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Address—

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Richmond College, Va.

WINTRY WEATHER.

It isn't the quizzes we fear,
 Nor is it a forboding keen
 That the bourn of our hopes is despair,
 That our efforts will perish unseen;
 It isn't a fear of the cold,
 Or a dread of the boreal gale;
 It's the needle-like pricks
 Of the crystalline sticks—
 It's the hail,

hail,
 hail,

It isn't the drill that we dread,
 We take this as jolly good fun;
 It isn't that we are afraid
 Of the Teuton, the Boche, or the Hun;
 It isn't that we mind the work
 So mercilessly strewn at our feet;
 It's the silvery glow
 Of the garb of the snow,—
 It's the sleet,

sleet,
 sleet.

Misfortune may shower a blast
 Of discouragement down on our home;
 We hope and we trust to the last,
 So we don't fear what fortunes may come.
 It isn't that we fear our fate,
 Or shrink from the dread of our foe;
 It isn't the war
 We morosely abhor,—
 It's the snow,

snow,
 snow.

Though the din of the cannon is plain,
And the shouts of the fighters are clear;
Though the bullets may shower as rain,
It isn't the battle we fear;—
No, it isn't the war that we mind—
Its agony, pain, or its woe;
But far worse than these
Is the chill and the freeze
Of the hail,

The sleet,
And the snow.

—S. P. Spratt.

TO THE VICTOR BELONG THE SPOILS.



HERE was nothing vicious about the appearance of the little waterfront town of Castaway. It sprawled, basking in a relentless sun, upon the wide expanse of shell-covered beach that stretched in a sandy plane back from the shores of Inlet Sound. It looked sleepy. It was sleepy during the day; but every stream has its undercurrent. That of Castaway flowed during the dark and silent hours and added much to the interest of the town for certain of its inhabitants.

The negro population could not be induced to labor to any great extent either for their own uplifting or for the good and well-being of others. They were on their pinnacle and were contented to remain there, and when people are satisfied with their own existence there is little room for socializing influences. This, at least, is what the traveler finds in Castaway. He, however, is not a communicant of the inner shrine. He does not see the dynamic energy which is universally displayed among the "Sons of Ham," who dwell in Castaway, when the friendly darkness gathers and a boat may glide unseen among the rotting piles of the numerous abandoned piers.

Sam Johnson, by virtue of his six feet three, two hundred and ten pounds of solid coal-black brawn, found particular favor among the lesser lights of Castaway's underworld. He enjoyed crap-shooting, the national game of Africa, and could handle a three-dollar revolver with as much dexterity as he could his side arms, the razor. He carried both on his person, and his fellow-townsmen knew it. Sam was a leader, both wary and suspicious. He had always been acquainted with the police system of the town, and knew its limitations. He knew its inner workings and had never found the organization particularly detrimental to his clandestine operations. Just now, however, a wave of reform had struck the little village, and, incident to the Methodist revival which had just completed its annual moral uplift, the few

pious and upright citizens of Castaway were determined, for the time being, to rid the town of its greater vices, more especially those of other people.

But Sam was not to be hindered by public opinion. He caused the news to be spread that a sociable little crap game would be desirable entertainment for the coming Saturday night, which was the Fourth of July. The stakes would be unusually high, due to the holiday season, and none but good sports need come. A negro is jealous of his reputation.

On Saturday, soon after dusk, many a boat might have been heard to bump softly against the pilings of the old Long Wharf, and soon afterwards footsteps sounded across the loose sun-warped boards of the wharf, and died away as new faces appeared within the circle of yellow light cast by the smoky, battered oil lamp, which hung in the middle of Sam's clubroom.

Sam usually started operations. "Gemmin," he began, "Ah takes it dat y'all understands de objeck ob dis meetin'. De crowd are some larger den what Ah had look fo', so as not to hab any truble yo' had bettah leave when yo' loses yo' money."

As the stakes were high and the dice, which had felt the heavy hand of time to such an extent that the spots were hardly distinguishable, were a little heavy in one corner, the company was soon reduced to six men. They were Jim Lang, George Washington, Jerry Giles, Peter Raymond, Sam Johnson, and "Shine" Jackson. These six were patrons of the tipsy dice and were intimately acquainted with their peculiar antics.

Here the "freezing out" process came to a standstill for a while. Each man had grown fat through the misfortune of the unlucky ones, and each one had before him a heterogeneous pile of nickels, dimes, quarters and halves, which he superstitiously refused to put in his pocket until the game should be over.

The rolling of the bones became more and more exciting and the rattling and coaxing more furious. Shine Jackson was getting low. As the game progressed he lost consistently until he was left with two quarters between

him and the wall. He got up and raised the window in the back of the room to let his bad luck out. Then hē took the "bones" for a final effort, but the draft was coming in the window too strong. He rolled for a quarter and won. His spirits rose, and he shot four bits. He lost. Jerry Giles, with a magic eleven, captured Shine's last coin. Shine swore and, getting up and rubbing his knees, started for the door.

"Sorry yo' is leavin' so soon, Brudder Jackson," Sam remarked with a bland smile.

"Dat's a'wright, Mistah Jackson. Ah'll see yo' some other night," vouchsafed Shine as he unbolted the door and slipped quietly into the dark. His footsteps grew fainter as he walked quickly away. The circle grew tighter, and the contest more heated.

Once outside the building, Shine's pace was less rapid. Walking slowly to his modest apartments with vengeance in his heart, he appeared to be thinking deeply, but he could find no balm for his wounded pride and curtailed finances. An idea entered his rather thick but crafty brain, however, when, upon reaching his room, he spied his old horse pistol on top of the dry goods box, which served as his bureau. Picking up the gun and seeing that it was loaded, he stuffed it in his hip pocket and started back to Sam's emporium. Upon arriving there once more he advanced cautiously to the door and looked through the keyhole to see how the land lay. The game was still in progress, and all the money still remained on the floor. He noticed that Sam's pile had diminished considerably.

Shine knocked sharply on the door with the butt of his gun. An electric shock seemed to run through the men in the room. George Washington, who was pulling a six for Sam's last half-dollar, paused with his hand in midair and rolled his eyes around the room in an anxious manner. The open window loomed large on his horizon.

"Who yo' reckon dat is, Sam," he inquired suspiciously.

"Ah don' know who dat could be comin' here dis time o' night," Sam answered shortly.

A snappy click from the outside as Shine cocked his antique pistol put an end to all further speculation. With one accord the five men stampeded for the window, leaving their spoils to the mercy of the law. Sam, impeded by his size, was the last to get through to safety. His form slid out into the darkness just as a shot from Shine splintered the lock into fragments. The "constable" with an inward chuckle advanced hurriedly toward the nickles which he had so suddenly acquired. He filled his spacious pockets with the respected lucre and went toward the door contented, for vengeance is sweet.

Turning when he reached the threshold for a last fond look at the room, he found himself staring into the muzzle of a shiny revolver which protruded through the open window. Following the attached arm with his eyes, he caught sight of a set of teeth and the whites of two eyes which unmistakably belonged to the infallible Samuel. Then his teeth and those of Sam began to move, but from different causes.

"Ah, guess yo' had bettah drap dat coin, Shine. Ah is kinda short on change myself."

Shine was trapped, and he slowly unloaded his pockets.

"Yo' has sho sated me a lot of 'embrassment tonight, Shine, and Ah thanks yo'."

For Sam was as cunning as he was black.

—W. H. Ryland.

AN HISTORICAL CARBON COPY.



Who are interested in the chronology of historical events have observed that the Muse of History does not seem to have an inexhaustible supply of happenings, and thus is compelled to repeat at times. And to my mind, one of the most outstanding repetitions is the similarity of the two "*Divine Egotists*," Louis XIV, and Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albert, better known as "Kaiser Bill." Although ruling two different countries, and their sovereignty occurring at an interval of about two hundred and twenty-five years apart, it is decidedly noticeable that the two are in many respects not dissimilar.

Perhaps it would give a better insight to what will follow if I here briefly relate a few likenesses before taking up the specific quality, or qualities, which I have chosen to dwell upon most emphatically. First, Mazarin and Richelieu perfected the France to which Louis became heir; on the other hand, Bismarck and Moltke did the same for Wilhelm's Germany. Secondly, Wilhelm dismissed Bismarck, as Louis would have done to Richelieu had not death prevented it. Thirdly, both were utterly disrespectful and unregardful toward their parents. Fourthly, Louis had an extensive spy system, and Wilhelm an elaborated one. Fifthly, both were ruthless and fierce in war, the Palatinate suffering then as Belgium does today. Sixthly, both strove for colonies and sea-power, built big fleets, and made the mistake of engaging in war with England and the mainland countries at the same time. Seventhly, Louis had to fight against the Triple Alliance, and Wilhelm is struggling with the Triple Entente, plus the United States, which at Louis' time was an English colonial possession. Lastly, manufacturers and commerce flourished during the days of Louis' reign, but he left France in a ferment and his own dynasty doomed; on the other hand, the same was true in regard to Germany before the war, but doom is almost as certain there as it was in France.

After having set forth a brief summary of similarities between the two characters under consideration, I will advance the aim of this paper. I shall endeavor to elaborate on the theory of "the divine right of kings," which both rulers upheld, and which the Kaiser still clings to. If I appear to give more treatment to the latter of the two it is because I believe present events demand more attention than those which we have to dig up and remove the mould and dust from.

A man's character and beliefs are best seen in his speech and writings. Both of the monarchs in question wrote and had written proofs that they believed in the "divine right of kings" theory. In the case of Louis, Bousset, the distinguished prelate, wrote a treatise on "Politics Drawn from the Very Words of the Scriptures." This was to explain to the heir of the French throne his lofty position and responsibilities to God. The present Kaiser likewise ordered his lawyers to write volumes to the effect that his power descended from God alone.

In 1700 a king who believed in the divine right theory was not so much of an exception as one who expresses his belief in the same theory today. But it was intolerable when Wilhelm flouted in the face of the democracies of the world such a speech as the following, which was delivered in Potsdam, and which was his first challenge to the social democrats of Germany: "My grandfather, by his own right, placed the Prussian crown upon his head and again declared it to be bestowed upon him by God's grace alone, and not by parliaments, assemblages, or resolutions of the people; and that he saw in himself the chosen instrument of heaven, and as such regarded himself as regent and ruler. Considering myself as the instrument of the Master, regardless of passing views and opinions, I go my way, which is solely devoted to the prosperity and *peaceful* development of our Fatherland." This speech was delivered about 1910, and the following comment was made at the time: "He was thought too wise to espouse despotism against constitutionalism. But it is

granted that he has an exalted idea of himself and his position. Neither does any one believe that he will wage a war for mere glory."

Another of his addresses contained the following: "There is only one master in Germany (apparently barring even God), and I am he. I shall suffer no other besides me. This kingship 'by the grace of God' expresses the fact that *we Hohenzollerns* accept our crowns only from Heaven and are responsible to Heaven alone for the performance of its duties. I, too, am animated by this view, and am resolved to act and govern on this principle."

Louis had the following idea: "God had given kings to men, and it was God's will that monarchs should be regarded as his lieutenants, and that all of those subject to them should obey them absolutely, without asking any questions or making any criticisms; for in yielding to their princes they were in reality yielding to God himself." As has been said before the Bible was used to substantiate these claims.

Selfishly imbued with the same principle, the one ruinously attempted to reign with that principle as his motto, and the other is at the present time employing it for his own private selfish aims. Perhaps if the principle of "divine right of kings" were religiously and conscientiously carried out, the result would not be so deplorable, despite the robbery of the people of their right to representation. It is, due to the suspicious character of human nature, impossible to conceive of a ruler in the present epoch, taking all authority into his own hands without immediately believing that he does so for a reason not safe for those who advocate liberty.

In the opening paragraph of this treatise I employed the term "Divine Egotists," by which I meant to imply that both Louis and Wilhelm drifted away from all semblance of anything really divine, and catered to that which was of a purely egoistical nature. Did either champion what the phrase "divine right of kings" seems to imply? Did not both utilize this camouflage as a means by which they might attain glory and possessions of a worldly nature for themselves, and themselves alone? It

has been the motto of the Hohenzollerns for centuries to add some material possession to their domain, and Wilhelm merely employed this subterfuge to accomplish his aim, as did Louis XIV.

Is it possible for a broad-minded human being to reconcile himself to the atrocities of wars waged "in order that the servant of God may have more kingdom to give account for"? Wilhelm is to all appearances a brilliant, progressive, energetic, and thoroughly modern ruler. But beneath the thin skum of top soil lie the baser passions and ambitions of the man. His policy of uniting the government under one supreme head has grown into selfish egotism, and the passions have got the uppermost hand of his nature. Without even considering the welfare of the people whom "God designed that he should rule," he has plunged them into war, caused them unthinkable suffering, and lowered them to a plane of serfdom.

In a directly parallel plane Louis placed the French nation. His employment of hereditary excuses for waging war are of no more consequence than those utilized by the Kaiser. It is barely conceivable that either would have been so bull-headed or fool-hardy as to attempt the conquests which both launched, if he had been able to see with whom he would become embroiled. But that same theory which inspired and prompted to great attainments and world power likewise blinded the one as it did the other, and each discovered that he had undertaken a much larger enterprise than he reckoned for.

It was on the strength of their beliefs that both threw a bomb of strife into the heart of Europe; that both built the largest fleets; that both designed their courts to be most splendid, ornate, and ceremonious in all Europe; and that both strove for world power and politics. I say, it was this that was the outcome of a corruption of their hobbies. And the result was, and is now, not beneficial for the aggressor, nor for his kingdom. That is, in a material way as concerns the acquisition of possessions, but it may prove a lesson to the Kaiserdom of today, as it did to France in the latter seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. However great the lesson learned, it

can hardly seem to counter-balance the cost of the education. Loss that years will be required to salvage and restore; toll taken from the heart of nations; and an injury sustained that decades will be required to heal—all of this is, and has been, the outcome of the belief of two monarchs who attached their carts of greed to stars, and who would subserve the whole world for their own individual benefit. It is beyond reason to suppose that the Almighty would select two such types of men as Louis XIV and Wilhelm II to further the work of His Kingdom and to bring all mankind to the shrine of the Savior.

The "Memoirs" of Saint-Simon are crammed with the selfishness of the lord of the court in which Saint-Simon lived. Everything was designed to the liking of the haughty dandy who made tools of the French people. What did he care for the lives of his subjects if he was willing to array them on foreign battlefields; issue "lettres de cachet" for their imprisonment to humor one of his lap-dog lords; and strip them of the meagre necessities of life in order that he might wallow in luxury, and immoral luxury at that.

Likewise the slaves of the Kaiser, for they are truly slaves, are but a cog or a bolt in the Germanic machinery designed to bring about the predominance of Prussianism in world politics and world-possession. It has been noted that the Kaiser is abnormally energetic. And what if he is? Could his energy only be directed in harmless and beneficial channels, his nation would be happier, wealthier, and in a less subservient condition. His energy, and the compulsory efforts of all the inhabitants of his realm are directed toward the gain of but one human being, himself. And yet, he has the effrontery to harangue his people to the effect that "God deemed it wise that he, Wilhelm, should rule undisputed in Germany, and that it was likewise the plan of God to bring all the world under the dominion of Kaiserdom as a method of assuring the advance of the Kingdom of God on Earth." Could any Hottentot be so duped as to let a mere mortal pull the wool over his eyes in that manner? I seriously doubt whether a chief of the Hott-

entots could persuade his bloodthirsty followers to believe that he had received a divine commission from even a heathen diety. But the highly civilized, cultured, enlightened, educated, and Christianized Germans allow their warlord to bulldoze them in such a manner.

Perhaps it would not be out of place to make in conclusion a prediction or prophesy as to the outcome of Wilhelm's audacious claim to divine commission. Did not Louis start aglow, by his absolute disregard of the welfare of his nation, in the hearts of thinking Frenchmen the sparks that smouldered for a while and then burst forth, after being fanned into flame by enlightenment and further injustice? The sparks that burst into flame in the French Revolution, that revolt that Metternich tried so persistently to down, and that did not limit itself to the confines of France alone, but spread as fire in oil-soaked timbers. And even now there is restlessness in the German nation, and strikers are troubling that mighty nation's capital. By way of prophecy, may I presume that Germany shall undergo and the world shall witness the greatest upheaval of peoples against oppressors that the world with all of its sanguine conflicts has ever seen enacted on the world stage? That, as is the fate of oppressors, the German Emperor and all similar tyrants shall suffer that most torturous of tortures, having to gulp down all of his own pet theories and cherished desires, and either give up his rule or grant to his people that which is the birth-right of every nation and individual—liberty—socially, politically, religiously; and freedom of the press and speech? That he shall likewise be compelled to disgorge all the choice viands of tyrannic rule? And that he may or may not, this depends on the action of the revolutionists, be ostracised from the association of decent human beings and made to serve a life sentence in a more remote sector of the world than did the "petit Corporal"? This and much more would not be enough to atone for and fully counterbalance all of the atrocities and brutalisms that may be justly charged to his account on the Ledger of Life and Death. No hell can be too hot, no torture too

exacting, and no confinement too close to fully repay society for the ravages it has suffered. And one last sentence may serve to sum up that preposterous theory of "the divine right of kings" that has more than once thrown nations at one another's throats, and has likewise always resulted in the downfall of that person who advanced the theory: "When a single human being attempts to take absolute lordship over a nation or any heterogeneous group of persons, that single human being does so not for the good of the group, but for his own individual, selfish, and greedy self."

—*W. B. Loving*, '19.

WHO IS HE?

We praise the man with the ready grin
 When trouble comes his way,
 Or the man of pluck who follows luck,
 No matter where it stray.

The man who gets the deepest hate
 Of all the men we know—
 Is he who struts and really thinks
 That he's the whole darn show.

But we love the fellow who is a friend
 When we are fagged and blue;
 Who'll stake his poke and go dead broke
 To buck the game for you.

—*J. W. Clayton*.

THE DECISION.



QUICKLY, yet adroitly, with the lithe movement of a cat, Henry Kirby, society favorite and the source of envy to numbers of ambitious mothers with debutante daughters, carelessly dropped his cigarette. Simultaneously he dragged a gold mesh bag from the table, and with the long, slender, sensitive fingers of the professional crook extracted four large sparkling gems. Depositing these in his pocket with amazing celerity, he resumed his easy, graceful position and exhaled volumes of smoke from his mouth and nose.

"Oh, Mr. Kirby, won't you please come and sing for us?"

Kirby glanced up curiously and encountered the blue eyes and good-natured face of Mrs. Humphrey Owens, society leader and match-maker of no mean ability. Mrs. Owens was a big woman with slightly grayish hair, and a profile like the "Goddess of Liberty on the silver quarter of the period." She had one great gift, health. She fairly radiated it in very much the same way in which a boiler gives off steam. It was impossible to ignore her, you felt her.

Kirby was a singer of prominence; he had often performed at social gatherings, always with ample evidence of sound training and a natural genius. His voice was a baritone, strong and rich, and it evidenced more than a hint of power.

As he made his way to the piano, chatting all the while with the buoyant, life radiating Mrs. Owens, he felt the gems in his pocket, and, as his fingers touched them, he experienced the thrill known only to jewel lovers. First, he had stolen for money, then as he grew rich, both in worldly goods and honors, he took only what he couldn't buy. He loved jewels with all his passionate nature. He loved to see them sparkle, to feel their coldness; it had become the one mania of his lazy, easy life. It had become a fever, which was aroused whenever he saw a rare jewel

—a fever which was fast destroying the iron will of generations of Kirbys before him, and forcing him to steal in order to obtain possession, to own. That was it, the desire to own absolutely, to guard and regard jewels with gloating eyes, to see in them everything that was dear to him. They were his life, his religion, and he craved them with all his strong passionate nature.

Women played a small part in Kirby's life; he liked them, like to talk with them, but that was all. He could not love them—love was only for his jewels, they went to his head like wine, and women had to take a second place.

Evelyn Wilcox was small and slim, with tiny hands and feet; moreover she was the belle of the season. Attractive, vivacious, with large blue eyes, that strongly affected Kirby when she asked with all the bewitching power of which she was capable, "What will you sing?"

"Are you to play the accompaniment?" asked Kirby.

"I suppose so. Mrs. Humphrey always has me do the things no one else cares to do."

Kirby was a little taken back and showed it. He was rather proud of his voice, and it was a little embarrassing to have one say such uncomplimentary things. Besides, she was the first woman that had ever caused him to forget his gems even for a second. She was at that moment the one person in the whole world that appealed to him and whom he wanted to please.

He sang an old song, learned in boyhood days and long since forgotten, but it was the first thing that came to his mind; and he sang with all the sweetness and power of his winning voice. The audience was pleased and begged for more, but the girl beside him showed no particular interest. It had been said that he had charm—well he must show it now—if he could only impress her, make her realize that she must forget other men, other interests. He discovered a secluded seat, and talking fast, exerted himself and all his natural charms, seeking one look of appreciation.

They parted that night, each feeling that his life was somehow going to be different. She wondered why she

had let him hold her hand just a little longer than convention demanded, and he marveled at the fact that, although arranged before him in all their brilliance and luster, his jewels could not drive away the image of this little slip of a girl.

On his table he found a hitherto unnoticed note. Tearing it open, his face lighted with excitement and expectation as he read:

“Dear Pal,

I have just found that the niece of Mrs. Humphrey Owens has a large diamond necklace worth about five thousand dollars. At the ball next Thursday night you will find the necklace in the safe behind the dark curtains in the library. I will be at the window near the safe at 11:30. You must get that necklace—whatever the cost—and hand it to me through the window. It is a chance of a lifetime—shall we miss it?

Yours,

John.”

The days flew by quickly and happily. One evening in a shady nook on the beach he told her of his love; she kissed him, and the compact was made.

From Monday till Thursday, Kirby planned and re-planned just how he was going to get into the safe. If he could only make this hand he would quit; his collection would be complete; he would be married to an innocent pure girl, and he would tread the straight and narrow path from now on.

Thursday night came at last, and Kirby all aglow in his evening dress was never handsomer. As he saw Evelyn Wilcox clothed in all her innocence and purity and knowing that she loved him with all her woman's heart, he could not but feel a pang of remorse that he was a thief, a parasite upon society. Well, this would be his last misdemeanor; he hated to fool her, but he must have those diamonds. Just think, he would have the finest collection of precious stones in existence. He would settle down on some big estate and become a prominent and esteemed country gentleman.

Men in shining silk hats arrived and chatted and gossiped of all the social doing of the season. Women with low-cut waists and shorter skirts, the cost of which caused many a father to become prematurely gray and to give up a long-cherished vacation, and their mothers to nod their heads with pride, flitted around like butterflies in June.

The dance was on; Kirby had managed to keep his card blank for the appointed time. Now was his chance—and so strolling toward the library past love-making couples and gossiping matrons he made his way to the dark curtains and the safe behind.

Producing his hidden instruments, he set to work with the masterful hand of a conqueror. As a great surgeon operates, quickly, yet sure of his skill, he worked. Suddenly footsteps sounded, they were coming into the library. Was he suspected? He crouched down in a kneeling posture, his body flattened against cold steel of the big safe.

The footsteps stopped. Kirby drew his revolver, scarcely breathing and determined to get away somehow. His mind was working like wildfire. Suppose he was caught, would she know? Could she bear to know that he was a thief? All these thoughts ran through his brain as he felt there on the floor, the beautiful necklace in his hand.

“Oh, Mrs. Owens, your niece is beautiful and so perfectly attractive.”

“Yes, Evelyn is a sweet girl, and I think she is going to marry well. Of course, you know that she is engaged to Mr. Kirby.”

“Are you sure your hair is all right now?”

“Yes, thank you,” and with a dab into her powder and a pat on her hair, the two ladies went out leaving the room to Kirby and silence.

With his eyes straight to front, wide-eyed as it were, his face livid, he stood with mouth open, the picture of misery and shame. They were Evelyn's jewels; he was stealing from the girl he loved and expected to marry. Down on the floor lay the glittering, dazzling diamonds,

their brilliancy and transcendent beauty challenging him to become their master. Over him he felt the old fever stealing, gripping him like a vise; cold chills darted up and down his backbone. How he wanted them—God only knew. How he idolized their unnatural, their supernatural illumination. She would never know; he was above suspicion—why not?

"Are you ready?" came in a muffled hissing whisper from the window just below him.

"Nearly ready," came the answer, and with a quick movement, replacing the necklace, Kirby said, "Jack, you are wrong, the jewels are not here."

"Confound it."—Silence ensued.

—J. Lewis Heaton.

AGASSIZ.



UST two years prior to the time when adventurous America turned its thoughts to a relentless quest for Californian gold, there was born to her—and quite without the same wild and generous acclamation—a scientist of established reputation who was destined to shape for his adopted land scientific thought of value so inestimable that, were it not created, all California's gold could not requite its loss. It was 1846, and Agassiz—Jean Louis Rodolphe—of the alluring land of the Swiss, after completing arrangements with Lyell of Lowell Institute, Boston, and receiving assurances that American audiences would take to his lectures, embarked for our land, here to conclude his useful life career. Nor were we the only winners in the deal whereby he was to come and remain with us. Agassiz knew and appreciated America's value to him in the furtherance of his knowledge of God's creation and creative purposes, both for an apparently unknown past and a fruitful present; but in spite of the fact that, although unwittingly, we may have furnished the crude material, nevertheless we must not—and surely we can not—be unmindful of the indispensable value of the thinker in delving into our naturalistic possibilities, and sifting from the great mass of details presented by patient research, the truth of our geological past.

When first he put his foot upon American soil, he immediately concluded that American fauna and flora were the best for study to be found anywhere in the world,—not even excluding his own beloved Switzerland. These flora and fauna furnished for the explorer's careful attention an abundance of species, both of the animal and the vegetable kingdom, that differed greatly from a horde of European species with which a well spent youth had made him so familiar. But America's value to him in his study of natural history in all of its various phases assumed even greater proportions. "There is, perhaps,

no part of the world, certainly none familiar to science, where the early geological periods can be studied with so much ease and precision as in the United States." This is the verdict of Agassiz. It seems therefore that America was glad to have him and he was glad to be with her.

However, his great work and undoubted mental growth within our borders are predicated upon the superior education his native Europe furnished him; and hence, at this particular point, it would not be at all improper to include a few brief remarks concerning his youth and student life.

To say that he really lived, that he enjoyed life, that he was a careful and interested observer, that he was ambitious, and a scientist, fully endowed with a scientist's attributes, and that he was an accomplished student would be but to deal in generalities; yet to the imaginative reader it would succinctly furnish more wholesome truth concerning the man than a superabundance of elaborate, and perhaps tiresome, detailed material. A scientist's life is necessarily a life of quiet seclusion; he is a thinker, and as such he must shun the busy bustle of life commercial; quietness is essential to concentration; concentration is conducive to thought; and hence the man whose heart is dedicated to science should be excused for his monastic tendencies. Agassiz could easily be convicted of having such tendencies.

1807 is the date of the Swiss naturalist's birth—it is only necessary to give the date in order to enable the reader properly to categorize him in the long list of the world's thinkers of natural history. Frugality on the part of a good mother and a good father enabled Agassiz to grasp every opportunity to learn. By hard work and sheer ability he passed successively through the school of his locality, through the College of Lausanne, the Medical School of Zurich, and lastly through the University of Munich. His interests were manifold; though he gave his attention, now to botany, and now to zoology, now to comparative anatomy, and now to geology, now to paleontology, and now to medicine, in which he re-

ceived his degree, every thing he studied contributed, because he so desired it, to his general knowledge of natural history. He even found his Greek and Latin, in both of which he became amazingly proficient at an early age, of value to him in naming new species; though he confesses—as we all do—the classes were considerably distasteful to him at times. The only difference, however, between him and most of us lies in the fact that he had the good sense to persevere, which too many of us lack. All his vast knowledge was attained at considerable hardship. On two hundred and fifty dollars a year by skillful manipulation, he could pursue his education and research work, and support an artist besides;—which goes to show that thought is ever bought of blood.

The mother of Agassiz, unlike the parent of Horace, was profoundly bent upon the materialistic value of her son's education; she would have him speedily complete his medical course and resort to the hard and weary life of the practitioner to eke out a livelihood. She was often perplexed when her son displayed apparent dilatoriness by his continual sidetracking medicine for the pursuit of general natural history. Agassiz's plan for usefulness, as he set forth in a letter to his mother, could not be bounded by the confines of the doctor of medicine's practice—broad as those confines may be. He announced along with his desire to become a man of letters, that his one big ambition in life was to “be ranked among those who have enlarged the bounds of science.” That his ambition was realized is not disputed; to say that he “enlarged the bounds of science” without intensifying the statement would be but putting it modestly.

The student of Agassiz's life is readily impressed with the secret of his success. That secret is an infinite ability to work, that ability born of the above cited ambition, and nourished by the virtue of perseverance. Seventy-four medical theses, based on original research, in a course of two years eminently testify to the appropriateness and accuracy of this conclusion.

Upon his graduation Agassiz resorted to the profession of teaching, instead of medicine, to gain a living.

As a writer, as a teacher, and as an accomplished scientist, his reputation was speedily established in Europe; and hence it was only natural for him to come to America in the role of lecturer and teacher. To teaching he was devoted; it was his supreme delight to disseminate among the uninformed the great truths which his research had brought forth; it is said that he "would talk of glacial phenomena to the driver of a country stage coach among the mountains, or to some workman, splitting a rock at the road side, with as much earnestness as if he had been discussing problems with a brother geologist."

In his chosen art he was an adept. A good voice, a penetrating eye, a keen sympathy for his audience and his subject, a decided eloquence,—these were the magnetic forces he commanded to attract; an abundance of knowledge, a mind, a "cold logic engine,"—these were the weapons he used to charge his auditor with truth and despatch him with a feeling that a man of God—one inspired—had spoken.

In addition to temperament and mental attainments, there were other methods—none the less original than artificial—which he summoned to his aid in teaching. Agassiz may be said to have been the originator of the "chalk talk" idea, for he was the first to make an extensive application of the board and chalk to illustrate his points; and it may be said with verity that few of his students breathed his chalk dust for naught. He was likewise numbered among the first who advocated laboratories for extension of scientific learning; in fact, so convinced was he that such was the only truly successful way, that he strove both for himself and for his students, as far as was possible, to make the wide domains of naked nature his great laboratory.

The expressions of Agassiz's thoughts—his writings—have come down to us in at least two languages, in his native French, and in English, partially acquired during several visits to England, and later perfected during his long sojourn in America. It is a high tribute to him to say that he became a master of our tongue; that he could make it the perfect instrument of his thought. This abil-

ity easily to acquire proficiency in a foreign tongue (he was thoroughly acquainted with several) is but additional evidence of his great power of intellect and comprehension. In his writings he is always thoroughly original in thought and treatment; he sees and portrays his eternal truths in the right perspective; a spirit of friendly intimacy pervades all his works. When he so desires he can easily divest his expressions of the taint of complicated technicalities and plethoric detail, so that even the most unscientific mind can grasp his message and profit thereby. This trait is well exemplified in his "Geological Sketches," a perfectly intelligible history of our earth from creation to the present day. Agassiz once expressed his conviction that the past and the future, as well as the present, are the inheritance of man, and that clear-visioned scientific research would enable man fully to avail himself of his birthright. The reader of the above mentioned work will agree that Agassiz, for one, was certainly successful in reaping his entire inheritance, and with no other tax than a pleasant strain upon a clear intellect. The Plutonic, Secondary, and Tertiary stages in the world's geological chronology; the ages of unstratified rock produced by mighty convulsions of the earth's surface, the periods of stratified rock—of rest, attendant upon the steady working of mountain streams, the ten geological epochs from the Azoic—without life—to and through the Pleon, the last epoch of the Tertiary stage, extending into "modern times," which Agassiz, in geological terms, pleases to speak of as embracing hundreds of thousands of years, and during which no appreciative alteration of the earth's configuration has been experienced; all these he discusses with his customary originality.

Changes in the earth's animal and vegetable constituency are ever the result of severe upheavals of its surface. The same strata which tell the story of the world's past, in no Sphinx-like terms, contain a story of animal and vegetable history. During the latter Plutonic epochs there appeared on the earth's surface fish and crypto-

game, succeeded by reptilian types and pteridophytes—fern types, and these in turn gave way to quadrupeds and dicotyledonous vegetation.

Agassiz points out the fallacy of referring to the American continent as the New World; in reality, says he, America is the Old World, having been the first island of continental proportions to emerge from the seas after the volcanic violence of the Plutonic epochs. Speaking of the Laurentian Mountains—a low chain of hills breasting the northern part of our country and southern Canada, he writes: “Insignificant in height, nowhere rising more than fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the level of the sea, these are nevertheless the first mountains that broke the uniform level of the sea and lifted themselves above the water.” Along the base of these hills, composed of intensely metamorized granite, are found rocks and layers of rocks to represent each of the many geological epochs. Hence, Agassiz considered these mountains a treasure house of facts concerning the past.

Recognition of unity of types and the biogenetic law—two fundamental biological principals, is made with considerable elaborateness. Though the physical may alter the specific detail of plant and animal structure, thus producing a diversity of species, nevertheless there are certain general structures over which the physical has no control. These general characteristics—of digestion, circulation, respiration, etc.—preserve unity of types. In the preservation of this principle Agassiz sees the indisputable manifestation of a great thinking Creator.

Schooled in the great University of Nature; reared in the time when human thought was experiencing convulsions as violent as those of the earth during the early Plutonic epochs; contributing generously to the advancement of learning and civilization; contemporary with such great thinkers as Darwin, Spencer, Mill, etc., Agassiz has lived and died. Posterity's critical estimate has honored him with a place among “those who have enlarged the bounds of science.” However, he can hardly be called a thinker of the first type; that is to say, he can not

and probably will not be regarded a Dante, a Shakespeare, or a Homer of the scientific world. Nevertheless the world owes a decided debt to Agassiz, just as it is indebted to a Burns or a Byron; and she will no doubt pay it by an increased patronage, remembering that, when she trifles with him, she is trifling with the physical facts he sets forth, and that, in his estimation, "a physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle."

TO A LOVED ONE.

But to be loved, as loved I am by thee,
Is more than joy. The greatest sphere of earth,
In range of happiness 'twixt death and birth
Can offer nothing of more joy to me.
In all the secret, hidden world of pain,
In toil of brain and brawn, and busy mart—
Vain strivings after fleeting, worldly gain—
A thought of thee is there to cheer the heart,
To fill my soul with love, and give to me
The strength to bear all blighting human ill.
Thou art the source of all the hopes that surge
Within, and fill my mind and heart, and thrill
My soul with nobler impulses, that purge
My memory of thoughts that should not be.

AN INCIDENT OF 2068.

YOUNG woman, I thought I told you once before that I wanted your attentions to my son to cease. I don't consider you at all eligible; in fact, I am sure that you could not support him as I expect his wife to do. According to what you have told me, you possess little more than ten million dollars. My son's wife should be worth at least fifty millions, and, furthermore, I have already selected John's future wife, and I am planning to have his marriage take place before the end of another month." Mrs. Gaylord Montague, clubwoman, wealthy, and a senator, finished her heartless ultimatum and gazed in stern displeasure at Beatrice Douglas. Let it be said for her that she was already establishing a reputation as a brilliant lawyer, but she did not have the requirements, according to Mrs. Montague, that she should have, to be worthy of the beautiful blue-eyed youth for whose hand she was so ardently suing.

"Oh, mother, how could you be so cruel?" impetuously cried John. "I don't like Amanda Smithson nearly so well as Beatrice, and I think I should be allowed to choose whom I shall marry. When father married you, you did not even ask his mother for his hand. Mother, you're breaking my heart," and the young man burst into tears. Such scenes were painful to the sterner sex, but Mrs. Montague would not give in to manly tears. Beatrice longed to take the slender, sobbing form in her strong arms and fold the man to her bosom, but the presence of John's harsh parent precluded any such action as that.

"Mrs. Montague, may I speak just a word to him before I leave?" asked the young woman. "Yes, I suppose so," grudgingly assented the mother. Beatrice led John aside. "Dearest," she whispered, "watch for me at your window. I shall call in my racing monoplane just after dusk. Have a few clothes ready and we'll fool them all. Can you trust me, sweetheart?"

"Yes, you are so strong and true. I'd trust you with all that I hold sacred."

"Very well, then. Good-bye, little boy," she said aloud, and then added in an undertone, "until tonight."

With muffled motor and lights out a slender, shadowy, 'plane glided to the moorings on the Montague mansion that night. A few words of instruction were spoken in a low voice to the airwoman at the wheel and a rope ladder was lowered until it reached a certain window. Beatrice descended the ladder, reached the windowsill and tapped lightly on the glass. Some one rushed across the room, flung up the window, and in a gasp of joy greeted the young woman. "I'm so glad you got here safely. I'm all ready to leave. Won't you come inside for a few minutes." Beatrice leaped from the sill into the room. She took the youth's small, shapely hands in her strong, horny ones and gazed down into the limpid depths that were his eyes. "Kiss me, darling," she said. Their lips met. She ardently drew him to her. Both felt the age-old, irresistible call of mate for mate. What a strong, womanly lover he had! What a pure, sweet, lovable boy this was that she held clasped to her bosom! "Come," she said, awakening from the trance, "we must away, or your mother might spoil all our plans, and you know the severe penalty for eloping. If I am caught before we are married it will mean prison for me."

Without further delay they prepared to leave. Just as they were mounting the rope ladder they heard a knock on the door of the room, and Mrs. Montague's voice struck terror to John's heart. The pretty creature shuddered, but Beatrice reassured him. They were soon esconced in the cushions of the 'plane, and the airwoman pointed the machine's nose skyward. John looked down toward the house and noted an unwonted activity. Suddenly he excitedly exclaimed, "Mother and two policewoman have just entered her 'plane, and I think they are going to chase us. And I know they will catch us, for mother's machine is the fastest in the state." "Never mind, little sweetheart," said the courageous young woman, "we have a three minutes' lead on them and we'll give them

a merry chase. I wirelessly a minister in a little out-of-the-way place just across the border and he'll be waiting for us. We won't lose any time." Beatrice leaned forward and spoke to the woman at the wheel. The 'plane leaped upward at a faster rate. Up, up they went into the higher air lanes. Then a great finger of light played here and there around them, finally resting upon them. It was the searchlight of the pursuing 'plane locating them.

Then the race began in earnest. It was soon seen that the second machine was rapidly gaining upon the other. The elopers resorted to strategy—their 'plane darted and swooped and curved in and out, and for a while was lost to the pursuers. But this was too dangerous, especially when John was the precious cargo the airship carried. So it dropped to a lower level and rushed along at full speed; but the gap between the two machines was steadily decreasing. When the pursuers were almost within reach of the runaways, Beatrice reached above her head and took down a rifle with a long dull barrel, and turning in her seat pointed it in the direction of the other machine. "You're not going to shoot mother!" exclaimed John, horrified. "No, dear. This is nothing but a gas-bomb rifle. It shoots a small bomb that contains a powerful, concentrated gas. The bomb explodes when it strikes an object, and the gas, which is harmless, causes those who are near to become unconscious. That's what will happen to your mother. She will lose control of the 'plane, but the gyroscopes will steady it, and it will slowly settle to the earth," explained Beatrice. Bang! A puff of smoke followed the sharp explosion. The bomb was heard to break against the other machine's motor, at which it had been aimed. The monoplane became unsteady for a while, then righted itself and sank slowly earthward.

Freed of their pursuers, the young people continued their flight. The minister was ready, and they were quickly married. After a half-hour's bliss in the kind preacher's cozy parlor, they started back. "Oh, Beatrice, I love you so," exclaimed John. "And now we'll make mother forgive us."

—*Albert Cornelius.*

EDITORIAL.

"War Savings Stamps mark an epoch in our national life."—Secretary of the Treasury McADOO.

Many a successful business man has said that the saving of his first dollar was the most important single act of his life; that it marked the beginning of a habit and a course of conduct to which he attributed his success.

Something very analogous to this, it is believed, is going to be the effect on the American Nation of the War Savings campaign. Not only are millions of individual citizens going to begin to save, but this habit of economy and saving is going to be a collective movement, a movement not of individuals alone but of the Nation.

The habit of saving formed now has a deeper incentive than ordinary. We are saving now not alone for selfish reasons, we are saving now from patriotism, saving not alone for ourselves but for our country. The combination of patriotism and thrift is, indeed, going to make the War Savings campaign an epoch in our national life. It is not only going to be a thing of tremendous benefit to millions of citizens, it is going to be a thing of tremendous advantage to the Nation as a whole, and affect our whole national life. It marks the beginning of a new era in American life, an era of economy, good sense, and patriotism.

When we put a million and a half soldiers in the field, we withdraw those men from productive enterprises. They do not while they are actually in training or in service produce anything. They do, on the other hand, consume much. There is nothing more expensive on earth than to support and maintain a great army in the field, especially if it is on the fighting line. The attrition of supplies and everything else is tremendously great when we have a fighting army in the field.

America is the one great remaining storehouse in the world of supplies and credit. We must maintain and

make effective as possible our own soldiers and the soldiers of those nations who are fighting for us. We must therefore draw as little as possible upon our common store of supplies and money. The more we lessen our domestic demand, the more we can contribute to the support and effectiveness of our allied armies.

Economy is now a national duty, such a duty upon the people at home as fighting is upon those Americans who are bravely offering their lives for the honor of America and the preservation of liberty and justice.

President Wilson has said: "I suppose not many fortunate byproducts can come out of a war, but if the United States can learn something about saving out of this war it will be worth the cost of the war; I mean the literal cost of it in money and resources. I suppose we have several times over wasted what we are now about to spend. We have not known that there was any limit to our resources; we are now finding out that there may be if we are not careful."

When we had thrust upon us the control of the destiny of the MESSENGER for the past year, there *Valedictory* was no kindly Ariadne to offer us the means of orientation, and as Chrystal Croftangry would say, we must have been the Bonassus himself to have mistaken ourself for a genius. Yet such has been the cooperation of all the staff and so timely have been the contributions that we have never suffered for lack of material, and good material too. We wish especially to thank the alumni who have contributed, an evidence of extraordinary interest being the support accorded us by former students.

We may therefore justly have cause for self-gratulation, for in glancing over the magazines that come to our exchange table, we are impressed with the fact that about fifty-one per cent. of the editorials are those which bewail lack of interest in their magazine or the paucity of available material for publication.

The quality of our material can of course be improved—that is or should be our constant aim—but the

function of our magazine is to afford a laboratory for our essays of apprenticeship as well as a spur to scale the heights of Parnassus, and we believe we have not failed in this respect. Perhaps this is partly attributable to the soberer viewpoint upon life which we are now forced to assume, the elimination of much that is transient and inconsequential, and the corresponding stimulation of our powers of thought and expression.

In conclusion may we suggest that *THE MESSENGER* is not equipped for doing the best work possible. If a senior class or a well disposed alumnus would do something of lasting benefit to the college, one which would receive the merited gratitude of all succeeding editors, let such equip and furnish an office in which to conduct the work of the magazine. We feel sure the college authorities would sanction the use of a room for this purpose if it were so provided with desk, table, typewriter, files, books of reference, and other furnishings, in order to conduct the business and the literary work of *THE MESSENGER* as efficiently as possible. We believe *THE MESSENGER* deserves this. May the fruition of our hopes be realized in the years that are to come!

FROM THE OFFICE DESK.

"The sacrifices we are exacting of the noble American boys who are going to the bloody fields of France for the lives and liberty of us who stay at home call to us with an irresistible appeal to support them with our most earnest efforts in the work we must do at home."

—*Secretary McAdoo.*

"We have reached the time in our national life when no loyal citizen in the country can afford to spend a dollar for wasteful luxuries. Such an expenditure resolves itself into a disloyal act."

—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

"Let there be no misunderstanding. Our present and immediate task is to win the war, and nothing shall turn us aside from it until it is accomplished. Every power and resource we possess, whether of men, of money, or of material, is being devoted and will continue to be devoted to that purpose until it is achieved. * * *

"We shall regard the war as won only when the German people say to us, through properly accredited representatives, that they are ready to agree to a settlement based upon justice and the reparation of the wrongs their rulers have done. * * *

"When this intolerable Thing, this German power, is, indeed, defeated and the time come that we can discuss peace—when the German people have spokesmen whose words we can believe and when those spokesmen are ready in the name of their people to accept the common judgment of the nations as to what shall henceforth be the bases of law and of covenant for the life of the world—we shall be willing and glad to pay the full price for peace and pay it ungrudgingly. We know what that price will be. It will be full, impartial justice—justice done at every point and to every nation that the final settlement must affect, our enemies as well as our friends."

—*President Wilson.*

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

Dear Dr.:

I was very glad indeed to get your letter dated Sept. 11th. It took nearly a month to reach me and of course this letter will take as long to get back to U. S. A.

Allen was well and happy the last time I heard from him. He is in the Headquarters Company and otherwise his address is the same as mine.

The people over here are very friendly to American soldiers but they have a notion that we are all millionaires, judging by the way they charge us. It is much better to go around with a poilu, since he will keep the people from cheating us. Yes, I've talked with several who have come from the front recently. I confess I like the Canadians better than either the poilus or the Tommies. I'd almost as soon try to understand French as the brand of English some of the Tommies use. The Scotch Highlanders are much more easily understood.

I had an experience one night I'll never forget. An old Belgian and his wife, recognizing me as an American, insisted that I drink with them to America, and of course I insisted that we drink to Belgium; and then, when he had told me goodbye with tears in his eyes, it made a fellow feel like marching on to Berlin over everything. I'm afraid America has a rather undeserved love on the part of these Belgians. They seem to forget that Great Britain is also in the war on their account.

I will write just as often as I can. The American troops are certainly over here for business and we are kept busy. I wish I could tell you what we are doing, where we are, and so on, but the censor says "no", so I just have to content myself with covering paper with mere nothings.

I am required to give rank, name, and military address in every letter, so here goes: Private W. E. White, 30th Company, 5th Regiment, Base Detachment, U. S.

Marine Corps, American Expeditionary Forces, via New York. To think all of that doesn't tell where I am at all.

Give my regards to all of my friends at R. C., s'il vous plait.

Sincerely yours,
W. E. WHITE.

Dear Dr.:

I'm going to write a great deal of news this time which the censor won't object to.

First about our uniform. Have you ever seen a marine in field uniform? If you have, please excuse me. We wear a dark hat with the marine corps emblem in front; and no hat cord. Then a dark green suit, the coat cut very much after the style of the French with the exception of a high collar. It is a much better looking coat in some respects than the army coat, but has only four pockets—two breast pockets on the outside and two on the inside. Our trousers are long ones, not the breeches of the army. However, by folding them in the regulation manner and wearing canvas leggins we make them look like breeches. Our overcoat is a long double breasted affair which looks very good on a tall man. It has a high turn-up collar, and with the exception of having only one pocket—and that on the inside—is very comfortable. It has the effect of making one look about seven feet tall, but it certainly keeps one warm, which is exactly what it is fitted for.

Now for some more news which I've never seen printed anywhere. Did you know that all German notices in French passenger coaches have a piece of white cloth carefully pasted over them?

Did you know that nearly every French box car has printed on the side *Hommes 38 Cheveaux 8 (en long)* which shows its capacity?

Did you know that first class travel in trains is reserved for officers?

It is very strange to see the teams here. They are hitched one after the other—I have seen three in a row. The funniest combination you can imagine was a camel and a horse. Where the camel came from I don't know.

How far have you gone in your drill? You have not been made to port arms and double time from the corner of Robinson and Broad to Floyd Avenue yet, have you? I hear that the military training at R. C. is making good progress now.

So C. O. Johnson has been telling it to the marines at Paris Island? He is a rank amateur to the marine drill sergeants. They can surely tell it to the marines with expression and add picturesque descriptions of marine recruit companies. "Disorganized mob," "Port arms like they enlisted—one at a time," etc. are mild remarks from a drill sergeant. It's my notion that volley ball is rather tame exercise after the Swedish exercises and drill which recruits at Paris Island get large doses of.

Well, I believe I've not written any objectionable matters so far, and reckon I'd better stop before I do.

Sincerely,

W. E. WHITE.

Prvt. W. E. White, 30th Co., 5th Regt.,

U. S. M. C., Am. Ex. Force,

Army P. O. 702 via New York.

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ON SHOES AND SHINES.



lady," my delightfully old south-fashioned grandmother would primly say, "is easily known by her hands and feet." Then she would modestly edge her trim, well blackened little shoes under her chair and fold her smoothly gloved hands. Dear little gentlewoman, I fear that your tests would not hold good to-day; and yet, by people's shoes are their very souls often known.

To me there is nothing more fascinating than to sit in an overcrowded street car and study feet. The confusion of heads and bodies but makes the game more interesting. Lost from its mate, a great mud-splashed boot, hideously thick and broad, with cowhide thongs hanging below the frayed edge of a baggy trousers leg, suggests the presence of a sturdy countryman. Its neighbor is a dusty slipper, with bow awry and heel badly turned, and into it tucked a flimsy silk stocking on a slim, swaying ankle. Just behind these two are baby feet in wrinkly-toed, soiled white kid, slipping and stumbling. Suddenly a long, narrow, shining, black toe moves, a child screams, and the little feet are swung upward, out of sight. The shiny new shoe takes their place—but how restless it is! The tight leather barely gives to the wriggling toes within. Now the shoe rises to meet white, ringed fingers that convulsively press and rub the tortured flesh so handsomely encased.

In comfortable contrast are two flat, tan, military boots nearby, firmly planted and easily supporting the straight, khaki clad legs above. A slow milling goes on and newcomers shove and edge in. One glimpses, below a voluminous, bedraggled black skirt, a fat, shapeless shoe, carefully tied with red flannel strings, and with a big black toe bulging forth, chumming with a much-stitched, much-buttoned, very tall, very high heeled, white shoe, smeared and smudged. Another is a square toed black "low quarter", its skinned sides and knotted strings evidencing care-free boyhood; and there is also a tiny Bur-

gundy toe and extreme French heel, tapping lightly in time with a love song hummed by the conductor.

And each one tells a story to him who cares to read—but I warn the student! He will often be fooled. I once gazed, with thrilled admiration, at two of the most lady-like little feet I had ever seen, in neatly fitting gray leather that almost reached the sensible tweed skirt above and allowed just a glimpse of silk-clad, girlish ankles. I wove a beautiful romance above and about those shoes; and then the strap hangers got out, and I saw my heroine. She was little and very straight, save that her thin shoulders were slightly rounded in their antique closely fitting jacket. Her tiny, crumpled, black turban, with its moth-eaten plume, half concealed a thin knot of snowy hair—hair in front hidden by a coarse black wig that tilted over a furrowed forehead. The thin lips, drawn over toothless gums, were red. The aristocratic nose was white with powder, The wrinkled cheeks wore a false bloom at once pitiful and revolting. From under raggedly blackened brows gazed sunken, faded eyes—such a tired, wistful gaze, such a patient, pleading gaze, such a childlike, shrinking gaze. I thought of my grandmother and sobbed. Poor little old woman! A mystery story whose last installment I shall never, perhaps, read * * * * *

And my own feet? Alas! They are broad, shapeless, flat, *very* unladylike. I once regarded them as mere things, on which to run and hop, with which to kick through dry autumn leaves, to drag through thick dust, to strap skates to, to wriggle in cool streams, and (when my brothers were in good temper) to kick footballs with. The white pumps—what visions of stiff petticoats and Sunday lace dresses and blue sashes (being red headed, I never wore pink) accompany them and my shoes disreputable, and pop-buttoned.

Tennis shoes call up the most thrilling recollections of hikes and gymnasiums and camps. But alas! I failed them all when it came to shoe polishing. How I hated to get down Brown's Black Shoe Polish, with its sputtery sponge-brush, from the kitchen shelf, and kneeling on a

newspaper, to soak my foot—and, incidentally, my stockings, hands, and the floor! I once knew a little girl who went even further, and saved the timely stitch, as well as the proverbial nine, by blacking her legs through the holes. I admired her ingenuity even more than that of her chum, who cut squares from old hose for false patches beneath worn stocking-knees, and cleaned her shoes by the simple expedients of spit and handkerchief or bath towel.

I would not, of course, confess my former shortcoming had I not reformed myself, for to-day I am a model boot-black and have resigned myself to lifelong devotion to blacking brush and polishing cloths. In fact, I am acquiring a crotchety preference for Two-in-One and a certain fancy for my individual shine. I even dare to oppose my polishes to those of my father—a connoisseur of shoe shining. He would never entrust to me the sacred office; but often, of a Saturday night, have I sat fascinated by the operation as performed by my brother under my father's minute directions and admonitions, while the shoes were twisted this way and that, and finally thrust out for a last critical inspection. Supplementary cleanings were frequent during the week, but to him the Saturday Night Shine was as sacred an institution as the Saturday Bath is to the average american family, and the infallible mark of a gentleman.

Often, as I have watched a crowd of school girls, gathered in the cloak room for a nose-powdering and primping at closing time, draw up first one leg and then the other, and rub their toes on the backs of their stockings, I have wondered what availed long-trousered boys under similar conditions of necessity. I have finally solved the riddle—and, with it, the deeper one of why my brothers' handkerchiefs invariably go to the weekly laundry with the disreputable appearance of floor rags. Oh, that my youngest brother would so black his handkerchief—did he but carry one to black! Shoes are hateful to him so long as they squeak and shine; but let them be coated with mud, red, blue, black, or brown; let the strings be tipless and their ends dragged in the dust;

let the soles burst from the sides and his big toe escape; let one heel be lost and the back seams be ripped; let his overshoes have holes and the polish be out—Master Dick is in his glory. His shoes are a Real Boy's shoes and their shine a negative quantity. But, indeed, I feel a rare sympathy for him. When my vanity conquers my good practical sense, when the shoe clerk is unusually handsome and the broad widths few, when I succumb to temptation and buy a dainty, narrow shoe—then indeed do I admire my brother's choice.. When I swing from a car strap on pain shot feet, when I mince along over miles and miles of buming hills, stairs, and cobblestones, then with my little brother do I writhe in rebellion and wish that I were a bare foot little savage on the shores of Africa. I remember, but enough of this; my clock says almost twelve and I must shine my shoes again!

—*Mary B. Dudley, '21.*

THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

THE mighty and almost overpowering effect of the Great War on the missionary world is that it puts upon the United States, especially the women and girls of the United States, the responsibility of carrying the gospel to the uttermost parts of the world, of doing it quickly, and of giving liberally to missionary enterprises. If we Christians truly wish to see our brothers of other lands saved, we must be ready to sacrifice ourselves, and to go to teach them before the opportunity has passed. Men are being called to the battle front. They are fighting, as we say, "to make the world safe for democracy." But "democracy will neither be safe in the world nor for the world if we fail to run before it and after it with the glad tidings. Evangelical Christianity alone can prepare the world for democracy, and make democracy a safe thing for the world."

First of all, it will be interesting to note how the war has affected countries which heretofore have been working for missions and sending out missionaries. Before the war, the Germans were active in missionary enterprises. But now the work of over two thousand German missionaries has been interfered with. This may mean that seven hundred thousand Christians in pagan lands will be left without guides. Two thousand may not seem such a great number, but when one considers what a comparatively small band of men and women are missionaries, two thousand count for a tremendous amount. So Germany's serving powers have decreased. Let us look next to England.

In spite of the great strain on England in these war times, she gave a larger sum to foreign missions this year than she ever gave in previous times. The amount this year was greater by more than a hundred and twenty thousand dollars than last year. Although women were busy and had little to spare, they sent thirty-six thousand

missionary boxes last Christmas from the Church Missionary House, a number which trebled that of the year before. A certain English missionary to the Jews of Austria is still keeping on bravely with his work there. He says, that never in his life has he experienced such awful times, but never in his life has he felt the presence and blessing of Christ so much as now.

New fields of work have been laid before England because of the war. The Scripture Gift Mission of England is putting testaments into the hands of munition workers and soldiers. At least a hundred thousand copies are wanted for immediate distribution among the munition workers. A young soldier of Kitchener's Army received a Bible sent to him through the mission. Before his death he left this message: "My message is that all who are wise should work in the great service while it is day, remembering the coming night." Then, too, the British Societies are already at work among the people of Central, East, and South Africa, preparing to take the place of the German missionaries who have had to leave; as yet, they have not been able to supply the vacancies in India. We can understand the spirit of England better after reading what the London Times has to say about missions:

"The policy for an army hard pressed is to shorten its lines; it may be assumed that the Church is hard pressed, both in men and in material. One might think that there should be a concentration upon missions which wait at the door of the Church. But the logic of the spiritual experience prevails. Never have there been so many powerful minds concerned with foreign missionary enterprises as there are today. It cannot finish its task in Europe and afterwards begin in Asia. Throughout Asia there is in process a complete transformation of social institutions, habits, standards, and beliefs. The movement is unceasing, it will as little wait on our convenience as the tides of the sea. There is no reason why the war should be the breakdown of Christianity. Though the thought of it must awaken penitence in all the Churches throughout Europe, the War can never be laid to the charge of the Faith. Christianity has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult and not tried.

So far as I have been able to discover, our missionary efforts, except through the Young Men's Christian Association, have not increased to a large extent within the last three years. But the United States is being looked to now, and we must answer this call, as we have answered the call to the colors. Our Y. M. C. A., however, has done a vast amount of good along missionary lines. The Y. M. C. A. is bringing something to our men which complete equipment and perfect drill cannot supply. It puts temptations out of the soldier's way and keeps him from getting so lonely and homesick, and it tries to show him the way to salvation. The Bureau of Religious Work is in charge of the definitely religious activities, such as Bible study, personal interviews and mass meetings. Over one hundred thousand testaments have already been distributed, and many more are needed. Bible study classes have been organized, and religious specialists and secretaries have been sent into the fields.

The Y. M. C. A. of the United States is not only giving money for missionary extension among our own soldiers, but among those of our allies. There are about seven million soldiers in the Russian army, among whom it is of supreme importance to maintain the moral. To introduce the Y. M. C. A. work among these millions is perhaps the greatest single opportunity for Christian service that has ever been presented to the American people. "It is not" says Dr. Mott, "an optional matter whether we shall enter this door; it is obligatory. By this I mean, it is God's call, and cannot be denied." Italy also calls for the service of the Y. M. C. A. One hundred and forty centers have already been established there, and now at least two hundred secretaries are needed to carry on the work. The French army, too, opens her doors to our Y. M. C. A.

This statement was received from General Pershing at the National War Work Council headquarters: "The greatest service that America can immediately render to France is to extend the Association work to the entire French army." France herself, is doing mission work through her land. A great deal of Christian literature

has been spread through Paris by the City Paris Mission within the last year. Moreover, this organization has done a great deal of evangelical work at many military bases and encampments in all parts of France. Yet France looks to us for help, as do many nations.

Let us look now at the conditions of the nations which have been served by missionaries, and see why they need us more now than ever before. Since the war, efficiency and unity have been the watchwords of Japan. If she were not so selfish, more faith would be put in her sincerity. But, in spite of this, through the efforts of Dr. John R. Mott, a spirit of empire wide evangelism has been maintained, and advance is evident. Just now Japan is putting much faith in some of the missions of the United States, and if we try to be a real help, if we try to establish fellowship, our relations with Japan will probably be tranquil and progress will be assured.

China is in a rather unsettled state in respect to religious liberty. Although China is supposed to be a republic, there is an overwhelming dominance of the military element. This problem is intimately associated with the future of missions in China. In China there is a great demand for men and money so that the Chinese convert may be taught. Before this, the Sunday school work in China has been financed by the British Association, but the American Section of the World's Sunday School Association has been asked to meet the war emergency in China. The great transformations which are taking place in the thinking among the people of Asia and Africa give missionaries a better chance for approach than in former times. Today the great majority of these people are accessible, and even more eager for Christian instruction than they have ever been before in all the history of modern missions.

The German missions in India have been affected most seriously. Non-German Christians at the outset believed that the German missionaries deserved sympathy and support. After careful investigation, it was found that it was necessary that they either be interned or deported, but they were always treated with respect. Some of the

German Societies have been turned over to other missions, but the great part of it has been seriously injured, or entirely suspended. The work of the American Societies has not been perceptibly affected. But the most serious effect in India has in the fact that the British Societies have lost many of their missionary workers. Some have perished at sea, and others have enlisted for service in the army. These losses during the last three years will be felt long after the close of the war, because the young men are gone never to return, and there is no one to fill their place.

The slaughter of the Armenians has been the most cruel act of the fiendish policy of the Turks. Over a million men, women, and children have been slaughtered, but there are two million who still remain who may be saved from Turkish cruelty, if we Christians will give our help. Already there are fifty American missionaries in Syria and forty-nine in Turkey. It seems unthinkable that while thousands of these Armenians have given up their lives for Christ, we Christians at home are willing to do so little in comparison with what they have done. "Today is the day to minister to Christ Himself, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the sick who belong to Him."

If God spares the youth of the United States from this slaughter, it is plain that they must fill the vacancies which the sacrifice of the lives of young missionaries of other nations have caused. If our boys, too, are killed, the girls must take up the struggle, and they must go to foreign fields with willingness and joy, ready to do their part to make the world better and safer.

—V. E. Lane, '21.

THE DESERTER.

Night, here in No Man's Land
 Above the hell of war, the shuddering silence of the
 stars,
 And one crouched there within a German parapet
 Shudders as they, and not from fear or hate,
 But from revulsion of the soul
 God! how he remembers each vivid day!
 Those days which mark a month in hell!
 The day he left his Gretchen and the little ones.
 But then he felt no hell of hatred, only love
 Of home and of *der Vaterland*.
 His was not to reason why, the Kaiser had spoken;
 That was enough
 Many days, and then the day he first saw hell
 Among the ruins of Louvain he watched those crying
 Belgian children run, and wondered how like his own
 They were—children made fatherless by such as he..
 He heard the cry of a country, desolate yet guiltless;
 And watched the smoke of the ruins fling its black
 Cry for vengeance to Heaven, and mark a "Why?"
 upon the sky,
 The day the hell entered his soul—
 The day he first had killed a man—
 How the devil in him gloried in that hand to hand
 Scramble with death,and the horror that shook
 him
 When the French soldier lay stabbed at his feet.
 "Christ! This man was my brother!"—a prayer
 not curse;
 And he knew he could never kill another man.
 And oh, the questionings and the hatred of it all!
 Finally, the day when they had reached the frontier,
 Here, crowded in a parapet, with thought demons his
 companion
 Truth had come—The "Why?" was answered.
 And, oh, the worm wood in his soul!
Der Vaterland that in his illusion he had loved so!

Dared he to fight against the Right?

.....And so tonight he shudders as he gazes at the
shuddering star—

He knows no other way—

Creeping forth, he stumbles into a run—

Thus he dies, a deserter.

The stars, watching over No Man's Land, shudder
still;

Shudder all but one—This one smiles, for a soul
freed.

—D. G., '18.

CHILBLAINS.



T began on the car—not the chilblains, but my tragic horror of them. I told myself I was studying geometry, which was the nearest I got to doing it. Really, I was listening to the ceaseless chatter of every girl on that car—a hopelessly big job—so I didn't know what any of them were really saying. But suddenly, through the senseless torpor of my mind, I really heard something—something that made me forget I was supposed to be following the logically beautiful development of one of those artistic works of the mind, a proposition in geometry.

“Yes, I've had 'em for months. They 're all open now, with holes in 'erm,” came the serene voice of one resigned to her fate.

I fastened my eye on the innocent group across the aisle, held my breath, and waited.

“Well,” came another voice, of one beginning to be resigned to her fate, I've got three on one foot and five on the other. They're just swollen red lumps so far.”

Swollen red lumps! Three on one foot and five on the other! Holes! Had I not had a suspicious red lump on my foot that morning? Was I to get these gruesome things in such quantities? Was I to have holes in my feet? The science of Pythagoras, Antijshon, Bryson, and Plato slipped unheeded from my lap, mingling its learned sheets with the grimy slush of the car floor.

“What's that—that's red—and swollen? “I leaned over,, hanging on every word that this revealer of my fate should disclose. Im sure I felt as Poe did when he uttered those fateful words, “Is there—is there balm in gilead?—Tell me—tell me, I implore!” And when the answer came I felt as he did when the Raven quoth “Nevermore,” for my fate was sealed. I was doomed! I had 'em—chilblains; and indeed, if I hadn't wanted to know what to do for them, I'm sure I would have “shrieked, upstarting.” But instead, I sat, and heard

that you paint them with iodine, but that it doesn't help—that nothing helps—that they just stay and stay—and then stay!

When we got off the car, I saw the afflicted ones all begin to limp. Was I to limp, too? I had never limped in my life. But I belonged to the afflicted, so I limped. I had a new sensation, I guess one gets *something* new from everything. I felt quite slovenly. I had never been allowed to feel slovenly before, because of the almost Puritan strictness of my mother. But there was a strange, new kind of joy in this irresponsible, haphazard ambling along, and I felt quite at home in this new order of chilblains.

When I went home that evening, I broke the fateful news to my mother. She had never heard of chilblains opening and didn't give them half their due respect. I was quite hurt. She didn't think I had anything bad at all. She called up the drug store for me and among other things they recommended iodine. Recognizing this as an old friend, I practised art with a camel's hair brush for two days and nights on my feet. But true to the words of the well informed members of the order, "you paint 'em with iodine, but they don't get any better," the chilblains just stayed and got worse, and with morbid pleasure I saw new ones come daily, while the old ones grew bigger. My mother's anxieties, *but not sympathies*, became aroused. Instead of feeling sorry for me, she began to "fuss" because I had insisted on going out in the snow. Nevertheless, she would call up the doctor for me. To my great discomfiture he treated the matter very lightly. Doctors have no hearts. When I heard his prescription, I was sure of it. I wonder how people can be so wise. How did that doctor know that, out of all drugs, all odors, I could stand turpentine least of all! But he knew it nevertheless, and prescribed it as the only thing. Mother got from the back row of the top shelf of the medicine chest an old bottle of turpentine.

"It's just a little thick," she said, "but just as good as new."

"Yes, better," I thought, for it was yellower, thicker, oilier, and more obnoxious than I had imagined. (Mother afterwards bought me some new, saying that she hadn't known the other was so bad. She had got some on her hand and it had taken her five minutes to wash it off.) But I didn't know any better, I thought that was the way turpentine should be. So morning and night I rubbed my feet and everything I possessed began to breathe of the clinging odor of turpentine. The chilblains ceased to be a grim and melancholy joy. Even sleep was denied me. I crawled into bed at the eleventh hour and had to get up at the dark hour of night, 6:45 A. M., so as to begin early and not miss the 8:15. Then with envy I would watch the lucky girls who had escaped, stick their cold toes up under the heated car seat. This was not good for chilblains. When we alighted (but I didn't *alight*, I *thumped*) I watched them scale gayly the hills of Westhampton, and slide gleefully down its snowy slopes—while as for me—I limped along, painfully, the first sweet tinge of novelty departed.

So for what was really a week, but what seemed to me months, nay! years, I limped along, used turpentine, crawled into bed at 11 P. M., and crawled out at 6:45 A. M. but it seemed as if my unwelcome guests had come to stay.

Then began one of the most trying times of my affliction. It was all because people tried to be too nice. I guess it doesn't sound very grateful for me to say that, but I think they forgot they were my chilblains and not theirs—although I would gladly have shared my affliction. But I guess they meant well. Everywhere I went, everybody I saw, and everybody my family saw, would expound wonderful remedies for chilblains. And everybody thought his way was the one and only way. I racked my brain in vain to find proper thanks and inoffensive excuses to give these frightfully touchy and endlessly numerous people.

"The butcher, the baker, the candle stick maker"—they all came and did their bit, and with them they brought others. Turnip juice, onion syrups, snow, fish,

salt water, and kerosene were not half of those wonder workers donated by my kind friends.

The enthusiastic girl who had just taken a course in Red Cross Training called excitedly as she ran up stairs, "Just wait 'til I look it up in my Red Cross Book. That'll tell you what's good," and before I could stop her, she was gone—gone for twenty minutes, and I vaguely wondered if a soldier wouldn't die in that time while the nurse looked up in her book what to do for his especial case.

"Iodine or col-lo-dian," she triumphantly announced, radiant at being able to help. But iodine I had already used with the mentioned result. Collodian I had never heard of,—and the Red Cross nurse hadn't either.

When the washerwoman had added alum water, I was nearly crazy. If all these things were so wonderful, why don't I try them, I despairingly asked my mother. But I couldn't try them all. I'd 'phone the doctor and ask him which to use. Mother suggested that he had already told me what to use, but I did not heed. I 'phoned, and I shall never forget it. I never knew such a volley of scorn, disgust, and anger could come from our sleek little doctor of the meek blue eyes. So I was thankful to hang up the receiver and accept turpentine as my lot.

Then came more trouble. I couldn't get my shoes on. Can you imagine anything more terrible? In very truth, I could not. The welcome idea of slippers and spats came to me. I had always had an irresistible desire to wear spats, but had always sternly dismissed them from my mind as an unnecessary expense. Now they were necessary. But mother's careful, foreseeing mind worked now, as always.

"Be sure your slippers don't hurt before you get the spats."

My illusions grew wings. Wriggle as I might, I couldn't deny it. The slippers hurt! So back on went my old tan shoes and off came my thinking cap. It's no use. The chilblains have got me and I've delivered myself, with a purely Anglo-Saxon faith, to the stern and cruel mercy of fate.

—T. P. '21.

CHRISTINE.

IN the making of War books there is no end, and of the eager reading of them there seems to be no end either, the public seizes with an almost pathetic zest anything which gives the slightest hint of what is happening "over there".

Most of the books, quite naturally, picture the condition and attitude of our allies; but Alice Cholmondeley's *Christine* takes up the universally interesting problem from another attitude, and deals with Germany in the days just before and just after August, 1914,— Germany seen through unprejudiced and unprepared eyes,— the Germany one might love if she were not dominated by a Germany that must be killed. The book is simply a series of letters written to her mother by a young English violinist who was studying in Berlin in the summer of 1914 and who died in Germany shortly after the outbreak of the war. They have been given to the world, the mother says in the preface, just as they were written, in a time when sorrow and love are not personal, but the common property of the fighting allies.

The picture which these letters gives is one which has been verified by thousands of visitors to the Germany of before the war, the rampant militarism, the hatred, loud voiced or glossed over, according to class—of all outside nations, especially of England, the rigid conviction of Germany's conquering destiny, the childlike trust in the Kaiser and the mechanical obedience to rule—all these form a part. The picture is the more convincing that it is given unofficially and unphilosophically, from the personal experiences of an English student in Berlin. For the same reason it is more readable—at least to people at large. The letters are very intimate, very unpretentious, very gripping in their descriptions, especially of the scenes in Berlin the day after war was proclaimed, and almost too complete in their unity of impression.

Therein—and in the almost dramatic story of the girl's own experiences—lies the one quality of the book which

makes the reader hesitate over it; it sounds too good to be true—too literary to be real—too farsighted to be the hasty impressions of a student but newly come to Berlin. However, one must take into account not only the undoubted greatness of the author's talent (does the gift of playing the violin always accompany an excellent literary style?) the uniqueness of her experiences, which gave her a glimpse into more than one stratum of Berlin society, and the fact that, after war got "into the air," all semblance of mask was thrown aside by the German people. But even greater than these considerations stands the preface of the other. To read that simple message is to find it impossible to doubt.

—*Ruth Carver*, '20.

ON HAVING A MAMMY.



ELIZABETH Anne, sit up straight: don't loll around so, keep your elbows off the table." Arent those your earliest recollections of the time when you were graduated from the nursery and came to the dining room to eat with grown folks? And then sometimes when you didn't follow directions explicitly, weren't you sent to the kitchen to eat with the cook? Oh the joys of eating in the kitchen! How I remember when I was a small girl my happiness at being allowed to eat with Aunt Charity. She sat in a large arm chair, dusky and supremely unconscious of disapproving eyes as she fed me dainties that a five year old child should not have had.

Good land, chile, cose you kin hab some of dis gravy, you' maw doan' know what's good for chillun. Guess I's raised mo' chilleun than she's ebber seen. Cose you kin, honey, hit'll make you fat," and may be that's the reason I am. To my childish eyes she seemed beautiful sitting there, always at the same side of the table, sometimes in the bright midday sun and sometimes when the evening shadows were lengthening, just lengthening, I say, for mammy believed in "Early to bed, early to rise," Just the same as our own mother did. "Hit'll make roses in your cheeks, chile, you doan' wanna grow up any spindlin', puny woman; do you?" she warned when we groaned and complained and begged for just one little extra half hour. But she never fussed about table manners when a little, hungry, brown eyed girl was sent to the kitchen from the grownups' table with tears in her eyes on account of the scolding she had received.

She always seemed to know just exactly how to comfort a little girl who had torn, or gotten grass stain on her new dress. "Nebber you mine, honey, you' maw woan' fuss at you for this; twan't none o' you' fault," and then how comforting it was when she held me pillowed on her soft bosom and quelled my sobs while my mother entertained company on the front porch. Oh, you may

tell me "A boy's best friend is his mother," but I think that when a tiny girl's in trouble her best friend is her mammy.

But mammy could be severe, too. Don't you remember that time you wanted to go to bed without washing your face and hands, when you were so tired and sleepy, and that dark, ominous look mammy cast at you as she brought forth the wash rag? "Chile, doan' you wanna grow up and be a nice lady like yo' maw? Nice li'l girls allus hab they faces washed 'fo they goes to baid. Now, turn yo' nother year 'round heah; 'taint clean yit," and we turned "our nother year 'round," for who would dare disobey mammy?

And sometimes, led on by your little brother, you'd say, "Oh, mammy, please don't make me say my prayers to-night. I've been good all day long. Please, please, please, mammy!" Oh, the expression of sadness that would come over her face as she gently drew us to her side and said, "S'pose the Laud sent the angels after you to-night. Wouldn't you be shamed to go see him and not say your prayers befo' you went? Come on now, chilluns, say yo' prayers and be good," and we said them, burying our faces in her soft lap as she taught us to say the childish words, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And how 'bout that time your mother was so sick and your dady was so sad and anxious and you just felt that if your mother left you'd have to go, too. Don't you remember how mammy found you under the bed in the nursery crying, and comforted you? One of the tenderest recollections of my whole life is such an occasion.

But, oh! with what unholy joy I remember mammy's black looks the first day I went to school. "Miss Clair sho is making a mistake sending them chillun away from home to school. She orta have a guv'nness foah them. That's what I say. Sending them to private school—private, umph!" (Oh the fine sarcasm of that remark.) "They'll mix with all the po' whites in the neighborhood, that's what they'll do," for I must confess mammy was a

snob. But wasn't she anxious to hear about how everybody acted, and didn't she humor us by trying to learn her A B C's and C-A-T spells cat? Maybe mammy didn't have any book learning, but she had an understanding heart for a small child's woes, and I am sure that if "heaven is really for the little children" it will be full of all our mammies ready to chide or praise us.

—A. W. '21.

EDITORIAL.

"The world is round." Surely, surely, you have not forgotten the occasion of your first lesson in geography, how you watched the orange made to revolve on a knitting needle and experienced *The World Is Round.* breathless excitement at the immensity of the revelation combined with simplicity of demonstration. Then you remember how you went out of doors after the lesson and pitied those people long ago who were ignorant enough to believe that the world was flat. Just for fun you swept the deceptive landscape with your penetrating glance and knew a subdued kind of glee because you could look, and yet remain wise enough to contradict the evidence of your eyes. Oh, the joy of it, for, somehow suddenly you were very glad that the world was round instead of flat.

Today, as well—and for the most whimsical of reasons—you are glad that the world is. (Please understand that our discussion is quite incidental to the fact of its being recognized bad form, according to the physical and natural laws, for a world to be flat. Suppose that were not the case.) Wouldn't it be much harder to believe in any world-wide movement and to respond to a call to let our sympathies extend around the whole world without that blessed symbol of the circle unbroken? Can you imagine a democratic consciousness of fellowship, or an impulse to reach out your hands in friendship and union with those living on the opposite side of a square earth? The statement, "The world is round," from a purely scientific meaning has come to have a meaning of the spirit. Perhaps this has been felt never more than today. Every pair of knitting needles flashing in the sunlight as willing fingers ply them, are they not saying, "The world is round"? The neatly lettered little signs now in every store reading, "We Close on Mondays," why does their simple legend strike to the heart? Because they tell of war? Yes, but very much more? Oh,

little plain-lettered signs, telling, as you do, of nations' anguish, do you not tell of a hope defeated, yet living on to inevitable fulfilling? Are not you, too, saying and believing "the world is round"?

Still whimsical, we sometimes speak of the "rapid shrinkage of the world" by the progress in means of communication. With much truth it is said that the nineteenth century realized the neighborhood of the world, the twentieth century, its brotherhood. There are two languages understood between nations; the first is complete identification with a common purpose even unto the cost of life's blood; the second is sympathy and love expressed in practical helpfulness. The working out of the first is largely a task for our men. The second is the tremendous opportunity of trained womanhood of today. It is so often hard for college girls to hold to the conviction that their own college is the best possible training camp for them to be in at this time, if they would do national and world service. We need to remind ourselves of the great after-the-war tasks for strong hearts and hands. The more training behind it, the more the service will count for. Few of us are competent for immediate service of a high order. There must necessarily follow the war a period as long again as its duration in which need for constructive service of trained workers will make its compelling demands. America must do her part to make the silent, desolate, ruins once more happy villages. Technically, such work is known as "rehabilitation" or "readjustment" work; but in reality it is more—it is America accepting the inspiring function of sounding, as a nation, the note of hope. This rehabilitation work has already been begun under American control, especially in France, where, as the allies win back the land, foot by foot, the work must grow. Only old people and children are left to carry on the reconstruction work, and they are more in need of the inspiration to take up life with new courage and new strength than of mere shelter. Workers among them speak reverently of the people, their response to efforts in their behalf and their eagerness to have some sort of home ready for those who may return.

An example of the work in France is that of the American Fund for French Wounded, directed by Miss Anne Morgan. Working from a community center, closely associated with the French government, the women of this group have rehabilitated twenty-seven villages about Blerancourt. These American women live as simply as soldiers; however, Americans always manage to obtain light, water and heat wherever they happen to take up living quarters. The chief feature of the work is establishing refuge families in portable houses (on their own property as far as possible) with an outfit of furniture and tools. Soldiers on six days rest from the trenches work for them, and several thousand acres around Blerancourt are under cultivation. Three thousand fruit trees have been set out to replace the demolished orchards; in addition, a small dairy gives the people the first milk they have had in two and a half years. The most we can do for these people is not enough. It is a work which brings its own reward.

Yes, the world is round. Women are today accepting the challenge to prepare themselves by college training to take their places worthily in the mighty friendship circle of the world of the twentieth century.

With this issue the present staff makes its departing bow. The work has brought—now that it is over—a kind of poignant grief because the opportunity to serve Alma Mater has been so undervalued and not been used to best advantage. It has brought its own priceless reward because loyal souls and true have been revealed which otherwise might never have been known. Our appreciation for the aid and encouragement given by these loyal souls is a debt to be paid not in words, but in those deeds of love and friendship which by their doing bring the highest kind of happiness—

If we have failed, Old School, if we have failed,
Know that the genius spark can never glow
In all hearts worshipful. Our best, we know,
Is given. O could we live and try again, but no—
Take this last feeble offering and forgive,
If we have failed, Old School, if we have failed.

THE EXCHANGE DIGEST.

"The war" is doing another good thing—it is making us think and the Exchanges bear evidence of the fact.

Consider the Editorial in *Smith College Monthly* for a concise and pointed statement of the question, "What shall the college girls' attitude be towards the war?" and apropos of that, "The New Morning" in the *Sweet Briar Magazine*:

"When that new morning shall awake,
Of peace and love and brotherhood,
When man's conception of the truth
Shall seem as childhood imagery,
And old ideals shall fade away
As stars before the morning sun,
Will we, the women of the race,
Dare claim protection as our share?
Or shall we, hand in hand with man,
Go forth to stablsh truth and right,
With faces toward the rising sun
Of future life and happiness?"

"Sixteen Hours' Leave" in the *Wellesley College Magazine* is a delightful short story about how a soldier managed his family when he went to say good-bye. Is this not a delightful ending? "Well, I wasn't here but sixteen hours, but, believe me, Aunt Marian, I made your cookie box look like thirty cents."

"His Letter Home" in the *Sweet Briar Magazine* is delicately and sympathetically expressed, but with a touch of vigor that is good.

Themes other than war have been used with excellent results, as, for example, "The Pink Lustre Bowl" in the *Lesbian Herald*, "Sam's Millions" in the *Sweet Briar Magazine*, "The Blue Vase" in the *Tattler*, and "Of the Name of Brownell" is especially good for "atmosphere."

This is a brief resume of the things we have read this month—there have been more really worth-while stories,

sketches, essays, and especially poems, than ever before—yet there are a few of the Exchanges that have not made the progress which we can expect from them. But let us all continue in our “upward striving.”

The Richmond College *Messenger* did not acknowledge the Exchanges for last month, but considers them in this issue: To *The Sweet Briar Magazine*, *The Tattler*, *The Wellesley College Magazine*, *The Bessie Tift Journal*, *The Wells College Chronicle*, *The Concept*, *The Acorn*, *The Focus*, *The Lesbian Herald* and *The Smith College Monthly*, we send greetings.

Yours,

“THE STAFF MULE.”

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

The alumnae wish to send a short message of greeting to the girls still in college, some of whom they know, some of whom they have only heard of, but all of whom are dear because of Westhampton. You, who are still in the stir and pleasant hurry of college life little realize the eagerness with which an alumna yearns for some word of her Alma Mater, some gleaming of the college life. To be sure *The Messenger* and *The Collegian* help wonderfully, but, after all, nothing can take the place of letters. So write to your especial alumnae friends and see with what eager response you are at once greeted.

You remember the old saying, "The saddest part of a schoolgirl's heart is to know, to like, to love, and then to part." And when you say good-bye in June you will agree with it most emphatically. But do not think that the separation severs the friendship. That is truly worthy only of a pessimist. For if it is real friendship, founded on like ideals and deep communion of one with another, it will stand the test. Nowhere else is there such an opportunity for forging the bonds of friendship as at college. Nowhere else are you brought into such intimate contact. We know. We have left the loved walls and the world seems to stand a little aside and hold herself. But at college, with a tramp through the fields, an evening of study and a long talk after bells, and lo, you are better friends than two years of formal calling precise walks. Yes, college is the friendship place.

What about those friends after you leave the college walls? After years of separation dim mutual interests, after letters become less and less and finally stop? Will you meet that red-haired friend of yours ten years later and give her that same handclasp, that same good fellowship and understanding that you used to have in those walks down by the Lake or over to the James?

And we, who have gone before, answer "Yes!" with a hearty good-will and no doubts in our hearts. For real friendship once in the heart is always there. And, though the miles grow apace and the years lengthen into the afterwhiles, out of the distance and at some unexpected turn of the Road of Life you will meet that old college chum.

So, dear girls, as you go out from our Alma Mater, forming an everwidening Friendship Circle, you will be greeted by those who have gone before and who are ever-ready to lend you a hand.

 "And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gies a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
 For auld lang syne!"