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The Messenger,

Richmond College, Va.
WINTER

The earth is covered with a whitish hue,
As soft and tender as the sweetest flower;
No more is seen the twinkling of the dew,
To shudder in the rays of rising hour.
A flimsy wind is blowing through the air,
While chirpy snowbirds flutter on the wing,
For them there is no earthly care,
Unheeding all they gaily leap and sing;
But soon it darkens on the milky way,
As Cynthia slowly comes into her own;
The towering oak appears in showy gray,
To add his splendor to the soothing gloam;
The stars shine on in all their majesty—
Cold Winter's hand has touched each nook and lee.

—Cooper.
THE INSIDE OF THE CUP.
AN INDICTMENT OF THE CHURCH.

Before entering upon a discussion of Winston Churchill's indictment of the church, I shall endeavor to make clear my own position as an unbiased essayist, and shall try at the same time to set according to the author's aim, certain limits beyond which the indictment does not go.

My own part is simple. My purpose is to reduce to a few concrete charges all that the author says in the book. This is to be done in a detached way. The novelist's opinion is all. My own opinion shall be repressed.

Two limits must be set to this indictment. First, the book is not an arraignment of Christianity, but of the modern church. Condensing a conversation between Hodder and Alison, we see that Hodder believed in Christianity. "I am convinced," he said, "that I have an obvious work to do." She replied, "You believe in the future of the church." "I believe," he answered, "in a universal christian organization." Moreover, the book is an indictment of the Church in general; it is not an arraignment of a single denomination. In his "afterword" Churchill said: "May I be permitted to add that it is far from my intention to reflect upon any particular denomination." True, he uses the Episcopal Church as the example in the story, but he uses that because he knows it best. We should recall also, that he makes clear the fact that the Baptist Church in the city is in the same spiritual condition that threatened St. John's. Here then, he has taken the Episcopal, the least Protestant, and the Baptist, the most protestant, churches, and having united these extremes, has in them condemned the modern church as represented by Protestantism.

Winston Churchill believes, and by a series of shocking revelations, brought Hodder to believe, that the results from so called Christian endeavor are not at all commensurate with
the outlay in money and effort. For him Ichabob is written across the lintel of the door of the modern church. The masses of sin-oppressed people are not won for the better life—they cannot attend the churches. On the other hand the rich come, sit complacently listening to the lifeless "efforts," and go away, christless but comfortable. The Master's church is surrounded by "sore vexed" souls. The world is saying "we brought them to thy disciples but they could not heal them." The bewildered disciples are asking; "Why could not we heal them?"

The author's answer to this question constitutes his indictment of the modern church. Churchill believes that the church has lost its hold upon educated and upon thinking people. This has come to pass because the church has failed to make certain necessary readjustments. The discussion of Christian problems in the Waring Home introduces what Churchill thinks is the revolt of modern scholarship and modern thoughtfulness against the church's blindly holding to outworn doctrines. Professor Bridges is made to say: "The most suicidal tendency in religious bodies today, is their mediaeval insistence on what they are pleased to call the supernatural." Hodder has been trained in the seminaries by men who insisted that students should close their eyes to all but orthodox books, ignoring entirely the advance of modern thought. The Rector in a conversation with Mr. Bently expressed this view: "Of this I am certain," he said, "that the church as a whole has been engaged in senseless conflict with science and progressive thought, that she has insisted upon the acceptance of facts which are in violation of reason and which have nothing to do with religion." Much that we hold in our theology is only the remnants of old, pagan beliefs of superstitious origin. Scholars have been making steady progress in revealing these errors, but the church, to its own hurt, has closed its eyes to this progress. When the church holds insistently to these refuted views, and when thinking people are eagerly reading the more reasonable interpretations of these beliefs, it is inevitable that there should come a revolt against the church.
In the second place, the church fails in its influence upon the rich. They go to the church; they support it; but "the word preached does not profit them, not being mixed with faith." Hodder's relation with the Fergusons, Constables, Parrs—the rich of his church—shows how far they miss "the consolations of the gospel." Moreover, the faith which these rich had, did not transform their lives or give them Christian ideals. Here is illustrated the saying of Jesus: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven!" Materialism has blinded them. The very structure of society has set standards by which the wealthy defraud their fellow-men, and then defend themselves. Lust for gold, the beliefs that the fit survive, and that the end justifies the means—these have seared the consciences of the rich and made them impervious to the Christian appeal.

Upon a third class of people the church has lost its power. I refer to those who have genius and talent coupled with the desire for largeness of life. Alison Parr is the exponent of this class. She is pronounced in her views upon this point. She said to Hodder: "Orthodox Christianity? Penance, asceticism, self-abnegation, repression, falling on my knees and seeking a forgiveness out of all proportion to the trespass, and filled with a sense of total depravity? If I did that I should lose myself—the only valuable thing I've got." "In a senseless self-denial, I should gradually have withered into a meaningless old maid, with no more definite purpose in life than to write checks for charity."

Up to this point, we have seen that the church has lost its grip upon the educated and thinking classes, upon the rich, and upon those who, feeling the dignity of personality, are not willing to repress themselves. Some have left the church. Some, with doubts, have remained in the fellowship to become mill-stones about the neck of the church.

The church, let us observe, has become filled with the social elite and with the unscrupulous rich. These will not enter the kingdom themselves; nor do they suffer those who would to enter. The truth is, it seems, that the wealthy have mono-
polized the meaningless things of the kingdom of God; that they have missed the quickening spirit of religion; and that they have, therefore, so clogged the Christian machinery as to make impossible the winning of the poor, the vulgar,—the masses. Jesus gave to John as one of the proofs of his claims the fact that the poor had the gospel preached to them. Then the modern church has as one of the proofs of its apostacy the fact that the poor are crowded out. How pathetic these words of Mr. Bentley are, "I lost my fortune, I could not keep my pew, so I deeded it back to the church!" Certain friends offered to share their pews with him but he added, "I could not accept their hospitality." St. John's was no place for the outcast, the poor, or the working classes. Mr. Hodder longed to be able to help Kate Marcy, the harlot; but he knew that his congregation had no welcome for her. After his break had come with his vestry, the poor began to flock back. The cultured and the rich showed how intolerant they were. As the common people flocked into the church, one of Alison's friends said to her: "You're not going in!" Later the same friend said, "I am pretty liberal, my dear, as you know, but this is more than I can stand. Look at them!"

But, thinks Mr. Churchill, the higher strata of society not only crowd out the poor; they also, though leaders in church activities, grind down the poor in such an unchristian way that those who would enter are repelled. Indeed, Mr. Churchill's greatest indictment of the church, is that the conduct of leading church-members cannot be reconciled with the Christian profession.

Ferguson, for example, may contribute liberally to Galt House for the rescue of fallen women, but at the same time he robs girls of a living wage. In the conduct of his big Department store he knowingly underpays his girls, practically driving them into vice to supplement their wages. Kate Marcy was right when she said; "Well, Ferguson pays a lot of money to keep it (Galt House) going and gets his name in the papers. ** He forks it out to the church. Now I put it to you, why don't he sink some of that money where it belongs—in living wages? Because there's nothing in it for him—that's
why." Here then we see church-members hypocritically giving money to save prostitutes who, if they had received from their would-be benefactors a just compensation, would never have fallen. Of many professing Christians it may be said, "Behold, the hire of laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth." What a spectacle to see such men contributing paltry sums for the rescue of their victims! Small is the wonder that those whom they seek to win are repelled and driven from the church.

The author justly carries his indictment further. These wealthy ecclesiastical oligarchs not only grind down the poor by withholding their just dues, they also, by well laid "business" schemes, rob their fellowmen of their possessions. In fact, the leaders of the church are badly inconsistent. Eldon Parr is the climax of this Christian inconsistency. His whole course of life was palpable. He had wrecked Mr. Bentley's financial career. The implication is that this mistreatment of Bentley by her husband, was the cause of Mrs. Parr's death. As an unnatural father, Parr has lost his influence over his daughter, Alison. Moreover standing upon family pride, he had bought off the girl whom his son, Preston, loved. The result of this act was to drive the girl to prostitution, the boy to dissipation, and both finally to death. Still Parr adds iniquity to iniquity. In the Consolidated Traction Company matter, he used the confidence his townsmen had in him to ensnare them. They were deceived; they lost their savings. The Garvin family is only one case showing the blighting effects of this man's influence. These good, common people were robbed of wealth, home, happiness, health, and even life itself. The last we see of Parr's business career, he with Langmaid, if we may judge from their former conduct, is planning some diabolical business stroke. Notwithstanding all this, Parr and others like him remain in the church—nay, they rule the church.

The church, like St. John's, stripped of its power, at once begins to follow lines of least resistance. It realizes its helplessness and seeks to strengthen its position. Settlement work or some other form of charity is adopted to make up for this
loss of the Christ. This work does some good. The "loaves
and fishes" feed a few. But settlement work cannot offset the
evil results of glaring inconsistencies; it merely delays the day
of retribution. In fact the unfortunate people in some cases
refuse any charity done by the church. There is a just feeling
abroad that men should not rob their fellowmen, and seek
to make atonement by giving to charities. When one pro-
fesses to love God supremely, the world expects him to love
his neighbor as himself.

This arraignment of the church is sharp. It is bitter. It
is, in part at least, just. But Churchill does not despair; he
is hopeful. He predicts for the church a better day—a day of
resurrection. Despite the corruption in the church, there are
still Christians in the world. There are Bentleys with true
Christian spirits, extending their influence wherever sin and
want abound. They are winning the lost to God. With the
Bentleys are associated the sane, unselfish, practical workers
who, like Sally Grover, are engaged in saving souls. Each
new soul saved joins in saving new souls. Thus the leaven
of the old gospel is permeating the world.

Mr. Hodder, setting forth his new views to McCrae, said;
"My second conclusion was that Christianity must contain
some vital germ which I had somehow missed, and which I
must find if I could, and preach and release it." This germ is
the new birth. It is, so the author claims, to be found, not by
reconciliation to God through the blood and sufferings of
another, but by atonement (at-one-ment) resulting from a life
lived in perfect harmony with God. Jesus showed us how to
live that life. "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us
and we beheld." Moreover, this "germ" must be released
through personality now as it was in Jesus' days on earth.
Bentley was to Hodder and scores of others the embodiment
of the Christian ideal. The Christian must be able to say:
"For me to live is Christ." If the world is to grow better, it
must do so "not through automatic, soul saving machinery,
but by personality."

The preaching of this new, or better, as the author views
it, this old truth of God, drove out of St. John's the religious
camp-followers. We are left to infer that through much suffering the church was finally set free from unchristian control. The lost came in great numbers to receive this re-vitalized gospel.

Jesus said: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Churchill by implication assumes the role of the prophet, proclaiming to the modern church that if it will exalt Jesus in its institutions, and that if its members will lift up Jesus in their lives, themselves becoming re-incarnations of the spirit of God, that then the church will enjoy a twentieth century Pentecost and will, from every rank of life, gather into its folds daily such as should be saved.

—Wirt L. Davis.
LIFE

"Oh, what is life?"
I asked the cynic. "But a jumbled crowd
Of fools, each striving, reaching for his gain—
Jostling each other, trampling in the dust
His fellow mortal whose soul bears a stain,
Only as great as spots his being. Lust
And low ideals envelope in a shroud
This life."

"What is this life?"
Philosophers turn 'roun on every side
And prate of Socrates—his doctrines wise—
Imortal Cato's universal view
Of this our world. "Look Virtue is the prize
Of virtue. Life's but a medium through
Which we travel, using as our guide
This virtue."

"Tell me, what is life?"
A wistful smile lit up the poet's face
As he described to me a country lane
At dusk—the songs of bob-o-links, a place
Breathing the scent of flowers and fresh with rain.
And near a farmhouse sits—O, psalm of psalms!
A mother with a baby in her arms.
And as I heard my face lit up apace
For this was life.

—John Hart, Jr.
RIO DE JANEIRO.

Though I explore the great, broad world,
At every famed place calling,
I cannot find than Rio bay,
A scene that's more enthralling.
If every land and every clime,
I travel at my leisure,
I'll still remember Rio bay,
And think of it with pleasure.

Rio de Janeiro, capital of the United States of Brazil, justly merits the many tributes paid to it. The City of Beautiful Views, the cleanest city in the world, the city with the finest harbor in the world, all these are well founded claims attributed by those with qualified judgment. But it is in natural beauty that Rio excels, and so evident is this superiority that no other capital endeavors to lay rival distinctions in this respect.

The name Rio de Janeiro is supposed to perpetuate an error of the discoverers who, seeing the great length of the bay, assumed that it was the mouth of a river, and since the mouth of discovery was January, the new settlement was designated River of January. Beginning with this small settlement Rio has been successively the capital of a province, a kingdom, an empire, and a republic.

Its growth and contemporaneous development have been little short of marvelous. A little over a decade ago it was a city of antiquated streets and foul-smelling, open-sewered thoroughfares, which looked much like alleys. Not so to-day. Within this short period improvements have been so extensive that now the city possesses broad avenues, with well-kept pavements, and a boulevard which follow the sea for nearly a score of miles. This splendid thoroughfare, the Avenida Beira Mar, occupies what was only a few years ago a breeding place for mosquitoes. The Avenida Rio Branco now passes through the heart of the business. Not many
years past all this space was taken up by a tangle of alleys and narrow lanes. Within two years the municipal authorities ordered the old buildings demolished, introduced drainage, constructed a paved street, and the Avenida was completed. As to asphalt streets, it is even said that Rio has more of them than any other capital of equal size, but the striking feature is that the myriad streets have been thus rendered modern since 1910. The metropolis of Brazil is truly a city of characteristics of superlative degree, most of which Americans are not cognizant of.

It is in natural beauty, however, that Rio and its bay excel. The location of the city is exceedingly picturesque. The landlocked bay which runs inland for seventeen miles is surrounded on all sides by forest-clad mountains whose spurs penetrate into the heart of the city, which clings and wraps around these spurs and mountains, weird in form and grotesque in shape. Sugar Loaf lifts its lofty head out of the gloom and with Corcovado and other fantastically shaped peaks in the background, the scene is one of indescribable grandeur. The narrow entrance and the islands lying inside of it are fortified. The city itself stretches for twenty miles along the shore and from its nucleus at the inner end of the entrance it spreads out in long arms reaching far into the valleys and up the hillsides. Man could hardly build a city worthy of such wonderful and noble surroundings.

Contrary to the belief of many Americans, Brazilians are neither semi-barbarians nor wholly illiterate. They consider Rio as the center of the social and commercial life of the nation. At the fashionable promenading hour, which is from three to five in the afternoon, the Avenida Rio Branco is thronged with well-dressed promenaders. In the evening the Avenida reminds one of the famous boulevards of Paris. On its broad sidewalks are placed tables and chairs like those seen on the streets of the French capital. It is customary in Rio, as in Paris, for people to sit by the hour sipping coffee and cordials while watching the crowds pass by. In the evening on the Beira Mar, the beautiful avenue which follows the contour of the bay for miles, magnificent motor cars
are seen, each with its liveried chauffeur and footman. The cars are of the finest manufacture and luxurious in every detail. The gowns of the women are usually Parisian and are stylish and gorgeous. Many of the women do not wear hats and are attired as though they were going to the opera while they ride up and down the avenida. They want to see and be seen—a natural desire for people of leisure and wealth.

As the years pass, more and more attention is being given by Americans to South America as a continent fraught with interesting things well worth seeing. The Brazilian capital affords limitless opportunities for commercial enterprise and is rapidly becoming the commercial and social center of Latin America. It is to be hoped that in the future Americans will endeavor to settle in larger numbers there and, by so doing, establish closer relations both commercial and social.

—R. G. Entzminger.
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Not a sound was heard in the gloomy room. The walls, draped in ghastly shadows, frowned down upon the flickering flames, playing softly upon the dead man's face. Even the fire burned silently. The upturned features of the prostrate figure, splotched here and there by crimson stains, were distorted by rage; and the expression, rigid in death, was so uncanny, that the flames hurriedly passed to hide amidst the dark folds of the hanging draperies. Occasionally a flame, more daring than the others, would linger around the silent form, playing upon the hair, glistening with blood, then with a frightened glance at the great hole in his head, would quickly pass down the length of his body, stretched in front of the fireplace. As it hastened to the remote corners, it brought into view a great arm chair, in which slept a young man, faultlessly attired in evening dress.

The disheveled hair, flushed face, and deep slumber as well as the strong odor of wine told their own tale. He was drunk! On his immaculate shirt was a splotch of blood. So they slept, the dead and the living, guarded by the flickering flames and the frowning walls.

As the night waned and morning approached, the sleeping man became restless and tossed from side to side, as the liquor was beginning to lose its effect. With the first ray of sunlight, glancing through the folds of the curtains, fell upon his face, he awoke with a start. Slowly he opened his eyes and glanced around. With a smile, he arose and turned to leave the library, when his glance fell upon the bloody body of his friend Johnson. With a loud cry, he rushed to the body and gazed earnestly down upon it. Then a flood of thoughts took possession of his brain. Hazy memories of the club, wine, the return home, came to him; but he could remember nothing after the French maid had let them in.

Could he have killed him? What did he do it for? No, it was impossible! But there he was dead, and one of the
great brass rods, upon which the logs of wood rest, was stained with hair and blood. There was no one else that could have done it. What must he do? Should he run away, leave mother, father, and home, or should he remain and stand trial for the crime? The evidence was all against him, nothing was in his favor.

Finally, he rushed to the phone and called the police, just as the butler entered the room. Then he threw himself into a chair and waited for the coming of the officers. While they were coming his mind was filled with dark thoughts, but upon their arrival, he pointed to the body and surrendered.

In a few weeks the trial occurred. His parents were people of means and secured the best counsel that could be gotten. But all the evidences were against him and he was convicted of murder and given a life sentence.

Five years passed, and in a wretched home in the midst of the slums, a man lay dying. By his side kneeled a woman, who had seen better days, but who was now hardened by crime and misfortune. Standing near was a doctor (who had come to treat this patient out of kindness, as he knew that he would get no pay.) On close observation, one might observe in the face of the dying man some resemblance to the porter, who, five years before had given damaging evidence at the trial of his employer's son, charged and convicted of the murder of Johnson. Realizing that he was about to die, he begged the doctor to bring him paper and pencil, and when they had been brought, he wrote the following note:

"I, James Fletcher, as I am about to die, wish to make a confession which will pardon an innocent man and help my soul in the world to come. Five years ago, last Friday, hearing a noise in the library of the home in which I was butler, I rushed down stairs, threw open the door and saw Johnson attempting to kiss my wife, the French maid, who is now at my bedside as I write this. When I pulled him away he struck me, and in a fit of rage I picked him up and slammed him down upon the brass railing which held the logs in place. Terror stricken at discovering him dead, I decided to place the blame upon my sleeping young master, who was so over-
come with drink that he would not be able to tell anything about the matter. Ever since the day of the trial my conscience has ben tormenting me and now—
Here the pen stopped, he gazed wildly about, and he expired in a few seconds. Some weeks later, due to this confession, a pardon was granted by the governor of the state to a prisoner who had falsely been convicted of murder.

—E. H. Rucker.

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TO STARRY NIGHT.

(A Sonnet.)

Ye brilliant orbs, that heaven's lofty dome
Traverse in curved paths ethereal,
What hymn sublime, as in your course ye roam,
Tune ye of things divine, majestical?
Earth's daughter fair, she, stately queen of night,
Pale Luna, hides her silv'ry visage bright,
As if, to shine, would dim your beauteous rays
Or o'er your lustrous shimmer spread its haze.
And, while undimmed by any brighter sun,
In scintillating brilliancy ye glow,
Shedding abroad your radiant, glorious sheen,
Ye sing us of the promise made to one,
Whose kindred should—Most High God willed it so—
On earth as countless as yourselves be seen.

—G. H. Z.
UIS Gonzales slammed the door angrily, grabbed his hat from the hall rack, and left the house. He was disgusted with Maria. She had never acted thus before, so why should she now? What if he had been late in getting in the night before? That hadn't been the first time by a long shot. And she had never complained before as she did now. The thought of how she had fallen in a helpless heap and burst into tears when he had spoken to her, perhaps a little rougher than was his wont, caused a strong feeling of repulsion to surge up in him for her, which was something totally new. The puny, babyish thing! He would teach her very soon that such demonstrations as those didn't go with him. Why, if the thing got out he would be the goat of his set.

Maria Gonzales remained on the floor where her husband had left her, with a bitter, bitter feeling in her heart. Was Luis to keep on spending his nights out, she knew not where, as he had last night and many before? Knowing his disposition, she had kept from showing her feelings till this morning, when all her pent up emotions for months past had shaken her from top to toe and she had pleaded with Luis to tell her where he went. Luis had at first been amazed at the outburst, but then had been disgusted, for with an oath he had stamped out of the room and left the house. Maria wanted her husband those nights, for the baby was expected soon, and she yearned for his love and sympathy more than ever before.

At last she rose from the floor where her husband had left her. She knew what she would do. The thought had been in her mind ever since Luis had begun mistreating her, but she had put it off and put it off, hoping that she might not have to do it. But after what had taken place that morning there was nothing else left. She dressed for the street and telling Ramona, the servant, that she would be back in an hour, went out.

In a small alcove on the south side of the great Cathedral of Mexico City there is a small, dimly lit altar which is
rarely visited by suppliants. It is the altar “A la Virgen de los Mal Casados” (To the Virgin of the Unhappily Wedded), and it was said that if a husband or wife prayed either for relief for himself or revenge on his partner, the request was sure to be granted. The priests taught the people that unless sorely in distress, they should let that dangerous saint alone, for their prayers to him would surely have the answers asked for, and some which might be regretted afterwards.

It was with the idea of asking help of this saint, therefore, that Maria Gonzales had set out. Born of aristocratic parents, and raised with care as to her education, she inherited a certain pride for herself and her family which is common to the upper class throughout Mexico, and indeed which may be called a characteristic of all Latin peoples. As she hurried up the broad boulevard towards the Cathedral the whole matter appeared to her in another light. What right had the man whom she had married to treat her so? She was as good as he, and her family was possibly better known in the city than his. She would be relentless with him, and he would sorely regret his evil treatment of her.

When she reached the Cathedral she went straight to the shrine for the unhappily wedded. It seemed strange that she should have need of this saint. She had always thought of it as having nothing to do with ordinary people, and whenever she had heard of anyone invoking its help, that person became a sort of curiosity with her. But now she was going to pray to it! Of course nobody would know, and she would be aided. Feeling as she did now, it didn’t really matter to her, just so a relief could be obtained from the terrible strain she had been living under. For the time she did not think of bringing down the saint’s displeasure upon her husband, but just that a change would come, and come surely.

Luis did not know where he was going when he left his weeping wife. He walked several blocks, caught a passing car and was so absorbed in his thoughts that before he realized where he was his car had carried him into the heart of the down town district. He hastily dismounted and went into the first drug store he saw. After all it was only a light mat-
ter. Probably Maria was not well that morning, or was a little nervous. She would soon be all right and not mind his going where he pleased at night. He called for “mescal” (a highly alcoholic Mexican beverage) and a glass restored his good humor. “Otro!” he said to the waiting boy who promptly refilled it, and emptied the second glass. All of a sudden he thought he had been severe with his “muchachita.” He would go “a la Catedral” and confess to Padre Torres, then he would go home and tell his little girl that he was sorry.

Going up the aisle to where his priest usually sat in his latticed box to receive confessions, he saw that he was busy just then with another repentant sinner. Luis Gonzales turned aside to wait his turn, and stopped by a side altar. On the first step he saw a half sliced loaf of show-bread and the knife. Evidently the priest had not finished cutting the communion bread and had left the knife on the altar. Luis took the knife and felt its edge. It was a good one all right.

At that moment he heard the murmur of some girl praying at the next shrine, he looked, and found that it was the altar “A la Virgen de los Mal Casados.” He wondered who could be praying there. He listened intently. This is what he heard: “Ah! Virgen de Dios, give me relief from my distress and visit with your dread punishment the author of my afflictions!” Luis started—that voice—could it be! He stepped closer and looked. Yes, it was Maria! And in that instant the terrible temper which his race nurses in its soul flamed up and consumed him. His wife, praying for a curse upon him! He raised the shining bread knife which he still carried in his right hand, leaped on the kneeling form of the woman, and buried the weapon in her breast. She crumpled without a sound and a spring of blood squirted from the gash and flowed forth on the marble flag-stones. Then the man realized what he had done. He looked wildly around. Had anyone seen? Surely there was no escape, and yielding to his desperation, he raised the knife dripping with blood, plunged it in his own breast, and fell silently across the prostrate body of his wife. Maria’s prayer was answered.

—Robert Hugh Rudd.
TAKE COURAGE

Take Courage!
You are not in the world to fail,
You have here a battle to face.
Courage will at last prevail,
And shirking will not win the race.

Take Courage!
Do not bewail the other man's luck,
But start with the thought to never yield.
And choose the task that takes the pluck.
Take courage, and you will win the field.

Take Courage!
You are falling and think 'tis better far,
In the depths forever to remain,
To quit is but the life to mar.
Courage; if you the goal will gain.

Take Courage!
Take courage then and laugh at Fate.
Begin the task with a cheery smile,
Courage shall open Endeavor's gate,
And you will make your life worth while.
Courage!

—R. F. Caverlee.
EDITORIAL.

No school could be more fortunate than we in having such intimate relations between faculty and students. THE MESSENGER has always obtained from the English department the most sympathetic cooperation imaginable, and it is with unfeigned pleasure that we are able to announce that Prof. Handy has consented to become Faculty Advisory Editor in the place of Dr. Metcalf. Mr. Handy has all along shown such deep interest in the magazine, giving us friendly criticism, and keeping on the alert for available material, that, despite the fact that he is already overburdened, we felt the necessity of having recourse to his superior judgment and experience. Needless to say, he consented to render the required assistance, and —we thank him.

Beginning with this issue we shall print each month a letter or personal sketch from a former student now engaged either in active military service, or in Y. M. C. A. or Special hospital work in the training camps or the war Features. zone. A special war number will probably be forthcoming in a few months, and contributions dealing with war topics will be especially welcome. Since the beginning of the session the Alumni Editor has been compiling a list of former students now engaged in the service, and hopes to be able to complete it in time for publication in the special war issue. Give him all the information you can concerning our men at the front, including the date of graduation from college, if graduates, present rank, branch of service, and address.

Has our magazine been showing the personal touch it should have with college thought and activity? Has it been an integral part of college life? We must Personal Touch. confess that during our Freshman year we subscribed to THE MESSENGER in much the same spirit as when we were held up on Broad Street
and compelled to buy a tag for some unheard of society or institution, and even now we find our time so delimited between military drill and parallel assignments that we have sometimes furtively turned two pages at once while reading an essay on the life of Dr. Johnson or the development of verse libre in the Samoan Islands.

The dates and doings about college we do not attempt to present—these are amply given in our college weekly—yet we do feel that the spirit of the campus, the vitality of the college atmosphere, should find expression in our writing. There should be a distinctive flavor to our literature which would reflect RICHMOND COLLEGE, rather than an assortment of stories, essays, and poems that might as well come from the Sing Sing Journal or Munsey's Magazine. Personality is what gives the spice to a dry essay, and we are told that style is personality reflected in one's writing. Don't be afraid of common-place subjects, avail yourself of material that is familiar, and employ the first person.

We read a sketch, and say: This sounds like the Contributors' Column of the ATLANTIC, or NORTH AMERICAN editorial. Why can not the Richmond College MESSENGER have an identity all its own, a personality created by the integration of the individual minds which dominate our literary atmosphere?
HE following extract is taken from an editorial letter in TRENCH AND CAMP, Camp Jackson, S. C.:

"I have been very fortunate, indeed, to find upon our staff here at Camp Jackson a young man who has had experience in the practical making of a great daily newspaper, and whose services are now requisitioned. Albert C. Cheetham is responsible for the last issue of "Camp and Trench" and will be responsible for several more to come. I commend him to the readers of the paper and to the workers of the camp as being worthy of their confidence and cooperation."

Richmond College may well congratulate herself upon the spirit shown toward the Y. M. C. A. army work. Westhampton has given liberally, Richmond College has already passed the seven hundred dollar mark, and all subscriptions are not in,—so that it is practically certain that the total will exceed twenty-five hundred dollars. There could be no worthier object of sacrifice than the opportunity of cheering our soldiers in the trenches, and of keeping them morally, physically, and mentally fit, as they come face to face with the issues of life and death. By extending our charities to the prisoners of our allies, we are heaping coals of fire upon our enemies, and maintaining before the world our higher standards of civilization and Christianity.

As we approach Christmas time, we become painfully conscious of the passage of time, notwithstanding our eagerness for the holidays, and bewail our lack of application at the beginning of the season. But it is not yet too late. Don't wait for the next term in order to make a fresh start, but begin now to get up that back work, and start the new term with a clean slate.
THE LIFE OF A ROOKY IN THE TRAINING STATION AT NEWPORT

On the eleventh of September, nine Richmond boys, three of whom are from Richmond College answered the long expected summons to report at the Recruiting Station in Richmond. After leaving Richmond, we sailed from Norfolk to Providence on the S. S. Essex. This trip was an experience that some of us shall not soon forget. We may roam the seas over many times before we are out of the Navy but we shall always remember that first stormy night when the ship was rocking and lurching on the rolling waves, with no land in sight.

Six of the boys were soon sea-sick and the other three of us were feeling shaky. One of our boys (Harry Carter) spent thirty six hours of the forty hour voyage in bed, and the others looked pale and woebegone. Needless to say, we were all glad to place our feet on "terra firma" once more.

The last lap of the journey was by rail and we soon arrived at Newport. Electric cars conveyed us to the Naval Training Station which is situated on an island just outside of Newport but is joined to Newport by a bridge.

From the moment the Rooky arrives he looks forward to the eventful day when he shall be allowed to recross that bridge for a few hours shore leave.

The new recruits are first placed in a Detention Camp where they are kept for three weeks segregated from the rest of the camp and from the outside world. While here they are allowed very few liberties. They cannot visit the Canteen, as the store on the Island is called, nor the Y. M. C. A.; and they have orders not to go beyond certain fixed bounds.

The new arrival attracts a great deal of attention because of his citizen clothes, and is immediately bombarded from every side with the question, "Where are you from, Jack?" and "Have you any cigarettes?" The old men are eager to meet others from their home state, and since cigarettes are a little
hard to get while in Detention the new men are soon relieved of all they have brought.

The Navy, in this crisis of our country's history, is a fine example of a real democracy. Here may be found eating, working, drilling side by side men from the highest society and others of humble origin, the rich and the poor, the college graduate or successful business man, and the uneducated man and laborer. This is not an average bunch of ordinary men; they rank higher than the average. There is something fine about the way they have given up good positions and pet ambitions, or have cheerfully discontinued their education to answer the call of their country. These men do not talk Patriotism, they act it. There is a surprisingly small amount of war talk here, not nearly so much as we heard before we came here.

Not only is the social standing of the boys here above the average, but they rank higher mentally, and much higher physically than the average. Of course they soon fall into the habit of using naval slang, but as a whole the language of the boys shows that their education has not been neglected.

During the few hours that elapse before the rooky discards his civilian clothes he finds himself painfully conspicuous. He is taken advantage of because of his ignorance and ordered to do all kinds of work by fellows who have no authority over him. He looks in dismay at the dirt and dust rapidly accumulating on what has been his best suit of clothes, altogether unconscious that he is being made the subject of many sympathizing remarks by men who have but recently gone through the same experience.

Finally the new arrivals take a shower bath and are lined up for physical examination. It takes only a few moments for the doctor to pass down the line of recruits and pick out those whom he wishes to examine more carefully for possible weaknesses. Next each man is vaccinated and then for about ten minutes he stands shivering while he undergoes the ordeal of a lecture in a cold room.

Then the proud moment arrives when he is to receive his uniform. He is marched rapidly through a long store-room
and in bewildering fashion has literally hurled at him garments of every description: hats, blankets, shoes and shoe brushes, tooth brush, hair brush and comb, whisk broom, rubber boots, and other paraphernalia, until he can scarcely stagger along without dropping something.

Next, each separate article is stenciled with his name, and taking up once more his manifold belongings, he is assigned in a group of twenty-five to a section in one of the barracks.

He is taught how to roll each separate garment into a small, compact bundle, so as to take up as little space as possible in the bag given him for his belongings. Here, also, he is introduced to the mystery of sleeping in a narrow canvas hammock slung about seven feet high from the floor. When bedtime comes he looks up at his lofty hammock in dismay. How he is ever going to get up there without a ladder is more than he can see. But after a while he climbs up by one of the iron rods that support the two ends of the row of hammocks and does the tight rope act getting to his bed. Even after he is in, the problem is only half solved, for it is a marvel how easily the thing tips, and it is not uncommon to hear a great thump in the night as some unfortunate tips out on the deck when he attempts to defy the laws of Newton.

The other night one of the fellows in our room fell on his face and nearly ruined his nose. The rooky soon learns instinctively not to turn over in his sleep, after he has awakened a few times to find his hammock tipped over to one side and himself just on the verge of falling. But after a little experience he would not exchange his hammock for a feather bed.

The Naval authorities believe that an idle mind is the devil's workshop, and try to keep the new recruit busy. Of course the object of the Training Station is to give the men special instruction; but as they cannot enter the school until their three weeks of detention is up, they are kept busy working around the grounds and buildings. It is a little trying at first to the pride of the new man who has always kept his hands soft and his finger nails nicely manicured, to have to use them at even the most menial tasks. But as no one is allowed any
special privileges, the new recruit soon falls into the spirit of the place and grins when he encounters disagreeable task.

This is no place for the grumbler and there are few grumblers here. One immediately feels at home on account of the fine spirit of co-operation that prevails everywhere. The man that is really worth while anywhere is the man that can quickly and smoothly adapt himself to a new environment, and that is the class of men one finds here.

Those who have been accustomed to lie in bed until eight o'clock find it a little hard to roll out at five when the bugle blows for reveille but after they have been here a while they no longer wonder why they need no tonic to give them a monstrous appetite for "chow," which is the name used here for a meal.

But there is much to be done before "chow." First each embryonic sailor lashes his hammock. Then the floors (or decks as they are called here) are swept and scrubbed. All the wood work is carefully cleaned and the brass work is polished. By the time the bugle blows "chow" at six forty-five the most delicate appetite has been whetted to a keen edge. Of all the bugle calls,—and there are many to learn,—there is none so popular nor so quickly learned as the call for "chow."

When the bugle blows, all the different regiments fall into ranks on the "grinder," or drill-ground, and await their turn to march through the two big doors that form the main entrances to the large mess halls. At Barracks A alone the mess halls accommodate at one time over four thousand men.

The men are served in cafeteria style. As they file by they grab a plate, bowl, knife, fork, and spoon, and pass on by the large containers where the food is dished out to them. Every man gets all he wants to eat and the quality of the food is good. The actual gain in avoirdupois of most of the new men furnishes undeniable proof of the wholesomeness of the food. Naturally we miss some of the sweets and dainties of the home table, but are no doubt better off by not having them.

At eight o'clock the bugle blows for "muster" and everybody falls out on the "grinder" once more. Here, one division of the men is detailed in small squads to different kinds of daily
routine work about the Barracks and the grounds of the Station; a second division has to drill during the morning and afternoon; and a third division forms the guard for the day.

A part of the men detailed for work clean up the grounds, another group work in the buildings, a third group may white-wash or paint, and a fourth group is detailed to help the cooks peal potatoes.

The latter bunch is usually rewarded by the cook with some generous pieces of cake or pie. The cook writes in his notebook the names of all the boys working for him and when the task is completed he calls the muster and each man steps forward for his pay. Occasionally a man manages to get two names on the muster and goes forward twice to claim his reward.

After three or four o'clock all but the guards are usually released from duty and permitted to go to their rooms or about the grounds. Here they are free to wash their clothes, write letters, read the newspapers, or study. Some of the boys spend a large part of their leisure time writing letters; while others who do not write so much, play cards.

The men here take much pride in keeping their clothes clean and spotless and it is a great sight every evening to see the boys scrubbing clothes as if their lives depended upon it.

The most exciting event of the day, however, is the calling of the mail twice, after noon chow, and then again after evening chow. If the friends back home could only see with what eagerness the boys listen for their names to be called, and how pleased they are to get a letter, they would no doubt do more writing. The rookie thinks more of a letter than he does of a whole month's salary.

Once or twice a week the men who have been here more than three weeks are allowed to go ashore for a few hours in Newport. This is a big treat and the boys act as if they were going to a picnic. Most of them do have a picnic before they come back. It is a great satisfaction to sit down once more and order for a meal just what one wants. Then after seeing nothing but uniformed men at the Training Station for
so long a time, men in civilian clothes actually look odd, and as for women, why they are such a rare sight that the sailors just stop and stare when they meet one.

But it is not necessary to go ashore to have a good time. The Naval Y. M. C. A. is a homelike retreat where the boys are furnished free writing materials, books and newspapers, games, good music in the form of a piano and victrola, and are often entertained by movies. Here the boys gather for a good social time, sing songs together, and occasionally have live debates.

On Sunday mornings religious services are held by the Chaplain in a large open court enclosed on three sides by buildings. The boys assemble on the "grinder" and march in columns from there to service. As they approach they are greeted by the splendid music of a marine band. There is nothing that stirs the patriotic spirit of a man so much as marching under the flag to the music of a national air. It fills one with pride to feel that he represents even a small part of the power that makes "Old Glory" respected everywhere by the nations of the world.

Taken as a whole the life of the new recruit in the Navy is a fine experience for any young man. One not only learns the necessity for obedience and respect for the authority of men, but he is forced to see and acknowledge that higher law, the survival of the fittest. One is taught here habits of right living that will serve him through life and will make the body strong and healthy. He is taught to have initiative and confidence in himself by obeying commands to do new things without being instructed how he is to do them. If he is a real man his character will be greatly strengthened by resisting more numerous temptations than he would probably have had to meet in civil life. My advice to the boys who want to serve their country is to JOIN THE NAVY.

—R. M. Mustoe.
Westhampton College Department

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THE HUMAN CROSS

Low curls the blue grey smoke
O'er the shelled earth,
While the moans of wounded folk
Prayers to Him give birth.
See! yonder, slowly o'er the mound there moves
God's answer to their prayers—the Human Cross,
In glory by the afterglow embossed—
Man bearing man, through barbed wire, His love proves.
The two stand lone, one borne,
Forming the cross
Against the sky—forlorn,
Life counted dross.
Yet through the dusk their gleams
A holy sign,
The Human Cross outlines
The Cross Divine!

—Elizabeth W. Ellyson, '18.

Written from the inspiration of the painting entitled the
Cross of Humanity, in the Red Cross Magazine, Nov. 1917.
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

GLACIER National Park, situated in the midst of the snow capped peaks of northern Montana, is one of the most beautiful of our national parks, but among the least known of the entire number. It differs from Yellowstone Park in that no enormous geysers spout fountains of boiling water hundreds of feet into the air, and from the Yosemite in that no thundering mountain torrent hurls itself with its mighty volume of rushing water hundreds of feet below into a green foam-dashed chasm, but its mountains are snow capped the year round, and the still mountain lakes are fed from glacier streams, which never fail.

Arriving at Glacier just as the setting sun turns the distant mountain peaks to rose is a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The next morning these same peaks are cold and icy as the sun gleams upon their glittering heights, but they show nearer and nearer as the automobile stage skims over the new government road up to the delightful inn by the lake of the Many Glaciers, fifty-five miles through the heart of the Blackfoot Indian Reservation and along the edge of the great government dam, which is in process of construction. The inn of the Many Glaciers is a quaint rustic hotel with the roof of the huge living room supported by great giants of the pine forests, and the dining room set with solid plate glass windows along the entire side opening on the lake. From Many Glaciers' Hotel many of the trail trips are made on horseback, and riding clothes for men and women alike are the conventional garments worn by one and all. Here the Arizona cowboy in picturesque sombrero and buckskin leggins hobnobs with the New England school teacher fresh from Boston, off on her summer vacation and determined to see it all and get her money's worth.

One of the short trips leads through pine and aspen forests to Iceberg Lake up beyond the snow line. Imagine a huge rocky amphitheater carved out of the solid granite of these
mountains, then picture to yourself the sides of this amphitheater white with snow and ice which is being constantly pushed down from above into the hollowed-out basin below, and breaking off into the green water of the lake, until only a polar bear is needed to complete this glimpse into the Artic regions of the far north. By the side of the lake bloom many flowers, which in many places have sprung up literally under the snow. A field glass enables one to study, at close range, the rare mountain goats as they travel across the snow fields above the lake.

Another trip over a difficult pass leads to St. Mary's Lake, one of the most beautiful in the Park, and the evening may be spent at Going to the Sun Chalet on the shores of St. Mary's Lake, which is surrounded by many high mountains named picturesquely by the Indians, Going to the Sun, Red Eagle, Medicine Bow, etc. As the red glow burns in the western sky and the gold and purple of the sunset are reflected on mountain heights, the shadows deepen in the valley until the green waters of St. Mary's Lake are enveloped in darkness while the mountain peaks still stand sharply silhouetted against the twilight sky. Here Red Eagle wooed his Indian sweetheart and here also she departed for the Happy Hunting Ground beyond the mountains.

The eastern part of the park is beautiful, but wilder and grander still are the northern and western parts, open only to camping parties, since no hotels have yet been opened there. The northern part of the park stretches to the Canadian border becoming the Canadian Rockies at the boundary line. There are miles upon miles of Virgin forest, pine, fir, and hemlock, big game, and the best fishing in the world. Bauff with its noted falls is not far away, and Mt. Stephen and the most beautiful mountain lake in America, Lake Louise, are in this same mountain district.

To all to whom the care-free life of the out-of-doors makes its appeal, this particular section of our great northwest country will prove a most alluring place in which to tramp, ride, boat, and swim. Cool at night always, it is pleasantly warm in the day time in July, but warm clothing is a necessity as
well as the beautifully woven all-wool Indian blankets. Far away from the noise and turmoil of the present day life of unrest and care one can drink in health and happiness with the fresh mountain breezes and return to civilization a better man or woman for the few days of quiet communion with nature in the very heart of the everlasting hills.

—Dean May L. Keller.
HERE are those who claim for Mrs. Wharton the honor of being called the foremost novelist of present America; there are others who would limit her rank to that of the foremost woman novelist of today; but all agree that she is the cleverest writer of social satire in present day American fiction. In her short stories and novels she presents certain problems of society in one form or another, and presents them so forcefully and bitterly that she well deserves the name of "a good hater of American ideals and American social life." The intense realism of this novelist, her cleverness, her culture, her finished style and perfect structure, her powers of keen psychological analysis make her contribution to the sociological novel a brilliant and significant one.

The satire of Mrs. Wharton is given full sway in The House of Mirth. The "House of Mirth" is the empty hollow shell of society in New York City, where this aggregation of individuals live in their hopeless despair and pathetic attempt at happiness, with all their foolish social conventions and pretension. The novel was written from "a first-hand knowledge of this life," and the judgment is as searching, as penetrating and as relentless as life itself. The book is free from didacticism, yet is deeply moralized because deeply humanized. "It is as scathing and as opportune as a tract," Miss Willcox says, yet the story does not fail to hold your interest.

Into this empty society, void of literature, music, art, religion, or worthy ambition comes Lily Bart, a beautiful, yet tragic product of such a life. Lily is a girl who is capable of big, noble living; but her inherited tendencies and her environment have so warped her soul that she makes a failure of her life. Mrs. Wharton chooses such a girl and submits her to such enslaving circumstances that her life is one long, bitter struggle ending in death, and calmly and coldly dissects her heart. The result is a brilliant study, but one can only wonder at the cold and calculating method of this satirist.
mother absolutely without any natural feeling; but immersed in her passion for superior luxury, and for her daughter's brilliant wedding; her father, uncomplaining, always working, serving his purpose of the money-getter for the money-spender; Lily, the only child, trained from her youth to be artificial, selfish, matrimonially ambitions, and luxury-loving. One day the climax comes in this farce life. The tired father comes home after slaving and worrying for forty years; and is asked at dinner that night by Lily if she cannot order fresh flowers for the table each day. "It will only be twelve dollars a day "she says.

Mr. Bart burst into a laugh. Oh, yes, order them, order millions if you like. Mrs. Bart sends the servant out and turns to her husband.

"Are you ill? She asked, are you ill? She repeated.

"Ill—no, I'm ruined, he said.

"Lily made a frightened sound, and Mrs. Bart rose to her feet.

"Ruined? she cried, but controlling herself instantly she turned a calm face to Lily:

"Shut the pantry door, she said."

The irony of this is evident. Long dreary days follow, and bitter days,—for to Mrs. Bart "to be poor seemed such a confession of failure that it amounted to disgrace." Mr. Bart dies, and Mrs. Bart feels only resentment that he has failed in his function. Mrs. Bart soon dies from chagrin, and Lily is adopted by her wealthy, narrow-minded, out-of-date aunt, who is more concerned with family than with life. This society into which Lily comes, is irksome to the girl; and Lily feels a vague restlessness and hatred of it all, but her love of luxury and indolence are so ingrained in her being that she is a slave to her surroundings. She is hunting for a rich husband, and is willing to sacrifice almost anything to gain one; all of her thoughts, her actions, her friendships, must be conventionally fit in order to aid her in her ambition. However, one day she allows herself "the luxury of an impulse" and goes with Selden to have tea in his rooms. This incident reveals many of Lily's and Selden's thoughts.
Selden, a man whom Lily admires because he "remembers the way out" of the hollow House of Mirth in which they live, studies Lily, and is amused at the calculation she exhibits in each action. When Lily asks him if he does not hate poverty and its restrictions, and when he acknowledges that he does, she adds,

"Don't you mind enough—to marry out of it?"

"Heaven forbid! Selden laughed—She rose with a sigh tossing her cigarette into the grate.

"Oh, there's the difference—a girl must, a man may if he chooses."

On leaving Selden, Lily is made to pay dearly for this social indiscretion, as for all those that follow. She "submits to more and more boredom, and is ever ready with fresh compliances and adaptabilities and all at the bare chance that he might ultimately do her the great honor of boring her for life," But Selden coming for the week-end at the house-party, makes Lily realize that she cannot marry Gryce. After all, her sole idea of happiness is not to have smarter gowns than Mrs. Trenor, more jewels than Mrs. Fisher, not to be flattered in the place of flattering; not merely to gain a pre-eminent place "in this crowded selfish world of pleasure whence once her poverty had excluded her." No, Selden made her realize that there was something beyond this that she responded to.

Hard pressed for money, she allows Trenor to "invest" her money. Again she has broken one of those hard and fast rules of the game, and again she pays dearly. The girl considers it only a business proposition but how the tongue of this people in the House of Mirth could wag, especially when the girl was beautiful and unmarried! Accusing Lily of being one of those who take and do not pay for what they get, Grace Stepney, being inspired with an eternal hatred for Lily because Lily had once prevented her being invited to a dinner party, goes to Mrs. Peniston and tells her of the rumors which are being circulated about her niece and Gus Trenor. Lily feels the iron hand of circumstance closing around her throat; for her aunt is Lily's financier.
The scene in Mrs. Trenor's house between Lily and Gus Trenor is horrible; but for once "old habits, old ruts, the hand of inherited order on Trenor" serves Lily rather than enslaves her. In the meanwhile, Selden who has determined to take Lily beyond the ugliness, the pettiness, the attrition and corrosion of soul," sees Lily leaving the Trenor's house, and misconstruing it, leaves for India the next day. Mrs. Wharton seems fond of allowing fate to have a share in the destiny of her victims, just as Hardy does. Lilly realizes now what the investment has meant, and overcome with horror and remorse, she flees to Selden's cousin and her only true friend, Gerty Farish. So Lily, because of trifling indiscretions, careless compunctions, minor infidelities which close around her life, begins her decline stage by stage. After a time Lily gets employment in a milliner's shop, but she is unfit for the work and soon loses her position. Selden's love saves her to herself. This last interview between these two who so loved one another, but whose love was not equal to social environment and heredity, is infinitely pathetic.

"She looked him gravely in the eye as she continued. Once—twice—you gave me the chance to escape from my life and I refused it; refused it because I was a coward. Afterward I saw my mistake—I saw I could never be happy with what had contented me before. But it was too late; you had judged me—I understood." That night Lily accidentally takes an overdose of the sleeping portion, and sinks into a sleep that has no waking.

The House of Mirth is as strong as it is depressing. Mrs. Wharton presents in this novel with almost cruel detail, the inability of Selden and Lily to penetrate into each others' natures, the personal tragedy of Lily Bart due to this lack of understanding; and raises the question of how much of an individual's life is determined by heredity and social environment. This novel is not only a satire but also an allegory, and will live as such, as one of the great books in our literature.

After a study of Mrs. Wharton one finds much to both condemn and praise—Her cleverness and her keen power of psychological analysis are greater than her sympathy and her
imagination. Indeed while she attacks with vigor and veracity American ideals and American social life, her criticism is destructive rather than constructive. Disillusion is the mere beginning, not the end. Mrs. Wharton takes away each fond illusion and gives you in return—nothing. Her intellectualism is splendid, but there is a sad want of idealism in her novels. One feels the lack of spiritual power in the novelist. So with a sigh we leave her; feeling that keen disappointment which one experiences when one discovers a great, penetrative, person hindered from attaining her best because of "the blind spot." One critic has commented: "She has not yet found herself." So, while we may acknowledge Mrs. Wharton the foremost woman novelist in America today, and our best social satirist; still there is a higher place which she may yet reach as a novelist if she will but find herself."

—Dorothy Page Gary.
ANNE WRITES HER IMPRESSIONS OF COLLEGE TO HER LITTLE LAME FRIEND IN A NEW YORK HOSPITAL.

Westhampton Heights,  
Fall by the Fairies' Calendar.

Dear, dear Erna,

How have you and the other little mortal children been making out in the land of dreams since I left? I hope the ogres are all scared away and the good fairies your constant friends and companions.

You would love this beautiful place. To get here you must go up a great hill. There's a road leads the way, winding up and around, up and around, till it reaches the big, big castle at the top, over which hangs the blue, dome-like heaven. Up this road I'm trying to climb, Erna. Some think it's just a road; others, the road to life; still others, the road to immortal life—I think it's a fairy road.

Yet I must tell you about the entrance at the foot of the hill. As do all castles, this one has a moat and a drawbridge that is always down, for the princesses who live here are never at war with mortals and no bridge could bar the hobgoblins and witches—so the drawbridge is always down, forming a great stone arch through which the waters of the moat pass silently, calmly, and majestically, —silvery in the sunlight, but mistily soft in the shadows where the trees point to the depths their crimson fingers. On the other side of the friendly stone drawbridge the waters, rushing on to the outside world, dash wildly over precipices and rocks. Thousands of little goblins gnash their white teeth, foam, and sputter in the spray.

We like to watch these little creatures,—you'd love it too—but we have to hurry on up the hill. To the eye this is a beautiful hill, with a winding path of soft gray-yellow, and a border on either side of tall majestic trees which inspire one up and onward. There are big, strong oaks, all gold and red, and sturdy little red sweetgums, but best of all are the tall awe-inspiring pines, with their never changing green, green needles. Yet this hill to the Castle of Life is steep, and while
we are climbing it daily, wicked little spirits are plucking from the pines the shiny, green needles—which instantly turn dry and brown from the evil touch—and strewing them along the path that we may slip on their shininess, shininess meant for beauty and not for the evil ends of hobgoblins.

Yet the strong princesses win out, and we live in this great homelike castle at the top of the hill. It is of comforting grays and cheery reds with quaint turrets and towers and arches. When we pass through the welcoming archway of the castle, we're in a bright green little court, laid off in cris-cross walks, and bordered by bushes on which jolly little red berries bounce and toss. I know the fairies must play hide and seek behind the many little pointed trees, but I never catch them at it.

I like to look off through the arches, which form great stone frames for the exquisite pictures off in the distance; pictures here of free, open, rolling, mellow fields and there of richly painted trees, tucked and packed together on the hills. Erna dear, I know some fairies painted them, and perhaps a little vivid, gay, dashing fairy, one who couldn't restrain herself, painted the little red tree which stands out by its vivid, vivid crimson on the distant hill. Don't you suppose this little fairy loved that gay, happy red so that she just couldn't resist putting it there, even with the less passionate example set by her wiser, more sombre sisters. I just know a little fairy who loved to dream and dream painted that soft, mystic purple tree, set modestly low down in the valley.

I like to wander off through the forest, but I like the fun in the castle too. The great heavy door swings open, and we're right at the largest play room, a long, light sunny room. Soft blue rugs and draperies and light oak give it a restful peaceful tone. On bright days through the stained glass window stream wonderful, colored lights.

I'd like to show you all of the rooms. You would like the tiny little music rooms through which flow strains of fairy sweetness. High up under the sloping roof there are other little rooms, quaint shaped little ones, which are given to the new princesses, who have yet to earn, by diligence and perseverance, the larger and airier rooms below. Yet these
princesses are happy in their little attic rooms, for they can hear the better the mystic pit-a-pat of the rain on their roofs and can see, far off through the little paned windows, the world stretching out below. I'd like to have you here in one of these cheery bed-rooms.

Nice soft rag rugs cover the shiny, bright floors, and flowered cretonnes hang from the windows. You would enjoy these windows so much, for around them are wide seats, soft with big, downy cushions, in which you could curl up nice and comfy enjoy the fairies games out in the forest. Then there are nice big tables (covered with big squares of blotting paper) and running over with all kinds of books. How well you could work here with your modeling clay!

There's a room full of work tables and brown, dusky books—books around the walls. Fairies come here too, for on a table is a green bowl of graceful, wild flowers in cherry pro­fusion.

But the beauty of it all frightens me, Erna; shall I use it to good purpose and make friends with the good fairies, instead of letting the evil ones find me?

There's a little white and yellow kitten here that's always jumping on the princesses and bothering them. I know he is bewitched, for he can't be made to stay away. I shall watch for the evil spirit that's working on him and tell you when I write again what I have seen.

Write and tell me what you are thinking about these bright fall days. Has the bad ogre in your foot learned to behave himself any better, Erna dear? Tell Bobby B. not to let the wicked spirit in his side get the best of his good fairy.

I am sending you the “Blue Book of Fairy Tales.” Of course it can't come up to our old friends, but I think you will enjoy it.

If I write any more, I am afraid I shall tire you. May good spirits be with you!

Love, from Anne.

P. S. I knew it. That wicked kitten has just killed our little gold bird.

THE CRY OF CHILDHOOD

Blessed art thou, little child,
Thy soft cradle is a shrine,
Where a mother knelt and smiled
As if thou wert half divine,
When in raiment soft and white
You lay still in rosy sleep,
Dimples arms enfolding light
Treasured toys, your doll, and sleep.

All the day you romped and played
Chasing butterflies and bees,
In your curls the sunbeams strayed
And your laughter mocked the breeze.
You were happy, you were free,
There was rapture in your eyes,
And you cried in ecstasy
O'er the children's Paradise.

How unlike the little maid
In exhaustion seeking sleep,
When the whirring wheels are stayed.
And the stars a vigil keep.
Worn and wan, a piteous heap,
Tumbled hair and ragged dress,
Lies the little maid asleep
Overcome by weariness.

She hath toiled since dawning day
At the treadle and the loom,
And her strength hath ebbed away,
That some tyrant's stock might loom.
Little maid, submissive ever,
There was anguish in your eyes
And the question, Shall I ever
Know the children's Paradise?

—M. B. L., '19
The MESSENGER is glad to have an opportunity to call attention to a matter which is of the greatest potential value to Westhampton College. We refer to the admirable arrangement which Miss Lough, Associate Professor in the Department of History of Greater Richmond College, has consummated with the State Library Board, whereby the students of the senior and junior history classes are permitted to use the Department of Archives and History of the Virginia State Library as an "Historical Laboratory," and to do "lab" work in the vast collection of manuscript material in that depository.

In a few words, the arrangement is this: The students of the classes named have the privilege of working without compensation as "Archival Apprentices," in return for an elementary course in archival training—which is based upon the best available authorities (in English) on this complex subject—and for the practical experience gained in handling manuscript material. Of course the State Library gets a great deal of assistance as a result of the arrangement; while Westhampton College will, year after year, be turning out better prepared students, who will be splendidly equipped to start Ph. D. work in almost any subject within the scope of history, government, or political science,—from the American point of view,—since archives are but the official public records of any civil or political unit.

The procedure is that the students who take this "lab" work report at the State Library one afternoon each week and work in the manuscripts for two and one-third hours, applying the methods expounded in the reading matter assigned to cover that step in the course. As the classifications of manuscript material in the Library are so numerous and varied, it is further possible for the "apprentices" to work in original documents bearing upon the period of history covered by the class-room work of that term; or one can select and work in any documents in which she has an especial interest.
At a glance, one can see what a great asset this arrangement is to Westhampton College,—an asset which will grow in value as the material in the State Library becomes more and more available for use nor should we omit to note that the unworked pieces of manuscript in the Library approximating one million, with the chances in favor of a slight excess of this number, and comprising many classifications, there seems to be no immediate probability of exhausting the supply of work available for these “apprentices.” And it is obvious that no institutions, except those in the immediate vicinity, can avail themselves of this great asset; and we question whether there is elsewhere in this country,—if we except the Congressional Library and the assembled depositories in the District of Columbia,—so great and so varied a collection of archival material.

Last session, the only two available seniors “experimented” with this work, which was so satisfactory to all parties concerned that this session,—the privilege having been extended to the juniors also,—eleven of the girls have “matriculated” for the course.

Although the same privilege is available to the senior and junior classes of both Richmond College and Randolph-Macon College, we understand that the students of these two institutions are not taking the course this session, on account of the amount of time consumed by their compulsory military training.

Our hearty congratulations to Miss Lough and to the State Library Board of Virginia upon so auspicious a beginning of this important work; and especially do we wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Morgan P. Robinson, of the State Archives Department.

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GIVING.

On the twenty-fifth of December, the world celebrates the anniversary of a Great Gift. Perhaps, never at any time more than the present has the world needed to remember
the Gift, and to keep the season of giving. Even, in the face of a tremendous drain on public and private treasuries, the world realizes the fact that giving on the Christ Child's Birthday must not be curtailed; that never before has there been greater need of the riches of that spirit which comes with active, individual giving, when the gifts of each one are his best, as the gifts of the Wise Ones were, for the Bible story does not tell us whose gift was gold, or whose was the gift of myrrh.

A great many people are fashioning gifts

“Of shells and grasses and sticks and paste,
And brains and patience and lots of taste.”

However, that formula also includes a heavy investment of time, and unfortunately the accepted period of making Christmas gifts and that of studying for Fall Term examinations happen to coincide; and so, college girls would not have a chance to give at all, if that were all of their resources.

Therefore, let us be glad that, without even the cost of time required for shopping, we may all give gifts of impulsive enthusiasm, belief in others, fellowship, tenderness, and good cheer. Go about it systematically; make out a list of your friends, putting down “visits” for those living nearby, and “letters” for those at a distance. Then give.
EXCHANGES.

Quoting:—

"The time has come" the walrus said,
To talk of many things,
Of hats and cords and bayonets,
Of Kaisers and of Kings"—

We won't begin however with the problem "of Kaisers and of Kings" but with that of "Exchanges." It seems to be difficult for Exchange Departments of the college magazines to start the wheels of their machinery a-going. At least we have found it so and one of the reasons for this is beyond our control. The arrival of our Exchanges is irregular and uncertain. Some times we have two different editions of one magazine to review. Again we have none—this is not business. Let us have the Exchanges on time and they will receive careful attention on our part.

The Exchanges must be in our hands by the first of each month in order to be mentioned in the following edition of "THE MESSENGER." We will not close our Exchange list until January 1st.

Now for the "Kaisers and Kings."—It is interesting to note the decided war tone of some of our magazines. THE TATTLER should receive "honorable mention" in this connection. She has verse and story on this theme, but she has a goodly amount of other material too—which is healthy—for we do need an antidote for our war thoughts occasionally. Read "Some Day" for a dainty, well expressed sentiment about that future day when we can say "It is long, and we forget there was a war."

Every Blue Ridge Girl will agree to "Some Blue Ridge Memories," and every girl who has not been there will wish she could have those "memories" too when she reads of them in THE TATTLER. We commend the illustrations used by THE TATTLER. They give a pleasing touch to your magazine.
THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE MAGAZINE—"The Patricians" is another war story, but unlike most others it has a decided touch of originality. The "Briar Hopper" is a well told story of the Middle West. In poetry, read especially "The Knitter" and "The Witch Wind."

THE ACORN has a well balanced collection of material. There is fun and there is seriousness. This is the "right idea."

The WO-CO-ALA NEWS has changed her plan of publication. It takes the form of a newspaper and contains many items of interest.

THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE and THE CONCEPT seem thoroughly alive to all college activities and still keep in touch with the outside world as well.

To one and all of you we send our thanks for this issue of your magazines.
OFFICERS OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Ethel Smither ........................................ President
Margaret Clendon ................................. First Vice-President
Lilly Trevvett ................................. Second Vice-President
Constance Gay .............................. Corresponding Secretary
Sadie Engleburg ................................ Recording Secretary
Ruth Harris ................................................ Treasurer

There are several matters to interest the Alumnae Association this year, but the first and most necessary, if the others are to succeed, is to have a complete and satisfactory list of our members, their addresses, present occupations, etc. To complete this list we are preparing to send to each Alumna a folder card with certain questions to be answered. It will take very little time to fill out these data, tear off the card and mail it. If all the members will go to this trouble, we can get together a full and accurate list and know just who the members are, where they are, and what each can best be called on to do. Will you not help by filling out your card as soon as you receive it?

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The Class of 1918 at Westhampton is getting out an individual annual this year for the first time. Right in the beginning before the rush of getting it to press comes, they need the help and co-operation of each alumna of Westhampton College. We, as alumnae, are interested in every phase of work which our Alma Mater and her students undertake. In no better way can we show our interest, than helping this class to publish their annual. Send along your subscription to the Business Manager and at the end of the session you'll be pleased and entertained when you receive your copy of THE TOWER.
ALUMNAE NOTES

Three members of the class of 1911 are teaching in John Marshall High School. Virginia Robertson, Ruth Thomas-son, and Lina Gregory.

Macon Barnes, '11, and Pauline Pierce, '11, hold positions in one of the Junior High Schools, Richmond, Va.

Edmonia Lancaster, '13, is teaching in Miss Ellett's School this session.

Sadie Engleberg, '12, and Virginia Sydnor, '13, are teaching in John Marshall High School.

Jessie Wood, '12, has a position as teacher at Detroit, Michigan.

Mary Delia Smith, '15, is doing secretarial work with the Baptist Education Board of Alabama.

Irene Stiff, '15, is teaching in Stony Point High School.

Margaret Monterio, '15, is teaching at St. Andrews Parish School.

Stella Carden, '16, is teaching near her home town, Weston, West, Va.

Elizabeth Hutchison, '16, has a position at Round Hill, Va.

Eleanor Copenhaver, '17, taught the past summer in the Currin Valley Vacation School, July 23 to August 31, near Marion, Va.

Eleanor M. Decker, '17, is Principal of the Lahore School, Lahore, Va.

Cupid's darts have been flying and the wedding bells have been ringing for several of the Alumnae this past summer. We report the following:

Audrey Dillion, '14, to Dr. Arnold, an Army Surgeon, of Chester, Pa.; Elizabeth Gray, '14, to Marion Banks Perry, of Arcadia, Fla.; Mr. Perry is in the Officers Training Camp at Fort McPherson; Marie Sand, 13, to George Tiveau Simons, of Charleston, S. C.