

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 44
Number 7 *The Messenger*, Vol. 44, No. 7

Article 1

4-1918

The Messenger, Vol. 44, No. 7

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Recommended Citation

(1918) "The Messenger, Vol. 44, No. 7," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 44 : No. 7 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol44/iss7/1>

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THE MESSENGER

Subscription Price \$1.00 per Annum

Entered at the Post Office at Richmond College, Va., as second class matter.

VOL. XLIV

APRIL, 1918

NO. 7

RICHMOND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

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THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER (founded 1878; named for the *Southern Literary Messenger*) is published on the 10th of each month from October to May, inclusive, by the PHILOGIAN and MU SIGMA RHO Literary Societies, in conjunction with the students of Westhampton College. Its aim is to foster literary composition in the college, and contributions are solicited from all students, whether society members or not. A JOINT WRITER'S MEDAL, valued at twenty-five dollars, will be given by the two societies to the writer of the best article appearing in THE MESSENGER during the year.

All contributions should be handed to the department editors or the Editor-in-Chief by the nineteenth of the month preceding. Business communications and subscriptions should be directed to the Business Manager and Assistant Business Manager, respectively.

Address—

THE MESSENGER,
Richmond College, Va.

EDITORIALS.

This number marks the incoming of a *A New Staff.* new staff. Beyond reproach has been the term of the outgoing staff, and we who have taken up that which they have left off are aware of the fact that ours is the task to make this publication not fall below the high position it has held in collegiate literary circles for almost half a century. Ours is likewise the duty to not only enable the "MESSENGER" to hold its own, but, if possible, to also raise it to a higher plane of literary excellence than it has ever known before. But, the editorial staff alone is not able to do everything. A spirit of hearty co-operation by the student body at large is positively necessary to obtain the best results. Hence, we, the new staff, not only desire to take this opportunity of commending the old staff for its excellent work; but, on the other hand, we likewise crave the co-operation of every student in college. Put the best you have into what you write! Write for the betterment of your college! And do not hesitate to hand to the associate editors that which you have written!

There is a tendency among students *The Last Lap.* in general to allow class work to lag until time for tests and examinations. Two terms have been completed—satisfactorily with some, regretfully with others. Let not, however, regrets overwhelm hopes. Due to the existing abnormal conditions this may be, for some, the last term ever spent in this or any other college. Therefore, go into this last lap with a vim and a vigor unsurpassed by past efforts, and with the determination to obtain the utmost benefit and highest results. Begin that term essay the day on which the subjects are given out; keep those parallel reports ahead instead of behind; study daily, instead of cramming just before tests and examinations; and, be constant in all your work—not spasmodic. If this is done there will not be such a spirit of uncertainty when those "bug-bear"

examinations come off in June. Likewise do not allow outside things to divert attention from work. If there arises a problem which tends to cause unrest do one of two things—solve the problem, or, defer it until summer when all of your time will be available for its solution. Let this last lap be a continual effort—not a spurt.

The meetings of this association in our city on February 22, and 23, *The Association of Virginia Colleges.* were of more than ordinary importance and significance. The body has no legislative functions, but still an opinion held by the representatives and executive officers of a large number of our colleges is by that very fact strongly commended to those who may not have previously accepted it. The real purpose of the association is to furnish opportunity for exchange of views and to promote uniformity of practice in the standard colleges of our state.

Three of the topics discussed are of special interest to student, (a) How can our Colleges best serve the nation in its present crisis?; (b) How can the influences and activities of fraternities be made most helpful to the Colleges?; (c) and, Should degree credits be granted for work in literary societies and on College periodicals?

—R. E. L.

SERVICE, FRATERNITIES, LITERARY SOCIETIES, AND PERIODICALS.

The first topic brought up in the Association is one of extreme interest and vitality to men at this time in college. A spirit of indecision and unrest has been prevalent in many colleges since the day war was declared. This spirit is due to the inability of men in college to decide which is the loyal and patriotic course to pursue, that of enlisting or that of remaining in college and completing their degree courses. The latter appears to be the most logical pursuit, although many college men have left their schools in order to enter some branch of the

service. Despit the fact that the aviation corps has been almost monopolized by college men, either graduates or undergraduates, the War Department has time and again exhorted those men in college to remain there until they were called for. If the college men remain in college they will equip themselves for a future service; whereas, on the other hand, if they enlist now the service will be immediate. The decision remains with the man.

The question of how the fraternities may use their influence and activities for the betterment of the college is another fact that should be thought out to a beneficial conclusion. The rivalry of fraternities should be wholesome, and by an effort to surpass each other in improvement the college would thereby be benefitted. Their social life should lend an elevating tone to the collegiate life, and collegiate community. Fraternities should stand for all that is uplifting in college activities. The Association stressed the fact that there should be co-operation and a oneness between the college, the faculty, and the fraternities.

The matter of degree credits being awarded for literary society work and work on college periodicals may be of interest only to those who have an interest in society work and the publication of college periodicals. It is safe to say, that although a service is being rendered to the college in the publication of periodicals, and likewise the college is beneficially advertised by debating teams sent out from the societies, there is as much real benefit acquired by the student who engages in literary work, and the staffs responsible for the editing of college weeklies and magazines, as in some of the courses offered in colleges. The experience of speaking and writing are of a vast importance if the college man is to assume leadership.

Fellows, think these things over; talk them over; formulate some working scheme; and then, present your ideas to those who are in legislative positions here in college.

TAKING A CHANCE.

W. A. VAUGHAN, '19.



COME here, Rat, and shine my shoes," said Burl Shelton to a Freshman who passed before his half open door. And seeing the Freshman hesitate, he added, "Come now, don't get fresh. Get to work," The Freshman noticed a rather dangerous looking paddle standing in one corner of the room; he remembered quite well that it was this very paddle which had made such a vivid impression upon him only a few weeks before, so he applied himself to the task assigned him without waiting for further admonition from his upper classman. He soon submitted the shoes for inspection and left the room.

This was Burl's second year in college. After the Freshman left he began to shave himself, and while he was engaged at this task a stout junior and a slender senior entered his room, "Hello, Burl! What d' you think you are getting ready to do?" The former asked, "Oh, I've got a bid to a dance tonight. What d' you know about that?" And he kept on shaving.

"You don't mean to say you are going out tonight and got that math. exam. tomorrow."

"To H—— with the math. exam! A fellow can't neglect his social duties for a class. But when it comes to showdowns I've got an hour to study that math. before supper."

"Burl, you are a fool," was the stout juniors complimentary reply. "You better take my advice and stay here tonight and get ready to meet Drastic tomorrow." Drastic was the student appellation for the mathematics professor.

"Thanks for the advice, old scout; but you see a fellow must have some recreation."

The junior said no more although he knew that Burl's "some recreation" was about twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four.

Burl finished shaving and left the room saying as he left, "You fellows don't hurry off—I'll be back in a minute. I've got to phone my girl to make a date for tonight."

"What would Burl's people think if they knew how he did?" The slender senior spoke for the first time, after Burl left. He had been a neighbor and school-mate of Burl's in his little home town. "He is not studying a darn bit. He's going to flunk all his classes," was the seniors prophetic summory of his friend's college career.

After a bit he continued: "In the high school Burl was a good student—seemed to be ambitions—and was as steady as you please. And look at him now; a gambler, loafer, rough-neck. It's a pity he can't be under the influence of his home all the time. Those are swell people of his; Burl will return to his senses some day."

"Not until he breaks his neck," the junior added. They talked on a few minutes longer and then sauntered from the room. Burl came blustering in a few minutes later. He seemed disappointed to note that his friends were gone, since their departure had deprived him of all excuse for not studying the hour remaining before supper. So seeing no way out of it he took his solid geometry from the book shelf and prepared to study. This preparation required ten minutes and consisted in lighting a cigarette, sharpening a pencil, and arranging his feet on the table before him.

The next ten minutes he applied himself assiduously to the task of sketching a picture of Drastic. The head he made elliptical. To the arms he gave a hyperbolic curvature and to the lower limbs, a parabolic crookedness. He then opened the Geometry at the matter of tangents to conic sections, and fully ten minutes more were spent in determining by mathematical formulae and geometrical trial, how many tangents could be drawn to Drastic's bald head. He then actually read over the article on polehydrous, and when he got through, asked himself the question, "I wonder what it is all about?"

Five minutes remained before supper. In desperation

a thought came to him. "Mike is a math. shark, I'll go and get him to tell me in his own words what this thing means." He went to Mike but didn't come back feeling very reassured.

Burl kept a Ford roadster on the campus. After supper he left the campus in this and soon pulled up at a neighboring house, a rosy girl nuffled in furs was waiting here for him. She took her place by him and they rattled through the illuminated town out into the dark county. They held to the turnpike and about twenty miles from the town drew up at a large frame building. It was here that a party was being given in honor of the sixteenth birthday of one of Burl's cousins. Hence Burl was among the invited, "one of the fortunate" as he put it.

The dancing had begun when Burl and his companion entered, they soon joined in. The party broke up at eleven. All had had a delightful time—"a swell time" Burl had told his cousin. Burl's companion had seen a shadow cross his face only once during the evening. That was when he re-called with a bitter pang, the reckoning he was to make with Drastic an the following day.

"Let's go back the other road by the mill," Burl remarked as they started back home. "I promised to be back by twelve" she reminded him.

"Well, this way is only a few miles longer" he insisted.

"But I have heard that the road is awful, and that there is a condemned bridge to pass over."

"Why should we worry?" he returned, "It would be a novel experience to have a bridge give way with us."

"It's a novelty I don't crave, however, and then there are two railroads to cross." She was pleading now.

"Oh, a train wouldn't have the heart to strike you." This little compliment won her consent. So a little further on Burl steered from the turnpike into a side road.

The night was dark and misty. Burl soon encountered mud. A little later he had the misfortune to become stuck in a seemingly bottomless hole of sticky red clay. It required a walk of a half mile, a fee of ten dollars to

a farmer for his team, and a delay of three-quarters of an hour to get out on firm ground again. It also required much tact and diplomacy on Burl's part to keep the rosy girl patient and calm throughout all this.

They came to the condemned bridge. The girl held her breath and they went over. It was now past midnight, and Burl's charge was not delivered, so he increased his speed.

They passed the first railroad crossing and came up to the second. A large warehouse obscured the track from them in the northerly direction. Burl hastily satisfied himself that no train was in sight from the south. As to trains from the north, he couldn't determine, but with his gambler's instinctive love for the game of risk, he decided to take chances on the track being clear from the north. He forgot that he was staking human lives instead of money.

Burl was squarely on the track before he perceived a sixty miler pouncing down upon them. He heard a piercing scream, felt a shock and knew no more.

When he came partly to his senses, a few minutes later, he was lying on his back on the ground. The baleful notes of a screech owl came to his ears. He was conscious of a sharp pain in his left arm and side. The exhaust of a moving railroad engine brought him to his full senses. In spite of the excruciating pain in his arm he jumped to his feet and looked about him. He was twenty feet from the railroad track. Opposite him, in a crushed heap, lay the girl. Three steps brought him to her. The moon peeped momentarily from behind a cloud revealing her upturned face. It was not rosy now. It was as white as marble, but none of its beauty had vanished. Burl threw himself on his knees beside her. She was dead. What a comprehensive word is "dead!"

"Oh God! Oh God!!" he exclaimed in anguish, as he realized the situation. "Oh God! What have I done! I staked her life on the chance of the track being clear. I staked the life of the girl to whom I have pledged my love—my own little girl. And I lost!"

The train had been stopped as soon as practicable, and

was now backing slowly into the scene of the accident. The engine, black horrible monster that it was, puffed and spouted steam awfully.

Burl raved in agony, not physical but mental, several times he thought of hurling his own head against the cruel rail that had broken his sweetheart's neck.

Suddenly he became calm—intensely calm. When the train crew came up to the relief, they found him sitting gazing very quietly into the marble face before him.

Burl was taken to the hospital where it was found that his arm and several ribs were broken. He never complained of pain throughout the painful operation of setting the broken bones. The stout Junior and slender Senior visited him at the hospital. Calmness, patience and resolve shone in his face. They marveled at it. It was so different from Burl's habit to be so. They did not upbraid him. They offered consolation, for which he thanked them.

Burl found himself able to return to college soon after the new term opened. But he was not the same Burl that had left it. He had begun to take life seriously. His fellow students marveled at the change. He obtained permission to take the examination he had failed to take the last term. Thanks to his own diligence and Mike's coaching he made math., an achievement which greatly surprised Drastic. He also made the other examinations.

But of still greater significance was the fact that Burl no longer took part in the frequent poker games in which he had formerly been the leading participant. His old gambling cronies noticed this with some regret. For as they termed it, Burl was a d— good sport. In an attempt to account for the change, one of them asked him one day, "What's come over you, Burl, old sport, that we can't have a little poker now and then?"

"Fellows," he replied, addressing his questioner and others standing around, "I staked too high once. I staked all the joy and happiness that this world held for me. I lost. And I have decided that it is time for me to quit."

THE JEWISH CONTRIBUTION TO CIVILIZATION.

HARRY S. NEWMAN, '20.



FOR two thousand years, since the exile from their land, the Jews have been on their great pilgrimage, wandering from land to land, not being permitted to rest their famished souls in any of the foreign countries that they have visited. No people of whom history makes mention has suffered so much persecution as the Jews and none has clung with such undying tenacity to the faith of their fathers and the traditions of their race. Fire and famine, sword and dungeon, the rack and the gibbet, the thumbscrew and the knout, and every other device for human torture that anti-Semites and hellish enemies could invent, has had no terrors for these strong willed children of the patriarchs, as they went forth to their inevitable doom with a smile on their dark Semitic faces, looking proudly towards heaven imploring the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob to avenge their wrongs. In spite of all of these persecutions and massacres that the Jew has had to endure through his period of exile, he still has lived on, and after the fury of his enemy has subsided, like the Phoenix, he has seemed to arise from his own ashes. All the other nations change—they rise, flourish and decay,—but the Jews, without a country, remain stationary, the same to-day as in the ages that have passed and gone. Had the same fate befallen the Jewish nation as that of her contemporaries Babylonia, Syria, Media, Persia, etc., we should think of the Jews only in connection with ancient history; but since they have so remarkably survived thru this score of centuries, we shall consider in detail Israel's worth to the world.

As we review the annals of history we are impressed by a very remarkable fact. We meditate upon the significance of the contribution of each century to civilization, and towards the closing of that chapter we see Israel's gift to that century of culture and progress. Nor, is it by any means deficient in quality and quantity;

may, it is equally as valuable as the gifts of the other peoples. We marvel at the achievements of her great sons when we realize that they were forced to labor under difficulties and persecution, and it amazes us when we find that these children of Judah excelled their contemporaries of the other nations.

It would indeed be a herculean task as well as superfluous to enumerate the wonderful accomplishments of each individual celebrated Jew. However, in order to present the case more concretely it will be necessary to trace only such Jewish characters as those with whom the layman is acquainted. Such a rough classification cannot do full justice to the Jew, but will probably serve to indicate somewhat the important role that the Jews have played on the great world stage of civilization.

In connection with the first epoch of distinguished Jewish characters we cannot fail to mention the name of Judas Maccabeas. This distinguished Israelite lived about twenty five hundred years ago. It was he who first gave the world the idea of revolting against tyranny, for it was he who liberated the Jews from the yoke of the Assyrian rule. Until his day the world had not yet been imbued with the idea of independence and freedom, and it may be safely said that from him this spirit radiated until it was instilled into the hearts of all people, and it now has become a universal and inherent characteristic to resist tyranny. As we continue further to scan the pages of Jewish History we meet a glorified character in the person of Isaiah, the great sage and prophet. This venerable Semite uttered philosophy and poetry to the world that is now propounded in our churches and institutions of higher learning. The reflective thought in Isaiah's poetry and prophecies showed that he was not only a teacher in religious and ritual institutions, but that he was a philosopher who interested himself in the conduct of his race, and endeavored to keep the nation from the paths of dissipation and develop in the people a high standard of morals.

Let us now pass with Father Time a decade of centuries. We now find that the Jews, although banished

from their native land, Zion, are still giving to the world such eminent men as Moses Ben Maimondies and Ishak Ben Amram. Miamon, as he was commonly known, was the greatest surgeon in the world during his time. He was literally spoken of as the "father of Medicine". He discovered certain some anaesthetics that he used in connection with performing operations. He was selected to be court physician to Sultan Saladin of Turkey, the greatest office that could possibly have been held by any medieval person, and one must be a celebrated physician in order to aspire to such heights. Ishak Ben Amram was a court physician of Spain. He was the founder of a great medical school and contributed an excellent text on toxicology. Even in ancient times the Jews contributed much to medicine, for it was they who first practised circumcision. They were among the first to use herbs and surgery in the treatment of diseases. It is from them that we learned so much about that dreadful disease, leprosy.

We are now at the Renaissance Period of the world, and here, also, the Jew falls into the maelstrom of progressiveness, and arouses from the stupor into which the world has been lulled for such a long time. The Jew is living in Spain at this period, and by his ingenuity and craftiness has accumulated much wealth for the Spanish nation. However, the Spaniards are a thriftless folk and they squander their riches, only to awaken to the fact that they will be sorely in need of them after the Jew is driven from Spain. About this time Columbus is inspired with the idea of finding a new route to India. The Spanish crown approves of his plan, but is unable to finance the expedition; so, of course, the wealthy Jews of Spain take the responsibility on their shoulders and bear the burden of expense. Not only do the Jews finance the expedition, but they are also placed in charge of the navigation of the ships, as the Genoese sailors depended chiefly on the nautical ability of the Jewish navigators to guide them on their perilous voyages. Jehuda Cresques and other Jews were the inventors of the astronomical quadrant, and an instrument that measured the

declination of the Sun to determine their location in the day time, and also another instrument that measured the altitude of the Polar Star to find their location at night. There is yet another fact in connection with this voyage that is probably foreign to most of us. Do you know that the first white man that saw American land and stepped foot in its soil was a Jew, Roderigo De Triana? It was he who claimed this land in the name of the King and Queen of Spain. What a depressing loss it would be to the world and to Democracy, if the Jews had not financed the voyage of Columbus and if they had not made possible the sailing by their nautical inventions! How much would the world and civilization be retarded if this new world had not been discovered! How much benefit and profit the world is reaping now from the free America, the land that is symbolic of Freedom, Liberty, and Democracy, which can be attributed as a gift from the Jew directly and indirectly. As we proceed one will note how this element of Jewish benevolence and loyalty affected the nations and was instrumental in producing mighty Democracies.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we have many Jews over the world who are simultaneously contributing precious gifts to the world's store of knowledge. In Mathematics, we have Abraham Stein, who invented the method for extracting the square root. Although the Talmud contained many compilations on Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry, yet the foremost living authority on numbers at the time was Minkowski, a Russian Jew. It was a Jew in the early part of the seventeenth century who invented the Kopot, to separate the gold from the ore. At the closing of the eighteenth century and toward the beginning of the nineteenth century, Sloninski, a Russian Jew, invented the calculating machine. Later he discovered the process for plating iron vessels with lead and invented an electro-chemical device to send quadruple telegrams over one line. Even in the earliest ages the Jews were interested in astronomy. When tending their flocks on the hills of Judea or on the plains of Chaldea they would watch the

sun as it moved from the Orient to the Occident. They would note the various seasons of the year by the relative position of the earth to the heavenly bodies. During the above mentioned period there lived a great scientist who is world famed for his achievements in astronomy, and who is also beloved for the spirit of persistency he displayed. This astronomer was a Jew by the name of Sir William Herschel, the man who discovered the planet Uranus. He and his sister Caroline made a map and survey of the heavens, and also computed several orbits of the most important planets.

It was mentioned before in connection with Macbeas that the Jews were a liberty loving, free and ambitious kind of people and were pioneers of freedom and democracy. This same spirit was displayed in the American revolution for independence. George Washington, the leader of the revolting colonies made very excellent plans for the prosecution of the war against England, but he would have been utterly helpless if it had not been for the Jews who helped him attain his desired end.

Robert Morris, familiar to all Americans, was the Jew who financed Washington all through the war. He borrowed money and gave his all to the cause of the Americans, so that Washington might free them. Nearly a score of years later another Jew by the name of Rothschild displayed the same spirit. Rothschild advanced money to the English government so that they might fight against Napoleon, the mighty monarch who wanted to absorb the world power under his dominion. The English defeated Napoleon and thus we have a free world.

In the nineteenth century we see several famous Jewish characters in Europe. Spinoza the rationalist and philosopher was famous for his radicalism on religious questions, and it was he who expounded a theory of modern belief. Moses Mendlesohn was the greatest classical scholar in the world, and it is said of him that he was the greatest sage since Socrates. Heinrich Heine, the greatest poet in the German Literature, has been a

source of inspiration to Students of poetry because of his marvelous verse and stellar criticism. During this same period there also lived a great genius by the name of Karl Marx. He undoubtedly holds the undisputed right to the title: "Father of Socialism." He formulated the plans and propaganda of Socialism and thus brought new light into the society of the classes. It was his aim to fuse all classes and put them on an equal social plane, thus accomplishing the greatest good for all of the people.

Now, in our own modern times there are so many imminent Jewish men, that we will only take the greatest, Israel Zangwill. Zangwill is the author of some of the most celebrated works in the English language. He is the author of the famous Drama "The Melting Pot". This drama made such a complete success that it was translated into nearly every cultured language.

The foregoing review of Jewish history does not by any means include all of the great men of the Jewish nation, nor can it be said to contain all of the great contributions of the Jews to the world. The author herewith submits his apologies for being so unjust and unfair to the other imminent characters of Jewish History of whom mention has not been made. To mention all the famous characters and to say something of each ones achievements and contributions would require volumes. However, it has been previously mentioned that perhaps it will give one a smattering or a glimpse of the accomplishments of that ingenious nation. In view of all the aforementioned contributions, there is yet a greater gift with which the Jews endowed the world, that we have not considered. In order to consider this gift we must transplant ourselves to that period of the Jewish history.

It was in the land of Canan that God first appeared to Abraham and declared to him that he was the mighty Jehovah and that if Abraham and his followers would worship him he would increase their number until they would be as numerous as the sands of the seashore. Jehovah promised to accept the Jews as his chosen people and if they obeyed him he would lead them to the land

of milk and honey. Abraham spread the doctrine among his followers and thus they became the first people of the world who were monotheists and abandoned idol worship. This ideal was cherished by the Jews and was nourished through their period of existence in Hebron, and through their period of bondage in Egypt. After their emancipation, their leader, Moses, led them into the wilderness and he himself went up to Mount Sinai to receive the tablet on which were written the Ten Commandments. It was here that the world received its greatest gift. Moses did not dream that the code of laws that he rendered the Jewish people would afterwards become the fundamental of universal law. The Jews abided by the Mosaic code and after they came into possession of their own land they constructed one of the most marvelous and wonderful legislative systems of the world.

Now, we can see what influence this idea of one God had on Civilization. One thing is certain, and that is the Jews gave to the world a rational religion; a God that is universal, supreme and omnipotent. It is obvious and admitted that Christianity is a direct result of Judaism and certainly Christianity is controlling over two thirds of the world. Since Christianity was born of Judaism it also inherited all of her traits and characteristics. The Ten Commandments are the basis of all religions after the Jewish faith, and since they were adopted so universally by the Church they also became the fundamental laws of society, and hence enter into our legislative system. Then we can say that religion is the most important factor in the organization of society and nations. But the Jews gave this great ideal to the world and thus they were instrumental in bringing about organized society and real civilization.

Religion has to do with the relation of God and man, so that the character of any religion is determined by its conception of God and man and their connection. The Jewish religion has the most exacting moral requirements and is based on a high and lofty conception of a Deity. Now, the Christian religion, the daughter of the

Jewish, which influences nearly all of the world, tends to make and develop a civilization that stands for progress and exaltation.

We are indeed blessed to live in such a period when the world is evolving and is steadily aiming to reach the pinnacle of idealistic civilization. Now, if we could transfer ourselves back to those ancient times when the world was in its primitive stage we would view the savage that existed at that time. We would see how there was no common belief among men, that society was unorganized, and that no economic or civic condition existed. We would see what a horrible and miserable world it was and there seemed no possible means of redemption. Yet any rational being can see that religion and belief was the very instrument that elevated these conditions to a higher and more amiable plane, so that the world could expand and progress. And when we reflect and find that the Jews were directly and indirectly responsible for this great change, we ought to be grateful to them and esteem them.

There is yet another lesson that can be learned from the Jews by the other nations of the world. If these nations would mimic the home life of the humble Jew, they would be taught the great mystery of the surviving power of the Jews as well as the greatest lessons in ethics and sociology. The features of the contented home life of the Jews are the intense devotion of the members of the family towards each other, the sociable state that exists between relatives of the same family, the profound respect for their elders, and reverence and love for the old traditions that have been handed down from generation to generation from the day of the patriarchs. This reverence and love for old traditions leads to a very interesting fact. From these it follows that the Jews retain a higher standard of morals than any other people.

For this reason they have the power to resist all vices, to be good loyal citizens of their adopted country, to be self respecting, morally high, honest, sober, industrious, self sustaining and elevating. This is the proud record of the House of Israel as written in the annals of history.

"THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS."

"HILL BILLY", '19.

Oh I hear those mountains calling,
And the voice is clear and strong.
I'll be packin' o' my belongings,
And a-leavin' here 'fore long.

Each spring there comes a beckon,
An' it strikes deep in my chest.
With it I have to reckon,
'Fore I find a bit o' rest.

Oh! I love those dear old mountains,
That gave to me my birth;
With their ridges and their fountains,
They're dearest of all on earth.

Can't you hear them calling, calling?
With a voice that's low and sweet.
Their scenes are so enthralling,
There my Maker I shall meet.

Oh! the life and love that's in them,
Have you e'er heard them, my friend?
Lest you hear their low, sweet anthem,
You may meet a bitter end.

'Tis the sight of them that thrills me—
With their verdant, wooded crests.
'Tis the love of them that fills me,
With contentment, ease, and rest.

Listen! Harken! Listen!
With a quick attentive ear.
And the voice that's so bewitching,
You cannot help but hear.

Don't you just love them, love them,
When you hear their voices call?
As the sounds come wafted downward,
From their rocky, wooded wall.

Have you ever seen them snow-bound.
In that mantle all pure white?
Such a scene I've never found.
God! 'tis a 'trancing sight.

The myriads of diamonds,
Sparkle from the rocks and trees,
While the ice-clad trees upon their mounds,
Crackle in the breeze.

Proudly their heads they lift,
Unbent by age or weather;
The thunder clouds they rift,
Joining earth and sky together.



A SONNET ON YOUTHFUL LOVE.

ANONYMOUS.

Unhappy Man, whose hope it is to win
The cold devotion of a woman's heart;
Who brooding on this thought grows pale and thin,
And slowly passes hence to what is naught.
Why heedlessly exhaust the human breath
In uttering endless vows which are in vain?
If one must die, best die a noble death,
In seeking things of a much grander strain;
To Youth the world gives wonders to perform,
And waits his very wish in hushed pause;
But he repels them all with forced calm,
When once enclasped in those unyielding claws;
Oh! Love, why is it thou hast come to stay
And make the life of Youth thy human prey?

"THE ETERNAL FLAME."

W. H. RYLAND, '19.



T was Indian summer when Wa-ka-ni-ka and the fawnlike maiden of his heart found their love. It was the season when the world rests and the calm and peaceful days come upon the face of the earth. The vast woods were still—a picture. No leaf was stirred among the silent sentinels of the forests. The air was warm and balmy. In such a season the Red man sought his mate.

Before the coming of the "White Gods" to the Western continent the life of the natives was happy. Governed by the natural law of personal justice, he found happiness in freedom and he gloried in conflict, knowing no other law.

The vast stillness was broken by the ripples which curved in graceful lines from the bow of Wakanika's birch canoe as he propelled it with steady strokes of his iron muscles down the little river which flowed for miles through an unbroken forest and emptied into the Lake of Sleeping Waters. Wakanika was not alone, for Janewa or White Fawn sat in the bow of the little craft and gazed silently with eyes of devotion at the stalwart figure before her. The limpid waters of the stream were not softer than her fathomless eyes.

The canoe glided, as if by intuition, to the foot of a broad rock which overhung the stream and Wakanika and his chosen one stepped lightly out. He drew his boat a little way up on the bank and turned and led Janewa up on the rock.

"Janewa," he said, without visible emotion, "I have asked our powerful chief, thy father, for his daughter, the White Fawn."

Janewa could not conceal the love which lightened her face.

"What did my venerable father say, O Wakanika," she asked quickly with an anxious note in her voice.

"He has given you to me for two hundred skins of the brown otter," he replied.

Janewa moved close and took the hand of Wakanika in both of hers and, dropping on her knees, kissed it many times. She had found peace in the love she bore for the bronze warrior. Wakanika raised her to her feet and placed his arm about her shoulders. He could no longer preserve his statue-like reserve and words of undying love fell from his lips softly upon the ear of the White Fawn.

They seated themselves upon the broad flat rock on which they had been standing and talked low and long from one heart to another.

"I will be thy woman forever, O Wakanika, and my life shall be thine, for I will not live without thee," declared Janewa as she plighted her love.

"When the great frost comes and the wind howls long from the North and suffering comes among our people, I will keep thy fires. Thy wigwam shall not be cold, for Janewa knows the great medicine of the deer skin. She will make warm covering of the beaver skin for her man."

Thus they loved and planned.

But Janewa was the flower of her tribe and she was not loved by Wakanika alone.

The "Great Fire" in the West was getting low, but still Wakanika and White Fawn sat upon the rock and gazed unseeing down the stream. A stealthy form moved silently among the nearby trees, crawling closer and closer toward the two lovers. The shadow raised itself behind a tall pine. A sharp twang—and a messenger of death was launched. Wakanika stiffened as the arrow pierced his back and found lodgment in his heart. Janewa started quickly and snatched wildly at the shaft and drew it from the wound. The head of the arrow pulled off and dropped to the ground and the life blood of the Indian followed close upon it.

Janewa moaned long for her lover as she sat with his the custom of her tribe she refused to live. She drew head pillowed in her arm. Her man was dead and, after

an arrow from the dead man's quiver and plunged it into her own heart, falling across the breast of Wakanika, and her life went out with the evening. The form among the trees faded into the shadows and blended with the trees. The pines moaned softly for the dead. The night folk of the forest wailed a requiem. As if impelled by an invisible hand, the canoe slid noiselessly off into the current of the stream and floated down. When the moon came up full-faced over the Lake of Sleeping Waters it revealed the little craft riding aimlessly over the bosom of the water——empty.

"Water Crest" was a most exclusive watering place. Its elaborate and strictly modern buildings crowned an imposing bluff that overlooked the wide expanse of Lake Senapee in lower New York State. Water Crest offered, as an inducement for its summer colony, golfing, riding, tennis, boating, bathing and almost anything else in exchange for money—much money. Stanly Whitehurst had much money, Phyllis Hartford had much money. They both liked "Water Crest", and each other, and naturally they both went to "Water Crest" every year.

They had romped through this particular summer making the most of the theory that life is short. They had gotten to that stage where people spoke of them as "Stanley and Phyllis." Like many other people they both knew that they were in love, and finding it a pleasant pastime they preferred to let well enough alone. But the season was drawing to a close and Stanley was beginning to ask himself what he was going to do with this love. He had not asked her yet.

One afternoon when they had finished a course on the golf links Stanley asked Phyllis if she would like to go canoeing the next day. He told her of a quiet little stream which he had noticed a few days before flowing into the lake about five or six miles up. She readily assented to the plan. They would prepare a lunch and make a day of it, away from the babbling colony.

The morning dawned warm and clear. The blazon sun which came up over the rim of the lake gave promise of a perfect day for boating. At eleven o'clock Phyllis,

with several pillows under her arm, and Stanley swinging a picnic basket in one hand and two paddles in the other, stepped into the canoe, which rested lightly on the sand, and pushed off from the beach.

Stanley was of that type of athlete made famous by the Yale or Harvard men who play football for a while and then drop into the lap of social fame. The light wind which was blowing down the lake fanned him gently and served as a stimulus to his lithe muscles. The boat sped on under his stroke and that of Phyllis who sat in the bow with the best of intentions to help him propel the light craft. Soon, however, her natural tendencies overcame her good intentions and she relaxed, with a sigh of content, upon her pillows, leaving Stanley alone in his task. But he expected this, and, with an indulgent smile toward Phyllis, continued paddling. Many times the canoe drifted along as it would, for Phyllis and Stanley at times would forget that there was a boat. They saw and heard only each other.

The sun climbed higher and the occupants of the canoe were anxious to reach the cool retreat of the little stream overhung and shaded by tall trees that almost interlaced branches over the water. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the graceful boat nosed into the shadows of the woods and continued up the stream. Phyllis soon spied a suitable place on the bank to spread their cloth for lunch. They beached their canoe and prepared to enjoy their food as it is never enjoyed except in the out-of-doors after vigorous exercise. When they had eaten, not until they had enough, but until they were both ashamed of their capacity for eating. They collected the remains, which consisted mostly of the table cloth, and continued their lark up the stream.

After about an hour's paddling they saw (on the bank) a smooth flat rock which sloped back from the edge of the minature river for about twenty feet. This looked like a good place to stop and, as they had already gone most too far to get back to Water Crest by dark, Stanley suggested that they stop a while and rest before returning.

There was virtue in this time worn boulder for it was now that Stanley chose to ask Phyllis the age-old question which most men ask and most women must answer at least once in a life time. Phyllis knew the answer and gave it frankly, for she was not of the kind that blush and stammer and say nothing. She turned her face, glowing with the vigor of healthy womanhood, to his and told him that she too loved with a love that lived and planned for their future. They were changed, as if by a magicians wand, from casual lovers to a man and woman filled with a common purpose and understanding. After the manner of the white man he took her in his arms in a long embrace and their lips declared a mutual trust. They talked long and dreamed and planned and gazed unseeing down the stream. If their dreams were aircastles, they were pleasant to build, and who would not have built them?

As they were about to step into their boat to return down to the lake, Phyllis kicked playfully at the leaves at her feet and uncovered a weather-beaten arrow head of stone. She picked it up and laughed gleefully over her good fortune in finding the relic. Closing one eye and assuming retrospection she said with a serious nod of the head:

“Stanley, I wonder who dropped this arrow here.”

She wondered, but no one knew. Then she skipped happily down to the canoe clinging the while to Stanley's willing arm.

When Phyllis and Stanley reached Lake Senapee it was just getting dark. In about an hour the moon came up—the same moon that had come up over the same water four hundred years ago. In its path across the surface of the lake the waters sparkled and danced and lapped merrily against the sides of the gliding boat. The canoe was not empty this time, but carried two beings in whose hearts the eternal flame of love burned as it has burned in the heart of man and woman since the world was young and man was in his infancy, but it is not given to all to be warmed by this flame as they were warmed.

THE MYSTERIES OF A CRY.

REID W. DIGGES, '21.



would have minded it had it happened at noon. But at this weird hour of the night, just as the clamorous town clock was peeling forth twelve long monotonous notes that announced the night half over, I was walking listlessly down an avenue of a small village, where few inhabitants, of humble surroundings, dwelled. There were many trees, these being of peculiar shape, very thick in growth, the leaves exceedingly large, so that underneath one of these complete darkness ruled. While walking, thinking of how I would pass the following day, one of the trees attracted my attention, there being a bench made of rough hewn oak beneath it. The tree was not tall, and its cloggy branches stretched down quite low to the ground. Approaching the bench and after examining the tree, even to the bark (for I had never seen one like it before), I sat down to rest.

What a dull and vacant day I had spent and how this dark, moonless night suited as a climax. I thought of all things; thought of how Poe's expression, "An air of stern, deep and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all," was very liking to this place. Half an hour passed and I found myself nodding. Presently I thought I could hear far away, perhaps many miles, a shrill, hollow scream. It sounded like a baby crying down a deep and foggy well. Presently I was certain I heard it for it came a trifle more distinct. It held me speechless! From what could such a noise come? At this lone hour of the night, amid such a silence, a noise like this excited me almost beyond control. It continued to become more distinct, but still it seemed very distant. I said nothing. Then the noise stopped for about five minutes. Must I wander about and try to ascertain from what source anything so startling and so uncalled for could arise? Be it man or beast I resolved to find it. So I made my way up the street at a very rapid rate, until at length I came

to its end and there stood a very old tabernacle, typical of a country village. It was made wholly of wood, half rotted, and just holding together. It ran back about twice as far as it was wide, the principal feature being its lofty steeple. I examined the building carefully both inside and out for the screaming might have come from this place. But nothing revealed itself and I went on almost hysterically, for I feared foul play was being committed. Into the black night I went, looking here and there.

At length I resolved to give up, but lo! wait! there came to my ears like a thunderbolt, I tell you, the same identical squeaky roar, but louder, very much louder. I looked all around and saw nothing. Then it stopped. Just then a peculiar feeling came over me, such as I had never felt before. I shook like a leaf, and kept shaking until the noise was heard again. Then I stopped for it put a little confidence in me to hear it. The noise stopped, then I shook, the noise came and I stopped shaking. What could this mean? I felt ticklish and left for my house.

This I reached very soon but I could think of nothing but what I had heard. The whole night I slept not a wink, my mind being thrilled with the cry. The next day I ate but little, thinking all the time that someone had been murdered, and I, through my babyishness, and fear, had run away. After my usual morning meal I resolved to go out and scout the place thoroughly in daylight. Reaching the selfsame tree, I sat down to rest as before. But I had not been there long before a winged animal, startled by me, flew from one of the branches, up the street, and into the steeple of the tabernacle. The bird, as far as I could see, was of a very peculiar shape, much like a crane, long, bent neck, with flat head and long beak, but short legs, beautiful plumage, wings scarlet, white breast, and a back of brown. I paid little attention to this creature, but went on to the church and thence back home.

That night twelve o'clock found me sitting on the same old rough bench under the same tree, listening to the

chirping of a cricket. This time I brought a dark lantern. Presently, while almost nodding, hark! there came the same screaming, this time quite clear. It sounded not far off, perhaps three or four hundred yards away. This time it came at intervals, becoming louder and louder. I made haste up the street and reached the church. On entering I took a seat on an old bench near the rear. The walls were crumbling from age, plaster and mud were thick on the floor. There was an altar, but seeing such dirt and disorder as prevailed in it, I came to the conclusion that there had been no worship in the Church for many years. A small balcony was over my head. For curiosity's sake I made way up to it.

Upon reaching it I noticed a small door in one corner, and curiosity again took hold of me and I unlatched it only to slam it ten times as quick as I opened it. When opened, that hellish yell which had haunted me all this time, seemed to come from some object right before me. Someone was inside, who it was, I knew not, being tortured or murdered. Must I risk the test and find out, or shall I be haunted again in my quiet life with unknown suspicions? I refrained and stood still. Presently I opened the door little by little, until I had an opening sufficient for my head. I then put in a dark lantern, but, saw nothing except an old half rotted ladder leading up into the steeple. Must I brave the trial of climbing to the dark unknown amid such noises as hell alone could admit? I resolved to do it. So creeping up the ladder, shaking like a leaf, I started, step by step. The ladder led to an opening to another floor in the steeple, the opening being about two feet square. I had hardly gone one-third the way when thoughts of helplessness struck me, then the screaming weird yells came louder and louder and in quick succession. It excited me to a half crazed mood and I went up, not fully myself, and then when almost up to the opening there came another noise which sounded much like one gayly clapping gloved hands. It was certainly more than one person up in the tower, one being tortured, the other looking on happily. I could stand it no longer and started ready to meet anything. Reach-

ing the opening, I lifted my head slowly above the hole with my eyes closed, for I had not the nerve to face death with open eyes.

When I did let my eyes see, I felt like ending my troubles with this world, for there stood right before me, two of those utterly unbelievable birds, which scientists call "schyrows", one of which had flown out of the tree under which I had been sitting this morning, fighting and uttering those uncanny screams.

MAY DAY.

WALTER BAMBI, '21.

"Joy and the May Moon! Gladness and the Sunshine!
Graceful and sprightly the Robins are frisking over
the soft fresh lawn;
Balmy and sweet the breeze comes whisking, gay as
awakening morn;
The four-leaf clovers proudly wave,
From omens of ill your luck to save,
And on every hand the buttercups stand
For making crowns for the golden curls
Of the romping rollicking little girls.

Carefree and laughing the children are playing, swing-
ing the daisy chain,
To the tune of the fountain gracefully swaying, as the
dances wax and wane;
The bees roam busily after sweets;
The lovers hide in the shady seats,
To tell once more that tale of yore,
That beautiful tale that man has told
And woman heard, through the ages old.

Time passes quickly, the shadows are falling, over
the Home Place oakes,
Soft to our slumber the Sandman is calling, the clock
booms its dread strokes;
The little folks now are off to bed,
On a snowy pillow each little head,
While buttercups close and daises doze,
And the bees nod sleepily to rest,
And even the robin seeks his nest.

The southwind rises, the oakes are sighing and rustling
 in its breath,
On the western sky the moon lies dying red, in a mist
 of death;
No other sounds come out the night
Than the whippoorwill's cry and the bat's lone flight;
Yet who dares say that the joy of the day
Is lost in the night's encircling gloom,
Or that life will end in a lonely tomb?"

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THE ENGLISH FAMILIAR ESSAY.

K. H. S., '21.

REQUIRED by nine o'clock in the morning: one English Familiar Essay. On what? "Aye, there's the rub." Having dabbled away a whole morning, afternoon and study-hour (the sum total of my accomplishments being the disarrangement of my private sitting,—dressing,—and bedroom, and, alas, only too seldom Scriptorium, speaking Queed-wise) having duly signed up for a light cut, having prepared my person for the night, in fact, having attended to all necessary preliminaries, there is nothing to do now but settle down to the serious business.

But to think it might not have been thus, had I only kept that resolution, so confidently made just a few hours ago, to get it off, or out of my mind, early. Oh, the sweet drifting off into dreamland ere now, had not that little resolution gone the way of sixteen like resolutions to-day! Oh, those

"Saddest words of tongue or pen,
It might have been, *it might have been.*"

Why, there's a perfectly good quotation! Spontaneous at that! And I had just been wondering what I could do along that line (for the "retentive memory" *mihi non est*) with no source except a collection of "Great thoughts from the Ancients", containing such gems as this:

"The character of a brave and resolute man is not to be ruffled with adversity."

Cicero.

The adversity is certainly here, in full force, too, but seeing as how I am neither brave, resolute, nor a man, what is to keep my character from being ruffled in these very adverse circumstances?

Here's another "Great Thought", but once again directed toward the dear men folk:

"Man's chiefest treasure is a sparing Tongue."

—*Hesiod.*

That's perfectly agreeable to me, since it does not concern me at all, but, oh, if only those words were:

"Woman's chiefest treasure is a sparing pen."

Then I could take it to the English Instructor as the sage precept of a learned ancient (although I have not the slightest idea who the old fellow was). But, then, just the same, she would probably insist that the writing of The English Familiar Essay is a not-to-be-neglected ingredient in the broadening process of a college education.

I fear this "improvisation" is not yet of sufficient length, so there must be another selection from the "Ancients". I'll just take the first one I see.

"Economy comes too late when the coffers are empty."

—*Seneca.*

Bum choice! It brings up painful thoughts when now it is only a little past the middle of the month, and the state of my finances is looking like this: Thirty-seven cents and four car tickets, with necessities (especially the sugared ones) daily mounting higher. Of course, now, if worse comes to worst, there is the money in two belated Systematic Giving Envelopes, and the autograph of the "poilu" for which I had to pay the large sum of one nickel, although I doubt if I could raise that much on it now, everyone in school having been forced to buy one at the threat of instant death.

To return to my original subject—what was it anyhow?—oh, yes, The English Familiar Essay—since it now approacheth the "erie hour" when light cuts cease, I have need of some good terminal facilities. My class notes offer no suggestions, so hence to the conclusion in a geometric way:

Given: paper, pen, and not the glimmer of an idea.

Required: to write a specimen of The English Familiar Essay.

Construction—but there has been no construction! This ramble may be Familiar, but it is not good English, and of all things not an Essay.

My conclusion? That I have not the right to write Q. E. D. at the bottom of my proposition.

P. S. The last above expressed statement is particularly true because I just had to scratch down something as I was already late to class—you see I really didn't finish last night. One really must get some sleep, no matter at what expense.

THE CREOLE CHARACTER IN CABLE'S NOVELS.

L. E. K., '18.



T was not until after the Civil War that the South truly found itself; found itself in its glamour of beauty and romance. Before the war this part of America had been so wrapt in conservatism, so closely bound to the school of Addison and Pope, that it had not dared take its gaze off the old world long enough to realize the picturesque of the new.

But the year 1870 saw the beginning of a newly inspired literary movement in the South, and in 1885 Stedman wrote concerning his belief in the new movement: "The strongly dramatic fiction of Cable, Miss Murfree, Page, Johnston, and others, clearly betokens the revived imagination of a glowing chime. The great heart of the generous and lovely South, too long restrained,—of the South once so prodigal of romance, eloquence, gallant aspiration,—once more has found expression." And in truth the group of writers mentioned by Stedman, with the addition of James Lane Allen and Joel Chandler Harris, represents "the best story-telling" of our country.

George Washington Cable may be called the father of the "New Romance" in the South. As Miss Murfree has made the Southern Mountaineer famous; as Thomas Nelson Page has painted Old Virginia for the world; as Johnston has discovered the Georgia "cracker"; as Harris has discovered the folklore of the Negro; and, as James Lane Allen has "found romance and poetry in the blue-grass region of Kentucky", so did Cable, in acquainting the world with the Creole of Louisiana, recreate for all time the most fascinating and alluring phase of old southern life.

Cable was born in New Orleans in 1844 and spent the greater part of his life in the Creole city. He served in the Confederate army, and after the war, went into the

cotton business. In leisure hours he had begun to write short stories and sketches of Creole life as he knew it. These were first published in Scribner's Monthly and then in 1879 came out in book form under the title of "Old Creole Days". His fame as an author would have been secure had he written nothing else, but "The Grandissimes", "Madame Delphine", (now included in "Old Creole Days"), "Dr. Sevier", and "Bonaventure" followed successively, and while not of equal literary worth, they all added to the collection of Creole romances.

Cable had had little or no education, had had access to few if any readable books, had not been reared among people of great culture, yet through the power of an inborn art, he created a style of his own; a style unsurpassed in its grace, its limpidity, its music and delicacy. (His style in itself is romantic. In its playfulness the Creole finds natural and harmonious expression. As a Romancer, Cable stands first as artist and musician.

We have spoken familiarly of the Creole, but do we know exactly what we mean when we use the term? Even in Louisiana the question "what is a Creole?" is variously answered. Cable says: "As to the etymology of the word there are many conjectures, but few bold assertions. Is it spanish?—Italian?—Carib?—an invention of West Indian Spanish conquerors? None of these questions meet an answer in the form of hearty assertion." Professor Harrison of Washington and Lee University, in the *American Journal of Philology* (October 1882) says of Skeat: "He proceeds with agile pen—dashes, abbreviations, egriation lines—to deduce the word, (Creole) though with many misgivings, from the Spanish "Criollo", as native of America or the West Indies; a corrupt word made by the negroes, said to be a contraction of "criadillo" diminutive of "criado", one educated, instructed or bred up: (p. p. of "criar"—literally, to create, also to nurse, instruct)."

Yet in Louisiana the term Creole was not first applied to the Spanish but to the French settlers. Cable again says: "But such a meaning implied a certain excellence

of origin, and so came early to include any native, of French or Spanish descent by either parent, whose non-alliance with the slave race, entitled him to social rank. Later the term was adopted by—not conceded to—the natives of mixed blood, and is still so used among themselves. (This is the meaning generally held by the ignorant public today). At length the spirit of commerce saw the money value of so honored a title, and broadened its meaning to take in any creature or thing, of variety of manufacture peculiar to Louisiana, that might become an object of sale: as creole ponies, chickens, cows, shoes, wagons, cabbages, *negroes*, etc.” Then the author concludes with the correct definition of the Creoles of Louisiana: “They are the French-speaking native portion of the ruling class;” and it is of this character, this pure-blooded Louisiana Frenchman, that we read in Cable’s novels.

As to the history of the Creole race, if we may call it that, it is hard to separate fact from tradition.

In 1699 a Canadian sailor D’Iberville, the oldest living son of Monsieur Lemoyne de Bienville, a gentleman of Quebec, entered the Mississippi Valley with a strong fleet, for the purpose of possessing the southern outlet of the great river for France. A younger brother of D’Iberville, Jean Baptiste de Bienville, was in the party, and to him belongs the honor of being the builder of Louisiana and the “father of the Creoles.” New Orleans was founded by him in 1718 on the site which he considered most worthy of the capital of Louisiana. To a few rude huts which had been built for the first comers, other buildings were soon added; including warehouses, and convent and hospital under the supervision of a company of ursuline nuns. There was little social life however for some time for, although some of the higher officials had brought their wives with them from Canada or France, the majority of the few women were either Indian squaws or “the unreformed and forcibly transported inmates of houses of correction,—sans religion, sans justice, sans discipline, sans ordre.” (Cable).

Then in 1728 a great event took place. At the old levee near the Ursuline convent, there anchored a vessel from France which held as its precious cargo, about three score beautiful young maidens of pure blood and high standing, who were to be disposed of in marriage as the nuns thought best. These were the "filles a' la cassette" (each was armed with a little casket of clothes which the king had given her), who, according to tradition, became the mothers of the Creoles.

In "The Grandissiness" Cable tells this story. It may be true and it may not be, yet it is a romantic interpretation of creole origin. Clotilde de Grapion, ancestress of Aurore and Clotilde Noucanou, was a "fille a' la cassette".

At the end of Bienville's governorship of New Orleans, in 1743, he was succeeded by the Marquis de Vaudreniel. "Among the people a transition was going on," says Cable, "French fathers were moving aside to make room for Creole sons," and these Creole sons, through their dependence on African slaves, were losing the energy of their fathers. They were becoming idle, luxurious-livers, and because of their dissipation hard times were brought on. There were famines, wars with the Indians and general misrule. Then in 1754 New Orleans along with all of French Louisiana was ceded to Spain, and then it was that the creoles began to waken from their temporary lethargy. From a state of chaos they passed through the stage of Spanish possession and finally reached "the station of a proud, freedom-loving, agricultural and commercial people", who struck the first blow in America against monarchy.

Nowhere may one learn to know the Creole so well as in Cable's novels.

In "Bonaventure" there is only one creole character, yet that *one* dominates the book. Bonaventure is the central figure throughout, and though he has been raised by Acadians, ("peasant" French from Nova Scotio largely), and in a community made up entirely of Acadians, his Creole blood stands the test and in the whole story his inherited prestige and aristocracy assert

themselves. The book is not so strong as others of Cable's romances; in fact it grows somewhat monotonous in places, but it is interesting as the picture of a Creole who is forever a Creole, though transplanted into plebeian soil.

Bonaventure begins his life an orphan in the home of kind Acadians. At an early age he learns to love the daughter of the household, who is two years his senior, and his love for her develops into a passion when he discovers that he has a dangerous rival in the girl's cousin Thanase. He goes to live with the village priest at the time when his passion is reaching its height, and through the softening influence of the old priest's presence and of the English and French books he is learning to read, he succeeds in putting down self-love, and in thinking of others. Thanase enters the Confederate army and at the end of the war is missing. Bonaventure, realizing his sweetheart's sorrow, goes to hunt for the preferred one, and after months of unsuccessful search he returns in an unconscious elation, only to witness the wedding celebration of Thanase and his cousin. His passion overcomes his acquired control for a time only and again he "wins out". Then he goes to another Acadian village and starts an English school. His devotion to duty and to pupils is marvelous. There is a queer mixture of humor and pathos in the story of his life as the pioneer schoolmaster. And then—he falls in love again, this time with one of his pupils, Sardonie. Now, however, he conquers his rival Claude St. Pierre and marries his "brightest" pupil.

There are two other love affairs in the book, but these are a little overdone. They are rather unnecessary to the characterization of the hero. The chapter in which the long "impendin'" visit of the State Superintendant to the school is celebrated, is one of the cleverest touches in the book. There we have a full length portrait of Bonaventure in his impulsiveness, his loveliness, kindness, his honor and his passions.

"Dr. Sevier" is a much stronger book than is "Bonaventure" yet it is not so romantic. The struggles of

Mary and John Richling are only too real and only too common. Dr. Sevier is the *big* character, the strong character, but while he has a French name, he is not a Creole, and the book really holds but two Creole characters: Narcisse, Dr. Sevier's secretary, and Madame Zinobie, the Richling's landlady.

Madame Zinobie is the poor Creole, with an empty purse and a big heart. She nurses John Richling in his last illness before his wife reaches him, and after his death, Mary and her little Alice live with the old woman. She is not a conspicuous character but she is an admirable one in her unselfishness and beauty of soul.

Narcisse is delightful. He is innocent, he is affable, oh, *most affable*—and he is handsome. The young Latin's sweet, abysmal ignorance, his infantile amiability, his artless ambition, and heathenish innocence have a distinct charm. "The very light of Narcisse's countenance and beauty of his form—his smooth, low forehead, his thick, abundant locks, his faintly up-tipped nose and expanded nostrils, his sweet, weak mouth with its impending smile, his beautiful chin and bird's throat, his almond eyes, his full, round arm, and strong thigh—had their emphatic value," says Cable in describing him. The character of Narcisse harmonizes perfectly with his environments. He could have lived in no other spot. His languor we may account for when we read such descriptions as: "The summer continued on,—the long, beautiful, glaring, implacable summer; its heat quaking on the low roofs; its fig trees dropping their shrivelled and blackened leaves and writhing their weird, bare branches under the scorching sun; the long-drawn, frying note of its cicada throbbing through the midday heat from the depths of the becalmed oak; its universal pall of dust on the myriad red, sleep heavy blossoms of the oleander and the white tulips of the lofty magnolia; its twinkling pomegranates hanging their apples of scarlet and gold over the garden wall; its little chameleons darting along the hot fence-tops; its far-stretching, empty streets; its solitary vultures sailing in the upper blue; its grateful clouds; its hot north winds, its cool south

winds; *its gasping twilight calms*; its gorgeous nights,—the long, long summer lingered on into September.” One feels as if he had been partaking of the lotus, on merely *reading* about the New Orleans summer, and Narcisse, so temperamental and so susceptible may easily be forgiven his laziness and his many trips to the post-office during the day. No wonder that he exclaims on a hot afternoon: “I would ’ather ’un a ’ace than to wuck faw a livin’. I dunno ’ow’tis with you, Mistoo Itchlin, but I fine myself ve’y oppwessive thiz evening.”

He is romantic too, as are Creoles generally. The moonlight, the magnolias and the mocking birds are not to be resisted, he *has* to be sentimental. Then he is shiftless, he borrows continually, but he is so good natured in all his faults, that he is still loved.

And then he enlists in the army with his main motive in doing so, the desire to lay down the responsibility of making a living for his aunt who has raised him. “Ezcape fum the aunt, thou sluggad;” he exclaims as he leaves for the Confederate lines. But he proves himself in war and Cable eulogizes him in a final paragraph which is so fanciful and so playful in its pathos that we find ourselves sighing involuntarily. Narcisse has been so real to us. He concludes thus: “And there shall be blood on your sword, and blood—twice—thrice on your brow. Your captain shall die in your arms; and you shall lead charge after charge, and shall step up from rank to rank; and all at once, one day, just in the final onset, with the cheer on your lips, and your red sword waving high, with but one lightning stroke of agony, down, down you shall go in the death of your dearest choice.”

“Madame Delphise” while now included in “Old Creole Days” is more a novelette than a short-story. It is one of the best things Cable ever wrote and the character of Madame Delphine is remarkably drawn. She is “quadroone” who has broken the Creole laws and has become the mistress of an American. Her daughter Olive, seven eighths white, is her idol. But Olive also falls in love with an American, and to give her child the chance to marry without scruple, Madame Delphine

swears that she is not her child. Olive marries the American, and the poor little mother's heart can bear up no longer. The priest to whom Madame Delphine confesses before she dies, is a Creole, and his sympathy, his gentleness and his high sense of honor are perhaps typical of his race.

"The Grandissiness" is without a doubt the greatest of Cable's novels. And yet it is not a well constructed novel. It might well be broken up into several distinct stories, for the story of *Bras-Coupe*, the African prince who was made a slave, is a romance in itself. Then the story of *Clotilde de Grappion*, the "*filles a' la cassette*" who wouldn't marry, might be taken from the whole and remain complete. Still we can't say that any of this extracting might *well* be done, for as a whole it is so charming that to lose one of these parts, one of the traditions, the story of *Honore' de Grandissime* would lose something of its atmosphere.

The first and the last chapters of "*The Grandissimes*" are achievements in art. The first chapter, the "*bal masque*" from the first paragraph is entrancing. The atmosphere of romance, of delicacy, of aristocracy, all are wonderfully interwoven. The first two sentences contain the essence of the book: "It was in the Theatre St. Philippe (they had laid a temporary floor over the porquette seats) in the city we now call New Orleans, in the month of September, and in the year 1803. Under the twinkle of numberless candles, and in a perfumed air thrilled with the wailing ecstasy of violins, the little Creole capital's proudest and best were offering up the first cool night of the languidly departing summer to the divine *Terpsichore*."

It is at this ball that *Aurore Naucanore* unmasks for *Honore' de Grandissime* when he promises to give two hundred and fifty dollars to charities if she will let him see her face. And then for one second he sees, not one of his cousins as he had expected, but the beautiful features of a stranger. Surprised, but, as he tried to believe, satisfied, *M. Honore' Grandissime* says confidently: "Now, sir, we'll return to our senses." And Cable says:

“ ‘Now I’ll put my feathers on again’, says the plucked bird.”

Dr. Keene is the connecting character in the story. He it is who has brought Aurore Naucanon and her daughter to the ball, and he it is who is instrumental in establishing Frowenfeld, the young American who has lost his father, mother and sisters through a fearful stroke of yellow fever. Frowenfeld opens a pharmacy and he meets Madame Naucanon and her daughter who come to the shop to purchase basil.

Aurore Naucanon is the widow of a Creole planter who after losing all his money gambling with Agricole Fusilier (a Graudissime), accused old Agricole of cheating, was challenged to a duel and killed. There had always been a feud between the families of Graudissime, and Grapion (Aurore’s family), and when Agricole offered to give up his title to Naucanon’s property if only his wife would state in writing her belief in his fair play, Aurore’s pride refused to accept such a favor or to acknowledge any fault of Naucanou’s, and so she was left without an estate. On his deathbed Agricole Fusilier brings Aurore and Honore’ together in an effort to heal the breach between the two families, and after Agricole’s death, Aurore at last confesses her love for Honore’ and they are married. In the last chapter, the subtlety and charue of delicate art is at its height.

There are exceedingly well drawn creole characters in “The Graudissimes”, and there are Clemence and Palmyre, the slave and the “philosophe” who are striking, but it seems that Honore’ Grandissime, the two Naucanore women, old Agricole and Raoul are the most prominent.

The setting in “The Graudissimes” is as harmoniously and effectively used as it is in “Dr. Sevier” and the creole “patois” is at its best in this book. One interesting thing about the natural descriptions is the frequent mention of the morning glory. This flower has not held a prominent place in descriptions elsewhere, and it seems remarkably well used to add a certain grace and daintiness of color, which nothing else could quite equal.

It is not as easy to quote from "The Graudissimes" as it is from "Dr. Sevier" for the whole is so exquisitely wrought out, that no several paragraphs may be chosen, as the best. It is "the best" all through, but as we have already said, in the first and the last chapters, Cable has reached the consummation of his genius both as a story teller and as an artist in the creation of atmosphere.

From such a study of creole characters as Cable paints them a summary is hardly necessary. All have something in common. But we should say that the characteristics of the creole in order of importance and intensity are these—First, pride—an indomitable, inborn pride of ancestry and of pure blood. Second—a highly developed sense of honor, and an impulse to avenge insult or even the slightest stain. Then may follow—romance, passion, keen sensibilities (love for and wealth of tradition, superstitions) sparkle, vivacity, loveliness, and many others.

The study is an interesting one, and especially to one interested in history and in philology.

HOW PRIDE PUNISHED POOR PETE.

V. E. L., '21.



ONCE upon a time, long days ago, (it must have been eighty days ago) there lived at Westhampton College an animal Bird Pete. His home was in a room with Girl, but he had in this room a house all to himself, which man calls Bird Cage. Pete had a fine, yellow coat, which, indeed, he thought was so very fine that he wore it all the time. And when Girl looked at him, he would wink and blink at her, and then he would prance and dance in his bird cage to show off his fine, fluffy, feathery, fashionable coat. Not only did Bird Pete perform for Girl but for many girls who lived at Westhampton College. Sometimes many girls visited Girl, and then Bird Pete would wink and blink at them, and would prance and dance for them, always proud of his fine yellow coat.

This, however, was not all that made Pete boastful, made him feel that he was the best of all birds of the universe. Oh, no! He was talented also. Bird Pete had a wonderful voice. How he sang, how his notes rang, how doors would bang as many girls hurried to hear him. And then such squealing and squeaking and screaming many girls would make, as they listened to that dear, dainty, darling, adorable Pete. Up, up, up swelled the little bird's song and up, up, up swelled the little bird's vanity. He would fluff and puff out his feathers, he would twist, turn and tilt up his tail and sing 'till he almost split his throat. Many girls would laugh and clap for more when naughty Bird Pete winked and blinked at them.

One morning when old Sun was feeling particularly warm, good natured, and kind, Pete woke up feeling particularly warm, good natured, and kind, and he made up his mind to make Girl feel good too. Girl was in her bed, and she had her eyes shut, and was asleep. Pete puffed himself out, and then he began to sing the very best song that he knew. The song was so loud and long and

lusty that Girl had to get up. Girl thought his song very beautiful, and, as a special treat, she gave him wiggly worm to eat. Then Pete sang, his notes sang, and many doors did bang as many girls came trooping, swooping, stumbling, fumbling, tumbling in to see and hear him this bright, beautiful morning. Never before had he felt so fine. *Without he felt sweet sun; within he felt wiggly worm. With his outward eye, he saw his glistening yellow coat, and admiring Girl, and many girls; with his inward eye he saw wiggly worm.* So he sang and winked and blinked, hopped and flopped, danced and pranced, until Girl and many girls went trooping, swooping, stumbling, fumbling, tumbling downstairs to breakfast, and indeed, he did not stop singing even then, because he thought that perhaps someone or something might still be listening, and he wanted someone or something to hear him.

Something did hear him. It was cat creeping, sneaking, stealing softly, step by step, as she stole up the stairs. She stood still at the doorway.

"Oh," she said to herself "you proud pretty creature. Let's see what that song shall do for you."

And so, smiling sweetly she stepped into the room, and seated herself before poor Pete's Bird Cage.

"Oh, beautiful bird, what a sweet song you sing. How very beautiful you are, my little fellow. Your soft, silky suit sparkles like a sheen of gold in the sunlight. I shall sit here many minutes, spell-bound by this sight."

Once more, as in former times, Bird Pete sang, winked, and blinked, fluffed and puffed, hopped and flopped, danced and pranced, bumped and jumped in his bird cage, just to show off to Cat, who sat silently, sweetly smiling at that poor little simpleton, Pete. But this time he sang, winked and blinked, fluffed and puffed, hopped and flopped, danced and pranced bumped and jumped too much, for the golden chain which held the golden bird cage broke, and stumbling, fumbling, tumbling, jumping, thumping, bumping, flopping, hopping, bounding, sounding and resounding flopped golden chain, golden bird cage, and golden Pete.

"Ah, ah" cried Cat. "I have you now. You pretty proud creature, let's see what that song shall do for you."

So she stretched out her paw and squeezed it into the bird cage. But she could not quite reach Pete. Poor little Pete! How he trembled and feared, and he had a good reason for doing so.

Cat did not know what to do. She must have Pete. Just then wiggling worm, wiggly worm's mother, came winding, wiggling from the window. Into the room she wiggled, and with these weary words whispered:

"Oh Pete, why did you swallow my son? Cat, we will reward Pete for his work."

So she wiggled herself up into a tiny shape, said some magic words, and was then changed into a tiny key which just fitted the lock to the bird cage.

Swiftly seizing it—and still smiling sweetly, Cat turned the key, opened the door, and soon Pete was, no more.

And so poor proud Pete,
Was perched on his seat,
A-singing his boastful lay.
Sly Cat came along,
Ended Pete and his song.
Pride did it, we all do say.

A YOUNG KNIGHT'S ADVENTURE ON THE FIRST CRUSADE.

SUE BROWN BRIGGS, '21.



ALL during the long dark hours of the night, Baldwin de Bayonne knelt on the stone pavement of the little chapel before the image of the Blessed Virgin. The flickering light of the two tall tapers on the high altar caught here and there a reflection from the shining armor lying before him. During that solemn watch many thoughts were passing through the young man's mind. Once he lovingly drew the sword from its sheath and held it up before the marble figure.

"Oh, Holy Mother," I long to see this blade dripping with the infidels' blood. Tomorrow I ride off as a knight in thy service to rescue the land, made holy by the presence of thy dear Son, from the hands of the accursed dogs. I pray thee to prosper my great leader, Godfrey de Bavillon, and to permit me never to sheath this sword in defeat before I have seen the cross on the walls of Jerusalem."

Trembling with emotion, he gently laid the sword down, and tracing with his finger the red cross stitched on his tunic, he bowed his head. Again now as if in a dream he saw the short figure of Peter the Hermit in curious garments, and with bare feet, standing beside the stately form of God's representative on earth before a vast, silent multitude. Again he heard the story of the desecration of Jerusalem by the infidels, and the dear voice of the Pope sounding a challenge from God himself to all those present to go to defend the Holy Land. Again he heard the cry of "God Wills it," from the throats of thousands. Again he saw the thousands press forward to obtain the cross from the hands of the Pope himself. Oh the thrill when among the first Urban had pinned the scarlet emblem on his breast. The monotony of life at the castle had seemed less irksome since he could look down and feel again the thrill that he felt

every time he saw that sign. Tomorrow he would be dubbed knight by one in that great order; tomorrow he would join Godfrey with three hundred of his father's men, and would follow that brave knight to the Holy City. With Godfrey he would have many opportunities to win his spurs.

The light slowly crept through the narrow openings in the walls of the chapel. The heart of Baldwin was filled with a great awe. The day had come.

Before night Baldwin had taken his knightly vows, and had received on his shoulder the stroke of the sword that made him a knight. All the dwellers in the castle had gathered at the great gate to see him ride off. Tears had stung his eyes after he had embraced his mother and sisters in turn, and had knelt to receive his father's blessing. Quickly he had donned his helmet with the sweeping white plume, had mounted his prancing charger, gathered up the reins from the hands of a page, and thundered across the drawbridge. The world was before him.

Late that evening he came to Godfrey's place of encampment and reported the arrival of himself and his men. In the morning the thousands set out from Lorraine on the long perilous journey through Hungary and Bulgaria to Constantinople.

From an elevation Baldwin looked down on Constantinople. With a party of young knights he had ridden forward to see first the city about which he had heard so much. Above the massive walls, the crowded, gilded, and colored domes flashed in the sun-light. What a sight for these sons of the West used as they were to grim and stolid surroundings. They could hardly wait for their comrades to enter the city.

Camp was pitched outside of the walls, but most of the crusaders with their leader hastened to behold the marvels of this Eastern city. Baldwin was among the first to enter. He was bewildered by the crowds of other crusaders who were to join Godfrey here, of men and women in gaily colored silks and satins, of knights in gold and silver armor, and here and there the white turban and flowing garb of some dark skinned son of

the desert. He felt stupid in wonderment at the high white buildings, of the churches and the palace of the Emperor Alexis.

He was admitted into the palace with Godfrey, and found himself in fairy land. In the court were spraying fountains around which strolled many of the most beautiful women Baldwin had ever seen in his wildest dreams, women who smiled at him and stretched out jeweled arms in his direction. He would have stayed but Godfrey was disappearing down a long arched corridor, and he hastened to follow.

He found himself in a room so large that it looked as though the great hall of his father's castle could have been contained in it several times. Among other spectators he saw the Emperor come down from a high raised seat to kiss Godfrey who looked commanding, but out of place beside Alexis in his robe of brocaded silk. He tasted rich foods that were served by a multitude of slaves and drank the sweet wines that arosed passions he had never felt before, and made the blood in his veins feel as though it was fire.

For several days Baldwin remained in the city, seeing and hearing new wonders. After returning to the camp he often visted this place of enchantment. On one of these visits he met Taucered who had come with Bohe-mond of Laranto; he was drawn toward this gentle knight, he knew not why. A host of crusaders were pouring into Constantinople. There was a convocation of the chiefs. Agreements were made with the sly Alexis. As the fascination of Constantinople grew weaker in Baldwin, he with many others, wished to push on, and to encounter new adventures. On all sides they heard fresh tales of the sufferings of the Christians.

The whole army of crusaders passed on from Nicaea that had been on the point of falling into their hands when the Emperor Alexis had outwitted them, and by secret treaties made with the Saracens, had placed his standards on the walls of the city. There was much bitter feeling in the host. Baldwin was as angry as a wasp, and only the words of Godfrey kept him from staying behind to fight against Alexis himself.

The country through which the army was journeying was a barren wilderness. All crops had been destroyed by the army of Kilidge-Arslan. The question of enough food for man and beast became a serious one. It was thought best to divide the army to go in search of food.

Almost faint from hunger and the sickening rays of the sun that seemed to be scorching everything as paper before a hot fire, Baldwin rode off with Godfrey and fifty other knights. During the whole morning they found nothing. On attaining the top of a little hill Baldwin, who was riding in advance of the others, beheld a horrible sight that he did not stop to look at twice, but shouting to the others to follow, he dug his spurs into the flanks of his tired horse, and galloped forward.

The camp of Bohemond and Tancred was surrounded and filled with a great army of Saracens who had kept themselves out of sight for the last few days. The number of white turbans showed how far they out numbered the crusaders whom Baldwin could see were hard pressed. Only one thought possessed him, and that was that his beloved Tancred was in danger. He could hear the others coming on behind him. They cut through the swarm of enemies with their swords, and reached the other crusaders where they stood behind the wreckage of tents and baggage, and fought a losing fight.

Baldwin found himself between Godfrey and Tancred, and many a Saracen fell before their swords. Still the enemy came on their swift horses in wild charges, brandishing their spears and cimeters. It began to look as though a mound of Christian bones would be left in the wilderness.

Suddenly there was the sound of a mighty shout "God wills it," and down the hill rushed 5,000 horsemen under Raymond of Toulouse. The help arrived just in time to prevent the complete annihilation of the little band.

The Saracens' light arrows made little impression on the gleaming armor of the onrushing enemies whose swords swung from side to side cutting them down. They fled, but too late. Thousands were killed.

Baldwin held aloft his sword dripping with blood to

the hilt, and cried with all the voice he had left, "God Wills It."

Antioch was at last entirely in the hands of the Christians. The besieging force from outside had been put to route. Sadly depleted, the Crusaders delayed to gain strength from a much needed rest, and the spoils taken from the camp of Kilidge-Arslan. Finally the news arrived that Jerusalem had been captured by the Egyptians, and a stir of restlessness filled the ranks of the Crusaders. Then a fiery bolt from heaven falling one night, seemed to be a warning from God pointing to the taking of the Holy City. So early one morning the soldiers of the Cross left Bohemond in Antioch and continued their journey through Syria.

It was a slow and tiresome route. As they approached Jerusalem the vegetation and water became very scant. The spirits of the Crusaders dropped. One night Baldwin left camp with Tancred and a few others to go to Bethlehem where they succeeded in placing the cross on the walls of that little town.

The sight of the turrets of Jerusalem filled with joy the souls of the weary travellers from the West. All base ideas, all blood-thirsty thoughts were forgotten. "Jersualem" went up as a cry of triumph. The tired warriors knelt down on the hill above the city and wept from their too keen emotions.

The siege of the city was a long one, and the sufferings of the followers of the cross were great, rising from hunger and thirst. Baldwin's heart failed him when he looked up at the city walls that seemed impregnable. He would have deserted because of his desperate state of mind if his vow, taken that night so long ago had not recurred to him as unfulfilled.

Help came at last. Three hundred Genoese from Joffa knights escaped through the Saracen's lines and brought supplies to the starving Crusaders. Hope was renewed in their hearts. Baldwin was among the foremost to go out from the camp several miles to cut down trees with which to build siege castles.

For several days there was stir in the camp. Then

the attack was made. The spirit of the Crusaders made up for their lack of siege implements. The cry "God Wills It" seemed to work miracles. The dying light of the sun shone on the red cross banner flying from the walls of the Holy City.

Within the walls were enacted such deeds as one hates to picture. Where was the genteelness of the Christ in the breasts of his followers? The streets were piled with the bodies of Mohammedans, the Crusaders were spattered with the blood of their enemy. Revenge had been taken—Jerusalem was in the hands of Christians.

Baldwin, mad with the desire of slaughter, waved his sword dripping red. His vow had been fulfilled.

FOLLOWING THE CROSS.

R. BURGESS, '21.

It was a late winter evening and in the raging wind one could almost hear the howl of the dread wolf of hunger who would soon be entering the huts. Inside one of the larger, more substantially built houses of the village of Metz an old man sat dozing before a crackling fire. The leaping flames cast a ruddy glow over his long white beard and rugged countenance. His reveries were interrupted by a merry burst of laughter and two small, flaxen-haired children, a boy and a girl, clambered up on his knees.

"Do tell us a story, grandfather," lisped the tiny girl, and her brother chimed in.

"A real story, with wars and fighting."

"Oh! my little ones," said the old man, "I will tell you of how I went to the Holy Land to rescue the Sepulchre of our Lord from the infidels."

All was very quiet, with only the sound of the falling logs as they burnt apart and the howling of the wind. The old man gazed into the dancing flames as if trying to grasp some elusive memory, then he began.

"When I was a boy of sixteen, I worked as a cobbler's apprentice. I was very eager to go out into the world to seek adventures, especially to go to the land of our blessed Lord. Pilgrims returning from Jerusalem would tell of all the sacred places and of the indignities they had suffered at the hands of the Turks. Then everybody would become very angry and long to do something to right this wrong.

"It was the first warm day of spring that the prophet came. He rode up the street on a small brown mule and was followed by a crowd so great that the market place barely held them. I left my work and ran to the edge of the market place and there in the midst of the people I saw the great one whom men call Peter The Hermit. His dark eyes burned with an unquenchable flame and there seemed to be a halo of glory around his head. When he spoke it was first to tell us of the Holy City, and

we wept with him in the pure joy of the sight; then he told us of the tortures pilgrims had suffered, and we were filled with a mighty wrath; and finally, throwing back his coat, he revealed on his breast the flaming cross of scarlet, and, as he explained that it was the symbol worn by those who would rescue Jerusalem, men, women, and children surged forward to take the cross. I pressed on in the throng till at last I reached the prophet. I knelt before him, while with his own hands he pinned the cross upon my breast. A thrill shot through me as if the sign had burnt itself forever into my heart.

"The next morning we started, led by Peter. There were stalwart men, young boys like myself, eager for adventure and a sight of the world, women, and children so young that at the sight of each village they would run to their mothers to find out if it was Jerusalem. Daily hundreds, inspired by the eloquence of the prophet, joined us, and when we reached Cologne our number was so great that one riding in the middle of the line could see neither the beginning nor the end. At Cologne Peter found the others whom he had expected to wait for him there had gone on led by Walter de Poissi and Walter The Penniless. We waited a few days in Cologne then started our march, filled with wonder, for none of us had ever seen a town that large before.

"Our journey through Germany was very uneventful. Some went on foot, but many, myself included, sailed down the Danube in boats which we built. We reached the Hungarian frontier at Oedenberg and waited for some weeks before we received King Caloman's permission to cross his country. We went through the country quietly, only taking such provisions as we needed, till we came in sight of the walls of Semilin. When Peter saw the arms of Walter's comrades, who had been plundered, hung out there, he vowed to have vengeance. Then was my first taste of battle. The trumpets were blown, the standards advanced, and we stormed and captured the town by a rain of arrows. Belgrade was next occupied, and at Nisch there was a general battle. Nichita had his subjects attack us because we had burned

seven mills. One by one those of us who escaped from the slaughter gathered on a hill nearby where seven thousand finally reassembled. After a long, weary march during which we were constantly harassed by the Hungarians we sighted the walls and spires of Constantinople the last of August.

“What wonders we saw while encamped outside the city’s walls! The beautiful buildings, the eastern markets, and the luxuries we saw filled our hearts with a great longing to own and enjoy such pleasures. But, after Peter had had several interviews with the Emperor Alexis, we were all put into ships and sent into Nicomedia, where we advanced to Ciritot. Here we separated and some led by Reinald went off towards Nicaea. Alas! my comrades who left me here I never saw again. They were taken by Kilij Arslan, the sultan of Rum, who marched against us at Ciritot. Peter was in Constantinople at this time having another interview with Alexis and Walter The Penniless was in charge. The hordes of Kilij Arslan burst upon us one night and before we could arm ourselves, Walter was slain, many others massacred, and about two thousand of us who remained took refuge in a deserted, roofless fort. The Turks first tried to burn the fort, but the wind blew the flames back into their faces, so they settled down to beseige us. Peter in Constantinople, hearing of our plight, persuaded Alexis to send troops to our aid. After the Turks had been forced to withdraw, once again led by Peter we set out, wintered in Bithynia, and a hundred of us who remained joined the great army of Crusaders on their march to Nicaea.

“We beseiged Nicaea seven weeks, and then, the day before we were to have received the surrender of the city, the standard of Emperor Alexis, who had been false to his promise, appeared over the city. Disgusted, we marched on, and the forces under Bohemond were attacked by the Turks at Dorylaeum. The day was saved only by the timely appearance of Godfrey with his troops. We pressed on again, and laid seige to Antioch. During the seige Peter, unable to stand the suffering, left, and with him went Robert Shorthose of Normandy and Wil-

liam The Carpenter of Melun. Tancred followed them and brought them back. After a long time Antioch fell, betrayed by one within its walls, and we entered the city, only to be shut in there by the arrival of Sultan Kerbogha. We underwent great famine and suffering till the discovery of the holy spear point, which caused us to be victorious in the following battle. Our leaders lingered there for a time, but our restlessness caused them to take up the march again. We pressed on, captured Sydda and Ramleh, and at last, foot-sore and weary, we saw Jerusalem.

“As the Holy City, gleaming in the sunlight, came to our view, the battle cry, ‘Its the Will of God’ burst simultaneously from every throat, and to a man we fell upon our knees and touched our faces to the dust. But many trials yet lay before us. The burning heat, the lack of food, and the scarcity of weapons for attack left us disheartened. In a short time however Genoese ships arrived at a nearby port, bringing materials from which we made huge seige towers, battering-rams, and catapults. After all our preparations were completed and we had fasted three days, there was a solemn procession around the city led by our priests. We worshipped at each sacred spot while from the walls the infidels jeered at us. But they soon had cause to regret it for on Friday, July 15, in the 1099th year of our Lord the Holy City fell to our possession. We marched through the gates with songs of rejoicing, and it was the infidel who then paid for his desecration of the places made holy by the feet of our Lord. That evening as I stood in Solomon’s porch where the blood of the Saracen ran waist-deep——”

The old man stopped suddenly and looked down on the two golden heads, dropping, overcome by sleep. He smiled, then shivered slightly for in the great fireplace only a few coals were glowing faintly in their bed of gray ashes.

IS COLLEGE A FAILURE?

T. P.

Lately I have been hearing many discussions as to whether or not college is a failure. The big hopelessness of this question startled me. It set me to thinking. I had never dreamed of college being a failure. That happy, busy, and interesting life,—how could it be anything but a success? And yet, I remember now a great disappointment I had on beginning college. I have become so used to it now, that I almost forget how disappointed I was and how my ideal of college was destroyed, until I found interest and high ideals in other matters. But I begin to think that if college is ever to be a failure, it will come about as a result of this one thing, a thing that troubled me all through high school and that I expected to be different at college. It isn't different, however; that is, with the great mass, the student body. I do not speak of exceptional cases. This thing is the attitude of the student toward marks.

At high school the pupils are there in most cases because it has become a set custom for one to go through the high school, and in some cases because they are practically forced to go by their parents, but in all cases they work for marks. These mark seekers are divided into two groups; those whose first thought is to get through and out as soon as possible and who work only for passing marks, and those who work for the teacher or for glory, that their name may be read monthly on the "Honor Roll" in assembly.

But people don't go to college because they are forced or to make a good effect; they go because they want to, because they love the work and want to get something out of it. So, I concluded, there would certainly be no working for marks at college. But here is one thing that I find similar to things at high school. My old friends, the mark seekers, are here. They are in the same groups,—those working for all "A's" and those working for passing grades. The first group might be called *grinds*. They do not work hard for what they get out of

the work. They are thinking all the time, "Am I doing this right?", "Is this what he (the professor) wants?" They want to get the highest grade. They want all "A's". The other group has no ambition. They do not care for glory. They do not even care to know the little they are forced to study. They only want to get through. They do not love their work, but do only what is necessary for a passing grade. The majority of upper classmen belong to this group. They have passed the half-way mark and are thinking of the end. What is the end? Why, degree? Yes, degree is the end. So now they direct their efforts towards this as an end. They advertise all lost articles as "Necessary for my degree". They take English Speech so as to make up lost credits, coming to class without pretending to do the work. It is convenient, however, for lost credits towards the degree.

Stop and think, however. Of what good is such a degree? If this continues at the rate it is going now, college will most assuredly be a failure. It will be conferring degrees with nothing under them. I ran across, in a magazine article, the other day, the statement, "A senior once said to me, 'One can get a B. A. without knowing much, can't one?'" One surely can. One can bluff his or her way through with astonishing ease, touching only the high lights. One doesn't get the real heart of the matter, the thing that means something; yet one may get his or her degree. Of what good is it? Look back upon your motives for coming to college and see if it doesn't seem futile. I remember a teacher once who told a boy that if he wasn't going to take the exam. there was no use for him to take the class. The boy was going to take a position a day or two before the exam., but he was interested in physics and wanted to finish the course. But to the teacher the examination was the all-important thing. Aren't we forgetting what the degree means, in our blind struggle for it? Aren't we forgetting that we come to college for the work and that the marks and degrees are only by-products by which we test the accuracy of the work? If this is the case college is a failure. Let us rememembr, therefore that it is not the marks

that count, but what the marks mean; that the degree is not the all-important thing, but what the degree stands for. Let us not let this substitution of values be true for our college!

TAKE NOTICE!

M. H. W.

“Oh! I haven’t time, I really can’t go walking to-day. You know I don’t have to take exercise because I am not physically able.” How many times a day do we get that reply to a mere suggestion that a walk in the spring sunshine would be a delightful recreation from the too-well-worn books, and over worked tea tables? If you, tall, thin blondes and brunettes would only use a little common, ordinary sense you would know that the reason that you are not physically able is because all your lives you have been too timid, lazy, or something equally as bad, to venture to take enough bodily exercise to enjoy nature. It is a sin and a shame that any girl should not be gifted with enough energy and love for things beyond herself to enjoy the out-of-doors.

Begin now and take it gradually. Try walking first in your usual languid, lagging step along the winding drive back of the chapel, out of the big gate, and down the wooded road to the end of the lake. Stop, gaze with wondering eyes at the beautiful, newly discovered arch in the bridge which you have crossed every day on your way to “Lab.” See from this new angle the winding walks, the terraces, and the boat houses. The next day follow the same route but keep on thru the pine bordered road until you reach the top of the high hill. There through the tree tops look down upon the pictured wholes of Richmond and Westhampton Colleges.

This College is on an ideal spot? Certainly, it is much more ideal than you imagine. After several weeks of exploration in this strolling manner, join a group of real walkers. Keep pace with them as they “hike it” down

the river road, over the bridge across the James, through the cornfields and woods which seem to shout, "'Tis spring," past the rustic boat house and—Oh! another ideal spot! Rest while your fancies run wild to the music of the water rushing over Bosher's Dam in the shining sun-light. If you start now and do real walking with every sense alive to the wonders about you I guarantee that before many rambles and jaunts your listless languor will have taken the background and that your once artificial bright eyes and rosy cheeks will be natural.

HONOR LIST OF SPIDERS.

F. E. S., '17.

Some time ago an editorial came out in the "COLLEGIAN" which began like this:

"Honor List Of Spiders."

"In this issue is published the revised and latest list of Richmond College men in service. They are fighting to the number of one hundred and seventy-seven, a number of which to be proud."

Suppose we begin our editorial with words to this effect:

Honor list of Westhampton Alumnae.

In this issue is published the revised and latest list of Westhampton Alumnae in service. They are fighting to the number of —.

Can we be proud of the number? Are the women graduates of Westhampton College responding to the call of their country in this time of its greatest need? We sincerely hope so.

Letters have come from time to time saying, "I am knitting a sweater for the Red Cross" or "I am making bandages for the Service League". Good! Splendid! But stop a minute and think! A child thirteen or fourteen years old could do these things. It does not take a college education to fit you for doing this kind of work.

It is a letter of this kind that rejoices the hearts of the workers: "I'm hauled from one end of the county to the other to make Red Cross speeches and talks." It takes brains and preparation to make speeches. It takes thought and energy to be a leader and an organizer. A college graduate should be prepared for these things.

Ye alumnae of Westhampton College consider: How much have you *actively helped to raise* for the Y. M. C.

A. or Y. W. C. A. war funds? (Not only—how much of your own money did you give?) How many War Savings Stamps have you *helped your government* to sell? (Not only—how many did you buy yourself?) How many people have you urged to join the Red Cross movement? How many chapters of the Woman's Service League have you helped to organize? Have you taken a *leader's* part in Service?

How many Westhampton Alumnae have volunteered for Active Service?