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THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER (founded 1878; named for the *Southern Literary Messenger*) is published on the first of each month from October to May, inclusive, by the PHILOGIAN and MU SIGMA RHO Literary Societies, in conjunction with the students of Westhampton College. Its aim is to foster literary composition in the college, and contributions are solicited from all students, whether society members or not. A JOINT WRITER'S MEDAL, valued at twenty-five dollars, will be given by the two societies to the writer of the best article appearing in THE MESSENGER during the year.

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Address—

THE MESSENGER,
Richmond College, Va.

TO WASHINGTON.

Immortal guardian of a nascent state ,
Titanic grappler with our earliest foes,
What fitting tribute can a grateful people bring
To him who led our forebears through the throes
Of darksome revolution? What esteem, what
Wond'ring admiration could fulfil the meed
Of praise that thou deservedst at the hands of
Them thou servedst. Such diversity of
Service ne'er has been combined with such surpassing
greatness.
Thou matchless chieftain of our band of hero warriors,
Thou wrestedst victory from the very shades of night.
Thou madest union from the fends of disaffection
Ruling by thy love, thou needst no might
Or power of dread authority. For there was more
In those wild days when every man was
Law unto himself.
To such a crisis we have known no equal
For such a danger we have ne'er seen leader
So divinely summoned or so prompt responding
To the cause of liberty and right.

"HOCK DER KAISER."



short, thickset person had just entered the officer's quarters in the Military Building at Paris. During these strenuous days of war, with the German army almost at the doors of Paris, the entire French military force had been massed in one great fortification around the capital city in an effort to check the relentless foe in his victorious onrush. Dr. Roland de Chavrol of the Hospital Corps, sitting at the reading table in the quarters, perceived numerous strange faces about him. When his eyes rested upon the man who had just entered, a displeased, startled expression crossed his countenance. The frown became more and more marked until it almost became a scowl. He turned to his companion at the table and asked, rather sharply—"Moutard, who is the man that has just come into the room there, the man now walking toward the billiard parlor?"

Moutard was an officer of little significance. He did not realize this, however, but always made it a practice to be present at all military affairs with or without an invitation. In this way he had made the acquaintance of a number of officers, and Chavrol often found his information useful.

Moutard half turned in his chair and caught a side view of the stranger's face.

"Ah," he said, with an air of one disclosing something of immeasurable importance, "that is the Captain Du Treilles."

Noting the puzzled expression on the Doctor's face, Moutard seized upon this occasion to converse. He went into lengthy detail:

"Du Treilles is a man who stands well with the head military authorities. He was born, I believe, in eastern France, probably Lille. The Captain has shown himself to be a staunch patriot, and I doubt if there is a more trustworthy man in all of France."

For a time there was a pause. Moutard continued—"Du Treilles is also a well educated man, having studied several years both in Paris and Berlin—in fact, he was in Germany when hostilities broke out, but he hastened home immediately. Then——"

Moutard turned to see what impression his words had made on his companion, but he had evidently left the room while the other was still talking, and Moutard could nowhere see him. With a nonchalant shrug of his shoulders, he again turned to the paper in his hand.

* * * * *

The battle had raged practically all the day, and still it appeared as if the roar of cannon to the east would never cease. As night set in, the flare of flaming fire against the sky in the distance became distinct to those in the hospital. As if against the horizon, Mont-Valerien, the only remaining fortress which was left between the enemy and Paris, could be seen, its summit enveloped in smoke, its large guns thundering forth defiance.

The wounded who were constantly being brought into the hospital told of the fury of the fray. All seemed to be of the opinion that the French would carry the day. One old soldier, almost fifty years old, who had been shot through the chest, related in stirring language the tale of the battle. The poor man was nearly dead, but he persisted in his story, with the persistence of the French peasant. Toward the end his voice failed him somewhat, and his words were almost inaudible as he concluded—

"There was," he whispered, "one big, bearded German. I had previously seen him at least a dozen times during the battle." The peasant stopped as if to gather his confused thoughts. "He was standing on a narrow ledge. I saw him aiming at my heart." He put his hand over his chest as if seeking to stop the heavy heaving. "He got me good, I guess, but"—here the man paused again to catch his breath, and then began to rave—"I shot him—I shot him—through the head," he said, exultantly, "I shot him—I shot him—through the head—I shot"—They carried the man out.

A nurse approached and addressed Dr. Chavrol.

"Doctor, there is a wounded man in the next room who desires to speak to you." And then she was gone.

In the adjoining room the Doctor saw a man, his face and clothing smirched with blood. He instantly recognized Du Treilles. One glance at him told Chavrol that he could not live. There was a frightful wound in his abdomen, a hole large enough to hold a man's fist. It was also evident that he had been suffering intense pain, for he frequently gasped as if he found it hard to breathe.

"Doctor," he said "I have some papers here." He paused to catch his breath. "They are of great importance. I entrust them to you to deliver to my brother." He spoke in short, jerky sentences. "Pierre Du Treilles is his name"—he faltered—"you will find him stationed at Mont-Valerien."

The man spoke only with an effort and he gnashed his teeth to keep back the pain. His voice had fallen so that the last few words he had uttered had been scarcely audible. Again he turned to the Doctor.

"You will—you will, doctor—do this—for me?"

Chavrol only nodded.

Perceiving this sign of assent, the dying man smiled with relief. His face was calm now, and the look of pain had left his eyes. He seemed to forget the presence of Chavrol, and his lips moved as if talking to himself. Suddenly he raised his hand to his head in military salute, and said, evidently louder than he thought his feeble strength would permit. Chavrol who had leaned over towards the bed could distinctly hear the words—"Hoch der Kaiser!"

The next moment the man's hand had dropped to his side and his head drooped somewhat. He was dead.

Chavrol started as if struck when he heard the words. He eagerly unfolded the papers which had been handed to him, and a strange, triumphant smile crossed his face as he carefully scrutinized them. They were the plans to the fort Mont-Valerien. He quickly folded the papers and thrust them hastily into his pocket. As he

again glanced at the figure on the bed, a wistful look came into his eyes.

"How it must have hurt the poor fellow to give me this," he said, half aloud.

As Chavrol turned to go his face was serious, frightfully serious. He wheeled about when half way to the door; drawing himself up even as the dead man had done, and with a military salute, he said:

"Du Treilles, you have done your work well. I shall certainly remember you at Berlin. Until then I can only say—Hoch der Kaiser."

It was a fortnight later at the Military Building in Paris. Dr. Roland de Chavrol was again seated at the reading table. He was talking to Moutard about the tragic death of Captain Du Treilles.

"You were right," he was saying, "the captain was a very trustworthy man. I greatly lament his death."

And he smiled as he observed the somber look on his companion's face.

—*M. E. Cooper.*

THE SILENT MARTYRS.

Line after line the boys go by
With waving flags and steady tread,
They march to glory or to death;
They do not draw a coward's breath,
Or face their fate with cringing dread;
In Honor's holy name they die.

From every walk of life the brave,
The true, the manly come to bear
The nation's flag, the nation's name
To fields of glory, and to fame;
For heroes' names are ever fair,
Though they be silent in the grave.

But as they leave for lands afar,
The aching hearts of mothers kind
Send up a cry to the God of Peace
To haste the time when War shall cease;
For among mothers, we shall find
The silent martyrs of the war.

—J. W. C.

WHY THE UNITED STATES HAS ENTERED THE WAR.



HE United States has from her earliest existence been looked upon with envious eyes by the other nations of the world, who at first begrudged her a newly gained freedom and sought by various intrigues to subject her to the former condition under foreign control. As the new republic grew, prospered and expanded, the attitude toward it changed from one of envy to one of apprehension, for foreign countries saw a challenge to their own supremacy in this sudden rise. Despite her efforts to avoid being drawn into outside complications, the United States has constantly found her mettle tested by threatening hostilities.

This country has always been an exponent of peace. So absorbed have we been in preserving such a policy, that we have continually suffered humiliations that only a peace-loving people would have endured. One of the earliest presidents of this country sought to make the immediately surrounding environment conducive to modes of peace by issuing a document warning foreign powers against intervention into American affairs. We have sought to imbue our neighboring people with this ideal conception of peace, on several occasions resorting to armed force to impress our tenets.

Our previous wars were not of our own making. Only after England had refused us right of way on the high seas, and had seized a number of our ships and sailors, that we thought action expedient and embarked on the second war of Independence in 1812. The pirates of Tripoli were indeed worthy of our wrath and of our most lawful aggression. Entirely justifiable is the interposition of The United States into Cuban affairs after the bloody Weyler regime had taken on such abhorrent aspects.

Now this country enters into another struggle, and one which promises to be fiercer and grimmer than any

before. Does this mean that The United States has tired of its precedent established for peace? Does it mean that we have become a militaristic people, that henceforth we shall denounce our past policy and become aggressive and offensive? A casual glance at the military status and resources of our land immediately shows the falsity and absurdity of such an assumption. Why is it then that we thus almost rashly throw ourselves into a world-wide struggle, being ostensibly unprepared, and seek to cope with and match our strength against that of a nation reputed to be the strongest military power on the globe today?

The present European strife took The United States entirely by surprise. It came suddenly and it had been unexpected. This country, in harmony with her previous custom, resolved itself upon maintaining an attitude of strictest neutrality. While the struggle waxed fiercely and took on broader and more alarming proportions, this country persisted painstakingly in clinging to her adopted policy.

But we found a neutral course to be impossible. Events were taking place, things were being enacted which even the placid indifference of The United States found intolerable. The first ruffling of our peaceful composure was caused by the overrunning, against all precedents of human rights and privileges, of little Belgium. This inexcusable act sent a tremor through the nation; for a time we were overcome by a sensation of horror. A feeling permeated us that a nation that allowed such atrocities could not possibly be fighting for a just cause. Immediately a pro-Ally sentiment sprung up which was detrimental to German interests. This event alone—the Belgium massacre, the Belgium violence, not simply the Belgium incident—justifies the stand this country has so recently taken.

For some reason best known to herself, and into which it is unnecessary to delve, for, whatever it is, it cannot adjust or rectify the act, The German Empire opened a submarine warfare against The United States, a neutral power. A conjecture as to her motive is entirely

irrelevant. It is evident, however, that Germany, bewildered by her host of enemies and uncertain how to act, 'lost her head!' No other explanation is reasonable.

From such action on the part of Germany, The United States suffered much. She suffered much in loss of property and human lives, but still more in loss of dignity and honor. While the provocation warranted an immediate declaration or war, yet The United States tenaciously waited, hoping for a relaxation on the part of the foreign country. Her patience availed her nothing. Germany had shown herself capable of any misdeed.

We warned Germany repeatedly, and verbally that nation heeded our warnings, repeatedly expressing on paper her good will and loving affection for the people of America. Under this mask of pretended friendship she was sending to the bottom of the seas unarmed American property and American people. The sinking of The Lusitania began a series of maritime disasters, the like of which has never been equalled for their lawlessness and heedlessness of human rights. Those who died are not and never will be forgotten. They suffered the death of heroes, for they opened the eyes of a nation. They will ever live in American hearts and souls as complete evidence of the righteousness of the attitude we have taken. Come what may, our conscience is clear.

The United States enters this struggle as a champion in the cause of democracy pitted against that of absolutism. Autocracy, which has already outlived its day, is perceptibly decaying and vanishing. Russia has answered the call of time. "Let Germany profit by that example." The code established by the Caesars has become obsolete and can no longer be countenanced. The future holds out to mankind and humanity a glorious era of peace and freedom. In fighting to suppress absolutism, this nation is fighting for the future. The more successful our victory, the more brilliant becomes the prospect of future democracies.

Let the people of The United States feel no pangs of

remorse, no conflicting emotions because their ideal of peace has been shattered. We have pitched our war-camps once more in the cause of liberty; we are fighting for no other reason than to 'vindicate the principles of peace and justice, which we cherish so ardently, in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power.' When occasion has so demanded it before we have gladly struck blows for our rights, and we are not reluctant to do so again. The rights of small nations are at stake, democracy is in the balance, humanity pleads for succor. The United States will no longer turn a deaf ear to her entreaties. The prophetic words of the seer Milton are fulfilled—

“I see a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks; methinks, I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam.”

—M. C.

THE SLACKER.

THERE was visible excitement among the little group gathered about the small coal stove in the post-office at B——. Several speakers were trying to expostulate on the same subject at the same time, and in the meanwhile two or three private verbal combats were being waged by as many couples, making up a strange mixture of words and arguments which in reality convinced no one. In the center of the group with a two-day-old paper from the nearest town, in his hand, was a big, brawny fellow apparently about twenty-two years of age. By reading aloud from the paper between the intervals in his argument he managed to hold the attention of the crowd to a certain extent.

The subject under consideration by this sedate and philosophic group, composed of the post-master, who was also a dealer in general merchandise, the village blacksmith, and a number of farmers of more or less importance in the community, was whether the United States was justified in declaring war upon Germany. War had been declared two days before, but for all intents and purposes the question was not settled by this little community.

In his argument upholding the administration, Jack Saunders, the big fellow who held the paper, was vociferous.

"Boys," he said, "there is simply nothing else for the President to do since he has gone this far. If he had never sent so many notes to Kaiser "Bill," we could possibly slide along in the old rut and let the Germans continue their murderous warfare. But as it is, we must fight or prove ourselves liars and cowards. Anyhow, I don't think it will be necessary for us to put a large army in the field. What the Allies need is money and supplies and we can certainly afford to sell them supplies at the high prices they are paying and then lend them money to pay for the same supplies."

"Wall," put in old Silas Jones, a Confederate Veteran, squirting a mouthful "of amber under the stove," "I ain't much in favor o' war nohow. I done been through one and know what I am talking about, I wa'n't much in favor of electing Wilson anyhow and now I guess he has got us in the devil of a mess; and let me tell you, young man, "Woody" ain't going in this here thing in no half-hearted way. Jest watch and see if he don't have all o' you youngsters in the army in a little while."

Many others voiced the same sentiment, but Jack was still highly in favor of war. "Even if he does want a big army, there will be plenty of volunteers and besides he won't take us farmers any how," he argued.

"Ye're a h— of a farmer, ain't ye? If 'twan't for yer old man boarding ye free o' charge, I expect the county would have to help ye along," spoke up the blacksmith, who was against war and had no personal love for Jack. "Well,—anyhow, I make enough to keep in pocket change and to run my Ford when I darn please," retorted Jack, leaving the room.

"That boy ain't worth much to his old man nor to the neighborhood since he went to that ding-busted little college last year. It don't matter much if he should go to war, for all the good he's doin' about here," remarked the post-master.

"Well, his father and mother love him as much or more than anybody else loves their boys, but as for his going to war' I think he'll have to be carried if he ever gits there," added another. With this the conversation was turned to other topics affecting the group more directly.

Jack Saunders was a reckless young fellow who worked on his father's farm whenever he felt like it and was noted for fast driving more than for any other one thing. When war was first declared he suffered no uneasiness and even talked of volunteering for service in the navy. But whenever this subject was brought up before his mother she would begin to plead with him not to think of going.

"Now, Jack, you know your father can't get along without you here,—there's no use of talking about joining the army or navy, besides I don't think war is right and I don't want my boy to be murdered by the Germans, either," she would say. Whereupon Jack casually remarked that it was probably better for him to lie around home for a while at least.

But when the draft bill was passed by Congress, the little community began to realize that the country was really at war and Jack Saunders began to think about his chances of being exempted. This however, was not apparent in his conversation. In discussing the matter with a friend, he remarked: "I don't like the idea of being drafted, seems to me the government should call for volunteers and raise a new army in that way."

"I'm not going to be drafted," replied his friend. "I intend to join that new company of the state militia being organized tomorrow. Come on and go along with me; then we can fight side by side. That's better than being thrown with a bunch of men whom you know absolutely nothing about." "O well" Jack answered, "I guess you are right but there's plenty of time, and I think peace will be declared before the draft bill goes into effect anyhow. Besides I really don't see how I can leave home just now, father and mother need me with them; then, too, Mary and I had planned to be married this fall, so I guess I'll wait and see where I stand after the big gamble is made."

As the time for the draw approached Jack's uneasiness increased. He began to lose sleep and to dream of bloody battlefields, mud-filled trenches, men groaning from wounds and roaring cannon. But he never admitted to anyone that he dreaded the war. In fact, he was more cheerful about it than many of the other young men of the neighborhood.

At last the numbers were drawn and to his dismay he found that his serial number was near the top of the list, so that he was certain to be called in the first draft. He slept little that night. Thoughts of leaving home and mother, his sweetheart and friends kept running through

his mind. Along with these thoughts were associated vivid mental pictures of army life and battlefields. In his imagination he placed himself in front of a line of bayonets and at the mouth of a big cannon. Then deep down in his heart he realized that, even though it was as much his duty to face these things as it was the duty of any of his fellowmen, he lacked the courage and was afraid. "O God," he murmured, "why do I have to throw away my life in this way. But there's no hope for me now; guess I'll have to face the music."

As the weeks passed he grew thinner and more pessimistic. His mother became hysterical whenever the subject of war was mentioned, his father seemed to have lost his usual vigor, and even Jack's male friends talked to him as if his funeral arrangements had been made. There was little patriotic sentiment in the community and not many who considered the drafted men lucky. (Hence there is little wonder that his aversion to war, his inward fear and these outside influence), increased other than decreased. He could not be reconciled to his fate and could not believe that it was his duty to his country and to humanity to offer up his life on the alter of justice.

Then one day, when he came home from one of his rambles, his father handed him a long envelope from the war department. "Well, son, here's your death warrant, I reckon." Tears filled the old gentleman's eyes and his voice broke so that he could speak no more. Inside Jack could hear his mother sobbing and he realized what his going would mean to them.

He tore open the letter with trembling hands. As he expected it was a summons for him to appear before the local board for physical examination, at ten o'clock the next morning.

That evening he took Mary for a long drive, but when he told her good-night his voice was husky. "Well, Mary, I don't guess you will see me many more times as I will be in camp in about two weeks. Be sure not to forget me for a little while, anyhow."

"Don't you think you stand a chance of being exempt-

ed?" asked she. "No, not one in a hundred. You know they took Fred Baynes and he has a wife and two children dependent upon him."

"Oh well, cheer up, I feel sure you will come back all right if you do have to go. Anyhow I wouldn't give up until a German bullet cut me down," advised Mary who was an optimistic little creature with a big heart full of love for everybody.

"I don't entertain much hope of ever seeing America again, once I am aboard a transport. But I must be going—will see you tomorrow evening."

He spent another sleepless night. The terrors of war were more vivid to him than ever before and while he could see no way to escape them he decided to file a claim for exemption on the ground that his father and mother were his dependents. This, however, he felt would do no good, as his father's income was more than sufficient for their support.

The next morning he talked as cheerfully as possible to his parents and even expressed a hope that he would be exempted. On leaving for the county seat, where he was to be examined, he bade the old couple a hearty good-bye. Outwardly he was ready for anything; but inwardly there was a great struggle going on.

After passing a perfect physical examination, and being told by the officials that his grounds for exemption would hardly be considered under the circumstances, he walked down to the corner drug store. Here one of his old friends greeted him with the words: "Jack, I guess we'll hit camp about the same time, won't we?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "we will probably see a good bit of each other for a few months, and then God only knows where either of us will be. Come on, have a drink and let's enjoy as much of life as possible while we have the time."

He chatted with his friend for some time, then began making his preparations for his trip home. As he told his friend, he had made up his mind to stand up and fill the place his country called him to fill.

On the homeward journey his great aversion for and

dread of war returned with increased force. "My God, what's the use of going over there to die? Why go through the hell and suffering of a bloody war?" he muttered. "God, I had rather die here and be decently buried than to lie wounded on some battlefield and starve to death. I just simply can't—and will not go."

Down the road about two hundred yards ahead was a sharp curve where the road turned to the right to circle a large hill. On the left of the curve was a sloping embankment covered with rocks and bushes.

When Jack uttered the last words he jerked the throttle of his car wide open. It jumped forward like a shot and gained speed steadily on the down grade. He gripped the wheel tighter and set his jaw firmly.

"I will not go," he repeated.

The little car sped on faster and faster. He was scarcely twenty yards from the precipice. But he made no check, instead he tried to open the throttle wider and cursed the car for being so slow, when he hit the curve the steering wheel was not turned an inch and he plunged over the embankment at a terrific speed.

Half an hour later he was discovered by a party of motorists. "Jack has been up to his old trick," remarked one, as he recognized the crushed and mangled body, which they had succeeded in extricating from the wreck.

"I always said he would kill himself by speeding."

"Oh, I see, his steering gear broke—that's how he happened to plunge over this embankment."

Thus was his death explained and no one ever knew that Jack Saunders was a coward and a "slacker."

—W. O. Tune.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

God save my boy! He left me th' other day
To rally 'round our flag, and be a soldier-man.
I did not mourn to see him go,—tho' he was all
I had—a guardian. tender, dear to me! I know
He'll be a noble soldier—champion of the right,
Of truth and justice, freedom and humanity.
The atrocious deeds of Kaiserdome cannot his arm
Withstay, nor can the brutishness obscure his view
Of home and native land, for which he faces death,
Since Thou wilt with him go. Guide Thou his steps,
And sanction every blow to be a pulse of death.
Struck that peace may triumph o'er the hell of war.
He treads the plains of nothingness, where lives
hang by
A hair,—where monstrous guns with savage shrieks
Belch balls of fire, where shrapnel pierces iron walls,
Where foes fight from the clouds, as well as earth—
and Death
Holds tyrant reign: I fear he'll not be back to see
His country more, to kiss his fond old mother's face
Again,—'tis hard, hard! But honor calls, and we
Must do our part. Make Thou his footsteps firm
and keep
Untouched, unharmed his noble form,—that when
the war
Is over they may bring him back to me, his loving
Mother: 'tis all I ask. God save my boy!

—S. P. Spratt.

EDITORIAL.

In this, our special war number of *THE MESSENGER*, we wish to extend our felicitations to all graduates and former students now in the service. We feel that Richmond College is more strongly represented, numerically as well as in the caliber of her men, than any other college of our acquaintance. While they are serving the nation in this way, we are pursuing the hard beaten road, and are attempting to do our bit by meeting the problems that come to us day by day. When the nation is ready and able to use us, we shall gladly step forth; till then, we will continue our education and fit ourselves for the emergencies of life.

The Alumni editor will be especially glad to receive the name, address, and branch of service, of every old Richmond student now engaged in military service. Please give him this information at once, and assist him in compiling a war register of our representatives in the the service.

Christmas is now over, the first term is history, we have succeeded or failed, as the case may be. Our neglect of duty, our lack of appreciation of the necessity for hard work every night, and our lack of spizzerinktum to do our duty when we knew it, all these may have rebounded to our inevitable defeat. On the other hand, the reviewing for examinations, the hard work during the term, and the desire to do our best, may have helped us a little higher up the ladder of scholastic ambition. Or again,—and in this class the majority of us will see each other—we may have drifted along at times, at times have worked with diligence. We didn't have the necessary pep to "get down to it."

Now is the best time, they say, for reviewing past mistakes, and building future programs of reconstructive excellence. Now is the time to spurn past *New Year's* sins and head the new ledger with a new *Resolutions.* pen. How would it feel a month before examinations to have all your papers written and your parallel read? You say there would be nothing to live for, yet—try it once and see how it feels. One can get a huge amount of enjoyment out of parallel, if he doesn't have to write up a thousand pages at once. Term papers do one an immense amount of good if he doesn't wait until the night before examination to write it, and leave his bibliography blank until he goes to the library on the way to class.

Of course, that's what they all say, but nobody does it, and they should, so that's why they say it. It may be impossible to keep up on every kind of work, yet it is not impossible to work on each periodically, and so to keep practically up to date on all. There are fewer distractions during the winter term, and we are all in a better mood for good hard work. We have gotten over the first inertia, and we have not yet reached the spring time when interest is divided among so many enterprises. Athletics is at a low ebb, and all our interests are centered indoors. Now, if ever, is the time to put in some hard work and surprise ourselves.

FROM THE OFFICE DESK.



HE Germans still fight on and are able to score victories against a demoralized foe on the eastern front, but the day of reckoning is fast approaching when Germany shall stand at the judgment bar of the nations and answer for her crimes against civilization and humanity. Even now there are mutinies among the sailors, strife flaring forth between Austrians and Germans, disaffection and desertion to the enemy, of Hungarian and Jugo-Slavic units, depression and privation that *Against That Day.* lead to ominous mutterings on the part of the populace of the empire, and a crisis in the government occasioned by the weakness and lack of statesmanship of Michaelis, the kaiser's mouth-piece, who occupies but does not fill the chancellorship. In addition, there is that deadly drip, drip, drip of the life blood of the Central powers—a wastage that can not be offset by even the weirdest schemes of the general staff, resourceful though it may be; on the other hand the man power of the entente nations is at its height in numbers, battle efficiency and morale, and as one consequence of this the battle lines on the western fronts are slowly yet irresistibly creeping nearer the lair of the Prussian wolves. Furthermore, America, our glorious chivalrous and mighty democracy of the west, is unsheathing her sword and girding herself in gleaming armor. Already our tens of thousands are in France, ready when the moment arrives to take their places in the field of battle; our hundreds of thousands are in the training camps throughout the entire land; and our millions are awaiting the call to the colors.

With Germany victorious and dominating the world from Berlin, life would be robbed of its joy and sweetness for the freeman who loves liberty, who regards as sacred the rights of others and who has pledged himself to high ideals and lofty motives. Let us then go into the strife with earnestness, steadfastness, courage and the

indomitable will to conquer. Let us go into battle shrieking no hymns of hate, yet surcharged with the fierce, relentless spirit of the warrior who champions the cause that is just and right—the knightly soldier who combats the pitiless and frightful foe of mankind. God ward us from the spirit of vengeance, yet, may we have the deep, serious determination in our hearts that Germany's colossal crimes, her murders, rapines, violations, pillaging, despoiling, faithlessness, treachery and all her dastardly actions must never occur again; that such a conclusion of this war shall come that never more shall an anguished world be subjected to so awful a riot of blood and destruction. Every able bodied American man, who has a spark of manhood in him should gladly pledge his life for the welfare of the whole world, and not offer his life as a sacrifice if need be, for his country only, but for all humanity for all time, for that is the scope of the fight in which we are engaged.

Prussianism must be destroyed. More the pity that the only way to reach it under existing circumstances is through the German people. Nevertheless, we must be inexorable and undeviating in our purpose until the outlaw among nations, the Ishmael among governments is brought to bay and stripped of its ill designed, deadly force. It is our privilege, our right, and our duty to perform this noble service for civilization and mankind. Every man who shall have a part in this sacred obligation, should deem himself fortunate and honored among the sons of men. True, many will make the great sacrifice of life, but there never existed a nobler cause for which to lay down one's life in all the period of tribal, racial, or national relationships. We dare not rest content until the malignant spirit that devised and gave birth to the soul anguish of civilization is forever silenced. Until that time we must bend every effort, make every sacrifice, harness all our national strength in order that we may successfully bring the war to a conclusion. God give us strength for the days of trial and heart sorrow before us, and may the day of reckoning soon come.

—*Albert C. Cheetham.*

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

Hospital School,
U. S. N. Y. Station,
Newport, R. I.

Now for a bit of war college news. I am in the hospital school, where I expect to spend five more months. After the expiration of that time I will be sent to sea or to some base hospital, that is, if I pass my examinations, though I believe I will. Attend classes from 9 A. M. until 12 M., and from 1 P. M. until 4 P. M. and I have to spend an hour and a half in study hall four nights a week, from 7 P. M. until 8:30 P. M. You can see we put in a good portion of our time in class rooms.

We study such subjects as Toxicology, Materia Medica, Pharmacy, Chemistry, Hygiene and Sanitation. We will be regular doctors when we leave this station and Spiders will be posted all over the country. The bunch, the Richmond College Boys, who are here are getting along fine and seem to like every thing all right.

I certainly did want to be in college this year and I surely did think of the Spiders more than once. It was pretty hard for me to think that I had to be here instead of Richmond College, but I am proud of the part that I am serving my country. H. S. won the cup from the Spiders after all, and you don't know how bad I wanted the Spiders to win the cup. They didn't win it but I am glad that they stopped old H.-S. in that hole known as Death Valley. I would have given a million to have been in that game to stop some of those Birds. I played right tackle on the Training Station team in all the games except two and then I was quarantined in the Measles Camp. The team was composed of college stars from all parts of the country and would compare very favorably with the best college teams in the country. We never lost a game—some record. Will send you a *Newport Recruit*.

Will close, with best wishes.

Your Old College Pal,

—Harry L. Carter.

Dear Dr. ———

I heard yesterday from ——— and he said that he was back at college. I suppose there are very few Seniors this year. I certainly appreciate your writing me the college news. I know the loss of Dr. Metcalf and Dr. Stewart was quite a blow.

The only news with me is that I have signed for two Liberty Bonds. The boys over here ate those bonds up like hot cakes, some companies having a hundred per cent. subscribers, and nearly all very high averages.

Did I tell you that I was taking regular French lessons from a sergeant who used to be a lawyer and later a professor of Theology? Some combination, eh? I also have met a Catholic Priest who of course knows Latin, but has forgotten all of his English, so we have to talk in French.

Address

Private W. E. White,
30th Company, U. S. Marine Corps,
American Expeditionary Forces,
Care Postmaster, New York.
Very truly yours,

—*W. E. White.*

Westhampton College Department

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A WAR DREAM.

I

I can hear the church bells tolling—tolling
In the distance far away,
They remind me of the ocean rolling—rolling
And our boys across the way.

II

I can hear strange voices calling—calling
Sadly over land and sea;
For their laddies now are falling—falling
Gallantly for you and me.

III

I can see great nations dying—dying
And sweet nurses bending o'er.
I can hear the infant voices crying—crying
For food a little more.

IV

I can see all Europe praying—praying
In the night and in the day
And their *last man* willingly obeying
The call to death or fray.

America, if you near those lads would be
Lift up your heart on high
Then God alone will be between
For they to Him are nigh.

—M. W. '21.

WAR POEMS AND WAR POETS.

FLANDERS 1915.

The men go out to Flanders
As to a promised land;
The men come back from Flanders
With eyes that understand.

They've drunk their fill of blood and wrath,
Of sleeplessness and pain,
Yet silently to Flanders
They hasten back again.

In the low-lands of Flanders
A patient watch they keep;
The living and the dead watch there
Whilst we are sound asleep.

—Margaret Sackville.

THESE used to be an idea abroad that great crises reveal great men, and that a struggle such as that which now engulfs the world, should stimulate great poetry. The people who held this belief have been somewhat disappointed in their expectations, for, altho, this war has quickened the production of poetry, the result shows rather in quantity than in quality. The general opinion now is that "war produces much bad and little good poetry." Almost every paper and magazine nowadays contains some war verses. Editors complain that they are bombarded with patriotic outbursts, but they confess that the waste baskets claim most of them.

The poetry of the war falls naturally into two classes, the expressions of patriotism in verse form, and the real poetry. The greater part, alas, belongs in the former class. This is particularly true of the newspaper verses. People who know nothing of poetry feel themselves inspired by the Muse of Patriotism to write *the* poem of the war. They dash off the expression of their emotions

without regard to form or art. And then they are disgusted because the editors refuse to publish their efforts. They do not realize that noble sentiments alone are not poetry, just as words in poetic form are not true poetry. Nevertheless some of these outbursts of feeling are published. One sees them everywhere, the "Hymns for the Men at the Front," the "Calls," and, most frequently of all, the "Crosses," the "Iron Cross," the "Red Cross," the "White Cross in Flanders," and so on *ad infinitum*. With these may be classed the "Rookie Rhymes," composed for the most part in the Officers' Training Camps. Some are humorous, some ennobled by high thoughts, and some sentimental, as witness this:

"To My Sweetheart.

I love you when the bugle calls,
 Calls, 'Awake, the day's begun!'
I love you as we work and
 Sweat and drill beneath the sun.
I love you at retreat, and
 When the sun sinks out of view;
Sweetheart of mine! quite all the time
 I—love—you."

In the same class, too, belong the innumerable parodies, the knitting songs, and the Food Conservation ditties.

But they are not all of the war's poetic productions; there have been some real poems, poems that combine artistry of form with patriotic inspiration. For the most part they have been written by the men who were poets of recognized ability before the war, and so may be discussed to better advantage in connection with the poets.

The poets, too, might be divided into two classes, but there are so few names worthy of mention in the first class, that is, the newspaper verse writers, that to consider them would not be worth the while. And so we come to the real poets, the men of vision, the men who pass by the inconsequent little things of life to the

eternal things, to sacrifice and courage and patriotism and devotion. They have not exalted nor glorified war, except in the noble qualities it brings forth; they rarely condemn it even, except for the misery in its train for the helpless and defenseless. They leave the arguing of right and wrong to the historians. They are more interested in interpreting the effect of the war on the people, on the women, on the men "whose burden is to watch and wait," as one of them puts it.

Passing on, then, to individual poets, we consider the war works of Robert Bridges. Rather disappointing, we must confess they seem forced for the occasion, "made to order," as it were—note the titles "Lord Kitchener" and "To the United States of America." But perhaps we should not censure him, for it is the office of the Poet Laureate to produce poetry upon call.

Kipling, too, has been somewhat disappointing. He, like Gabriele D'Annunzio, seems to have found prose a better medium than poetry through which to convey his sentiments. He has not written so very many poems since the war began. "For All We Have and Are" is probably the best of them, but even there the lofty note is not sustained.

Henry Van Dyke was the United States Minister to Holland during the first two years of the war, and so saw things that have made him express his sentiments in no uncertain tones. Consider:

Mare Liberum.

"You dare to say with perjured lips,
 'We fight to make the ocean free'?
You, whose black trail of butchered ships
 Bestrews the bed of every sea
 Where German submarines have wrought
 Their horrors! Have you never thought,—
 What you call freedom, men call piracy!

“Unnumbered ghosts that haunt the wave
 Where you have murdered, cry you down;
 And seamen whom you would not save,
 Weave now in weed-grown depths a crown
 Of shame for your imperious head,—
 A dark memorial of the dead,—
 Women and children whom you left to drown.

“Nay, not till thieves are set to guard
 The gold, and corsairs called to keep
 O’er peaceful commerce watch and ward,
 And wolves to herd the helpless sheep,
 Shall men and women look to thee—
 Thou ruthless Old Man of the Sea—
 To safeguard law and freedom on the deep.

“In nobler breeds we put our trust:
 The nations in whose sacred lore
 The ‘Ought’ stands out above the ‘Must,’
 And Honor rules in peace and war.
 With these we hold in soul and heart,
 With these we choose our lot and part,
 Till Liberty is safe on sea and shore.”

The war has wrought a change in the poetry of Robert W. Service, a change that may be seen from a comparison of his earlier volumes with the “Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.” I like to think that his vision has been purified in the red heat of Armageddon. His poems illustrate a principle laid down by Dr. Alphonso Smith that the real poetry of the war is not concerned with expressions of hate. It deals with nobler things, devotion, peace, sacrifice, the Brotherhood of Man.

Alan Seeger, the young American in the Foreign Legion, has been acclaimed the greatest war poet of this country. One of his friends has sung of him:

“Dreaming, his eyes are steadily alight
 With splendors of a world beyond our sight.”

Seeger’s “Champagne, 1915” and the prophetic “I Have a Rendezvous with Death” are so well known I need not quote from them. It is interesting to note that the latter was published just about the time Seeger was

keeping that rendezvous, and that in death he found the consummation of his supreme desire.

Rupert Brooke, too, seems to have had a presentiment of his early death, for he wrote:

“If I should die, think only this of me:
That there’s a corner of some foreign field
That is forever England.”

His sonnets “1914” are the great exception to the general rule of mediocre poetry produced during this war. He has succeeded in doing what the would-be poets have failed in, namely, combining patriotic fire with poetic art. His poems are the expressions of his own emotions, his joy in self-sacrifice, his passionate love for England. The English feel that he has expressed a perfect sense of immortal England, and people everywhere recognize that no one has translated this war into purer gold.

Robert Verne, who has likewise made the supreme sacrifice, gave voice not only to his own feelings, but also to the spirit of these two poets militant, Seeger and Brooke, in

“A Petition.

“All that a man might ask thou hast given me, Eng-
land,

Birtheright and happy childhood’s long heart’s ease,
And love whose range is deep beyond all sounding

And wider than all seas;

A heart to front the world and find God in it,

Eyes blind enow but not too blind to see

The lovely things behind the dross and darkness,

And lovelier things to be;

And friends whose loyalty time nor death shall weaken

And quenchless hope and laughter’s golden store—

All that a man might ask thou hast given me, England,

Yet grant thou one thing more:

That now when envious foes would spoil thy splendour,

Unversed in arms, a dreamer such as I,

May in thy ranks be deemed *not all unworthy*,

England, *for thee to die.*”

—Katharine H. Spicer, ‘21.

TO A STATUETTE—THE GOOD FAIRY.

Gay, white, little fairy
White, white, as the snow.
Why are your hands stretched forth
What is it you know?
The breath of blue heaven
Has tossed your white dress,
Your head thrown back, smiling
A secret unguessed.

Oh, why do you bid me
"Come and be glad"
Don't you feel, little fairy
That Europe is sad?
Hasn't anyone troubled
Your gay, singing, heart
With the story of struggle
What is it thou art?

Oh, dear spirit of hope
What gift do you bring?
"The Peace and Good Will song
That the angels sing."
Oh, Christmas fairy smiling
The secret we'd lost
Behold, hands outstretched
You form—the white cross!

—D. Gary, '18.

THE HISTORY OF THE RED CROSS.



EVERYWHERE we turn these days, we hear people talking about the work of the Red Cross or see them knitting for the Red Cross. There is hardly any one now who is not doing some kind of work for this great society, the Red Cross; and yet I believe there are many who know nothing, or almost nothing, of how and why the Red Cross was started. The study of the origin, organization, and work of the Red Cross is an interesting one and should at least be glanced over by everyone, in order to learn something about the society which at this time is doing such a large work.

Many years ago, Jean Dunant, a citizen of Geneva, was eye-witness at the battle of Solferino on June 24th, 1859; and there he saw the unnecessary amount of suffering among the wounded, due to the inability of the medical corps to take care of such a large number. Being moved by the sight, he wrote, on his return, a book; "*Un Souvenir de Solferino*;" in which he described the horrors he had witnessed and suggested that a society be formed to train nurses and collect supplies during peace, in order to be prepared for war, when it should come. This proposal was enthusiastically received by the Geneva Society of Public Utility; and an International Conference was held at Geneva in 1863 to discuss the matter. At this conference it was decided that such a society should be begun, and out of compliment to Switzerland, the greatest factor in the movement, the badge of the society was to be Switzerland's flag reversed. The Treaty of Geneva was also drawn up at this conference, in which it was provided that all Red Cross officials should be held as neutral by both hostile and allied armies; that homes, in which soldiers were being cared for should be in no way molested; that badly wounded prisoners should be sent back to their own army; and that *all* injured soldiers should be treated equally by the Red Cross. This treaty was ratified by fourteen nations, a number which

has now increased to forty three; the United States, being too much absorbed in the Civil War, was not one of the first fourteen to ratify it.

It was not many more years, however, after the drawing up of the Treaty of Geneva, until the United States also ratified it. This ratification was due chiefly to the efforts of a woman, Clara Barton, who on being in Geneva and hearing of the work of the Red Cross, immediately pledged herself to secure the ratification of the treaty by her country, the United States of America. Clara Barton was a Christmas gift to her parents, being born on Christmas day 1821, in Oxford, Massachusetts. She had very poor educational opportunities, but made the best of them, and taught for many years in the schools near her home. During the Civil War she did relief work among the wounded; and during the four years, was present on sixteen battlefields; she was in hospitals around Richmond, and spent eight months at Charleston during its siege. She was always calm and cheerful, well poised and philosophical, but firm and unflinching in maintaining authority. It is due to her efforts also that the "Search for Missing Men" was instituted. In 1882 she secured the adoption of the Treaty of Geneva by the United States; and she herself, became the first president of the American Red Cross Society, which position she held from 1881 to 1904. On being convinced that the society would be placed in capable hands, she gave up the presidency, but never lost interest. At the age of eighty-four she offered her services and that of the Red Cross to Russia and Japan, and was ready to go at the call. Until almost the last day of her life she kept a stenographer busy answering the many letters directed to her from all over the globe.

The National Red Cross, founded by this great and noble woman, continued to grow; and is now a powerful and well organized society. There is a Central Committee, which consists of eighteen members and is the governing body of the association. This committee is composed of a chairman and five members, appointed by the president; six members, elected by the incorporators;

and six elected by the delegates to the annual meetings from the chapters. There are five national elective officers, president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and counselor. Then the organization is divided into nine chapters or bureaus, as they are called: the Bureau of Military Relief, the Bureau of Civilian Relief, the Bureau of Nursing Service, the Bureau of Transportation and Supply Service, the Bureau of Standards which is the thought department of the Red Cross, the Bureau of Development (which has to do with the organization of new chapters), the Bureau of Women's Work, and the Bureau of Publicity (which among other things renders complete reports to the War Council every month of the operations of the Red Cross as a whole.) Furthermore, the whole country is divided into thirteen sections, each with a manager who carries out the activities originated at headquarters; and each with a director of Development, who sees that the chapters in his division make monthly reports to the division manager. In the last year, the membership of the Red Cross has increased tremendously, and in May last on account of the increase of activities, a bill was passed in Congress providing for another building besides the one on Seventeenth Street, which was soon found to be inadequate for the relief work which this present war is putting upon the Red Cross.

It is not only with the wounded in war that the Red Cross has to do, however, for in what is known as the "American Amendment," introduced by Clara Barton, it was provided that the Red Cross should render aid in any national crises in which help might be needed. There is a long list of such calamities, some of which are: the Florida yellow fever, 1888; the Johnstown flood, 1889; the Russian famine, 1891 to 1892; the South Carolina tidal wave, 1893; the Armenian massacres, 1896; the Galveston tidal wave, 1900; the eruption of Vesuvius, 1906; earth quake in California, 1906; and in many other like conditions.

One of the latest calls upon the Red Cross was during the conflagration in Atlanta, Georgia, in May 1917. This

fire began late in the afternoon on May 21, in the negro section of the city; and fed by the wooden shacks, got beyond the control of firemen, and spread to the residential section. When the impossibility of controlling the flames was seen, dynamiting was resorted to, and after twelve hours, the fire was under control, but not until sixteen hundred homes had become its victims and ten thousand people were homeless. To the aid of these thousands the Red Cross rushed immediately; and through the efforts of Mr. Snavelly of the Southern Division and of Mr. Logan, the chairman of the Civilian Relief Committee of the local Red Cross, the Fifth Regiment Armory was secured for the shelter of the homeless, and two hundred cots placed there. Committees were also appointed to supply bread and coffee to the soldiers, refugees, and firemen, and to obtain other buildings and cots. One Red Cross committee secured vans and trucks to transport the furniture which had been rescued from the flames to places of safety. Then a meeting of citizens was called by the chairman of the Finance Committee for the next morning, and at that meeting fifty thousand dollars was subscribed within one hour to be used by the Finance Committee of the Red Cross for household necessities, for renting houses for the homeless, and for rehabilitation purposes. From this incident, it is very clear how indispensable the Red Cross is, during the time of peace.

Even more so, however, is the work of the Red Cross in war. The first time the foreign Red Cross Society was employed was in the war of 1866 among Germany, Austria, and Italy. Then upon the heels of this war, followed other chances in the Franco-Prussian war; the contests of 1876 and 1878 between Turkey, Servia, Montenegro, Greece, and Russia; the Turko-Russian contest; and the Graeco-Turkish campaigns. Since the founding of the National Red Cross, however, the society in which we as Americans are mostly interested, there have been only three wars, the Spanish-American war (1898); the Civil war (1861 to 1865); and now the greatest war in history, which began in 1914. In this war the Red Cross has be-
wounded there is "surgical apparatus to be repaired,

food and blankets to be bought; tuberculosis to fight against among the poorer classes; families of the sick and wounded to be cared for; mutilated soldiers to be re-educated; poor families in the war zone to be relieved; canteens to be provided for the soldiers in co-operation with the French Red Cross; Armenia, Belgium, Poland, Roumania, and Northern France, to be re-constructed; and the innumerable dead bodies to be identified."

Besides all these duties, the Red Cross also acts as a second line of defense in the work of medical department of the Navy; and in all its work, a great deal of its success is due to the noble American women who have given up their lives to the cause. Among these women is Mrs. Hilda Wynne, who founded and maintained an ambulance unit attached to the Russian Red Cross, and who rendered valuable service to the Russian Army in the Caucasus and Galician campaigns. Other Americans of this noble caste are Miss Helen Scott Hay, and her assistant, Miss Torrance, who have worked untiringly among the refugees in Philippolis, Bulgaria. Their work here is very varied and is carried on for the most part among Jews, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Gypsies. They have to wage a hard fight against typhoid fever and tuberculosis; see to the mending of the refugees' houses; provide rations for them; secure beds in the overrunning hospitals for their patients; supply fire and hot soup to warm the refugees in the bitterly cold weather; and do great relief work among the war prisoners. These women mentioned above are only a few of the many who have dedicated themselves to the work; for there are a vast number of such now on the battlefields of Europe.

From the few incidents given in this paper, it is easy to get an idea of what a great and well organized society that society has grown to be, which has resulted from what one man saw on a battlefield fifty or more years ago, and from what he suggested to the world at that fore it a tremendous work, but it is meeting the demands manfully. Besides caring for the vast amount of time.

—Eva L. Jennings, '21.

THE PRESENT PAPER SITUATION.



HIS country is now facing the greatest paper shortage in history. If something is not done we may find ourselves starching our handkerchiefs stiff to write to the family, or we might find ourselves receiving our love letters written on the bosom of one of "his" dress shirts. Those of us whose fathers are merchants may go into the office some day not very far off and find father receiving his orders on slabs taken from the customers yard fence or from the side of his house. Some day we may see a man lounging in a smoker with an armful of slate slabs under his arm and in his other hand a slab from which he is reading and we will realize that he is reading one "slab" of the morning paper. We may laugh at this and say that we will never live to see the day when these things will be so; but we had better not be too sure, for right here in our own day a certain editor of a newspaper has issued *her* (for the editor is a woman) late edition on shingles. This editor is Mabel McCloue Brown and her paper is The Cowlitz County Advocate, published in Castle Rock, Washington. She issued her edition on 100,000 shingles and saved a great deal by it. Wood was cheaper and easier for her to get than paper. Another thing, if this situation continues, all the big cities will have to cut out their one-cent papers. In New York, where some of the newspapers are protected the shrinkage would amount to approximately \$2,000,000. Not only would this affect the big cities, it would reach the humblest printer in the smallest town.

But it would be of little interest to us to know the fact that the paper supply is short, without knowing what caused the shortage. Like everything else it has been affected by the war in two ways at least. The war has furnished more news, in the first place, to be printed. This of course causes a greater demand for newsprint paper. The foreign demand was greater than it has ever been. In the second place the United States has

been importing nearly all of its raw materials from different foreign countries and this supply has been cut off and the United States thrown on her own resources. The dyes and wires used in manufacturing have been scarce and hard to get. The first alarm came when blotting paper jumped from five and six cents to ten and twelve cents. The first warning to the printers came in the Spring of 1916 when roll paper (an absolute necessity) advanced two and three dollars on a ton. The situation continued during 1916 until in December the manufacturers refused to furnish anyone except the customers on their books. The prices even then were on a very high plane. This threw many small printers out of work entirely and made many of the big printers not only lose financially but embarrassed them as to publications. The amount of print paper manufactured in 1916 was approximately 27,000 tons short of the demand but this was taken from the reserve stock. It was this close balance between supply and demand that helped create the uneasiness. This uneasiness in turn helped create the panic market. The big manufacturers instead of trying to allay this fear played upon it and charged the exorbitant prices which caused the panic. Then again the demand for wrapping paper increased to a much greater amount after the parcel post bill went into effect.

But although the paper shortage is getting serious there are many things being done to prevent it. First, in this country, there have been numerous paper campaigns. Town councils, school authorities, and other organizations have taken them up and have started campaigns offering prizes to school children, women church workers, and different societies for the collection of old papers. Decatur and Philadelphia have both held successful campaigns, along with many other large cities. In the second place, the foreign countries are helping in this plan of paper conservation by saving and collecting their old paper. Some of us think that Germany never does any thing for the good of the human race, but she is doing one good thing that we will have to notice. She has established collecting

stations in her large cities. In Berlin alone four hundred and fifty places have been established as collecting stations. Iron rings are offered as inducements to collect so many pounds of paper.

But if the famine continues, as it is likely to do, we will not only want to know what has been done to prevent a famine, but what we can do to help. We can all save rags, old books, magazines and all old paper fit for use again. In the paper mills they can save a waste by rolling and cutting the paper straight the first time, there would also be more time to produce more paper. There have been several plans suggested by which we might remedy the paper shortage. Large paper users, printers for example, have entered buying associations, others have bought or built mills of their own. A. J. McIntyre, of the Newspaper Association, predicts that "within two years the publishers will be virtually independent of paper makers. All of them will have mills of their own." The Minnesota Editorial Association urged their state to establish a publicly owned paper mill. They argued that it would not only supply the printers with paper but would provide work for state convicts. They had figured that the only cost would be the operation of the mill, because the state already owned plenty of forests that would supply the lumber. Representative Dillon, of South Dakota, wishes Congress to lay an embargo on print, book, and linen paper, and has introduced a bill to that effect. He says the export of print paper for the first four months of 1916 was seven times that for the first four in 1915. Then, another editor advocates a high tariff on lumber. She says: "Canada is taking our lumber trade and will continue to do so until there is a high tariff." The Federal Trade Commission suggested that the Sunday editions of newspapers be cut down. Others asked that the afternoon papers be asked to cut their editions down. The Scientific American for September 22, suggests to big firms that they save their old letter heads and with a little glue and a piece of cloth pasted on the end, make pads for future use.

This would save a great deal of paper wasted by these firms.

There is a paper famine in this country; there is something being done to prevent the famine at home and abroad; but there is also something we can do to prevent the famine from becoming worse in the future. The Federal Trade Commission tells us that if printers will exercise strict economy in all lines of paper, the supply may meet the demand in 1917, but not until a year or so after the war will the prices come down to their former level.

—*Catherine Little*, '21.

OVER THE LADS IN KHAKI CLAD.

Sunrise—

A flag o'er the trenches unfurled,
Dark with the rising mist and fog,
Grey with smoke that hazily curled
Upward from smoldering fire and log;
Over the lads in khaki clad
Sun flecked it floats against the sky;
Up with the shout their hearts are glad,
For stars and stripes above them fly.

Noonday—

A flag hanging dark 'gainst the sun,
Pierced and shattered by shot and shell,
Waiting the challenge fools began—
“Over the top and give 'em hell”;
Over the lads in khaki clad
Blood drenched it floats against the sky;
Shout they a curse, their hearts are mad,
For stars and stripes they fight and die.

Sunset—

A bugle call mellow and sweet,
What so black 'gainst the crimson West?
Answers the drum with muffled beat
It is the flag they loved the best;
Over the lads in khaki clad
Proudly it floats against the sky;
Victory's won, why be ye sad?
Under the stars and stripes they lie.

—Margaret Laws, 1919.

CAMOUFLAGE.

AFTER this war is over there will probably enter into our dictionary a new word, a word which few people yet know but which everyone will know before very long. This is the word "Camouflage," which translated freely means "to conceal." Though French, up to three years ago this word was almost unknown to the French themselves, and what it represented was absolutely unknown to them. The theatrical business was the only place where the word was used, and here it referred to the "make-up" of the actor. When the war broke out, however, the word was carried by the scene painters to the front, and was fixed into the army slang. The British accepted it, the Tommies soon learned it, and it is perhaps the first word taught the Sammies when they land. Of the application of its use to the army, perhaps the best definition is "the concealment of the movements of the army by means of protective coloration from the scouting airplanes and their telephotographic lenses. To this new department, sometimes called "The Illusion Department" of the army, there are two branches; that of imitation, as a supply train made to look like a row of cottages, and that of invisibility, as the big guns screened over with tops or covers whose color green, blends with grass of meadow. One man sums up Camouflage, in a general way, as "anything and everything to throw dust into the eyes of the foe."

Of course for such work the men needed are artists, and they are known as Camoufleurs or military make-up men. France, even before the first year of the war was over, realized the absolute necessity for such men; and immediately took her scene painters, sculptors, and physical scientists, from the field of battle, and set them to work on this new art. At first these men experimented, then viewed and tested their results from aeroplanes; and always before any painting operations began, they studied the landscape minutely. Each day,

now, as the work goes on, disguises are being more and more perfected; and in this enterprise America is not far behind. Even before she entered the war, a committee of her artists had advanced their preparedness by frequent correspondence with the French "Camouflage"; and therefore when the call came from General Pershing for a company of Camoufleurs, our artists fortunately did not have to be instructed in the elementary purposes of this branch of service. The little company of nineteen men which was organized at the call by Barry Faulkner and Sherry Fry, immediately began to increase. Evarts Tracy, a leading architect of New York, having taken the training at Plattsburg and having received the rank of major in the Officers' Reserve Corps, became the commander of this company of artists, sculptors, architects, and civil engineers, which is at Camp American University working in conjunction with the Signal Corps at Fort Myer. These men are, besides experimenting in painting, receiving strict military training under the capable command of Captain Nixon Miller, as Major Tracy is unable at present to be with his company. It is interesting to know that the first lieutenant of the company is Homer Saint-Gaudens, the noted stage director who has done such remarkable work in the preparation and production of "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella", and that the second lieutenant is Wilfred S. Conrow, the noted landscape painter. Other well-known men enrolled in the ranks are Sutter, Tubesing, Dewer and Nell, the painters; Twig Smith, noted for his exquisite scenes of the Hawaiian Islands; Sanger, Hoyt, Foster, and Comstock, the architects; Thrasher, who draws so much for the Saturday Evening Post; Blashfield, George de Forest Brush, Barry Faulkner, William Mackay, and Abbott Thayer, who first evolved the principle of protective coloration of the animal kingdom, on which principle the present camouflaging is based..

The work of these Camoufleurs divides itself into two parts: Camouflage on land and Camouflage on sea. Some one, in speaking of the Camouflage on sea, has

said: "It is a curious thing that war on the sea had so many years to its credit before any one thought of the use of paint for anything more than protection against the weather. Battle squadrons were white once, and on harm done. Battleship gray was next supposed to be the last word in painting, and a gray ship is about as invisible on the average horizon as a black aeroplane one thousand feet in the air passing between the sun and the observer." Aside from this painting of ships a dead gray, which is an elemental but rude form of Camouflage, the Germans, as usual, were the first to apply the lessons of military warfare in regard to the deception of the foe; and very cunningly have they managed this deception in many instances. One favorite means of the German U-boats is that of using neutral ships as screens or of hiding behind a sinking vessel, which has sent out a call for help, and then pouncing upon the rescuer. Often too, the Germans have disguised their U-boats by using the wireless masts to support the sails of a harmless sailing vessel; and once, an American steamer just escaped from being caught by one of the boats, whose periscope was covered over with a row boat.

America and her Allies, seeing these feats, were not slow to get into the game, and immediately set about making their larger surface crafts less visible by being both liberal and skillful in the use of different shades and hues. In the American plans, there are two important systems, the Brush system and the Mackay system. In the first, the artist paints out all the shadows, softens the outlines, and makes the entire ship sky blue and some color to blend with the horizon. In the second, the disguise is in the form of a leopard spot design, by which all the lines are broken up by a blotchy coat of paint, and parts of the ship painted with wavy lines of blue and green to match the surrounding water. Other systems are: the use of primary colors in varied proportions according to the areas and shapes of the areas; the use of darker paint on the light parts of the ship and of lighter paint on the dark parts, which system eliminates high

light and shadow; and the use of fake bow waves, which give the ship the appearance of traveling faster, thus deceiving the pursuer. This "choppy" painting, as it is sometimes called, has already succeeded in making the surface crafts less visible at a distance; and after all what the United States is aiming at now is a lowered range of invisibility, rather than complete invisibility.

Owing to the many different ways in which it may be applied, perhaps the Camouflage on land is even more interesting than the Camouflage on the sea. Guns and motor transports are hidden chiefly by painting on them irregular wavy or sometimes broken stripes of brown, green, dull yellow, and perhaps a little pink and blue; this painting, after completion "looks," it has been said, "as if some one had poured buckets full of paint, hit or miss, over the guns and transports." On the other hand, instead of the stripes, the guns are often masked by awnings of fishermen's nets sprinkled with dead leaves. cannons are covered with a speckled coat of paint or sometimes, like the guns, just with trees and bushes. An observation point frequently seeks refuge in the heart of a great big haystack. Dummy guns are interspersed in the batteries; and when fake bombs are exploded at their muzzles, bellows are used in the dusty regions to stir up the dust which a real gun would kick up. Corpses of horses have also proved themselves useful in the war. In one instance the body of a dead horse was removed in the night from No Man's Land; and a fake one, covered with tinted whitewash, put in its place, in which was hidden a man to watch the movements in the Hun trenches that night. Useful buildings are often protected by painting on them stripes of a color or colors to blend with the landscape; fake buildings are often erected; and the imitation of roof lying flat on the ground with a few domestic utensils round it deceives the enemy frequently into believing it to be a real house. Besides all these uses of the Camouflage, the trench systems are Camouflaged by digging fake trenches and so laying them as to be a part of the real trench system.

The most remarkable Camouflaging, however, is that by which real, true, motion is hidden; that is the Camouflaging of roads and railroads. For the roads along which the army and the transports move, the Camouflage consists of hanging reed screens along the side of the road nearest the enemy (when the road is parallel to the lines); and of stretching across it strips of perforated fabric when it is perpendicular to the lines. The latter use tends to break up the straight stretch when viewed at a distance or from above, thus making it difficult for the enemy to follow the course; and the importance of this Camouflage is obvious when we learn that for a whole day an army passed along the road behind such screens undisturbed by the aeroplanes which were keeping close watch over the fake road. Of course, this Camouflage differs in different sections of the country. For example, in muddy regions like that of the Somme, dirty gunny sacks are used; while in the green country, screens of green, interspersed with a little yellow and brown, are used; and in the snow covered country everything has to be changed to a white canopy. The Camouflage of the railroads is a little different from that of the roads, in that life-sized scenes of the railroad are painted and put over it; this makes the road appear to go straight ahead, while (in reality) supply trains are rounding its curve in great numbers, all unknown to the enemy.

A very interesting feat in the concealment of motion or movement has just recently been accomplished by the French a few hundred yards behind their lines in the Vosges Mountains. A most important bridge was destroyed by German shell fire. Wasting no time, the French erected a Camouflage of the ruins of the bridge just in front of the real ruins, then removed the debris; built a new bridge on the old undamaged foundations, and immediately put it into pressing and uninterrupted service day and night. From these few illustrations, we see that buildings, bridges, all the numerous and necessary impediments which go to make up the needs of a vast army are lost to the scouting aeroplanes by

means of disguise and the scientific use of broken color, or by Camouflage.

The art of Camouflage now seems very new and foreign to us; but it is not new, for the Indians used the same principle in painting themselves in order to be hidden from their pursuers; and it is not foreign, for every day now around us we see and hear about examples of the subtlest variety of Camouflage, which is the kind devised by men and women to conceal their true emotions from one another and from the world. A story to illustrate this appeared not long ago in one of the leading magazines. A soldier, on learning that he is to be sent immediately to France, returns home to bid his wife and baby good-bye. Both man and woman try to be brave and happy; she declaring that she is so glad it is France and not some horrid place like Mesopotamia, and he saying over and over that he is so glad she will be all right financially; and both Camouflage well till the horn of the taxi outside sounds to call him away, perhaps forever. He pitches forward to the floor, wretchedly, horribly, miserable, and she rushes to him. "The Camouflage is rent in sunder, gone to the four winds, and the two naked sobbing souls are revealed," just as the soul of a great military enterprise may at any time be revealed to the hawk eye of the aeroplane by one stripe of the wrong color or one twig in the wrong place.

—*E. L. J.*, '21.

EDITORIAL.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

Prologue	Deborah McCarthy
A Citizen	Dorothy Gary
His Wife	Elizabeth Waddill
Ralph, his apprentice	Elizabeth Gaines
Boys	Juliette Brown, Pauline Turnbull
Venturewell, a merchant	Mary Porter
Humphrey	Lucille Bland
Merrythought	Estelle Kemper
Jasper }	Jennie Phillips
} His sons	
Michael }	Mary Ruffin
Tim }	Katie May Davis
} Apprentices	
George }	Esther Jenkins
William Hammerton	Mary Belle Tribble
George Greengoose	Martha Chappell
Host	Kathleen Watkins
Tapster	May Edmonds
Barber (also giant)	Lois Rogers
Three men, supposed captives ..	Gertrude Johnson, Lula Garst, Virginia Truitt
Sergeant	Lillian Ransome
Soldiers and attendants	
Luce, daughter of Venturewell	Elizabeth Ellyson
Mistress Merrythought	Emily Gardner
Pompiona, daughter of the King of Moldavia..	Elizabeth Love
Woman, supposed a captive	Elizabeth DuVal
Scene—London and the Neighboring Country excepting Act IV, scene II when it is in Moldaria.	

On December 8th the students in the Senior English Classes at Westhampton College gave "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" by Beaumont and Fletcher, a not-

able satire of the Elizabethan Period. This revival of an old English play, other than Shakespeare, is unusual in a Virginia College, especially since the play was given entirely by women. It is a rollicking comedy intended primarily as a satire on the romantic love tragedies of the day, directed especially at Heywood's "Four Prentices of London." It introduces the citizen and his wife as commentators upon the play, they act as chorus, keep up a running fire of criticism, and represent the middle class attitude toward the court plays of romantic love and adventure at the time of Shakespeare. Ralph, the grocer's apprentice, comes from the audience to take the leading part as Knight of the Burning Pestle, who clad in armor, drawn on over his prentice attire, casts aside his blue apron, badge of his grocer's trade and rides forth in search of adventure with his trusty squire Tim, and George, his dwarf. In the twinkling of an eye he is changed from the grocer's 'prentice to "The right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle," all females are from henceforward "fair ladies" and all horses "palfreys." Searching for adventure he finds a distressed "lady" Mistress Merrythought and her son Michael, who have lost their treasure in the forest. He espouses their cause, fully explained to him from the side lines by Citizen and his Wife, and becomes thereby involved in the love intrigue of Michael's brother Jasper, Luce, the daughter of Venturewell, and her second suitor Humphrey. He is attacked by Jasper, who seizes the pestle, knocks him down and gives him a sound drubbing, notwithstanding the expostulations of the citizen's wife.

Merrythought, a merry old good-for-nothing, with red nose and fatty countenance, sings his way through the play, and Venturewell backs Humphrey, who has money, with his daughter Luce.

Ralph at last rides to his great adventure against the giant (in reality a barber), and after a violent hand to hand fight, which delighted the pit, knocks down the giant, and releases the captives from deep dungeons, in the manner of the other plays of the period.

Ralph finally is picked up by magic, and transported to Moldavia, where the Lady Pompiona, the King of Cracovia's daughter, falls in love with him. He rejects her love on account of her religion, swears by his own Susan, a cobbler's maid in Milk Street, to be true to his faith, and leaves Moldavia after giving liberal fees to servants and to the King's daughter to buy pins at Bumbo Fair. This ludicrous incident it only exceeded by Jasper and the coffin plot, where he obtains access to Luce by feigning death, and finally terrifies all by coming to life again and appearing as a ghost.

Final reconciliation is affected all around. Everything is to end happily, when suddenly the citizen's wife decides that Ralph must die as happens in all good plays. Without reason or motivation Ralph enters then with forked arrow through his head, lies down and dies and thus ends one of the most humorous productions of a witty, humorous age.

The parts were well taken, the actors caught the spirit of fun and mirth, the stage setting conformed to the Shakespearean requirements, for a painted sign and a minature tree represented Waltham Down, while another sign transported the audience quickly back to London. The two call boys walked back and forth to denote the beginning of a new act, and Ralph, Mistress Merrythought, and "little Mick" all rode away on the gym horse pushed by Tim and George. The costumes were marvelous creations planned and executed by the students themselves, from Ralph's wonderful May Lord's armor to the striking costumes of the giant and captives. To the accompaniment of the improvised orchestra, representing the waits of Southwark ordered and paid for by the citizen, the epilogue is spoken by the citizen's wife, Elizabeth Waddill, who cordially invites the gentlemen spectators on the stage to have a bottle of wine and a pipe of tobacco at her house for being so appreciative of her dear Ralph, thanks them and ends the play with a "God give you Good Night gentlemen." It gave a glimpse of the life of Elizabethan London, far from the Forest of Arden and the pastoral philosophy of the melancholy Jacques and his crew of exiled courtiers, but

the citizen and his wife have a homely interest all their own, and the broad farce of Ralph and his adventures holds the attention and brings many a hearty laugh to the audience of today.

LISTENING.

Wouldn't this New Year be a favorable time to set about conquering the average college girl's failure, that of not employing the art of being a good listener?

It is sadly true that college girls are not sympathetic listeners. It does not particularly matter to what cause, or combination of causes, this is due. Perhaps it is to the college atmosphere of fostering individual development; perhaps, it is to a kind of reaction from the classroom strain; perhaps, it is to only an inevitable yielding to a natural law. The porcupine, trusting to his bristling weapons, knows that he will not be molested. Did you ever hear of a porcupine doing anything ingenious, or anything charitable?

When it is necessary for a zebra to protect itself, all that it has to do is to keep still, and its striped coat is not to be distinguished from the dusty African plain with the slanting shadows of long grasses. Do you know why the zebra (hardy and graceful as it is) has never been domesticated? It is simply too stupid and too obstinate. Creatures living under conditions the most protected and sheltered are always the most unresponsive as regards the range of their capacities; college girls are stupid if they think that other people are not as interesting as themselves, and are obstinate if they refuse to cultivate being good listeners. Like the porcupine and the zebra in their protected environment and ready-made little universe, they are simply out of the habit of using certain important faculties.

"She is so tiresome to talk to," said the girl who had not tried to listen.

"She is not," contradicted the girl who had listened, "She can tell just splendid stories, if she once gets an opportunity."

Let us remember to listen with our ears and with our heart, also.