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# THE MESSENGER

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## 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.

Heretofore it has been the case that college men have sought employment where the most money was to be had.

That, in former times, was un-  
*Summer Occupation* blamable. It is, however, at the  
*for the College Man.* present time, imperative that college men should not seek summer employment with a selfish view, but, with a desire to render the most patriotic services. The farm offers the best phase of employment at the present, and many college men should do farm work this summer in preference to any other form of occupation. The farm offers what no other form of labor can offer, in that the summer's work is complete, or almost so, before college begins in the fall. Farm work is also the most beneficial in physical and financial way—the latter, in that there are less ways in which to spend money earned. Realizing that the United States is looked to for the majority of the food products consumed by herself and her allies, and likewise knowing that “a well fed soldier is a good fighting soldier,” it should come home to each and every man who has the choice of his summer vocation to think twice before he accepts a position in a business not beneficial to the furtherance of the war. It is true that the farmers cannot afford to pay as lucrative wages as many business firms are able to, although, in the end it is a fact that the savings are about equal when expenses are taken into consideration. If however, college men do not see their way clear to work on the farms during the summer months they should offer their services in some patriotic branch of employment.

Several weeks ago the Richmond College War Savings Society was organized and the of-

*War Savings* officers were duly elected. Im-  
*Society Organized.* mediately a petition to the National War Savings Society was submitted to the headquarters of the latter organization,



at Washington, for affiliation with the National body. On April the 3rd this petition was accepted and a charter of recognition presented to the Richmond College chapter. Steps have since been taken for the sale of War Savings Stamps on the campus and among the students. The object of the War Savings Stamp drive is to enable those who were not able to buy Liberty Loan Bonds to aid in the war in a way in which they could afford to help. And, as there are those among other classes who were unable to purchase a Liberty Bond, so surely there are those among college men who have not the money to invest in a Liberty Bond but who are able to purchase War Savings Stamps. The Society formed here, however, was not organized primarily for the purpose of selling the stamps, but to imbue in the hearts and minds of loyal "SPIDERS" that spirit of economy and thrift in order that they might spread and impress that spirit in their own home localities. Without a doubt every man on the campus will purchase one or more of the stamps, but a larger service will be rendered if he takes upon himself the responsibility of impressing the relativity to and necessity of thrift toward winning the war. Fellows, can we, who are living in comparative ease and luxury, allow our brothers or the brothers of some one else to wallow in Flanders mud or serve as "cannon fodder" and lift no hand to ease their lot? Let every man preach thrift and *act* thrift! We are privileged in being allowed to remain in college while others less fortunate are fighting our battles—but *let us not abuse that privilege.*

A trio of years ago, when some of us were "paddle targets", a certain class of men in college here held coveted positions. These were *Senior Preparedness.* the SENIORS. We watched them complete all, or nearly all that this college offered. Those who were then Juniors in the next year, repeated the process of graduation. And, the very ones who made "paddle targets" of we who were then "RATS" are about to receive their degrees. What



does it all mean? In the larger sense it means that the men who graduate here each year have completed a program of PREPAREDNESS. For what? For service for their country. True it is that their education will be of a vast benefit to themselves, and, likewise, will be inestimably beneficial to their country. Therefore, now that you are prepared, do your utmost to utilize your PREPAREDNESS in the most patriotic manner. Let not your navy lie in port or dry dock; nor your army garrison an unmolested inland fort; nor your aviation fleet remain in its hangar. But, mobilize your entire fighting force for *service* at the front! If your services are necessary in France, Go! There are, however, many fighting lines here in your own country that need defense. Above all things serve with an unselfish aim, and where your services will amount to the most—be your post where it may.

Next year in no schools will affairs be what previous years have been. Changes have already been made as war measures and more will be made as the war continues. Richmond College may be converted into a Reserve Officer's Training Camp; various class shifts have been made; and, numerous minor changes have been and will be effected. Such things tend to inconvenience those in school here, and inconvenience usually brings forth a howl in some manner or another. There has been, commendable it is to state, an admirably small amount of grumbling abroad this year and there should be no more next year. Have the French fumed and grumbled when their traditions and art were shattered? No. Then let us not demonstrate any childishness or peevishness because we are slightly inconvenienced. Perhaps there will be "Taps" and "Reveille" next year—earlier to bed and earlier to rise. But, what of it? Think of the millions who are put to sleep by "Taps" each night and awakened each dawn by "Reveille". Come back next year resolved to make the best of everything, and believe,—for it is a fact—that we are among the most fortunate of all classes. And,

during the summer scatter the good word abroad that old "RED" and BLUE" can't be beat as a college. You are to be commended on the spirit of toleration shown this year and depended upon to show a larger amount next year if necessary.

This is the last issue of the "MESSENGER" and the staff wishes to take this last opportunity to *Au Revoir.* thank the Seniors, and all others who have been instrumental in keeping the "MESSENGER" in running order, for their services. And, when away from college remember, there is a Business Manager who will send a copy, or copies, to any address, and an Editor and his Associates who will at any and all times be heartily thankful for any contribution for publication—a camp letter, a verse, story, or sketch. There are those in the Senior class who have been on the Editorial Staff, as Editors-in-Chief or Associates, and to these our heartiest good wishes are extended, as well as to those who have been contributors and subscribers. In conclusion allow this publication to thank its sister periodical, "The Collegian", for its courtesies and help; accept the desire of the Staff that the very best of luck may come to those of the Class of '18 who are about to leave "The studious cloister's pale" of old Richmond College, never to return again as students, but let it be hoped that they may return as loyal alumni; and with our blessings, "AU REVOIR".



## "THE 19TH OF MAY."

*Walter Bambi, '21.*

Slowly walking in the moonlight,  
Soft your thoughts drift far away;  
Pause and muze upon the fountain,  
Hear the tinkling waters play;  
Sweet a summer wing is blowing,  
Sad the great oak branches sway.

Just a moment since she left you,  
Since her hand was on your arm,  
O'er your sense a perfume stealing,  
Laden with a mystic charm;  
Love and madness, fire and fiery!  
Vernal air and tropic balm!

Gently on your shoulder pillowed  
Lay that little flaxon head,  
To your arms her body yielding,  
Slowly, coyly, half afraid,  
Deep from out those eyes of hazel  
Came that Yes her heart had said.

One sweet kiss so long and ling'ring  
Pressed upon those lips so dear;  
In the rapture of that moment  
Lost was every doubt and fear;  
At such sacred times, the angels,  
Wonder-stricken, hover near.

Far from out the purple darkness  
Floats the chiming of a bell,  
While the words which fit the ringing,  
Echo clear with every knell  
Through old, magic words: "I love you";  
Sweetest sound the ages tell.

THE GRIMNESS OF BATTLE.

*M. C. Cooper, '20.*



HE two brothers had grown up in the little English village, strong, robust, healthy. From childhood there seemed to be a natural affection between the two; in their school days they had fought each other's battles, and there was no remembrance that the two had ever quarreled. It was somewhat surprising that this state of intimacy should have prevailed, for the mother had died when Hubbert, the older brother, was but nine years, and the father, an old army officer, had sought consolation in business, which kept him away from home the greater part of the time; but Hubbert, a grave, serious youth had evidently felt the responsibility suddenly thrust upon him, and he had by his inflexible will power brought his more light-hearted brother under his control. In this manner they grew up in perfect amity.

Time brought changes, however. Hubbert, now a tall, muscular boy of seventeen, had decided to become a soldier, in which decision he was greatly influenced by his father, and had left the quiet little village to enter a military academy. He returned two years later to learn that all was not well at home. It seemed that James, the younger brother, now sixteen and fully as large as his older brother, had entered into a wild and frolicsome existence, spending most of the days and nights away from home. The father patiently endured this for a while, listened resignedly to the complaints of the irate farmers who had suffered from his son's escapades, all the while expecting that this "sowing of the wild oats" would soon pass over. Finding that this was not the case, he severely took the boy to task; the result was that the two quarreled frequently, for the son had too long been free from his father's control to give much heed to him now.

It vexed Hubbert greatly to see James, whom he had come to love even as a mother bird loves its little ones, growing up headstrong and resistant to the commands of



his parent, and he talked long and earnestly with him. Apparently the words had some effects, for during his brother's stay at home, James desisted from his former incautiousness of conduct, and Hubbert returned to the academy happy in the self-assurance that tranquillity had been restored at home.

A year later, as he was preparing to return to the little village for a prolonged stay, he received a letter from his father. The letter had been sent by special mail, and Hubbert hurriedly tore it open, expecting some important news. He was not disappointed. James had run away from from, and it was feared that he had gone to sea. Hubbert, half-doubting, his face a mixture of seriousness and grief, returned home to learn from a raging father that it was all but too true. The sensitive Hubbert grew sullen and indifferent. His interest in his work waned, and he was on the verge of resigning his commission when the war broke out. Perceiving in this an excellent channel in which to forget the past, he embarked on the military transport for the battlefields of France. He went through many battles, heedlessly exposing himself to harm. In the camp he was sulky in his demeanor and his language was harsh, unnecessarily harsh; the men while they hated him, could hardly help but respect him, for his powerful physique demanded respect. In the fight, however, he was everywhere, and he seemed to take a fiendish glee in inflicting death. It was related that when his weapons were useless, he would fight with his hands, and it was terrible to hear his wild cry of glee when his fingers clasped the neck of an enemy with a grip of death, never relaxing until he had killed his man, then tossing him far away and again plunging into the fray. His rashness was mistaken for bravery, and he was rapidly promoted. In a short time he had won the command of a company of about two hundred men.

The engagement had been a long and impetuous one. The two forces, fighting furiously for the possession of an important position on the river front, retained their

respective positions as the day drew to a close. With the first signs of darkness the heavy artillery fire suddenly ceased, and save for the sharp exchanges of the pickets, all was deathly quiet. Each army, hawklike, regarded the other for the first show of weakness.

The moon shone unusually bright, and everywhere the stars dotted the sky. The two armies, although dangerously close to each other, slept restfully in the cool, clear night, for weariness had overcome any sense of danger. An unearthly silence reigned, and a stranger walking through the night would hardly have suspected that the day before on this ground two huge human masses had sought vainly to exterminate the other.

In the hollow to the left of the battlefield lay Hubbert and his small company. He was sleeping in the midst of the others, but his must have been a disquieted sleep, for he continuously shifted his position on the ground. He sighed, sometimes, a long-drawn, terrible sigh. He was apparently a light sleeper, for the slight noise caused by a change of pickets a few yards from where he lay, awoke him. He sprang swiftly to his feet, and in attempting to walk in the direction from whence the noise had come, stumbled over a short, stump man, whom he had unsuspectingly come upon. Hubbert looked down upon him for a moment and then walked on, marveling to himself how one could possibly sleep so soundly. The man on the ground half opened his eyes, and then turned over to again resume his sleep, muttering drowsily to himself against this man who could so heartlessly break his much-needed slumber.

Hubbert walked rapidly but noiselessly in the direction of the picket. As he came up to him, he for the first time perceived that the picket had fallen on one knee, and that he had his gun leveled at some object about two hundred yards distant. He looked more closely at the latter and made out the outline of a man's form. The man stood before a large tree a little distance in front of the main German force. His dull gray uniform closely harmonized with the dull gray tint of the tree as he stood motionless in the dark shade, unconscious of his danger.



The picket started as Hubbert roughly seized his arm, and sprang to his feet in salute as he recognized his officer. Hubbert had been long looking at the man near the tree, and as he now turned his face to the picket, it was horrible in its cruelty.

"Shuh!" he said, in a whisper, "you must not fire. You might wake the men. And then there is a better way to do it." And he chuckled as he released the arm of the surprised picket, and hurried in the direction of the man under the oak.

Hubbert walked stealthily, and when he neared the man he fell on the ground and began to crawl. In this manner he came within a few feet of the man, and still the latter stood, tall and towering, unsuspecting. Almost upon him, Hubbert arose to jump, and as he did so, a small twig crack under his military boot. The noise startled the German, who quickly wheeled about to bring his gun into position. But he was too late. Hubbert thrust aside the muzzle of the weapon, and then with both hands seized the other by the throat. Evidently this man was himself no stripling, for he seized Hubbert around the body in a grip which the latter for a time found it impossible to break. Hubbert suddenly released the other's throat, and with one arm around the other's shoulder and the other around his waist, sought to sway the tall German backward to the ground. The German made no outcry when he felt the pressure on his throat loosen; evidently he felt assured that he could overcome the Englishman in this close struggle. Thus the two giants swayed to and fro in the level field, each seeking to destroy the other. The silent, speechless picket at the clearing on the other side of the field was the only spectator to this tragedy of the night.

Hubbert felt something strangely familiar in the other's clasp; but he had little time for meditation. The struggle of the two had brought them into the light of the moon, and in the ghastly light each man frantically sought to throw the other to the ground. Hubbert suddenly felt the other stumble, and taking advantage of this trick of chance, he, with a low laugh of triumph, put all

his strength in the hold he had around the other's body. He heard something crack in the other's body as it tottered backward, and the arms around his neck slowly slid away. The German's back was broken, and he fell heavily to the earth as Hubbert, realizing that the victory was his, reluctantly released his hold.

Hubbert looked down with respect at this worthy foe who had fought him so fiercely. That was no German's face with its black hair and light complexion. He peered closer into the countenance of the man lying impassively on the ground, but the face was turned to one side so that Hubbert could not see it clearly. The man soon began to struggle faintly, and as he turned his head, his eyes opened wide. As Hubbert now saw the face clearly in the bright moonlight, a cry of horror came from him. The sound attracted the dying man, and as he saw Hubbert his eyes opened even wider from surprise.

"Why, Hurb, was it you?" he said, his voice barely audible. "Forgive me—" he could go no further; his voice died away, and with a shudder he was dead.

Hubbert acted like one beside himself. He violently shook the dead body as if to restore to it the life that had been snuffed out. Finding this useless, he arose—there was a wild look in his eyes, the look of a maniac. He stumbled into the night, swaying from side to side as he went on.

A German picket a half-mile down the field saw a man rushing by, and the light showed him the uniform of the "accursed English." As the man did not heed his cry of halt, he wearily brought his gun into play and fired. There was a gasp, and all was still. An old crow, startled from its nest by the report, made a fluttering noise as it flew away. The grim mocking of war had once more asserted itself.



## L'ANGELUS.

*B. C. Clarke, Alumnus.*

High without the sunset of a darkening day,  
Gliding serene o'er towering battlement and spire,  
Peals forth in requiem the old bell's lay.  
Heard in the lull of an enchanted hour,  
Stealing through evening's pregnant stillness 'cross the  
bay.

What time the hoary skipper seeks his treasured stem  
At ease with Lady Nictone;  
What time the tethered sea-horse frets upon his chain;  
What time Appollo's watchful henchman hems  
Within his folds the last stray beam,  
The bell's time-hallowed prayer sounds evening's re-  
quiem.

The clam'ring gull—bold pirate of the deep—  
Forgets his carnal-throated song,  
Mantling his pearly, restless pinions in repose,  
His shameful breast in ocean's purge to steep,  
Unto the music of the bell—the calling of the bell—  
From out its airy keep.

The sometime fretful, tethered steeds of ocean cease  
Their chafing, soothe their wild desire,  
The hoary skipper seeks his twilight pipe,  
A sombre, shadowy city etched against the East  
Attunes its idle, pensive heartstrings to the bell—  
To the judgment of the bell—and its knell—  
A parting peace.

'Tis said the dusky ear of Tellus hears the bell,  
Calling backward, e'er its song is flown—  
Calling backward—fainter—fainter as its speeds,  
Striving of mystic kingdoms—Chaos' realms—to tell,  
'Til borne on wings of Erebus across the night.  
And thinks it strange an iron tongue could sing so well.

# ROUSSEAU AND HIS INFLUENCE ON SOCIETY AND EDUCATION.

*Henry L. Nicholas, '19.*



FOR one to get proper conception of Rousseau the man, and to rightly appreciate his works, as well as to estimate his influence on subsequent history, an understanding of the age in which Rousseau lived is necessary.

At the time of Rousseau's birth, 1712, there was a general awakening of a reform spirit on the continent of Europe. Men had begun to realize the failure of the old system. The corruptible influences of Feudalism; the burdens of the Serfs; the monopoly of the Guilds; the Nobles and Clergy with their special privileges; the declining Monastic Orders; and the confused and cruel laws; all were a part of the heritage which Europe had received from the Middle Ages, which was coming to be regarded as a dark and barbarous age. Peoples of every blood began to be keenly alive to the deficiencies of the past, and to look to the future for better things, even to dream of progress beyond the happiest times of which they had any record. They came to feel that the chief obstacles to progress were the worn out institutions; the ignorance and prejudices of their fore-fathers; and that if they could be freed from this incubus, they would find an easy way to inaugurate a new system of laws and institutions which were better suited to their needs. This attitude of mind seems perfectly plausible in our age, but two centuries ago it was something new. Until the opening of the eighteenth century the former times were commonly held to have been better than the present, for the evils of the past were little known, while those of the present were, as always, only too apparent. Men looked backward rather than forward. They aspired to fight as well, be as saintly, write as good books; or paint as beautiful pictures as the men of old. In short, all of their thinking was in the past. That they might excel



the achievements of their fore-fathers did not occur to men until the opening of the splendid eighteenth century.

In that age, though, men began to study the works of the celebrated Franciscan friar, Roger Bacon, of the thirteenth century; and later in the latter part of the fifteenth, and early sixteenth centuries the works of Copernicus: "Upon the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies." Then, in the seventeenth century the work of Galileo on the telescope; the mathematical work of Sir Isaac Newton; the development of the microscope in the skilled hands of Leuwenboek, the Dutch linen merchant; the discovery of hydrogen by Boyle, the German chemist; the writings of Francis Bacon, the versatile English statesman and author; and the scientific and economic principles of Colbert who established the French Academy of Science in sixteen hundred and sixty-six, as well as the famous Observatory of Paris the following year. All of these discoveries and inventions were going on, many of them for over a century before the birth of Rousseau and when he appeared on the scene of action primarily as a social reformer, he found himself surrounded by men like Voltaire, who led in church reform; Montesquieu in the field of political and civil reform; Beccaria the Italian economist and jurist; and last Diderot and D'Alembert the Encyclopedists. These men found that the scientific research, and the enlightenment that had come to the minds of men as a result of the scientific movement had not only sown the seed, that was calculated to germinate, and form the basis of rebellion against the Old System, but that this spirit had so pervaded every phase of human activity that the fields were already white unto the harvest.

Now with the foregoing as a background, one can readily appreciate, I think, the message that Rousseau came to bring, and while his plea for reform was in the beginning simply a voice crying in the wilderness, yet, I dare say that no other man in the middle eighteenth century had a greater influence in bringing about the social and educational reforms which culminated in the French Revolution.

That such a man as Rousseau should have been the prophet of the Revolution is on the surface a peculiar phenomenon, but when one looks back at the conditions of French society prior to the Revolution it is perfectly plain why such books as "Emile", and the "Social Contract" should stimulate thought, and as "thought is the seed of action", it is not strange, I say, that these writings formed the basis for reforms in the fields of education, and also in society. Hence the significance of Rousseau in education as well as in the social realm must be sought in his revolutionary attitude toward established institutions.

As a man Rousseau is better understood when we take into consideration his origin. To be brief, he came from the peasantry of France, and this, no doubt, gave him his authority on his chosen fields of literary productions. He traveled for a goodly number of years about the various sections of Europe, living principally as a tramp in the streets of every city that he visited, drinking all the liquor that came his way, leaving his wife and children upon the mercies of charity; placing his children one after the other in the orphan's home; while he himself traveled about in the company of lewd women, and time-serving and corruptible men. Rousseau was indeed a wine-bidder, and a gluttonous person.

While this is a dark picture to paint of a man, yet, his long association with the slums proved valuable to Rousseau when he began to write of the needed reforms among the poverty-stricken peasantry and lower classes of society, as well as the method of education which prevailed. This first-hand knowledge of his subject enabled Rousseau to speak as a man of authority and not as the Pharisees. Rousseau was like a great many other men who have led in reforms for higher ideals and nobler principles, he was in a position to anathematize existing evils because he had suffered in body and soul from their degrading influence. Thus, when he made his appeal in behalf of the down-trodden and neglected, his plea was so vehement and at the same time so emotional that all classes came at the trumpet call to help facilitate reform



measures that would mitigate the existing wrongs. The ideas which Rousseau expressed, however, were neither new nor remarkable; they had been heard many times before; but he had the skill to put back of these ideas such intensity of motive power that they became projectiles of irresistible force. Despite his obvious and lamentable imperfections in other respects Rousseau was an ardent patriot; a devoted advocate of the rights of his people; and had a heart overflowing with sympathy and affection for the helpless and friendless. His intense emotional nature was at once his weakness and his strength; it made it difficult for him to see men and their ideas in their actual relations, for as is usually the case, intense feeling blunts the intellectual discernment, but it made Rousseau the impetuous and resistless champion of the people against the usurpation of prerogative and custom.

There have been periods in the history of human thought when formula and sign have usurped the place of thought and ideal achievement, and it has been necessary for some analyst with his dialectics to come and puncture the make-belief of things, and the world is then treated to a reformer in the field of philosophy. Usually this reform has consisted of bringing about some readjustment between words and ideas, or between thoughts and acts. I suppose, ever since education's earliest history, human thought has oscillated with almost rhythmical movement from one extreme to the other, but with a general tendency toward the close study of letters. And thus it has often happened that the educational reformer has sent out an invitation, "Back to Nature", which sounded a warning against books and words.

Anchoring his conviction on the ideas brought out in Rousseau's writings, one can safely say that he was a reformer of the historical type. He was animated by intense feeling, as I have said before, and his nature was emotional rather than intellectual. Viewed through the haze of his rather warm imagination things lose their normal properties and tend to become distorted and vague. The social, political, and religious aspect in

France was doubtless bad enough in the days of Rousseau, but he worked himself up in the belief that nothing short of revolution would meet the requirements of the case. In his own language of "The Social Contract", "Things have become so bad that they are not worth saving; they should be destroyed in order to make room for something better; and thereby give everyone a chance." But Rousseau had in full measure another marked characteristic of a reformer—he was tender-hearted, humane, and his fervent motive was the happiness and the comfort of the human race. This seems to me to be the one refrain that is sounded throughout his writings. In addition to the two foregoing traits for the reformer, however, there is another; Rousseau was liberally endowed with a literary art that was closely akin to genius, and clothed with matchless grace and eloquence whatever his lips uttered or his pen transcribed. The words of a mere thinker are often lifeless, and as soon as spoken they fall powerless to the ground; but not so with Rousseau, his were winged words that are still on their journey around the world; and wherever they go they find a lodging place in the realm of human thought and produce an effect that is perennial. Here is a sentence that will give an idea of the lucidity and simplicity of his writings: "If gratitude is a natural sentiment and you have not destroyed its effect by your own fault, be assured that your pupil beginning to see the value of your services will be sensible of them providing you yourself have not put a price on them; and that they will give you an authority over his heart which nothing will be able to destroy." (Emile p. 209).

As I have said before, the early life of Rousseau was spent, in the main, as a vagabond which led him to take long foot-journeys into the outlying districts of France and Italy. In later life this restless spirit found satisfaction in the hermitage at Montmorency and finally at Ermenonville. During the early period of his life Rousseau spent some years in school though his scholastic career was quite irregular. Hence, his ability to write and speak in the current literary style came from his



innate genius, and acquaintance with human nature rather than his knowledge of rhetoric. Rousseau was closely akin to Wordsworth in his love for solitude, or as the phrase goes, "his love for nature". He chafed under the restraints of society, and was in his happiest moods only when he was in the company of just a few of his old associates, or reposing under the shadows of great trees listening to nature's choir. The general characteristics and aspirations of Rousseau as a man can be best ascertained, I think, from the pictures that Dr. Payne has left to him. He says: "Rousseau hated society, despised doctors, preferred reverie to books, found his happiest inspirations in trees and brooks, birds and mountains, and his natural Deism found delight in contemplating the grander aspects of nature—dawn, sunrise, storm, thunder-peal, darkling forest, changeless nights; and so in all of his works the reader shares these prepossessions."

Now that we have discussed at some length Rousseau as a man, we pass to an interpretation of his works.

The works of Rousseau are both negative and positive. I mean by this that he had a deep conviction that society as then existing was corrupt and degenerated, and his destructive note found expression in his efforts to dislodge the impeding influences, while the constructive phase assumed the form of a scheme of social regeneration based upon the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity, and upon his belief that man being good by nature, would, if given the chance, realize these principles in actual practice.

In my study of Rousseau's works, I have been led to believe that through these powerful romances, "The Social Contract", "Inequalities", and "Emile", with their imaginative fervor and realistic diction, Rousseau must have made the people of his day feel that they would rather perish than live in a world which permitted a continuance of the wrongs which he discusses in the three above mentioned volumes. Since the needs of human society have been the same in every age, the call for social and educational reforms that Rousseau made in the middle eighteenth century has never ceased to echo,

and re-echo, in the minds and hearts of persons who have led in educational and social reforms.

Rousseau's writings have had such a marked influence upon society that it seems advisable to interpret in a brief way at least, some of his most influential books, along with a mere mention of his less important writings.

"*Emile*" is a well known treatise on education, and the book occupies an important place in the history of pedagogy. In this discussion Rousseau carries to the fullest extent the one idea which seemed to justify all his dreaming. To use his own words: "Man is born naturally good; he is sent into the world with no innate depravity. It is evil education which makes him bad; it is degenerate society which corrupts him. Remove from him all evil influences, and by the force of his inborn impulses he will press onward toward perfection". (*Emile* u. 4).

The first Discourse on Inequality comes as one would naturally expect, under the head of his destructive works; it is a tirade against the excessive pursuance of knowledge, "the man who meditates is a depraved animal". Taken as a whole the Discussions endeavor to point out the desirable and beneficent half-way station in the line of human development, and to discover the inequality among men. In other words Rousseau sought to point out that, "the moment when legislation was taking the place of violence nature became subject to law".

The Social Contract is Rousseau's next work. The ideas expressed in this book aim to show another compromise of the individual in isolation with the necessity for some kind of social association. "As soon as the savage living apart, made use of implements the natural inequalities of man were widened into the artificial inequalities; disorder, violence, and oppression followed". This problem of social union was to find, "that form of association which shall defend and protect with the public force the person and property of each member, and the means by which each uniting with all, shall obey only



himself and remain free as before." (Social Contract p. 6).

Applying this principle to contemporary conditions Rousseau found that rulers and especially French rulers had trespassed upon the rights of the individual beyond all limits of governmental authority. To Rousseau this form of government was a usurpation, the Social Contract had been violated. Individuals therefore were absolved from all obedience to their sovereigns, and were legally free to resume their natural and individual freedom. One can readily see that this kind of logic would justify rebellion and revolution. The liberal mind of Rousseau could not bear the phrase of Louis XIV: "I am the state", hence his books gave the lie directly to the phrase.

One other work of the reformer should be mentioned in this connection, "The New Eloise". This book appears similar to the book of Ruth when one first begins to read it; the atmosphere is the same as a mere love story. Upon closer examination, however, the reader finds that it is a continuation of the Discourse on Inequalities, treated from another angle. "The New Eloise" in the person of one St. Perux is a plea for the rights of the individual impulse and against the superficial restraints imposed by society. "The New Eloise", says Morley, "is an attempt to rehabilitate human nature in as much of its primitive freshness as the hardened crust of civil institutions would allow". The story in brief describes in a series of letters the cause of the passionate love of a noble young woman for her teacher; her subsequent marriage to a nobleman; her resignation to her fate; and her adjustment of life to duty and domestic responsibility. In this love story moreover, is found another one of Rousseau's impassioned appeals for individualism; his able argument against artificial restraint; and a deification of his emotional feelings.

The subject-matter in the principal writings of Rousseau has not been arranged according to any systematic and logical rule. I found in "Emile" especially, frequent repetitions, apparent contradictions, long digressions,

and at times tedious details, so that it is by a process of slow induction that the purpose and spirit of the whole become manifest. Herein again, Rousseau reminds one of Wordsworth.

When we consider the works of Rousseau as a whole, moreover, it can be clearly seen, I think, that the author had a grievance that weighed heavily upon his mind; the old order of things in education was a nightmare to the sensitive spirit of the peasant reformer. Indeed, he wrote "Emile" especially as a protest against the system of education then in vogue, and one is not surprised to find the writer going beyond the limit of the actual truth in his zealous appeal for reform. Exaggeration, and over-statements seem to be quite necessary elements of the reformer's art, and one who is intent on seeing things in their just proportions and rightful relations must make allowance for overwrought zeal, and be charitable when forming an opinion of the reformer's works.

Now, after so much that is preliminary, let us make a summary analysis of the kind of reforms that Rousseau recommended. His field is twofold, namely, educational, and social, and it was upon the existing evils that were in these two phases of activity that he poured out his caustic criticism. If one keeps in mind this twofold idea, he will have the key not only to the rightful interpretation of the man, but also to everything that he wrote. It should be borne in mind that many of the reforms which Rousseau advocated have been adopted and embodied in modern education, and it is for this reason that it is not easy to see the contracts that were so clear to him.

Rousseau's cry was "Back to Nature," as I have previously mentioned. What is meant by this phrase is not an easy matter to form a clear conception of, and one is up against a problem when he attempts to divine what Rousseau, and the writers of his school meant by "Nature." I cannot find where Rousseau himself has clearly defined the term in his writings. It may not be uncharitable, therefore, to suppose that if he did not resort to the use of this term in order to conceal thought, he at least fell into such a loose habit of employing it that he



either willingly or unknowingly makes the meaning hazy to the reader who attempts to interpret the term as used. If by "Back to Nature," the writer means that education should be natural, and that the actions of society should be such as become decent people, then his appeal can be readily understood. It seems to me, that this would be a plausible interpretation of the idea, more especially when one recalls that Rousseau was, as has been said before, a constitutional idealist and Utopian and his recoil from the putrefactions and restraints of existing society was so complete that only a new world constructed on the principles that he advocated, or what would amount to the same thing, the present world divested of its corrupted civilization, would satisfy his ideal. In this respect it must be said that Rousseau was in quite respectable and even illustrious company. Plato wrote his "Republic"; More, his "Utopia"; Hobbes, his "Leviathan", and Sidney, his "Arcadia," each to express his disapproval of things as they existed, and to find satisfaction in a world established on more lofty principles.

Again, Rousseau writes: "We no longer know how to be simple in any thing." Thus we could interpret "Back to Nature" to mean a return to simplicity. I heartily agree with Rousseau that if we try to create in the child a desire to read it is better by far than employing the countless devices and machines for teaching the child how to read.

Carry the interpretation still further, "Back to Nature" signifies a return to reality. According to Rousseau's opinion, there may be formal teaching just as there is formal logic, since both arts deal with symbols and not with realities. The acknowledged teaching instrument is language and the use of symbols in unavoidable, but teacher and pupil must understand that these symbols are vitalized only by a content. Therefore, Rousseau tried to solve the question of the ages, which is to find a means of connecting symbol and substance in such a way that learning may be a concrete living process. Hobbes had the idea when he wrote: "Words are

wise men's counters, but the money of fools"; he, too, was aiming a blow at the secular error in learning. Hence, if we reduce Rousseau's idea of "Back to Nature" to a sentence it means that society should simplify the methods of teaching, distrust the artificial ideas that complicate the process of learning, bring the pupil face to face with reality, connect symbol with substance, depend as little as possible on limited authority, and make learning as far as possible a process of personal discovery. Emerson would have said: "Stand on your own legs."

Many of Rousseau's ideas have been employed in practice at least in the modern system of education. Our methods of education are peculiarly adaptable to children. Child life has been studied so minutely in the last century and a half, and so much sympathy and sentiment have been worked up in the child's behalf, that the methods employed for teaching the child have found their way to the high schools of today, where they are now in operation.

As I sum up the impressions that I have received from Rousseau while reading, meditating, and writing from day to day, I confess that I have imbibed not a little of his spirit which seems to be still alive to a marked degree in the words that flowed like a mountain stream from his plastic mind. I think I have in a measure learned the secret which was working its way outward from the heart and mind of Rousseau, and his kindly spirit has helped me to understand and appreciate more fully much that I have never before cared for in his writings. While I am not ignorant of Rousseau's weaknesses and vices, yet, I come from my study of his works with a more intimate knowledge, a new admiration, and a deeper respect for the man and his works, as I recall what a perpetual influence his books have had upon education and society ever since their first appearance.



## THE SERGEANT'S RETURN.

*D. Curtis Ashton, '19.*

HE war was over. Sergeant Williams was coming home for the first time in three years. It had been nearly a month since the transport, which had suffered from the wrath of both Mars and Neptune, dragged herself painfully into the harbor of the largest American city, but the mustering-out process had required considerable time before Williams at last found himself a free man again. As the train bore him swiftly to his beloved Southland, he began to turn over in retrospect the happenings of those three years which naturally had been by far the most eventful of the four and twenty of his life. In some respects, when he considered the numerous events that had transpired in that time, those thirty-odd months seemed like so many years, but in their swiftness in passing this lapse of time seemed more like a dream.

How well he remembered the spring of 1917! He was then in his junior year and the next year he would be graduating, that is, other things being equal and the faculty being willing. He hadn't decided fully just what he would do after graduation, but thought he would probably go into business, teach or starve at law for awhile. This was just about as far into the future as he had planned, but, a fairly enterprising young chap, he was almost sure to make some sort of a success out of anything he attempted. He could even look forward to one meal a day out of law. At college he had tasted the sweets to some degree along lines both athletic and scholastic. Was he not captain of a champion football team and letter man in track? In addition, he had the distinction of having never flunked a class, which, as this world goes, is no small honor. But the draft—

Up in Washington a certain small capsule was drawn out, tiny in size, yet mighty in significance. William was one of the many whose fate this innocent-looking little

pill contained. He and the postmaster's son were the only ones whom the district board did not exempt. Normal as to height, weight, sight, hearing, etc., and with no binding ties of dependants, they were greedily seized by these officials who seemed determined to make some sort of a showing, as evidence for having discharged their duty well. And then on the second of September, he received his orders to proceed to the mobilization camp. How clearly could he recollect that day, a beautiful day, with just enough chill in the air to be a sort of harbinger of a premature fall. The calm tranquility of the day contrasted strongly with the anguish his soul experienced as he bade the home-folks and friends farewell, which, for all they knew might be his last. The sobs and tear-dimmed eyes were almost too much for him. His mother was unable to say a word, but when his father, hitherto noted for his self-control broke down and whispered in subdued tones, "Jack, take care of yourself," this was too much. So great was the strain he was almost glad when it was time for the train to leave. Yes, he had already promised Elsie the night before to write regularly, and was fully resolved to keep his promise, perhaps in view of better things, should he return the conquering hero.

Life at the *cantonment*, he recalled, had been too strenuous to allow time for grieving. His companions and he were rapidly being whipped into shape and hardened to the *rigors* of strict military discipline. "How can actual warfare be any worse than this?" he often consoled himself. Constant and eternal drilling, bayonet practice, inspections, guard duty in rain, hail, snow and wind had made him look upon a soldier's life a "just one dern thing after another," none of which he really liked.

At last the order came to move the division to New York to the transport awaiting them in the harbor. That voyage over! Would he ever forget it? Harly. Three times the transports were attacked by submarines, and two of those three times he had seen the convoying gunboats drive them off. The other time a torpedo struck one of the big transports amidship, and not over half of



the men were saved. Burus, the other drafter man from Williams' home was missing, and Jack's heart was burdened with gloom. Fifty per cent of the village's representation already on the casualty list! That little speck of a town in the South Carolina foothills had already experienced war's ruthless, remorseless hand.

Men were needed on the "Western Front" and the American troops were rushed into the fray almost as soon as they landed on foreign soil. What a terrible experience to Jack had been that first battle! He remembered as vividly as if it were only yesterday. The shrieks, hissing of the hand grenades as they whirled their way on to destruction, the terrific booming of the forty-two's, the patter of rifle bullets, like hail on a tin roof; all nearly deafened him. He could almost see the fiendish glee on the Boches' faces, so close were the rival trenches together.

Williams lifted his eyes, and smiled faintly as the thought of his fears in this first battle, and how monotonous this fire became as time wore one. He had finally reached the veteran stage, and his good conduct had for him promotion. How proud he was when first he wore those two bars upon his sleeve! His pride assumed the proportions of ecstatic glee when a third was added to the lot. Yes, "the boys" had said he had a certain mysterious sort of a "drag" with the officers, but must there not be some reason for "pull" in military? Surely, a man, in most cases, must have served well to so demand the esteem of his superiors, for he would hardly receive such recognition if he were unworthy.

He remembered that the siege of Berlin had lasted six months before the empire would make peace concessions to suit the allied armies. This siege had cost the American Army something like a half million men, and Williams thanked God that he had escaped without injury, while companions all around had been mown down like wheat before the reaper. Surely, he had reason for being thankful.

Now he was going home! Home—could it be true? That magic word, for the last three years a mere fanciful

dream, now about to materialize into a reality. Such rejoicing in that little South Carolina village! How proud that dear mother and father would be of their soldier-son! How jubilant the "sweet young thing" at his return! He had telegraphed that he would arrive at B—— on "49," and he knew that the station would be crowded with friends and relatives. Back again to the civilian life and edible "greet" after some thousand meals on spuds, beans, prunes and "army beef." He had had various permutations and continuations of these staple delicacies inflicted on his digestive system thrice daily, and now he was returning to some real home cooking. Already his mouth was beginning to water for some of mother's friend chicken and sweet potato pie. This was his specialty. Gosh! it would taste good. Um-m!

Williams was suddenly aroused from his musing by a terrific crash of steel, and in the twinkling of an eye the steel Pullman lurched sideways over the embankment. Then—

Old "Tom" Jackson was in a hurry. He had been delayed three hours in Birmingham, and was making up for that delay in a surprising swift manner. "Fifty-eight" was "hittin' 'em up" northward just about as fast as that old governor on top would allow, and when "she" passed the Carolina line, old Tom was only a half-hour behind time. It wasn't so much that Tom minded being late, but that youngest Jackson had received his first shore leave in twenty months. Who wouldn't be in a hurry under those conditions? Let psychology explain why old Tom, who in thirty years' service had never even scarred a cow-catcher, should run past that closed signal at B—— at a sped of nearly sixty miles an hour. As he rounded a curve about a half-mile from the town, he saw "49" not a hundred yards off bearing down upon him at blinding speed. Both engineers jammed on their brakes, but too late. The two juggernauts met with a din that jarred the hills for miles around. With roars of anger they grappled, and like two wild beasts, enraged



by heat, they clashed. It was all over in a second, and both engines with their cars were lying in the ditch ten feet below.

Old "Zack" Benson identified the badly mangled figure with the three bars on his sleeve. "That's Ben Williams' boy," he said. "I heard his father say they wuz expectin' him today. I know poor old Ben didn't cackerate seein' him like this, though."

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### O SPRING MORNING.

*R. G. Entzminger, '18.*

At morning when the sun is low,  
And birds their mates are calling,  
The skies and mountains deeper glow,  
Till colored drops seem falling.  
The clouds take fires and golden hues  
Reflect from every dwelling,  
The shades of night dispelling.  
And myriad fairy lights spring out,

THE TRAITOR IN THE CAMP OF THE ALLIES.

(A Prohibition Oration.)

*J. B. Kincanon, '21.*



GREAT forest of oaks is covering the ridges of a mountain range. There they have grown larger and stronger as the years have passed, until, at last, they seem like a mighty army of giants marshalled on the rocky slopes of their domain. Taller than his fellow and in the midst of the woods rises the forest king, a huge oak that has stood for centuries and that has grown to colossal size.

All day long, a woodman of the forest has been cutting away at this giant tree. He is working for the downfall of the oak. Toward evening he is almost through, but it is getting late, and the man gathers up his tools and leaves, planning to return on the morrow.

The forest king still towers above the tallest trees; still stands like the monarch of the mountains. The sun is slowly sinking in the west. The fleecy clouds are tinted with a crimson glow, ever-growing fainter. In the forest already the shadows are lengthening, and it is gradually growing dark. The melody of the birds is heard no more, and the silence that comes with the night is unbroken save by the far-off hoot of an owl, and the sighing of the wind through the branches. But look! the great oak tree is swaying with the wind. And as it sways the huge trunk groans and cracks. See! It gives way, leans, totters and falls with a mighty crash! The woodman's ax has done its work, and the venerable oak that had braved the tempests of the past and had rivaled the loftiness of the mountains has fallen.

Today America stands among the allied nations in the present world war for democracy like that giant oak in the midst of the forest, and there it is swaying and rocking in the fiercest tempest of German hate, carnage and death that ever shook a nation. Now, while so sorely tried by the storms of war, and when the nation needs her greatest powers of endurance, there stands



an enemy who, day by day, is cutting into its very life and is gradually but surely weakening and destroying the fiber of the nation. And if this enemy is permitted to continue his deadly work, to poison and destroy, then the great oak, America, must weaken, totter and fall! It will fall not by the death blow struck from without, but because of the ravages of a titantic destroyer within. Who is this enemy within the forest of the allies that is guilty of criminal waste of resources, and that each day goes forth to cripple and disease the men who are the hope of victory? I need not tell you that the traitor is the accursed liquor traffic. Each day he plies his treacherous trade to lessen our chances of victory and to increase our possibility of defeat.

The government has told us that food will win the war. President Wilson has said, "Upon the farmers of this nation rest the fate of this struggle"; while the London Times declares: "The first of all elements in national security is the food supply, and want of food may starve us into offering ignominious terms of surrender." England grows only one out of every six loaves she eats, and would be unable to remain in the fight for six months if it were not for her cargoes of imported food. There and in Belgium and France the allowance of food is cut to the utmost, and the call of these countries to us for help is ever growing louder and more imperative. Truly, upon our food supply may rest the winning of the war. Yet, while this food supply is such an all-important requisite of our successful prosecution of the war, the liquor traffic demands its toll of millions of bushels of grain to be made into that, which, instead of sustaining the strength of our manhood, debauches and destroys. The National Defense Council has stated that 6,000,000,000 pounds of foodstuffs go into the manufacture of intoxicating liquors every year. The equivalent of 4,000,000,000 loaves of bread is sacrificed annually to the devouring god of drink. In 1916 alone, 110,00,000 bushels of grain and 50,000,000 tons of sugar were lavishly squandered in this traffic of crime and dissipation. Enough cereal was wasted in the manufacture of the beer alone

to supply the United States with bread for three months. If the 110,000,000 bushels of grain made into intoxicating liquors in this country in 1916 were ground to flour and made into bread there would be a loaf of bread every day in the year for twelve million families! Enough bread to supply the combined armies of France, Great Britain and the United States! Enough to give a two-pound loaf of bread to every person in Belgium every day in the year. A supply of food on which the population of England could subsist for six long months and the population of France one month longer. In other words, the saving from these cereals alone could conceivably win the war for the allies. The world shortage of grain is more than covered by the amounts consumed in the manufacture of liquor in the United States alone. The liquor traffic, however, is taking these tons of priceless grain and sugar which should go to supply the world's increasing need for food and is rotting it into poison.

For the perpetrator of such a crime no adequate punishment could be found, but to this extravagant and criminal waste is added the traitor's guilt of destroying our men and poisoning the very life blood of the nation. The ravages of alcohol upon the human body have been so long witnessed that they need not be recited here. They have become old and too familiar to all. Figures show that alcoholic poisoning is every year killing off as many Americans as all the wars of the world have killed in battle for the last two thousand years, and that the Americans wounded by alcohol today, are more than ten times as many as wounded in all the battles of the world since the dawn of history. It has cost France since 1870, in men and money, more than the present war, while the human wrecks which this great destroyer has strewn along the shores of time are as numberless as the sands of the sea. Today democracy and humanity are crying out for men, who are men mentally and physically at their very best, to equip the allied armies and to fight the battles in behalf of justice, truth and freedom. Deaf to that cry, the liquor traffic is turning our tons of grain and



sugar into a poison that saps the vital forces of the human body; debauches and destroys the physique, dulls the intellect and wrecks the moral fiber of the nation. Yes, a traitor in the camp, who, like a fiend, is gloating over his work of ruin and devastation, which will, perhaps, stand in the critical hour of a decisive battle as the ultimate cause of an American defeat at the hands of the German army. We can look for nothing better than defeat if we allow such a terrible drain upon our resources and such destruction of the nation's efficiency to continue. No nation has kept this destroyer in its midst and survived. America is not different from the other nations of the world. One or the other must perish.

True it may be, that the terrible and fatal effects of the liquor traffic are not now so much to be noticed, but they are none the less sure and deadly. America may tower now among the allies, like the giant oak in the midst of the forest, but if weakened by this traitorous traffic, when the storms of Germany sweep over it and beat against it, then its fall, its inevitable fall, like that of the oak, will come!

We shudder when we think of what that fall would mean. We turn away from the thoughts that picture the terrors of such a catastrophe. Bitterer tears would be shed over fallen America than over the fall of ancient Greece or mighty Rome. Sadder and more terrible would be the consequences. If America, the hope of civilization falls, democracy and human freedom may perish with it. There would come the reign of such unutterable horrors that terrify the heart and sicken the soul—horrors such as the mind cannot picture nor words describe.

America is in this war not to fail, but to win. But to fight with such a traitor in the camp as the liquor traffic is to gamble with Fate, and that is to invite disastrous and irreparable ruin. We must take no risks in a war of such colossal moment. The issues hanging in the balance are too great, too vital and too all-important. To harbor now within our camp a traitor who may betray us in the hour of battle would be the most stupendous folly of all the ages. America must remove every enemy

to her safety and every foe to her chances of victory. Lloyd George said: "We are fighting Germany, Austria and Drink, and the greatest of these deadly foes is Drink. If we are to settle with German militarism we must first of all settle with Drink." Yes, it is an enemy that has wasted foodstuffs, despoiled men, and ruined nations. In the past the outlaws of this traffic have resorted to the methods of pirates like those who sailed the high seas under the black flag. They have boarded the ship of state, with jeers and taints, and tried to hoist the skull and cross-bones above the Stars and Stripes. All the pages of history are crying out to America, "Conquer the great destroyer or perish." We must answer that challenge by waging now a war of force against this unrelenting, deadly foe. We must fight it with a ferocity fiercer than that of death itself, and never waiver until this traitor has perished amid the desolation which it has wrought, and such a traffic is abolished forever.

Then, rid of the ravages of this traitor—this blighting curse—over there in "No Man's Land", America will win the heights of victory in the death grapple of Right with Might; then we'll make the world safe for democracy forever, and we'll make America invincible in her might, a nation that will survive the wreck of time and the crash of words.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This oration won the medal in the State Prohibition contest.



PRIVATE W. E. WHITE WRITES DR. W. A.  
MONTGOMERY.

Dear Dr. Montgomery:

I certainly appreciate those clippings and papers you sent me. I know that its an awful trouble to you to do it and I appreciate it all the more for that. About the time this letter reaches you, you should begin to get "The Stars and Stripes" the newspaper of the American Expeditionary Force. It should come to you every week. Some of it is very interesting. Please let me know when you start getting them. I had an interesting conversation the other day. I was roaming through a field when I met a peasant going out to work, I spoke to him and he stopped and started a conversation. He spoke of the H. C. of L. and gave his opinions on the war. He was very much interested in the coming of the Americans and wanted to know when I thought the war would end. He had two sons at the front now he said and one had been killed. He seems to have had more sons than the average Frenchman did he not?

My professor has three sons and one daughter. He seems very proud of the way his family is balanced. Girls are too numerous in France he says.

It is funny to hear the way the Frenchmen speak of other people. The Germans are always "Leo Bockes" or "les animaux"; the Russians "les enfants" or still worse "les fous". All people according to the French die (mortors) except the Germans who are accorded the same end as the lower animals. How does this agree with public opinion in the U. S.?

One of our Sergeants marries a French girl next week. He is the first of the Company to do so. I wonder how many Americans will do that? Quite a number of mademoiselles have told me that they intended to marry Americans: I never took it as a hint.

Have you ever slept regularly in a stable? I assure

you that there are lots of things worse. I have found it very comfortable indeed. One never knows all the comforts of life until he is either a hobo or a soldier I am convinced.

Sincerely,

W. E. WHITE.

Private W. E. White, 30th Company, 5th Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps. American Expeditionary Force. Army Post Office No. 702, New York.

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### DREAMS.

J. W. C., '21.

I dream tonight by the flickering light  
While shadows round me dance;  
And I long for you as I always do  
When dreams my heart entrance.

But I know the dream with morning's gleam  
Will fade like other dreams untrue;  
'Though set apart, still in my heart,  
Shall live the memory of you.

For the sweetest thought by fancy wrought  
Is the tale of love unspoken.  
Then let me tonight dream with delight,  
While the spell remains unbroken.



ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

*W. M. Pettus.*

On March 27, 1918, W. L. O'Flaherty, '11, (Law '15) married Miss Celeste Anderson, Westhampton '14, of this city. Mr. O'Flaherty is in the Army Y. M. C. A. work.

—o—

At Poplar Grove, the old Todd estate, in King and Queen county, Miss Mary Garland Todd became the bride of Lieut. Robert MacDuval '11, (Law '13) on Monday, April 15, 1918. Rev. Geo. Sadler performed the ceremony.

—o—

At the home of Mr. Robert Crump, on Saturday, April 13, Miss Kitty Lewis was married to 1st Lieut. Boyd Taliaferro '17.

—o—

Mr. W. L. Prince '98, Dean of the Richmond Academy, has recently become Superintendant of Schools in Henrico County.

—o—

Mr. "Joy" Sutherland '17, has recently volunteered into the service and is now at Camp Lee.

—o—

Aubrey Russel Bowles, Jr., '15, is a 1st Lieut. in the 3rd Cavalry and has been in France since October, 1917.

—o—

H. P. Thomas '15, is an instructor at Blackstone Academy.

—o—

George Gary '06, is at the Aviation Training School at Princeton.

—o—

A letter has been received recently by a member of the faculty from 2nd Lieut. W. R. Silvey '17, who is with the 4th Cavalry in France.

B. D. Allen '17, and W. E. White, who are Marines in France have been heard from within the last month.

—o—

Col. Thos. B. MacAdams '97, has been appointed by Sec. of the Treasury, W. G. McAdoo, to have charge of all War Savings Campaigns in Virginia.

—o—

Major Dr. Stuart McGuire '88, has charge of a Hospital unit at Camp Lee and preparations are being made to sail in a few weeks.

—o—

C. W. Buford '16, who was sent by The National State and City Bank to Russia last fall, had not been heard from until a few weeks ago. When heard from he was in Japan.

—o—

About the 1st of March, while Perry Mitchell '16, was on his way to France, Mrs. Mitchell died.

—o—

H. H. Seay was on the campus recently, on his way to take a position in the Quartermaster's Department in Washington, D. C. He has been doing graduate work at John Hopkins this winter.





# Westhampton College Department

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## SOCIAL SERVICE IN VIRGINIA.

*Dorothy Gary, '18.*

**B**EFORE the dawn of the twentieth century in Virginia there was little organized Social Service, but the greater part of the charity accomplished was through private efforts. The State was doing no great Social work with the unity, the vision, the aim needed, but rather felt its work accomplished when the three State Hospitals for the Insane were established, and the Almshouses run in some haphazard fashion. The great Social conscience of Virginia was asleep. Yet the great United States had had a rather dormant Social conscience until about 1870, when her sense of duty and her will power were aroused to action; so is it a wonder that Virginia, in her woeful conservatism, was thirty years late, still asleep? Other States all around her were acting; but yet Virginia lagged behind. However, there were those in this Old Dominion who were determined to arouse Virginia's conscience, and these six men, all on the staffs of the hospitals for the insane, met in Staunton in 1900 in a conference. Out of this conference grew the annual State conferences of this State. This conference informed the public mind of the needs of indigent, defective, and delinquent classes in Virginia, and also the succeeding annual conferences aroused the people of the Commonwealth to their responsibility for the bad conditions in the State until in 1908 their efforts were rewarded by the establishment of the State Board of Charities and Corrections of Virginia.

So the Social conscience of Virginia had been found to be asleep, not dead. Virginia was not cold hearted or intentionally negligent; only slow to see and sometimes to act. This State Board, which consisted of five unsalaried members appointed by the Governor, and a paid Secretary, was wide awake and progressive and they determined to fully arouse Virginia from her indolence and laggardness. Their work this first year consisted in

visiting the State Institutions, a few private Institutions, pointing out the defects, advising reforms; and at the end of the year presenting an Annual report in which they revealed conditions, and advised the legislature of what steps to take in Social reform. Their visiting work consisted in inspecting at least once a year all "State, County, Municipal, private institutions which were of charitable, or correctional character; or for care and training of the defective, dependent, or criminal classes;" and in order to accomplish this there were six standing committees appointed (1), Insane hospitals; (2), State prison and reformatories; (3), County Institutions; (4), Blind, deaf and dumb institutions; (5), Orphanages and Societies for care and training of destitute children; and there was also an Auditing committee. Virginia, though later in taking up this work than many of her sister states, profited by accumulated wisdom of legislation; as the organization of these committees from the very start was an advanced step.

This First Annual Report Ending January, 1909, showed many astounding things. The Board accused Virginia of accenting "good roads" more than "good citizens," and strongly urged Virginia to turn her attention to the passage of certain needed Social laws, as for the establishment of Juvenile courts for reform in jails and penitentiaries; and for free institution for the feeble-minded, for an Industrial school for incorrigible girls; for establishment of Placing Out Agency. The conditions in the almshouses, city and county were brought to light in all their discouraging aspects. The almshouse is the fundamental institution of poor relief in America, and this charity was and is still of the worst description. In these 108 almshouses were found the epileptic, the feeble-minded, the consumptive, the child, and sometimes the criminal pauper, the drunkard, the aged, the vagrant. These almshouses were for the most part in the worst sanitary condition, having no water in house, no room, poor food, little light, poor air and heating and much filth, little protection against fire. The inmates were whipped if they refused to work. The lack of recreation



and of religious services in these almshouses was appalling; and many able bodied men who might have been self-supporting if the superintendent had given them work, we idle. There was an enormous waste of money found in this manner; and at the same time much false economy. The pauper was made to feel himself a criminal! He was treated as if it were a crime to be poor! The almshouse was, as a rule, found to be far out in the country, and the community felt slight interest in it. The State Board had these almshouses as depopulated as possible and endeavored to promote co-operation between the superintendents and the county overseers of the poor. The out door relief was found to be poorly conducted, and the general character of the charity work very poor. In the jails there were found also the same bad conditions. There was no separation of sexes, insane, drunkards, first offenders, witnesses, and children; and in very few instances any religious services. The crowded conditions, the fifth, the bad food, lack of ventilation and sunshine, the need of repair, lack of recreation made these jails places of punishment indeed. Also, the State was losing thousands of dollars every day, by not letting those prisoners capable of working, *work*, but keeping them in enforced idleness.

The State penitentiary was also found in an antiquated condition. The food was bad, and as there was no dining room the food was stacked on tables in the court yard, the prisoners passed by and taking their food back to their cells, they ate here in silence, holding their bread on their knees! In the old building, conditions were made better. A hospital was found needed for the prison. The system of employment by the State, with pay for overtime, and the system of parole were both found commendable. There was need of a parole officer. The prison camps begin in 1906 as the first practical system for construction and permanent improvement of public roads was found a success. The prisoners benefited by the out door life, but their food and accommodations were very poor. Also the State Farm, which was established to relive congestion at the penitentiary and to

strengthen the physically weak as well as to make non-producers, producers, was found in good condition. The general tendency was to punish rather than reform, both in jails, penitentiary and State Farm. In the jails, 4 of the prisoners were found to be drunkards, and accommodations for this abnormal social being are needed.

The three State Hospitals for the Insane, at *Williamsburg*, *Staunton* and *Petersburg* were found well conducted as far as means and situation permitted. There was need, however, of the cottage system to separate the insane, epileptic, and feeble-minded; for recreation for the inmates, and properly equipped infirmaries. The colony for the feeble-minded to be built at Lynchburg was badly needed. More doctors and nurses also essential to attend these mentally sick.

The Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, and the Virginia School for Colored Deaf and Blind were found to be doing splendid work, but in need of money. The Catawba Sanatorium for uncomplicated Tubercular trouble was in splendid condition, but more buildings needed to carry on work.

The position of the child, delinquent, dependent, deficient, was found to be in Virginia in 1908-9 very unsatisfactory, and is still so to a great extent. This State Board left the child problem unsolved, almost undiscussed, except as regard to the need of Juvenile courts. The Board urged not only establishment of Juvenile courts, but also of an effective probation system; and remedying of environments so that the temptation to do wrong would not be so strong. "Our State must preserve the integrity of her youth and her manhood." The child was treated in 1909 as a criminal adult, and was far more "sinned against than sinning." Little was accomplished this year for Orphanages and children's Homes.

So ends the work of the first year of life of the Virginia State Board of Charities and Corrections. Much was yet to be done, but Virginia was aroused at last.

In 1910 a committee was appointed by the State Board to discriminate in applicants to poor house, to provide



work for the inmates, to ameliorate condition of the crippled, helpless and defective, and to secure statistics. This committee worked hard, and there were good results.

The real accent of the work done by the Board in 1909-1910 was on the Child Question. Medical care was instituted in schools, and the carelessness in stamping our child delinquent which was really deficient was stamped out. Special care was advocated for the backward in school; and better supervision of "placing out". The dependent child was not given a sufficient opportunity to become self-supporting.

In the report for 1910-1911 the almshouses and jails were still found to be in the majority of cases not up to standard. Drunkards were now classed as diseased persons, and so treated, rather than as criminals; and dependent and delinquent children were promised adequate religious and mental training in a healthy normal environment. The 2,022 crippled and deformed in Virginia who were unable to pay for treatment, up to this time had been unprovided for—now treatment in the *University Hospital, Memorial, and Retreat for the Sick*, was offered.

The question of the child was again foremost in Virginia's mind during 1910-11. On May 22, 1911 the Child Welfare Conference met in Richmond. The first of its kind in the South. The law against confining a child under 17 in jail was found disregarded in Virginia and one-fourth of dependent children found to be due to drunkard fathers; and the problem of the child after he or she leaves the institution was unanswered still, hence, a conference on the subject was evidently needed. The Child Labor Law, prohibiting the employment of any child under 14, was found disregarded. The enforcement of this law, and the passage of a good compulsory education law was discussed. Education was found by the Board to be not given to the dependent. The problem of the illegitimate child, how to give it a chance was thrashed out, also the need of a Home for

delinquent colored girls, and another Home for dependent colored children was pointed out.

In 1912-1913 the State Board had under its care 325 institutions as compared with about 275 in 1908, \$2,-846.722 was spent by the State in its work. The accent of the work this year was placed on the penitentiary and the feebleminded.

The penitentiary was found much improved and many new reforms had been introduced. The sanitation, food, hospital, were all splendid, and baseball was introduced as a form of recreation for those prisoners who had won their "blue caps". This system of rewards was as follows: (1), a good conduct button given after six months; (2), blue cap given after one year's good conduct; (3), for 1 1-2 years good conduct a pair of "soft shoes" to replace the hard ones then worn; (4), for two years' good conduct the prisoner was allowed to write home once a month instead of once in two months. This system lowered the rate of punishments from seven in three days to one in three days, a splendid improvement in discipline. There was a humane atmosphere now prevading the penitentiary not found there before; and the prisoner was given more chance to reform instead of hardening.

There were 67,000 under the State care in 1912, so Virginia realized the necessity of acting. There ~~were~~ **were** three remedies for this menace to the welfare of her people, (1), a law to hold the feebleminded children in institutions as insane children are held; (2), all feebleminded were to be kept permanently in the public care; (3), establishment of a law preventing the marriage of the feebleminded. The greatest need in Virginia at this time was a general arousing of the people of the State. The public mind seemed ignorant, socially, and rather indifferent. At the annual conference in 1912-1913, a splendid speech called "The New Social Conscience" was delivered and which called the people to respond to their brother's needs within the border of Virginia. There was either too great sentimentality or brutality in our demonstrations to the poor, the insane, the criminal. The people were still more governed by custom than by com-



mon sense, and the great cause of it all was ignorance. From 1912 until the present we find the Board and other organizations placing special accent on the educating of Virginia's people; for they realized that the method of charities and corrections could not be far in advance of the people's mind, heart and will.

From 1913 on the State realizing that her salvation lay in her child, has accented her work for the child. "Prevention", as the motto, men worked for the spirit of the law as well as the letter. The Juvenile courts, Industrial schools, Orphanages, steadily increased in work and influence. 1914 saw the organization of the negro for the betterment of his race, and also the organization of Virginia Social Hygiene association. In 1915 her study of and work for her feeble-minded has placed her third among the States in this work. Virginia also in 1915 reformed her Bon Air School for Girls.

Virginia State Board was inspecting, when she begun her work in 1908, over 200 State, County and City institutions and about 30 private charities; in 1916, she inspected 325 public institutions and 185 private institutions. The work has had an enormous increase. This was an increase in the State's appropriation for the work. But has Virginia advanced in diagnosis and treatment of her socially diseased as well as in appropriation to them?

The penitentiary has at last been given a model kitchen and a good dining room. The prisoners have good recreation—moving pictures, baseball, an orchestra, magazines,—and are not only paid for overtime work but are allowed to send this money home to their families. These convicts in 1916 were granted by law for the first time credit for time spent in jail while waiting for transportation to the penitentiary, and good conduct credit was raised from 4 to 10 days per month, so that now a prisoner may cut his term short 1-3. But the life is not yet enough, one that will return the prisoner to society as a more fit social unit.. There is an urgent need of more State Farms, but for the convict and the short-termed prisoner in the county jails. Lynchburg,

and the District of Columbia have such farms and they are found to be a decided success. In our courts we still have unintelligent treatment of the accused, the brute strength of the law-making criminals. Today there are many in our jails who are there because of misfortune, of drunkenness, of poor heredity and bad environment and many because they cannot *pay their fines*. So, poverty in Virginia is still a crime. In 1916 the almshouses were not up-to-date yet, with a few notable exceptions as in Richmond. In connection with the penitentiary, 33 camps and one new State Farm have been established; also the Prisoner's Aid Society of Virginia was organized. Juvenile courts have been established in eight cities and a Domestic Relations court was instituted in 1916 in Richmond. There are 185 private charities, of which there are 8 organized charities in leading cities of the State, 6 free Dispensaries, 23 Hospitals doing charity work. Virginia has not yet ably coped with the tuberculosis situation, but the capacity at Catawba was increased, and the Negro Sanatorium built. The amount of social legislation passed was creditable, but there is much legislation yet necessary. The greatest bill passed this year of 1916 was that making State wide Prohibition an accomplished fact, and not the futile wail of the Temperance Leagues. This law will, and already has, to a certain extent, decreased the number of paupers and criminals, and indirectly in the years to come will decrease the number of idiots and imbeciles. This was a gigantic stride in Virginia's march of progress, and encourages us to look with hope to the future for further such legislation.

We have watched Virginia, and what her work for her dependent, delinquent and deficient classes, but what has Virginia yet to do? Our State's Social Service has but passed through the primitive and medieval stages; and is just entering the modern stage. How is this to be done? Above everything else, Virginia needs greater co-operation in her work, she needs greater unity and more persistent vision, and she needs greater knowledge of the facts. Social Service in Virginia to be really effective



and worth while must come not only from the select groups of philanthropists in this State, but from the people. Each citizen in Virginia needs greater zeal, a broader, deeper charity than he possesses now for all the diseased in our State, diseased in body, in mind, in soul. And to accomplish this, greater publicity must be given the work, the people should be given the facts, and taught to see conditions. For after Virginians are once aware of a need they always respond.

While Virginia leads the Southern States in Social Reform, the mention of her Northern Sister States makes her remember how far she has yet to go in the field of Social Service. There are some appalling facts which explain conditions in Virginia today, the increase in the number of reconvictions, the increase in the number of divorces, and the failure of any great decrease in our feeble-minded, insane, consumptive, and criminal. Yes, Virginia has far yet to go. She should accent more and more preventive work, and she should make more humane her correctional work. For the child, there should be passed a Compulsory Education Law; the child Labor Law should be enforced and made even more rigid; every community should have a Juvenile court and organized Protective Society. The call of the children in Virginia has not yet been well answered; and yet in this field of Social Service the most promising corner is that of child welfare. May Virginia in the near future develop a *Child Welfare Programme!* The question of the feeble-minded is as yet not entirely answered, but Virginia will soon provide adequately for her mentally weak in institutions, and will so segregate this class and prevent their propagation. Our jails and our prisons are not yet what we hope them to be, and the procedure in court is not as humane as legal. Virginia has yet to learn to consider crime, especially intemperance, as a disease and to treat it accordingly. Our almshouses at present are abused more than any other institution. Many feeble-minded, vagrants, consumptives, drunkards, are hidden in these homes which should really be a shelter for the aged and the helpless poor. For Virginia has failed in

her duty here far more than in any other respect. Both our jails and our almshouses punish. The almshouse "savours of slavery", says one speaker. Women, when franchised, it is believed, will do much for Virginia in her Social work.

Let Virginia heed these words: "To give an individual a new moral strength it is necessary to make him economically independent, create around him a moral sanitary atmosphere, give him a clean ancestry; and keep him from crime, degeneracy and sin." That is, "Virginia, look to your youth; there in lies your hope."

Above all Virginia needs to accent far more the spirituality in her work. Social Service is a mere mockery if the mere form is there without the spirit; and as Virginia will only get out of the work what She herself puts in it she can hope for no great vital progress if in her endeavor to procure organization and result She lose sight of her great purpose or forget her love for her children and her God. For love, and love alone can accomplish this great purpose, and it is up to the church to fulfill her part in making this work come always straight from Virginia's heart. This purpose is the health of body, mind and soul and the happiness of everyone that hears the name of Virginia. May Virginia be ever true to her tyrst!



## THE NEW LIGHT.

*Martha Walden, '20.*

was visiting Rodger Davis in his home in the little town of L——. Rodger, though a lawyer is one of the finest of friends. His eloquence has long since distinguished him in his profession. Old as we both are I am especially fond of hearing his stories—he understands people through and through.

On this particular evening the heat drove him from his office almost in a frenzy; so we went for a walk. For some unaccountable reason he was inclined to be gloomy, and all my efforts to cheer him were in vain. Involuntarily our steps led us toward the cemetery past Rose manse, a decaying old house near the cemetery gate. As we passed I saw Rodger's eyes travel mechanically along the close board fence and on to the old house shivering even in this weather for want of a coat of paint. The usual cab was not at the gate. I fancied Rodger's eyes filled with an unwanted moisture,—could it be?—Rodger weeping! It was the excessive heat, or the dire contrast of the place with its neighbor's, or perhaps the effect of the roses that held out their arms so sympathetically to the shrinking hour. I felt myself shudder. Rodger knew, and so did I, that it was a murderer's house, why weep?

Silently we walked, the perfume of the roses and from the old house following us in fitful blasts—one of roses, one of looney earth. Thus we wandered to a little elevation where we could look down on the gloomy cemetery and its equally gloomy neighbor, each bedecked in heroic flowers yet neither cheered.

"The murderer died recently, I believe," I ventured when we were fairly arated.

Rodger's gaze probed me for a moment.—"Yes," he answered.

"Queer how he could shut himself up like that all these years in his home town."

"Yes," replied Rodger looking into space.

"I wonder he didn't paint and keep the house in repair for his old mother's sake. He let her have the rose garden."

"Yes," agreed my companion.

"Roger, if you are ill I can shoulder you and carry you home, but for the love of Heaven don't 'yes' every word I say. What has happened, have you failed in business, lost in love or committed a crime?"

A pause.

"Rodger?"

"No," after another exasperating pause.

"I suppose you miss the murderer, there! Lawyers are so choice in their selection of friends."

At last he was ruffled.—"He was my friend" he blazed. "God knows I never should be what I am had it not been for him. Now that he is dead I don't know what I shall do."

"What? You indebted to him? It can not be. You are ill."

"Listen," he said as he clapped me on the back."

"You see it is this way.—Is anybody near to overhear? I hesitate telling his story.—I saw him die. I had seen more of him than anyone else through all these years, though no one knew it. When he was ill I went to see him and, realizing that he was about to die, stayed on to the end.

"When it all happened and we all were released, he shut himself up in that house with a steadfast determination never to appear in public again. His betrothed, a beautiful and talented girl, was released. That selfsame board fence was erected as if by magic. The gate clicked to and the world forgot them.—Will and his mother. Not even a servant stayed.

"The trial had swept away their little income and they had nothing to live on except the vegetables in the old garden and what few supplies they had in store. Will's practice was gone.—Had I mentioned that he was a lawyer and that was what saved him?—Will and I had been class-mates from Primer to graduation from Law



school. We were admitted to the Bar the same year. He had brilliance, dash, vim and fire. I had a voice. He made a record in whatever he undertook. I passed. So it was, when he became reduced to his last meal that he appeared one day in my office—a gaunt shadow.

“What, you Will!” I cried.

“It is I,” he returned with forced calmness. I am harmless. I do not intend to murder you.”

But at that moment his selfcontrol gave way and he sank before me.

“Roger say you don’t blame me. Say it” he groaned.

“And—well,—I did say it. It was so like him. He was utterly crushed by the consequences of his deed though not repentant. He wished his victim a hundred lives that he might take each one. Now that he had fallen he did not care how much further he went. He cursed the dead for all the trouble that had come upon himself. ‘What more could I do, than to kill him?’

“God,” he cried, “look what has come upon me!” And he broke into fearful imprecations and cursings.

“‘Will,’ I said as soon as I dared, ‘calm yourself. You act like a mere woman. Stand up and be yourself. Besides, you are in my office now. I have used my influence to save you, do not bring me to disgrace before my clerks. They will be prying in at this voice.

“He became silent then, but kept clinching his fists at intervals.

“He had come for work, and I gave it to him. Will was brilliant and I could use him well. He could never do public work again; so all these years, shut in privacy of my little office, he has worked for me heroically.

“Never a day passed but I sent a closed cab to wait at his gate at least an hour too early. That was his express desire. He could not face mankind even long enough to get in his cab, so it went up early to weary out idle watchers.

“Time passed. Will aided me with all my cases. He advised me and, at times, even wrote my speeches. My voice added the finishing touches and I rose rapidly. Thus years passed. Will had not regreted his deed for

the deed's sake. We did not speak much about it as he always became so excited. His one relief was his work. By throwing into it all his pent-up energies he could soon give vent to the passion raised in his bilighted soul.

"One moon-light night in the early spring Will went over to the cemetery to visit his victims grave. God only knows what made him think of it. It seems he could not sleep that night. I, too, could not rest and had wandered out for a walk. When, as I was passing down a side street, I saw Will's shadowy figure glide cautiously out of the gate and toward the cemetery. I feared in that instant he was going out to do mischief, so I followed at a distance keeping carefully out of sight. He went straight to his victims grave and there in the mellow moon-light applied his ear close to the ground as if listening to hear the dead breathe.

"'Have you any life left? Ha!' He bounded up wildly. 'Didn't I have nerve a little to take now?—Slanderer! Villian!-- no life left?—Your triumph—my loneliness and hell! Hell on earth and hell to come. You resting—I . . . ! God!—But there is no God else he never would have created such as you.—The double injury you have done me—that you are continually doing!—Yes, I took your fond life from you and I wish I had a chance to do it again!'

"A sound frightened the murderer and he darted behind his victim's tomb. I remained silent fearful of him in such a mode. I knew he could not disturb the dead. They are in God's care. As no other sound followed, the man, reassured, started slowly home, the rising wind tossing his cloak as he strode. A cloud flitted over the moon, then it was light again. A bird twittered shrilly some where. The murderer started and looked about him, again all was silent. Straining his eyes into the creeping shadows he walked on, his eyes searching every stone for a hidden assailant. Presently he came upon a modest stone set apart in a little square to itself where the moon-light shone full upon it. It was like all the others, but yet it was surely different. There was not a harsh curve anywhere about it. A solitary rose nodded



to him from the grass grown mound. The murderer halted. The perfume of the rose was wafted to him. The wind moaned among the tombs. A cricket chirped shrilly. Several clouds skirted the moon. Again the wind came tumbling over the graves, pulled violently at the man's coat and tossed the rose from the grave.

"'Hey, you there!—Even you run from me, do you?—murderer!' But what was that dark spot? Had some one done violence to this sleeper's little monument? He bent down. The moon-beams fell full upon the spot. He peered nearer still. It was the picture of a girl, though all but indistinguishable to him. He put out his finger—a long, gleaming white finger—but drew back. Should he, a murderer, touch it? At the thought his eyes flamed up afresh and he stalked home, clicked the gate to and passed on to the rose covered house.

"I was unable to draw any conclusions whatever from what I had seen. I wondered if he was in the habit of going to the grave. For some reason I felt sure he was not. I wondered if he would repeat his visit the next night.

"All the next day I watched his stooping figure working at his desk. Several times I saw him start and then recall himself with an effort. He was different from what he had been surely. He worked intermittently. He dreamed, started, writhed with rage and dreamed again. Once I passed him and fancied I saw him put out his hand toward me, but recollecting himself drew back. A stranger by mistake ran into his apartment once during the day and the criminal's eyes followed the apologetic figure with a hungry stare. I wished then that I could be a woman and know how to reach that lonely soul, *but* I was a man!

"That night I determined to visit the cemetery again. So I armed myself with a flash light and went directly to the lone little tomb and, bending far over (for I, too, felt a certain awe of that simple milk-white stone) I examined the little engraving to my keen satisfaction. It was a maiden's. She was surpassingly beautiful. I read the inscription:

Mary Cherokee Tyler  
 Daughter of  
 Yemassee C. and Dean H. Tyler.  
 Faithfulness, truth and sympathy  
 Her maiden virtues. The strength  
 Of her tribe she manifested in her power  
 Of love.

"I stared at the inscription.—Of Indian descent without doubt. I studied the fair picture. The charm of the eyes held me in thrall. How long I stood there I do not know.

"Night clouded in and a rising storm boomed ominously. I stooped to tie my shoe-string and thought I felt something slip from my pocket, but whatever it was it fell so lightly upon the soft turf that I could not tell where it fell and could not feel it. I felt for my flash-light. It was gone. I had no idea where I had lost it and without it I knew there was little chance of finding the lost article, for it was pitch dark.

"As I rose from the ground I thought I heard a flapping coat. I listened. Foot-steps were approaching. My heart beat high as if I were intruding on the secrets of the dead. Concealing myself in a little clump of shrubbery I waited. The hesitating steps came slowly up to the girl's grave. A silence followed broken only by the straining of the wind through the trees and the flaps of a heavy coat. The wind was coming toward me from the man and I fancied I caught the odor of a rose.

Suddenly a passionate voice broke on the wind:

'Oh for a friend—for somebody to love, not to scorn me for my deed. How could I help it, the beast? It is he whom I trusted and loved who has banished me in the midst of my own kin,—buried me yet living in my own mother's arms. Oh, God ——!'

"The first flash of lightning lit the world in a quivering but intense light.—'What's that? Ha! Flash-light! Good!'

"A light flashed, steadied on the picture for a few minutes, ran down to the inscription and stopped.



“ ‘Faithfulness, truth and sympathy her maiden virtues. The strength of her tribe she manifested in her power of love.’

“A low moan burst from the depth of the man’s soul. The light was cut off and all was silent again. Even the storm was hushed and the elements paused to wonder. Again the lightning flashed. In the darkness the man had put a rose on the grave.

“Once more the light flashed and steadied on the picture, this time long, long it seemed. From above the frowning cloud looked down, spit fire and growled hoarsely.

“Again the harsh, pain-ridden voice of the murderer rang out: ‘Mary Cherokee love me, be faithful to me with only part of the power of your tribe’.

“Once more the light flashed and steadied on the girl’s picture. ‘Mary thou art stern—stern even as thy tribe is. Strong—powerful—faithful, but loving and sympathetic.’ He dwelt long upon the last words. His starved soul seemed resolved tonight to feast upon some friendships. Thus it was, that he seemed to gaze into the girl’s soul through the little picture. There was an unspoken appeal in the silent eyes that the miserable criminal interpreted to his own care.—‘Mary, what is that light in your eyes? What do you mean? Beg the pardon of the dead for cursing him? Repent of my deed? No! You can’t mean it. Yes? They lie, you are not sympathetic. Mary?’ The man dwelt upon the girl’s name with tenderness not before shown for thirty years. ‘Mary.’ Again and again he called her. His emotion rising each time until at last he was silent. A few minutes later the lightening flashed revealing Will on his knees clasping the stone with both arms, weeping passionately.

“ ‘I crave a friend. I clasp a stone! Oh, Mary! Oh, my God! I can’t do it. I can’t! For the first time in thirty years he advanced a claim upon his creator. The poor fellow’s sobs came heavily.

“Still weeping he rose, looked once more—one long, last look—upon the still stone and staggered over to his victim’s grave.

“ ‘Elou, Elou, Oh, the friend of my youth—oh, Elou, why did you do it? I had to do what I did. Could I hear a woman’s name used lightly and not smite? Elou, Boy, I had nothing against you ’till then; before our God I swear it. Last night I cursed your helpless dust. To-night I pray you to forgive it.’

“He arose, speaking, and sobbed that deep chested sob that only a man in awful distress can give vent to. And there the tears of remorse and grief for the loss of a boyhood friend, pent-up through all these years, flowed unrestrainedly. Like a panorama of horrors his ruined career, his whole blasted life, passed before him. Now he realized that lawless smiting is crime as great as the sin it is intended to atone. At last the murderer saw his deed in the light of Heaven, saw why he was punished, saw that it was just.

“Half an hour passed. Drenched, I crouched in my thicket which happened to be on a little knoll and saved me from the gushing stream—. The cloud passed on, the moon peeped out shyly and looked down on the mud be dabbled man stretched on the sunken grave.

He rose brushed the mud from his face with a sweep of his long, slim hand and started home, his wet coat lashing listlessly about his legs.

“From the fence a bird tried an uncertain note—once—twice. It came clear and pure as if refreshed by the soaking rain. Frogs croaked in every direction, the moon smiled tenderly and the roses clarmedered to offer their fragrance to their dripping master. For the first time in all those bitter years he paused to inhale the fragrance of the flowers—now steeped in the cemetery mud!

“The next day and the next and still Will did not come to the office. I was sure he was ill. He did not have a telephone; so there was no way for me to communicate with him. His house was not even numbered. There had been no mail and no visitors in thirty years—why a number? I saw that my duty was to go to see him. Accordingly, I ordered a cab and went when the day’s work was done.



"I found him all but dying. There was no use sending for a physician. He was in his last delirium. His old mother moved noiselessly about the room.

"Once, rousing, he smiled and said with childlike tenderness, 'mother, bring me a rose'.

" 'Hear him,' the woman cried, 'in all these years he has neither called me mother nor noticed the roses. He is dying. I know it.'

"But the old woman tottered to the window, broke several roses, put all but one full-blown one in a vase and put that one into the sick man's hand.

He smiled, satisfied as a little child and fell asleep, but not for long. Presently he woke with the cry—

"Mary, Oh, Mary Cherokee! Wait, wait. Come don't leave me like this. You are sympathetic. You love with power and, Mary, you are faithful throughout eternity.—Hark! Mary, how you play. Oh, teach me! I come.'

"The slender hand fell and the murderer was dead. And the rose on the pillow withered, scorched by the last few breaths. A soft breeze came through the window and scattered the shattered petals over the sleeper's calm face."

# COMPANY MANNERS.

S. B. B., '21.



I have never had a stroke of paralysis, but I am sure I would be able to feel one approaching as I have had symptoms when I have felt my Company Manners coming on. A numbing sensation creeps over me when I enter a room full of strangers or acquaintances. I leave my real self at the door, and a remarkably meek other-self is propelled forward with queer jirky movements. I feel like a mouse must, after a cat has played with it for several minutes. My mouth opens mechanically, and I hear low indistinguishable sounds forming into words of their own accord.

When this feeling comes on at the table, the result is often disastrous. Once this happened in my young life and the remembrance of that dinner has still clung to my memory. It was the Sunday that the "Reverend David" dined with my family. At that time my young and tender heart was consumed with burning love for the young Minister. What did it matter that he was thirty-two and I was twelve, going on thirteen? If, when he stood before his congregation, his eyes by any chance strayed to my side of the church, my heart became a live thing—of course, it always was, but it was only then I was conscious of it.

Why the menu happened to include macaroni that Sunday only the fates and mother knew. The meal seemed to progress well with the others but I had put little on my plate and less went to sustain the spark of life. I had been most careful not to have anything in my mouth when I thought any remark would be directed to me, but just as I had carefully wrapped a long piece of macaroni around my fork and had it to my mouth, David turned and spoke to me. The slippery thing unwound and I blush even now to think of it. It was during dessert that the crowning event of the meal took place. My



spoon fell from my nerveless fingers, at David's feet. Oh, the smile that crossed his saintly face when he returned that spoon. It tore my heart from its moorings and set it to jumping in my throat. May be I was not sorry when the ordeal was over! For a time it loomed up as quite a tragedy in my life.

My worst attacks of Company Manners come on at afternoon teas. Just as, in the good old days, Sir Knight went armed to the fray, so I encase myself into a certain frame of mind and sally forth, without the knight's dashing ardor, to one of these affairs. Slowly I climb the steps to the entrance to the scene of combat; slowly I ring the bell to announce myself, remember my name and forget all else. The door is opened and closed behind me and I penetrate through a crowd of chattering, smiling, and eating ladies. I single out one to whom I make a few inane remarks. I soon find myself making the same remarks to another tea-sipper while I nibble from a plate balanced in one hand. Slowly I begin to walk around with a word here and an incompleted sentence there. I reserve gently an olive-seed, on the point of being swallowed. I dream of fresh air and home, make up my mind at once and leave without having made a sensible remark.

After all, Company Manners never are sensible. But they are contagious so beware of them. A good remedy is to be yourself always. Try it.

"UNITY'S HARVEST HOME."

*Edna Rawls, '20.*



AY, Jake, Jim Sikeses crap o' peanuts 'll git ruint ef this here weather keeps up," drawled Bill Jordon as they sat on the porch of the country store smoking and lazing away their time, while the rain spat into the dust at their feet.

"I know it, Bill. It aint so bad for us but Jim aint got nothin' outside o' that pea patch 'ceptin' a leetle mite o' corn. But it won't make much difference with Jim, I reckon. He aint got a speck o' pride. Of co'se his land is pore,—everybody as was ever there's left porer than they came; but Jim's queer somehow. Oh! he works, all right, but he don't say much. Ef he has a bad crop he don't look worried a mite, or ef he gits a good one he don't never mention it, an' he don't seem to care 'bout ourn. He's a queer cuss, an' no mistake."

Jake Simmons was accustomed to passing rather harsh judgment.

"Miss Sikes is mighty queer, too," shrilled Mrs. Simmons, who had come with her husband to buy lard and spool cotton, "an' she do dress the most outlandish I ever see. She won't hev nothin' to do with us either. I can't say as I blame her, pore thing. She aint like the rest of us wimmen folks here, thank the Lord, ef I do say it, that shouldn't."

Jim and Martha Sikes had been living in the Unity neighborhood for three years and they were little better known than when they had first come. An incident which had occurred soon after their arrival had turned all the country people against them. They had two children, Janey and Moses, better known as Mose. The girl was fifteen and had sprung from childhood into womanhood. Her discordant, mirthless cackle contrasted strangely with the light, carefree laughter of the other girls. She stayed at home, day in, day out. But Mose, the younger



of the two, went to the country school. His name insured trouble. He was dragged into a fight three times a week with some big boy. By the time a month had passed, and the boy was black and blue, the father decided to take matters into his own hands. One morning he followed the boy to school with a shot-gun, keeping behind the trees most of the time, but letting himself be seen by the young rascals who had caused the mischief. After that day Mose was left strictly alone.

When they had come to Unity they were total strangers, but it was the general verdict of the comfortable farmers that "any man'd be a fool to try to make a livin' on the old Sanders farm." And so they had not been very cordially received, and being sensitive people they had felt it keenly. Furthermore, the state of affairs had not improved. In fact, they isolated themselves more and more absolutely after their first vain attempts at neighborliness.

The men were still talking idly on the porch and Mrs. Simmons had gone back in the store to complete her purchases when Bill glanced up and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Well, I'll be goldurned! Ef thar aint Jim and his wife now!"

Sure enough, there they come down the road. Jim's wide straw hat drooped soggily and his hickory shirt was darker in spots where the rain had soaked through his ragged hat. Martha's calico bonnet dripped dismally.

Jim spoke sullenly to the idlers as they came in. Martha paid no attention to them but stalked on into the store where she nodded sourly to Mrs. Simmons. Mrs. Simmons gazed scornfully at her figured calico from the eminence of her own green gingham.

"I got eight eggs to trade for cheese, an' coffee, an' salt," she mumbled without taking out her snuff-brush, while she produced the eggs from the tin bucket. "I guess I can't get much, but gimme what there is," she added with a defiant glance at Mrs. Simmons. "An' here, wait a minute,—gimme ten cents worth o' snuff."

She extracted her only coin from the pocket of her petticoat and laid it proudly on the counter.

As she walked out Mrs. Simmons spoke in a stage-whisper to the store-keeper,—“The idea of a respectable white woman a-dippin’ snuff.”

A little stiffening of Mrs. Sikes’ shoulders was the only sign that she had caught this remark, but Mrs. Simmons saw it and was satisfied.

Mrs. Sikes stepped to the edge of the porch and stood over her husband.

“You, Jim,” she stormed, “git up off’n that air step an’ go buy yo’ nails an’ that girth. Here I am all ready to go home, an’ you still a-settin’ there talkin’ ”.

Jim, who had in reality not uttered a word since his wife entered the store, rose and walked inside with the same solemn taciturnity. In a few minutes he returned with the nails and the girth and a plug of tobacco, his one necessity of life, and they set out for home.

Days passed and still the rain did not abate. All the countryside was drenched. Jim became more and more discouraged. One day he entered the kitchen and threw himself down disconsolately by the stove where his wife was cooking corn bread.

“Marthy, I jist bin out to look at the craps. The peas is rottin’ in the ground. I won’t make twenty-five dollars off’n ’em. We’ll sure have to scrimp this year. I’d hoped I c’d git you a new hat. You aint had one for a good spell.”

“Not for four year,” she answered dully, turning the corn pone with deft swiftness, “I don’t need one. But I did want Janey to have one. She aint had nothin’ now for goin’ on three years.”

“Maybe we can save enough from the corn money to git her one. The corn was about enough filled out for the rain not to hurt it none, thank God. I guess we c’n skin through by not havin’ anything new an’ not eatin’ so much meat. But it aint that, Marthy, that’s pesterin’ me. I’m used to livin’ cheap. But folks think we aint worth nothin’. They don’t see how we c’n stan’ to stay here on this no-count farm. But they don’t never offer



to help us none. Not as I'd take the help of such as them; not sence the way they treated you and the children. But I'll show 'em what Im worth, I'll learn 'em to jedge another man by their narrer ways."

"They aint never took us in," Martha interposed with a note of indescribable bitterness. Her rebellious words strongly belied her stooped shoulders and drawn face. "I know, Jim, I knows all about it. I aint said nothin' before, 'cause I thought you didn't notice. They was hardly decent to us when we come, an' it gits worse an' worse. Mrs. Simmons fairly riles me. She don't keer what she says. I wouldn't give a rap for what she says about me, but she eggs her youngens on to talk about my children, an' I won't stan' for it. But there—I can't do nothin'—her husband's a deacon in the church. We'd git turned out."

"There, there, Marthy, don't you worry a mite. Janey shall hev a new hat, an' jest as fine a one as Elmiry Simmons too."

Jim never could bear to see Martha in trouble, and he would have given his right hand to have her happy.

Janey, coming in with her arms full of wood overheard this last remark of her father's. Her dull face took on a look almost of animation.

"Ma, do you reckon I c'd have a red rose on it?" she inquired with a near approach to interest.

"Yes, Janey, child, I hope so."

And so time passed. Finally the weather cleared and the sun once more brought the strength—giving wamth to the fields. The corn took on a deeper green and the slender ears rounded out to mature fullness. Jim Sikes began to hope for a good crop in spite of the scarcity of fertilizer and the abundance of grass. He began to feel more kindly inclined toward the neighbor who drove his cows home by his door every night. But the neighbor, Jake Simmons, deacon in the church, did not unbend.

One Sunday evening Jim wheedled Martha into accompanying him out to inspect the corn. They stood near the road commenting on its beauty. It was indeed excellent corn for the poor land. The stalks were often

higher than a man's head, which was very unusual, and the ears—from two to four on every stalk, were uncommonly well rounded.

While they stood there talking quietly Jake Simmons came by with his cows. He glanced over into the field and saw them standing there, and for once he forgot his dignity.

"Evenin' Jim; how air ye, Mrs. Sikes?" he greeted them.

And for once they too gorgot—forgot their wounded pride and answered him in kind. For fifteen minutes he stood there leaning on the rickety fence—an old fashioned rail fence which Jim remarked that he intended repairing within the week. They discussed the weather, the crops, everything—even to Jake's cows.

"They're consider'ble trouble," observed Jake ruefully, "but most of 'em is right biddable, 'cept them two." He pointed out two a little apart from the others, "They're jumpers from a-way back. I uster keep yokes on 'em all the time, but they aint jumped for a right good spell now."

"I uster have one once—nearly pestered the life out o' me," remarked Jim.

"Well, I guess I'd better be movin' long to'ds home," Jake said presently when all the common topics of conversation seemed to have been exhausted and night was falling fast.

He resumed his leisurely way down the middle of the dusty road and Jim and Martha turned toward the house with a last backward look at the corn.

By five o'clock the next morning the Sikes family was eating breakfast, Jim ate hurriedly and urged his son on.

"I'll begin pulling fodder this week," he announced and his eyes began to gleam with eager anticipation. "I'll git it all in 'fore Sunday, an' I guess we'll have a leetle mite more 'n we uster, eh Mose?"

Mose was not enthusiastic. He knew that fodder pulling meant the work of three men for his father and that of two for himself, since they could not afford to hire



help. Therefore he merely grunted in response to his father's remark.

By five-thirty father and son left for the field. Jim Sikes held his head up, well up, for the first time in three years. His enthusiasm was even to some extent reflected in the face of his son, though the labor to which the boy had been accustomed since he was seven prevented his holding his shoulders with the proper pride.

"Pore Jim," murmured his wife as she watched him plodding forth, "taint often as he gits a crap like this here'n."

She washed the few dishes swiftly and went out into the yard where Janey had already begun on the week's washing. She plunged her arms elbow deep in the suds and for ten minutes she bent over the tub. Then she rose to ease her back for a minute. She glanced toward the field and, to her surprise, saw Jim returning. Immediately she knew something was wrong. Jim advanced slowly with labored footsteps. Her mind flew to Mose. Could he be hurt? But no, there he was, not far behind Jim. As Jim approached a little nearer she saw his face. Its haggard whiteness appalled her.

"Jim, Jim, what is it?" she cried, beginning to run toward him.

He spoke dully, "Them cows done it. They et half of it an' trampled down the rest."

"Oh Jim, an' we was countin' on that corn. We aint got nothin' left, nary thing." She checked herself suddenly and her face brightened somewhat. "But he'll pay. He'll have to pay. The law'll make him pay."

Jim meanwhile had sat down on the steps completely overcome. For an hour he sat there stunned. Then he roused himself as one coming out of a stupor. Janey was in the yard helping her mother with the clothes, for Martha had gone back to work after vainly trying to console Jim. His eye fell on the girl and an expression of pain shot across his features.

"Janey, child, I'm feared you won't get no new hat this year," he muttered under his breath.

Presently he rose and walked slowly and unsteadily toward the gate.

"Where ye goin', Jim?" called his wife.

"I' see Jake Simmons," was the laconic reply of the half-crazed man.

Half an hour later he returned, hopeless despair plain in his gait and on his countenance.

"He says," he explained in reply to Martha's hurried questions, "that ef I has the law on him they'll tar an' feather me out o' the country. Besides, I can't pay the lawyer. It aint no use."

"Old skinflint!"—The scorn in Martha's voice would have cut even deacon Simmons, had he heard it.

"You know what that means, don't you, Marthy?"

Martha was so calm that Jim was not at all sure that she comprehended the direness of their circumstances.

"Yes, Jim, I know," 'Martha's voice had a hard metallic ring that Jim had never heard before. "It means the pore-house."

Within a week they were ready to go. On Friday morning they left for the county poor-house, with their pitifully few possessions packed in the wagon. They were old and haggard and worn. Son and daughter were as old as father and mother. Their pride was gone, their hope was gone, their faith in man was gone. They were fit inmates for that place to which they were going, that house of broken hearts and broken spirits.



**EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.**

In an attempt to improve the system of elections in the College this year, so that it would be possible to have the most capable girls where they will be needed most. *THE MESSENGER*, for a time was left practically without a staff. The retiring staff, having made its farewell bow in two issues was living in blissful ignorance of the coming 15th when lo! The 15th is here! Since the new staff, owing to the new system of elections, has not yet been elected, we come back and desperately make one more final effort for one more "last issue". For which the readers' forgiveness is asked.

Editorials will be conspicuous by their absence—as other things also are. But, we are consoled by being confidentially told that no one reads them any way except the people in College who have sometime had to write them and they will understand—and sympathize!

