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RICHMOND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

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EDITORIALS.

The thanks of the Management is due the Assistant Editor for superintending the last issue during the vacancy in the editorial office. The efficient and zealous manner in which he came forward to fill the breach are characteristic.

The former editor, Mr. A. C. Cheetham, who is now engaged in Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Jackson, S. C., sends his greetings, and promises to contribute during the year.
Just to be a little different we will not commence this issue by administering an admonitory rebuke to those who are capable of writing articles worthy of publication, and are afflicted with laziness—perhaps, after all, the loss is not so appalling. Nor will we extend a general invitation for you to bring us all your old History notes and Math tests, valuable as paper may be—donate them to the Society for the Relief of the Belgian Hares. But for those who really aspire to some degree of literary recognition, and especially for the benefit of the Freshmen, it is perhaps necessary to state that THE MESSENGER is maintained by purely voluntary contributions, and is therefore desirous of keeping on hand a large amount of available material. The editors of the different departments will be happy to advise you concerning any proposed contribution.

For your convenience a box has been placed in the college library, where articles for submission, interesting notes about alumni, or suggestions for the literary staff, may be deposited. And be willing to be a "scrub" once in a while, that the material chosen may be of the best. Let's all pull together this year, and make THE MESSENGER the best college magazine in the country.

Have you ever heard such a multitude of vague rumors floating around the campus? The most staggering statements pass unchallenged, and are met with gaping credibility. No Christmas holidays! Paper uniforms! Freshmen officers! Saluting of student officers! A dozen uniforms to be bought! Overcoats at fabulous prices! Restriction of hours! Sepulchral silence and sheepish docility in the classroom! The Glee Club will be discontinued, the annual, everything! Etc. ad infinitum. The lovers of the marvelous are kept daily enjoying their wrath over some new outrage, and hurling their vituperations and maledictions against the presumptuous faculty, who are no doubt ignorant of their supposed inroads upon
the inalienable rights and immunities of that august body which convenes during chapel at the book store.

Every one in College has noticed and appreciated the vital interest which the Y. M. C. A. seems to be taking in everything of concern to us. The Association Secretary and his associates were working night and day when we arrived, taking care of our baggage, listing and disposing of furniture, and directing the new students how to unlock their doors from the inside, all free, gratis, for nothing. We note with pleasure the appearance of the first Y. M. C. A. handbook, a compendium of indispensable information, and a handy notebook combined. This altruistic spirit of helpfulness of the Y. M. C. A. has permeated through every stratum of college life, and has excited the sympathetic appreciation of all. Get behind the Y. M. C. A., and give it a boost once in a while.

RETROSPECTION.

When to the session of silent that
I summoned hours of bygone days,
I sighed as thru the hours I sought,
And found so few to give me praise.
Here was a precious hour ill spent;
And there was one neglected all.
(An hour's a cluster; the jewel a moment.
More shame to let the cluster fall.)
I sought among the jewels a crown—
The jewels the manly deeds I've done—
But as I searched I sadly found
That sombre was the crown I'd won.
But cease, thou sad and gloomy heart
And smile, for sighing does thee hurt!
—W. T. Vandever.
AY chief, do you think they will ever capture Jean Cronis?,” asked the police reporter for the Gazette, proffering the chief of police a cigar.

The chief accepted the cigar, lighted it, and examined the glowing end speculatively. “Why, yes, sonny, they will get him in time. None of them ever get away. They may for a while, but they will eventually get taken in by some means or other,” and then glancing critically at the live-wire reporter, he said grinning, “How did you get that black eye?”

“A hot red-headed son of Erin’s Isle gave me that decoration,” he answered, going over to the small mirror in the corner and examining it. “You see, this same Michael Delaney was fined for speeding his jitney, and through a misprint, the heading was—Fined for stealing—it should have been speeding. And he crowned me before I had a chance to explain. Peculiar color—this eye—a blue-black I’d call it. Say chief, is it like other black eyes? It don’t look right to me.”

“Oh put a beef-steak on it, and it will be all to the good in a day or so,” advised the chief, seeking a more comfortable position in his swivel chair, then in a reminiscent mood he continued.” That word blue—black reminds me of a case that happened about twenty years ago, when I first started in on the police force, and it goes to prove what I just said about nobody ever gettin’ away once they had committed a crime. If you are not in a hurry I’ll tell you about it. I’ve never told it to anyone except my boss, and he is dead now—chief Flick—you remember him.

Well, I came in off my beat one night, and was loasin’ around talking to some of the boys when the chief came in with a stranger, strong, well-built and handsome in a way, and introduced him.

“Boy’s this is Mr. Gillworthy—new man on the force,” and turning to me, he continued, “Jim, show him around—put him on to the ropes.”

In a short time Bob—his name was Robert—and I became good friends. We roamed together around on Walnut Street, and were
together most all the time when not on our beats. He was jolly, full of lige, and likable, but he never spoke a word about his past life, or anything concerning what had happened before he came here. I had asked him two or three times about where he came from and what kind of work he had done, but I never received a satisfactory answer. The chief said he had good recommendation papers, and that he was in need of men, and for that reason he had taken him on. Still he was a mystery.

Well, things went on smoothly for several months, until one morning, Bob was found at the side entrance of the Adelphia Hotel with a stilletto in his heart. That was the only clew left. Whoever did it knew his business, for the blade had been driven home and death was instantaneous. It was a curiously carved, inlaid affair—pure Damascus steel blade, and ivory handle, and one of the detectives said it had on it a Spanish Coat of Arms, but nothing ever came from his deduction. We combed the city for suspects but we didn't catch anyone. The police of other cities worked on the case as did countless detectives, but no one who could have been connected with the murder was apprehended. We looked through Bob's belongings, but found nothing that could throw light on the mystery, and so we gave it up.

Gradually it was forgotten, and other sensations occupied the front page of the newspapers. We did not find any of Bob's relations and his trunk and belongings remained in our room. One day I decided to make a minute search in his trunk and among his letters, for in those days I had keen ambition to be another Sherlock Holmes, and make a name for myself.

There were several letters—all of which we had read before—from some woman named Alma, sometimes signed Alma N——. They were in that lovin' silly, sentimental, tone all girls use sooner or later, but there was nothing that could unravel the mystery. Finally I ran across something that opened my eyes—I don't see how we overlooked it before because it was right there in the till—It was a note enclosing a lock of hair—the most peculiar unnatural color that I have ever seen. I showed it to one of the boys, and he said it was the color of Niagara grapes at midnight. It was a dusky black, almost blue. I've never seen anythink like it since
except once—but that is getting ahead of my story. The note read. "Dearest Bob, I'm waiting boy. When are you coming for me? Sometimes I imagine that you are not coming, but that is foolish, Bob Dear, because I know you will come for me soon. You must come, boy—you can't desert me now. Am sending you a locket—one that my mother gave me before she died. It contains a lock of my hair that mother put in it when I was a baby. She said it would bring good luck." It was signed Alma, and I thought that I had a clew. Bob had deserted her, and she had knifed him.

With these clews I went to work but our investigations proved nothing. The letters were all post-marked New York, but even though the police worked the entire city, they discovered nothing. Giving it up as a bad job we all dropped the case, and naturally erased it from our minds.

About two or three years ago, a little more than seventeen years after that murder, a burlesque show came here. After the first night the Mayor ordered it pulled because of the costumes of the chorus girls or rather for lack of them. I went in and stopped the show, and there was a near riot behind the scenes. In the midst of the confusion my attention was arrested by a chorus girl standing back of the Manager, and laughing at him derisively. Her hair was the same color of the lock I had found in Bob's trunk. She was just a chit of a girl not over seventeen who seemed to take life without a care.

I went over and began talking to her. She said she didn't care if they had pulled the old show, and that she was glad of it, because the Manager was just as stingy with salaries as he was with costumes.

Well to make a long story short, I managed to get her home address, and told the chief my intentions and suspicions. He gave me a two weeks leave of absence, and I went to Philadelphia with the address 614 S. McHenry Street—in my pocket.

I found the address to be O. K. and with it I found the girl's mother. She was a small woman with the same wonderful hair, but it was graying at the temples. I discovered that she was a miniature portrait painter named Alma Nunez, and asked for a sit-
ting. She painted the picture, and I told her I was going to give it to my mother. I also told her that I couldn't write, and asked her to write for me the letter which I would dictate. She wrote the letter, and on comparing with the handwriting in the note I had in my pocket, I found it to be one and the same. I had her.

She made no outcry, when I told her everything, but smiled calmly, "I've been waiting for you," she said, I know you'd come sometime. Sit down over there—I can't get away and I want to tell you the whole story.

It was a long story she told me, and I'll just tell you the gist of it. It seemed that she was a miniature painter in New York when she met him. He was a sort of a political boss under Boss Sullivan, and always flashed a big roll. He got in with the bunch that she ran with, and got acquainted with her. She didn't get much work, and was rather hard up. Tired of the fight against fate, she gave up to his wishes only on the promise of marriage. For a while she was happy—everything that she wanted she got—. She really loved Gillworthy and believed him. He played the cad, and left her—left her without anything. He seemed to have half-way repented, and sent her some money from here. That was when he got the note and the locket.

When she couldn't hear from him afterward she followed him here. She found him on Ninth Street having left her baby girl at her boarding house. She went to him in despair asking that he marry her in order that her girl might have a name. He struck her, and she stabbed him. That was about all of her story except that concerning the daughter. The mother tried to bring her up a God fearing Christian woman, and had nearly succeeded, when the awful truth had burst upon the girl, through a chance acquaintance of her mother's of farmer years. The girl then quit trying to go straight declaring it was useless, and that she didn't care what ever became of her. With tears in her eyes while she talked of her only girl who was dancing in a Burlesque, I left her, and told my chief that it was a wild goose chase!

"Got a match sonny?"

—H. M. Sutherland, '17.
“AH DOAN’ KNOW WHAT IS AILIN’ ME.”

Ah doan’ know what is ailin’ me,
Excep’ Ah jes’ cain’t think,
Mah haid soun’s lak a bumble-bee,
Mah brain is on the blink;
Ah reckons dat it’s thoughts of you,
Dat makes me feel lak dis,
Case I ain’t feelin’ nohow blue,
An’ Ah dreams of las’ night’s kiss.

Ah doan’ know what is ailin’ me,
Ah cain’t wuk hardly ’tall,
An Ah keeps thinkin’ of dat tree,
Jes’ lak a parasol,
Whah, jes’ las’ night we sot so still;
Ah had mah ahm roun’ you.
An while de nightingale he trill,
You promised ter be true.

Ah doan’ know what is ailin’ me,
Puhaps it is de heat;
Ah’ll take a nap beneath dat tree
Whah you looked so pow’ful sweet.
Ah thinks puhaps dat really now,
Ah knows de reason why:
Becase, las’ night, we made our vow,
Our love would never die.

—F. R. Ackley.
As I walked in the woodland wrapt in tho't,
Fraught was my mind with the days that were past.
My steps, no beaten path they sought.
Uncanny the shadows, seemed the darkness too vast
To be o'ercome by the silver flow
Of moonlight dispelling the woodland's night.
In majesty she sailed on that ocean blue,
The moon in her glory was shedding the light,
And I drank in the beauty, 'till the fall of dew.
Could my mind remain in its chaos of thought
As I gazed in wonder of mind that night
At the picture that God in His glory had wrought?
From the chaos of mind, my thoughts ascended
For in the molten silver light that night
Was quieting peace and harmony blended.

—R. F. Caverlee.
T was the first day of the trial. The courthouse was packed. Row after row of hard, wooden benches were crowded with a seething mass of spectators, some talking and laughing, others silently waiting with anxious hearts for the trial to begin. The steady stream of latecomers, turned back at the door by the officers, filled the courtyard, some climbing into trees, from whose branches they could see the interior of the courthouse, others peering in through open windows, but the majority departing, after many vain attempts to gain entrance.

The courtroom itself was a scene of great activity. At the extreme end the prisoner sat, conversing in a low tone with her lawyer, Mr. White, famous for his success in handling criminal cases. To her left, the jury, composed of the foremost citizens of San Francisco, gazed silently down upon the buzzing court room. In a small inclosure at the bottom of the judge's desk were the clerks and stenographers, while towering above everyone was the huge figure of the judge, his piercing black eyes, hidden partially by rebellious locks of silvery hair, taking in every detail of the complex scene. Suddenly the judge rapped for order, a deathlike silence prevailed, and all eyes were turned towards the prisoner.

The woman was dressed in black, from her dainty shoes to her pretty but simple hat. The neat silk dress and black hat added to her striking beauty. Tall, well formed, light-hired and fair-faced, she was indeed a picturesque figure.

Her eyes were also worthy of considerable notice. Blue they were, at times clear and innocent; but at others clouded by an indiscernible look, either of fear, hatred, or guilt.

The prosecuting attorney opened his case by calling to the witness stand the office boy of the murdered man. The boy's tale was brief, but damaging to the prisoner. The evening before the murder, he had left Mr. Banks, his employer, and Miss Randolph, the stenographer, alone in the office. Returning for a magazine, he heard Mr. Bank's voice raised in angry tones. Not wishing
to hear the dispute, he started for the stairs, but before he reached them he heard Miss Randolph exclaim passionately, "O, you brute, I believe I could kill you."

Then the nightwatchman was called to the stand, and testified that when he went on duty at eleven o'clock that night he made his customary round of the building and found Mr. Banks lying on the floor in a pool of blood. By his side was a pistol with one empty shell in it and above his right eye was a ragged hole. His face was contorted with anger, showing plainly that at the moment of death he was in a violent passion. Without disturbing the body he summoned a detective.

The detective stated that the watchman's story was true, and also added that on the handle of the pistol was Miss Randolph's name. He then hurried to Miss Randolph's house, but found her in bed. When she appeared, although she had a nervous, strained look, there were no indications of guilt upon her, and she expressed deep sorrow at the death of her employer.

The next witness summoned by the prosecution was a minister, who was well known to the police, having figured in a good many secret marriages, the knowledge of which he kept to himself in return for a good sum of money. He made the startling assertion that Miss Randolph and Mr. Banks had been married for a year. As Mr. Banks was an ugly bachelor of sixty odd years, the assertion caused a murmur of surprise to spread throughout the courtroom, which was silenced by the rapping of the judge. The minister proceeded to show the marriage papers and also said that he had been paid to keep the marriage secret.

The following witness for the prosecution was the president of an important insurance agency, with whom Mr. Banks had taken out a five hundred thousand dollar life insurance policy. He showed the papers which had been drawn up between Mr. Banks and himself. The agreement was that on his death, provided he did not die by his own hand, five hundred thousand dollars would go to his wife, who was formerly Miss Randolph. The rest of his fortune was left to charity.

Now as the chain of circumstantial evidence was complete, the prosecuting attorney decided to make his closing speech and rest
the case. In an eloquent, bitter, harangue, he showed the jury the black character of the prisoner, who had married the old bachelor for his money, and finding that his money would be left to charity killed him for his life insurance. He skillfully wove around her a web of guilt, no thread of which could be broken. With an impassioned appeal for the extreme penalty of the law for such a bloody murderer, he took his seat.

The day had been warm; the courtroom was hot and stuffy, but no one stirred from his seat. All eyes were riveted upon the prisoner, who glanced nervously at her lawyer, sitting in a state of semi-consciousness. From time to time throughout the day had she cast this same nervous look in his direction; but not once had he stirred. Though point after point was added to the side of the prosecuting attorney, not once had he crossexamined the witnesses, or made an objection, or spoken to his client. No one understood his actions. As the prosecuting attorney took his seat, the judge arose and adjourned court for the day. The crowd, with one final look at the prisoner and her strange lawyer, filed slowly out of the room. Without a word, Mr. White arose and left the courtroom. The prisoner, her eyes filled with tears, supported by her mother and sister, walked slowly to the carriage, waiting at the door.

Although the following day was somewhat warmer, by ten o'clock the room was crowded. As the judge rapped for order, Mr. White arose and, walking straight in front of the jurors, commenced one of the most famous appeals in the annals of justice. Talking in a calm, conversational, tone, vibrant with emotion under superb control, he gave a detailed account of the points brought out by the prosecution. He disputed none of them, in fact, he admitted all of them to be true. But, he showed clearly that everything was circumstantial evidence. He admitted the quarrel, but he claimed that the prisoner left Mr. Banks alone a little later. He admitted that the pistol belonged to his client, but denied that she fired it. He said that he would not call any witnesses, but that he could not get anyone who would not testify to the good character of his client. As he spoke, his voice rose to a higher pitch, he leaned over the railing, behind which the jurors were gazing spellbound
at him, and spoke to them as man to man. He named case after case, in which persons had been convicted and executed on circumstantial evidence, who had afterwards been proved innocent. He asked if there was anyone in the jury, who would be willing to run such a terrible risk of convicting an innocent girl on circumstantial evidence.

As he spoke, the crowd leaned forward to catch every word, the judge, who considered her already convicted, looked uneasily at the jurors; but the eyes of every juror were riveted upon these piercing grey eyes, so earnest and so pleading. Heeding nothing, the lawyer kept on, now in an impassioned plea, now in an eloquent picture of the torment which would come upon the jurors if they convicted her falsely, finally closing with the plea that every father should treat her as he would like his child to be treated.

Amidst profound silence, he took his seat. The jurors moved quietly into an adjoining room; and for ten minutes there was no sound but the buzzing of the flies and the wind whistling through the trees in the courtyard. Then, the jury filed back into the room. The foreman stood up when asked by the judge if they had come to a decision, he replied that they had. The judge then asked, "Guilty or not Guilty?" In ringing tones came back from the foreman, "Not Guilty, your honor." Once more the crowd was in confusion. Crowds of the prisoner's friends pressed around her, but pushing them aside, with face streaked with tears, she pushed her way to her lawyer's side, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes she said, "Mr. White, my heart is so full—."

With one glance at her, the noted lawyer exclaimed in a voice full of anger and disgust, "Get away from my sight, you are as guilty as death."

Two days later, while opening his mail, Mr. White read the following letter.

July 22nd, 1902.

Mr. J. C. White,
Chamber of Commerce—San Francisco.

Dear Sir:

I hope that you will be so just as to read this letter before you allow me to become indelibly imprinted upon your memory.
as a murderess. To begin with, I will state that I have a brother who is an escaped convict. In a drunken rage he killed his best friend and was sentenced to life imprisonment. One night he escaped and with my assistance made his way to a city in South America, where he is now living a straight life, surrounded by a happy family. During the first months of his exile I sent him a portion of my savings to enable him to get a firm footing. In spite of my wishes he wrote me a long letter of thanks, which was intercepted by Mr. Banks. Several times he had asked me to marry him, but I refused him; now he accomplished by blackmail what he could not have done otherwise. Reluctantly I consented to be married and we were secretly married by the priest that testified during the trial. As could be expected, the marriage was a failure and our time was spent in quarreling. The night of his death he asked me to obtain employment in the office of his business rival; and obtain some valuable papers for him. When I refused, he threatened me with the exposure of my brother. Broken down by his cruelty and meanness, I expressed a desire to kill him. Crazed by rage, he snatched up my pistol from my desk and with a terrible oath swore, “that I would never get a cent of his money, even if he had to kill himself to bring it about,” shot himself dead. Terror stricken, I hastened home and that night decided that my best course was to keep silent and, if accused, to engage the best lawyer I could find. If I told all I knew, my brother would be thrown into prison again; and in preference to that, I decided to place my fate in your hands. The life insurance which I have just received, I have turned over to charity and I am striving to wipe from my mind all remembrance of the terrible tragedy. I am too full of gratefulness to attempt to thank you on paper but I have many things which I would be delighted to tell you, if you could spare me the time some afternoon.

Yours thankfully
Miss Alice Randolph.

Edmund H. Rucker.
NINETEENTH CENTURY NOVELISTS AS JOURNALISTS.

In January, 1835, an amusing catalogue was given of the writers employed at that time by Fraser’s Magazine, with portraits of them all seated at a symposium. Much to the surprise of many William Thackeray’s portrait appeared with the pictures of the other contributors, for few persons had know that he wrote for the Magazine. How he commenced his connection with the Magazine is unknown. We find that he had come to London with a view to a literary career, and that he had at one time made an attempt to earn his bread as a correspondent for a Paris newspaper. No article can be traced to his pen before November, 1837, when the Yellowplush Correspondence was commenced. The Yellowplush Papers were continued through nine numbers. These are in the form of a satire and the author’s idea seems to be to show that a gentleman may, in heart and in action, be as vulgar as a footman. These papers are highly interesting because of their drollery.

The next tale of any length from Thackeray’s pen, in Fraser’s Magazine, was that called “Catherine,” which is the story taken from the life of a wretched woman named Catherine Hayes. Its object is to show how disgusting would be the records of thieves, cheats, and murderers if their doings and language were described according to their nature, instead of being handled in such a way as to create sympathy, and therefore imitation. “Catherine” appeared in 1839 and 1840 and in the latter of those years The Shabby Genteel story also came out. Then, in 1841, there followed The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond, illustrated by Samuel’s cousin, Michael Angelo. But though announced so in Fraser’s, there were no illustrations, and those attached to the story in later editions are not taken from sketches by Thackeray.

In 1842 were commenced The Confessions of George FitzBoddle, which were continued into 1843. They, however, did not attract much attention. They are supposed to contain the reminiscences of a younger son, who moans over his poverty, complains
of womankind generally, laughs at the world all around, and intersperses his pages with one or two excellent ballads.

His most remarkable contribution of the type that laughs at the world's folly came out in the January number of Fraser's, in 1844, and was called "Barry London." This piece of work is excellent in imagination, language, construction, and general literary capacity. It was the last of Thackeray's long stories in Fraser's, although there were many short pieces such as, Little Travels and Roadside sketches, Carmen Lilliense, Box of Novels by Titmarsh, and Titmarsh in the Picture Galleries.

Thackeray's connection with Punch began in 1843. Miss Tickletoby's Lectures on English History was his first contribution. There was a long series of Travels in London, and then Punch's Prize Novelists, in which Thackeray imitates the language and plots of Bulwer and others.

The best known and most popular of his contributions to the Punch were The Snob Papers. Their meaning is that Adam's family from first to last is a family of snobs. "First," says Thackeray, in the preface, "the world was made; then, as a matter of course, snobs; they existed for years and years, and were no more known than America.........Punch appears at the right season to chronicle their history; and the individual comes forth to write that history in Punch." There were forty-five of these papers. A dozen would have been better. As the author himself says in his last paper. "For a mortal year we have been together flattering and abusing the human race." Thackeray ceased to write for Punch in 1852.

In 1851, George Eliot accepted the assistant-editorship of The Westminster Review. The Westminster Review was given up when the decline of the "philosophical radicals" made the management of their organ a thankless task. Chapman finally bought it in 1851 and arranged for George Eliot to become the assistant-editor. She took up her duties in September, and boarded with the Chapmans in their house in the Strand. Her wide knowledge of foreign and English literature, her industry to perform any kind of drudgery, were admirable qualifications for the post. In the list of persons—Herbert Spenser, Carlyle, Harriet Martineau, Francis New-
man, and George Henry Lewes,—who were more or less interested in the undertaking is remarkable, and in one way or the other George Eliot saw something of most of the writers who have left their mark upon the time. Her friendship with George Henry Lewes led to a closer relationship which she regarded as a marriage. "That she felt the deepest affection for Lewes is evident; that we owe the development of her genius to his influence and constant sympathy is all but certain." In 1854 she published The Essence of Christianity, a translation from Feurbach, a philosopher to whom she had been introduced by Charles Bray. During 1855 she translated Spinoza's Ethics, wrote article after article for the Leader, the Westminster Review, and the Saturday Review,—then a new thing.

In her letters to the Brays we find excellent accounts of the Editor's life. One which I think gives a very clear idea of how she spent her time would be well quoted here. I perceive your reading of the golden rule is, "Do as you are done by;" and I shall be wiser than to expect a letter from you another Monday morning, when I have not earned it by my Saturday's billet. The fact is, both callers and work thicken—the former sadly interfering with the latter. I will just tell you how it was last Saturday, and that will give you an idea of my days. My task was to read an article of Greg's in the North British on Taxation, a heap of newspaper articles, and all that J. S. Mill says on the subject. When I had gotten some way into this magnum mare, in comes Mr. Chapman, with a thick German volume. "Will you read enough of this to give me your opinion of it?" Then of course I must have a walk after lunch, and when I had sat down again, thinking that I had two clear hours before dinner, rap at the door—Mr. Lewes, who, of course, sits talking until the second bell rings. After dinner another visitor, and so behold me, at 11 p. m., still very far at sea on the subject of Taxation, but too tired to keep my eyes open. We had Bryant the poet last evening—a pleasant, quiet, elderly man. Do you know of this second sample of plagiarism by Disraeli, detected by the Morning Chronicle? It is worth sending for its cool impudence. Write me some news about trade at all events. I could tolerate even Louis Napoleon, if somehow or other he
could have a favorable influence on the Conventry trade."

We now come to Charles Dickens, probably the greatest of the three, in Journalistic work, because he turned to it for the compensation rather than the pleasure of writing. Thackeray, as we have seen, wrote for compensation; but not so much as he did for the pleasure of throwing out his criticisms. George Eliot wrote because she needed to express her desires for sympathy.

In the year 1831 Dickens obtained employment as a parliamentary reporter, and after some early engagements he became, in 1834, one of the reporting staff of the famous WHIG MORNING CHRONICLE, then in its best days under the editorship of Mr. John Black. Now, for the first time in his life, he had an opportunity of putting forth the energy that was in him. He shrank from none of the difficulties which in those days attended the exercise of his craft. They were thus depicted by himself, when a few years before his death he "held a brief for his brothers" at the dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund: "I have often transcribed for the printer from my shorthand notes important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising; writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chaise and four, galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour.............I have been in my time belated on miry by-roads towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheelless carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken post-boys and have got back in time for publication, to be received with never-forgotten compliments by the late Mr. Black, coming in the broadest of Scotch from the broadest of hearts I ever knew." Thus early had Dickens learnt the secret of throwing himself into any pursuit once taken up by him, and of half achieving his task by the very heartiness with which he set about it. When at the close of the parliamentary session of 1836 his labors as a reporter came to an end, he was held to have no equal in the gallery. "The period of Dickens' most active labors as a
reporter was one that succeeded a time of great political excite-
ment; and when men wish thankfully to rest after deeds, words are
in season."

In December, 1833, the Monthly Magazine published a paper
which he had dropped into its letter-box, and with eyes "dimmed
with joy and pride" the young author beheld his first-born in print.
The paper, called A Dinner at Poplar Walk, was afterwards re-
printed in the Sketches of Boaz under the title of Mr. Mimms and
his Cousin, and is laughable enough. His success emboldened
him to send papers further of a similar character to the same
magazine, which published ten contributions of his by February,
1835. But the Monthly Magazine, though warmly welcoming the
young contributor's lively sketches, could not afford to pay for
them. He was therefore glad to conclude an arrangement with
Mr. George Hogarth, the conductor of the Evening Chronicle, a
paper in connection with the great morning journal on the report-
ing staff of which he was engaged. He had gratuitously contribut-
ed a sketch to Mr. Hogarth, and the latter readily proposed to
the proprietors of the Morning Chronicle that Dickens should be
duly remunerated for his addition to his regular labors. With a
salary of seven instead, of as heretofore, five guineas a week and
settled in chambers in Furnival's Inn, he might already in this
year, 1835, consider himself on the high-road to prosperity.

—P. L. Harrup.
ODE TO MISFORTUNE.

Thou! by intuition taught,
To rack the human thought
Of all its peaceful joys, in numbers few;
With seeming unconcern,
Thy ruthless hands, infirm
Yet ever quick their eager task to do.

II.

Where calm has long held sway,
Thy pleasure 'tis to stay,
With fiendish lust to make thy presence known;
'Twas sunshine on the main,
Ere thou here stealth'ly came,
But now o'er all there is a dismal tone.

—M. E. Cooper.
HENRY ENLISTS.

That is putting it mild! Farmer Wilson picked up an egg in the barnyard, after it had lain in the sun for an hour or two, and when his wife attempted to use it in cooking, she discovered that it was baked hard.

It was haying time, and the teams were given an unusually long dinner hour on account of the heat. Dinner over at the house, Henry made a dash for the lawn, seeking a cool place and desirous of a nap before returning to the field. War talk was raging fierce and Henry was completely saturated with the thought of enlisting. While he ate, slept, and worked, it was always the same.

Henry was of that age when most farm boys have a yearning to get out and see something of the world. To him it seemed that his golden opportunity had come. Would he let it slip by ungrasped? No! That very night he would leave the farm and start for some recruiting station.

He lay flat on his back on the grass, and closing his eyes he saw above him a fleet of aerial monsters. How they droned their flight among the clouds, ever on the alert for a glimpse of the enemy's position. Then he dozed off and it seemed midnight—all was ghoulishly quiet.

He had slept none since retiring, and had laid out his best suit of clothes, which were soon to be replaced by an outfit of olive drab. Getting up and dressing, with the exception of putting on his shoes, he crept down stairs and out of doors. The station was two miles away, and a train bound for the town at which he intended to enlist was due in twenty minutes. Going to the pasture he caught one of the horses, and without saddle or bridle raced to the station in time to catch the train. As the train pulled in Henry's first reluctant moment came—he had not even kissed his mother good-bye, and there was but a small possibility that he would ever see her again. Even this retarded him but a second.

The next morning, after having arrived at the recruiting station,
he was the first man to enlist. Then it was that he knew there was no turning back.

Encampment was both a novelty and a delight. In time his stiff military collar planed down the roughness of his neck, and he became a well-drilled soldier. By association his manners became less rural and brusque, and he even learned to dance passably well.

Then came the order that his detachment should join the first American troops who were to sail for France. The voyage proved uneventful tho enjoyable—after subtracting a huge case of seasickness.

In London "Uncle Sam's" boys were received most enthusiastically and entertained royally. It was at a banquet given to the soldiers, followed by a wonderfull ball that Henry wished he was to be stationed in London. Why? Because he did what so many men are prone to do—fell for the charms of one of the fairer sex. She seemed to have danced into his very heart and soul, and he wondered if he was wounded in battle would she nurse him—because she was a "Red Cross" nurse.

The ball and banquet too soon over, on the following day the first U. S. troops touched French soil. Forever there seemed to be stationed just out of reach this graceful brunette that she was—eyes dreamy yet brilliant; hair that was wavy and silken; and, a mouth more tempting than any luscious fruit. Was he to be eternally haunted by this same figure? In some way he had never learned her residence and had forgotten her last name—that made matters even more hopeless.

There was no delay in the transportation of the troops to the field of action. And there was action a plenty. Forever, it seemed, the enemy's death-spitters roared, belched, bomed, and shrieked. After a short time at the front, the "Sammies" became accustomed to trench warfare, and early one morning came the command to charge the trenches ahead. Impatience and eagerness reigned in the hearts of the men, not excepting Henry—because therein might lie the opportunity of seeing his mind's tormentor, the nurse.

The buglers "peppily" sounded the charge and with one accord the men bounded forth. Machine guns ahead thinned, but did not
check, the oncoming ranks. Then—when but a hundred yards distant from the trenches—the commander of Henry’s company dazedly put a hand to his forehead, wavered, and fell, potted. For a brief time the company routed and became disordered. It was then that Henry submerged, wreathed, and besmeared himself with glory. Ahead of any of the officers, and like a flash, he ran to the dying man, snatched his canteen loose with one hand, while with the other he grasped the captain’s sabre. Placing the unstoppered canteen between his captain’s lips, and rising, gave the command, “CHARGE!” Again the men responded to a man. This time they seemed to be immune to all fires: machine guns, field artillery, rifles, and hand grenades. “Old Glory” was deep-rooted on the brink of the first trench and Henry was ordering the capture of the cowering rats in the ditch, when Zip!, a sniper got him in the left side. Pains raced lightning-like thru his body and soon all became a throbbing, aching darkness.

After an indefinite period of darkness came dawn—slowly. Not rosy as are the average dawns—but hazy and accompanied by fierce pains and pangs. There seemed to be an indistinct form in front of and bending over him. Gradually the shape became more distinct, and to his utmost delight and astonishment that shape was moulded into the graceful outlines of the girl whom he had met in London.

What did he care for the rip in his side? Nothing mattered now. He could only stare at her, happy because of her nearness. Now with one soft hand she brushed back the hair from his forehead and kissed him once, twice—innumerable. The cannon booming far away were as melodies to his ears; a man in a cot near him, groaned, “You lucky fool!”; he felt the moist pressure of her lips, and touched her curly head with one hand.

Then, he attempted to sit up, and—his collie dog stood licking his forehead; his father yelled from the porch, “You lazy fool! Can’t you hear it thundering and that hay has got to be put in the barn?”; a pain in his side next attracted his attention, and rolling over he withdrew from beneath him a jagged rock on which he had been lying. Getting up stupidly, he mumbled, “Oh! Durn it all!”, as he started to the barn to hitch the team.

—Boyce Loving.
TO A NARROW GUAGE RAILROAD.

Apologies To Robert Burns.

Wee wheezy, clamouring beastie,
O what a panic you make in my breastie.
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
Until I'm seated in thy coach so rusty.
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
For thou are so slow a snail could race thee.

I am truly sorry our dominion
Is broken by such a dangerous minion.
A daimen 'icker thy passengers crave
When thy wheezy, clamouring beastie,
For sixteen mile after water is drave.
A thimble full of water thy wee boiler holdes,
And thou art goon soon to be oldes.
Thy wee bit o' freight cars and coaches ruste,
Has cost thee mony a weary blaste.
Still, narrow guage, thou art greatly bleste,
No chattering telegraph or phone in thy office prattle.
And on thy way with dust and rattle,
There may ye creep, and crawl and sprattle.
Ye little ken what cursed speed thy beastie goon,
And what great good thy presence's bringin'
To the thick plantations Virginia's country aroun'.
Aye sweet by thy memory, ev'n devotion
For thy memory will live when thou art under groun'.

This ode is written as the result of a trip to Cumberland Court House on the Tidewater & Western R. R., a narrow guage. We were left standing in the woods for an hour and half while the teapot (engine) ran sixteen miles after water.

—R. F. Caverlee.
"FOR FRANCE AND THE FAITH"


This little book, fragments of letters written from training barracks and the front by a young French soldier whose heart is aflame with a vision of a redeemed and liberated France, rises to a height not often reached in literature associated with the war. It reveals the soul struggles of a young man, a pacifist by inclination and training, seeking to find himself, his duty, and his place in the struggle for life and liberty by his people. Reflecting the spirit and consecration of the youth of France, stirred by the call for high courage and patriotism, this young soldier seeks to bring to bear his religious training and faith upon the acid tests of the modern battle field.

The letters fall naturally into four main divisions: Before the Call; At the Barracks; At the Front, and On the Field of Honor. There runs thru them a vein of humor that is delightful. The soldier boy asks for no easy places. Rather he hopes that he may not be permitted to sleep in cowardly security, in a lifeless calm, believing that it is peace. "On the other hand, give our hearts the power to suffer intensely in communion with all grief, to revolt against all injustice, to be thrilled by the appeal of every noble and holy cause."

Standing for all that free and glad service which it was his heart's sole desire to render to the land of his birth as well as to the Kingdom of God, the one word "Devoir" (duty) was the clarion call of his life. Soldiers of the French and British armies who have read these letters have been helped to live their lives on higher levels, fight their battles more nobly, and where there was need, to die a truly triumphant and glorious death. The spirit and hope of the magnificent men who comprise the matchless armies of France find their living embodiment in this youth. "More and more in the fact of those who have struggled and who are dead, in the presence of the immense effort which has been made, I think
of the France which is to come, of the divine France which must be. I could not fight if I did not hope in the birth of that France for whom it will have been worth while to kill and be killed.”

A letter, begun before his last assault, was never finished, but stops with these lines: “The attack cannot fail to succeed. There will be some wounded, some killed, but we shall go forward and far—” A bullet stopped his body but the impulse which carried him forward can never be stopped. The spirit of the soldier boy went on achieving his “Marche a l’Etoile.”

There are few books better fitted for a gift to a son, brother, or friend in the War Camps. The flame of true devotion to the finest ideals of country, home, and God will burn more brightly, the soldier spirit will be fortified and ennobled, and duty and right will loom larger to those who have the privilege of reading these letters.

E. L. Ackiss.
ALUMNI.

M. L. Combs, '17, is Superintendent of Schools of Buchanan County.

G. W. Quick, '17, has accepted a position in the Bureau of Standards at Washington.

H. P. Thomas, '17, is teaching Latin and French at Blackstone Academy.

John C. Coburn, '15, former tackle and captain of THE SPIDER eleven, is at Crozes Theological Seminary.

"Joy" Sutherland, '17, manager of the '16 football team and editor of The COLLEGIAN for that year, is engaged in journalistic work in the city.

J. C. Fields is engaged in mercantile business at Mouth of Wilson, Va.


J. E. Boteler, '17, is in the Officers Training Camp at Fort Myer.

Isaac Diggs, '17, is in the Ordnance Corps.

Boyd Taliaferro, '17, is a second lieutenant at Camp Lee.

Harry A. Russell, '17, is at Camp Lee.

V. S. Lawrence, '17, is in the Hospital Corps.
J. E. Dunford, '15, Ll. B. '17, is at the Officers Training Camp at Fort Myer.

Bob. Gayle and L. B. Tyson are in the Navy.

J. H. Poteet, '17, is teaching school near Portsmouth, Va.


R. C. McDanel, '16, is in the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin, Harrison, Ind.

G. E. Sisson is in the employ of the U. S. Geological Survey.

"Dutch" Winfrey is teaching school in Culpepper County.

J. A. Leslie, '16, a former editor of The COLLEGIAN, is at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

"Fritz" Jones, '15, is at the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Myer.
H. R. Holland.

This being our first issue of the present session in which there has been an Exchange Department, a foreword may not be out of place. The universal slogan in this day is 'Cooperation,' and cooperation is what we want in our collegiate publications. There must be perfect harmony between the members of the editorial staff, and their efforts must be supported by the student body; but neither of these is the phase of cooperation in which the Exchange editor is most interested. It is simply this, when our publication comes to your desk,—fellow Exchange editor, read it, and whenever you come to material that is not digestable, frankly tell us about it, and discuss freely with us the ways we can best remedy our shortcomings.

The readers of these publications should be given a fair idea as to what is being done along literary lines in their sister institutions.

First of all, we are glad to welcome to our table of exchange THE GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL. It contains more literary qualities, and is the most complete publication of its kind that has come to us. The real college man that knows good advice, and knows what makes a student's stay in college of real worth, both to himself and to his college, is halted by the first item in the Journal, the editorial, which is directed especially to the Freshmen, but which will be found profitable reading for seniors as well.

The Wake Forest Student comes to us with vitality characteristic the institution that sends it out. Every article is well worth a place in the publication, and the whole shows earnest endeavor on the part of the editors.

Much was expected of the University of Virginia Magazine on account of the almost limitless power behind it, and our expectations were certainly realized in a most pleasing manner. If you can get your hands on a copy, read it.
It is our pleasure to acknowledge the following exchanges: GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL, THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE, THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, THE COLLEGIAN, and THE COLLEGE RAYS.
After many meetings and much discussion, it has at last been decided, girls, that we are to have a separate Westhampton Annual—The Tower. To the Seniors-to-be we can only say that though you might have wished it otherwise, you will realize that though representing all the school, any annual belongs first to the Seniors because the responsibility is theirs. And those who take the responsibility are entitled to say in what form they wish it to be. While the question was still undecided we could use our most convincing arguments, whether they were mercenary, selfish, or personal, according to the person whom we were trying to convince and finish with the declaration that we would heartily support the decision of the Seniors. More than likely we added this because
there had come a sudden realization of how much had been said in our arguments. Or perhaps we wanted to impress our magnanimity upon our fellow-students.

But the fact remains that if we are to be loyal girls we must put aside individual desires and do, not our bit, to use an overworked phrase, but our very best to make The Tower a success. Let the disappointment of the minority be exchanged for some of the enthusiasm of the majority and for some of their willingness to serve their Alma Mater. Its much more easily said than done but we will do it and have a united '18 as always.

Will a few words of commendation and gratitude be out of place? For we feel that we just must tell the Congratulations Chapel Committee how much we appreciate the improvement in our chapel exercises. The student and faculty members of this committee have not only formulated a general plan which is a great improvement over the old method of mixtures but they are still planning and working for us—we see the results in special music and special speakers and chapel attendance becomes a privilege and a pleasure rather than the unpleasant duty it once was.

Anyone casually observing elections or decisions made by different groups of students or by the student-body at large cannot help noticing two characteristics of these elections. Usually our decisions are made unanimous or the vote is so evenly divided that there is keen interest until the last vote is read or the last person is counted. What is the significance of this state of affairs? It might mean that we all have such cool prudence and quick perception that we invariably vote together as great men’s minds are said to run together. It couldn’t surely mean that the few who disagree with the many have not enough confidence in their own judgments to uphold them. If any one has not the courage to stand up for her convictions we begin to wonder if she really has any convictions or forms any opinions on worth-while matters. And while we are
wondering about that we are puzzled about another problem—the girl who is neutral and who, when her neighbors look at her with inquiring eyes, replies that she is "not voting," shall we have more respect for her or for the followers of the majority? We have asked right many questions but it is because we want you to think it over, and if the situation needs remodeling, do it
THE CLOCK STRUCK THREE.

HE mountains loomed frowning and massive against the tinted twilight sky. The birds had ceased their melodious strains, the leaves had gone to sleep, and the last faint rays of the dying sun bathed Pilot Mountain in their rosy glow.

Suddenly a shot rang out in the clear air, followed soon after by the sound of an angry and excited voice.

"Whut you doin' hyeh?"
"You've been spyin'!"
"Hit's you who told 'im," pointing scornfully to a dead revenue officer, "whar the still war."

The other mountaineer stood silent, but defiant. A second shot resounded, followed by a heavy thud, and there was silence again.

Thus had started a feud which raged without ceasing for uncountable years. The Hagans could not forgive the Murrays for reporting their still, while the Murray clan gathered around their chief, and declared—"A life for a life."

It was a warm, crisp day in the latter part of June, many years later. The bright afternoon sun shone through the uncurtained window of a little moutain cabin, throwing into relief a simple pine table holding a child's version of the Bible and a flowering plant, and playing upon the wan face of the dying mountaineer and his lonely watchers.

"Come hyeh, Jim," James Murray feebly commanded his son, "I can't see ye thar, nary a bit. I hain't told a soul but yo' ma, but Jake Hagan kilt me." He gasped, "Come up furder," and then continued, "swar to git—"

Mrs. Murray started to protest but was silenced by a motion from her husband.

"Swar to git 'im," he repeated.

"I'll git 'im, pap," Jim said simply, and at this assurance James Murray passed away, with a smile of grim content on his hard face.

Five years elapsed. Jim, a slim dreamy boy of seventeen, with
his younger brother Louis, was again seated at the bedside of the dying. Mrs. Murray, always a fragile woman, had, after her husband's death grown weaker and weaker in the struggle for existence, and now she was succumbing.

Raising herself painfully from the stupor into which she had fallen, she motioned to Jim to come nearer, and breathed pleadingly, "Jim, say you hain't goin' to kill 'im. Hit ain't goin' to do no good. Yo' dad"—She ceased speaking, gave a little gasp, and then left her troubles forever.

They buried her under a giant walnut tree; a tiny brook babbled at her feet, and the birds kept watch over her slumbers.

Several days after the death of their mother, the two boys were seated beside an open fire, for though early in August, the nights were chilly. Jim suddenly broke the silence:

"I can't stay hyeh! I heerd thar war a school in the valley, an I'm a-goin'."

"Huk! What fer?"

"Co'se, Louis, I wanter larn. Hit hain't right up hyeh!" and becoming excited, he continued in a loud voice. "We don't do nothin' a tall 'cept kill, an' I jes' ain't a-goin'."

"You're afeared," angrily interrupted Louis, "you're running away, an' ain't goin' to git the man whar kilt yo' pap."

"No, I ain't afeared," stoutly denied Jim; "an' I'm a-coming back," he said with a white firm face. "I'm a-coming back. I'll git 'im."

The pugnacious Louis gave a kind of snort, started to speak, changed his mind and walked out into the night.

Early the next morning, Jim did leave his mountain home. He travelled rapidly and steadily, and reached the little village in the valley just as the sun disappeared behind the hills. There was a tiny store and a church, several humble log cabins, and a larger and more pretentious building, which he took to be the mission school he was seeking. The only person in sight was a wrinkled old woman, standing at one of the cabin doors. After a few seconds of doubt and hesitation, Jim walked up to her.

She turned her faded eyes toward him, said, "Howdy," and con-
continued her vacant gazing. After a second she inquired, "what's yo' name, an' what's yo' business hyeh?"

"An' I'm Amandy Jackson. My gal's a-going to the school thar;" she pointed to a structure a few yards away. "Come in an' have a bite."

Jim went in and talked to the girl about the school, while the mother cooked pones and bacon over the glouring coals. Jim thought he had never seen such rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, or wavy black hair; while Janet compared his gentle manner with that of the boys of her acquaintance, to their disadvantage.

Jim stayed on at the little cabin, doing the chores for his board. Every morning Janet and he went to the mission school, and every evening they whispered over the dying coals.

One evening, after he had been in the little village about eleven months, Jim was walking down the rugged road, occupied with many and pleasant thoughts. One week from that day he would marry Janet! What of his oath? He had buried that as an unpleasant memory. A step behind him made him start, and looking around, he saw Louis.

"Howdy," he greeted his brother, an unpleasant feeling coming over him, "what you doin' down hyeh?"

No answer.

"I'm a-goin' to git married next Thursday," Jim confided in a hesitating, blurtling manner.

"Git married! Ain't everybody a-sayin' you runned away! Ain't old Jake Hagan braggin' you're afeared of 'im! You promised dad to kill 'im. Whar's yo' honor?" And here Louis stopped, out of breath, and overcome by his violent emotions.

Jim was silent a long time, but at last he said, "You're right, Louis, I'll go, an' I'll tell Janet I got to git the license. She mought be afeared if I told her the truth."

Janet was at first rather disturbed at Jim's sudden departure, but soon other matters occupied her mind.

Jim gathered together a few things, cleaned and loaded his gun, and started immediately on his journey. He reached his mountain home early in the morning. The sky was a delicate blue, with here and there airy tufts of billowy clouds. A light breeze brought
to his nostrils the refreshing fragrance of wild flowers, and cooled his burning cheeks. The spectral eye of the sun questioned him; the majestic pines appeared as stern harsh judges; and the menacing mountains accused him, now of cowardice, now of intended crime. Weak and faint, he sat down in his lonely cabin and wiped the big beads of perspiration from his brow. He passed five miserable days in mental torture.

Should he kill Jake Hagan? He could not decide. Right and wrong swung before his eyes as filmy cobwebs; his oath stood in shining letters before him, while his deep-rooted belief in the wickedness of the deed he contemplated scorched his very soul. He heard again the feeble, stern command of his father, "Swar to git 'im," and the soft pleading of his dying mother. He thought of her tender care, of the little Bible she painstakingly read to him, and said, "I won't do hit!"

Having reached this resolve, he made ready for departure—and started through the brushwood to reach the riad to the valley. Down the narrow road, edged on both sides by tall trees and thick brushes, he heard the sound of horse's hoofs. He turned around and saw proudly riding his horse—Jake Hagan. Instantly, the fiery blood of all the rude generations behind him rose in him. He became proud, composed, revengeful. Resolves, doubts, and fears, were all forgotten. Raising his gun, he took careful aim, a shot rang out, and a faint groan broke the virgin stillness. Without deigning to look at his victim, Jim hastened down the path, hiding behind the sheltering trees. He had kept his oath. He was going for his reward.

The bright sun was hidden by a sudden, heavy black cloud, which gave the sky an appalling and sinister expression. Soon this spread over the whole heavens, and there was an expectant, awful stillness in the air. The claps of thunder began, reverberated from rock to rock, from cliff to cliff. The gloom was then pierced by a dazzling streak of light, a terrific crash resounded, and a towering oak, with a mighty moan fell prostrate at the feet of Jim. The rain poured in torrents for a few minutes, and then the sun peeped through the veil again.

Jim rose painfully from the ground, where he was knocked by
a branch as the tree rushed through the air. He had slightly wrenched his ankle in falling, and it was now slowly and with great difficulty that he wended his way down the mountain. It was not until Thursday that he neared the tiny village, and he noticed from the sun that it was past noon. At three o'clock he would marry Janet. For some unknown reason, a kind of panic seized him, and he shook from head to foot. His heart beat almost to suffocation.

A crowd was already gathered when he reached the little cabin. But why did they look so mournful, and shake their heads as he approached the door?

As Jim entered the room, Janet's old mother hobbled up to him, and he noticed a little knot of people gathered in the center of the room.

"Whar's Janet?" he cried wildly.

"Over thar." Mrs Jackson gave him a pitying look and pointed to the little group of people.

They stepped a little aside. Jim gave one terrific cry, and sinking down on a rude bench near her coffin, he gazed sadly on her face.

"What done hit?" Jim at last asked in a choking voice.

"Hit's a quar story," the feeble old woman began, seating herself beside him. "Atter you left, a old cousin sent fer her to come to 'im. His wife war sick an' he hadn't no'un to tak' keer o' her. So my Janet, she went up the mountain. The old woman war a-dying, and Janet she went out ter see if her cousin war a-coming from the mill.

"He war a-coming down the road, an' he thought he heerd a noise in the bushes, but they war so thick he couldn't see nothin', All at once a shot whizzed by 'im, jes' skimmin' his arm, an' went in the bushes. He couldn't tell jes' whar hit come from, but he heerd a racket a leetle a-head of 'im, an' thought sumpin fell. He went and loked, an' thar war pore leetle Janet, ketched in the bushes, she war already kilt. My cousin, he don't know who kilt her, but he reckons hit war somebody who thought to kill 'im."

"Whut war yo' cousin's name," Jim gasped breathing hard.

"Hit war Jake Hagan."

The clock struck three.

—Alice L. Cook.
The Blue Room clock says ten minutes to two. You race across the court, and down the hill, stopping for breath as you reach the lake. A half dozen girls are already crossing the bridge, which is the proper point to be reached by ten minutes before car time. If your room mate had not gone off with your only hat, on an earlier car, and forced you to take five minutes finding another, which looked enough like you, not to arouse suspicions in the mind of the cousin you were going to see—you, too, might have been leisurely talsing the last stretch towards the car. Instead, you make another effort, and reach the bridge in time to see the girls ahead disappear down a hill. Your breath is coming in shorter puffs, and you begin to have a very martyred feeling, and keep remembering that it is your room-mates' fault that you are so late. As a matter of fact, you know that you are always late for at least half your cars.

At last, you too are on the last stretch—Quite a crowd has assembled at the car line. It infuriates you to see them standing there so coolly and leisurely talking while you race your feet off. But race you must, for the dull approaching roar of the car reaches your ears—There are six more lamp-posts to be passed and the car takes but a few seconds to come back from the loop. There's a chance that the crowd will hold it for you, getting on slowly, one by one—but this is only a faint hope. The car is not yet in sight, though its roar has increased steadily. With one final spurt of energy, you reach the group of laughing, chatting boys and girls. The borrowed hat has slipped way over one eye, and your nose is very red, and shinny—The car arrives, a half a second after you do, but from the direction of town, and passes gaily by, to wait several minutes at the loop, and then return for passengers—You are left, breathless and furious, to contemplate the fact that the clock was a little fast, the car a little late, and your panting and puffing in vain.

—Eleanor Robertson, '19.
Unlike the political, the social organization of that most absolute of monarchies, the Ottoman Empire, is directly opposed to the principles of aristocracy and hereditary rank. The social classes of Turkey consist of three distinct groups: The upper class, comprising the official and military men; the middle, or commercial class; and lastly, the slaves, a large portion of the population.

A proof of the absence of class division among the Turks is the fact that family names are almost unknown with them. Names are usually Biblical or historical, to which is often added some nickname denoting a personal peculiarity. The only title of any definite rank or precedence is that of "Pasha," being conferred personally by the Sultan upon the man whom he delighteth to honor. "Bey" is usually applied to high government officials, distinguished persons and their sons. "Efferidi" corresponds to the French "Monsieur," and is variously applied to princes of the royal house, to Mollahs, to Shekha, to women, and even to native Christians. In reality, every Osmanli, by nature and bearing is an aristocrat, and the same dignity of bearing and courtesy of manner may be met with in the hovel of a peasant as in the Konak of the Pasha.

Although the Porte, in deference to European opinion, has formally closed the public slave market, and prohibited the slave trade, no material change so far, at least, as slave women are concerned, has taken place. Male slaves are far less numerous than formerly; their service is done by paid menials. However, for the purposes of the Hareem, as at present constituted, female slaves are indispensable. Consequently, the private trade in slaves has been very general and widespread. This traffic is carried on to a great extent by women of high rank, some of whom are themselves emancipated slaves, and their profits are said to be considerable. Children of from six to ten years of age are much sought after by these connoisseurs, who reap great wealth by selling them when they are about seventeen years old.

It is interesting to look into the institutions of the home itself.
The Hareem is by far the most important of these. By the term, "Hareem" is meant simply the part of the Turkish household devoted exclusively to and occupied by the women. The Hareem consists of a number of small courts, or "Dairas," each surrounding some one or another of the leading women of this female hierarchy.

The women of the imperial Hareem are divided into three classes, the Kadines, the more or less legitimate wives, but not officially married; the Ikbats, the favourites from among whom the Kadines are usually chosen; and the Gediklis, or the young women whose position is not definite, but who—as they are "pleasant to the eyes of their master" or not—have a chance of attaining to the dignity of Ikbats. The Koran permits a man to have four wives, but scarcely ever is this the case. The Sultan chooses his wife, or wives, from among the Kadines. The marriage ceremony is rather unusual with Sultans, but sometimes occurs for the sake of formality. The Hareem is continually peopled by the purchase of small slave girls who are instructed in the art of subtlety and of delighting the Oriental taste. Music and dancing constitute an important part of this education.

The women of the Hareem have many liberties. They may go out and pay social visits to the ladies of another Hareem, they may go shopping, or out for drives, and, often, they give entertainments, as operas and ballets, among themselves. Never do they go out alone, always having a prescribed number of slaves in attendance. They are always closely veiled when they go out, only the eyes being allowed to show. The master of the house and his son alone are accessible to the Hareem, and may see the women while unveiled. However, on some occasions, the near relatives of the wife may go in the Hareem. The way in which a doctor examines a Hareem patient is quite amusing. She cannot allow him to view her face, and so she thrusts out her tongue through a hole in a curtain for his inspection. A general characteristic of the Turk being his superstition, instead of summoning a physician in case of sickness, the services of a so called wise woman, to ward off the evil one, are preferred.

The position of Turkish women was originally very low, but the
Koran created a thorough revolution in their behalf. For the first time in the history of an Oriental country, equality between the sexes was recognized and practically carried into effect. The woman's legal position is as good, if not better, than those of more advanced countries. Her consent to marriage is necessary; however, she cannot legally object to being one of four wives; she is entitled to a marriage dower which must be paid her in case of a separation, although she may remit either part or the whole of this dower. Divorce is exceedingly common among the Osmanlis, a man being able to divorce his wife, with or without cause, whenever he pleases; but she can force him to give back her marriage dower. The wife may seek divorce only with the consent of her husband, who may chastise her and order her seclusion from the public. It is unlawful for her to give testimony against her husband in a court of law. In case of her husband's death, she is entitled to a portion of his estate, in addition to her claim of dower, the claim of dower taking precedence over all other claims.

A Turkish marriage is odd and interesting. The arrangements are made entirely by the mothers of the contracting parties, who only see each other at a distance before the ceremony. When the mother of a young man of the wealthier class learns of the existence of a beautiful maiden in a certain Hareem, she visits the mother of the young girl. They each in turn praise their son and daughter, after which the latter comes forth and displays her charms and accomplishments in an attempt to make a favorable impression on the young man's mother. They then proceed to make arrangements for the marriage, before which the young people contrive to get a distant glimpse of each other. Rich presents are exchanged between the families, and the man's father sends a large sum of money to the bride's father, and he also betows a dower upon her.

In imitation of Europeans, a priest is present for the ceremony which takes place in the afternoon. The young man, accompanied by a number of his friends, goes on horseback to the home of the bride, where another crowd has assembled around the door. He scatters coin among them as he enters amid their benedictions and taunts. He is met on the inside and embraced by the father and the male relatives of the bride, and he is carried through the prin-
principal parts of the Selamlick, where his friends are assembled, enjoying the refreshments which are being served.

The bride, dressed in a handsome gown, sits motionless under a canopy of garlands in the further end of the apartment. All the ladies of the family and acquaintance are present, and every one examines the bridal gifts. This state continues until an hour before sunset, when the Muraggin calls the faithful to prayers. Every one falls on his knees and goes through the form of worship. Now the women depart as it is almost dark and it is unsafe for them to be out.

In the meanwhile in the Selamlick, the groom has to run to the Hareem amid a shower of old shoes, at the door of which he takes a lighted candle from the hand of an Amch who stands there holding it. He opens the door and is led by the oldest woman of the Hareem to the place where the bride sits, still motionless, and heavily veiled. He throws himself before her, asking her name and begging to see her countenance. The veil is lifted by the old woman who retires while the bride and groom sit down to a frugal meal. They are alone for the first time; and the ceremony of marriage is finished!

Although a man is legally entitled to marry four wives and to be the owner of as many female slaves as he can afford to keep, such is by no means the case. At the present day, among the laboring classes, one wife is the rule, and among those of the wealthier classes, more than one is the rare exception. For besides social opinion and other considerations which make a plurality of wives undesirable, there is also the grave item of expense.

Although the state made provision for the education of men through its ancient system of parish schools (Mektebs) and mosque colleges (Medressehs), and through its modern military, naval, medical and technical colleges, it was not until near the middle of the nineteenth century, under the influence of missionary effort, schools for girls were begun. At first there was little demand for them as there was everywhere an inherent prejudice against the intellectual or social advancement of women. Intelligent men fought against it, and they had to be convinced that women really were capable of being educated. In 1836, a school for girls was founded,
but was soon taken over by the authorities and disbanded. But under the impulse of reform, it was impossible to keep out the school for girls, and they multiplied and extended into the interior until they became almost as popular as schools for young men.

The Mission school founded for girls at Constantinople became the foremost of its kind in the Empire, and was later called the American College for Girls in Constantinople. From the beginning, the schools for both boys and girls have been overcrowded, and it has been impossible to keep pace by enlargement with the increased desire on the part of the people for the education of their children.

In a joint consideration of the social institutions of Turkey, many of them are found to be much in need of reform. This reform has been begun and partly supplied by the missionary attempts of Europe and America. Prof. Thomas H. Norton makes the following statement as to the result of the work of a band of American Missionaries in Turkey, near Constantinople:

"I have had occasion to revert to the work of the accomplished band of American Missionaries and teachers settled in these districts. In a thousand ways they are raising the standard of morality, of intelligence, of education, of natural well-being; of industrial enterprise. Directly or indirectly, every phase of their work is rapidly paving the way for American Commerce and Prosperity for the Empire."

—Juliette F. Brown.
GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN.

WIFTLY and assuredly the moccasined feet of the girl treded the treacherous trail. To one side the ground dropped swiftly away insuring certain death to the careless one who trusted too fully to his own sure-footedness. But this the girl little needed for was it not spring and had not her father returned safe and victorious from his expedition against a hostile tribe? She was small, but very straight and graceful, this child of the forest, and her long black hair braided with bright strings of wampum swung behind her as she buoyantly followed the narrow path. She was on her way to her favorite spot, the high rock opposite Grandfather Mountain, when she took all her joys and sorrows to be rejoiced with or comforted, as the case might be, by the good spirit which hovered over the mountain.

As she went on, her quick eye noted with delight all the changes Mother Nature had wrought since last she had been that way. All signs of winter had disappeared and below and above her everything was green, that soft new shade of green which the hot sun and dry winds had not yet attacked. Over the racks, the water was trickling slowly thru the moss and from every crevice and ledge columbines and maidenhair rioted, each striving to thrust out the other. Further back from the trail the laurel and dark rhododendrons were banked, their somberness relieved by the clusters of tiny pink buds, ready to burst into bloom and far and near could be heard the notes of the birds as they flew hither and thither gathering material for their nests.

A sudden twist in the trail brought Allowestee to her destination, the very crest of the peak which hung far over a dizzy precipice and looked upon the great stone face carved by nature in the rock ribbed side of the mountain. Throwing herself on her knees with her face upturned she prayed to her guardian spirit, thanking him for having listened once again to her pleadings and bringing her father back to her in safety and asking that he bless the feast which was to celebrate this event. This done she threw herself
contentedly on the ground under a thick cedar and gave herself up to her thoughts.

After lying so still for a while that the birds and squirrels had forgotten she was there and were progressing gaily with their house-building, she jumped up and quickly followed the winding path homeward. Soon she reached the village which was large and compactly built. It was not an especially attractive village and not particularly clean but it was the only home Allowestee had ever known and she loved it and was a friend to every animal and person in it.

Approaching the largest hut which was in the centre of the village, she was rather querulously greeted by the squaw who was seated weaving just outside the door, "So you have come back at last. Why do you spend your time wandering over the country when I have need of you here to aid me in preparing venison and in making ready for the guests who are to visit us to-night?"

"Everyone in the village has been preparing for to-night and I thought I should not be needed so I slipped away to thank the great spirit for bringing my father back to us," answered the girl gently.

"So that is where my Allowestee has been" interposed a tall Indian chief who at that moment strode gravely around the corner of the cabin. He looked stern and severe and very warlike in his paint and war bonnet but the smile which for a second flickered over his face and the caressing inflection in his voice when he spoke to the girl showed that his love for her was a force stronger than his savage nature. "Go now, he added, and make yourself ready for the feast to-night. We will have distinguished guests."

She slipped quietly away and did not appear till several hours later when the celebration was in full swing. A weird scene lay beyond her. Braves of her father's tribe and strange warriors were vying with each other in intricate dances and blood curdling yells rent the air at intervals.

Allowestee took her stand apart from the others to view the ceremonies. Accustomed to seeing the various dances she scorned the ranks of the strangers among whom two stood out, distinctive men in an assembly where all were distinguished, these two were
Black Feather the chief of the visiting tribe and Ohmanteskah, his son. Both were tall and straight, both had the inscrutable countenance characteristic of their race but the weariness in the eyes of the older man accentuated the somberness of his face while the quick movements of the eyes of the other betrayed his interest in life and what it held for him.

Ohmanteskah soon caught sight of the girl standing alone, sometimes in the shadow and sometimes fully revealed by the flickering flames. After the revelries were over and the feast enjoyed the peace pipe was circulated and each brave puffed it gravely before passing it to his neighbor. Thine done Black Feather and some of his warriors disappeared, reappearing in a moment laden with furs, wampum and similar gifts which he presented to his ally as tokens of his loyalty and friendship. At the same time Ohmanteskah laid at the feet of Allowestee a beautiful young fawn.

The next morning the strangers marched away but Ohmanteskah could not forget the Indian maiden whom he had seen and loved. "Father," he said one quiet night not long afterwards, "I am a man now, a brave, no longer a child and it is time I ceased to idle away the hours and take my place in your council."

"I have been waiting for this moment, my son," the old chief answered slowly, "I am grown old and you must prepare to take my place. Choose one of the maidens for your wife and you shall be leader among the braves."

"I cannot love the girls of the village," responded the younger positively, "Allowestee, daughter of Red Hawk, is the one I shall woo."

The old chief agreed to further his son's suit and soon another journey of state was taken to Red Hawk's village. This time, again, rich gifts were carried for the maiden and her father and Black Feather formally asked for the hand of Allowestee in behalf of his son.

Only one who had studied his face could have guessed what was passing in Red Hawk's mind. No one would have known the wave of sorrow which swept his frame at the idea of losing his daughter nor detected the pride which followed at the thought of the noble alliance she was making. "We will be brothers, our
races shall be united and our name will become great," he said finally, clasping the hand of his friend.

But Allowestee did not receive the news gladly, she felt no love for Ohmonteskah but she did love her freedom and begged passionately that she be not sacrificed to this union. Won by her entreaties Red Hawk promised that she should not be forced and sent the embassy away its journey fruitless.

Not even this dampened the ardour of the young lover, week after week he followed the trail to the neighboring village, bearing gifts and wooing the girl, for there was no peace in his heart; in all his dreams, whether sleeping or waking he saw her picture, her glassy head held high or in her gentler moments bury with her pets or flowers, glorified by the sun or the pale rays of the moon. Continually he pleaded his love for her but always she sent him away saddened for she loved her name and most of all her perfect freedom too much to give them up.

But after a time she lost her buoyancy and lightheartedness. So one day she stole off to her favorite haunt confident that there all would be righted and her happy spirit returned to her, nor was she disappointed for the benign countenance of the Great Stone Face seemed to smile upon her and assure her that all would be well. So intent were her musings that she heard no sound until a twig crackled sharply behind her and looking up quickly she encountered the warm gaze of Ohmanteskah.

"Allowestee!" he murmured.

Provoked at being disturbed and overcome by the cruelty inherent in her savage breast she sprang up and faced her lover. "Ohmanteskah" she said, "since you will not have me in peace I will marry you on one condition."

"Allowestee!" he exclaimed, controlling himself by a gigantic effort and gazing at her eagerly.

"If you really love me you will leap from this rock and when you return I will marry you."

"Do you mean it, Allowestee?" he asked her gravely and when she mutely assented he stepped quickly to the brink, cast one last look at her and sprang into the air. He was gone—gone forever,
and sent by her to his death upon the jagged rocks far far beneath! This realization brought horror to the girl and she stood dazed and sick, overcome by her sin. Never again would he lay proudly before her his prizes of the chase, never again bring her the choice wildflowers or the stray bird to be cherished back to life. She loved him now, but it was too late! Slowly she sank to the ground her head pillowed an her arms and her body shaken with sobs. After a time an almost incoherent prayer could be heard thru her moans—“Guardian Spirit save him! Bring him back to me!”

Again and again she sobbed out her anguished supplication, still looking to the Great Stone Face to protect her.

“Allowistee!”

Quickly raising her tear stained face she remained motionless for an instant then sank joyfully at his feet “Ohmanteskah!” she sobbed, “He heard my prayer and has forgiven my sin!”

Gently he raised her to her feet and with joyful heart and uplifted arms they reverently prayed to the Guardian Mountain. “Oh Watchful Spirit, Guardian of thy children, may this rock be ever blessed and may thy breeze ever blow to remind us and all others to be true and faithful to each other.”

The wind sweeping gently past them was the answer to their prayer, for the Great Mountain loved these wild forest children and sent his Spirit in the breath of the breeze to guard forever the great rock, and thru all the ages it has sung among the overhanging branches, keeping alive in the souls of the people their love and reverence for Grandfather Mountain.

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