Ah, what a treasure art thou, Margaret!
The sunshine of thy smile, thy gold-touched hair,
   Thy laughing eyes, thy ruby lips aglow,
Proclaim to me that thou indeed art fair,
   And bid me haste my praises to bestow.

Ah, how delightful art thou, Margaret!
Thy wholesomeness, the beauty of thy face,
   The fulness of thy charming, throbbing life,
Endow thee richly and commend thy grace,
   And stir within me hopes and longings rife.

Ah, how entrancing art thou, Margaret!
I move within thy spell, and sense thy charms,
   For me thy presence means delightful bliss,
I long to fold thee fast within my arms,
   And meet thy lips in one sweet rapturous kiss.

Ah, how compelling art thou, Margaret!
My very soul cries out for thee, dear heart;
   I would that I my love could better plead,
And bind thee with such ties that ne'er we'd part:
   In all of life thou art my greatest need.
THE RUSSIAN MOVEMENT FOR LIBERALISM

Florence Smith, '17.

THE nineteenth century in European history is essentially a period of struggle for Liberalism. This movement took a different aspect in each country, depending upon the conditions of the country and the character of the people; but, through it all, one can trace a oneness of purpose, a similarity of desire. In France the movement was one of revolution and overthrow of existing government; in Italy there was a struggle for unity under more liberal conditions; in England there was political reform of the existing system. In these countries the struggle was long and hard, but successful, for there was life, and light, and activity, and intelligence. But how about Russia, a country where "eternal stillness" reigns, where the peasantry is "frozen," and purposely kept in this condition, where nine-tenths of the people are occupied with a constant and terrible struggle for bread and the means of paying taxes—what can we expect of Russia?

Before we can see clearly the Liberal movement in Russia, or understand the conditions of her struggle for freedom, we must have some idea of the growth of affairs which made such a course necessary. It is certain that a revolution does not spring up over night, nor are conditions producing a revolution the work of a day or a year. We must look far back into the history of the government, the society, or the economic conditions of a state to find the roots of its discontent. In Russia we find that it is absolutism which produces political, social, and economic distress—so we look to absolutism for the cause of revolution.

One cause for the absolutism of Russia can be traced to her unfortunate geographical situation. Russia lies in the easternmost part of Europe and northern Asia; thus she was exposed to the inroads of far eastern peoples, and took on, to a great extent, the eastern civilization. The occupation of Russia by the Mongols was one of the forming influences of later institutions. As early as the beginning of the sixteenth century, we find Russia
almost an Asiatic absolutistic state under Basil. As far as is known, there seems to have been no great discontent among the people because of this; but toward the middle of the century Ivan the Terrible actually wrote to Queen Elizabeth, and asked her for a safe retreat in her dominions if he should be driven out by his own subjects. This tendency of the subjects of Ivan to rebel, however, does not seem to have been of very long existence, or to have accomplished very much, for we find, toward the end of the seventeenth century, in Peter the Great, one of the most absolute of sovereigns. It is true that under Peter the Great Russia was given many reforms, but they were reforms put upon the people from above by a Czar whose word was law. Under Catherine II. we find an ukase in 1767 which forbade serfs to bring any complaints against their masters. So we see the government of Russia becoming more and more absolute with each sovereign, and the desires of the people meaning less in each generation.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, then, when all Europe was beginning to think, and a spirit of the dominance of the will of the people was beginning to pervade every discussion, we find Russia in such a condition that we wonder how any ideas or freedom of thought can live. But we realize that a movement for liberal government is needed there more than in any European state. The serfs were bound to the soil, and served under hard masters. They lived in small communities or mirs, which had a certain amount of government, but practically none in the hands of the people. There was no school system, and the masses were pitifully ignorant and servile. Entire power was in the hands of the ruler; the people, as a whole, had absolutely no voice.

Soon after the opening of the century, however, there seemed to be some hope for Russia. Czar Alexander, after the Congress of Vienna, granted a constitution to the Poles. This liberal policy was shown to a very limited extent in his own country also, for he granted some reforms. The hopes and desires of the Russians were roused. In spite of the seeming imperviousness of the people to anything new, they had gained many liberal ideas from the soldiers of Napoleon during the march through Russia, and these had been spreading secretly and silently, but
rapidly, among the members of the thinking class. The ideas of
the French Revolution had penetrated even into Russia. But
the liberal tendencies of Czar Alexander did not have very long
to live, for the influence of Metternich proved a greater force.
Metternich, the great statesman and diplomatist of Europe at
this time, and an ardent reactionist, persuaded Alexander to give
up his liberal reforms and become reactionary. Instead of check­
ing the liberal thought in Russia, this move of Alexander's seemed
to give an impetus to the spreading of revolutionary ideas. At
the time of Alexander's death, in 1825, the liberal party had grown
to such an extent that when there was a question of the succession
they took advantage of the confusion and organized a revolt
known as the "Dekabrist Revolt," to overturn the absolutism
and put in constitutional government. This movement failed
because it was too early; there were not enough competent leaders,
and they did not have general support.

Such an introduction to his reign was not at all pleasing to
Czar Nicholas I., and, from the very first, he showed the most
severe and strict reactionary policy. A rising in Poland for
freedom was put down with great cruelty, and brought the Czar
to an even more strict policy of repression. A rigorous press
censorship was established; no book or paper which had the slight­
est liberal sentiment was allowed. Freedom of speech and of
meeting was suppressed even more than before. The famous
"Third Section" of the royal police was established at this time.
This was a secret department, set up for the special purpose of
putting down all opposition to the Czar. But, in spite of this,
the liberal movement was not checked. As one historian says:
"We cannot be certain how far a society, apparently so dull and
stolid on the surface, is mined and ready for a revolutionary
explosion." But we can tell, from later developments, that
Russia was certainly mined and getting ready. With Russia's
defeat in the Crimean War, the people began to see the corruption
and inefficiency of the government. The Crimean War made
possible the Nihilist movement, one of the most interesting move­
ments of the century, and one of the most difficult to learn any­
thing definite about.

In the midst of the "diplomatic humiliations and military
disasters” of the Crimean War Nicholas I. died, and Alexander II., a liberal Czar, came to the throne. But before the accession of Alexander II. an interesting literary movement had sprung up among those of advanced thought. The “intellectuals,” as they were called, were trying to spread liberal ideas among the masses by means of literature, pamphlets, and books. Turgeneieff is perhaps the best known of the writers of the intellectual movement. His books are permeated with the desperate struggle of the Russians for moral and political freedom. They picture vividly both the ignorant servile life of the peasants and the non-understanding reactionary views of the upper classes. Bazarof, the chief character in Turgeneieff’s “Fathers and Sons,” gives us, in a few words, the idea of the early Nihilists. Bazarof says, “We act in view of what we recognize as useful; to-day it seems to us useful to deny, and we deny.”

Paul Petrovitch, the champion of the old school, asks, “Everything?”

“You deny everything, or, to speak more exactly, you destroy everything; * * * notwithstanding, it is also necessary to rebuild.”

“That does not concern us; * * * it is necessary, in the first place, to clear off the ground.”

This novel appeared first in the Moscow Review, in 1861, and from it the Russian liberals gained their name of Nihilists (already in use in France to designate Prudhon’s theories). Some members of the party were proud of that appellation, and took it as their watchword. The Government then took it up, and used Nihilism to stigmatize all revolutionary and socialistic tendencies. This movement was in reality “the revolt of the individual against the patriarchal customs of old Russia.”

For a time, however, in the early years of Alexander’s reign, it seemed as if revolutionary measures would not be necessary to gain reform. Alexander began his reign by granting a few reforms, and in 1861 came the emancipation of the serfs, probably the greatest Russian reform of the century. The freeing of this great body of people from century-old slavery seemed to be the signal for the rising of all down-trodden people under Russian
rule. There was a great Polish rebellion in 1863, which was the cause of the beginning of Alexander’s reactionary ideas. But these ideas did not at once appear, for in 1864 we have the organization of the Zemstvos, or assemblies for local government. At first the people had great hopes of a gradual gain of power until they might possibly get a constitution, working, of course, through their assemblies, the Zemstvos. However, it soon became apparent that the Zemstvo was not all it was supposed to be. As soon as any idea of trying to obtain a constitution reached the ears of Alexander he declared that any attempt to gain a constitution “is an attempt against his imperial majesty, and punished according to law.” He accordingly became severely reactionary, and a new movement arose in the revolutionary party.

According to a recent historian, “The Nihilist of Turgenieff’s day had been a hidonist of the clubs, or a harmless weaver of scientific Utopias; the Nihilist of the new age was that most dangerous of men, a desperado girt with a fighting creed”—and the father of this creed and most active of the new Nihilists was Mikhail Bakunin. The old Liberal movement had been entirely Russian, and was individualistic; the new creed was a part of the world-wide Socialist movement, modified and adapted to the conditions and needs of Russia.

Bakunin had been educated at the universities, and had been influenced by the scholars and philosophers of the time, especially by Hegel. He then went to France, and there became intensely interested in the Socialist movement, and was filled with a great desire for freedom of the Russians. But he had different plans from those which had been previously tried in vain. He thought that the religious superstition of the masses and their almost sacred reverence for the Czar and the Government was the cause of the backwardness of Russia. He said: “To destroy religious superstition by means of education, societies, and newspapers * * * is a sheer impossibility. An intellectual crusade will never destroy it; a social revolution is required for that purpose.” And again: “Our task is destruction, terrible, total, inexorable, and universal.” With these views, then, Bakunin set to work, and a reign of terror followed. The Liberals or-
ganized executive committees for the removal of the most obnoxious officials. There were organizations for the spreading of the revolutionary propaganda. Members of the higher classes became interested, and went out, disguised, to work among the peasants and with them, in order to teach some of their doctrines. It is at this time that Geddie says: "While beneath, spreading their secret mines far and wide under all sections of society, are Socialist and Nihilist associations, uniting men who perhaps have little else in common than the universal feeling of discontent and unrest."

The Liberals became the party of action, and we find results of their plans in the murder of the chief of police in 1878, in the shooting of the Governor of Kharkov in 1879, and in the explosion of a mine under the banqueting-hall of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg in 1880. The Czar answered these outrages by terrorism, and the famous "Third Section" renewed its efforts. Every crime committed by the revolutionists was followed by executions on the part of the Government, and many thousands were sent to Siberia. All of St. Petersburg was terrorized by the crimes, and especially by the attempts on the life of the Czar. Melikoff, one of the most influential of the Czar's ministers, realized the real need for reform, and finally persuaded Alexander to issue a statement giving more local privileges and promising further reforms. But it was too late. On the very day that the statement was to be published Alexander was killed by a bomb thrown under his carriage by the revolutionists. According to Professor Paul Vinogradoff, "Alexander had called forth a movement which he was unable either to follow or to stay—hence his terrible death."

With the death of the "Czar Liberator" came an outward lull in the Liberal movement. Some have said that this was the death blow to Nihilism, and it is certain that, for many years, it was impossible for the Liberals to gain anything. Alexander III. was a firm believer in unqualified absolutism, and was supported in this belief by the majority of his ministers. Pobyedonosteff, the chief of the Czar's advisors, expressed his views in such phrases as "Parliamentarism is the triumph of egoism—its highest expression," and "The press is one of the falsest institutions of
our time.” Everything that could possibly aid the Liberals in any way was prohibited. It was said that nothing was permitted in Russia; everything was either ordered or forbidden. The press was under a severe censorship; the universities were closely watched, and some of the professors who showed Liberal tendencies were discharged. Every spark of Liberalism was put down with such vigor that it seemed hardly possible that the movement could live.

Just at this time, however, the industrial revolution, which had come in England and western Europe much earlier, began in Russia. Up to this time the ancient forms of agriculture, with all the hard labor and non-improvement of the Eastern methods, had continued. Sergius de Witte, one of the Czar’s advisors, saw the need for new industrial methods, and helped in every way to establish better methods in agriculture. But he was particularly interested in establishing factories and big industrial concerns. At first this big industrial revolution did not seem to have much to do with the Liberal political movement, but soon it was found to have a great part in the furthering of Liberalism. It drew crowds of peasants from the villages to the growing factory towns. Cities grew rapidly, and made the spreading of Socialistic doctrines much easier. A body of rich “industrials” was created. These men would not long be content to be excluded from any part in the government, nor would they be satisfied with a narrow, illiberal form of government.

In the midst of the industrial revolution Alexander III. died, and was succeeded by Nicholas II., who, for some time, continued the reactionary policy of Alexander III. The censorship of the press was more strict than ever before. Even such books as Green’s “History of England” and Bryce’s “American Commonwealth” were prohibited. Discontent with the Government was made greater by the unpopular ministers put in by the Czar. Many new Liberal parties arose. The Constitutional Democrats, Social Democrats, and Revolutionary Socialists were among the most important. The majority of the Liberals were not in favor of terrorism. They saw, however, that conditions in Russia were so different from those in other countries that such a course was necessary. The Revolutionary Socialists
said, "* * * but in Russia, where, owing to the reign of despotism, no open political discussion is possible, where there is no redress against the irresponsibility of absolute power throughout the whole bureaucratic organization, we shall be obliged to fight the violence of tyranny with the force of revolutionary right." Even the "law-abiding Constitutionalists" stated in their paper, the "Osvobozhdenie": "We must state our solidarity with the political aims of the revolutionists, and, like them, help in the spreading of sound political and civic ideals among the masses." These societies seem to have had a great influence, for in 1902 and 1903, when reports were sent in from the Zemstvos, a great hostility to existing conditions was presented.

In 1904 came the Russo-Japanese war, which brought the corruption of the Government to the attention of all. The Liberals became more active. With the Russian defeats and the refusals of the Czar to allow any reforms, the revolutionists took matters in their hands. Von Plehve, one of the reactionary ministers, was assassinated, and strikes were declared in many important industries. Finally the discontent and revolution reached such a stage that Nicholas thought it wise to allow some reform, so he granted some small privileges, but this did not satisfy the people. Many took refuge in still more radical measures. One man, however, thought that less active measures might succeed. Father Gapon, with a crowd of followers, went to the Czar to pray him to consider their sufferings. They were shot down by the hundreds by the Cossacks. The day is remembered as "Bloody Sunday." This was in January, 1905. By August of the same year the Czar began to realize the condition of affairs. The August manifesto promised that a Duma should be summoned to act as an assembly—but this assembly was not representative of the class of people that wanted and needed representation. The people were, naturally, not satisfied, and the strikes continued; all trains stopped, factories shut down, and law courts closed. In October Nicholas issued another manifesto, promising freedom of speech and of meeting, and guaranteeing that no law should be valid without the consent of the Duma. But this soon proved to be of no real worth, for, after the summoning of the Duma, but before its first meeting, the Czar began to limit its
powers. He constituted a "Council of the Empire" as an upper chamber, which could restrict the action of the Duma. Certain "organic laws" were passed which could not be touched by the Duma. When the Duma met it was seen to be entirely in the power of the Government. The first Duma was dissolved by the Czar, and has since declined into a mere consultative body.

Since the failure of the Duma to accomplish what was expected, the revolutionary Liberal movement has almost ceased. But some Liberals still have hopes for reform. Tolstoi is a well-known member of the upper class who had a great influence upon later Liberal thinking.

The question now comes up—how much have the Liberals really gained by their century of struggle? They have gained an assembly, but it amounts to practically an advisory body, without much power of advising. They have gained a place in the minds of the people, and have started Russia to thinking. But beyond that they have failed. This failure has been due to several things—difficulties in the way of common action among the proletariat—the peasants are rooted in customs and superstitions which cling about the Czar—the greatest of all a lack of competent leaders. Every war in later Russian history has been followed by a revolutionary Liberal movement. It is yet to be seen whether a similar movement will follow the present war of the nations, and whether it will be successful in giving Russia a Liberal government.

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"Life and Gabriella" is a "problem novel" of the type so popular ten years ago. The story is one of an indomitable girl, who conquers, first, the depressing lady-likeness of the ideals of her ineffectually aristocratic, poverty-stricken people. Then the failure in which her marriage results. Deserted by her attractive reprobate of a husband, she tramples her family's traditions under her feet, enters the business world, and wins success for herself, prosperity for her children, and, finally, the love of a "real" man—one in whom not culture, nor refinement, nor learning, nor family traditions—none of the false gods which she had worshiped in her youth—but character, is the outstanding attribute.

The book is rather well written, with a cool, passionless, disillusioned style, which expresses exactly the character of the heroine. It is natural, also; there is no attempt at a plot, outside of the chronicling, with biographical fidelity, the life of Gabriella; neither the situations nor the characters are rendered more exciting than in ordinary life. But therein lies its failure to move one—its characters are, for the most part, too ordinary, and too colorlessly drawn, to be interesting. One would hardly think that there could be so many boresome people in the world. The writer herself is not interested in them; she dismisses most of them with the slighting comment that they are either "ineffectual" or "stupid."

Aside from the characters, the outlook of the book is depressing, and its moral that high-sounding, but hardly satisfying, sophistry, "He who conquers life is a success; to be a victim of life is to be a failure." And, like most sophistries, the book utterly fails to stir one; in Gabriella's most trying hours and bitterest agonies one feels only a conscientious and polite interest. One
appreciates the excellent character of the heroine, but utterly fails to be thrilled by her or her doings.

In short, the book is neither so unusual nor so powerful a one that it should be read for the moral uplift of its lesson, nor so stimulating or hopeful a one that it is worth occupying an idle hour.
EXCHANGES.

_Lula Garst, '18._

_The Mount Holyoke_ is a magazine with the student body solidly back of it. There is a pleasing variety in the contributions. We can suggest only the use of more compelling titles. "Si Kam and the Nai or Old Woman" is written with a gratifying attention to details.

This month's _Concept_, although containing one of its characteristically appealing Uncle Remus stories, and one or two genuinely poetic touches, is generally lacking in buoyancy and that elusive literary possession termed "style."

_The Wellesley College Magazine_ was an intensely interesting number. Humor, characterization, dialogue, all handled with ease, and a certain pure atmosphere about them attracts readers at once to the stories. "The Swimmer" is a remarkably well conceived poem.


_The Sweet Briar Magazine._ The single story, considerably over the average length, gives variety to the usual magazine make-up. The particular representative, "Bobby's Bluff," is written in a happy vein.

The February _Mary Baldwin Miscellany_ is their best number.
this session. Perhaps it is because it is the beginning of spring, the time of all times that legends are sure to find the door to the heart open, perhaps because the daily tightening rein of civilization makes fairy and mythical love of child-like peoples every day more precious, perhaps—at any rate, we are always glad to read such legends as "The Legend of Profile Mountain" and "The Cherokee Rose." The contents of the magazine represent careful decision.

The February issue of The Focus offers a well-proportioned magazine that is uniformly satisfying.

The Wells College Chronicle (February) is distinguished by its wholesome editorials, cleverly phrased.

While the individual contributions in The Tattler (January) do not stand out distinctly, the whole magazine represents good material.

Our acknowledgments to The Acorn, and Limestone Star.