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# THE MESSENGER

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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.

## ON THE ROOM OF EDGAR ALLEN POE.

How mute, and silently dost keep  
Thy story for his sake,  
Upon which silence long and deep  
No day will ever break.  
But if these walls could words impart  
And bygone scenes unfold  
I could then feel what visions touched his heart;  
The passions of his soul.  
Still had I power to raise the veil  
From off the silent past,  
Perhaps 'twould only loss entail  
Of sorrows deep and vast.  
For his was but a human mind,  
Passion wrecked at best.  
Then let us love his dreams divine,  
And let his weakness rest.

—J. W. C.



## JEROME.



TOWARD the east of the city, situated on a high slope of earth and within view of the city itself, is a large, massy building. The brightly painted yellow gables in strong contrast to the dark, dull-looking wood which make up its four sides, make the place helplessly conspicuous. Flowers and plants can be seen on all sides, but their growth has been slow in the shadow of the projecting gables, and they are not the bright and pretty flowers one usually thinks of. There seem to be windows without number, for there are rows of glass panes which foil every attempt of the chance passerby to penetrate them and see what these walls of wood inclose. The iron bars which cover all the windows only add to the unspeakable gloom, to the fear-inspiring solitude of the building and its surroundings.

People at all times avoid going by the place, for often it has been said that yells and hair-raising cries for help have resounded from it; that men have been seen running from it with hair disheveled, men only half clothed with terrible eyes and uttering wild, strange cries, almost entreaties to save them from others, closely pursuing. Mothers, in the city below, frighten their children by these horrid tales; the latter, with pale and frightened faces listen awe-struck and ever after avoid reference to such a terrible place.

This building is the St. Augustin Asylum for those who have lost their reason. In earlier times this house was used to keep political enemies of the government, but now, the authorities point with pride to the fact that this custom no longer prevails, and that justice and mercy is administered to all. The most dangerous lunatics are kept in the St. Augustin Asylum, for this is the only one of its kind in the country that has iron bars, and the safety of the community must be preserved at any cost.



It was past midnight, and everyone in the building was supposedly asleep. An old man was walking stealthily down the stairway to the ground floor. The man had only his night dress on, and as he slowly trod the stairs he constantly looked around as if he feared detection. He was on the ground floor now; past the front door he went and to the rear of the building. When he reached the small library he stopped, and sighed his relief. It was a sigh of joy; the sigh of a man who contemplates enjoying some pleasant experience. Evidently the man was accustomed to walking in the dark, for his step was firm and he carefully avoided all the chairs and tables in his way.

In the library the man's actions were very singular. He had reached one of the book cases, and from the shelf he began to take out a few books and lay them on the floor. Soon he stopped doing this, and thrust his hand into the opening he had formed. The hand and arm both disappeared for a moment, evidently into the wall beyond. When he withdrew his arm, in his hand was a small black book. He then carefully returned the other books to the shelf, and with the black book in his possession he turned to one of the tables. There he lit a small candle which he took from his night dress, set the candle on the table and silently sunk into the large armchair at his side. The candle light barely lit up the table space, but it did throw its flickering light on the man's face and the book he held in his hand. He had opened the book and was slowly turning the pages.

The outline of the man's face as seen by the candle light was an impressive one. It was the face one would hardly expect an old man to have; it was the face of a man who had seen grief, who had been through much suffering and sorrow. There was a weak smile on it now as he eagerly turned the pages, the while leaning over so as to get more of the candle light. Evidently he had found the passage he was looking for, and a chuckle escaped him as he again nestled back in the chair. Soon he began to read, and as old men are unwittingly wont to do, half aloud. Into his low voice he seemed to put all his emo-

tions, as if he were recounting some experiences, long past, but in which he had been a vital factor. Apparently the old man had read the book frequently for the pages were covered with pencil marks, sometimes as many as ten to the page. This is what he read:

*March 25*—This day I have again been followed. It is annoying to feel that one cannot walk the streets without seeing the figure of the same man always pursuing him. This man has a fierce, evil look on his face. I believe he would gladly thrust a knife into my back. I carefully avoid all dark streets. Often while in bed, I seem to see the dark, piercing eyes of this ruffian—for such, he no doubt is—upon me. Sometimes while reading, I look up and see him in the corner of the room. When I go to investigate, however, I can find him nowhere. I am sure this man means me no good. I never go unarmed now.

*March 27*—I think of Jerome often. Sometimes I wonder how I can live without him; sometimes I think I am selfish in enjoying what he cannot, for undoubtedly he is dead—otherwise God would not be so heartless as to keep him from me. Often I would gladly give my life to see him once more. In such moods I am very dangerous.

*March 28*—Jerome would be twenty-four years to-day; but I can never think of him as grown up. I can only see him with his dark, curly hair and sparkling eyes; he was unusually pretty when clad in his purple velvet suit and small military boots. I have lived sixteen years without him; it seems an eternity. I feel that I am growing old and I exult.

*March 29*—Today I have killed a man. It was the same ruffian that had been pursuing me with such regularity. I was reading when I observed him standing by my table, not seven yards away. This man, has indeed a heinous appearance. His face has numerous scars, which can be distinctly seen through his slight growth of beard, and the face is unearthly ugly. His clothing was in shreds, and his dirty shirt open at the throat, revealed a dark, hairy throat. I was at once prejudiced against him, and my hand went to my hip pocket



where I always keep my pistol. He began to act very strangely; he had fallen on his knees and crawling up to me, he pulled at my trousers. I could hardly bear the sight of the wretch. He began to speak in a harsh and broken voice. He told me that he was my little Jerome, that an old gypsy whom he had befriended, upon dying had told him so, and he then showed me a red scar on his back which the dying gypsy had said would prove his identity. But I knew that he was lying-truly, Jerome had such a scar, but thousands have the same scar in all probability, and Jerome if living, could never have been so ugly as this man is—but Jerome is dead; otherwise he would have long returned to me. I believe the sight of the wretch uttering the sacred name of Jerome made me frantic, for I angrily pulled forth my pistol and fired at him. He seemed to stagger, and I believe that a look of surprise came into his evil looking eyes. But I nevertheless do not repent of my act.

*April 5*—It is now several days since I have touched this book. It is because I have been thinking so much of Jerome. Life is truly insignificant when one has nothing to live for. Mine has been a very sorrowful existence; I have lived apart from mankind, shunning the world. Even the servants are afraid of me; I can see it in the way they dodge me. I fear I may go mad.

The old man stopped reading and listened. He thought he had heard a noise. The candle had burned down to only a little sputtering spark, and the early morning rays of summer were coming through the window. He quickly returned the book to its hiding place, put out the small light of the candle and quietly stole up the steps. Soon the hollow notes of the bell pealed forth, signifying the hour for rising. Everyone in the place was soon astir.



IT ALL CAME RIGHT.



HAVEN'T any talents," said Susie regretfully. "Mary paints such beautiful pictures, and Ida writes stories, and Fannie plays and sings like—like an angel! But I can't do a single thing!"

Susie's little brother Bill looked up from his whittling. He was making a tiny boat out of a stick of wood, and his small face was puckered into anxious lines. One can never tell whether a boat will be a success. "Don't you care, Susie!" he exclaimed valiantly, for Bill thought that his sister was the best ever. "Don't you care. You can make the best chocolate cake!"

I remember how we all laughed at the gruff little boy compliment, and I remember how Susie let her hand rest on his shoulder for a moment; she adored her small brother.

"Bless your heart, Bill," she laughed. "You shall have a great big chocolate cake all by yourself."

And she whisked out of the room and left us envying Bill, for Susie did make the very best chocolate cake.

Susie was eighteen at the time, and in her first year at the high school. We were all far ahead of her in her lessons, but not in anything else. For she kept the house spick and span for her invalid mother, and darned Bill's stockings and cooked the finest meals in town for her family and the two school teachers who boarded with her. Practical Susie I called her.

I have said before that Susie's mother was an invalid. Her father, an over-worked and tired little man, died suddenly, and left them with barely enough money to struggle along on, just after Bill was born. Susie was always sorry that Bill had been a tiny baby at the time. "A father is so very necessary to a boy!" said Susie. "If he just had a memory!" And with this regret tucked down in her heart for Bill she got to work.

The two school teachers were the first step in Susie's scheme of things. The money that the father had left

was allowed to run pretty low before the school teachers became necessary. Susie saw clearly that extra funds were an absolute necessity. Young she was, but she kept the house clean, and the meals she served were even then more than good. The school teachers were glad to come. After they came, Susie was too busy to study. That was why perhaps at eighteen she was a bit behind the others at school. One can't play trained nurse to an invalid mother, and father to small boy, and maid to two busy ladies, and still be a brilliant scholar.

At nineteen Susie left school. "I can't keep up," she told us when we sympathized with her.

"No, you mustn't be sorry for me. I don't mind. I like housework."

When Susie was twenty her mother died. But through her deepest grief, she was not resentful. "I know she is happier there," she said, "and I still have little Bill."

Bill had grown into a big boy. He was getting tall fast, so fast that he needed constant relays of shoes and stockings, so fast that his sleeves insisted on shooting up, and one always saw a red expanse of wrist. He did not do any work, for Susie wanted him to go to school—to have his chance. "If you had a father," she'd tell him, "he'd make you go." And then she would kiss him.

It was just at that time that the school board decided that they had better move the school to the other end of the town, and the two teachers who had boarded with Susie took regretful leave of her. "You've been exceedingly good to us, dear," they said at parting, "and we wouldn't leave—only we must be near our work!" "And of course, I understand," said Susie with a smile. You see her income was bidding her good bye with the teachers.

Troubles never come singly. The day the teachers left, Bill started off to school with his roller skates. He didn't come home at his usual time, and when supper was ready Susie began to worry. A growing boy is seldom late to supper. At twilight she was scared; at eight o'clock—at eight o'clock steps sounded on the walk outside. Opening the door, Susie saw two men approach-



ing. They carried Bill, a limp, strangely small looking Bill, between them.

"He fell," they told her," when he was skating. He fell under a truck. It ran over his legs. The doctor is coming".

The doctor came. And in time he left; and then he returned with a surgeon, and there was a smell of ether and a tense quietness through all the house. When Bill came to himself he found his sister kneeling by his bedside.

"Am I hurt?" he moaned; and Susie, clasping his rough little hand in hers smiled comfortingly. He was too weak to see the tears that lay just behind her smile. He did not know, for many days that his right leg had been amputated, that his left—hopelessly crushed—would never move again. But it had been Bill's own fault. In his first moments of consciousness he told his sister the story—how he had been roller skating on the street and his skate had slipped. One can't collect damages from a truck-driver when an accident is obviously the fault of a broken roller skate. But there were doctors' bills to pay, and a wheel chair to buy; and Susie had hoped for damages. She was overwhelmed.

Something had to be done—and I had not called her "practical Susie" for nothing. The first day her brother was out of bed most of the towns people received cards, which announced that Susie would be glad to make cakes, pies, candy, and preserves—to order—for any one who was willing to pay for good work. None of the towns people knew, until much later, that those cards and the stamps on them represented the last of Susie's money.

And the towns people ordered cakes, pies, preserves and candy. They ordered at first because they were sorry for Susie. They ordered afterward, because she gave excellent satisfaction. Her out of town friends began to send in orders, and it seemed that the people just couldn't buy enough. Before long Susie had six helpers and an errand boy. In a year she needed a delivery wagon.

Today Susie owns a rather large business. She is fairly well known. If I were at liberty to mention her



name you might recognize it. Bill is supplied with every comfort that an invalid could wish for, and he has almost finished studying for a profession—one that he can carry on from a wheel chair. His teacher says that he will succeed.

Susie never lets an order go out of her kitchen without overseeing the making of it and the packing. Yes Susie has made good, but—

I was talking to her the other day. "Well, you are a famous personage now," I said; "you have made a marvelous success of your business." Susie smiled and said, "But I am going to sell out in a few months."

Well, after all, I had no reason to be surprised. Susie is the kind of girl who will be a wonderful home-maker. And the invalid brother has proved that a man who can't walk may have an object in life—that he needn't be a burden. And yet Susie had done so much with her talents. Suddenly I remembered our conversation of so many years ago. I think that she remembered it too.

"But," I questioned, "won't you miss your work?"

And then I was sure that Susie remembered, for—"It will be a relief to make chocolate cake—for one," she answered. You see I was the one.

—*L. C. Northen.*

SANTOS.

From farthest East to farthest West  
 The earth has beauties many,  
 Calm sites of quietude and rest,  
 Where mirth can conquer any.  
 But I may look where'er I may  
 With eyes of hawk or condor;  
 No fairer spot than Santos bay  
 I'll find, though far I wander.

A bay enclosed by mountains high,  
 On every side defended,  
 With many jewelled isles inset,  
 And rainbow colors blended;  
 The ocean is of deepest blue,  
 The rays of sunlight dancing.  
 The sky above a matchless hue,—  
 The fleecy clouds entrancing.

A gorgeous city on the shore,  
 Her spires and towers gleaming,  
 A visionary sight presents  
 A picture seen in dreaming.  
 Her arms stretch into greenish hills,  
 Their somber hue relieving,  
 The palm trees wave their feathery fronds  
 By waters gently heaving.

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

—R. G. Entzinger.



## MISS EVENING POST.



PETER Payne shantied out of the plumber's shop just across from the Seelbach Hotel and started up Fourth Avenue to catch a Second Street car.

"Paper, Mister?" Cried a newsboy. "*Evening Post!*"

"Naw, get out o' my way," he snapped. "What d' I want with a paper?"

The Louisville streets were thronged with tired workmen and shopgirls, and the damp streets seemed to send up a mist about each of the lamp clusters along the sidewalk. As usual he would of course have to pull his arm out of joint hanging to a strap, and he had purposely omitted his usual Saturday night shine—his feet would be considered common property on the street car, and he didn't feel like going to church tomorrow, anyhow. But there came the car around the corner just in time, and there in the extreme rear was a single seat.

Blessed relief! Who can express the ecstasies of a man who unexpectedly obtains a seat in a crowded street car at six-thirty in the evening after a day of laying pipes in muddy ditches? A person can learn more from a daily ride in a crowded street car after work hours than from a year's study of anthropology, sociology, and psychology at the University of Louisville. That is, if he tries to.

But Peter Payne wasn't thinking about anything. It may be a psychological impossibility for a sane man's mind to be a blank during conscious hours, but Peter knew only that his feet were tired, that the fat woman to his left was digging him in the ribs with her elbow, and that he wanted to get off at Ormsby Avenue and walk five blocks to the left to the once yellow frame boarding house in which he roomed by himself on the second floor—rear room. His fellow sufferers on the journey swayed back and forth as the car jerked, and tried to fold their papers to read the evening news. But Peter saw no one.



The car stopped with a jerk, the woman next to him jobbed him in the ribs as she laughed at some joke in the last number of *Life*, and a flood of people streamed in. "Guess I'm tired as any o' 'em," he thought, and moved his feet back out of range. "I'll let them have a show at huggin' the straps and gettin' squushed tonight."

But such resolutions are easier made than kept. A thin, pale woman in a black dress held a baby upon her left arm—fast asleep. Peter had always had an instinctive reverence for a poor woman, though, as he said, he didn't take no stock in them society flips what spends half the'r time lookin' for sumpin' ter wear, 'n the other half in not wearin' 'em. So, without a word, he modestly got up, clutched the same strap that supported the woman, and motioned with his head to the now vacant seat. The woman, however, hesitated, as if expecting him to say something, where at a redfaced man in a slouched hat, wearing a tan shoelace for a watch chain, edged up sidewise through the crowd, placed his tin pail on the floor, and attempted to sit down.

"Hold on, there, give the lady a show," said Peter, grabbing the intruder rather roughly by the back of his coat. The woman sat down.

"Thank you," was all she said, but if anyone else than Peter had been looking at her he would have seen that she was debating something in her mind, and was visibly troubled.

"Ormsb' Av'nue." Peter got off; so did the lady; so did the man with the red beard, and the lard bucket dinnerpail. "Can you show me the way to a respectable boarding house?" she asked, and Peter for the first time became aware that she was beside him.

"Why, ye-es," he drawled. "Come along with me."

"Perhaps you think I am intruding upon you," she said.

"Oh, no."

"Let's hurry, please."

They hurried. But their red-visaged guardian angel hovered ever within a block.

"Suddenly Peter stopped and faced around. "Say, what the devil do you mean by following me around like this?" he roared.

"Oh, I didn't know there was any particular law against walkin' down the street," he answered coolly, "But ne'm mind, I won't squeal on you."

"Anyways, I guess you'd better ten' ter yer own business. Here's where we go in, lady,—I don't know yer name."

"Thank you so much," she answered; "and now let me see the landlady. And please tell the man out front to come back at nine o'clock.

All during supper Peter's eyes were fixed upon the new arrival, who was introduced to the company as Miss Locke. There was something strangely familiar in her countenance, which, despite its pale hue, was certainly a pleasing one, and belied her exterior. He finished his meal before the others, went into the darkened parlor, and sat down. A gentle hand on his arm made him start,—it was the new boarder.

"Pardon me, but please read that." She lit the gas, and thrust into his hands a greasy copy of the *Evening Post*, which she took out of a black imitation leather bag. The paper was worn through where it had been folded, but he read the following large type insert, marked with blue pencil:

#### "MISS *EVENING POST* RIDES SECOND STREET CAR TONIGHT

"Tonight is the last time that a woman representing the *Evening Post* will ride the street cars, and a purse of ten dollars will be given to the man who shall first offer her a seat, show a copy of this evening's *Post* and say, "Have this seat, Miss *Evening Post*." She will ride a Second Street car sometime this evening, and will probably be poorly dressed. The winner of yesterday's prize," etc.

"Well," he drawled, after plodding through the passage, "and what about it?"



"Why, can't you see? I am Miss *Evening Post* this evening."

He was silent a few moments. "But I didn't say all that," he said.

"Perhaps it's not too late now. That man who was following me is the father of this baby I rented—the man at the office said I would have to carry a baby. I promised them fifty cents for borrowing the baby tonight."

He was still silent.

"Come, now. Don't you remember me?" she continued. "Don't you remember Maggie Locke, who went to school with you at Hopkinsville, and whose books you used to carry?"

"You Maggie Locke?"

"Yes, and what's more, I've never forgotten what you said to me that day when we forgot to go back after recess. Don't you remember it?"

"Sure enough! I ran away, and you said you wouldn't marry 'til I came back."

"And I haven't."

"And I come to Louisville thinkin' I'd make enough money to come back and marry you. But now you're heap to good for the like o' me."

"Oh, I wouldn't take too much for granted," she replied. "I just came to town yesterday after the death of my aunt, my only relative, and landed this job when I went to the newspaper office to advertise for you. They told me I'd have to dress up as an old woman, and carry a baby in my arms. You didn't recognize me, of course, but I knew you at once. That old man thought he'd get a chance to give me a seat and cop the prize, but didn't get one himself."

"Well, I've got fifty cents here—give him this dime extra, and let him go. Then we'll take a car ride to the news office."

"All right," she replied; "and if you'll work your part right, you can land this ten-spot yourself. Get on a block ahead of me, sit near the back of the car, and work this paper gag on me. I'll have the conductor on the job as witness. Ten dollars —. We'll go to church tomor-



row, and see the preacher afterwards—one dollar; eight dollars will pay the first week's board, and we'll have a dollar left. Let's take a car ride out to Cherokee Park, and have a big honeymoon in the afternoon."

"That'll fit snug as a two-inch main," grinned Peter Payne. "Spect we'd better cut down the flow in the burner. Hey, Miss *Evening Post*, won't you have a seat here?"

We wont say where, but she did.

—Perry Hamilton.

## JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



IN these days of mountain sized events when we can hardly grasp the meaning of the things that daily pass before our eyes we are liable to pass over people and events with only a cursory glance. Thus it was that in July, nineteen sixteen, when the papers announced that James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, was dead, many of us hardly stopped to think who he was. This seeming indifference does not mean that Riley did not hold place in the heart of the American people; it simply showed that we have become satiated with the magnitude of current events. As soon as the war is over and people lose the fever of war our thought will go back once more to the better things of peace, and then we will appreciate Riley and give him the place in our hearts he so richly deserves.

James Whitcomb Riley was born at Greenfield, Indiana, October 7, 1849. His father was a prosperous lawyer and his son had the privilege of an education, but the call of nature, the great university of out doors, was too strong for him to resist. So leaving before he had finished the high school course he spent some time in his father's office, reading not law but literature. This closing of his school career was from choice and not necessity, as his father was in prosperous circumstances, and could have kept young James Whitcomb in school. After the years in his father's office came the period of his life when he learned that store of wisdom and knowledge that was to make him one of the best loved men in America. This was the time when he traveled up and down the Ohio valley working as a sign painter, and traveling entertainer; all the time getting in touch with that great heart of the people which to know is to know the keynote of love, hope, and sympathy as it was known by such men as Eugene Field, Mark Twain, and Abraham Lincoln.



After these years of wandering, during which he did considerable poetical work, revising songs for the singers and entertainers with whom he was associated, he came back to Indianapolis and went to work as a journalist. In 1873 he published his first poems, and shortly afterwards became editor of the *Anderson Indiana Democrat*. Now for several years he followed journalism but all the time he was busy studying, reading, and getting acquainted with what appealed to the people.

Riley's first success was a poem entitled *Leonainie* published in the *Indianapolis Journal* in 1877. This poem was published as a hoax, a note published with the poem told how it had been found written on the fly leaf of a textbook once owned by Edgar Allen Poe, the book having been carried west by the man to whom Poe gave it. So successful was the hoax and so completely were people fooled that the *Journal* had to publish an article exposing the real author. His first volume of poems entitled "*The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems*" was published in 1883 under the pen name of Benjamin F. Johnston, a farmer; his other volumes of poems followed at irregular intervals.

Riley now gave up regular journalistic work and devoted his time to writing, and lyceum work. While engaged in this lyceum work he traveled at different times with Richard Malcolm Johnston, Eugene Field, Robert J. Burdette, and Edgar W. (Bill) Nye, the greater part of the time being spent with Nye. On these trips Riley would lecture, give short humorous readings, and readings from his own poems. Two poems which were favorites with him and which he often gave in these readings were "*Out to Old Aunt Mary's*" and "*Goodbye Jim.*"

The preponderance of the Celt in Riley was shown by his sunny nature, and his love for art, music, and poetry. The love for nature which had lured him from school to become a wanderer up and down the Ohio valley permeated his life with its sunshine and made him not only see the good in the lives of other people, but radiate his own genial personality upon those with whom he came

in contact. While not of the type that encouraged promiscuous friendships, being somewhat of a retiring nature, Riley was the type of man who appreciated kindness and practiced it in his daily life. One author relates of Riley that if he found a book written by one of his friends that was not selling very well that he would buy a number of copies and distribute them among his acquaintances. He loved to be in the company of his friends in Indianapolis but was shy in the presence of strangers and always dreaded being made the chief attraction at any public or social function.

In his readings and lectures Riley was a painstaking worker. He studied and practiced his readings thoroughly before going on the stage. This study coupled with his natural shyness gave him an air on the stage that won for him an easy control over his audiences.

Perhaps no phase of Riley's life has been more overdrawn than the one of his relation with children. He wrote his poems of childhood from imagination and his own childhood experiences, not from observations of children around him. While he loved children and had many friends among them throughout the United States the greater part of them were children with whom he corresponded but never met personally, as he had a sort of antipathy for meeting strange children.

In religion Riley was a Methodist, having joined the Methodist church when he was a boy, and as he used to say, he had never heard of them firing him. In reality his religion was,—find that which is worthy and lovable, then live it. He had an abiding faith in a Divine Providence that guides and controls our affairs, a fine expression of which faith is found in his poem *Wet Weather Talk*

“It haint no use to grumble and complain  
Its jest as cheap and easy to rejoice  
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain  
W’y rains my choice.”

A great many of Riley's poems are written in Hoosier dialect but instead of being a fault this adds to their value as some of the best poems of all ages have been



written in dialect. No one doubts that Robert Burns' poems are more effective because they are written in dialect, or that the plantation stories of Joel Chandler Harris lose any of their charm because they are written in the negro dialect of the South. And so it is with the poems of Riley; just as they are an expression of the loves, hopes, beliefs, and aspirations of the "common people" of the country, just so must they be written in the everyday language of the people with whom they deal. To take the Scotch dialect out of *The Cotter's Saturday Night* would leave it no flatter than would be *Old Fashioned Roses* without the dialect of country folks in it.

Some of Riley's critics have said that he wrote only of the sweetened side of life, that he could not see the other side. Before we accept this theory let us consider his works and what he tries to express in them. His poems of childhood do not deal with life so much as they do with fancy and, imagination, but his longer and more serious poems deal with the things next to our hearts, the things that have been a part of our lives. His poems are expressions of our own experiences pictured in words. Where is the real live man who has not written tender verses, or smuggled confectioneries to some little barefoot lassie in the old school house even as Riley pictures in *An Old Sweetheart of Mine*? If there is a man who has been so unlucky he has at least missed one of the golden experiences of boyhood. In fancy we trudge with him along the dusty road "out to old aunt Mary's", or meet the country folks of Grigsby's Station; or when we remember mother, and the flower garden "back home" is there not more pleasure for us in *Old Fashioned Roses* than in some volumes of poems that show life—the dark side—which we never read? When we wish to show our wide range of literature we love to discuss such works as *Paradise Lost*, *Hamlet*, and Browning's and Dante's poems; but when we are tired in body and mind, when we wish to read something that is a luxury, not a task, we get out a copy of Riley's poems

and half reading, half dreaming, drift away in fancy to times when we were happiest.

If we are to discredit Riley as a poet because of his sentiment we must discredit poetry, for sentiment is the soul of poetry, but if we are looking for sentiment that rings true what is better than Riley's *Goodbye Jim*? Are there not thousands of fathers in America who, with a supreme confidence in their sons' manhood and worth, are sending them out to fight? Whether the name or words be changed the sentiment is always "Goodbye Jim take ker o' yer self".

Yale made him a master of arts. The American Academy of Arts awarded him its medal for poetry, and other honors were awarded to him, but the greatest honor awarded him was the love of a people. A proof of this love was the endless stream of people that flowed through the state house that day in July 1916 when his body lay in state in the capitol building in Indianapolis. Thousands were anxious to get a farewell look at the man who above all contemporaries could express the heart-throbs of the people, for such was the power of James Whitcomb Riley. To him had been given the power to reveal for the American people their loves, hopes, aspirations, and their faith in an ever loving and protecting God.

—J. W. C.



## UNCLE JOE'S TRIP.



MORNIN' boss", greeted old Uncle Joe as he hobbled into the post-office one morning recently, "Got a letter fer me dis mornin' "? "Yes, Uncle Joe, here is a big one for you this morning," I replied as I passed the long-looked for letter out to him.

"Dis is from me darter what libes down in Richmond. I'se been spectin' hit fer a long time, thank you boss, thank you," said the good-natured old darkey as he carefully placed the letter in the inside pocket of his well-worn coat and dropped down upon a box to rest for a few moments before returning home.

"Suppose you tell me about that trip you took down to Richmond to see your daughter some time ago, Uncle Joe."

"Lor' now boss, you done start dat ag'in. You know 'bout dat go round I hed 'bout well as I does myself, fact most ebery body done got hol' ob it now."

"Yes, Uncle, but I have never heard you tell it just exactly like it was and now you must tell me."

Old Uncle Joe was a fair specimen of the typical Southern negro of slavery times. Since the war he had lived on a little plot of land his master had given him as a reward for his faithful service, and his humble life had won the respect of all who knew him. He had raised a small family but the children had all grown up and had left the old man and his wife alone. One daughter had gone to Richmond to seek employment and had prospered to such an extent that she invited the old man to make her a visit and had sent him the necessary money to make the trip. Of course the old darkey had never had any experience in travelling, nor could he conceive of a city where every body did not know every body else, but the daughter had made the invitation so pressing that he decided to make the trip regardless of this.

"You'll white folks beats all I eber see, 'pears like to me dat you neber gits tired ob hearin' 'bout dat trip.

Well, you know when 'twas. Polly fixed me up in the best clothes I hed, and I swar' to goodness, if she didn't hab so much starch in mah shirt dat I couldn't ben' ober, howsoever, I got down to de depo' and mounted board dat train and soon was on my way ter Richmond. Lor', I neber see nothing run so fast in all my born days. Dat train 'peared to me like it was going 'bout a million miles er minit. I jest sot dar and hel' on to de seat. I was too scared to say a word. Well, it look like we hed been goin' dat way long nuff fer to run smack off de face of de earth, when I looked out de winder, and bless my soul if didn't be runnin' right long on top of houses. I tho't sho de thing had don got away dis time, but everybody else kep' still, so I didn't dar move and presently we come into the station dat Susan hed don wrot' me 'bout. She said dat de street cyars come right long by dar and dat dey would carry you wharseneber you wanted to go, and sho nuff dar was the cyars all standin' out dar. Well, I roll right off de train and mounted right on to one of dem. Pretty soon she started off and I thot dat I would soon be at Susan's, but arter a while I look out de winder, and bless my life, if we hadn't don got clean away from any houses atall! 'Bout dis time a 'portant looking man wid big brass buttons on his coat and a white cap come in and I say, "Look here boss, don't dis here street cyar go to whar Susan Jackson lives?" "Why Uncle, you'se on de thru train to Newport News," he says, smiling all over his face, Lor' I felt like gittin' up and lettin' some pretty strong languidge out ob my system. Dar I was most down to Newport News and Susan looking all ober dat station fer me. Well, de man wid de brass buttons say dat he would send me back to Richmond on de next train, so in 'bout a hour I was on de way back to whar I was tryin' to go at fust. Dis time I 'lowed dat I would make some 'quiries 'fore I jumped on any mo' cyars I see standin' about dar. Well, I axed nigh on to a hundred folks, and bless your soul, boss, what yo' think? Didn't na' blame one of dem know nothink 'bout whar my darter Susan libed. Lor' boss, just 'magine what a 'dicerment I was



in! I could see dat little cabin ober yonder on de hill, and I say to myself dat if de good Lord just spar' me long nuff to get back dar once mo', dat I would neber go out ob sight ob it agin. So I axed a man dat 'peared to be de boss ob de place if he would show me whar de train was what would carry me back home, and he show me and say dat it would lebe in 'bout fifteen minits. Dat was de best news I hed heard since I lef' home and I crawl right up into dat train and rid her straight back here."

Here he paused a moment and reached out for his cane as if he were going.

"But Uncle, didn't you see Susan at all?" I ventured to ask.

"Lor' no, dat I didn't, and if dat child eber see her old daddy anymo', she gotter come to see him, 'cause he ain't neber gwine to lebe dis old place no mo'," and with a parting word, he hobbled on back to the little cabin over the hill.

A SONG OF THE SEASONS.

"The Boulevard."

Have you felt the lure of the Boulevard  
In the morn when the day is young?  
Have you known the charm of the Boulevard  
When the sunset bell has rung?

I.

In the Springtime, joyous Springtime,  
When the lindens bud anew—  
When the morning flush is breaking,  
And the grass is wet with dew;

O then when the air of the South Dawn is fresh with  
the breath of life,  
And the sacred hush of the April Morn is marred by  
the sparrows' strife,  
On the velvet green of the Home Place lawn are the  
dandelions rife;

When the Abbey lanes are cool and sweet, and the  
fountains tinkle clear,  
When the walks resound 'neath the little feet of the  
children playing near,  
Tho' the Night still hides in his dim retreat in the  
box wood hedges drear;

When Reservoir lake is blue and still, and mirrors  
back the sky,  
While the morning songsters lightly trill their carols  
from on high,  
As the breezes sweep up the Pump House hill from  
the roar of the James hard by;

When the grey pavement of the famed old street  
looks clean and fresh and pure,



And a lass rides by with a jaunty seat on her horse  
so swift and sure;  
In the Easter time when the air is sweet,  
Have you felt the Boulevard lure?

In the Springtime, joyous Springtime,  
When the day begins to break,  
And the Eastern breezes dimple  
The still surface of the lake!

## II.

Gentle and mild the zephyrs blow,  
Sweet and soft, murmuring low,  
Nodding the lindens to and fro.

Rest in the shadow, out of the heat,  
While on the pavement the hot rays beat,  
And the sun mazes dance on the street.

Under the heat of the summer sun shining  
The fragrance of rose leaves floats on the air,  
The meadows are covered with myriad daisies  
And legions of butter cups blossoming fair,  
The side lots are riot with gentians and thistles,  
And other wild flowers, rich colored and rare.

The soft August noonday is heavy with slumber,  
The winds from the Southland most lazily blow,  
The linden trees' shadows are changing and fitful  
As patches of sunlight are brushed to and fro;  
But the shade of the Oak trees is deep and refreshing,  
In sound of the fountain's clear tinkling flow.

The children who raced in the cool of the morning,  
Now seated in groups on the sweet scented grass,  
Are platting great chains of the red and white clovers  
And heaping the daisy crowns into a mass,  
And tossing wee noseays of violets and sweet peas  
Out on the pavement to strangers who pass.

While over the blossoms, the bees, heavyladen,  
Are dreamily droning their drowiest tune;  
Our moments of rest on the old Abbey terrace  
Are flying like summer—Ah ever so soon!  
The hours of the day flit like weeks of the season;  
Too quickly is passed our sweet midsummer noon.

### III.

Blow, blow, O wind from the West;  
Let not the spirits of the dead leaves rest,—  
Creak, ye bare branches, and laugh at the jest!  
Summer is gone, the birds are fled,  
Spring and the morn are spent and dead;  
Blow, blow, blow!  
Wildly, shrilly, keen and cold,  
Chilling, heartless, fierce and bold;  
Blow, O wind from the West!

Brown and sear the leaves are falling,  
Dancing whirling in a rout,  
While the birds to Southlands calling,  
Darting, circling in and out,  
Settle, as the sun is falling  
And the shadows steal about.

Girls on skates go by us racing,  
Flaxen curls in chaos fly;  
Close behind the boys come chasing,  
Ruddy cheeked and bright of eye;  
Laughs and shouts urge on the racing,  
Breath is spent, but hearts are high.

Slow and sad the sun is sinking,  
Painting West a yellow red;  
Faint the evening star is blinking,  
Let the children think of bed—  
Who now of the May is thinking?  
Who bewails the summer dead?



Blow, O wind of October,  
Bracing us up for a chase,  
Snatching our hat, ruffling our hair,  
Putting the rose in our face.

## IV.

Snow, Snow, bitterly blowing,  
Snow in the darkness, and night.

The city is covered with darkness and snow,  
The tracks of the last of the passers are gone;  
The North-squalls, soul-piercing, now bluster and  
    blow,  
Through the dark linden branches all bare and  
    forlorn;  
The white snow-flake eddies are whirled to and fro  
By the breath of the Winter god, laughing in scorn.

The lights of the Boulevard, shining so bright,  
Are dimmed and obscured by the force of the gale,  
Each doing its best to help banish the night,  
A lonely blurred moon, cloud o'er shadowed and  
    pale;  
While around them is raging the storm in its might,  
The strength of the tempest, the sleet and the hail.

The lawns where at Easter the clovers were found  
Are silent and White as the fields of the dead,  
The Park where the May-daying dances went round  
Is lone and desert, the dancers have fled,  
The grove wherein lovers were wont to abound,  
Is leafless and bare, love and lovers are sped.

The strollers who wandered 'neath soft summer  
    skies,  
The gallants and maidens, so carefree and bright,  
Who swore to each other their exquisite lies,  
That surely their swearing was truthful and right;  
O where are they now that the long evening dies?  
O where are they now that it's winter and night?

Where are all the glad and gay,  
That in singing spent the day,  
Where are they, O where are they,  
Now that it is night?

Not a muffled step is heard,  
Gone are maiden, flower, and bird;  
And the North wind shrieks one word—  
“Lone, alone, tonight”!

Where O where?—I ask in vain;  
And my question the storm bears back again;  
Where are they tonight.

—Walter Bambi.



## EDITORIAL.

The action of the Philologist and Mu Sigma Rho Literary Societies in deciding for an open preliminary in order to choose Intercollegiate debaters to represent Richmond College is certainly commendable. Especially is their decision wise in view of the fact

*An Open Preliminary.* that at least four teams will probably be chosen this year. There is no rule that provides for an equal distribution of able debaters between the rival societies, and any system that results in arbitrarily choosing the same number of intercollegiate debaters from each society is manifestly unfair, for it may take weak men from one group and pass by strong men in the other. This would certainly be the case if one society possessed about six good debaters while the other had but two. The important thing to be remembered is that Richmond College deserves to have her strongest men as her champions, whether in the lists as speakers, baseball players, basketball stars, track athletes, or football heroes.

While this new method of choosing debaters is a vast improvement over the former system, it is only a step in the right direction. Despite the fact that the literary societies supervise intercollegiate debates and similar contests, and train their members especially for that work, the entire student body of the school should have the opportunity by means of an open preliminary to win places on the teams. Any literary society man who argues that non-members of the two organizations deserve no places on the teams is extremely selfish in his view of the situation. He is apt to confuse his love for the society with his love for the College, and certainly our Alma Mater should come before the inner circles of school life. Sometimes the statement is made that if a man wants to make a debating team he should join a literary society. This sounds like good argument, but really is quite fallacious, for the man in question may be a brilliant debater that has received highly technical

training elsewhere, or again he may be a man of excellent ability whose work will not permit him to give the time necessary for the maintenance of membership.

An open preliminary with any member of the student body participating would in no way be a reflection upon the work of the societies—it should be a challenge to them to produce their best. The societies should be the training grounds for ambitious speakers and debaters, but when Richmond College is represented in an intercollegiate debate, the team should be drawn from the student body and not from any section of it. Let there be an open preliminary by all means, with the student body participating, with the student body bearing the expenses of the contests and with the interest of all the students centered upon the final event. If the well-trained members of the literary societies win the lion's share of the honors, well and good, but by all means let this matter of intercollegiate debates be an all-college affair.

—A. C. C.

Last year there was a concerted movement to establish a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Richmond, and even amid the turmoils of the present year *Phi Beta Kappa* we might well consider the fatal results of letting the movement drop. We have already received hearty endorsement from the Virginia chapters, and now, if ever, is the time to show them that Richmond College is a big college, big in its outlook upon life, and big in the scope of its training.

Right here a word with reference to what the Phi Beta Kappa stands for may not be out of place. This society is based entirely upon scholarship and literary attainments; any student who has displayed exceptional merit in scholarship and literary achievement is eligible for election. The democracy of such an organization is at once apparent; it holds no secret meetings, has no fraternity house, and excludes no one who fulfills the requirements for election by the faculty. The Phi Beta Kappa was established at William and Mary college, and



has now chapters in all the leading universities including over twenty thousand members. A man who holds a Phi Beta Kappa key thereby shows himself to be a person of exceptional attainment and is every where recognized for his scholarship. Furthermore, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate would be able to continue his studies at the larger universities with a much greater degree of freedom, and would obtain a larger amount of attention from his professors than other students.

Richmond College is a growing institution, we have survived our infancy, and are looking around for soberer traditions and more distinctive rewards for scholarship. The appellation of "Spiders" was given us as a mark of our athletic prowess; the Greek for this word has been taken as the name of our local society which is analogous to the Phi Beta Kappa, and election to the *Arachnidae* is undoubtedly the highest honor which can come to a graduate of Richmond College. We have always held high standards of scholarship, and we would not be ashamed to have our candidates compared with those of institutions which are honored with chapters. By all means work for the establishment of the Phi Beta Kappa here.

FROM THE OFFICE DESK.

Many years ago, in one of the venerable ivy-covered dormitories in the college yard, there lived a very lonely freshman. This freshman, like most *Best Tradition Of Old Harvard.* of his kind, was full of ambition and aspiration, and had come to college to win for himself a creditable place in the fraternity of Harvard men. He craved popularity, but had little talent in the art of becoming a social leader. He couldn't play football; couldn't dance; was neither good nor bad in his studies; had no pronounced vices or signal virtues which might appeal to one crowd or another. He was indeed a typical, awkward youth of seventeen.

Many an afternoon he sat by the window listening to his classmates call their favorites to come and join a happy crowd bound for a Saturday hike to Fresh Pond or for a theater party in town. Eagerly he waited, hoping that some one would call: "Rhinehart, O, Rhinehart, do you want to go?" He often rehearsed his response to this coveted invitation, visualizing carefully his *entree* into the society of his classmates. But the call never came.

One day, out of sheer desperation and loneliness, he went down in front of the dormitory and, just to see how it would sound, call his own name vigorously: "Rhinehart, O, Rhinehart, come on down!" How glorious it sounded! If only ....

The rest of the story is not hard to imagine. One of the boy's observant classmates—there were a few such—witnessed this scene, and associating with it the remembrance of certain timid advances and wistful looks, divined the secret.

The sympathies of the crowd were easily aroused by the story, and special effort was made to fraternize with the lonely boy. Ever after it was the custom upon passing his window to call to him to come and join in all excursions.



Rinehart has long since left Cambridge; is dead, perhaps, by this time. His class has passed into history. But among those who are familiar with the story, the custom still prevails of calling out when passing the old hall on the way to festivities: "O, Rhinehart, come on along."

Harvard's little tradition can serve as a parable to those who are willing to take it to heart, for has not every university its Rhineharts? Many times a lonely student—freshman or otherwise—may be brought out of himself and started on the path to strong self-development by a cheery call and a few words of encouragement and good fellowship. May such customs as this increase.

—*North American Student.*

The *Wake Forest Student* is maintaining a vigorous campaign for the establishment of the Phi Beta Kappa at that institution.

The *Wake Forest Student* believes their system of marking to be too liberal. Easy marks and light courses do not develop profound students. It urges that the faculty make the classes more difficult and require that students complete assigned work. However, much we grumble at parallel and research work, there is a limit to the amount of good which can be derived from the chatauqua lecture method.

The *Lynchburg High School Critic* is undoubtedly the best High School publication we receive, and surpasses the majority of college magazines. Let the latter take heed.

LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

Reserve Officers School,  
Naval Operating Base,  
Hampton Roads, Va.

Dear Doctor:

I think its about time I was writing you a letter so here goes. Since I last saw you something very wonderful has happened to me. The Government has sent me to Training School for officers.

This school extends over a period of three months,—that is the theoretical part; then we are placed on board a ship for one month of practical experience.

I'll tell you, Doctor, I never studied so hard in my life. If I had studied as hard when I was at college, my professors wouldn't have had enough A's to give me. We start in at 5:30 in the morning—think of it—and finish up at 9:30 at night. During that time we drill, have classes, and *study*. We have only had classes a week, but they gave us a couple of tests yesterday—I think I made them all right, but they certainly were birds.

Cris Cox is also in the same school and every Saturday night I go over to his home in Newport News with him.

The classes are so hard and we have such little time to prepare them that I don't know whether I can stick or not but I'm certainly working hard. It was quite an honor to get in, though, as only 55 were chosen from about 300. Richmond College, Randolph-Macon, and Hampden-Sidney all have men in the school, which speaks well for those institutions.

Doctor, have they started up basketball at college get? I surely would like to be back to play again this year, but there's not a chance in the world. I guess it will be pretty hard to get a coach this year, but may be some good alumnus will come to the rescue.

Doctor, give my regards to all at college and let me hear from you when you can.

As ever, —Leo Tyson.



## SERVICE ROLL.

- Allen, B. D., '16. In France.  
Ancarrow, Newton R., '15. 1st Lieut. U. S. Army.  
Anderson, K. B., '16, U. S. A. A. C., Allentown, Pa.  
Anderson, W. C., Ex. '17. Lieut. Camp Lee.  
Bagby, W. H., '17. Army Y. M. C. A.  
Baker, R. M. Navy.  
Barnett, James. Captain National Army.  
Bennett, Roger, Ex. '15. Naval Base Hospital.  
Blankenship, Hugo, Ex. '16, Richmond Blues, Anniston, Ala.  
Bolser, A. E. Lieut. Camp Lee.  
Boteler, J. E., '17. 1st Lieut. Camp Lee.  
Bowe, Dudley P., '15. U. S. Infantry, Camp Lee.  
Bowles, A. Russell, '15. Sailed for France, American Ex. Force.  
Bradley, G. Y., Ex. '16. Naval Hospital.  
Britton, Fred S., Ex. '16. Coast Artillery.  
Bronson, Sherlock, Ex. '17. M. C. Va. Hospital Corps No. 45.  
Broadus, B. K. Lieut U. S. R.  
Broadus, Richard, Ex. '17. 1st Va. Cavalry.  
Byrd, Thos. B. Lieut. U. S. Infantry.  
Cabell, Henry C., Jr. Col. U. S. A.  
Cole, O. L. Lieut. Cavalry.  
Camp, Vaughn. 1st Lieut. U. S. Infantry.  
Cardwell, W. H. Navy.  
Carter, H. L., Ex. '17. Naval Hospital.  
Carter, L. C., Ex. '17. American Exp. Force.  
Chambers, R. E., Ex. '18. Aviation Camp, San Antonio, Texas.  
Clark, K. J. Coast Artillery School.  
Clark, M. O., Ex. '16. American Exp. Force.  
Clark, G. Stanley. Lieut. Field Artillery.  
Clay, Henry, Ex. '17. Camp Lee, Va.  
Clement, C. M., Ex. '17. Naval Hospital.  
Clements, Jacks, Ex. '17. Aviation Corps.  
Combs, Fielding, Ex. '16. Naval Hospital.  
Cook, Dr. S. S. Medical Corps.  
Con, R. H., Ex. '17. 3rd Officers Training Camp, Camp Lee, Va.  
Cosby, Mac., Ex. '17. Army.  
Cox, C. C. C., Ex. '16. Naval Training School.

- Craig, Irvin, G., Ex. '16. Ambulance Corps No. 46.  
 Crossley, N. T., Ex. '17. Medical Corps Virginia Hospital Corps No. 46.  
 Crump, Bernard, Ex. '17. Navy.  
 Crump, E. M. 1st Lieut. Richmond Light Infantry Blues.  
 Culbert, S. T., Ex. '17. Engineers Corps, Camp Meade, Md.  
 Cutchins, Jno. A. Captain Headquarters Staff.  
 Davis, Morton, Ex. '16. Army, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Decker, "Bill". Army Y. M. C. A.  
 Decker, J. W. Chaplain Army.  
 Dickenson, Nathan, Ex. '16. Camp Lee, Va.  
 Digges, Isaac, '17. Ordnance Corps.  
 Dunford, J. E., '17. 1st Lieut. U. S. R.  
 Durham, Terry C., '14. Camp Lee.  
 Durham, W. E., '16. Y. M. C. A., V. M. I.  
 Duval, Mac. 1st Lieut. National Army.  
 Elder, Prof. Frank E. Navy.  
 Ellerton, J. H. Captain U. S. R.  
 Fleet, Raleigh, '14. Marine Hospital Corps.  
 Fore, Winfree P., '16. 1st Virginia Cavalry.  
 Garrett, H. E. Coast Artillery School.  
 Gayle, Bob., '16. U. S. Navy.  
 George, H. H., III. Capt. Engineering Corps.  
 Gilliam, L. S., Lieut. Coast Artillery.  
 Gwathmey, E. M. Richmond Light Infantry Blues.  
 Harris, F. L. Lieut. Field Artillery.  
 Harrup, P. L., '17. Army Y. M. C. A.  
 Hart, A. L. Lieut. U. S. R.  
 Hartz, Dennis, Ex. '17. National Guard.  
 Harwood, Garland M., '14. Medical Corps.  
 Henderson, R. H. 3rd Officers Training Camp, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Hill, J. A., Ex. '17. M. C. V. Medical Corps.  
 Hotchkiss, E., M. C. V. Medical Corps No. 45.  
 Hutchinson, "Mike", Ex. '15. 1st Lieut. Army, Camp Lee.  
 Jennings, L. W. Lieut. U. S. Navy.  
 Johnson, C. O., '17. Army, Camp Lee.  
 Johnson, C. C., Jr., Ex. '16. Aviation, San Antonio.  
 Joliff, Taylor, Ex. '17. M. C. V. Medical Corps No. 45.  
 Jones, Catsby G. 1st Lieut. Cavalry, in France.  
 Kershen, A. R., M. C. V. Medical Corps No. 45.  
 Lawrence, V. S., '17. Ambulance Corps No. 46.



- Leslie, J. A., '16. Richmond Howitzers.  
Liggan, L. S., Ex. '17. M. C. V. Medical Corps No. 45.  
Loving, Rush, Ex. '17. U. S. Army.  
Luck, W. T. Aviation.  
Luttrell, Homer, Ex. '17. Naval Hospital.  
Lynch, A. O., '12, '17. (Law). Army Y. M. C. A.  
Lyons, LeRoy S. Major U. S. Navy.  
May, Irving. Medical Unit No. 45.  
McCarthy, Edward, Ex. '17. Richmond Howitzers.  
McDanel, R. C., '16. Lieut. U. S. Army.  
McDowell, Guy, Ex. '17. U. S. Army.  
McNeil, G. E., M. C. V. Medical Corps.  
Milbourne, H. L., '18. M. C. V. Medical Corps.  
Mitchell, Perry E., '15. Chaplain.  
Mustoe, R. M., '17. Naval Hospital, Providence, R. I.  
O'Flaherty, W. L., '12, '16. (Law). Army Y. M. C. A.  
O'Neill, Frank E., '15. Lieut. Coast Artillery.  
Owens, William Irvin, Ex. '17. Lieut U. S. Army.  
Parrish, R. B., Aviation, San Antonio.  
Parrish, W. J., Jr., Lieut. Marines.  
Patton, J. B. U. S. R. F.  
Patton, Jas. B., Jr., Ex. '17. Engineers.  
Percival, George M., '15. Medical Corps.  
Perdue, Pete G., '16. Aviation, San Antonio.  
Peters, J. B. Chaplain Army.  
Powers, Prof. F. B. 1st Lieut. Coast Artillery.  
Paivott, Jake, '16. 1st Virginia Cavalry.  
Rennie, F. F., Jr. Ambulance Corps No. 46.  
Robbins, Bertran L., '17. Army Y. M. C. A.  
Robertson, A. F. Army Y. M. C. A.  
Robinson, A. Willis. 1st Lieut. Army.  
Robinson, J. H. Naval Reserves.  
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 Smith, W. R. L., Jr. Aviation.  
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 Tyson, Leo. B. Naval Officers' Training School, Hampton Roads, Va.  
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## THE SHIP THAT COMES OUT OF THE FOG.

**T**HE mists lifted. A tiny spot shone on the horizon. The spot grew larger and larger, until, finally, out of the fog a big ship loomed up, flying the Stars and Stripes. On the fore-deck sat the Beautiful One in rich silk and handsome plush cloak. At her feet crouched a big collie, who was now gazing wonderingly into her lovely face, as she sat there liesurely reading. When the boat reached the wharf she gathered together her trinkets, and summoning her dog, Reggie, glided through the crowd. There was a blind man on the wharf, who held out his tin cup to her as she passed. She folded her furs a little closer about her shoulders, and with an upward tilt of her nose and a little toss of her head, she said haughtily: "Come, Reggie, I'm in a hurry. We haven't time to bother today", and she disappeared into the whirl of Parish gaiety.

Two years past, and again as the mists lifted the tiny speck on the horizon grew into a ship. On the deck sat the Beautiful One, but changed, oh, how changed! She was dressed all in black, with long veil, as she sat there knitting, knitting, knitting. Reggie now gazed longingly into a face which was sad, so sad, and yet half bewildered. Every part of the ship was bringing her nearer and still nearer to her beloved father who lay scarred and lifeless in a quiet home near the big explosion. Curling closer, the big dog licked at her flying fingers, as if he understood all and wanted to comfort his gentle mistress. Laying aside the khaki colored yarn, which her nimble fingers were fast fashioning into a warm sweater for her brother in France, she patted the smooth head of her dumb comforter. On reaching land she summoned Reggie and was about to get into a cab when a little barefoot girl stumbled and fell just across the street.

"Poor little girl", said the Beautiful One after a little hesitation, "I wish I could help you", but she climbed

into the cab and was lost in the smoke and fog of the dingy London streets.

A year past, and again the mists lifted, and again a big ship proudly bearing the Stars and Stripes puffed out of the fog. This time it was night, and the moonlight struggling through the blackness, shone down on the deck. There, leaning on the railing and gazing out at sea, stood the Beautiful One. Her dress was snowy white, while upon head and arm gleamed the Red Cross. Reggie lay crouched at her feet.

"They're all gone, Reggie", she whispered, half to the dog and half to herself, "Mother and Dads and Brother, and only you and I are left"; while into her mind stole the picture of their once happy home, of the sweet mother and father, the sturdy brother, and herself—she shuddered at what she had been. But she straightened up as this picture was taken by another, the great munition factory, where busy hands worked with dangerous explosive; and then she seemed to see in the distance a battle field, where men torn and bleeding lay in mangled heaps as the sun went down with a red glare and a well known voice murmured "*Sis*".

A flood of sunshine lighted up the long clean room with its rows of snowy cots and bathed the patient, suffering faces of the sufferers. Figures in white glided in and out among the beds, now smoothing the forehead of one with cool gentle fingers, now speaking words of cheer to another. A look of joy suddenly overspread the haggard faces as a certain nurse came near. It was the Beautiful One; she was their favorite.

—*Adelaide Tiller, '21.*



## HOW THE CATS LEFT WESTHAMPTON.



IN the wild, wet, first days of Freshman rain at Westhampton College there came from the slick streets of the historic hills of Richmond two sleek, sophisticated, somnambulistic, sand colored Cats, wending their wild and watery ways up the long, long, hill amid the drenching, down-powering rain. When the tall, toppey towers stood in view said the first, sleek, sophisticated Cat to the second, "As Napoleon said, 'Beyond the Alps lies Italy', so now I say, 'Here in the foreground lies our future residence and abode'. Let us pick our dainty, dancing, foot steps through the muddy, puddly pools of water to the small, serene, sally-port stretching so spacioously to the front".

So they wended their winding, willowy, ways to the small, serene, sally-port, brandishing their buff colored tails behind them, and humming under their breaths a slow, solemn, sleepy tune, which if you inquired, O Little One Always Asking Questions, I'm sure you would find was a magic hum, for leading to the sally-port are tiny, trim steps of the magickest number of all three; and twenty-seven ravishing, red bricks form the entrance, three times three times three, Said the eldest Cat when they observed this, "Appearances look good for a successful sojourn here at the crow's nest in the pine branches", for the eldest Cat was a wily Cat and had to have his little joke on all occasions.

"Um hum", yawned the youngest, but not the politest little Cat, "but let's get to business". So across the criss-cross court they circumwabulated 'till they came to the scary, wary entrance to the hall of horrors. In this hall, O Little One Always Asking Questions, is a tiny little room that men call an office, and in this office, primly presiding over a fiendish fearful, clicking clattering machine is a tall woman in a yellow sweater; and monthly from that maddening machine come forth tiny slips of the magic shade of yellow, that seal the fates of the poor

unfortunates called students. And, from an upstairs window hangs a gallinaceous, galloping animal, whose penetrating persistent call is "S-h-h-h-h-h".

In this chamber of horrors entered the two, trim, tactful Cats, waving their foolish flamboyant tails behind them and still murmuring this magic music under their bated breaths.

Under the spreading branches of the radiator they lay down sleepily, and homily, and cozily, and maintained the same, serene composure even when ejected by the tall yellow-haired, lady who kept the place. And so, Dear Inquisitive One, they lay here, all through the long, lank, lean days and the short, fat, happy days, and the merry holidays and the featish fishdays, and the excruciating examination days and, Dear One, they never batted one blinking eye-lash in the day time, but when night came on, those somnambulistic Cats sprang from their pristine perches and proudly perambulating through the portals of the doors of the dormitories laid prey upon the slumbering, snoring Rats in their bumpy beds until, no peace remained to them. Grimacing, and ghoulishly grinning those two ferocious, feline fiends nightly flaunted themselves into the restless Rats' retreats, and snatching them from their slumbers paraded them around and around and around, up stairs and down, until the poor Rats' brains swam and circled and careened and cavorted through their heads in such a distressing manner that the clicking, clattering machine was kept busy night and day writing yellow slips, and the rats moaned and groaned around the howling halls like lost souls on the banks of the Styx.

This went on and on and on until holiday time came, and the poor, pathetic, preyed-upon Rats went home for Christmas. Then when they reluctantly returned these murdering, mullywoogling, marauding Cats renewed their atrocious attempts, and pitiful to state, the poor Rats almost returned to their former state of despondence.

But one dusky, dreary, dreamy evening time the head one of all heads sat before the fire place, on the soft blue



carpet, watching the now flickering, now flaring fire, and serenely unconscious of the slumbering Cats under the radiator; as she poked the fire with her long black poker, a blue, hazy, solemn, smoky, scary circle enveloped her head, and a magic was magicked, and a voice whispered low in her ear, "The Cats must leave Westhampton!"

So in the dark, dank, deep, dreadful night time the head one of all heads took those two cats! out through the magic portals of the hall of horrors, out through the small, serene sally-port, down the long, long, hill, through the whispering, moaning, pine trees, and to the salty, briny, sluggish, lake and as she cast them in and their baleful bodies were slowly disappearing the pine trees murmured low.

"This is the fate of the murderous cats, who pestered the lives of the pitiful rats, as they worked and worried all through the day, trying to keep yellow slips away, and so gain a lesson, all you cats, when others would have you torment rats."

—A. L. W., '21.

## WESTERNISM IN OWEN WISTER'S "THE VIRGINIAN."



WEN Wister in "The Virginian" presents a vivid and realistic picture of the "Wild and Woolly West", depicting all the romantic wildness and picturesque scenes which have endeared it to fiction and legend. It is the old West, which is now so rapidly disappearing, with all the adventure, the rollicking fun, yet high sense of honor which characterized that period of its existence, and intermingled with the stirring actions is a nature setting in perfect harmony with the events and characters.

The whole atmosphere of "The Virginian" is Western, and the descriptions of the country itself aid much in producing this effect. The scene is laid in a section of the country possessing features and characteristics peculiar to itself alone. There is an emphasis upon the solitude and vastness of the great trackless plains, where the lone cow-boy rides miles and miles and sees nothing save the buffalo, the wild antelope, or the prairie-dog half concealed in the sage-brush. The sunsets on the wide expanse of country are represented and when finally the plains merge into the foot hills and mountains, the air "seems forever the true fountain of youth".

Scattered about on the plains are the immense cattle ranches, which are communities in themselves. On these live the cow-boys the greater portion of the time, though when they are paid their wages they gather at the little towns, and squander in gambling and drinking nearly all that they have made. These towns are usually built at a railway station and the principal feature is the saloon. The plains, the ranches, and the towns constitute the environment of these cow-boys, one which is characteristic of the West in the seventies and eighties.

The costume is also unusual and characteristic, though on gala occasions he throws it aside and puts on more civilized attire, in which the bright scarf is predominant. When he goes to the cities farther east, he cannot be dis-



tinguished by his clothes from the ordinary citizen, for then he appears in the conventional clothes of the East, though he is more at home in his wilder garments.

In the occupation of the cow-boy Wister also shows that he is a sectional character. One of his duties is to lasso the horses running loose on the plains; one which demands both skill and practice, for the animals group all around the pursued one, and display marvelous penetration and good sense, understanding perfectly what is being attempted, and deceived by no feint whatsoever. The Virginian has learned his art so perfectly, that he can throw the noose with no apparent effort and be successful, and the pony when once caught submits gracefully.

But not always does he stay around the ranch, for when a great number of steers have been sold the owner of the ranch sends a foreman and a group of cow-boys with the cattle to their destination. These cattle trains are sometimes so large as to be in two divisions, and are rushed as much as possible, as the steers often become too frightened to eat or drink.

But though delivering the cattle is hard, to bring back the group of cow-boys intact is harder, for they become interested in the gay life of the cities, and want to remain there instead of returning to the western ranches, and the foreman has to understand how to control his men, for they are both brave and resentful of authority, and not to be cowed by force alone. The foreman must beat them at their own game, whatever that may be.

Rustling is mentioned in the book as a dishonorable occupation in which the cow-boys are sometimes drawn, and one which is not tolerated—One particular case is mentioned in which the Virginian is forced to travel miles and miles to search for cattle thieves, and when he finds them, one is his old friend, Steve. They have no formal courts of law, but punish severely among themselves. The penalty for rustling is death by hanging, and no one questions the justice of it; such is accepted as the only thing to be done.

But their amusement is just as different from that of the ordinary conventional world as their work. They travel for miles on horseback to attend simple dances, stay at rude hotels, and dance all night. Great preparations are made for these dances; barrels of whiskey and beer are in readiness for the guests; huge steers are barbecued as the foundation of the great festivity, while in the rude hotel kitchen smaller dainties are being prepared. The cow-boys congregate on kegs and on the ground to play cards and practical jokes, the latter being one of their main forms of amusement during the entire celebration. The Virginian amuses himself by exchanging babies while their unsuspecting mothers are dancing, and then calmly looks on while they wildly search for the guilty party. After sympathizing with the mothers in their righteous anger, he coolly acknowledges having done the deed.

The western man is not impressed by the strange specimens who wander in his direction, and patronizingly treats them as his equals; but understanding them immediately, has much silent fun at their expense. The way the southerner utilizes one of the drummers in order to get a bed for the night, illustrates this very well.

One of the most striking characteristics that Wister emphasizes is the cold and suspicious attitude that the cow-boy has toward the easterner. He treats him with politeness, even respect, but he is always made to feel that he is an outsider, whom he dare not approach familiarly. The westerner excludes him from his pleasantries and his thoughts, and ridicules and scorns the "tender-foot" until he has proved conclusively his worth.

The cow-boy has no conventionality; he says what he thinks, and does as he sees fit, without thinking of the way it may appear to others. He will go to a great deal of trouble to help a friend, but desires no valuable thanks, and he does not know how to gracefully express his appreciation of any kindness. He shows by deeds, not by words, how he feels.

Perhaps part of this is due to the fact that he has little education, and knows nothing of fine phrases. His



language is simple rude, and often profane, though he has an inward respect for knowledge. The children are provided with a competent teacher and are encouraged to learn. Sometimes the cow-boys themselves read and enjoy good literature, when they have an opportunity to do so unobserved. They fear ridicule too strongly to do it publicly, for the rougher men consider it as an indication of weakness.

In nothing more is the character of the Westerner revealed than in his attitude towards animals. The horse in particular is his friend and confidante, to be cared for and cherished at all hazards. The Virginian tells his horse all his fears, hopes, and aspirations, and relies a great deal upon "Monte's" intelligence and sagacity. Shorty pets and caresses his pony Piedro as a child, and takes great pains and pride in teaching it tricks. The Westerner understands, and is understood by his horse; he gives it care and affection, and is repaid by a remarkable devotion.

He is impressed by true religion and has a regard and reverence for it. But he cannot stand the superior righteousness of hypocrites, and very soon pierces their armor. The Virginian shows this by keeping the parson up all night, talking and groaning, and pretending to have "gotten religion" and continuing until finally even the stupid parson understands and leaves in great anger. The cow-boy is sincere concerning the more solemn things of life, and expects the world to be the same.

Perhaps, however, it is in regard to personal honor, that Wister emphasizes westernism most noticeably. A friend may say the most insulting things to the cow-boys, and they pay no attention whatsoever, though the same remark from a different person would make them draw their pistols. It is not a question of what is said, but of who says it, and what is meant.

Also when the Virginian is doing his duty by hanging his friend, he expects some farewell, and is very grieved when he feels that he has not gotten one, but he does get a written one. They have been good friends, and even this awful breach cannot separate them. It is according

to their sense of honor that Steve must be hanged, and yet according to the same, that they can, and do, part friends. This brings to light a hidden tenderness rather unexpected in the westerners' nature. They love dearly, and hold the bonds of friendship sacred; only one thing is more so, and that is their honor. The Virginian would even give up his fiancée on the eve of their marriage, rather than forego the opportunity to defend his honor.

Throughout the book Wister paints both the best and the worst of the westerner and western customs—revealing the cow-boy's fears, hopes, and achievements.

"He was a romantic figure, whatever he did, he did with his might. The bread that he earned was earned hard, the wages that he squandered were squandered hard,—half a year's pay sometimes gone in a night,—'blowed in', as he expressed it. He will be here among us always, invisible, waiting his chance to live and play as he would like."

—*Alice Cook*, '18.



## THE MESSAGE OF THE BELL.



MOST of the inhabitants of the quaint little village of Velespaire, could not remember the time when old Pierre had not tugged at the heavy rope that rang the clear, musical bell that hung in the ivy covered tower of the little stone church on the hill. The bell was very much a part of their simple lives. They came at its call to give the good God thanks and praise; they sadly followed the bodies of their dear ones to their quiet resting places in the church yard, at its sad tolling; joyfully, their hearts beating with its pealing, they marched up the hill with the many happy couples Father Jean sent away, with his blessing, as man and wife.

The heart of the village was wounded now. Many of its sons had poured out their blood for France. Old Pierre was still faithful to his bell, but he longed to hear a call of his beloved country that he might answer. In the Franco-Prussian War he had gladly sacrificed his leg; now he should like to offer himself again in his country's dire need.

For days the firing had seemed to come closer and to menace the little village. Every day Pierre, with his bell, sent out a sound of melody in defiance of that dull rumble, and reminded the people that God was still in his temple, and to come and pray.

At last the fatal day came. Many wearied French soldiers tramped through the village street, and many heavy guns and wagons rumbled over the cobble-stones. Pierre rang his bell to call the people together to hear the officer's command. The tears trickled down his rugged and wrinkled face, as he heard the people, his people, must leave their homes at once, as the Germans would soon occupy the village and that in all probability it would be shelled. Suddenly he drew himself up, the officer was looking at him.

"My bonhomme, would you die for France?"

Pierre had not forgotten what a soldier should do. He saluted in the proper way, and waited for orders. After

all he would be allowed to ring the bell once more, and then he could offer France his all, which was so little. When his friends left, he would stay, and by a prearranged signal of his bell, he would acquaint the French, of the arrival of the Germans, and of their force.

The village was deserted. Pierre sat down on the church steps, and looked down on the group of white-washed cottages, with here and there the smoke still lazily curling to the blue sky. Pierre was happy, and he began to dream happy dreams of his life in the little village.

It was a sunny morning in the spring when he had looked up from his play as the solemn notes of the bell called up echoes from the warm air. Then his bright eyed mother had taken his chubby little hand in her strong one and told him that it was calling them to the feet of Blessed Savior to pray. Together they had climbed the hill. He had never forgotten her words to him that morning. Soon afterwards she had died, but always he had felt her hand, and heard her voice when the bell rang.

He had grown up to be a strong man, and loved and was loved by a dark eyed vivacious girl. War had come, and he had gone at once. When again he had climbed the hill, he had walked haltingly on a wooden leg. He noticed a change in his best beloved, it came upon him one day just as the bell was ringing, that she was ashamed of his leg, so he had set her free, and she had found another mate. Not long afterwards, the old man had died who, for long years had rung the bell, and Pierre had taken his place, as he felt it was the best he was fitted for. Soon he had begun to love to send vibrating peals sounding in the surrounding country.

Pierre became alert. There was the heavy tramp, tramp of feet, and clouds of dust were rising from the road that coiled like a serpent at his feet, a sadness filled the old soldier's heart for the little village for whose destruction his bell would sound. He moved over to the



rope, and bowed his head. Just a simple prayer went up to the foot of the great white throne from his full heart.

The Germans were pouring into the village, and still he could not see the end of the long column swinging along the road. He pulled the bell rope twice in quick succession, and then three times more slowly, the echoes died away. There was the sound of running feet, and ten soldiers gained the top of the hill. Pierre was surrounded, and after a few sharp commands the Germans marched off, in their midst the old man with head proudly erect.

They reached the foot of the hill as a shrapnel screamed through the air, followed by another and another. Pierre saw a blinding light, and felt a fearfully sharp pain shoot through his side. Then he was alone in a vast black sea. He opened his eyes and could distinguish his captors lying in strange positions around him. With difficulty he raised his head, and looked back up the hill, the little church had crumpled into a heap of stones. Slowly his head sank down on the hard earth, and he gazed into the great blue heavens.

Suddenly a shining silver bell floated above him, he smiled, and waited for its notes. Very gently it began to swing, and Pierre's soul thrilled to the sweetness of the sound. He felt his mother's hand holding his, and a quiet voice whispered close to his ear.

"All that is broken shall be mended."

Like a little boy he fell asleep.

THE GLORY OF THE STARS.



HICKSON never did like to come down in this part of the city (the squalor and poverty of the tenements were distasteful to him), but "old man" Kuyk obstinately refused to move into better quarters, and his knowledge and counsel were absolutely necessary at times, so what was there to do but go ahead and get through with the unpleasant task as soon as possible?

There was one redeeming feature of these excursions, —just one small window, out of the dozens on that cramped side street. Just a window, and yet different, its cleanliness distinguished it from its grimy neighbors, and it framed a picture that Hickson loved to see. She sat there always busy with her sewing. No, *she* was not a blooming girl, beautiful as a June morning, but only an old woman whose bent body and work-worn hands testified to hard labor undergone. On her face were many little care-lines, but there was something more, something of love and willing sacrifice, the something that makes brave men, dying on the field of battle, call for "Mother"! It was because of this something that Hickson always looked forward to this picture of motherhood as the one bright spot in these detested errands.

But to-day something breaks in and mars the picture. The silvery head is hidden by a piece of bunting, a blue star in a field of white surrounded by red. What did that mean? Oh! yes, he remembered seeing something about them in the papers, little flags that signified members of the family in the U. S. Service—service flags they called them. So that was it! she had sent a boy (perhaps one of those worthless cads who lounged at the corner and never got out of one's way) she had sent one of them, her son, to fight in the forces of Uncle Sam.

Surprised and interested, Hickson had unconsciously stopped. As he pulled himself together to go, a last look revealed a mass of gray wool in place of the usual bit of sewing. Although he hurried off at his usual brisk pace, in his mind lingered this new picture of mother-love.



Some time later Hickson again came down to consult "old man" Kuyk. The service flag was gone from the window, but immediately he recognized it in the old woman's lap. Stopping, he saw her take a few last stitches in it. Then a khaki-clad figure came forward, took the flag from her hand, and put it up again. And it hung in the window, a piece of red and white bunting, its first star gilded now, and a new blue one below.

Hickson turned his eyes away from the tender scene between mother and son. He had looked up service flags, and he understood the meaning of the stars, gold and blue.

Again after several weeks Kuyk's counsel was needed. As usual, in passing by, Hickson looked up at his picture. In the window hung the bit of red and white bunting, with two stars of gold now. The old lady had sunk down in her chair, head bowed and hands idle. Just then she looked up, the sight of her face tore Hickson's heart. He remembered his mother's face the day his little sister was burned to death. As he turned away, his step was slow and his expression serious, for he understood.

"Old man" Kuyk had been persuaded at last to move into a more prosperous district, and so there was no longer any necessity for the downtown excursions but, one bright morning, Hickson, having nothing pressing on his hands, decided to obey the impulse that he had been fighting for some time. He wanted to see the latest developments of the old lady's story. He had wondered if there would be another star, but a surprise awaited him. The old lady was missing from the picture. Through the dirty window the room behind looked bare and desolate, and a big "For Rent" sign was prominently displayed. In the window hung the now-faded bit of bunting, red and white, with its same two stars of gold. Yet as he looked, amazed and hurt, the sunlight struck the flag and unto him it was granted to see a glorious vision. The two small stars united into one magnificent star of pure gold, whose splendor shone round about. Yes truly, it was the star of sacrificial service, for had she not given her life in service, aye, and that which was to her more than her life, her boys? —*K. H. S., '21.*

EDITORIAL.

When we first had our career of editorship thrust upon us, other college magazines became fascinating. When a certain one announced nonchalantly to *On Contribution* aspiring students that a certain receptacle on the walls of the chapel corridor was for any literary productions which they desired to submit, we had an idea. If we had only been gentlemen editors, we would have taken our feet down from the table with a bang; if we had only had weak eyes, the glasses could have been taken off impressively. But in the absence of any of those means of announcing the arrival of the idea—that *we* needed a Contribution Box—we could only open our mouth to tell our room-mate, but with the realization that she would probably not appreciate its importance she not being on the staff, our mouth closed and we began turning the leaves of the magazine again. But next day, the retired (how hard to resist drawing a line under the last syllable) editor, being questioned, announced that she too, had had the idea and the Business Manager had the box. The Business Manager's memory was jogged and after some Socratic discussion as to the best place etc. there was soon a little grey box in our chapel corridor. The lock looked impressive, but so would we too, when we walked up with a jingling bunch of keys and took out a bunch of manuscripts.

So far, so good; but in a few days we walk up to see if the box is full—not to see if there is anything in it (for did not Contribution Boxes act as magnets for all kinds of literature?) but to see if it is full. In utter astonishment it is realized that we cannot see into that thing without a ladder or something! One thing is certain—no one is going to see us standing on a chair and squinting down into that box. But the Asst. Ed. is a lady to be looked up to and she can see in surely! Can it be true? She declares that there is absolutely nothing there. And to think! Oh! My! Surely! Get a chair! Well, I guess we'll have to go on living just the same.



When we have finally almost recovered from the terrible blow, we overhear a chance remark, "Yes, I'm going to put it in the box out there—the Contribution Box". The Asst. Ed. when informed of the great event makes a cold counter-announcement that she knows there is a poem in the box; she told the girl to put it in and she has been a perfect slave to that girl to get her to write that identical poem. With the enthusiastic excitement all gone, we trudge over to the famed chapel corridor to open the box. But we stare at each other silently, our eyes asking the mute question 'Where is the key?' Then next 'Where is the Business Mgr.?' She confesses that the key is in her top dresser drawer—at home—in Richmond—seven miles away. She suggests hatpins but the remedy adds to the disease, for the Poetry Editor conscripts hatpins and they are soon in the box, too. Mortification is complete when the largest class in school is dismissed and troops by. And we are up on the chair.

By this time, it has been decided that a small hand, could reach in and get the paper and what revelations we get about the size of the human hand! A Freshman's hand almost slips through the opening—almost, but not quite. Never did we think that the theorem of limits would be brought home to us so vividly. And lest we forget, the author of the poem, having been interviewed, had declared she would not make another copy. That hand so near and yet so far, from grasping that white sheet! The Freshman rises to the occasion and after a mysterious disappearance, comes back with soapy hands. The victory is hers and the poem ours!

Since then, we cannot bear the sight of the chapel corridor. We loath the name of box and urge all busy people to hunt us up and hand us their offerings and implore the timid ones to boldly watch until our room is deserted and leave a pleasant surprise for our return.

By the way, has anyone looked into that box since the memorable episode six weeks ago? And oh! isn't that key still in the top dresser drawer? *That box must come down !!*

The January issue of the TATTLER from R. M. W. C. calls attention to a matter which we would like to bring to the attention of our readers also. Here's *What To* the idea!

*Do* Many of these girls who cannot be back in college next year are now wondering, 'what next'? To plagiarize from the TATTLER, "Just for a year or two, of course". All college girls are not born to be teachers but most of them want to do something, and especially in these times, when there is work for every hand to do and no one wants to be a shirker. There are many useful and interesting openings which the average girl is not aware of. If you are interested go to see Mr. Ham, at the P. O. We give below the re-print from the TATTLER:

## UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE

RICHMOND, VA.

The local board of U. S. Civil Service Examiners wishes to announce that thousands of positions with the United States Government still remain unfilled. Especially is this true with reference to stenographers, typewriters, clerks, and sub-clerks. While the local office has furnished hundreds of persons to fill the various positions in the departments in Washington, the Navy Yard at Norfolk, and other points within the State, yet there is urgent need that other persons qualify for this work.

Are you acquainted with these facts? After passing a civil service examination for stenographer, typewriter, or clerk, you will be offered employment with the Government in Washington, in a near-by city, or perhaps in your own city, with an entrance salary ranging from \$1,000 to \$1,200 per annum. If your work proves satisfactory, you will receive an increase within six months or one year. A day's work with the Government is eight hours. In Washington thirty days' leave of absence with pay and thirty days' sick leave is allowed; during sum-



mer months, half day off from work on Saturdays; all legal holidays.

By bringing this announcement to your attention I am giving you an opportunity for service to your country at this critical time. If you can not give your personal service, I trust you may assist by bringing this information to as many of your friends as possible.

Sample questions, application blanks, and any other information will be gladly supplied by me. Call or address the Local Secretary, Post-Office Building, City.

Very respectfully,

WM. H. HAM,

*Local Secretary, U. S. Civil Service Com.*

#### ALUMNAE NOTES.

Louise Baldwin, '14, is teaching this session at Miss Morris' School, Richmond, Va.

Emily Jenkins, '14, has a position in Clifton High School.

Gladys Johnson, '14, is holding a position as secretary in the Treasury Dept. Washington, D. C.

Mary Barnes, '13, is teaching in one of the Junior High Schools in Richmond.

Amy Kratz, '12, and Clara Gary, '10, are teaching in the Bellevue Junior High School in Richmond.

Mary Montague, '10, is teaching in the East Radford Normal School.

Mattie Brown, '10, holds a position in the Bainbridge Junior High School.

Katherine Love, '17, is the head of the Science Department at Anderson College, Anderson, S. C.

Mary Percival, '12, is teaching in one of the High Schools in Amelia County.