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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Position</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. H. Ryland</td>
<td>'19</td>
<td>President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. A. O'Brien</td>
<td>'19</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. M. Pettus</td>
<td>'20</td>
<td>Secretary</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. B. Anderson</td>
<td>'21</td>
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<tr>
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<td>H. M. Thomas</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dr. W. A. Harris</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. C. Northern</td>
<td>'19</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. N. Stephens</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. K. Taylor</td>
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<td>W. M. Pettus</td>
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<td>R. W. McKinney</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. W. Field</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. W. Garnett</td>
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### GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

#### Football.

<table>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Alfred O'Brien</td>
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<tr>
<td>O. C. Trundle</td>
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<tr>
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<td>J. T. Knight</td>
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#### Basketball.

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#### Baseball.

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#### Track.

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### Tennis.

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<tr>
<td>A. M. Pettus</td>
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<td>Manager</td>
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### Y. M. C. A.

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. H. Johnson</td>
<td></td>
<td>General Secretary</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. W. McKinney</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. V. Hickerson</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. W. Trumble</td>
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<tr>
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### CABINET.

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>R. S. Atkins</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. B. Willingham</td>
<td>Employment</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. T. Ryland</td>
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#### Philologian.

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<tr>
<td>H. P. Simpson</td>
<td>'19</td>
<td>President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. M. Pettus</td>
<td>'20</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. B. Hontz</td>
<td>'20</td>
<td>Secretary</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. E. Brugh</td>
<td>'20</td>
<td>Treasurer</td>
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#### Alpha Phi Epsilon.

(Mu Sigma Rho Chapter.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Class</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B. C. Goode</td>
<td>'19</td>
<td>President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. H. Phippens</td>
<td>'20</td>
<td>Vice-Pres.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. P. Spratt</td>
<td>'20</td>
<td>Secretary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. M. Fox</td>
<td>'20</td>
<td>Treasurer</td>
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#### Bible Study

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>W. M. Pettus</td>
<td>Treasurer</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. M. Thomas</td>
<td>Secretary</td>
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</table>

### DEBATING AND FORENSIC COUNCIL.

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. L. Tiller</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. P. Simpson</td>
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### CLASSES (Presidents).

<table>
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<th>Name</th>
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<th>Position</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alfred O'Brien</td>
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<td>Senior</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. W. McKinney</td>
<td></td>
<td>Junior</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. A. Ford</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sophomore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. T. Newton</td>
<td></td>
<td>Freshman</td>
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</table>

### COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS.

**The Messenger.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. L. Lane</td>
<td>Ed.-in-Chief</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. W. Garnett</td>
<td>Business Mgr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prof. H. B. Handy</td>
<td>Advisory Editor</td>
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**Richmond Collegian.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. H. Trumble</td>
<td>Ed.-in-Chief</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. M. Thomas</td>
<td>Business Manager</td>
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</table>

**The Spider.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. B. Loving</td>
<td>Ed.-in-Chief</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. W. Field</td>
<td>Business Mgr.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Westhampton College Directory

STUDENT GOVERNMENT.
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VIRGINIA ZANES......House President
VIRGINIA KARNS.....Vice-President
SUE BROWN BRIGGS.....Secretary
MAY LOIS JOHNSON.....Treasurer

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Kitty VAUGHN......Junior Rep.
Josephine WILLIAMS,
Sophomore Rep.
VIRGINIA BURDICK....Partheno Sys.
FRANCES WOODSON....Y. W. O. A.
HESTER TICHENOR......Athletic

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VIRGINIA TRUITT
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President Dramatic Club.
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President Current Events Club.

EVA JENNINGS
President French Club.

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VIRGINIA BURDICK.....Business Mgr.
DEAN MAY T. KELLER,
Advisory Editor

Richmond Collegian.
HELEN HANCOCK.....Editor-in-Chief
LUCY WRIGHT.....Business Manager
EDITH SYDNROR.....Editor-in-Chief
ELIZABETH TOMPKINS,
Business Manager
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2. Westhampton College, a College of Liberal Arts for women.
3. The Richmond College Law School, a professional School of Law, offering the degree of LL.B.

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For catalogue, booklet of views, or other information about either College, address the Dean, or

F. W. BOATWRIGHT,
President.
THE MESSENGER
Subscription Price $1.00 per Annum
Entered at the Post Office at Richmond College, Va., as second class matter.

VOL. XLVI 45 JUNE 1919 NO. 2

Richmond College Department

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H. R. Holland, '20 ........................................... Assistant Editor
A. W. Garnett, '19 ........................................... Business Manager

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Philologian
A. B. Cook
W. M. Pettus
J. B. Kincannon

Mu Sigma Rho
S. P. Spratt
E. B. Willingham
C. R. Wagstaff

THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER (founded 1878; named for the Southern Literary Messenger) is published on the first of each month from October to May, inclusive, by the PHILOLOGIAN 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 fifteenth 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.
Since our country entered the war, the standards of college life in every way have been dearranged and lowered. It would have been unreasonable to have demanded pre-war standards in athletics, class work, or in college publications. The Messenger has not yet been able to get back to its old standard, but it is the aim and hope of the staff to bring this publication back to its highest standard, and make it worthy of its former name and reputation. So if you have been disappointed in The Messenger during its struggle to force its way back into college life just remember that all present failures and "below standards" are to be excused by reason of circumstances, and that we are to follow the mists and clouds as they roll away until we find ourselves once again in the perfect sunshine of our old traditions and standards.

With the passing of these storm-tossed days, and with the coming of our own reconstruction days, the students of Richmond College have many problems all their own to solve. To have the highest type of college spirit, it will be necessary for us to broaden our interest in college activities. In order to do this we need to become interested not only in athletics, but in debating and other activities which should find place in the life of Richmond College. Is the man who is devoted to athletics only the most loyal man in college? It is a fine thing to support our teams to the very limit, and we should not be slow to condemn the man who will not back his team. We hope that the program for mass athletics will imbue Richmond College with the greatest enthusiasm and college spirit over which old Red and Blue has ever floated; but shall our college spirit consist only in loyalty to ath-
The intercollegiate debates should demand the same support from the college community as does athletics; it should be put on such a high plain until a man would be just as anxious to make a place on our debating teams as he is to have a place on one or more of our athletic teams. Why is this not the case now? Is it because this phase of college life is not worthy of our support? Is it because the literary societies have charge of the debating, and that the rest of the college community feels that the debates do not represent the entire college? If this be true, then it seems that the fault in the main rests on the literary societies, and that they should make some move to bring about a more favorable situation.

It is clearly evident that something must be done to encourage more interest in debating, and to have a better backing from the college community. A plan like the following might do it: require each new man who enters Richmond College to hold membership in one of the literary societies during his first year in college. This would enable the literary societies to get a hold on all the best men, and would possibly interest many men in literary society work who would have otherwise never been reached for this phase of college life. Then, this plan would eliminate that awful dread so prevalent in the student body of being forced to do a thing. The freshman comes to college naturally expecting to have several things required of him, and, therefore, is not quite so recalcitrant as the man who has been in college for a year and has learned how to oppose certain requirements. It is also true that the freshman comes to college with more money than he will ever have again until after graduation. He is the man who will be the easiest managed in literary society work, the man who is easiest won for that work, the man who will not grumble at compulsory membership in the literary societies, and the man who can most easily pay his fees. This will make the college community responsible for the efficiency of our debating teams as they go out to represent us. Since something must be done, why not consider this plan?
Every heart must feel the enthusiasm and joy which hovers over the college community in the realization that we are going back to our own beautiful campus with the opening of our next scholastic year. In The Coming Year the midst of that home-coming joy we shall be able to forget most of the hardships and inconveniences which the war possibly brought more forcibly to us than to any other college. While there have been many pleasant memories and a mystic good feeling connected with our stay on the old historic, sacred campus we are now ready to bid it farewell forever. To walk again beside our still lake, to climb again our green hills, and to find ourselves again right in the heart of nature as we read our novels, and as our "freshies" write their poetry will be a joy and a privilege priceless. The junior class is glad that it has another year in college, so that it may have that last year at Westhampton; the sophomores are glad that they have two years; and the freshmen, more blessed than any of these, are glad that they have three years, while possibly the seniors regret that this must be their last year ending under present circumstances.

Next year should be the greatest year that Richmond College has ever had. The reconstruction spirit will be found in all phases of college life, or else we shall be out of harmony with the spirit of our times. It will be our privilege to plan and lay foundations for bigger things in Richmond College, to mold the traditions which are to live and mean so much to our institution in this new era. If ours is a responsibility of such magnitude, it becomes the duty of every loyal Spider to use his initiative for putting something new and worth while in action. We can plan for a better system of athletics, for we have the promise that we are going to have them; we may plan for stimulating a new interest in intercollegiate debating, or we can work for a more honorable and efficient policy in our politics, seeking to elect the most efficient and deserving men as our officers. Are we as students to be found in a state of lethargy while all the rest of the college moves forward? A new day is beginning to
dawn for our college, a new light is beginning to radiate from its walls and spirals, and we as students must not only grow into larger and better things along with our institution, but we must help to make it better by whatever we can contribute.

“Commencement,” “vacation,” “going home”—those words bring a joy and good feeling inexpressible. Many of us already have many summer trips, outings, camping and sea-shore visits planned. It will be great Vacation within a few weeks from now to plan the biggest kind of a time and not have it all marred by knowing that we shall have to go to class next morning without having seen our lessons. Oh, we’ll be free and happy when we can go home, or wherever we desire to go, knowing that commencement is over and that vacation time has come. It is the wish of The Messenger staff that all Spiders and Spiderettes may feel a great joy in the placidity and serenity of this vacation when we hear no longer the noise and boisterous clash of war, and when on our return home we shall meet the “boys” crossing once more the old threshold “to our house.” With “best of luck” for a happy vacation, and great hopes for the coming year, we bid you “au revoir.”
SUNRISE.
(As seen from a mountain-top.)
The mountain boldly shoves his rugged head
Above the fleecy clouds which, hanging low,
Are formed in rhythmic, unceasing waves,
Like billows on a gently moving sea.
And all around, for miles and miles of space,
The gray and pearl-like waves are smoothly spread.
It looks as though, were but a breeze to blow,
They'd shape themselves like rippling sand, which paves
The floor of crystal lakes and limpid streams.

And soon there comes from out the distant East,
So faint at first that scarce can it be seen,
A light-pink flush which deepens more and more
Till it becomes a brilliant golden glow,
And paints the Eastern sky and largest waves
A flaming red. The clouds which were the least
Affected lay behind, of pale, dull green,
And which extended toward the Western shore
Of this great ocean made of filmy mist.

When in a flash above this rolling plain
Of clouds the gleaming sun projects his face
A huge round ball of scarlet flame, which halts
While sparkling like a monstrous ruby-red
which has upon a drift of snow been lain.
Then with a mighty bound he leaves this place,
And, blazing fire with all his might, he vaults
Into the clear blue sky and swiftly climbs.

R. T. Marsh, Jr., '22.
ONE OF THE FALLEN.

The keen wind from the bay blew up Market Street with ever-increasing force. It flapped the awning of a corner drug store like the sails of a ship in a stormy sea, and the great signs rumbled and creaked as they pressed back the gale. It roared down the broad canyon of the street between the cliffs of buildings and shrieked up the narrow, branching alleys. It wailed and whined among the tall buildings and, rising to a high crescendo, died away in low moans to gather fresh force for a new onslaught. The blazing electric signs spelled out their messages to an almost empty street.

Turning into Market I met the full blast of the wind and leaned forward at a sharp angle to make progress. I pulled my coat closer about me, for the air was bleak and cut like a knife. The illuminated clock on the tower of the ferry building announced 2 in the morning.

"Time I was turning in," I informed myself, keeping my lips tightly closed to keep my teeth from chattering. "But I'll get some hot coffee at Sam's first."

With a definite destination in view, I quickened my step and hurried along as fast as the storm would permit. I had been on one of my interminable searches for new material down south of Market and had taken longer than I realized.

Half-way down the last block, I dodged into the doorway of an all-night restaurant. Old Sam Martin dozed by an air-tight heater at the rear of the room. I closed the door softly and took off my overcoat. But the rush of cold air had roused him, and he yawned, stretched himself, pushed the cat on his lap to the floor and limped forward to tend to business.

"Let's sit by the fire, Sam," said I; "and I'll take some hot coffee to warm me up."

"'Tis a mite chilly out," answered Sam. "I'll chunk up the fire a little." And then raising his voice he called: "Hey, boy' bring in a pot o' hot coffee."

Sam wasn't old as years go, but his hair was white, and he walked with his hand at his back, as though he had rheumatism. He had known prosperous times, and
when he told of them he unconsciously spoke a better language. After replenishing the fire he lowered himself gingerly into his chair and looked as though he might be going to talk.

"The windstorm tonight reminds me of that night in 1906 when we had the great earthquake and fire," he began, but was interrupted by the cook coming in with the coffee. He was a huge hulk of a man and moved with an enervated, shuffling step. His face was expressionless and his eyes vacant. His hair, too, was gray, and a long, jagged scar ran round the base of his head.

"Did I tell you of that little adventure I had down on Fillmore the other night?" I asked, well knowing how to induce Sam to go on with his story.

"No," he answered absently; "but let me tell you about that night. I was a fireman, then, and head of department six. That took in the residence section of Van Ness Avenue then, but it's all changed now. Things never stop changing in this place, and the men of yesterday aren't remembered today. That's why I'm here now running a restaurant. But you don't want to hear about that.

"This happened on the 18th of April, as you well know, and I don't guess I'll ever forget it. But I'll have to begin further back so you will understand. The summer before, I had hired a young fellow, I guess he was twenty-five or so, from the University of California over in Berkeley. He said he was taking law over there and had run short of cash and had to work a year to get enough to go through. He was a big, husky fellow, over six feet, and strong as an ox. I needed a man on the force and took him, though I knew he would only stay a year at most.

"He soon showed he was the man I wanted, and we got to be good friends. I wasn't so bad on education myself, and we had some pretty hot arguments about most everything that came along. I never did get the best of him and I usually ended up by thinking the same way he did. How he did it, I don't know, but he had a way with him that made you believe in spite of yourself. I reckoned
he would make a good lawyer, all right, when he graduated.

“But in spite of all the knowledge he had in his head, he was as tender-hearted as a girl. He was always picking some little street urchin out of the gutter and feeding him and giving his money to poor unfortunates. I told him he’d better cut out the charity or he would have to work several years to get through college. But it didn’t do any good, and I don’t think he saved much money in those months.

“He made a good fireman, too, and after a month or two of drill he was the crack man in my department. He could lift a two-man alder up against the side of a building by himself and he was as quick on them as a sailor on the ratlines of his ship. I guess he saved more lives in his first ten months than I had in fifteen years.

“Well, that brings me up to the time of my story. It was the 18th of April, as I said. About 5 o’clock in the morning I woke to find my bed swaying and shaking under me like a small boat out in the bay. And then came a shock and a jerk that threw me out into the floor where I lay for what seemed an hour. I realized that it was the biggest earthquake I had ever felt.

‘Chief!’ yelled Ed from above, ‘what do you reckon broke, anyhow? I know I nearly broke the floor when I landed.’ Then he added, ‘Think there’ll be anything for us to do?’

‘Reckon not,’ I answered; but the day was not very old before I was proved a poor prophet. Fire did break out, and when we turned on the water to fight it not a drop was to be had. The quake had broken the water-mains and every reservoir was emptied. The water from the bay was the last resort, and ancient machines were rushed to the waterfront to pump. The help we got that way was little better than nothing, for the wind was almost as high as it is outside now, and it was blowing the fire away from the bay. And then came orders to use dynamite to prevent the spread of the first. I tell you, matters looked mighty serious for the old city that day.

‘Well, anyhow, I took Ed with me and we loaded the
department truck with dynamite. The spread of fire was the worst on Van Ness Avenue, and we went down Market like the wind. Ed was driving and he looked as cool as though on a pleasure trip instead of driving through a street with burning houses on both sides and a load of high explosives behind. I know my hair turned gray on that reckless race and I was scared every minute that he would hit a hotter place than Frisco. How Ed ever did it I can't tell to save my life. You never saw such confusion. Fronts of buildings toppling over into the street; firemen shouting and swearing, useless fire hose and twisted car rails writhing across the street like snakes, street cars standing abandoned, with rails twisted back like sled-runners. A steady stream of Chinamen dodged along the walks when possible and in the streets when necessary. Chinatown had been almost wiped out already, and it would have been laughable to see them scurrying for the slips of the ferries if the matter had not been so deadly serious. However, down we went, darting back and forth across tracks and around cars and fire engines for all the world like a disturbed water-bug. By a miracle we got through all right, turned into Van Ness and stopped above the line of fire. We each took a house on opposite sides of the avenue and planted dynamite with time fuses in them. We drove on until the explosion came and went back to set fuses again. In this way we cleared a whole block on each side of the avenue. It seemed a brutal task to destroy those beautiful homes in that way, but it was our duty.

"Not a soul had we seen while this was going on except the blue-clad figures of firemen. Every one who had any means of fleeing had fled to the parks. It was down in the tenements that the awful sights were seen. Parents and children separated. Father or mother pinned beneath fallen walls and children crying pitifully for them. It must have been awful for men doing their duty as firemen to pass by such scenes as that and do nothing. Thank God, I didn't have to do it.

"But I must go on. Ed and I had finished up another block by this time with the exception of one big mansion
on the corner. It was Ed’s turn to do the planting, and, taking several sticks this time, he went into the deserted hall. Five minutes later he ran out crying that he had set the last fuse shorter than usual to do a quick job. He had just mounted the running-board when a shrill cry from the house stopped both of us as though turned to stone. Glancing up quickly, Ed discovered the face of a small boy at a second-floor window right over the porch. Even as he looked, the white face of the little fellow disappeared. Ed was gone before I could stop him to risk his life on an impossible chance to save the boy. The fuse would go off in three minutes. Quick as a cat he went up one of the porch pillars and, catching the edge of the roof, swung himself easily up. He ran to the window and disappeared. Whatever kept him so long I never knew, for when he had dropped to the porch-roof again with the boy in his arms, the charges exploded. The whole porch caved in, and with it went Ed and the child.

"I ran to the debris, and after frenzied digging among the rubbish I found Ed’s big body still protecting, instinctively, the boy’s slight form. Blood was flowing from Ed’s head where he had been struck, and whether either was alive I knew not. As I bent to lift my companion, a small rafter dropped from the remains of the porch and struck me across the small of my back. The pain was intense, and I thought my back was broken. After a minute’s rest the dizzy world came to rest again, and by some means I managed to drag both man and boy to the truck. After unloading the explosives as rapidly as I could I lifted the two unconscious forms into the bed of the machine and myself into the driver’s seat. The drive to a hospital in a safe part of the city was like a dream, and after stopping before the door I dropped unconscious. Hours after, I became aware of my surroundings, and at that moment I heard a terrific explosion in the direction of Van Ness Avenue. I realized that the fire had at last reached the heap of dynamite I had left there. I learned afterward that a charge had effectually stopped the fire in that direction. And so was our duty done.
"Well, that's about all there is to tell. The boy got well rapidly. He was a cripple, and that was why he couldn't get away from the house. His parents had been away the night before and hadn't come home, and he was left alone with the servants. But poor old Ed was done for by that blow on his head. It didn't kill him, but I sometimes wish it had. His recovery left his mind an absolute blank, and his once live and intelligent face had assumed a vacuity of expression that wrenched my heart to see, for I had come to love the boy like a son. And I wasn't good for service any longer, with a lame back, and so, with my savings, I bought this little restaurant to keep in my old age. I'm not so old yet as I look. Only fifty-eight, and Ed's about thirty-eight, in the prime of his life. I sometimes wonder if that splendid man was just to save the life of that little crippled boy. It seems unjust, doesn't it?"

"It does," I answered, with conviction, "but whatever became of Ed? Did you let him go his way after what you had gone through together?"

"Not any," said Sam, dropping back into his habitual vernacular; "that's him that brought in the coffee. He can't remember anything, and I wish I could forget."
THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF THE VICTORIAN AGE.

The aim of this article is to set forth a brief review of the greatest age that the world has ever known, save the unequaled zenith of the glorious twentieth century, in which we are a part.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne in (1837), Wordsworth could truly and sincerely write.

"Like clouds that rake the mountain summit,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land"

In these lines is reflected the sorrowful spirit of a literary man of the early nineteenth century, who remembered the glory that passed away from the earth in the death of Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Byron and Scott. But, like there has always been in every crisis of history, there was somebody ready to spring into the limelight of both prose and poetry and make the kick-off, thereby beginning to proclaim the literary glory of a new age. The men that handled the prose situation were Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle and Ruskin. While the task of the poetry was being superbly handled by Tennyson and Browning.

From a careful study of the age one can rightfully say that it is an age of variety. The student must take as his guide the conviction that the key to the period is to be found in its search for truth and its resolve to understand. We see this everywhere, in the development of science, in the inquiry into the causes of the growth and decay of nations, in the intellectual quality of the best poetry, in the analytical psychology of so much prose fiction. It is the reaction against the extreme romanticism of the Revolutionary period. The writers of the Revolution sought to grasp truth by an act of faith. Whereas, in the Victorian age emotion plays a less, and logic a greater part. In this age the imaginative glamour of the romantic movement is still alive; but there is coupled with it a more just appreciation of the clearness
and precision and the logical coherency of the age of real truth.

The spirit of the age may be found in works of Tennyson, whose careful art, mirrors in beautiful verse, much of the thought of the age, the influence of science, the desire to know the problems of the future, as well as to steal occasional glances at beauty for its own sake.

For further discussion, the age may be divided in two main divisions, or chief characteristics; namely, historical and literary.

Amid the multitude of social and political forces of this great age, four things stand out clearly from a historical standpoint. First, the long struggle of the Anglo-Saxons for personal liberty is definitely settled, and democracy becomes the established order of the day. The king, who appeared in an age of popular weakness and ignorance, and the peers who came with Normans in triumph, are both stripped of their power and left as figure-heads of a past civilization. The last vestage of personal government and of the divine right of rulers disappears, and the House of Commons becomes the ruling power in England; a series of new reform bills rapidly extend the suffrage, until the whole body of English people choose for themselves the men who shall represent them.

Second—Because it is an age of democracy, it is an age of education, of religious tolerance, of growing brotherhood and of profound social unrest, which was caused primarily over the slaves, who had been set free in 1833. It was in the middle of the century that England awoke to the fact that slaves are not necessarily negroes, stolen in Africa to be sold like cattle in the market, but that thousands of men and women and little children in the factories were victims of a more terrible industrial and social slavery. To free these slaves has been the growing purpose of the Victorian age until the present day.

Third—Because it is an age of democracy and education, it is an age of peace. England is beginning to think less of the false glitter of fighting, and more of its moral evils, as the nation realizes that it is the common people who bear the burden and the sorrow and poverty of war,
while the privileged classes reap most of the financial and political rewards. Tennyson, who came of an age when the great reform bill occupied attention, expresses the ideals of the Liberals of his day, who proposed to spread the gospel of peace.

"'Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furled

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

Fourth—The Victorian age is especially remarkable because of its rapid progress in all arts and sciences and in mechanical inventions. Just a glance at any record of the achievements of the nineteenth century will show how vast they are, and therefore it is not necessary to repeat here the list of the inventions. They range from spinning looms to steamboats, and from matches to electric lights. All these things, as well as the growth of education, have their influence upon the life of the people, and it is inevitable that they should react upon its prose and poetry, though as yet we are too much absorbed in our science and mechanics to determine exactly their influence upon literature.

In taking a review of the literary characteristics we find that the romantic revival had done its work, and England entered upon a new free period, in which every form of literature, from pure romance to gross realism, struggled for expression. At this time it is obviously impossible to judge the age as a whole; but we are getting far enough away from the early half to notice certain definite characteristics. First, though the age produced many poets, and two who deserve to rank among the greatest, this is emphatically an age of prose. And since the number of readers has increased largely with the spread of popular education, it is the age of the newspaper, the magazine and the modern novel, the first two being the story of the world’s daily life, and the last our most pleasant form of literary entertainment, as well as our most successful method of presenting modern problems and ideals. The novel reaches its climax in this period, and never before in any age or language has the novel appeared in such numbers and perfection.
The second characteristic of the age is that literature, both in prose and poetry, seems to depart from the purely artistic standard of art for art's sake, and to be actuated for a definite moral purpose. Such men as Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle and Ruskin—who and what were these men if not the teachers of England, not vaguely, but definitely, with unflagging faith in their message, and with the conscious moral purpose to uplift and to instruct? As, it has been well said, "even the novel breaks away from Scott's romantic influence, and first studies life as it is, and then points what life may and ought to be. Whether we read the fun and sentiment of Dickens, the social miniatures of Thackeray, or the psychological studies of George Elliot, we find in almost every case a definite purpose to sweep away error and to reveal the underlying truth of human life. So the novel did for society in this age precisely what Darwin and others did for science; that is, to find the truth, and show how it might be used for the uplift of humanity." Perhaps for this reason the Victorian age is an age of realism, rather than of romance, not the realism of Zola and Ibsen, about which Bliss Perry tells us, but a deeper realism which strives to tell the whole truth, showing moral and physical diseases as they are, but upholding health and hope as the normal conditions of humanity.

Some writers speak of this age as an age of doubt and pessimism, following the new conception of press and of the universe which was formulated by science under the name of evolution. It is also spoken of as a prosaic age, lacking in great ideals. It seems to me that both of these criticisms are the result of judging a large thing too quickly. I admit when one first reads Tennyson's immature work, like that of the minor poets, he is sometimes in a doubtful or despairing strain; but one will have to admit that when he reads "In Memoriam" it is like the rainbow after the storm. For instance:

"With faith that comes of self-control
The truth that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul."
Browning also expresses the real spirit of the age, in the strong, manly faith of "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and in the courageous optimism of all his poetry. What could be brighter than these lines:

"There never shall be one lost good! What was, shall live as before—

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound. What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;

On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect sound."

It would be hard to collect more varied cheer from any age. And the great essayists, like Macaulay, Carlyle, and Ruskin and the great novelist, like Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, generally leave us with a larger charity and with a deeper faith in our humanity.

Finally the judgment that this age is too practical for great ideals may be only a description of the chaff that hides a very small grain of wheat. One writer has said that "It is well to remember that Spencer and Sidney Judged their own age (which we now consider to be the greatest in our literary history) to be altogether given over to materialism, and to be incapable of literary greatness. Just as time has made us smile at their blindness, so the next century may correct our judgment of this as a material age, and looking upon the enormous growth of charity and brotherhood among us, and at the literature which expresses our faith in men, may judge the Victorian age to be, on the whole, the noblest and most inspiring in the history of the world."

Those men who lived, and moved, and had their being in the nineteenth century, and did their best, and spent their lives to make the age an epoch not to be paralleled in the annals of history, can well say to the inheritors of the great age these words of Kipling:

"Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways, Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise. Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,

Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men."
From Tokyo to Shimonoseki the traveler proceeds in a general southwestern direction, and if he is appreciative of the advantages which historic places offer he will make use of the stop-over privileges which the Imperial Government Railways of Japan grant, and spend a little while in such places as Kyoto, Nara, Osaka, Kobe and Kure. The trip from Tokyo to Kyoto, the former capital of the empire, was none too comfortable, because it was made at night and the narrow-gauge railroads of Japan have not yet reached that degree of luxurious travel which is to be enjoyed on our splendid American roads. There was so much of the novel to experience, however, and so much of the quaint to enjoy that this matter of comfort was forgotten in the enthusiasm for new sights and interesting mysteries.

The tiled roofs of the city gave place to thatched straw roofs in the country districts, and instead of narrow streets crowded with gaily attired orientals we saw broad plains cut up into neat patches of waving rice, with the blue outlines of mountain ranges in the distance. These rice fields were a constant source of interest for us. Instead of having enormous fields covered with the growing grain, the Japanese have numerous small plots, one after another, with irrigating ditches between. It was wonderful to see how economical of space they are in planting the rice. Often we saw narrow strips of land, and tiny plots that would not amount to more than six or eight square feet that had been set out in rice. Then, too, the mountains and hills are deeply terraced, for the rice must be planted in level ground, and bits of space are utilized by the Japanese when similar pieces of ground would be overlooked entirely by the American farmer with his broad acres of fertile soil. We saw at work in the rice fields many women and a few men, the men probably having other employment. The time for the rice harvest was approaching, and we frequently saw
the workers in the field cutting the rice and laying it out in long, straight rows to dry. Later it would be gathered and threshed by hand, then winnowed and taken to market, where it would bring an ample return at present prices.

Kyoto, a city whose glory has departed now that the capital of the empire is Tokyo, was reached early in the morning. Here we put up at the Yaami Hotel, which is situated in a park on the side of a high hill. At Kyoto we visited some very old and quite famous temples. At the “Higashi Fonganji,” an enormous temple, we saw a huge coil of rope made out of the hair of girls and women. Many years ago when the former temple had been destroyed by fire an appeal was made to the people of Japan for aid in rebuilding it. Many of the women of Nippon cut off their hair and offered it as their contribution. The hair was woven into ropes for lifting the great timbers into place. The particular coil of rope that we saw was 228 feet long, 13 inches in circumference and made a pile over four feet high. In addition to this rope there are fifty-two other coils at the temple.

After an all too brief visit to Kyoto, we left for Nara, which is one of the show-places of Japan. According to Japanese legends, it was at Nara that the first emperor, heaven-sprung, came to earth to rule the Nipponese people, and Nara is given as the historic spot at which the people themselves had their origin. Since it was the place from which the heaven-born emperor began his rule, this city is the historic capital, and many pilgrimages of students, from the lower grades to the universities, are made to this spot, where dreams of the great antiquity and lofty origin of the Japanese can be indulged by the younger generations. Nara is a beautiful city, set in the midst of wooded hills, and is practically a great park. A large herd of deer that are remarkably tame, wander around the city at will and eat food from the tourist’s hand without hesitation.

What had particular interest for us at Nara, however, was the Buddhist temple with its enormous “Daibutsu,” or image of the original Buddha. There are just a few
of these huge figures in Japan, and the one at Nara is of unusual historic interest. It is an immense sitting figure of bronze, finished in gold, with a height of fifty-three and a half feet. This "Great Buddha" was completed in 760 A.D., during a period when metal-casting was making great progress. The Todai-Ji temple was thronged with Japanese, who were worshiping before this great bronze idol, burning incense, offering sacrifices and prostrating themselves before it. Nara is the headquarters of one of the Buddhist sects and is plentifully supplied with temples. At these various temples we noticed huge bronze bells which boomed out deep, solemn tones at frequent intervals. These bells are sounded by swinging a heavy log, suspended by ropes, against the side of the bell. The most lasting memory that we have of Nara is the solemn booming of these temple bells.

From Nara we proceeded to Osaka, the greatest manufacturing and commercial center of Japan. Osaka has a population of 1,400,000, and is a buzzing bee-hive of industry. There are great factories located here, but a vast amount of the manufacturing is done right in the homes of the people and frequently the majority of the families in one section will all be busily at work in their own homes for the same industrial concern. After a brief stay here we went on to Kobe.

Kobe is the greatest port of Japan, and a very busy place it is. There are great wharves and docks here, and a vast volume of freight passes through this city. Ocean freight for China and other Asiatic countries is transshipped at Kobe, and it is said that the Japanese allow freight from America to lie on the wharves and in the warehouses for months at a time before transhipping it to the ports of final destination, while Japanese goods are sent over in a hurry, thus making consumers realize the convenience of using Japanese goods. As a consequence, there are many business men in the East who are hoping for the day when there will be a large fleet of American ships plying the Pacific. Kobe is at the northern, or northeastern, end of the beautiful Inland Sea, and is a city built upon hills that slope upward from the shore.
At Koke we boarded the train that was to take us to Shimonoseki, at the southwestern end of the Inland Sea. Leaving Kobe, our train skirted the shores of this beautiful body of water, and for the whole length of our journey we gloriied in an ever-changing succession of beautiful views of land and sky and water, plains and valleys and mountains, such as we have never seen surpassed. The Inland Sea proved for us, as it has for many another traveler, a constant source of wonder and admiration. The water is of sapphire blue and is dotted with green isles of varying size and configuration. Frequently the mountains and hills slope down to the water's edge and our train sped mile after mile with the mountains towering on one side and the smiling sea on the other. When our journey towards Shimonoseki was two-thirds completed we left the main line and stopped off at Kure, an interesting sea-coast city that is one of the naval bases of Japan and where great warships are constructed. The beautiful views that we caught while in this neighborhood were quite tempting since we had a Graflex camera, but the taking of a picture in this fortified area meant the confiscation of the camera and probable imprisonment of the photographer, and so, perforce, we refrained from taking pictures.

Leaving Kure we completed our journey, arriving at historic Shimonoseki about nightfall, where we were met by friends who took us to their home situated on the slope of a high hill, overlooking the town and the straits. The straits of Shimonoseki have been the scene of many a naval battle under the old regime in Japan, and it was there that the combined fleets of Great Britain, France, Holland and the United States gathered to bombard the town, following the killing of foreign subjects in Japan and the firing of Japanese forts upon the ships of those nations. That was during the sixties, before Japan had learned that she could not fire upon ships of the Western nations and kill citizens from foreign lands without paying the penalty. Shimonoseki is quite a busy port city, with the main volume of trade for the second largest island of the empire, Kyushu, passing through it. Much
of the trade between Korea and Japan also passes through Shimonoseki, and the ships plying between this city and Fusan, Korea’s main seaport, are kept busy carrying freight and passengers. While in Shimonoseki we had some interesting and enjoyable excursions into the beautiful surrounding country. This trip from the capital of the island empire, right through the heart of the main island of the group, proved to be an experience of delight and fascination that we will long remember.

SONNET ON LIFE.

Now, Spring, with her fancy budding life,
Holds sway in this unbounded world of ours;
Now Summer gay comes forth with lengthening hours
And frees all nature’s force in mingled strife.
Then Autumn, saddened, chill, brings on her brown,
Her teeming harvest fields, the prize of time;
And Winter ends with cold and death the rime,
With blasted verdure paints the scenery down.
So man in passing ’long this life’s fullway
The blooming Spring does see in childhood’s age,
The middle age does Summer show him plain;
Advancement further Autumn bids to stay,
And Winter takes away the man now sage—
As years do pass so lives of men are slain.

G. C. SMITH.
"Pippins and Crab-Apples."

By Boice Loving.

"Bob, is yore team goin' to be busy nex' Thursday?" asked Mrs. Wilkins of Bob Simms when he stopped his team at her well one morning in mid-September.

"Nawm, I don't think 'twill. I'd planned to do some haulin' some time nex' week, but I don't think my apples will be picked by then," answered the farmer, willing to be of any service to the widow.

"Well, now, I don't want you to be put out any by it, 'cause I s'pose I could git somebody else. What I wanted you to do was to go to the station an' bring back the new school ma'am," explained the widow.

"Knowin' what you wants me to do, I'd be glad to help you," interestingly confessed Bob.

"I knowed you would," teased Mrs. Wilkins.

Mrs. Wilkins always boarded the school teachers who came to take charge of the Lodebar school. And Bob Simms always went to the train to meet them. The widow had a kind of motherly interest in the bachelor farmer, who lived on a large farm, did his own cooking and had one failing.

Thursday came too slowly for the bachelor. But when it did come he was at the station two hours before train-time. His best team stood hitched to a new buggy, and he was dressed so as to be presentable even at church.

The train whistled for Hilton, and Bob bounded out of the station in order to be on hand to ferret out the new teacher among the throng of passengers that usually alighted at the little mountain station. An oldish maiden was the first passenger to put foot on the station platform. Bob's spirits sank immeasurable depths. Next to get off was an old mountaineer, who had been to see his "darter" in a nearby town. As each passenger stepped to the ground Bob's enthusiasm waned. He concluded that the old maid was the new ma'am, and he would have to sit by her all the way from the station. In fact, he had just about summed up the courage to inquire who she was when somebody nugged him and said, "Look!"
Look! That isn’t strong enough to truthfully express what Bob really did. He not only looked, but went one better. In connection with looking, the hinge of his lower jaw loosened and said member came near to falling out of joint. He gaped. He had spotted his game, and now it only remained to introduce himself and escort her to his rig, carrying suit-cases, hat-boxes and all that goes to make up a lady’s traveling equipment—except a trunk that would serve adequately as a tool-box for a railroad section gang.

Well, Bob wasn’t endowed with any extreme bashfulness, and he thought he approached the latest attraction to Hilton rather gracefull—really he resembled a club-footed mule. Nevertheless, he got there. And just as she was on the point of climbing back into the train, he arrested her attention and dispelled her bewilderment—poor little girl in a big city.

“Be you the new school ma’am what’s goin’ to teach th’ Lodebar school, and what’s goin’ to board with Widder Wilkins, and what she sent me up here after?” he emitted at one mouthful.

“Yes, I’m the new school ma’am what’s goin’ to teach th’ Lodebar school, and what’s goin’ to board with Widder Wilkins, and are you what came to carry me from the station?” retorted the girl, in mimicry.

Then Bob became Saint Nick and crawled under the stack of bundles and suit-cases, leading the way as he stumbled to the buggy. He hoisted her in first and then missed the stirrup and fell in beside her.

“Come up here, Ida!” he yelled as a vent for his embarrassment.

“What did you call that horse?” asked the girl.

“I called her Ida, but I came pretty close to sayin’ somethin’ else,” answered the awkward driver.

“Did you know that was my name?” the Normalite inquired.

“Naw’m, I didn’t know what yore first name was, but if you can hit th’ road like that there little horse can, you’re sure some high-tepper,” advanced the bachelor.
“Humph!” retorted the girl, disgustedly. She intended from that time on to say nothing to the man beside her, but the “chercher la femme” willed out and she just had to say something.

It is needless to waste time and parchment—war times, you know—in describing the new teacher. She was all that is to be expected of an urbanite come to the country to teach a bunch of spit-ball shooters and stick-candy suckers. Take it for granted that she was a good-looker, swell-dresser and wise and otherwise.

No mishap befell the travelers en route to “Widder” Wilkins, and Bob reluctantly drove home to feed and milk that evening after depositing the ma’am at her boarding-house.

At the store that night, whitherward Bob had gone to get a week’s supply of flour, sugar, meat and chewing-tobacco, somebody asked him: “Well, Bob, how’d ye like the new teacher?”

“She’s a pippin, Tom,” was the only reply.

Sunday came, and Bob was up before the “chanticleer” had awakened his harem. That day was his day, and he was going to utilize all of it that was available. He fed, milked, burned the biscuits, and then hitched the team in order to take Miss Baylor to church. (Miss Baylor was the lady boarding at Mrs. Wilkins.) The day after her arrival he had asked to be allowed to drive her to church, so as to get a lead on the other squires of the community.

Proudly he helped her out of the buggy at church, and reluctantly did he submit to having her sit on one side of the church while he sat on the other—but custom and the church would have it that way. Of course he accepted the invitation to stay to dinner; spent the afternoon; put his knees under the widow’s table for supper, and remained that night until Miss Baylor yawned repeatedly.

Attention! Some may call it that—but it closer resembled slavish worshiping the way Bob Simms “waited on” the Lodebar mistress. A one-eyed mule could have easily seen the progress made, although Bob couldn’t. Had he been in the least apt at judging the attitude of
a girl who is "stringing" a man, he would have long ago perceived that he was hooked and strung. Once she passed a remark to the effect that she "just adored a man with a car," and the flivver agent sold another one. An entire replenishing of his wardrobe was the result of his desire to appear all that she could expect in a man. Candy, at first chocolate-drops, but later none would fill the bill except the kind that you pay for the box and they give you the candy. At Christmas she stuck him for a wrist-watch, and on her (?) birthday he fell again, casting his coin on the winds caused by the flapping of a certain little trouble-maker’s wings. She led him on. And he followed, never allowing the string by which she led him to tighten.

Spring came, and his "sap" arose along with that of the other surrounding green things. Ah! Fatal night, when that poor simp his troth did plight. When wily Dan unloosed his dart, and punctured love-blind Bob Simms’ heart. That’s what happened one night in May just before the "breaking-up" of Lodebar school. A frat pin worn by Miss Baylor, and unnoticed—rather uninterpreted—by Bob, would have saved both time, money and anxiety had it been interpreted by the unknowing farmer the day on which the ma’am deserted the outside world at Hilton. Sadder, but woefully wiser, Bob accepted Miles’ hoodoo. At last his eyes were open. Never would he be made such a dupe of again. That was his solemn resolve during the drive home after that utter failure of his nocturnal assault on a maiden already won.

Man loves, forgets and loves again. Poor girls! They can love but a thousand times and ten. It all came out in the wash of the summer thunder-storms, and next mid-September witnessed a mud-covered, battered and rattling tree-climber hitched in front of the station at Hilton. The next train would bring another ma’am for Lodebar. A parson had done the dirty work for Miss Baylor, and she was a miss no more—she had made a hit.
Bob spotted the new boarder, and soon he had cut off the engine and was coasting down the mountain road toward Lodebar. The new ma'am was little dissimilar to the one whom she had replaced. Attractive, an incessant talker—oh, what's the use, he acquiesced to her first impression. And to the query, "How'd ye like th' new ma'am?" he answered the same as the year before—"She's a pippin."

Well, this kind of a thing went on until the neighborhood began to consider Bob as not all there. They teased, laughed at, and encouraged—that they might laugh more—the unsuccessful wooer. He was utterly hopeless, helpless, and veracity may permit that he was brainless—in that one failing cited in the pupa stages of the development of this (?) what you will.

Persistency has many, many times been the result of success. It has to be conceded that Bob was persistent enough. He opened on every deal, stuck with every pot, and in the show-down somebody always had a diamond straight against his two pair. He could have been more successful at crap, mumble-peg, or anything except where a girl was concerned.

Nevertheless, those who stick to the game get their fill. And Bob undoubtedly got his. He couldn't help meeting those teacher-laden trains to save himself. So- crates drank the bitter hemlock; Cleopatra felt the dual sting of adder and death; Jones was drowned in his bathtub, and I could go indefinitely telling of the suicides and martyrs this cold, cruel earth has dealt out—but suffice it to say that Bob Simms had the bitterest dose of all. I've seen the same sight that confronted the poor farmer at the station that fall day six years after his first Wellingtonian dose was gulped down. May the fates spare me a second time—and I sympathize heartily with Bob Simms. It happened—and happened so suddenly! Maybe I should be more correct in my grammar and say that she happened—at Hilton. One word and you will have the cue. The play begins. Canary bird and cat—enough, enough! Vivid as is this picture, I might add that it—I mean she—wore large, shaded "specs," berimmed with
the carcasiel covering of a plodding terrapin; curls dangled daintily over her left shoulder—if she had a shoulder, so unerring was the perpendicularness of her form; an inverted nose; something of an ingrown face; and her lithe gracefulness was adorned, possibly draped is a better word, with a garment that would fit without a wrinkle to any telegraph pole four inches in diameter.

He did exactly what was to be expected. The first Sunday witnessed Miss Marigold Mannikin and Mr. Bob Simms enter church twenty minutes late—the liquified gas had given out, and the two had to walk a mile. Think not for a moment that they sat on opposite sides of the church! And no man was ever more miserable than Bob. Everybody rubbered his way, and all during the sermon he was aware that many were nudging one another in the ribs.

Some days later, that oft'-repeated question was hurled, and in reply Bob unleashed all of the pent-up fury in his system: "She's a damned crab-apple!" he roared, climbing into his buggy and breaking a buggy whip on the horse.

What will a man do when he is stared in the face by defeat? (I have even watched an ant crawl upon a peanut-shell after having fallen into a bucket of water.) Everybody had given Bob up long, long ago, except me— I stuck faithfully by him, giving what little advice I was able to safely dispose of, and never being any the loser because he always returned it unused.

Think of a man five times spurned! Think of having eaten biscuits on the same side of your mouth so long that your teeth are worn even with your gums—choosing to grind them down one set at a time! Think of climbing between the cold, ice-coated sheets all alone! Think of anything you want to! Now, think with me what a dolt Bob Simms must have been to do what he did—and he told the "widder" besides.

What he did was to succumb to the repeated "sallies," and Marigolds and to proceed far enough to order a diamond. That was bad, but telling Mrs. Wilkins was worse, because she did it—told Miss Marigold Mannikin. And
she informed the aforesaid miss of the very day of its arrival. Rest assured that Bob was experienced enough to let no grass grow under his shoe-soles, and the night after the ring arrived he knocked at the door of Mrs. Wilkins' home.

No one answered, and he took the liberty to enter. The parlor was one door to the right, and he hied him hence. With the deftness of one schooled in the art of noiselessly opening doors—of all kinds—he pushed said parlor door ajar.

Bob Simms never took a drink in his life, and I know that to be a fact. But what he saw standing before the ruddy fire in the parlor was enough to make a preacher swear he was drunk. He had intended tipping in and surprising Miss Marigold. Now he fell through the door and apologized. "'Scuse me, please, ma'am, I thought Miss Mannikin was in here." With that he started to back out. Something held him.

Standing in front of the fire was a dame not more than twenty-two at the most. No light was in the room except the glow from the fire, and this produced an inexplicable effect—I can't explain it because I've never experienced it, and Bob told me about the effect it produced on him. You've read about such dames as the one in question, and I won't tire you with any description of her.

In order to dispel Mr. Robert Simms' most apparent embarrassment, the dream-dame spoke. Bob might have stood it if she hadn't said anything, although it wouldn't have been woman-like if she hadn't said something.

What she said was this: "I'm Miss Marigold Mannikin, and you did not recognize me." That almost finished Bob—already he was down on his hands and knees, and in his best clothes, too! But she continued: "You are Bob Simms, and in your coat pocket you have a ring. That ring you intended to give to a dried-up old maid. If you were willing to give it to an old maid, I don't suppose you object if I take it, do you?"

All Bob was able to say was, "Take it!"

Not being particularly fond of elaborating, I'll let you
guess all that went on between those two during the next three hours—it was then 8 o’clock.

A friend of Miss Mannikin had put her wise to Bob Simms before she ever packed her trunk to come to Lodebar. Old-maid mape-up, facial contortion, cat, Canary bird, and jabber were all subterfuges and a camouflage by which Miss Marion Marlow, alias Miss Marigold Mannikin, accomplisher her aim. I’ve told you this much, now you guess the rest.
TIES MORE BINDING THAN SHACKLES OF STEEL.

(An Oration.)

BY J. B. KINCANON, '21.

One hundred and forty-four years ago there sat assembled in a little church of Richmond a convention of Virginia statesmen. Their grave and anxious faces told the story of some great impending crisis. They were gathered there to decide whether the American colonies should submit to the injustice of an English King or fight for their inalienable rights. Able speakers arose in that assembly urging that Virginia was weak, defenseless and unprepared for war, and that she and the other colonies should submit to the tyrannical rule of England until the last faint ray of hope had fled. Suddenly in that atmosphere of doubt, tense with the emotions of debate, there arose a striking personality; and he replied to the servile speeches of those statesmen with such convincing logic and resistless eloquence that he thrilled and moved the souls of those who listened. Patrick Henry exclaimed, in tones that burned the truth into his hearers' hearts, "There is no retreat, save in submission and slavery. Our claims are forged. Their clanking may be heard upon the plains of Boston." His last exclamation sounded like the shout of the warrior in the tempest of battle; and even after the echo of those ringing words had died away and the greatest of eRvolutionary orators had taken his seat, every eye remained still fixed upon him, entranced and spellbound. Soon Richard Henry Lee arose and attempted to speak, but his melody was lost amid the agitation of that ocean, which the master-spirit of the storm had lifted on high. Patrick Henry's speech had decided one of the most momentous questions in history. It meant that America would fight for a cause that would determine the destinies of nations.
"Oh, England, that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrenched their rights from thee!
What wonder if in noble heat
These men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught
And in thy spirit with thee fought,
Who sprang from English blood."

Yes, these descendents of the liberty-loving English
broke asunder the chains with which the British Parlia­
ment sought to bind and enslave the American colonists. They won their independence, and, having won it, built up the greatest nation on the earth.

The theme, however, which I bring to you—one that thrills all hearts—is a story, not of the separation of the colonies from their mother country, but a story instead of the forces that have reunited them and of the living, vital ties between these two great nations that are more binding than chains or shackles of steel.

From the American Revolution, from Washington’s steadfast and noble character, and later from Lincoln’s passion for freedom, the English government learned many valuable lessons. Let us examine the character of the British empire and we shall find that she has done more than any other nation to bring the whole world under the influence of Western civilization and to carry justice and liberty to the peoples of every land and clime. She has made possible that unification of the political and economic interests of the whole globe which we see beginning today. She has realized a true partnership of free nations wherein freedom is combined with unity. In every province of the vast British commonwealth of nations there has been set up the reign of law and liberty. Chaos, tyranny and perpetual war have given way to order, justice and continued peace. The bond that binds these peoples together is the dedication of the members to one another for the practical conduct of social life.
These widely separated lands, England has defended with the greatest navy in the world—a navy that, in addition, has guaranteed the freedom of the seas, insured the integrity of the Monroe Doctrine, and has been the greatest factor in the upbuilding of a world-wide commerce. Great and chivalrous England, characterized by fidelity to duty and a sincere love of liberty, what a factor in the progress of mankind she has been. She and America have been working side by side in the great task of world development. And from the mutual cooperation in this great task has sprung the confidence of friends, illustrated in one case by the unfortified boundary of Canada, extending over three thousand miles, which has been an envied marvel to the heavily armed countries of Europe.

An incident which occurred at the opening of the Spanish-American War well illustrates England's attitude toward us and gives expression to her loyal friendship. At that time all European powers were ready to combine against the United States, and it is told that the commander of the German fleet in Manila Bay, wishing to know how England would act in case he defied the instructions of our Admiral Dewey, asked the British admiral this question: "What would you do should trouble occur between Admiral Dewey and the German fleet?" "What I would do," replied the British admiral, "should trouble occur between you and Admiral Dewey is known only to Admiral Dewey and myself."

The next revelation in the character of England came with the recent world conflict that has drenched all Europe with blood and tears. No nation that participated in that great struggle has a more enviable record than England. The value of her navy—the most powerful, best-organized and best-equipped in the world—can never be reckoned. Her mighty men-of-war transported soldiers by the thousands to the battle fields of France; they acted as a bulwark of defense against the invasion of the Hun; and they hunted down and destroyed the German submarines—those wild beasts of the sea.

But no matter how glorious was the record of Eng-
land's navy, the brilliant record of her soldiers transcends it. When the German hordes trampled on the sacred rights of neutral Belgium, the beast left his wake a record of atrocities, whose mere recital harrows up the soul. Though utterly unprepared for war, and without counting the cost or seeking any reward, instantly England sprang into the breach, raising an army of five million men as an answer to the rape of Belgium and the Hun's defiance of human rights. What was the response from the colonies of England? Why, when the war bugles of Great Britain sounded in 1914, every province in that vast world empire sprang to arms. They responded with the action of the tiger—instinctively, spontaneously and with resistless force. Their hastening to England's defense from every corner of the globe was like the gathering of the ancient Scottish clans, when summoned by the sacred cross of fire. They furnished a concrete proof of the solidity of the British empire. They manifested the vitality in the new conception of imperial partnership, by an active participation in that titanic struggle, on a scale and in a manner without any parallel or even analogy in history.

I need not tell what part England and her soldiers played in that tragedy or horror and desolation enacted in a land where death rode whistling in every wind, and whose fields, from the trenches to the sea, were carpeted with pain. The world knows it by heart. We know they won immortal glory. In the grateful memory of all mankind are fixed the battle of the Marne, the battle of Ypres and the battle of the Somme, and there they will remain forever. Many, many of England's brave are dead. They fought and died that we might live. It seems I hear those English slain speaking to us now. Listen:

"We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived; felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved—
But now we lie
In Flanders' fields.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields!"
And yet, for three long years, as England fought for the rights and liberties of mankind, America, bred in the traditions of isolation, held aloof in an atmosphere of strict neutrality. We did not know the true nature of those battles. The issues when the war began were not clearly defined. Autocratic Russia was on the side of republican France and democratic England. However, the Russian revolution and the German submarine cleared away the fogs of doubt. And with the lifting of the fog (that had so long obscured our vision) we could see the sons of England dying on the blood-drenched battle fields of France—dying in defense of humanity and civilization. And in the midst of the blood and carnage we beheld our common mother, England, war-worn and weary in her desperate struggle to keep back the German beasts that were hammering at the gates of Paris. We saw and understood. And straightway America, the giant son of England, his soul afire from looking on the tragic horror of that scene, unsheathed his mighty sword and rushed to England’s aid. And mother and son fought side by side for the same principles, policies and ideals. They fought together for one great cause—the righting of common wrongs that cut to the very roots of human life; the vindication of justice; the ultimate peace of the world, and the liberation of its peoples. Ah, mother and child, knit together by the ties of blood and immortal memories, what is the intervening sea but a living link between us, whose roar is but the unceasing carol of our mutual love, echoed from the rock-bound coasts of Maine to where the placid waters of the Pacific wash the golden sands of California.

Hear me while I briefly tell you of a great English demonstration, more eloquent than words, which, as the London Times declared, is “pregnant with the drama of great events.” I refer to the celebration on July 4, 1918, of American Independence, celebrated, however, not in America, but in the city of London by the people of England. The English celebrating the Fourth of July! Yes, and in a spirit of enthusiasm that stirs our blood and thrills every nerve and fiber of our being. I can see the
great city of London ablaze with flags on that historic
day, the Stars and Stripes entwining with the Union
Jack and in many places with the Tricolor of France. A
spirit of brotherhood was in the air. The most memor­
able event of that eventful day was the meeting of fel­
lowship, held in Westminster Hall, under the shadow of
the Houses of Parliament. That great hall was packed
with an audience of thirty-five hundred people, made up
principally of representative citizens of London, includ­
ing, however, some English, American and Canadian sol­
diers. The music was rendered by the famous Cold­
stream Guards, who since the war have been immortal­
ized in verse. Speaking for England, Winston Churchill,
minister of munitions, declared: "A great harmony ex­
ists between the principles of the Declaration of Inde­
pendence and what the British empire has wished to stand
for and has at last achieved, not only here at home, but
in the great self-governing dominions throughout the
world. The Declaration of Independence is not only an
American document. It follows on Magna Charta and
the Petition of Rights as the third of the great title deeds
on which the liberties of the English-speaking race are
founded." Then, after speaking of the terrible cost of
the war, Mr. Churchill said: "What is the reward of
Britain? Territory, indemnities, commercial advantages
—what are they? They are matters utterly subordinate
to the moral issues and moral consequences of this war.
Deep in the hearts of the people of this island, deep in
the hearts of those whom the Declaration of Independe­
cence terms 'our British brethren' lay the desire to be
reconciled before all men with their kinsmen across the
Atlantic ocean; to blot out the reproaches and redeem
the blunders of a by-gone age; to stand once more in
battle by their side; to create once more a true union of
hearts; to begin once more to write a history in common.
We seek no higher reward than this supreme reconcili­
ation. That is the reward of Britain. That is the Lion's
share."

Such are the words of Winston Churchill, and such is
the spirit of England. What is the true meaning of those
historic words and this new and wondrous spirit of our kinsmen. Why, it means that there will be respect and understanding, and liking between England and America as long as these peoples endure, and that is to say to the end of time. It means that the work which the English race began, when it colonized North America, is destined to go on until every land from the rising to the setting sun has felt the dynamic power of American and English ideals. In the great war, English and American alike poured out their life's blood in order that the principles of the Declaration of Independence should not perish from the earth. Today, at the congress of Versailles, they are working side by side to make a peace that will stand like Gibraltar—for eternity—and to erect upon the ruins of shattered empires a new structure of civilization that will survive the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. The ages can never reckon what we owe to the mother country of Great Britain, nor estimate the true worth of this reunion of hearts, cemented with the life's blood of our bravest and best.

Yes, we speak the same language, are inspired by the same ideals, are working toward a common goal, are bred of the same race, and are joined in the comradeship of eternal friends. Ah, these are the enduring ties, stronger than steel, which bind together England and the United States—the two greatest nations on earth—and which will grapple our hearts to the hearts of England forever.

(Editor's note: This oration was the winner of the "Best Orator's" medal, in an open contest between the two literary societies of Richmond College.)
THE CONFLICT OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION IN TENNYSON.

By M. E. Cooper, '20.

The nineteenth century marked an upheaval in every imaginable field of enterprise. It was a period of transition, of change, of revolt from the old ways of thinking and acting. It was another renaissance, a rebirth of interest and activity in industry, commerce, discovery, economics, literature and government. Primarily, however, this remarkable age was an age of science. The growth and evolution of the nineteenth century is entirely concurrent in its essence with the foundation and spread of the scientific spirit. The burning desire to learn aright, to know precisely, to eradicate all things from the darkening shadows of doubt and uncertainty which had heretofore enveloped them, and to bring to light irrefutable facts and knowledge became the pre-eminent passion in the souls of men.

As already intimated, this spirit of probation was not confined to any one side of life, but spread over and included them all. Thus we can see its effect and significance in the political revolution which strongly marked the age. With the new light of freedom in their eyes, the hungry and humiliated masses—the tearful plea of the ever, the incessant "why? wherefore?" still on their lips—rose up in their full force to assert their pleas for liberty. The new age and spirit had shown them there was no reason visible to the thoughts of man for the long degradation they had suffered. The nineteenth century, as an outcome of the enlightenment of the people, saw many political changes. One of these was the formation of constitutional governments; another was the enactment of reform measures tending to enhance the rapidly growing power of the multitude. In this way a coalition of the forces of democratic government was brought about in preparation for the inevitable struggle with a disintegrating royalty also combining to regain its lost laurels. This gigantic struggle our own eyes have beheld. The significance of it all, however, is this—that
the completeness of our victory is directly the outgrowth
and culmination of the seeds of a perpetual and lasting
democracy, world-wide in its scope, which were sown dur­
ing the nineteenth century. It has merely been our good
fortune to reap the bounteous harvest.

Industry and commerce had a revival during this won­
derful age in many ways similar to the political evolu­
tion. The numerous inventions which had been made
resulted in the appearance of factories, a new force in
the daily life of man, bringing new situations and prob­
lems to be dealt with. Man, discovering that with his
hand-made product he could not hope to compete with
the large and grim-looking machines in the factory, one
of which in one day could produce what it would take him
months to do, clustered and flocked about the massive
buildings seeking employment. This resulted in the erec­
tion of towns, and later on cities. Also greatly improved
shipping facilities made navigation an easier task, bring­
ing the peoples of the earth in closer contact and com­
munication. The size of the world diminished—it was
not as far from England to America and India as it for­
merly had been. The old earth had shrunk in magni­
tude.

History shows that since the dark ages civilization had
known three stages of spontaneous growth up to the nine­
teenth century. The first of these was the Renaissance
of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and resulted
from a revival of interest in learning and in art. The
second was the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth
century, and was due to the religious oppression of the
Catholic Church. The French Revolution of the later
eighteenth century formed the third outstanding feature
in our growth, being directed against political and social
inequality. All of these were well-defined movements,
having distinct characteristics and qualities, but work­
ing toward a newer and grander liberation from the con­
fining and depressing influences of the past. Civilization,
however, has seen a fourth movement for progress; name­
ly, the colosal accomplishments of the nineteenth cen­
tury. This advancement was made possible by the evo­
lution of scientific knowledge.
The effect of science and the scientific spirit in certain fields has already been pointed out. The main purpose of this article, however, is to show the striking influence of the new spirit in the sphere of religion as evidenced in the poetical works of the outstanding literary figure of the nineteenth century, the poet laureate of his day, Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

A poet is truly great to the extent in which he typifies the age in which he lives. Tennyson, in his works, sounds the religious discord and uncertainty of his time. His poetry pulsates with the turbulence of spiritual thoughts and ideas he saw on all sides, and from which he was never quite entirely free. Science refuted the Bible, the theory of evolution showed creation to be a fraud, science demanded cold facts, proofs mathematically solid and rigid. Science attempted to analyze religion as it analyzed chemicals in the laboratory, and arriving at no satisfactory conclusion during the process, discarded religion as an illusion. Men found it impossible to reconcile their religious and scientific ideas.

Tennyson never reached the extremity of doubt and despair seen in many of his contemporaries. This is partly true because in the life of seclusion and isolation which he led for the larger part he did not come in contact, as others did, with the new thoughts in their most virulent form. The real reason, however, for the relative mildness of Tennyson’s religious doubt is that where others lost all hopes of enlightenment and definitely detached themselves from any and all creeds, he clung firmly and trustfully to the thought that everything would turn out for the best; that man could, by diligent, patient application of self, overcome all obstacles and attain truth and certainty. In an ardent endeavor to stem the rapidly growing dissension and distrust, he even put forward the theory of evolution by Darwin, that organ which was the direct cause of loss of religious confidence, as a possible means by which the darkness could be dispelled.

In extremes and reactions, Tennyson put no confidence. Innovations were also distressful to him. Faith and certainty were with him of benign essentiality. With the rev-
olutionary methods of Shelley and others he was by no means in accord. He felt that nothing would be gained thereby; that, if anything, the result would be a longer wait for the truth, a deeper fall into the abyss of ignorance. And as his years lengthened, the end approached and finite religious explanations were not forthcoming, Tennyson still clung to this early doctrine of patience, and while no doubt his confidence in the truth ever being disclosed was shaken, he still felt like Stevenson that "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive." And then if the reward of our patience and trust should ever be denied us, "how sweet to have a common faith, to hold a common scorn of death."

The conflict of science and religion in Tennyson was most marked in his youth. The depth to which his despair reached is seen in such a poem as the "Supposed Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind not in Unity with Itself," first printed in 1830, when the poet was twenty-one years old. Feeling his belief waning, in "the extremest misery of ignorance" he pleads for a sign, a proof of the greatness of God and of the validity of the creed his mother had taught him from infancy to hold as most sacred. "I am void, dark, formless, utterly destroyed." It was a mood identical to this which had made Cardinal Newman renounce his early belief and enter the Catholic Church, where nothing was questioned and everything taken on faith. In this way, Newman found religious tranquility, to him preferable to agnosticism.

A strong parallel to Tennyson's state of mind at this stage in his life is to be found in the fictitious Charles Steele, the creation of Gilbert Parker in his not unworthy novel "The Right of Way." The character of Steele is admirably depicted. An avowed atheist and cynic all his life, Steele, through the exigencies of fortune, finds himself in a Catholic village among the French-Canadians. Circumstances force him to take a position as tailor's apprentice, his employer being a religionist of an almost fanatic nature. Amid the quiet and strongly spiritual activities of the natives, the staunch stoicism of the non-
believer begins to experience some misgivings. Finally he is so preyed upon and disquieted by his own thoughts that, half-crazed, he calls into the still Canadian night addressing himself in his imagination to his own employer as one who personifies inflexible belief: "A sign, tailor-man, show me a sign from heaven, tailor-man." His words are overheard by the tailor, whose impressionable mind is struck with the dire necessity of complying with the request of the strange doubted who has come into the midst of his people. Stealing the iron cross from the door of the church and heating it, he impresses an image of the cross on the breast of the sleeping Steele in the dead of night. "Champagne Charlie" had received and wore until his dying day "a sign from heaven."

While this comparison possibly is far-fetched, yet it may be of value in portraying Tennyson's state of mind at the time he made his fervent cry for "a sign." At any rate, it is undoubtedly of value in displaying to an extent the intensity of the anguish suffered by one afflicted with the dread of a declining faith in religion and God. Tennyson felt he was losing trust in his God, and desperately sought to check the progress of the evil within him. Hence, the plea for a sign.

The above note of misery and gloom, oftentimes approaching sheer despair, is contained in much of Tennyson's earlier poetry. The enigma of human existence oppressed him during his younger manhood to an extent which often became unbearable. At moments when grief afflicted him, as when his closest friend was taken away, he would approach the verge of complete denouncement of religious ideals; but, happily, he never quite reached that point. With the passing of his first thoughts, he would again become his sedate self, and reign again in calmness. It is significant—this tenacious cherishing of an ideal, of an incessant trust in the ultimate future of mankind, with "God mingling in the game."

The early depression which Tennyson underwent had, however, one lasting effect, and that was to make him renounce all faith in dogma. He did not believe in regulated religion. If his belief can be designated by any
one word, the nearest approaching the true state would be pantheism. Undoubtedly, the immensity of nature with its grandeur, its sublimity, its solacement, did much to cause both Tennyson and Wordsworth to couple nature with the divine. The re-occurrence in Tennyson of allusions to the sea is another sign of the poet's fondness for the elements. There was for him something ennobling and encompassing in thoughts of natural beauty and appeal which to him was conclusive, irrefutable evidence of the might of God. Hence, Tennyson was not a pantheist in a strict sense, for with nature he combined God.

Tennyson's faith in the Creator grew with the passing years. While even in his later poetry we see signs of disquietude and unrest, they are less marked than in his earlier days, and subservient and overruled by an intense trust in God. As he advanced in age he slowly but surely drew away from the scientific spirit as regards religion and came to believe that which "we could not prove." And to reiterate, Tennyson always turned to nature as a comforter when he felt in need of religious stimulation. Like our own Bryant, Tennyson saw "written on thy own works the lesson of thy own eternity!"

Van Dyke says "the mission of noble poetry is to idealize human life." Tennyson was an idealist of the first rank. His greatest concern was for the future of the human race, his most fervent hope that a state would eventually be evolved where the suffering of the people and their tribulations and economic burdens would be a minimum. It is true that Tennyson was undemocratic to the extent that he did not believe the people were capable alone of attaining this idealistic state, but that they should be led by the guiding hands of men intellectually superior; nevertheless, discounting the means, it was the amelioration of the condition of "the hungry people" which the poet sought.

To Tennyson the final test of the worth of science as a factor in daily life was its effect upon the progress of mankind in its onward course to a modern utopia. And as the poet looked about him and saw that the inventions of science, despite their much-lauded value, had failed to
eradicate the many inequalities to which man has ever been prey, and that the ideal state was no nearer at hand, a spirit of rebellion arose within him. He began to lose faith in science as an altogether beneficial factor in the life of the world. This growing alienation from the dominant spirit of the nineteenth century took form in many stormy utterances. In "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," he has this significant statement: "When was age so crowned with menace? madness? spoken lies?" and again: "Is it well that while we range with science, glorying in the time, city children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?"

The shortcomings of science, together with the limited range of our sense and perceptions in matters of theology, brooded on the poet, and as a result much of his later poetry is marked with a strain of much pessimism and misery. Again his being underwent the struggle between faith and uncertainty, and again the former came out the victor. Faith, transcending the bounds of reason, was the stronger force.

In the immortality of the soul, Tennyson was an ardent believer. In personal conversations with his many friends, he voiced a firm belief in the future life. In "In Memoriam," that masterpiece of poetical expression, he has this assuring stanza—the reference being to the death of his friend, Hallam, in Vienna:

"My blood an even tenor kept,
Till on mine ear this message falls,
That in Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept."

In his tribute to the Duke of Wellington, there is a similar sentiment, differently expressed, and even surer faith in the future existence—

"Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And victor he must ever be."

And in "Crossing the Bar," we hear the voice of an old man who has spent his force on earth, and is about
to be taken off to the unknown borders of the beyond; and the voice is beautiful and inspiring in its calm hope and imperturbability—"I hope to see my Pilot face to face, when I have crossed the bar."

Such was the life of a man who had his many natural misgivings and moments of petulance, but whose doubt was honest, without the slightest tinge of radicalism. He desired the light as we all do, but when this was denied him, and his own human efforts were inadequate to cope with the situation, there was no thought of revolt or renunciation. The helplessness we experience in seeking to decipher the code which motivates the actions of a Higher Being than ourselves is nothing more than a pre­sage of our own comparative inferiority. "We are infants crying for the light and with no language but a cry." The deeper we penetrate Tennyson, the proner we are to believe with him that "there lives more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds."

Verily, he was a man, "strong in will," whose purpose throughout life was "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." His last words were, as he lay on his deathbed, his hand upon a volume of Shakespeare and the friendly arms of his Creator stretched warmly forth to once more unite him with the friend of his youth: "I want the blinds up; I want to see the sky and the light."
The day is spent; the sullied sun trembles
On its Western poise, while in the East
The fumes of dusk are swelling like a shroud
Of blackness o'er the prosaic, pulseless world.
Hark! from yonder mountain's azure crest
A nightingale is singing; 'tis the knell
Of the resetting sun.

Forsooth 'tis said;
For with its waning light a throng of blissful
Hopes shall pass away forever; a board
Of grand endeavor shall fade into the gloomy
Sea of night unfollowed, unattained;
A multitude of human forms, with sad
And sickening wails, shall quit the role of life
And seek a perfect haven of rest within
The panacea of the grave—and swooping
Down the trackless trend of Time, with ruffled
Pinions swaying, immortal life shall pause
One vestige nearer its destiny.

But, lo!
A host of flitting rays, in silvery attire,
Bedeck the spacious canopy of heaven
With fertile blazonry; their light is on
Each orb, their pigments on each cloud; they leap
Athwart the vast expanse of vacantness,
As specters dim, and wither 'neath the shade
Of falling shadows. Forthwith the glowing West
Presents a spectacle too beautious for
The human eye to fathom—the sun is dimmed
As is the mourner's eye, the clouds are tinged
With scarlet, and the sky is bathed in divers
Colors; while the landscape wears a veil
Of cerulean dye—the vista is
Too gorgeous for the artist’s brush to picture,  
Too marvelous for the poet’s pen to fashion;  
’Tis a scene that only God in all  
His quickening power can so lavishly portray  
In such intense profusion.

Even now  
The pallid stars, from out the trackless void,  
Their twinkling lights astir like beacon-lights  
Afar, are calmly musing o’er the day  
That fades from time into eternity. Above  
The wood and plain, where erst the sun held sway,  
They proudly dominate, and scoff in vile  
Derision at the setting sun; they hail  
The prince of night, who from his obscure poise  
Woefully shakes dark, transient shadows from  
His ebon wings; and then they twinkle, sparkle,  
Glimmer their effervescing light.

The sun  
Has run his course. He slowly sinks behind  
The Western hills to find a resting place.  
But, hist! Upon yon cloud a splintered ray  
Still lingers, like the melancholy tinge  
Of happy dreams remembered, looking back  
Upon the course now finished. With manly vim  
It stoops to place a dewy kiss upon  
The fragrant flower—’tis bliss!—and with a flaming  
Babble fades forever. And so the day  
Does vanish into nothingness.

Anon!  
The shadows fall, and Nature seems to be  
Enwrapped in darkness. The sun has lost his power,  
The moon is dim, the day remains but as  
A yesterday; but ere it passed from view  
To memory, it saw the martial world  
Reposing in the tranquil realm of dreams.
EDITORIAL.

June is almost here, and with it will come commencement and departure. For a few of us it means a long separation, but for many more it marks the end of a pilgrimage amidst strange and unfavorable surroundings.

These adverse conditions are not gone without their good effects along with the bad, for they have served to draw us together more than ever before, to make us considerate of our neighbors, and to teach us the lesson of self-sacrifice. And we do not regret this year of wandering, but instead we glory in its hardships, taking it as an opportunity to aid our heroic brothers.

But now, when the fall of 1919 comes, the doors of Westhampton will be thrown open to the eager crowd of girls, welcoming them back to the hills, the water and the pines. What pure joy it will be! And we shall begin where we left off back in 1918 to rebuild every custom that has been laid aside, and to pull every weed that has sprung up among the flowers of our college life.

How wonderful it will be to have again a real athletic field and tennis court! to have that vast expanse of verdant hills on which to rest our often weary eyes! to have a rippling, sparkling lake in which to splash our oars! to have the glory of the sunset on the James and the moonlight through the pines! and, best of all, to have our great Westhampton spirit clothed by them all!

"There is a spot which the fairies love
Because of its stars and pine,
Because of its lakes and shadowed hills—
Its loveliness divine."

Such is our own Westhampton.  J. B., '19.
THE GARDEN NEXT-DOOR.

Over the wall
In the garden next-door
  Are flowers and vines
Of Nature’s hued store.

    Between sandy paths
A marble boy stands,
    While a spray plays up
From a bowl in his hands.

Almost hid
By a host of bright flowers,
    A moss-covered sundial
Counts sunny hours.

Quaint rustic seats
'Neath shaggy oak trees—
    Over fresh green grass,
Books, strewn by the breeze.

    When the sun shines,
Over the wall I stare,
    While birds chirp and bees hum,
And perfume fills ths air.

    When the moon shines,
Over the wall I peek
    To watch fleet-footed fairies
HAIRPINS.

After all is said and done, what are more necessary to "my lady's" toilette than hairpins? And yet, in arguments and discussions, dorines, rouge and eye-browning sit upon the throne of honor which should be occupied by the hairpin.

It is difficult to realize the true worth of a mere hairpin, but no piece of wire has ever been shaped into a more insignificant but absolutely essential article. When one pauses to think of the wonderful work accomplished by hairpins, perhaps one can begin to consider their true value. Think of such an article possessing the ability to superintend the hair-dressing of millions of women in the latest styles of coiffure the world over. And then think of these same women being informed one day that there would no longer exist such an article as a hairpin! A bill had been passed by Congress thus: "From this day on, no woman shall be permitted to dress her hair; a person possessing the right to vote shall pay more attention to her mind than to her flowing locks. Henceforth, hairpins shall never be produced." It is certain that a more imaginative bill has never been forced upon Congress, but on the day that such a bill is passed, sad will be the plight of the dames whose crowning glory is their wonderful suit of hair.

One can truthfully say that in a hairpin is found one thing that has never, since its introduction to the human race, gone out of fashion. Modes of dressing one's hair may change daily, but the hairpin still performs the same duty to his mistress. Think of the many kinds of hairpins. There is the gray bone hairpin, dear to those whose silky hair, once so golden or so raven, now has become a crown of silver. There is the bronze for those who insist on calling their red hair auburn. There are small hairpins, and large hairpins, hump hairpins and straight hairpins, and even the invisible has its place of recognition in the household of hairpins, its importance often shown on hearing "Oh, my kingdom for an invisible!"

It was by accident that I formed my opinion of hairpins. I was visiting in the country one summer, and one
day after shampooing my hair I walked calmly to recover my wealth of hairpins from their position on the back-porch step, when to my dismay no such article could be found within a mile of their resting place. My plight was terrible. I could not wear my aunt’s gray hairpins to a dance that night, although I felt even capable of that after my diligent search. I could accuse no one, but I often wondered if those greedy white leghorns in the back-yard ate my possessions. Anyway, I have never cared for leghorns since that summer, and through this incident, hairpins became a greater necessity to my daily life.

I have often wondered why hair-nets are placed in towering pigeon-holes at the notion counter in the stores, while the neat little packages of hairpins are given a space about eight inches square which they may call their own. Oh, I’m not knocking the hair-net. I am one of the “medium brown, automobile net’s” greatest admirers; but a net would be of little use to a person had she not a few invisibles with which to adjust it. And why are hairpins sold at the notion counter? Is it a mere notion that one wishes to purchase a package of hairpins for such a wonderful purpose? The purchase is never a notion; it is often vital, so why humiliate the hairpin by classing it as a notion. It is true that nothing is dearer to the heart of a girl of fifteen, who has persuaded her mother to allow her to put up her hair, than a box of hairpins; but she soon forgets that she ever wore her hair swinging down her back. Hairpins seem to her a matter of course, and she forgets what an epoch in her life was marked by her first box of hairpins.

I think the hairpin is at its best at the beach. It is certain that its position is the highest, for inclosed in the showcase at the pavilion, in the midst of beautiful shells and other trophies, the hairpin plays his important role. And then, after becoming the possession of some beach lover, he defies the winds to disengage his lady’s strands from the strong claws of their captor.

One should not believe that a hairpin is devoid of a sense of justice. I wonder if others have as much dif-
difficulty in dressing their hair as I do sometimes. Upon such occasions, one declares that her fingers are all thumbs, but that is not the trouble. Even a hairpin cannot stand everything, and when his mistress, upon retiring, arranges her pins, earrings, and watch-bracelet in their proper place in the little velvet jewelry box, and jerks out her hairpins and throws them to the four corners of the dresser, she need not think that the hairpin is going to return good for evil. Jealousy can be aroused in the heart of a curved wire, and her cruel treatment is repaid by the hairpins refusing to arrange her hair to her satisfaction the next morning. Thus, when the hairpin becomes the proud possessor of a home of his own on his lady’s dresser, much greater marvels will be accomplished in hair-dressing. When one’s shoe-buttoner disappears, a hairpin is elevated to the use of a worthy substitute, but not to its position on the dresser. What wonderful article could be sold as cheaply as a hairpin? A little, round package of invisibles at five cents may mean life or death to a girl. Such an explanation as “I can’t go to the dance because I haven’t an evening dress” sounds plausible; but how foolish would be an exclamation: “I can’t go to the dance because I haven’t any hairpins!” Now, stop and think. It would be possible for the girl without an evening dress to wear something else, had she plenty of hairpins, but what would the girl do who had fifty evening dresses and not a single hairpin?

The professional burglar gives the hairpin no such insignificant place. It plays the most important role in his life, for when everything else fails, the hairpins will change a Wall Street millionaire into a pauper and will enrich the man who realized the value of a hairpin many millions.

So in this world of great discoveries and inventions, although the rising generations would not stoop to praise such an article as a hairpin when such things as poisonous gases and passenger airships hold sway, let us not forget what the hairpin has contributed, and let us help him to rise to his worthy plane of honor in the world. So the smallest things in life, after all, may sometimes be the greatest.

F. B., ’22.
A PICTURE.

The small log cabin stands all alone,
Whitewashed neat and clean;
Its little low porch is covered with vines,
Vines of a living green.

A very stiff row of red hollyhocks
The clean-swept walk betrims;
One gnarled old tree in the grassy yard
Droops its crooked limbs.

Peeping around the house is a plot
Where old-fashioned flowers grow,
Fragrant white pinks, sweet-williams and phlox
In utter profusion their faces will show.

Ducks constantly waddle around
And talk in their lazy way;
Here and there sleepy hens scratch about
All in passing a warm, sultry day.

In front of the yard a turbulent stream
Noisily rushes by
With sparkling water—clear and cool.
You long barefoot to try.

Behind the cabin abruptly starts
A towering mountain peak;
Its somber green summit seems to me
A watch o’er the house to keep. L. S. ’22.
HOMESICKNESS.

Homesickness is a very peculiar disease, especially prevalent in camps and boarding-schools. The disease is caused by the germ, absence-from-home. We have been able to find out this much, but the eminent physicians, specialists and learned men have not yet been able to discover whether it is contagious or not, what kind of germ it is, where found, or anything about it. It has been noticed that the disease usually comes in epidemics, just as the "flu," mumps, measles and chicken-pox.

The first symptom of this malady is a sort of dissatisfied feeling. Then the patient wishes she were anywhere else in the world except the place in which she is. Some patients have crying spells; in fact, most of them do. Personally, I have never gotten to the point of tears. This disease does not put the sufferer in bed, but she will go around looking as if she were positively ill.

A victim of the disease generally goes to her meals, but I have heard of unusual cases in which the patients absolutely refused to leave their rooms. This is very inconvenient. Suppose two hundred girls all had to have their meals in their rooms. I should certainly pity the servants. As I was saying, the sufferer usually goes to her meals, but she has no relish for anything—not even for a juicy steak fried with onions, and strawberry ice cream in the greatest abundance. Everything tastes just alike, and the patient is never able to choke down over three or four mouthfuls at a meal. Another symptom is a very dejected appearance. The victim looks as though she cares not whether she lives or dies. Sufferers subject to crying spells usually go around with such watery-looking eyes that I always fear that, at the slightest provocation, the place will be flooded.

The disease has never been known to prove fatal, but it has been found very difficult to treat. After numerous investigations, only one sure and immediate cure has been found. This is to remove the patient to her home as soon as the disease becomes severe. This cure has never been known to fail, but it is often very troublesome. For instance, a fond parent living in California once sent his
adored daughter to a famous Virginia college. As soon as she arrived at the college, she fell victim to this disagreeable and undesirable disease. The college physician was called in and the college nurse stayed with her constantly, but the stubborn malady did not loosen its hold. The nurse and physician worked in vain. The only cure was to send the patient back to California, although this proved annoying and expensive to all persons concerned.

One thing is known which often helps this disease greatly, although I have known it to prove just the opposite. This is getting mail. If you are the least bit inclined to be homesick and do not get a letter from home when you think you should, this will almost invariably bring on an attack of homesickness. On the other hand, if you are already homesick, and get a letter from home, you get better at once. Again, sometimes you are perfectly well, and receive a letter from some one at home telling of the good times every one is having there. This is almost sure to bring on a spell of homesickness. On a whole, although some people argue that getting mail is a good medicine for the disease, I think it helps sometimes, and sometimes does not. So even this remedy does not get us very far on the road to banishing homesickness.

I have noticed that there are usually three epidemics of this dreaded disease in boarding-schools during a session. The first one comes in September, just after the schools open. Then the second epidemic, and usually the worst one, follows the Christmas holidays. The third one is after the spring vacation, when everything seems to tempt you to stay out of doors all the time.

The first epidemic in the fall nearly always goes hardest with the freshmen—poor things. They are young, weak, inexperienced and less able to withstand the germ than the others. Any one can recognize the freshmen during this epidemic by their appearance, which is often the opposite of freshness. Perhaps, after all, in the case of freshmen, the disease has a real purpose in combating freshness. All go around with faces as long as a rainy Sunday, and equally as wet. The majority look sad and downcast, just as if they were chief mourners at a
funeral. Happily for all, this epidemic only lasts for a week or two, and then everything becomes normal again until after Christmas. Then the real epidemic comes. The disease not only attacks freshmen, but upper-classmen as well. On every side you hear "Oh, just think of the good things to eat and the marvelous times I had at home Christmas, and now I've come to this again." It seems as though no one is in a good humor. Indeed, at times the infirmary overflows, and the beloved nurse has to have an assistant. Finally the disease spends itself, and the majority recover. I have noticed, though, that there is more sickness after this epidemic than before. I suppose it is because every one has been weakened by this dreadful illness. In the spring the attacks are in a milder form, and the victims recover in a very short time. Still there seems to be a current of unrest throughout the whole school. Every one seems to be slightly affected by the germ, and there is a universal desire to stop studying and go home.

Every one knows that so much more work could be done in a boarding-school if these three epidemics did not occur regularly each year. People would patronize the schools to a greater extent if they knew that the students were not going to be exposed to this disease. Therefore, if some young, fame-seeking doctor wishes to secure the everlasting praise and gratitude of all boarding-schools and colleges, let him discover a serum for homesickness.

E. McA., '22.
SEEN IN THE COURT-ROOM.

The court-room was crowded, and each person there
Awaited the occupant of the justice’s chair;
But the wait was soon ended, for I saw at the door
Judge Crutchfield a-chewing as never before;
And through crowds of people he walked calmly in,
Amid all the uproar, talking and din,
Sat at his desk and, in humorous manner,
Knocked “silence” upon it with a huge iron hammer.

Then the bailiff appeared, whose business it was
To repeat loudly each name given him by the judge.
“‘Jim Johnson! Jim Johnson!” the bailiff would shout,
And up to the desk an old negro would slouch,
Behind him a sergeant who was there to declare
He had seen the man drunk and had heard him swear.
“Was he drunk?” yelled the judge to the sergeant below.
“He was,” said the sergeant, “as far as I know.”
But the judge, undecided, said right off the bat:
“Well, I wish you would tell me, sir, how far is that?”

And then came a darkey who claimed that his dog
Had been beaten by a “nigger” with a dirty old log.
They argued and quarreled, but it all came to naught
When Judge Crutchfield told them just what he thought:
All dogs are a nuisance, worry and pest,
So why not kill this one along with the rest?

There were cases of every description that day.
Some had small fines, some large ones to pay;
And some poor old negroes without a red cent,
Retracing their footsteps, back to jail went.
But justice was dealt to them, nevertheless,
By Judge John J. Crutchfield behind the big desk.

F. B., ’22.
THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

A lovely princess had to feed and cherish a horrible, loathsome toad. It had rescued her golden ball from the murky, abysmal depths of a woodland well. For this mighty favor she had solemnly promised to care for it. How she detested it—this creepy, hopping toad—on her bed. At last, thoroughly disgusted with the troublesome creature, the princess hurled it on the beautiful mosaic floor. From the very spot where this poor toad fell, there sprang a handsome Prince Charming, who was saying to the bewildered princess: “Camouflage, camouflage, my dear young lady.” What an addition Cinderella’s fairy godmother, Sleeping Beauty’s many fairies, and the various magicians, witches and elves of joyous fairyland would have been to our country in the great war!

Camouflage, camouflage, all is camouflage in this marvelous age a complete metamorphosis is made with only a few touches here and there. A dust of powder on the sniffing rose; a tinge of pink rouge on the kissable cheek; a tweeze and darkening of the frowning eyebrow; a skillful ruby strike on the smiling lips; a tiny beauty-spot near the left eye, guaranteed to stick; a drop of ordoriferous perfume on the stylish dress constitute a modern society idol or the naval type of girl seen on Broad Street any Saturday afternoon. Everybody uses these sham cosmetics, perhaps, for different purposes. A smert on the nose, a streak on the neck are effectively concealed by a dash of this magic powder-puff. I have always wished to be a blonde or, at least, to possess a fair complexion. Powder, even Woolsworth’s, makes me sometimes think I am becoming whiter.

It is curious what suggestive powers commonplace, every-day things have. Fatima cigarettes, with their gorgeously vivid illustrations, make me think of filmy veils and soft eyes, darkly alluring with their langorous glances. What a blessing to an ugly woman is a Turkish veil! All her defects are effectively concealed, and the magic veil suggests visions of ravishing beauty. That is what I call perfected camouflage.
Hair is woman’s crowning glory, and it lends itself most readily to all the arts and devices of feminine ingenuity. The towering head dresses of Madame Pompadour, the snuffs and coils of Aunt Amelia, the bepowdered waves of my lady of colonial fame, the pert ensnaring wavelets of Miss Twentieth Century—all are pretty and an effective means of camouflage. A rat or two, not the kind that bites or the “sophs” maltreat, would make all the difference in the world in this coiffure of a society bells.

The stronger sex are not exempt from this deceptive device. Whenever I visited Uncle Henry, his shiny bald head was a continual temptation to the flies; but when Uncle Henry came to see us, lovely, wavy hair seemed to have grown on the self-same head. I asked mother what fairy visited uncle. I found out later that it was only the mischievous elf—camouflage. When men have no beards “in the place where the beards ought to grow,” what is it but camouflage?

“Clothes make people” is a veracious proverb, though it is German. In masquerade parties, it is the clothes that determine the character, whether it is the vivacious, “pantaletsy,” Southern maiden, the staid and courtly Elizabethian dame, the gaudily dressed gypsy maid, the “mocasined, pre-Columbus” inhabitant of our land, Miss Nineteen-Eighteen in her short, baloon-like dress, Miss Nineteen-Nineteen in her narrow hobble skirt, or Miss Liberty in a snowy-white robe of purity, with the golden star of peace shining from her exalted brow. What marvels Madame Camouflage can perform!

What contrary creatures human beings are! The tiny person tries to tower to the starry heights of heaven with “Frenchified” heels, as high as she can safely wear, and a “stick-up” feather. The “superfleshy” dame attempts to lose some of her ubiquitous fat through strenuous antics and to attain the height and slenderness of a young tree. Meanwhile, she clothes herself in a highly fitting, steel armor and wears as little subclothing as possible. The desire of the tall personage is coincidental with that of Alice of Wonderland when she could only glance into
the garden of desire. With heelless shoes and a "tam-o'shanter-like" hat, she tries to diminish her height. Oh, camouflage, camouflage, twin of Cupid, you may be rightly named. The bread and water of livelihood do not satisfy. Enjoyment is needed. Clothes may be called the livelihood and the much-desired ornaments, the enjoyment. The society belle has her gorgeous, gleaming gems; but the poor shop-girl, bedecked in the pastecamouflaged ornaments at the exhaustive price of ten cents each, is happy.

To a boy, a watch signifies the approach to manhood. It will even give the boy more pleasure than the much-admired "Alger" books. The other day my five-year-old brother passed me, flaunting a pretty leather watch-fob, the kind found in candy prize-packages. "What's the time, big brother?" I inquired. Proudly pulling out his fob, he glanced at his watchless hand and politely replied: "Sisty, 'leven minutes past five; mos' supper-time."

The types of camouflage are as numerous as the types of people. There is the hypocritical, treacherous, two-faced type, which screens the real emotions. The egoistic deceiver who agrees with every word and action, the ventriloquistic magician who completely bewilders the innocent observer, the non-altruistic, selfish betrayer, who misleads his unsuspecting victim with tempting flattery; the traitor of the Benedict Arnold class; the friend of the Brutus type—all are the vilest and subtlest kinds of this art. The polite white-lie deceits belong to a distinctive class. Here belong the courteous compliments of a guest to her hostess, the delicate flattery of a lover to his charming mistress, and the fashionable "you-look-splendid" compliments of acquaintances. Among school children and students, bluffing is the commonest type of camouflage. Many and varied are the methods by which wondrously learned "Ph. D." professors are bluffed. By answering in a circumlocutary manner; by cleverly asking a question, whose immense possibilities lead to a lengthy discussion; by the most worthy art of making excusable excuses; by looking wise, a very simple art for the "wise soph fools," the wise instructress is deceived.
There is the unselfish, altruistic camouflage, the "Molly-make-believe" kind. A dear friend tried to camouflage the extent of her illness from her beloved mother. One day I found her in a crimson robe, whose gorgeous coloring was faintly reflected in her pale white cheeks. Again, with friendly water, she endeavored to conceal a sleepless night. This is what I call pardonable and even praiseworthy camouflage.

This significant word, in modern times defined as "the courage of a generalissimo or a crown prince," has been in use under a variety of names since the day of creation. The number of classes, too, is multitudinous. There is the Biblical camouflage—the creation of man in the form of God, the lovely waxen flowers of Queen Sheba, whose deception only the bees could guess, and the defeat of the enemy by Gideon's scanty army; historical—the downfall of Troy by the mighty wooden horse of the ingenious Greeks; literary—the prophesied arrival of Birman Wood to Dunsinane; modern—the rescue of the golden prize, piece and victory, from the evil grasp of the fiendish greed of the kaiser; artistic—the pictured, cartooned, caricatured reproductions of life by clever geniuses; natural—protective coloring, which mother nature provides for her insect, fish and animal children.

Camouflage has always existed, and always will as long as mortals have Utopian ideals and try to attain them. Unconsciously the idealist poses for his ideal; and this is camouflage in its celestial, inspiring mood.

Rocks may crumble
And stars may fall,
But Camouflage
Survives them all.
MY CLOUD.

In the pearl-gray dawn a feathery cloud
Blushed in the sun's bright glare,
It blossomed out like a full-grown rose
In grandmother's soft gray hair.

In a clear blue sky was the filmy cloud
Drifting airily, white and cool.
I wanted the sky for a party dress
And the cloud for a veil of tulle.

When the sky was a painter's palette
All splashed with colors bold,
It hung like a glowing ruby
Afloat in the molten gold.

When the moon was a big gold football
Kicked high in the shimmering night,
In a trailing mist of star-dust
My cloud slipped out of sight.

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