In addition to bringing our College community startling facts, a call to service, and a warning against mental and moral lassitude, John R. Mott placed before us, in himself, an example of a man who is alive to the imperative demands of the world situation and a man who has heard the call and obeyed. His seriousness, sincerity, and whole-hearted devotion to his work are impressive and inspiring. Such a life as his is bound to influence others in their consideration of their fellow-men. In Mr. Mott we witness a big man doing big things, with a big motive. No doubt there were many who heard him and said:
"Would that I were such an one as he." We may not all be John R. Motts, but each one of us can put himself at the disposal of God and humanity. There is much to be done now and in the future days of world-reconstruction. As the call comes to us, let us respond gladly and eagerly, forgetting all sordid and base motives, rising to the full extent of our manhood, and performing cheerfully the tasks that shall fall to our lot. As a nation, we must submerge self and strive for the good of all. As individuals, we dare not fail in this time of sacrifice and strife.

What the future has in store for our nation and for our College we cannot foresee. No doubt, many of our students will be taking their places in the army, the navy, and subsidiary organizations, while others will be serving their country best by remaining in civil life. True, the supreme sacrifice is that which is made by the man who places his life in jeopardy for the common weal. Nevertheless, in many instances, our land shall be the loser if individuals join the fighting men when they have a bigger field of work elsewhere. A large number of our students have had work in physics and chemistry, and are fitted for important special tasks in our factories and laboratories. Others, as we know, are especially skilled in mechanics and electricity. In addition to these men, there are some who will be needed more by America in their chosen lines of endeavor several years from now than they are now needed at the battle front. As an example of this class, we mention the pre-medical men. Furthermore, in regard to the students who have the ministry in view, we believe that there are many opportunities for work in their field with the troops; there will be many positions as chaplains to be filled, and the extensive and important Y. M. C. A. work that is planned will call for many workers. Concerning college men who are pastors of churches, and those who have been appointed as teachers and school superintendents, we believe that their duty is to do the work that they have been appointed to, and that to leave such positions for places in the ranks would be a dereliction of duty.

We believe that a course of action which would carry our
specially equipped men into the ranks, without regard for their peculiar training and adaptation, would be an unwarranted prodigality of ability and a direct blow at national efficiency.

In all seriousness, our men will, of necessity, meet the issues squarely, and decide where to invest themselves to the best interests of God, humanity, and America. Of this one thing we are supremely confident, that in this time of turmoil and anguish the honor of Richmond College shall be nobly upheld by the men who go forth from her halls to battle for the right.

One of our large Baptist Theological Seminaries has instituted a Summer Theological School, which begins its first session this summer. This is the only Summer Theological School operated by our denomination in the South, and should perform a large service. While not a substitute for the usual Seminary course, it will be of great benefit to ministerial students and ministers who desire to supplement their other work. It will also enable them to shorten the Seminary course. This school meets a real need, and will bring splendid opportunities of study to many who will be glad to take advantage of such an arrangement.
OURNEY paused as he heard the tinkling of a bell in the distance. It was a dreary, drizzly night in the latter part of September. For two whole weeks the heavens had been drenching Paris, and now, as if from mere exhaustion, they had settled to a depressing drizzle. Paris, the gay, the vivant, the ecstatic, seemed somber, sad, serious. Vourney had been walking through one of the outlying districts of the city. All around him was quiet, save for the occasional murmur of the Seine rippling against the quay. Again he heard the tinkle of a bell, and glanced around. At the far end of the street that ran along the river front he saw dimly, through the drizzle, a lantern, swinging as its bearer approached. As the light came nearer he made out three persons, casting great shadows, that swayed back and forth on the pavement with the swinging of the lantern. The party seemed to be composed of a priest and two attendants. One of the attendants carried the lantern, the other a dark, square box, that, Vourney presumed, contained the host for the administration of the extreme unction to some dying man. The priest was, evidently, an inmate of the near-by monastery, as there was attached to the end of his long rosary a tiny bell, the tinkling of which had first attracted the attention of the young Frenchman.

Just ten years before Jules Vourney had left his home, in southern France, near Avignon. His father was a wine grower, wealthy, and an aristocrat of the aristocrats. One of the family line had been in the battle of Cressy, another a knight of Henry of Navarre. Then the family had lived in Normandy. After the Revolution they had come to the south of France and engaged in the more plebeian, but also more lucrative industry of vine culture. Still the family traditions were kept alive, and passed from generation to generation. Even the present head of the house of Vourney had done heroic service for his country in the dark days of 1870.
It was not dreary and raining, but was bright and beautiful when Jules Vourney left for Paris. His father gave him good, but useless, advice, and his mother gave him some final instructions as to the care of his health and personal comfort; then the train pulled out, and Jules Vourney went forth to grasp a future that was as golden as the eastern horizon that gay autumn morning. It was all sunshine and happiness. A few years at the university, a few years of urban life with its polish, a little experience and travel, and then he would come home to take his father's place in the growing business, to be the leading man in the community. He never thought that the world would change. He never thought that he would change. He would see life, Parisian life, and have the same pure and wholesome ideals as he had now.

The ten years had passed. Vourney stood on a quay on the outskirts of Paris, watching the Seine flowing by. The river was high, as a result of the recent rains. It was murky and turgid. But, best of all, thought Vourney, it was silent; it told nothing of what went on along its banks, or what it enfolded in its bosom. It seemed forgetful. Surely all that became a part of it would be forgetful. It showed now in its muddy depths no signs of the sunshine of the eastern hills where it had found its source. A little while, and it would flow into the ocean; the Parisian episode would be forgotten, its mud and dirt obliterated in the sea's immaculate blue. It told now, however, as it swirled by, nothing of its past or future. It knew nothing.

Such forgetfulness, such oblivion, such a Nirvana, Vourney now desired. The period of sunshine in his life seemed far, far away.

Again the tinkling of the bell of the priest attracted his attention. The party had just passed him. They would soon be out of sight. Vourney had an indefinite curiosity as to where the priest was going at this untimely hour of the night. He had a vague impulse to follow. He had lost interest in his own life; he had been on the point of ending it, and now even a commonplace event struck him with a peculiar interest. Then there was in him, unexpressed, sub-conscious, a dread of himself, and he grabbed eagerly at anything that would bring him company, interest, and life.
So Vourney followed. The lantern-bearer turned from the river front, down a sort of alley that ran along a large, dreary warehouse. At the end of the warehouse there was a row of dingy frame buildings in a condition of decay. Most were empty, save probably for rats, but in the last of the row, through the sole front window, there could be seen a flickering lamp. The blind was hanging on one hinge and several panes of glass were out. The whole scene was one of complete dilapidation.

Into this last house the priest entered. The door was opened only with difficulty, for the hinges were eaten with rust. The priest and his companions passed through the narrow hall, through another doorway—the door was gone—and entered a room, as bare, as drear, as the outside appearance of the house had been.

"Father, you are just in time," said a man, scarcely visible in the flickering light.

The priest went on over to the farther corner of the room, where an old man was stretched on a pallet on the floor. Besides the priest and his attendants, there were three others in the room, a doctor—at least, a young interne from the charity hospital—a neighbor, who was the nurse, and the sick man, and then, of course, near the door, Vourney. He had come in without knowing why, and had remained, unnoticed.

The priest spoke to the doctor in a sort of whisper: "Then there is no—"

"None."

He then touched the sick man.

"Brother," he said, "through the power of God's Holy Church, I bring thee the Sacrament and the ointment for His saints. Confess thy sins, repent, and partake of this, the body and the blood of Christ, and find forgiveness and salvation."

In a voice, hoarse, yet calm, came the reply.

"Father, I confess the sin of—of—I know not. I confess my sin, and trust."

As his voice died away, so quiet was the room, he could be heard panting from his exertion in speaking.

The priest blessed the wine and the wafer, and gave of both to the sick man. Then with the holy oil he touched the old man's forehead, eyes, lips, arms, and legs, murmuring: "With this, her
last unction, the Holy Church blesses thee, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

For moments that seemed like hours, the handful of men watched by the bedside of "old Flaubiere"—for such was the dying man's name. His breathing was irregular and difficult.

"A good man and a holy man," said one of the priest's companions to Vourney, thinking he was a neighbor or a friend. The priest thought he had come with the neighbor, and the neighbor thought he had come with the priest, so neither thought him an intruder. To Vourney it all seemed a dream. He felt as if he was detached, apart from what was happening, and yet included in the effects.

"A good man and holy," said the junior priest; "a life spent in good works, simple and plain, but great in the sight of God. Do you remember, five years ago, when the Seine was flooded? Ah, but they were hard days for the poor! Flaubiere, even then old, but still strong—how he helped! His home was ruined, you know; all he had saved up through his long life of industry was washed away. But you never would have thought it had you seen him feeding and looking after the destitute we had gathered at the parish house. What little he had saved up he gave. He said: 'I am not poor. I still have my sons. While I have them I am rich.' Yes, and now they are gone."

The priest had not been telling Vourney, so much as talking over things that he thought were familiar to everybody. But each word had meant much to the young Frenchman, as he stood there seemingly listless and inattentive.

Indeed, it didn't seem to pay. Vourney had had his pleasures—pleasures that had brought pain to others; he had done nothing—nothing to help, nothing brave, heroic. But yet he had had no misfortune; all had gone his way, and, apparently, to one not knowing his heart, all had been happiness.

Flaubiere had lived a blameless life. He had done more than that—he had been active in helping others. When the time came, he had been brave, heroic. And yet misfortune had been continually at his side. His property, the result of his steady, sturdy energy, had been carried away. Then came the call to defend France. With the heroism they inherited from their father, his
sons had been the first to go. For a time in their service he had found a happiness, a happiness tinged with sadness and anxiety. Then one had been killed, and then another, and now, within the past month, the other and last. Still Flaubiere's faith and love for France and for God had never wavered. Now he was dying, penniless, childless, with only a neighbor, a doctor, and a priest at his side.

Still his soul was at peace, and Vourney's in despair, all the deeper because unaccompanied by outward misfortune. This is the difference between heaven and hell.

The minutes passed. Three, four hours passed. The rain had stopped. Then Flaubiere died. Vourney turned and passed out of the door. In the east day was breaking—a clear, beautiful, crisp autumn day.

* * * * * * *

France's heroes were battling on the Somme. In a choice Paris battalion, during a pause in the fearful struggle, a young private was to be honored. In accordance with the ancient custom, he was to be presented a badge of honor, and the commander in chief himself was to kiss him on the cheek. This was for heroism on the field of battle. He had but recently, some few months before, joined the regiment. But in that time he had won the friendship of his comrades and the commendation of his officers. And then in the charge! True, they had advanced but a few thousand meters, but on the Somme every inch is precious. His comrades had been on the verge of dropping back, but he had urged them on, led them on, and the redoubt was taken. Then in the trench a grenade was about to explode. It would have killed a dozen. Worse, it would have left an important point open to the enemy. The men about him fled. He picked it up and threw it out of the trench. It exploded as he hurled it, and he was maimed for life. These were not occasional happenings; these were occurrences of his daily life.

This man was to be honored by France. Justly. The man that was to be honored was Vourney. The heroic soul was Flaubiere. His soul had passed in the night, but had not been lost.
TO MOTHER.

Francis Lee Albert, '19.

There are times of weariness,
And times of dreariness,
   And times of sorrow and woe;
When I think of my mother's thoughtful son,
With the many things he meant to have done,
   In the days of long ago.

But the times the weariest,
And the times the dreariest,
   Belong to the long ago;
When I think of my mother's thoughtless son,
Of the scores of things he might have done,
   In those days of long ago.

There are times of cheeriness,
And times of merriness,
   And times when my heart's aglow
With thoughts of a few little deeds I did,
And a few more kindly words I said
   To mother—long ago.

But the times the cheeriest,
And the times the merriest,
   Belong to the days before—
When I'll be my mother's worthier son,
And leave no act of love undone,
   In the blissful days before.
AN INTERRUPTED GHOST STORY.


FROM the little combination store and post-office in the basement of the hotel where I was working for the summer came the strains of "I'se Gwine Back to Dixie," with words that did not sound familiar. Glancing around, I caught sight of my friend Winslow. As he busied himself about his varied tasks he was singing:

"I'se gwine back to Mitchell, no more I'se gwine to wander;
My heart turns back to Mitchell, I can't stay here no longer;
I hear the mountains calling,
I see the raindrops falling,
My heart turns back to Mitchell, and I must go."

"Righto!" I exclaimed, as he ceased. "Them's my sentiments perzackly," for I, too, had been to Mount Mitchell, the highest point east of the Rockies, and now felt the lure of the mountains as strongly as he did.

"What do you know about it!" he exclaimed. "Some friends of mine across the valley are going to Mitchell, and they want me to go with them."

"You lucky dog," I murmured, affectionately.

"Say," he remarked, with a sudden inspiration, "can't you get off and go along?"

"If I can get off, you can bet your bottom dollar that I'll go along," I replied, enthusiastically.

"Fine."

So early the next morning we had crossed the five miles of valley, and were on our way to Mount Mitchell, with four others, and a guide who was famous for his ghost stories. That night we camped near the summit, within a few hundred yards of the grave of Dr. Mitchell, the discoverer of this mountain, who lost his life by falling over a cliff while exploring the region. "This certainly is a fine place for a ghost story," remarked Craig, a reporter and amateur detective.

"Yes, it's spooky enough," replied one of the ladies.
After we had eaten supper we gathered around the campfire, and begged the guide for a ghost story.

"Not now," he insisted; "ef I tells it to y'all now, y'alls won't sleep none. I'll call y'all just before it gits light, and tell y'alls a story, and then we'll go and watch the sunrise."

Somewhat impatient to hear the story, we, nevertheless, resigned ourselves to the decision, and rolled up in our blankets to sleep.

"This is lots more fun than sleeping in that old 'inn' up there, isn't it?" remarked one of the party, sleepily. The "'inn" consisted of a three-room log cabin nestling against an overhanging rock, the middle room of which was the "lobby," the two end rooms being, respectively, the ladies' and gentlemen's sleeping rooms.

"It sure is," came the reply from another sleepy one, "and cheaper, too."

The conversation soon died down, and we all set about that delightful occupation known as sleeping.

* * * * * * * * * * *

It seemed hardly a moment later that the guide was shaking us, and informing us that, "Ef y'alls wants tuh hyear that 'ere ghos' story I was tellin' y'all about, an' see the sunrise too, I reckon y'alls better be rollin' aout."

We took his advice, and were soon alert and ready for the story. As Craig had already remarked, this was an excellent place for a ghost story. The moon was shining brightly down through the trees, casting soft shivering shadows, and, with the sobbing of the wind through the pines, and the occasional cracking of a twig as our pack mule, tethered near by, moved about, we had, altogether, a very weird setting.

"Well," our entertainer began, "one night I was walkin' home from the mill rather late, all alone, and I'd got about half way home, when, a little ways ahead, right smack in the middle of the road, a column of fire appeared. It was jest about as big around as my little finger, an' went up jest as high as I could see. Well, sir, I was that sceart I didn't know what to do, an' I jest stood there. Purty soon that column of fire begun to git shorter an' bigger around, an' it kept on gittin' shorter an' bigger around,
until it was about the size of a wash-tub, an' it hung there in the air, jest about the height of my head. Then I heard a voice in that fire, an' it said, 'Go home as quick as you can, an' git a lantern an' come back here,' an' then the fire disappeared.

"Well, I lit out fer home to git that lantern, but when I got there I had quite a time persuadin' my wife what I saw an' gittin' her to let me go back. After a while, though, I got started back, an' when I came to this place in the road the column of fire appeared, an' shortened an' thickened, jest like it did before. Then a voice in the fire said, 'Take your lantern an' go over to those bushes at the side of the road, an' look in them.' So I went to the bushes an' pushed them apart, an' there I saw——"

The story was never finished, for a piercing scream rent the stillness, echoing and re-echoing through the woods. We sat up around the fire, every muscle taut, every nerve tense. A second and a third time that shriek cut the air like a whip. We sat for a moment as though struck by a thunderbolt, and then, "Quick," Craig jerked out, "grab your flashlights, and come on; some one's hurt."

In a moment the shock had passed, and we were following Craig through the woods as fast as we could smash down the undergrowth. Suddenly we halted at the edge of a clearing. There, in the centre, lay a white figure, shining in the clear bright moonlight. We stood transfixed. An owl hooted in the distance; down in the valley a train, speeding through the darkness, screamed a signal; a lonely dog on the mountain side howled out his plaintive song; still we stood there.

Suddenly the shriek burst through the night again. This time it seemed to be right overhead. We shivered, and then—a shot rang out, and from the darkness came the voice of a mountaineer: "Plague take that tarnation 'painter,' I reckon I got him that time."

The white form shining in the moonlight? Oh, that was just a white granite rock, that's all.
TO A VIOLET.

Moses Gellman, '17.

I plucked thee from among thy kindred fair,
As thou didst gaily sport near yonder stream;
To satisfy dull Fancy's foolish care
I wrested thee from Life's sweet golden dream.

At my rude grasp thou shed a dewy tear;
Thy stem of life was now forever broke.
Alas, too late! Thou art beyond repair—
Lost forever by one sad, thoughtless stroke.

Withered thou art become in one short hour,
Deprived of Mother Earth's nutritious fare.
I cast thee from me, thou shriveled, shrunken flower,
Thou crumbled blight upon earth's lovely air!

My grief is deep. How scarlet is my crime!
No more she sports among her happy kind.
I should have let thee live thy 'lotted time,
Than hearken to a careless whim of mine.
FROM time immemorial the picture, in its many and varied forms—the illustration, statuary, painting, diagram, portrait, and cartoon—has played a most conspicuous part in the world's growth. The political, social, educational, and religious side of affairs has felt the beneficent influence of this plastic form of reproducing life. No country, no State, no city, no home, in this wide universe, has been without the effect of the pictorial side of life.

The crude scratches of the early cave man on the earthen walls of his home were the origin of so extensive an art. This was the artistic instinct which is so rampant in the present generation. The early man used a rough stone or piece of metal as a pen, and the irregular dirt walls as a board, where he implanted grotesque horses and dogs, and humans in battles, races, and other pictures of early life. All of this, although the origin of art, was very crude, often being mere scratches or outlines.

The later generation of early man also furthered this art. The people of the smooth stone age progressed further by making there impressions by means of hammers and chisels on large and burdensome stones. Although the work was still crude, it still showed the strong instinct of the people to express their thoughts and passions in a material way.

So this favored expression of ideas progressed. The next greatest step was the Egyptians' expressions, by means of stains on their newly-invented papyrus. Their work portrayed a still greater instinct for an artistic expression. The later Egyptians also were promoters of architecture and painting. So we find that all the shades of art slowly developed, down through the Greek and Roman civilization, and then down to the French, English, and German nations, until the latter part of the nineteenth century
found the picture in its highest form of development. The famous European painters, architects, illustrators, and cartoonists inspired and enthused that generation with its great work, much of which has lived down to this day.

But we are dealing specifically with the cartoon. We ask, what is a cartoon? It is a growth of the French term “carte,” meaning an idea conveyed in a sketch or picture, on some political or social subject. The true cartoon is some strong editorial, showing simply, but clearly, and at a glimpse, some side of a current subject, which takes the editorial writer a whole column to tell. The cartoon should not convey a personal or injured feeling, but should be an impartial expression.

The editorial cartoon is the real high-brow of this graphic art. The other branches are sport, comic, and assignment cartoons. The sport cartoon is an infant, having been used for only a few years. The comic cartoon is, perhaps, the widest known of all, for every newspaper generally carries a strip of “Mutt and Jeff,” or some kindred clowns. The assignment cartoon is still in its early development. This form of cartoon generally consists of a few humorous or witty sketches on some big event, as the inauguration, or a convention, or banquet.

The graffiti or Pompeii and the Roman catacombs were cartoons, as well as the rude sketches accompanying the squibs of Pasquin; so to-day the blackboard libels of school teachers and mates, as well as the scribblings on public walls and pavements.

The European cartoons have the priority, since they are the older and the more developed. Sir John Tenniel, the greatest of English cartoonists, made history through his strong and earnest work; “Cham,” the noted French caricaturist, kept the political pot boiling, while, later, Simplicissimus, Der Wahre Jakob, Ulk, and others, acted as safety valves when it was wise for Teutons to smile and forget. So the German cartoons, with their technique; the French cartoons, with their facile and clever hits, and the British cartoons, with their refined and constrained points, have made history.

But to-day America seems to be the great enthusiast of the cartoon. Every paper of any worth, ambition, ideals, and desire to please the public generally, carries some cartoon or illustration.
And rightfully is this true, for American cartoonists have attained the acme of success in their ability to forcibly portray national situations, political battles, and the questions of the day. And the American public devours the cartoons, because the average person, in the busy whirl of affairs, demands a quick and concise portrayal of the day's news.

The simplicity of the cartoon is its greatest virtue. Often a few lines or strokes can tell the biggest situation. The idea should always be the central theme, although there must be a commingling of artistic ability. Although some cartoonists live on their ideas, still the most successful combine the genius of the editorial writer and the skill of the draughtsman in performing their daily work.

The American cartoon has achieved much fame, won great honor, and added immeasurably to its reputation during its short lifetime. Political battles have been won, social conditions improved, vice conquered, religion stimulated, through the potent ability of the American cartoon. The late Thomas Nast, the greatest of American cartoonists, and his crushing of the famous Tweed ring and Tammany Hall back in 1870, stands as the greatest victory. The death-knell of this despicable political ring was sounded solely by the influence of Nast's classic cartoons, published in the New York Times and Harper's Weekly. Such a feat was duplicated several years ago when the political ring in Terre Haute, Indiana, was wiped out, and Cartoonist Myers was given the credit. Other early, great American cartoonists were Davenport, Zim, and Kessler, each a genius in himself.

The metropolitan cartoonists are geniuses, writing some graphic editorial daily through their work. A few of the leaders are Carter, Rogers, Kirby, Harding, Darling, and Cesare, of New York; Morgan, Sykes, Johnson, Richards, and Weed, of Philadelphia; McCutcheon and the late Bradley, of Chicago; Donahey, May, and Satterfield, of Cleveland; Berryman, of Washington; and Evans, Barclay, and Bee, of Baltimore.

The cartoonist is generally temperamental, full of ideas and ideals. The cartoonist must know something of everything, for each day's work always carries something different. One day there will be a reference to history, another to philosophy,
Another to farm or city life, etc., always having to show the way people would do or act under certain circumstances. He must be a close student of nature, of actions, of animal life—in short, of everything. He must even be a closer observer than the author, for the latter only uses words, but the artist must vividly reproduce a scene, and, usually, from imagination. The successful cartoonist must carry in his mind libraries of literature, history, and human nature, ready for constant use.

The average observer of cartoons does not imagine what is behind the work. Here lies before us a cartoon entitled "The Spirit of France," showing a woman carrying the tri-color, riding a spirited charger, and leading the French people out against the common foe. The artist had to know history, human nature, anatomy, animals, and action before he could produce this bit of work, which the average reader hurriedly glances at, comprehends, imagines, and casts aside forever. Besides having the above ingredients, the cartoonist first had to conceive his idea. Then he sketched it out roughly, to get proportions, before he carefully drew it in pencil. After working it out completely with his pencil, his next act was to ink it in, which always takes great care and labor. After the cartoonist has touched it up with shadows and high lights, the engraver gets it. So we see there is more work behind the simple drawing than appears to the casual observer.

Often the cartoonist works under exceeding difficulties, but always turning out his work nevertheless. The late Harry Osborn, once cartoonist of the Richmond Dispatch, was a noble artist. All the time that he amused, stirred, and inspired the readers with his fine work, he labored under the cruel pangs of the destructible white plague, in addition to the constant sickness of his faithful wife. Still undaunted, Mr. Osborn turned out cheery work, as his many admirers will testify.

If this article has done nothing else, let it be hoped that it has inspired a greater reverence and increased respect for the cartoonist and his work.
MY ARGOSIES.

George West Diehl, '17.

I once dreamed a dream in the long ago,
    A dream that was music and flowers;
My argosies spread sail—I saw them go,
    Pennants astream, masts with silk bowers.

The breeze that swayed the high-lifted pine
    That, monarch-like, topped the mountain crest,
Bellied the sails, made the cordage whine—
    Away sped my ships to the west.

I caught the gleams where sunbeams laved
    Their new-born forms on trimmings of brass,
And on polished mast, where streamers waved
    And the sea-gulls made their pass.

But dreams are dreams, and 'tis better so,
    No matter how entrancing they be.
Some would bring joy, but some only woe—
    My argosies never came back to me!
AN was tempted and overcome by the wiles of woman and the serpent in the Garden of Eden. They worked hand in hand. But when the wiles of two women, or two serpents, are matched against one another, the victory is less certain. In this instance the battle was between two serpents.

The small wooden bridge that crossed Hickory creek was known to be the haunt of one of the largest copperhead moccasins in Nelson county. For several years he and his mate had made their abode under the sills of this little bridge, and, although the road which led over this bridge was much used, no one ever took the time, or was able, to kill either one of the two large snakes. Each year a brood was given birth to, and many of the less experienced young lost their lives, but the parent snakes escaped all harm.

In a clover field through which Hickory creek wound its way, on a warm June morning, a six-foot black snake sought for field mice. Being unsuccessful in his search, he glided along the creek bank, in hopes of finding some bird nest in reach. He followed the creek up to the road, and there hesitated, pondering whether or not to venture across.

An indiscreet pair of cat-birds had built their nest near the bridge which harbored the moccasins. From the time when the nest was begun the copperhead had furtively watched and waited. Cool as it was in his retreat, a gnawing sensation tugged at the old snake's stomach. Hunger overcame the comforts of shade, and, making sure that all was safe, he glided out of his hole, and, in a zig-zag manner, headed for the willow bush which held the nest.

Madame Cat-bird was returning home with a big, fat white grub with which to fill four yawning cavities that occupied her nest. Her attention was arrested by the black snake first, and she let out one long "Q-u-a-n-k," followed by numerous
shorter angry cries that bespoke fear, anger, and bravery. Her mate was interrupted in his preening by the shrill summons of the mother bird.

Almost simultaneously the two snakes started toward the bush containing the nest. Almost simultaneously they neared its foot. There both halted. In silent challenge each darted out its forked tongue, and the black snake elevated its head a bit.

No Mrs. Maloney versus Mrs. O'Halloran scrap was this to be. There was strategy and hatred a-plenty, but only silent-tongued lashing was indulged in.

Overhead the two birds darted helter-skelter among the bushes, wailing their fears, occasionally making a downward dive toward one of the snakes.

The moccasin coiled, and his triangular head erected itself from the centre of the spirals of its body. Fire sparkled from his bead-like eyes, and continuously his tongue darted in and out of his mouth.

Stealthily the black snake feigned attacks. Restlessly he approached and retreated. Once, when he ventured too near, the moccasin struck, but did not reach his combatant. For five or ten minutes the two snakes tried to out-wit one another. Then the moccasin, tiring of being circled and kept on the defensive, decided to take the offensive.

The black snake came within what the copperhead supposed to be striking range. Carefully he aimed the spring. Like a loosened coil of steel he sped through the air toward his enemy. The black snake had done a bit of reckoning, and quickly he glided to one side. The charger landed awkwardly, and, like a flash, a black band circled his throat. Frantically the copperhead lashed and squirmed. Firmly and ever tighter the black snake held his grip. Gradually more of his body became wound about that of his rusty brown antagonist. Then all of his muscles seemed to contract at once, and the two snakes resembled a writhing, squeezing, smashing bunch of intertwined roots. More suddenly than all other movements of the fight, the black snake’s whole body became a straight, rigid rod. Into numberless bloody, jagged pieces the moccasin’s body was torn.
Straight for the water the black snake slid, and in the cold, riotous ripples of Hickory creek he cooled and bathed his strained body. The cat-birds had long ago hushed their chatter, and now the male was perched in the top of a slender poplar, voicing to the unintentioned rescuer all the thanks he could force over his vocal chords.
THE CURSE OF LOVE.

"Slick."

The bards of yester year,
To-day, and yet anon
Sing of a Love Divine,
In words so soft
And meaningless.
They picture Life
As one long dream,
In form kaleidoscopic,
And bid you on it gaze.

I fear they lie!

Did you ever, alone,
—Just two—
In a stuffy parlor,
Fold to your chest a
Throbbing, panting ———?
(Call her what you will),
And as you, beast-like, grab her unto you,
And tinglingly rejoice as,
Gropingly, she struggles back—
Fold her in your arms, I say,
And for your pains receive
The point of a well-placed
Long, black pin?
THE SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE WOMEN.

Dean May L. Keller.

A very noticeable effect of the war in Europe has been in the past few months to draw together, in bonds of unity, all women's organizations which have been engaged in social or educational work of any description. For years the two great organizations of college women, the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, in the North and West, with its thousands of members, and the Southern Association of College Women, with its eight hundred members, in the South, have been working toward the same goal—namely, improved educational facilities for women in our schools and colleges. It is eminently fitting, then, that, at the very time when this great wave of internationalism is sweeping the country, these two bodies, identical in aim and purpose, should be assembled in joint session in Washington, Easter week, 1917, marks an interesting step in the progress toward the affiliation of the college women, not only of the United States and Canada, but of the South American republics as well, for, on the last night of the joint conferences in the Pan-American Building was held the first Pan-American meeting for women, at which meeting a fellowship was formally offered by the Association of Collegiate Alumnae for the women of Latin America. Addresses were made by John Barrett, Director-General of the Pan-American Union, by members of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, and by the diplomatic corps of Latin America. It was a memorable meeting in many ways, and one fraught with high promise for the future.

The main business meetings of the Association were held at the Hotel Raleigh, while extra sessions were held at Goucher College, in Baltimore, where the members of both Associations were the guests of the Maryland Branch of the Southern Association, and of Goucher College; and at Trinity College, the co-ordinate college of the Catholic University, in Washington.

Chancellor Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University, delivered one
of the two main addresses for the Southern Association. This was open to members of both Associations, and was a valuable discussion of "College Standards—A Public Interest." He spoke eloquently of the work of standardization being done by the Southern Association of College Women, in conjunction with the Association of Southern Colleges and Preparatory Schools, and emphasized the great need still of maintaining high academic standards in this great Southland of ours. A very informing address was given by Dr. Capen, Chief of the Division of Higher Education, United States Bureau of Education, on "College Lists and Surveys Published by the Bureau of Education." The suppression of Dr. Babcock's list was explained, and the reason given for the failure of the United States Government to attempt to publish any lists since—that is, tactful consideration for Senators and Representatives who could not bear to see their home institutions reduced by statistics to second or third rank.

Of the numerous addresses by Collegiate Alumnae speakers, the most interesting were those on: "The Curriculum of a College for Women," discussed by President M. Cary Thomas, of Bryn Mawr; President Mary E. Wooley, of Mount Holyoke; Dean Ada L. Comstock, of Smith, and Professor Margaret Washburn, of Vassar. They represented the large Eastern colleges for women, and were united in their opinion that the curriculum in a college for women should include Latin and mathematics, with no compromise offered.

But of greatest interest, perhaps, to many of us was the banquet on Friday night, when five hundred college women, most of them college presidents, deans, professors, or women interested in public work or connected with the Government, sat down in the ball-room of the Raleigh. From North and from South they came, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, many of them with beautiful white hair, representing every occupation in which women now engage. The topic of the toasts was "Women and the Government," and interesting they were, from the initial toast of the new representative to Congress, Miss Rankin, to that of Miss Lathrop, of the Child Bureau, who made an eloquent plea for the women and children working in munition factories during this time of storm and stress. Greetings were brought from Russia by the
newly-appointed representative of the Revolutionary Government, and a most polite and delightfully-worded note was read from the Chinese Ambassador. The keynote of all speeches was conservation, that the woman's part was largely economic, and that the best service to be rendered at present, on the part of college women, was first to keep a level head, and, second, to teach economy and the conservation of resources. The splendid patriotism of these toasts was an inspiration and a fitting climax to a most interesting week of work and play.
THE CALL OF SPRING.

Albert Cornelius.

Whispering winds come softly stealing,
Wakening love-thoughts in my soul;
From the south they come, revealing
Wimbling stream and sun-bathed knoll.

Like the load-stone—swift, compelling—
The languorous Southland draws me on,
On where springs of joy e'er welling
Bid all grief and care begone;

On where maidens famed in story,
Fairer far than Arthur's queen,
Fill the land with love and glory,
Cast around them romance-sheen;

On where hearts are warm and glowing,
Where all cherish honor's soul,
Where, true friendship's joy bestowing,
Men the best in life extol.

There the land with life is teeming,
There the flowers sweetest grow,
Of the glorious South I'm dreaming,
To the Southland then I'll go;

To the inviting winds replying,
"Lead, I follow, glad and free,"
To the South, whence breezes sighing
Bring the call of Spring to me.
"MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH."

(By H. G. Wells.)

Dean J. C. Metcalf.

"Mr. Britling Sees It Through," by H. G. Wells, is one of that large class of books called forth by the great war. Mr. Wells has long been known as one of the most brilliant of contemporary English novelists and essayists. This latest novel of his deals with a middle-class Englishman of culture and uncommon literary gifts (suggestive of Mr. Wells himself), who, by giving his favorite son as a sacrifice to his country, finds a new meaning in human life.

In the first part of the book Mr. Britling is a rather complacent Englishman, fertile of fancy and fluent of speech, a whimsical theorist, dashing off editorials and monographs about war and peace, and living the comfortable life of a country gentleman. This is in July, 1914. The assassination of the Austrian archduke starts the conflagration. But it is something remote, and does not interrupt Mr. Britling's doctrinaire excursions into the philosophy of war as a merely temporary political aberration. Then comes the fateful August 1st, then August 4th, and England is at war! Still it hasn't touched Mr. Britling. There is, to be sure, some inconvenience; provisions cost more, and there are dire prophesies of trying times ahead. What of that? It will soon be over; reason will prevail; at any rate, old England will muddle through somehow, as usual.

That boy of Mr. Britling's, the apple of his eye, feels the call of war in his blood, and puts aside his ambition to study science, shuts up his little laboratory, volunteers for his country's service, and, smilingly, tells the family "good-bye." He will soon rejoin them. Letters come from the front almost gaily narrating his experiences. Then they cease. The fateful telegram is handed
Mr. Britling one day. He had been expecting it, dreading it, but he could never be prepared for it. The one person whom he passionately loved is lying on a battle-field in Flanders, with a bullet through his young brain. Had all his love, his hopes, his ambition, centered in this gifted boy of eighteen, the image of himself, for this end, the mark of a German bullet? Slowly, with silent spiritual travail, Mr. Britling reconstructs his world. He does what many another one of his countrymen has done in these cataclysmic years. Moreover, he writes a letter of sympathy to a German father and mother, whose son, Heinrich, had been a tutor in his family when the war began. Through this human medium he feels for the private sorrows of his nation's foes. Heinrich had endeared himself to the Britlings, and he was giving himself to his country, even as the English boy had died for his. At last, out of it all, comes a deeper sympathy for others, a finer evaluation of human struggle, a great-hearted interest in the tragic process through which a nation is purged of its material dross. This is the way, says the book in conclusion, that Mr. Britling found God.

There is a faint love story in the novel, between a young American visitor at Mr. Britling's and an attractive, athletic English girl there, for whose sake the American joined a Canadian regiment in France. But the book is built around the Englishman and his regeneration through the sad fortunes of war. It is the story of how this man saw the war through as it affected him; and we may suppose he is typical of many others who gave the best they had to their country. The novel is a moving piece of contemporary comment on the great war, a human document of intense interest.
ALUMNI NOTES.

Walter F. Martin, '18.

A. R. Bowles, B. A., '15, is now a graduate student at Harvard University.

H. S. Van Landingham, M. A., '16, is now chief cataloguer at the Virginia State Library.


Lacy P. Hardy, B. A., '05, who was formerly with the City Water Works, at Ogden, Utah, is now in business at Princeton, W. Va.

W. E. Durham, B. A., '16, was on the campus recently, representing the Virginia Military Institute at the Y. M. C. A. Officers' Conference.

Charles W. Buford, B. A., '15, is now in a banking school at the National City Bank of New York, in training for business in Central and South America.

J. B. Peters, B. A., '09, has been transferred from his former charge at Blackstone, Va., and is now pastor of the Old Soldiers' Chapel here in Richmond.

Among the prominent alumni members who expect to offer their services to the United States Navy are Harvey Wilson, B. L., '78; Olim M. Richeson, B. A., '07, and Paul F. Newell.

Dr. Garnett Ryland, M. A., '92, has been elected permanent Professor of Chemistry at Richmond College. Dr. Ryland was here last year as acting Professor, and we all look forward to having him back again.

Dr. Emmett Reed, of Johns Hopkins University, will receive the degree of LL. D. at Richmond College in June of this year. Dr.
Reed has won for himself a wide reputation as a scholar and a teacher, and the college feels honored in conferring this degree upon him.

Jacob Billikopf, who was a student here from 1898 to 1902, has been made chairman of the Jewish Relief Committee in the European War, for the United States. Billikopf was a great social service worker while here in College, and we wish him much success in his very responsible and complimentary position.

The Richmond Chapter of the Alumni Association held its annual meeting on March 16th. The principal speaker was Dr. S. C. Mitchell, President of Delaware College. Other speakers were Judge Christopher Garnett, Hon. Joseph Taylor, and Wyndham Meredith, the President of the Richmond Chapter. President F. W. Boatwright made an interesting talk concerning the Million Dollar Campaign. Every member of the chapter expressed a growing interest in the welfare of the College and their willingness to do their share.
WHEN PHYLLIS GOES TO SCHOOL.

John Hart, Jr., '20.

I.
When Phyllis wends her way to school,
    Her lashes screen her roguish eyes,
    Her mouth droops down, Madonna wise,
    Her air is modest and demure,
    Her rebel curls, tucked out of view;
Upon the path of wisdom bent * * *
    Oh, Solomon she could befool,
    When Phyllis wends her way to school.

II.
When Phyllis wends her way to school,
    Oblivious to each former slight,
    And in my gladdest garb bedight,
I stand about, upon the chance
    Of catching one relenting glance,
    That I might join her on her way;
    But I'm rebuffed—she is so cool
    What time she wends her way to school.

III.
But, Prince, take heart. There comes a day
When Phyllis hies from school away.
    Then will prim lips unbend, and, lo,
    The dancing dimples come and go—
A challenge lurks in sparkling eye,
    And jest, and quip, and laughter fly—
She'll more than meet you on the way.
    Then yours to heed the Golden Rule,
    When Phyllis turns her back on school.
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RUTH CARVER, '20,
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EDITH SYDNOR, '19,
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EDITORIAL.

As each person reads the words, “On Being an Editor,” she makes a decision which automatically places her in one of two classes—those who think that such are, necessarily and logically, the words of the retiring editor, with a year’s record for loyal service behind her; or those who recognize the innocent hardihood of a brand-new editor.

The latter are the wiser (and sadder) ones. They may frown wearily, they may smile indulgently, they may, perchance, pity—themselves and the editor, but they know that three hundred and sixty-five days from this hour that same editor will not dare to frame so much as a single sentence of advice or opinion under that capitation.

This much is certain—the oft-mentioned editor has very little to do with the act (or state, if you prefer) of being an editor, and
is not in that office for the purpose of stamping her personality on the magazine. Because The Messenger was here when we came, we, probably, have the habit of thinking that The Messenger is fixed for all time. In reality, its fate is determined annually. The student body, in electing the editors, is signifying its desire for a college literary publication, and the editor represents their pledge that their college magazine shall not want the forces that give it life.

A college like Westhampton is quick to detect and to eliminate that which is useless. We may, therefore, confidently believe that Westhampton would never have elected editors for the year 1917-1918 without intending to furnish an abundant supply of material to be edited.

The story of the Partheno-Systaseis—popularly translated as the big, inter-club organization—is told in the Alumnae Department this month, and told by the person whose words carry weight by virtue of firm hold of a big idea, and a capacity for hard work, both freely given that this same Partheno-Systaseis should be a reality among us.

Seek the clubs, and you will find them givers of gifts intangible—those set down to profit in the book of living, and working, and learning. In the very first place, affiliation with clubs involves choice, the great human disciplining force of the world. Such is generally made on grounds of inclination or need. In Westhampton there are five from which one may choose. The average girl belongs to three. The work of the clubs is evident from their names—English, German, French, Current Events, Music. Their spirit is the spirit of the Partheno-Systaseis.

The Partheno-Systaseis is called into being by the existence of the clubs. In addition, to it is assigned supervision over the Westhampton Department of The Messenger. These are facts which logically place upon the clubs, as units, responsibility for stimulating widespread writing for The Messenger.

Therefore, it will not be judged inappropriate to have a Partheno-Systaseis number for the clubs. Yet the clubs, let us remind ourselves, are not names, or constitutions, or minutes, or
costumes, but girls—Westhampton girls, who are setting forth on another year to make good their claim to hold and mold The Messenger, regardless of editors.

Thus to-day we are happy to have with us the clubs of Westhampton, each presenting a contribution, more or less typical. The representation of the Partheno-Systaseis itself is more subtle, it is to be felt.
ES, we go to press on the twelfth, and you must write me a little French sketch by that time!"

The editor-in-chief turned away, as though the matter had been settled.

"But what kind of a sketch?" I called after her.

"Oh, dear, it doesn't matter. Just something 'snappy'!" she answered, still walking away.

"But I don't feel 'snappy' when I'm writing French—might write you a little exercise on the subjunctive, or give you some of my old verb blanks, if you must have French for this issue—"

The fleeing chieftain wheeled about suddenly, and came hurrying toward me. Fire shot from her eyes. "If you have either college pride or class spirit you will act like a sensible person, and write me a French sketch by to-morrow."

Her tone was final. I was stunned. She, thinking my silence a mark of acquiescence, again turned away. My doom was sealed. Write a "French sketch" I must, or be disgraced. The sealer of my fate was walking rapidly toward the chapel door. My eyes followed her miserably. Then—she turned again.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. We afford no accents at our printing establishment—make your sketch out of unaccented words, please!"

Need I say more? Was mortal ever so placed?

I stumbled to my room, and fell across my bed. I was paralyzed both physically and mentally. After an hour or more of stupefied ceiling-gazing, I became entirely unconscious. I think I fainted (I had always wanted to faint, just to see what it would feel like), and I know I wasn't just plain asleep. Anyway, in a sort of trance, I lost the world. That is, I lost the English world. I was a Frenchman—I mean a Frenchwoman. But even when I recognized that fact, I wasn't quite settled. I was a Frenchwoman, but not a real one. Something was wrong.
Oh, yes, I understood it all. I was unaccented. That was it—unaccented.

It was a relief to know exactly the state of my being, but I was still quite uncomfortable. I was walking along the streets of Paris (don’t all Frenchwomen do that?) and everybody stared at me and smiled. They, too, knew that I was a freak. They knew I was unaccented.

At last (I was still walking along the streets of Paris), I became very miserable, and in despair I sank upon a bench in a park which I had just entered. (See L’Idylle Rue Plumet in “Les Misérables” for valuable information as to this park.) I had a pencil and a tablet in my hand. I had not noticed them before. How did I happen to have them, I wondered! Oh, my poor head was in a terrible whirl! But just then a queer little old man, with “snappy” eyes and a pert little moustache, stopped at my bench, and bowed very low. (Note—All Frenchmen have moustaches and bow very low.)

“Bonjour, mademoiselle. Avez-vous fini votre esquisse?”
“What did you say?” I asked rudely.
“Avez-vous fini votre esquisse?”
“Oh, what can you mean?” I implored. “Please tell me in English. I can’t understand a word of French!”

“You pouvez comprendre tout ce que je dis, mademoiselle, Je vous parle sans accuns mots avec accents.”

“Oh, monsieur, I am so happy. You are unaccented, too. Oh, I adore you!” And I threw my arms about his neck.

“Soyez tranquille, ma pauvre jeune fille. Mais oui, je suis comme vous, et je suis venu vous aider. Il faut que vous composiez tout de suite une esquisse en francais, mais avec des mots sans accents. Avez-vous perdu le souvenir de cela? Donnez-moi votre crayon et votre papier, et de honne heure vous aurez l’esquisse finie.”

Though dazed, I obediently handed over my writing paraphernalia. The old man slumped cross-legged to the ground and began writing. At last he laid the pad on my lap.

“Prenez cela, mon enfant, et vous en retournez chez-vous.”

I had no idea what he meant or what he had done for me, but I thanked him, and he bowed himself away. After he had gone
I opened the pad and read "Mon esquisse." Then I remembered why it was mine, and why I was unaccented. And, as the old man wrote it, I give it to you.

"Il y a deux sortes de nigaudo dans le monde, comme vous avez entendre dire: le nigaud qui ne sait rien et qui le sait, et le nigaud qui ne sait rien mais qui ne le sait pas.

"Le nigaud qui comprend son ignorance ne fait jamais une tentative d'accomplir quelque chose extraordinaire. Il est content sese tenir tranquille. Il n' est pas arrogant, et le monde le respecte.

"Mais le nigaud qui ne comprend pas son ignorance c'est le plus pitoyable. Il essaye beaucoup. Il se place devant les yeux du monde. Il prit les situations les plus remarquables et il devin une plaisanterie universelle. Quelque fois il est auteur. Il produit un livre—ou une esquisse. Et cela marque sa chute. Enfin il comprend son ignorance.

"Si vous, ma pauvre fille, est une de cette classe de nigauds qui ne comprend son ignorance, prenez garde it comprenez—la avant que le monde l'apprenne."

I awoke with a start. Thank heavens! the old man had saved me. No "esquisse" for me—editor-in-chief or no editor-in-chief! I thought I had been fully aware of "mon ignorance," but no, I had almost been prevailed upon to flaunt it before the whole world. And I drew myself up proudly. No "esquisse" for me! Never!
ATSY’S fingers were moist, and stuck to the yarn, as she slowly and laboriously plied her knitting needle. She squirmed about continually, trying to stretch her legs long enough to reach the floor, a feat which they as persistently refused to accomplish. Her thoughts were not of the pleasantest, as she glanced, now and then, at the scene before her. Her three youngest brothers were rolling and tumbling contentedly with an ever-varying number of little negroes. Ever-varying, because at intervals some negro’s voice, none the less sweet because resounding, rang from the “quarters” behind the “big house,” and called: “You Torm! Come ’ere an’ tote me in some wat’ah!” or, again: “Gawge, did’n’ I tell you, long ago, to pick dem peaches?” At the sound, a woolly head would bob up and disentangle itself from the group, and a pair of ebony legs, belonging to a scantily-clad body, would go flying around the white path leading to the out-houses. It made a happy picture—that whole Southern plantation, with its “big house” gleaming under the hot September sun, its avenue bordered by crepe-myrtle bushes, their airy red blossoms flaunting themselves in every passing breeze, and the century-old oak trees, their leaves grey-brown with the accumulated dust of the summer. The cotton fields, already white, stretched away on either side, and the plantation melodies of the cotton-pickers, who bent among the white stalks, carrying great baskets, floated cheerfully across the yard to the child on the front porch.

But Patsy’s young and active mind was not at all alive to the beauties of the scene. Something very like mutiny was fermenting underneath the bronze curls, which were Mammy’s greatest care and joy. It was this feeling of unrest which was causing the squirms and sighs at the moment.

“There they are, havin’ such a good time, an’ here I sit, knittin’. Reckon why didn’ Gawd make me a boy, so I could roll on the groun’ with ’em! I can’t do one thing—not even go
out in the yard, 'less Mammy says, 'Put on yo' bonnet, honey. Yo' gwine be black ez a nigger ef yo don'." An' if I even run a step, she hollers, 'Ain' my baby shamed! Come an' be a laddy, lake yo' Ma!' I hate bonnets, an' I despises to knit. One—two—free——five mo' rows!"

Two big, life-sized tears rolled down Patsy's cheeks, but, at the sound of a rollicking whistle and an all-conquering stride, they were hastily wiped away with the aid of a bright curl. A moment later, nevertheless, their trace was noticed by big "Brother Bob," as he lifted the dainty little lady up for a kiss.

"Well, baby," he began, his twinkling gray eyes on a level with the solemn brown ones—then

"Why, what's ailin' you, Patty?"

"Nothin', 'cept I'm awful tired o' knittin', an' it's mighty hot."

"Oh," Bob laughed, relieved. "Aren't you ashamed? Ladies don't get tired of knitting 'till they've finished their day's stint. But come and go around the house with me, and then finish. Swing on!" And, putting her on one of his broad shoulders, he gaily started toward the back yard. Patsy's mother, sewing near an up-stairs window, paused in her work to glance at the two—her oldest and her youngest—the bronze curls mingling with the light locks, as Patsy bent down to kiss Brother Bob again. And the older woman was content. However, as they came opposite the back porch, Mammy's voice rang out: "Look—er—yawnder at my baby, in dat hot sun widout no bonnet. Run 'ere, honey, an' let Mammy fix yo'!" Even Brother Bob obeyed Mammy's commands, and, dropping the child to the ground, bade her "run get her bonnet, so she'd stay white and pretty like a nice lady."

Patsy listened thoughtfully to Mammy's alternate scolding and endearments while the hated bonnet was being tied on, looking the while at the boys, playing in the same hot sun without a sign of a bonnet upon their heads. She contemplated, with the calmness of a stoic, the unfairness of a world in which some heads were burdened with bonnets while others were left scot free of such encumbrances. Why could she not have been one of the blessed? But nobody cared—not even Brother Bob. Even he
told her to "be a lady." And when the strings were adjusted, and the curls disposed of to Mammy's entire satisfaction, Patsy returned to the yard to find that Brother Bob had gone into the "men's house"—that holy of holies belonging exclusively to the boys, the dog, and the guns, and not to be intruded upon by a member of the other sex.

So, wandering aimlessly back around the house, Patsy found her mother counting the stitches she had made that morning in the abandoned stocking. Climbing the steps, she waited until her mother had finished, then, as the latter glanced inquiringly at her, saying, "You still have two rows, haven't you, dear?" she brought forth an enormous sigh, which left her cheeks exceedingly flat, and climbed into the chair again. With an approving pat of the sleek curls, her mother left her hard at the task.

Thus the hot, drowsy morning passed until the big, hollow-toned bell in the back yard summoned the men from the fields. A little later the family was assembled in the dining-room, the mother at one end and the father at the other, with seven boys, of various size, and appearance, seated at intervals between. And in their midst sat one girl—very dainty and very sweet, but also very solemn.

There was a delay in the meal, occasioned by the entrance of a neighbor, who explained that he had been delayed in town, and, not being able to reach home, had stopped in to dinner. He was made welcome by the mistress in her gracious, cordial manner, and then stopped to pay his respects to Patsy. She welcomed him with a manner so like her mother that an involuntary smile flitted across her father's mouth. It was easy for the neighbor to see Patsy's standing in that household. The seven brothers reverenced her as only boys knew how to reverence a Southern girl of those days of '45, from big, handsome Brother Bob, who was mother's pride and father's right-hand man, down to Jimmy, the toddler, just out of Mammy's arms a year. Even the grinning negro man, who, with a long peacock-tail fan, kept the flies off the table, stood oftenest behind the chair which held "Little Miss."

Patsy paid very little attention to the table conversation
until she heard her name called. Every one looked at her as the guest smillingly remarked:

"It looks like a shame, Mistress Crawford, that, with so many boys, there's only one girl. One of you boys ought to be a girl, to keep Patsy company."

There was an instant of silence, broken by red-haired Cobb, the brother nearest Patsy's age, who drawled out:

"Well, I dunno who'd be 'er! Harry wouldn't be 'er, and Billy wouldn't be 'er, and you better believe I wouldn't be 'er!"

There was a general laugh, and then the conversation shifted to the coming election. But everything else about that meal was blotted out for Patsy. That speech of Cobb's rang in her ears until even Mammy's pound cake and peaches were untouched. The scorn of it! The contempt for any creature as weak as a girl! She felt humiliated—trampled upon. Then the pride of the ancestors who had fought old England's battles in days gone by, and at a more recent date had fought as ardently against her, caused Patsy to throw her small head high, and to say to herself proudly, "I guess I can be as good as a boy! I'll do somethin' that'll show Cobb an' all o' them that I can be a boy, too."

After dinner she slipped quietly out of the house, and made no remonstrance as Mammy, spying her, tied on the detested bonnet. She sat down on the back steps, elbows on knees, and hands lost somewhere in the cavernous depths of the bonnet. She was determined that something should be done which would show the world that she was just as good as a boy—in fact, that she could be a boy. And then, if she once showed them, she reasoned, they would have no desire to make her back into a lady. Why, they'd be so glad that they had another boy that she would never be made to wear bonnets and knit any more. She would never again be told to "behave like a lady." But how—by what miracle was this to be accomplished?

When Patsy had reached this point she was startled by a whistle quite close at hand, and, looking up, beheld Cobb standing, perched on one leg, on a stump near-by, looking as nonchalant as one is well able to look in that position. At first, with ready sympathy, Patsy was inclined to pity him, but, as he caught sight of her, he called out, "Hi, Patty! Ain't this fun!" in such a
devil-may-care manner that her attitude changed rapidly from pity to envy. She knew why Cobb was standing there. He was being punished, for that was her mother's method for the boys. The length of time they stood in this position was determined by the enormity of the sin they had committed. She didn't know that Cobb's enjoyment was assumed from pride's sake. She only knew that it was the height of her ambition to be punished by standing on a stump. But, instead of that, she was made to knit extra rows on the inevitable stocking. And yet—well, she had never done anything very bad. Perhaps, if she committed some dreadful sin, she would be compelled to stand on that stump like the boys, and then, she felt, that barrier would be removed—that intangible barrier which was forever between her and the boys. She jumped up, but, catching Mammy's watchful eye on her, she explained, "I jus' gon' to walk down this—away, Mammy."

"Aw right, honey. Go 'long."

She slowly passed the quarters, and, hidden by a house from Mammy's sight, she slipped through a hole in the fence, as she had seen the boys do numerous times. She wanted to get out in the pasture, stretching cool and green, behind "the place," where she might consider her Emancipation Act in peace and quiet. She looked back to see that no one was watching her, and could see nobody but little Jimmy, playing by himself back up near the quarters. She was safe, and she had only to think of a crime bad enough. But that proved quite a trouble to Patsy. She thought of several things which she might do, but dismissed them from her mind as unworthy of so sublime a punishment. Finally she looked all around her with an intense sigh, and then, in the very moment of her seeming defeat, the idea popped into her curly head. That was it! She would turn out Pluto! She fully realized the enormity of her daring thought, for many times had she heard father boast that he was the "finest horse in Georgia." Even the smallest darky on the plantation knew "Marse Crawford's hankering after dat hourse," and Patsy knew it only too well, so that her heart almost failed her as, springing up, she started toward the lot where the horse, still untamed, was kept. But her "Crawford pride" came to the rescue. Her mind was made up, and that horse was going
to be turned out so he'd run away; and then—"See if I don't have to stan' on a stump! Maybe Pluto won't never come home any more, an' when I go an' tell 'em I turned him loose they'll be so mad they'll stan' me on that stump for a year, 'most. Then they'll know I'm as good as a boy!"

Never did a little maiden look more demure and innocent than did Patsy that afternoon, her quaint little dress held up out of reach of weeds, and her pink bonnet shading a dimpled face—a sweet, baby-like face, yet with evidences of her strong will showing in the firm pink chin and the steady brown eyes. She walked slowly toward the lot where she knew the horse was kept, her feet lingering still more as the glistening coat of the animal himself became visible above the palings. She finally reached the gate, and, stepping upon the bottom paling, clung to the top, the better to view Pluto. He looked very peaceable indeed, lazily cropping the grass, but Patsy had many times seen, from her vantage point of father's shoulder, the spirited Pluto fly about the lot as if possessed of a demon.

Patsy's conscience hurt her terribly, but she had made her resolution; so, stepping down from the fence, she swung open the gate with a little difficulty, and stepped aside, awaiting the outcome. But, much to her surprise, nothing happened. The horse calmly proceeded to crop grass, and did not even glance at her. Patsy was not going to be thwarted in any such manner. She had made up her mind to turn out Pluto, and turned out he was going to be, whether he wished it or not. So she hunted around, and found a stick lying near. She picked it up, and advanced with a brave front through the open gate and toward the horse. With a mighty exertion of her will power, she hit Pluto a stinging blow on his side. This was the first time the animal had ever been struck, and he was completely crazed. Before Patsy could think, he had sprung away, and was rushing round and round the lot, in crazy, dizzy circles. Patsy was in no danger inside the circle as long as he continued his course as he was doing, and was not worried at all, merely pushing back her bonnet the better to view him. She thought, with the pleasure of a horse lover, how beautiful he looked. "But why don' he go out the gate, so I'd get punished," she scolded.
At that minute Patsy saw something which caused her heart to stop pounding, and then to begin again with suffocating speed. There, in the direct path of the horse, toddled the little Jimmy, quite unaware of his danger. He had evidently followed her at a distance, and, in her absorption, she had been unconscious of it. She screamed to him to get out of the way, but he only stopped and crowed at her delightedly, sticking a dirty thumb in his mouth.

Then came Patsy's test. To be sure, she didn't call it that—she only realized it in a vague way. All her life she had been guarded and protected, and this gentle rearing caused her to shrink from any danger. But something which was stronger than rearing—something which had come down to Patsy through generations of fighting ancestors—kept her from failing to overcome this trial. Suddenly, the words she had often heard her father say to her brothers came to her mind: "No gentleman is ever afraid in the face of any danger, my son." And, just when she was trying to prove herself worthy of being called a boy, was she going to fail because she was afraid? No, that was not the stuff Patsy was made of. It took her only a fraction of a minute to conclude that, and she ran forward, her eyes fixed on the tiny, fat mite out there in the path of that furiously on-rushing horse. She could hear the hoof-beats, which seemed almost upon her as she lifted up Jimmy and threw him out of the way with an almost unbelievable strength.

She heard two sharp reports—she stumbled—and then—she realized that the thundering hoof-beats had stopped! She waited another whole minute, then turned slowly and looked round. There was Brother Bob, leaning white and weak, against the fence, a gun on the ground near him, and Pluto stretched prone on the ground—dead.

The next thing Patsy knew she was sobbing out the whole story in Brother Bob's arms. It would have been a very incoherent story to any one but Bob; yet somehow he understood the jumble of "knittin', an' bein' a lady, an' standin' on a stump." Patsy never knew how long she clung there, with Jimmy sitting contentedly by, sublimely indifferent to the whole proceedings. She only knew that she was a subdued and comforted little girl,
when Brother Bob, after that indefinite space of time, picked up the gun which had dropped from his nerveless fingers, and, swinging Patsy to his shoulders, ordered the group of negroes who had quickly gathered to "tell Master Crawford he was wanted at the house." Even Patsy noticed the set appearance of Bob's mouth, as he dropped her gently to the ground in the back yard a few minutes later, and bade her "run get Mammy to fix her dress."

He disappeared in the "men's house," and Patsy saw father stride across the yard and into that building in a very little while. She was terribly frightened now, but she didn't cry—and she wouldn't answer any of Mammy's worried questions as she was being dressed. A clean bonnet was produced and tied on during the process, and soon Patsy was out in the yard once more.

Suddenly she heard father's manly stride, and she was raised up in a pair of strong arms. One hand fumbled at the bonnet strings, and a moment later father had thrown that headgear to the ground. Patsy saw that his eyes were suspiciously moist, and, with an overwhelming wave of repentance, thought that he was grieving over the dead Pluto. She was stammering out her apologies, but his voice, very deep, even though a little shaky, interrupted:

"No, no, Patty! I don't care about the horse. I—you—Patty, girl, you're 'father's little soldier!'"

And next day Mammy, sitting on her door-step, talking to Mirandy, grumbled:

"An', ef Marse Crawford didn' tell me to stop puttin' bonnets on my baby! Dat he did, an' she bin er-playin' wif dem boys an' de niggers all mornin'! An' she ain' done no knittin', nuther. But what you think her ma done dis mornin'? She punish' 'er by standin' her on dat stump lak er common boy! May de Lawd strak me ef she didn'! Oh, Lawdy, look at 'er!"

The next instant Mammy's voice rang out to the sublimely happy Patsy, who was barefoot and bare-headed in the yard, "Don' you hurt yo'sef, bab——I mean, Sojer!"
SONNET.

Gladys Holleman, '17.

O, lake, as oft thy clear and mirrored wave
Reflects the image of some object near,
When thou dost in thy moods to me appear,
A likeness to mankind thou seemst to crave.
Sometimes with gurgling laughter thou dost lave
The gentle shore, sometimes no sound we hear
On thy calm waters, resting without fear
In that repose which simple trust thee gave.
But often, when the raging winds without
Harass thee, and thy spirits calm disturb,
Thy troubled breast is filled with care and doubt;
Then angry billows which thou canst not curb
Break madly on thy stolid shore, oh, lake!
While human passions follow in thy wake.
FROM 4:10 TO 5.

"'19."

MEETING OF
CURRENT EVENTS CLUB,
WEDNESDAY, 4:10.
"RALLYING ROUND RUSSIA."
ANSWER ROLL-CALL WITH ITEM ON RUSSIA.
COME READY FOR TRACK.

O read a recent gay poster. At one side a Russian flag was drawn, and underneath it stood a peasant figure representing the people, and wearing a crown, while, in the background, sat the Czar, crownless, and under the whole the words, "A slight change."

In a pleasant big room, where a Freshman was hostess, the girls rallied. Who does not rally for, who does not respond to the name of Russia? For people everywhere there is a fascination so deep, so irresistible, that one instinctively seeks for another word—one that has never, unlike "fascination," linked itself with anything trivial.

This mighty, mystic, compelling something is in Russia's music, in her literature, in her history—the something that speaks to us of huge spaces of out-of-doors, of great multitudes, and of destiny. With something of a childish fondness for the dramatic, awe-inspiring phrase, with something of a sober thrill at its meaning, people have long been telling each other that one day "The great White Bear will come down from the north and drink his fill in Europe."

To-day we are proud of Russia and her way of having a revolution. More than one girl said this, as they gathered for the Current Events Club meeting.

A few items of business were disposed of, and followed by roll-call, each girl answering with a Russian current event. The Mississippi girl told of the freedom of the press, secured by the new government for Russia. The Kentucky girl took from her middy
pocket a carefully-folded square of newspaper, which she spread open, volunteering to show the pictures on it, and at once launched into a learned discussion of the relative advantages for a capital city of Moscow and Petrograd, and did it so eagerly that you would have thought that she was giving the virtues of her favorite summer camp over yours. After her, the Sympathetic Girl described the Czar’s resigned despondency, as reported. The Practical Girl told of the improved state of stocks and financial conditions in Russia since the revolution. The Girl in Blue proclaimed Professor Paul Milukov, a leader of the revolution and the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, giving the fact of his visit, some years back, to the United States. The Better Late Than Never announced that the prisoners were being freed from Siberia. It was a visitor who told the interesting story of the brave “Little Mother of the Russian Revolution,” and her return after thirty years of Siberian exile, the brightest day in her seventy-three years of suffering and hoping.

So it went around the circle, and the girls’ knowledge increased with the minutes.

The regular program—that is, the prepared discourses—began with a discussion of the character of the Czar—an honor which he never would have received here, or anywhere, perhaps, for a deed less than his abdication. His susceptibility to outside influences, his pro-German disposition, and his attempt to adjourn the Duma were disclosed.

A brief talk on the Duma itself fell to the lot of the Economics Student, who, with a modest smile by way of preface, told the story of the eventful week of March 11th, and of the body, four hundred and forty-two strong, which wired the Czar: “The hour has struck—the will of the people must prevail,” and which then proceeded to re-make Russia’s government.

The Athletic Girl, from her end of the trunk, in a five minutes’ talk, presented the essentials of the new regime which came about by a revolution that was definitely a war measure. She mentioned the comparatively quiet establishing of a provisional government controlled by the Duma, the new form of permanent government to be determined later—reform tendencies, the suffrage given to women—here vigorous applause.
That busy girls might not miss the best in the current magazines, the Magazine Reviewer read extracts from worthwhile articles, taken from the *Outlook*, *World's Work*, and others.

After this, somehow, a basket tray of "eats" magically came to the front, and heedless crumbs marked sociable trails over the festively clean room. Some war talk, some class-room knowledge and jokes, some club problems, then a scampering off to track practice (the good had kept training).

The wind blew through a deserted room. Here and there it rustled the pages of a magazine or a paper, not boisterously, but gently, as though he wished that he had time to pause and read them, understanding that it is a privilege to read history in the weekly or daily—rather than in ponderous tomes that count by centuries.
RECENT WESTHAMPTON COLLEGE SONGS.

The Music Club has collected and had published in THE MESSENGER these recent Westhampton songs, so that each College girl may have her individual copy. Learn these and sing them. Remember that the next song night is not far off.

——

"HAIL, ALMA MATER."

Tune—"The Watch on the Rhine."

Hail! Alma Mater, sunset crowned,
Upon the hill-top proudly stand,
While woods and vales your praises sound,
And waters still reflect the land.

Cho.—Oh, Westhampton, our mother true,
Hear as we sing for aye our "God bless you."

Hail, Alma Mater, joy of youth,
Our guide along the path of truth.
How oft we falter on the way!
But thou wilt ever hear our lay.

Hail, Alma Mater, nobly wrought,
Long may our trophies here be brought,
For we would join thy loyal throng,
Thou queen of those that right the wrong.

——

"AWAY DOWN SOUTH."

Tune—Original.

Away down South, in Dixie land,
There's a college we love best;
She's dear to all her daughters' hearts,
And in their lives impressed—
"WESTHAMPTON, HERE'S TO YOU!"

Tune—"Heidelberg" Stein Song.

There is a spot which the fairies love,
Because of its stars and pine,
Because of its lake and shadowed hills—
Its loveliness divine.
So one fair day these tiny elves
Mere mortals to this spot drew,
And out of the gift of the fairy band
Our Alma Mater grew!

CHO.—Here's to the College we love the best;
Here's to her hearts so true;
Here's to the colors that stand each test,
The dear old "Red and Blue."
Here's to the dreams that there are born;
Here's to the dreamers, too!
Here's to the land of the heart's desire—
Westhampton, here's to you!

"CARRY ME BACK TO DEAR WESTHAMPTON."

Tune—"Carry Me Back to Ole Virginie."

Memory goes back to dear Westhampton,
That is the sweetest spot in all the world to me;
There's where the life is so bright and so happy,
There's where the heart from every care is free.
No other college is half so inspiring,
None has the charm that we're always finding here;
No place on earth could we love so sincerely
As our Westhampton, our Alma Mater dear.

CHO.—Carry me back to old Westhampton,
That is the sweetest spot in all the world to me;
There's where the life is so bright and so happy,
There's where the heart from every care is free.
"WESTHAMPTON HISTORY."

Tune—"Frog Went a-Courtin'."

Boaty went a-beggin', and he did find—
    Um-hum!
Boaty went a-beggin', and he did find
'Way out yonder a gold mine.
    Um-hum!

What did Boaty do with it?
    Um-hum!
What did Boaty do with it?
Did he throw it in a pit?
    Um-hum!

He bought a farm out in the wood,
    Um-hum!
He bought a farm out in the wood,
Then he said, "That does look good!"
    Um-hum!

"Suppose we have a college there,
    Um-hum!
Suppose we have a college there,
And I will occupy the chair,
    Um-hum!"

Then we'll have a little Dean,
    Um-hum!
Then we'll have a little Dean,
Who rides around in her machine.
    Um-hum!

The girls, they came from every side,
    Um-hum!
The girls, they came from every side
In that old black bus to ride,
    Um-hum!
Only three years now have passed,
   Um-hum!
Only three years now have passed,
We're a Standard College, "A-1" Class,
   Um-hum!

Now don't you think that it was fun?
   Um-hum!
Now don't you think that it was fun,
The way our College was begun?
   That's all!
GERMAN CLUB SKETCH.
DER DEUTSCHE VERIEN.


"Wer nicht mit uns tanst und lacht
Der ist zu nichts gut's gemacht."

ER frohliche und glanzende Geist, der in dieser zwei Versen unseres Motto dargestellt wird, ist derselbe welcher den Verein beseelt. Es ist einer der frisch­esten und fortschreitendsten Vereine im College. Unsere Farben, Kornblumenblau und Gold, haben eben darin die Frische und die Heiterkeit die des deutschen Vereins so charakteristisch sind. Nur die Madchen, die sich fur die Schonheiten und die unerklarlichen Reize der deutsche Sprache und Literatur sehr interessieren, sind wahlbar fur Mitgliedschaft.


WHAT PARTHENO-SYSTASEIS MEANT TO ME.

Margaret E. James, '16.

BEFORE any one else, for a time, at any rate, I was much more interested in what we now know as Partheno-Systaseis than was any other. For this, and other more or less evident reasons, I am, therefore, grateful to the editors for allowing me space for a few words.

The theme for this discussion should be: What the Partheno-Systaseis meant to me. However, because of the fact that the organization was so very new at the time our class became a group of alumnae, I feel that the few words following cannot comply closely or properly with their theme. So far as the writer is concerned, Partheno-Systaseis meant more to her from the standpoint of the accomplishment of a much and earnestly-desired purpose, and you will pardon the personal reference.

We—that is, certainly, the readers of The Messenger—are all more or less familiar with the origin and meaning of Partheno-Systaseis. It has been dwelt upon and dealt with at great length. Instead of the conventional, old time, heterogeneous mixture known as a literary society in a girls' school or college, we have now, by common consent and public approval, I trust, a well-organized system of several clubs, each concerned with and interested in its own chosen line of endeavor, and all grouped together, with a controlling corps of officers, under the name Partheno-Systaseis. This long, unusual, but euphonic word fulfils the law of appropriateness by meaning exactly what the organization is.

The place of clubs, such as these, in the Partheno-Systaseis is made secure, theoretically, and, with proper endorsement and encouragement by the Faculty and the students, practically, by two important facts. The first is this: The unquenchable desire plus the unquestionable demand for some kind or variety of group organization in any community life. The second is close akin to
the first, and yet the distinction is so evident that it might well be called a difference.

When boys and girls come away to school it means that, for the length of time during which they are in college, they are necessarily hindered from participating in the things which, if they were at home, would be a natural and normal part of their every-day life, in conjunction with school and lessons. There must be school play as well as school work. Athletics, in any and all forms, fulfils a part of the meaning of school play, but not all. The part taken by each girl in clubs of the kind we are discussing can and will fulfil the second part of the meaning of school play. This ought not to be fulfilled in a frivolous way. Athletics are decidedly helpful; so should clubs be, and at the same time enjoyable.

These things are especially true as far as the every-day life of a normal college girl is concerned, because the restrictions laid around boys in college are so few and far between; while they are so many around girls, because of the thousand and one reasons that are so much easier to say “because” to than to give the reason for.

Those who read this will bear in mind, please, that the normal college girl is the one that is being spoken of—the one that fits in with community life.

By far the most important point in the discussion is: What membership in one or more of these clubs means to the individual girl. It means, in every instance, with one exception, as to the nature of the club, a definite and evident application and use of the knowledge derived from the class room.

And when we can turn aside a moment from extolling the value, symmetry, and exquisiteness of history, from wondering and marveling over the miracles and acuteness of science, from praising and loving the finished poem, the depth-stirring sentiments, and the variety in style and expression in the literature of the ages, and, for a little while, think of the beauty, loftiness, and grandeur in such themes as music, painting, and sculpture, we may then entirely co-ordinate our class work with our life work. In other words, why can we not so realize this that, ere long, we may have on our library shelves Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Raphael, as well as Shakespeare, Thucydides, Galileo. It ought to be.
In addition to the clubs furnishing us an opportunity for allowing us to use and give what we've gotten, and generally kept, they can perform another very helpful office in the matter of training the girl in the art, grace, and efficiency of matters executive. Because of this fact, I think that at every meeting of every club the conventional formalities of a regular business session should be gone through with. It will inevitably give poise to the presiding officer and to the body. A girl can gain much if she will be faithful and conscientious in her duty, either as officer or lay member, by familiarizing herself with the most primary and yet often neglected parliamentary laws.

Having never had the privilege of being for any length of time a member of Partheno-Systaseis, I think that it would probably be unwise to say more in anything like a particular sense. But let me urge each girl to try to realize just the real importance of the clubs, and, in so doing, affiliate herself immediately with the Partheno-Systaseis.
EXCHANGES.

Lula Garst, '18.

We observe, with pleasure, the favorable criticisms of THE MESSENGER made by other magazines. Criticism, both favorable and unfavorable, stimulates growth, and we want to grow.

Among the exchanges which we have had the pleasure of reviewing this month, The Hollins Magazine offers the widest range of material, which includes well-selected poems, stories, essays, sketches, and school notes. “A War Sketch,” relating the experiences of an official letter, bearing the magic letters O. H. M. S., is particularly original and interesting. The College Club of Roanoke, as suggested in the Alumnae Department, should be of interest to all college women.

The sketches in The Smith College Monthly are the best we have read. This is evidently Smith's strong point. “About College” contains some “real” realism.

Though the number of articles in The Wellesley College Magazine is small, the quality is not lacking. “Black Borders” is especially worthy of notice—it is a story which commands the reader's interest throughout. The theme is the awakening of a girl from her "too comfortable self" to the physical want and suffering in the world about her.

We welcome The Focus, The College Message, The Wells College Chronicle, The Lesbian Herald, and The Acorn, all of which give us an inviting glimpse of their various college activities.
## THE MESSENGER.

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