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# THE MESSENGER

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## EDITORIAL

A year ago the first of June, in the midst of the conflict which threatened to tear asunder the entire fabric of civilization and once more plunge humanity into the blackness of the despair of the "Dark Ages," we left the beautiful sylvan home which had been ours, not knowing when we would come back or whether it would be decreed that we should ever do so.

*Welcome Home!  
Both Old and New*

Ages," we left the beautiful sylvan home which had been ours, not knowing when we would come back or

But, God, in His merciful provision, has ended all that terrible woe, and now in the midst of smiling peace we have returned to our own Westhampton, where, amid the old scenes and the newer traditions, we pursue once more—knowledge. In these classrooms, dormitories, and even in the sacred library, brave men have paid their lives for the cause of righteousness. Ours is a consecrated college now; hallowed by the spirit of the men and women who have left its gates and by those who came here to win back life and health.

To those members of the faculty and students of both colleges who have known the privilege of life on this campus and in these halls we extend a heartfelt welcome of understanding upon their happy return.

Many and varied have been your tasks in the furtherance of Democracy's aims since that memorable day of departure, and joy reigns supreme when we look ahead and see the glorious possibilities; the potentialities of that future which holds forth to those who, having been tried and found true, are come back to the old familiar spot to catch the ever needful vision of the conditions of today.

However, it is to the new faces that may be seen on all sides among the more familiar countenances, to whom we wish to extend our welcome especially. Others are at home now; these must be made to feel that way. The college is yours to obtain just as much from it as you are yourself capable of attaining.

The past and all that it holds dear is yours now just as it belongs to all who have come together since Rich-

mond College was founded. The present is yours and the future. Opportunity awaits among the whispering pines and we bid you seize it.

Just now in the beginning of this year it will be well to remember that a large majority of our student body is composed of men who must be acclimated to these new surroundings. We should not be far from right to say that we have two classes of Freshmen, or rather men who are to be shown and led into the old Richmond College spirit of pre-war days. Our Sophomores are spending their first year on this campus; our Juniors have had only one year out here, while our Freshmen are entirely new. This condition creates a new duty which rests especially upon our Juniors and Seniors, and thrusts that great responsibility upon them of blazing the Spiders' pathway back into the field of our old traditions. It is a happy circumstance to find that our older men are taking hold of these problems, at least in some instances. Our athletic rallies are helping along this line, but while we are fostering this good spirit we are likely to make ourselves narrow and partial failures by not going further. What are we going to do about our literary societies? These organizations should be regarded as a priceless heritage from our predecessors and forefathers. They have a history which is sacred to the memory of many Alumni who have been blessed and benefited by participation in literary society work. If these organizations are worthy of life and existence in this college it is time for us to get busy about seeing to it that they are supported and maintained. The upper classmen must rally around the standard of these time-honored societies making it clear to the new men that they need literary society work, and that the literary society needs them. The day has come when all classes of men who have ideas must be able to express them. It was Demosthenes who overcame his many weaknesses as a speaker by mere practice and work. It was Pitt who found himself with an idea one day which he wanted to give to his

*The Upper Class-  
man's Duty*

people, but could not speak in public. He worked on himself until he became a world famous speaker. The literary society is the place where you can prepare yourself for leadership, and where you can better prepare yourself to take that place which rightfully belongs to you in God's field.

All Richmond College men should be conscious of the compliment paid to them in the establishment and maintenance of the Honor System in College. This system starts with the assumption that *The Honor System* every member of the student body is a gentleman and that he will conduct himself as a gentleman should under any and all circumstances. In the class-room, on the campus, at athletic events, on the occasion of social affairs, in dealing with fellow-students, with professors, in relation to Westhampton students or to any other member of the College community and in dealing with the general public, the true Spider will be every inch a gentleman, whose ideals and actions are above reproach. Such, the Honor System holds of the men who are to be controlled by its principles. Men! this is indeed a compliment to our integrity, our manhood, our sense of fairmindedness. Let us live up to every expectation and prove through our conduct to be the gentlemen that we are assumed to be, for our own sakes and for the proud name of our fair College!

This issue of the Messenger would not be complete if it went to press without rendering due praise to the fine college spirit which is adorning our new beginning. A team representing our college in any phase of athletics can be made one hundred per cent more efficient by the unlimited support of the college community. The men who play on the team are inspired by the feeling that their job is not a selfish one, but that they are representing all the college, and that the student body to a man is depending on them. This is the uniting spirit

*Genuine Spider Spirit*

of comradeship which has written in bold letters on its face "fight and success." The men who are now taking their places in our college are beginning their college life in a way which deserves commendation, and they are truly commended in the simple statement that they have already manifested a standard of college pep and enthusiasm which has not been shown on these grounds for the last four years. Men! this is the kind of a spirit which will hallow your college days, and when the mystic haze of many years have rolled by your memories shall be made a thousand per cent sweeter because of that fuller and larger life which you are beginning now to live. Let's make old Red and Blue the proud colors of every Spider, be loyal, be a supporter, and a rooter.

Pause not! Read on! Consider well the import of this note, for it endeavors to bring to you matters vital to the future success of the Messenger, as well as all other college publications. Therefore a concise statement as to the "how" of

*A Voice From Behind the Scenes* running the Messenger. In round figures the Messenger will cost, this year, eleven hundred dollars, other estimates being in excess of this. There are two sources from which this amount is derived. A part is secured from advertisements which is supplemented by subscriptions. We say supplemented by subscriptions because the advertisements are secured in late summer, before the opening of college, and because the subscriptions total only one-third of the required sum. Subscriptions play a large and necessary part, but ads make the Messenger possible. Then because high-class establishments have advertised with us, a pleasurable duty befalls us and the success of our college publications depends largely on our fulfillment of that duty. Therefore, when you need flowers, glasses, laundry, suits cleaned, pressed, or dyed, shoes mended, sport goods, pictures framed, money banked, ice cream for festivals, cakes, etc., it will be just as easy to purchase from our advertisers, several of whom are represented in the student bodies, as it will be to buy elsewhere.

We, the business staff, do therefore most earnestly solicit your interest in the men who have supported us so royally. May this be adhered to by officials and faculty, as well as by students, in so far as possible and convenient.

ODE TO KNOWLEDGE.

O. KYLE BURNETTE, '22.

O Knowledge, such a god thou art!  
Praised and loved by every heart,  
But thou art sought by every nation  
Whate'er may be its name or thine;  
And Knowledge can it be for mine  
To gain thy earthly heaven not?  
And live in Ignorance my lot?  
Ah Knowledge! I believe thee just,  
And while we serve thee now, I trust  
That thou wilt also serve us too;  
And since we labor as we do,  
Patiently study, trust and wait,  
That thou wilt open wide thy gate,  
And to thy Paradise admittance  
Give us, that we may bask awhile  
In thy omniscience.

## THE QUEST OF A DREAM.

R. E. GARST, '22.

Reddy and Laddie were seekers after Fortune. Many times in their years of desert wandering had they vainly grasped at her purple robe, but she had heartlessly passed them by. Yet they were not disheartened. Always before them flitted the elusive phantom of that golden day when they should strike it rich. Reddy it was who had seen the vision and dreamed the dream. Laddie was but a blind and faithful follower. To him gold mattered nothing. And Reddy found in Laddie an ideal comrade who never doubted or turned back. He never whined at a day's march, but dauntlessly brought up the rear and kept the pack burros at their business. Yonder skeptic begins to shake his head. He wants to say that no human being could be such a comrade. He may be right, but I did not say Laddie was human. For he was only a dog.

"Only a dog," we say, but how many a lonely man like Reddy have found sweet the companionship of "only a dog." But such a dog was Laddie that any man would have been proud to be his master. A great grey-hound he was; slender of hip, deep and broad of chest, small eared and sharp muzzled. His bluish color blended with the purple of the upland sage. His trusting, human eyes looked confidently out upon a world which had not always treated him kindly, but which had now given him the master he loved.

Reddy was a big burly Scotchman. He belonged to the old order of plainmen that is fast dying out. His clear, piercing, strong-visioned eye could penetrate the haze of the desert and judge accurately the great distances which to the uninitiated appear but slight. Tireless as an Indian, he would pick his way by landmarks when he could and by instinct when he could not through the mazes of the sandy labyrinth. His face was tanned and smooth, but in repose it seemed chiseled from cold, hard granite. His years of association with raw nature had left upon him the stamp of its possession. His nature was like his beloved desert: big, elemental, strong.

And Reddy had had a dream. It first came to him seven years before when Laddie was a puppy. He had been in California then, in the gold fields; but fortune had not been for him. And one night he had dreamed that he was alone upon the desert with his dog and burros. Before him was what seemed to be the end of a mountain spur that had run off into the desert, and for lack of strength to go on had sunk there in the yellow sand. It was a wooded, rocky spur and a green oasis in the burning expanse of yellow. And from the hill rose up a dead tree and on its barren limb sat a vulture. And he dreamed that here he found gold in great quantities and he was rich.

He woke from the vivid startling reality of this vision with the unshakable conviction that he had looked into the future. And from that day on he had been a nomad, a wanderer, a follower of a dream. He had never found the reality, but when his credulity and faith were strained to the point of breaking, again he had dreamed and again his belief had sprung up afresh.

Thus by the devious back-alleys of verbosity we have arrived at the point where we can, at first hand, follow the fortunes of Reddy and his dog Laddie.

A red camp-fire glowed through the soft desert night. The fragrant odor of burning mesquite hung heavy on the still air. Squatted about the blaze were Reddy and Laddie. The miner fried bacon over the coals and Laddie looked on with absorbing interest and quivering nose. He licked his jaws suggestively and gulped as though he could already taste the delicious morsel passing down his throat. Off in the dusk the two burros munched their repast of mesquite tops. Above scintillated the luminous, white Western stars. They shone distantly upon the lonely campfire and deigned not to stoop companionably to share their brightness with mere man. Desert stars seem never to be friendly, but hold aloof in their glorious whiteness from tainted mortals. A coyote mourned in weird and sorrowful notes beyond the rise, and Laddie rose to sniff the air with a low rumble in his throat. More than once his fleet legs had given chase to those scaven-

gers of the plains, but a word from his master brought him back to the fire.

“Na this nicht, Laddie. We maun rest.”

The scant meal over, Reddy piled more brush on the fire and unrolled his blankets. He drew off his heavy boots and lay down with his feet to the blaze. Laddie snuggled close to share the warmth of the blankets, and soon the resonant snore of the man bespoke the rest of utter weariness.

The chill gray dawn saw the camp broken, the burros packed and all in readiness for another day's toil through the burning sand. With a word to Laddie Reddy took up the trail, and the dog expertly steered the pack animals in behind his master, and by himself brought up the rear. The red sun rose above the rim of the desert and thrust golden lances out across its broad expanse. As it rose higher the coolness and freshness of the early morning fled and heat waves began to waver up from the ground and dance away to the far horizons.

About eleven o'clock they came upon a water hole from which two trails led forth in different directions. Reddy stopped to water his animals and rest them for a brief interval. When he rose to push onward he chose the trail leading out to the right and started. A low whine from Laddie made him look back, and there was the dog sitting on his haunches gazing wistfully down the other trail to where, in the far distance, the blue outline of mountains was distinguishable. Who can say what it was that called so insistently to the intelligent animal from those mountains? As one way was as good as another to Reddy he turned back into the other trail.

“Awell, Laddie, we winna go parted,” was his only comment. And thus Fate on Fortune, through the greyhound Laddie, led the miner on to the fulfillment of his dream.

For a week the little cavalcade crept on across that inferno of heat. Feet became blistered and tongues parched and swollen. Even the buoyant spirits of Laddie flagged, and he moved dispiritedly along behind with lolling tongue and hanging head.

Then suddenly one day Reddy stopped as though shot and a cry broke from his dry lips. He was gazing to the East and into the sky. There shimmering and iridescent above the heat waves swam a mirage of a green oasis and a rocky spur of hill. And from the mound rose up a dead tree.

"A mirage, Laddie," said Reddy in a trembling voice, "but 'tis the place o' my dreams. After these many years we've seen it Laddie." The dog sat on his haunches and gazed into the sky trying to understand what he could not. He whined uneasily at the signs of his master's excitement and expressed his worry in a short bark.

Then with reckless courage they turned from the faint trail and the knowledge of water holes out across the sand toward the point where the mirage hung. Three days more they traveled, and on the morning of the fourth the object of their search rose before their burning eyes. Exact in every detail as Reddy had dreamed it except that no vulture sat on the limb of the dead tree.

Reddy wasted no time on details, but set to work to build a camp. He was all eagerness to begin his prospecting for gold and test the verity of his dream. He had come far and suffered much and he wanted to be sure he had not done so in vain. By two o'clock he was ready to set out and with Laddie he went to look the ground over and estimate its possibilities. The dog ran before challenging every vagrant smell that came to his nose and exploring among the rocks and bushes.

Several weeks went by swiftly, and Reddy explored the hill every day. And one day he found what he was after. He began to dig, and the farther down he went the more gold he unearthed. The rotten, honey-combed rock was filled with the precious stuff, and Reddy saw that day more gold than his wildest dreams had ever pictured. He decided that several charges of dynamite would yield him more gold than he could pack away on his two burros. Laddie had disappeared on a private hunting expedition, and Reddy walked back to camp alone to get the explosives. When he came back he placed three charges in advantageous positions and lit the fuses.

With a warning whistle to Laddie, should he happen to be near, he retired to a safe position.

Just before the charges should explode Laddie appeared around a huge boulder with a jack-rabbit in his mouth. He was just above the spot where one charge was planted and as he sprang gracefully to the ground to go to Reddy with his offering, the whole area of ground rose with one convulsion. Reddy heard an agonized howl above the hollow boom of the explosion and forgetful of the other charges and everything but his dog, he ran toward the spot where he lay. When he was but twenty feet away the ground heaved again under the force of two explosions. Reddy felt an awful weight settle on his leg and hips and a groan broke from his lips with the awful pain. He heard again the low moans of Laddie. Frenziedly he tore at the weight which crushed him down. He succeeded in thrusting it aside, but at the first move to rise he fainted. When he became conscious again he tried to crawl. This succeeded better, and, biting back the cries which rose to his lips, he worked his way slowly to Laddie's side.

The suffering dog lay outstretched with the half of his splendid body crushed by a boulder. It was evident that he could not live long, and the dumb suffering in his eyes wrenched the heart of his master. His jaws were clenched tightly and with each breath a racking groan shook his body. Reddy could do nothing to end the suffering for his gun was in camp. Even if he had it he would not have had the heart to shoot his faithful comrade. He himself felt as though his end had come too, for a numbness was creeping up from his crushed legs and a chill had enveloped his heart.

As he lay watching the last struggles of his dog a shadow passed over him and there was a rustling of wings. He looked up, and there on the branch of the dead tree sat a great black vulture like the shadow of death waiting for his victims.

"An' so this was the meaning of the vulture," murmured Reddy. He looked about him for a weapon. Nothing could he find but stones and gold. Gold! What good

could it do him now? It could give him no aid with his dog dying before his eyes and his own end not far off.

The eyes of Laddie were becoming quite glassy now, and great tears welled in Reddy's. His head dropped beside that of his dog and with a last effort the cold nose of the hound caressed the cheek of his master. With a sob Reddy's head rested on Laddie's smooth, satiny neck and in a broken voice he whispered:

"Awell, Laddie, we winna go parted."

## EDUCATION.

M. E. COOPER, '20.

There is perhaps not one of the entire list of abstract terms so extensively and yet so erroneously applied as the word education. It is commonly used in a rather vague sense to imply learning, but this interpretation of the word, while correct in a measure, is not a satisfactory one for it allows the term to retain its abstract, hazy meaning, making it, if possible, even more indefinite than before. In order to arrive at a definition, it is necessary that the word be narrowed down to a tangible essence which shall include specific qualities entirely essential to an education, and which shall exclude all qualities foreign to it. In other words, those elements and characteristics which distinguish the educated from the uneducated person must be delineated ere one can possibly obtain an appreciative understanding of the meaning of the word.

The imperative constituents of an education are two in number, training and experience. One must possess these two things before he can hope to enter the realm of the educated, and leave the ranks of the grossly ignorant or the semi-educated still struggling in the embryo state. The possession of one of these qualities without the other means an incomplete education, and, therefore, practically speaking, no education. Such a person would be like one aspiring to be a sailor, who had plunged deeply into the study of the Science of Navigation, but who had never seen the sea.

And let it be understood that the required training and experience cannot be of a mediocre character, or even of a kind bordering on the perfect. Such faulty requisites would make education an all too easily procurable goal, for it then could be acquired by the unsophisticated and the unapt as well as by the diligent and the alert. Under such conditions education would lose its artistic nature, and hence, one would not require talent and genius to master it. Again, if this state prevailed, education, suffering the loss of its higher incentives and ideals and retrograding to the common level, would forfeit the pres-

tige and precedence it has exerted from the earliest recollections of civilization no longer would be felt.

The mental training of man is directed along two great branches of endeavor, the mechanical or scientific and the literary. Every imaginable occupation or profession of moment can be classed under these two general divisions. The question now is this—how much do these two classes depend on one another? That is, how much training in the literary phase must one pursuing a mechanical calling possess, and vice versa? It is here that the subject assumes delicate aspects, but as the objective in view is to standardize as much as possible the term education, a firm and unwavering stand must be made here. Let it therefore be understood that while a literary training will in itself suffice as one requisite of a literary education, in the mechanical phase, on the other hand, a sound literary training must be included. This disposition to favor the literary feature may meet with disapproval and the distribution effected appear to be an unfair one at the offset, but a little thought will at once bring forcibly to sight the feasibility and soundness of such a course, for no one can doubt that a thorough mechanical training is impossible without a foundation in the essential branches of a liberal arts training.

A replete and prolific literary training must include an eight-year period of instruction beyond the high school in the fine arts, including an uninterrupted study of at least five of the leading languages of the world with their corresponding literatures, a knowledge of the history of the world together with an inflexible understanding of studies kindred to history, as economics, political science and the like, and a study of the Roman and Grecian classics. The mechanical training must include four years of literary instruction followed by six years of training in a chosen vocation.

And after the training must come experience, personal, tangible contact with those things relating most closely to the kind of training which has preceded. The literary man must travel through the countries of which he has heard so much in books; he must observe with his eyes

that which he has heretofore only perceived through his mental faculties; he must meditate and direct his thoughts upon the customs he observes, upon the traditions he hears of. He must become acquainted with human nature in all its different forms and idiosyncrasies. In a literary sense, he only is educated who knows his fellow man, and travel, contact, or to use one word, experience is necessary toward such an accomplishment.

The education of the mechanical man will not consist so much of travel as of experiment and practice. These qualities are imperative, and can be mastered only after a long period, often a life time devoted to work. Thus we see scientists giving their lives virtually in seeking to disclose some colossal unknown fact; physicians, braving disease in all its forms for the benefit of those that follow.

In summary, education denotes higher intelligence only attainable by training and experience. Its components are a keen vision, a practical comprehension of the significance of living, and an exuberant aspiration to further the interests and accomplishments of mankind. There have been men who have possessed these qualifications; mediaeval and ancient history abound with them, and this modern period is not without them; but, unfortunately, they are diminishing in number. In their quests for more tempting objects, more tempting because they savor of personal advantages, men have strayed from that which makes possible the highest ideals of the human race, a genuine education.

SONNET TO *Narcissa*  
V. C. H.

Should in disguise you enter on my sight,  
With garb of Angels as thy simple dress,  
And speaking not for thus, divine I might  
Thy person by thy voice of gentleness;  
But signify that I should guess thy name.  
Methinks without a thought of lingering doubt,  
Without a spell of deep immortal fame,  
That I should say, an Angel thou, from out  
That realm where they abide, and fairest too  
Of all. No mortal name canst thou call thine,  
For by thy countenance I know thou'rt due  
To be not of the earth but heaven divine.  
And lo when spoke she in a gentle tone,  
I recognized the voice of her—my own.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JAMES  
WHITCOMB RILEY.

L. C. NORTHERN, 19.

His Life: Riley was born in Greenfield, Ind., October 7, 1849, the day that Poe died. He was the son of a well-to-do lawyer, therefore his boyhood days were spent in comfortable circumstances. His schooling was somewhat indifferent, due to his impatience of restraint and inability to adjust his own interest to the prevailing curriculum. He spent some time in his father's office at Greenfield reading general literature, not law, and experimenting with verse.

He served an apprenticeship as a house painter, and acquired the art of marbling and graining. Then with some other young men not known to the author he began touring Indiana, painting signs, and from all accounts, adding greatly to the gayety of life in the communities visited.

“To advertise their presence, Riley would recite in the market place, or join with his comrades in giving a musical entertainment. He had a wonderful talent for drawing, in fact at one time or another, he dabbled in most of the arts.”

Despite the fact that his study of literature had followed the haphazard course inevitable in one so uninfluenced by formal schooling, it would be fair to say that he knew all that it was important for him to know of books. He was one of those for whom life and letters are of one piece and inseparable. In the largest sense he was a humorist. What he missed in literature he acquired from life. Shakespeare he knew early, Herrick, Keats, Tennyson and Longfellow, made deep impressions on him. He spent the greater part of his long life writing poetry for his friends.

He died in July, 1916, and was buried in the Indiana capital, where thirty-five thousand people passed to look at the face of the great poet, realizing that one of the best loved men of the age was gone.

I now hasten to some outstanding facts regarding his personality and chief characteristics. The best description of his personality is given by Meredith Nicholson, as follows: "He was the best known, the most instantly recognized figure in our capital; this was true indeed of the entire commonwealth that sang into fame. He was below medium height, neatly and compactly built; fair and of ruddy complexion. He had been a tow-headed boy, and while his hair thinned in later years, any white that crept into it was scarcely perceptible. A broad, flexible mouth and a big nose were the distinguishing features of a remarkably mobile face. He was near-sighted, and the rubber rimmed glasses he invariably wore served to obscure his noticeably large blue eyes."

In his days of best health he carried himself alertly and gave an impression of smartness. He was meticulous in the care of his person; there was no slouch about him no Byronic affectation. He was always careful as to the style of his clothes, therefore he affected obscure tailors, because they were more likely to pay attention to his idiosyncrasies than more fashionable ones."

He inspired affection by reason of his gentleness and inherent kindness and sweetness. He was a domestic, even a cloistral being. He disliked noise and large companies; he hated familiarity, and would often approvingly quote what "Lowell" said about the annoyance of being clapped on the back. It is said that Riley's best friends never laid hands on him.

The entire life of Riley has been well summed up in the words of another as follows: "His entire life is a consistent illustration of his humor, and his deep interest in human nature."

#### *His Works.*

The works of Riley consist merely of poetry. His main poems being "The Old Swimmin' Hole and Leven More Poems, Neighborly Poems, Rhymes of Childhood, The Book of Joyous Children, and While the Heart Beats Young." Riley did the most of his writing at night, a fact which accounted for the spacious leisure in which his days were enveloped. "He usually had a poem pretty

well fixed in his mind before he sought paper, but the actual writing was often a laborious process; and it was his habit, while a poem was in course of preparation, to carry the manuscript in his pocket for convenience of reference."

Riley kept his place at innumerable firesides in this dream existence, hearing the veterans of the Civil War spin their yarns or farmers discuss crop prospects. This was the way Riley obtained the material for his poems. The country lore that Riley had collected and stored in youth was inexhaustible; it never seemed necessary for him to replenish his pitcher at the fountain of original inspiration.

It has been well said that wide popularity as a poet of childhood was due to special genius for understanding of the child mind. His children were country, town and farm children whom he had known and lived among and unconsciously studied and appraised for the use he later made of them.

Much of his verse for children is autobiographical, representing his own attitude of mind as an imaginative, capricious child. Some of his best character studies are to be found among his juvenile pieces. In "That-air Young 'un," for example, he enters into the heart of an abnormal boy who

"Come home onc't and said 'at he  
Knowed what the snake feeders thought  
When they grit their wings; and knowed  
Turtle-talks where bubbles riz  
Over where the old root grewed  
Where he th'owed them pets o' his—  
Little turripine he caught  
In the country ditch and packed  
In his pockets days and days."

Many of his poems charm us with the presentation of rural life. It is also a delight to accompany him in reading the poem of "The Old Swimmin' Hole." And "When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin and the Fodder's in the Shock":

“The hustly, rusty, russel of the tossels of the corn,  
 And the raspin of the tangled leaves, as golden as the  
 morn;  
 O it set my heart a-clickin’ like the tickin’ of a clock,  
 When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder is in the  
 shock.”

And again he, in the neighborly poems, he listens to the  
 first bluebird singing with

“A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,  
 Too sweet fer anything.”

Riley has been welcomed as the champion of a new  
 democratic flower. In his poem, “The Clover,” he says:  
 “But what is the lily and all the rest  
 Of the flowers, to man with a heart in his breast  
 That was dipped brimmin full of the honey and dew  
 Of the sweet clover-blossoms his babyhood knew?”

Above all, Riley loved children. His Rhymes of Child-  
 hood contain such favorites as the “Raggedy Man,” “Our  
 Hired Girl,” “Little Orphan Annie,” with its bewitching  
 warning about the “Gobble Uns.”

It makes no difference whether his verses take us to the  
 farm, to the child, to the inner-circle of the home, or to a  
 neighborly gathering, their chief characteristic is simp-  
 licity. Once again he is a democratic poet and the com-  
 mon people listen to him. “In Afterwhiles” we hear  
 him say:

“The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,  
 It hath the kingliest smile on earth;  
 The sweet brow diamonded with sweat,  
 Hath never need of a coronet.”

Similarly his lines from “Griggby’s Station:  
 “Le’s go a visitin’ back to Griggby’s Station,  
 Back where the latch string’s a-hanging from the door,  
 And ever neighbor ’round the place is dear as relation—  
 Back where we ust’ to be so happy and so pore.”

We also get a charitable optimism from his lines:

“I would sing of love that lives  
 On the errors it forgives.”

Furthermore, he has unusual humor, which is as per-  
 vasive as the odor of his clover fields. Humor drives

home to use the application of the optimistic philosophy, in these lines:

“When a man’s jest glad plum through  
God’s pleased with him same as you.”

“When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,  
W’y rain’s my choice.”

In poems like Griggby’s *Station* he shows his power in making a subject pathetic and humorous at the same time.

Albert J. Beveridge says of Riley: “The aristocrat may make verses whose perfect art renders them immortal, like Horace, or state high truths in austere beauty like Arnold, but only the brother of the common man can tell what the common heart longs for and feels, and only he lives in the understanding and affections of the millions.”

Riley has been rightly accused of writing much occasional and personal verse, which added nothing to his reputation—a fact of which he was perfectly aware, and there is a wide disparity between his best and poorest. Riley says himself that he wrote prose with much difficulty; he said he could write a column of verse much more quickly than he could produce a like amount of prose.

“His manuscripts and letters were works of art, so careful was he of his handwriting. He wrote a small, clean script, as legible as engraving, and with quaint effects of capitalization. His letters were marked by the good will and cordiality, the racy humor and the self-mockery of his familiar talk; a collection of them would be a valuable addition to epistolary literature. Here was a life singularly blessed in all of its circumstances and in abundant realization of its hopes and aims. Few poets of any period have received so generous an expression of public regard and affection as fell to Riley’s lot. The very simplicity of his message, and the melodious forms in which it was delivered, and the outstanding spirit of democracy, which was ever prevalent in his verses, won for him the wide hearing that he enjoyed, and that seems likely to be his continuing reward far into the future. Yale wrote him upon her rolls as M. A., the

University of Pennsylvania made him a doctor of letters, the American Academy of Arts and Letters bestowed upon him its gold medal in the department of poetry. His last birthdays were observed in many parts of the country. Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends were his happy portion, and he left the world richer for the faith and hope and honest mirth that he brought to it.

Lastly, Riley was in the only genuine sense a poet of the people. He not only wrote about them, but to them and for them; therefore we can truly say that no other American poet, with the exception of Longfellow, has come so near the hearts of the people or has been so much loved and honored by children. He was a simple singer of familiar things; but familiar things seem with the poet's vision and described with the poet's feeling cease to be common things; and Riley was able to make things of the farm and of the village significant of human destiny. He never bothered himself with the philosophy of life, he never traveled for local colors; he was apparently entirely uninterested in affairs of art, but he sang of childhood, of the flowers in the garden, of the secrets of the woods, all with unconscious simplicity which is the ultimate aim of art, until his long and useful life went out.

## VIA WIRELESS.

R. T. MARSH, '22.

The rain poured in torrents and the wind howled and shrieked around the lone cabin on the hill. The little hut was brilliantly lighted, glowing there in the darkness like a lighthouse on a stormy night at sea. All else was dark and nothing could be seen except when the surrounding landscape was occasionally lit up for a brief moment by a jagged flash of lightning. Then could be seen the mountains covered with their shaggy bushes and a few straggling trees, standing motionless and silent like huge giants threatening this shining enemy which dared to break the black gloomy harmony of the place. Then also, leaping down the steep side of the mountain opposite, a swift stream of water could be seen, small at its source, but gaining volume and speed as it went, until, with a mighty bound, it crashed into the valley below, its gigantic roar rivalling that of the thunder.

The cabin was made of logs and was well built to withstand such storms as often occurred in this part of the mountains. It was just one story high, having two small rooms and a tiny attic. One room served as a kitchen and dining room, while the other was used as a bedroom and living room. This so-called living room was fitted up with a high-priced wireless outfit. All sorts of electrical appliances were strewn about the room. At the table in the center sat a man adjusting a delicate instrument. He stopped from time to time to refer to one of the numerous books which lay open before him on the table. He read and worked for some time before he finally rose and stepped over to his wireless apparatus. He bent over and carefully connected the instrument with the rest of the outfit.

“Now for the test,” he murmured to himself, and his eyes gleamed with excitement. “If this is a success my future is assured. I will leave the Secret Service and become an inventor and experimenter for the government. I have had enough dangerous work and excitement and I think it is high time for me to settle down. As soon

as I finish the little job I am working on I think I will quit this detective work.”

John Harwood had acquired the habit of talking to himself while staying alone in his little hut for the past week. He and another Secret Service man had been looking for some time for a band of counterfeiterers, reported to have their headquarters somewhere in this neighborhood. They had not been able to discover any traces of this gang and, upon the suggestion of his partner, they had about a week ago postponed the search. They did not intend to give up the hunt entirely, but only for a week or two, to allay any suspicions the outlaws might have that government men were on their trail. Harwood invited his partner to accompany him to his lonely mountain dwelling, but he declined, saying that he intended to visit a friend living not far distant. So Harwood had had a whole week to himself, working on his pet idea, an invention to eliminate static disturbances from wireless telegraphy. On account of static interference, it was almost impossible to receive messages during a storm, especially in the mountains, unless the sending and receiving stations were very close together. He had at last perfected what he believed to be the very thing to prevent this interference, and this was certainly an ideal night to test it. If it worked on such a night, then surely it would have stood the acid test and certainly would be a great invention.

Harwood sat down and adjusted the phones to his ears. He looked over the table to see that everything was arranged exactly right. Now that he had completed his work he was not in too great a hurry to put it to a test. He half admitted to himself that there was a possibility of failure. He could not bear to think of this, though. Would all this time and careful labor come to naught?

He grasped the switch that connected his set with the antenna outside and slowly pulled it down. His heart almost stopped as the contact was made. There was not a sound in the sensitive phones at his ears. Just then he saw a vivid streak of lightning cut through the Stygian darkness and heard the following crash of thunder, but

not a sound did he hear in the earpieces. He threw up his hands and shouted aloud with joy. Then he sat still and pictured the excitement and enthusiasm which would be caused when he made known to the world his invention. Why, he even went so far as to dream of receiving a letter from the President.

Suddenly he sat up and adjusted his tuning coil. He heard a faint rasping series of clicks, repeated over and over. Evidently some station was calling another. He decided to listen to what was said. A pencil and paper were lying near; he seized them and started to write rapidly. A frown came over his face at first, then the frown deepened into a look of bewilderment. He could not make anything out of what he was receiving. Figures and marks of punctuation were mixed with letters and strange signals he had never heard before, but he copied it all down. The message was not long and the station soon stopped sending. Harwood listened intently for a while to see if anyone would reply, but no answering signals were heard. Then he tried to figure out the meaning of the cryptogram. He had often done such work before, and soon he discovered the key. He was thoroughly aroused when he had read the whole message. It was from this band of crooks for whom he had been looking, sent to some accomplice in a neighboring town. It gave him orders to bring some tools and supplies to their den and full directions how to get there.

"Ah! if Baine were only here," he said. "I will go into town in the morning and swear in some deputies to help me. Maybe I can find Baine, but he didn't tell me exactly where he was going."

He put on his phones again, but heard nothing.

"No one else is sending tonight on account of the storm, I guess. Well, I may as well turn in."

He threw out the switch and got ready for bed.

By morning the storm had spent itself and the sun was shining brightly. Harwood set out at an early hour for the little town three miles distant. Orchard was the name of this mountain village of one thousand inhabitants, and was situated in a fertile valley on the banks of a little

mountain stream. It was a mining town, and most of its inhabitants were rough miners. The little town boasted of two churches, a schoolhouse, a jail, and a sheriff. The latter thought he was the most important institution in the town. Harwood had questioned him a little when he first came to Orchard, but the sheriff told him that he knew everybody for twenty miles around, and he was certain there were no counterfeiters in that county. He seemed to resent the searching for them, too, as it would seem that his execution of the law was being questioned. So Harwood resolved this morning not to seek the sheriff's aid, but to get some honest miners to help him.

When he reached Orchard he inquired around to see if he could learn of the whereabouts of his partner, but he was unsuccessful. Next he sought out five miners, well known in the community to be honest, law-abiding men. To these he told his purpose and swore them in as deputies. He saw to it that they were all well armed and then set out to find the outlaws' hiding place. According to the message he had overheard the night before, their rendezvous was about ten miles from town, situated in a narrow gorge between two mountains. It was almost impossible to reach it unless the secret passage was known. They went on foot as it would be impossible for horses to go all the way. After much climbing up and down mountains, through ravines, and across streams, they reached a large cave. Here they halted for they believed they had found the place. The miners wanted to rush right in and arrest whoever they found, but Harwood preferred to wait until he could catch them at work. They found a good hiding place where they could watch the mouth of the cave and still remain hidden from view. Here they settled down to wait. In about half an hour two men came down the narrow trail and entered the cave. One was heavily bearded and appeared to be a middle-aged man. The other was a young man, rather stylishly dressed for the mountains. Harwood started when he saw this young man. His walk and figure were very familiar, but as he kept his back to their hiding place the detective could not see his face.

"I'm going in and see what they are doing," said Harwood. "Be ready to run to my assistance if I blow my whistle or if you hear any shots fired."

He left his hiding place and quietly crept into the cave. Just inside the mouth everything was dark. His eyes soon became accustomed to the darkness and he dimly perceived a door not far from him. A faint light was streaming through the keyhole and the noise of men moving around on the inside was distinctly heard. He put his eye to the keyhole and saw men at work counting paper money and tying it up into bundles. Evidently they were getting ready to send the bogus money to some colleague who would in turn pass it off as real money in some big city.

"Now is certainly the time to get them," he muttered as he put out his hand to try the door. It was unlocked. Softly he pushed it open and stepped inside with a revolver in his hand.

"Well boys, the game is up," he said quietly. "Do you surrender?"

Everyone was astounded. They were so taken by surprise that they were unable to move or utter a sound for a moment. Then the young man arose from his seat in the corner and stepped forward.

"Keep your hands up," warned the detective. "Don't try to start anything, for my men are waiting outside, heavily armed and just aching for a chance to plug one of you."

The young man stopped and the light of a hanging lamp fell full upon his face. Then the detective recognized him.

"Baine! Baine!" he shouted, "What are you doing in this palce?"

"Shut up, you fool," snarled Baine, "And listen to reason. You are not going to arrest us. Why Harwood, you now have the opportunity to become one of us and make your fortune. You can't get rich working for the government. I found that out long ago. I have been with these people for over a year now. If the government won't pay me enough of its money I will make some for

myself. Put down and come on in and join us."

"Enough! Enough!" cried Harwood, and put his whistle to his lips.

The blast brought his men rushing from their hiding places into the counterfeiters' room.

"Do your duty men," commanded the detective.

## IF I WERE AGAIN IN COLLEGE.

G. W. J. BLUME, '14.

After each experience in life through which we pass, on viewing the event as a whole we often mentally picture the course we would pursue if we could again tread the same pathway. Unfortunately we can seldom apply our theories and deductions except in an indirect way to other problems.

If I were privileged to again go over my course in college, I would try as nearly as possible to obtain the most out of the opportunities as presented in the manner following:

Three words—System, Thoroughness, Honesty—make a very appropriate motto with which to construct a college career. By a systematic use of time, a schedule to work by, double can be accomplished in the period given a number of tasks in a random and irregular attempt at first one thing and another. Thoroughness in work and play is essential to the best results, and an honest and conscientious effort makes the whole plan possible.

Our activities should be regulated relative to their importance. Primarily we go to college to study courses designed and fitted for the training of the mind, the broadening of the intellect, the preparation for a position in life among our fellow men which we may maintain without embarrassment or a sense of inferiority with regard to general knowledge or the events of the times, and for better fitting us for our vocation and participation in the life that confronts us after we leave the shelter of the college walls.

If possible, a vocation should be decided upon and emphasized, although not to a degree which will hamper a full development of the essential parts in the making of an all 'round man. We should not develop the mind entirely and neglect the body. We should not develop both and yet give the spiritual side of our nature no thought. Turn the triangle in any direction and the result is the same, we narrow down to a point and plow along in our one little furrow until we strike a stump,

and unless we "back up" over our mistake and go around over another course, there we stick.

How can we avoid being merely a "grind" a "beef," a "crank"—a mere plodder in a rut?

By a systematic, conscientious use of time, every man can actively engage in practically every phase of college life, each more or less auxiliary and essential to each other.

After thorough and comprehensive study, physical exercise is essential, and should be taken in the form most suitable to the individual. Next to a strong mind, a strong body is the greatest asset in the material side of the struggle for existence.

Comparatively few entering college have not had home training along spiritual lines. It is not well to hang the spiritual nature in a sling and allow it to waste away through lack of use. The religious side of college life stimulates the growth of the spiritual at the very time we most need it, during the molding and shaping of our character.

Politeness, courtesy, the invaluable faculty of giving attention to what is being said, and the power of digesting and assimilating and storing up facts are all trained during this period. The social side of our nature may also be profitably developed. The old philosopher who said, "I am a part of all that I have met," voiced a truth which also contains a warning. The influence our friends exert on us should be for the better. Study your classmates. By studying the character of those about us at the period in which we are easiest read we acquire a faculty of judging human nature of prime importance in after life.

The library affords an opportunity seldom in reach of us after we leave college. A daily part of our schedule should include a portion spent in the library.

The literary societies offer advantages for training in public speaking which it is worse than folly to neglect. No one filling a position of even meager importance can easily escape having to at some time address his fellow men, and one at ease in speaking, who does not suffer

the torture of whirling thoughts, shaking knees, and a super-abundance of hands and feet, can command the attention of his audience and speak effectively.

No talent, or the phantom of a talent should escape being put to use, "whether there be gifts of prophecy," let us make the most of our opportunity, in the Glee Club, the Dramatic Club, the literary publications, the various organizations embracing every opportunity for development of which we may avail ourselves.

The four years spent in college are the most momentous in our lives. Some who have been out of college for a long time may smile, but did they enter into the many parts of college life or plow along in a single furrow and miss the true value of their experience.

Entry to college gives a period from the passing of childhood before plunging into the cold practical world in which the dreams and the enthusiasm have not yet "faded in the light of common day," and which may be shaped and guided in paths that will be less thorny and less misty to travel in the years beyond.

It is therefore imperative that we do not become indifferent to the opportunities afforded us, or warp our nature in a single direction and fail to develop each part of our complex being to such a degree as to cause us to fail to become in the greatest sense an All 'Round Man.



# Westhampton College Department

Editor.....	Jeffries Heinrich
Assistant Editor.....	Anna McAlpine
Business Manager.....	Marie Crowder
Assistant Business Manager.....	Stella Hubbard

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## EDITORIAL

In these days and times we hear so much about the problem of reconstruction, and that is just the problem that faces "The Messenger" this year. Last year on account of the exigencies of the war the publication of "The Messenger" was discontinued, and if our literary interest lagged any on that account we want to build it up again to its old standard, shall I say? No, we want to go farther still and put such unflinching interest in things literary that our magazine will be better this year than ever in the history of the college.

In order to make "The Messenger" what we want it to be there must be the co-operation of the students. Not every one has a talent for writing, but if you—this means any girl in Westhampton College—can write, don't be selfish with your work and refuse to allow the editors to read it. Remember "The Messenger" represents the work of Westhampton, and in order to make it represent the best work, the editors need a great deal of material from which to select. Will you try and do your part? The staff will put forth every effort in making you proud of "your" magazine.

How can we express our joy in being home again? Separation for a year, though trying it seemed at times, made us realize but the more what happiness there was to be found at Westhampton. Though we did not begrudge them to the boys in khaki, yet sadly did we miss "our" sparkling lake, "our" golden sunsets, "our" moon shining through the stately pines, and the other innumerable "wonders of the world" that were ours alone at Westhampton. Let us so "apply our hearts unto wisdom" that we may be worthy of our Alma Mater.

## ALMA MATER.

By MARGARET B. LEWIS, '19.

[Delivered on Class Day, June 16, 1919.]  
Alma Mater, loved Westhampton,  
In this moment we are looking  
Far beyond thy tower-crowned hilltops,  
Far beyond thy red rimmed sunsets,  
Out to where a world is waiting,  
Waiting like the winter forest  
For the breath of spring upon it,  
For youth's spirit full of sunshine,  
For youth's hope, as yet undaunted,  
For her unspent strength and courage.  
These she needs, for war hath taken  
Millions of our elder brothers;  
And without them life seems empty.  
We are chastened and made thoughtful.  
By their sacrificial giving  
For our safety and our freedom.  
Help us then, Great Alma Mater,  
Not to cheapen this their service  
By a wasting of our lives;  
But instead, may we be loyal  
To the trust that they have left us  
And by nobleness of living  
Glorify yet more their dying.  
Alma Mater, thou hast taught us  
Love of God, and man and service  
By a vision of God's goodness,  
By a touch of things eternal,  
In the crimson of your sunsets,  
In the wind among your pine trees,  
In the silent winter star-light  
Shining o'er your purple hilltops.  
So we crown you, Alma Mater,  
Mother of our nobler visions  
And we leave your tower and campus  
With a love that years shall strengthen.  
Fare ye well, our loved Westhampton.

## THE STEAM LAUNDRY.—OF—

PAULINE WILLIAMS, '22.

The odor of warm, dirty soapsuds assailed me as I approached the noisy, low-roofed plant of the steam laundry. Several chimneys, jutting from the roof, belched forth huge columns of black, gritty smoke, which peppered the sidewalk for nearly a block.

The street windows were painted green, and I could not see within, but the gilt-lettered door to my left read "office." The shining, brass door-knob was warm and smooth, and turning it quickly, I stepped inside on the freshly scrubbed, checked linoleum. Timidity absolutely vanishes when one enters a wash-house. It is so undignified and steamy—yet very necessary, of course.

The young lady behind the desk wiped the perspiration from her face with a limp, soiled handkerchief, and politely inquired, "What name, please?" She turned almost immediately to the pigeon-holes filled with finished laundry in dark brown covers. "Oh!" I explained, "I have no bundle here. I am only a visitor. May I go through the plant?" She seemed surprised at my request, but murmured, "I'll ask the manager," and wearily sauntered out through the swinging doors at the rear of the office. The doors fell together with a fresh supply of warm steam, and I wondered if human beings could really exist in such an atmosphere.

Leaning against the oak railing, I observed huge piles of laundry tickets held firmly under a variety of paperweights—one a grimy old ink bottle. Two telephones ringing continuously sounded weak and faint above the roar of the whirring, whirling machinery inside the swinging doors. Drivers, with arms full of laundry, passed to and fro. Customers began to congregate in the narrow enclosure outside the railing, and one man jingled his money impatiently.

Telephone customers, drivers and office trade were making frantic appeals for their finished work. One collarless man was handed a small package. He opened it. It contained one collar. He adjusted it to his neck-

band with clumsy, smutty fingers, and shuffled out into the street. I wondered if some poor woman might not, even then, be waiting for a clean dress for her little baby or a cover for a bare, wooden table—perhaps her only cover, and she must have it for Sunday.

A small, revolving electric fan, on top of a high shelf, blew hot steam over me every few seconds, and I felt stifled and even deafened until the roar of the machinery again pounded in my ears. I tried to catch my breath before the next revolution of the fan forced hot steam over me.

“All right!” a man’s harsh voice called just back of the swinging doors. The manager thrust himself into the room, and a cloud of steam seemed to urge him on to where I stood. The steam enveloped me. The manager stood before me without collar or coat, and his wet shirt seemed glued to his body. His curly, gray hair was disarranged and ruffled back from his forehead, and his very red face seemed to evolve hot steam. “I’ll show you through,” he announced, and held open the small gate for me to pass through.

It is impossible to describe the suffocating sensation which came over me as I entered the assorting room of this monster plant. There were two long tables filled with collars, and behind each table a man was rapidly dropping a collar here or there into its proper place. Every few seconds, he placed a ticket on a bunch of collars, and tossed them upon another table where a boy siezed and wrapped them. On the other side of this room two women were assorting table and bed linen, and they worked with equal dexterity.

The manager led me into a large room where the maze of whirling machinery grew bewildering. Steam oozed through the cracks in the floor, and the boards were soft and rotten in places. A powerful machine just in front of me was operated by four young colored girls. “This is the mangle,” explained the manager, “and all of the flat work passes through it; except the work which is to be done by hand.” The girls caught the sheets as they

came out, and folded them; in the meantime they lazily looked at me.

Passing on a little further, I observed a row of burly black men, bared to the waist. Their muscular arms and shoulders were covered with great beads of perspiration. These men operated shirt-bosom machines by means of foot levers. Their huge misshapen feet protruded from their cut shoes as the levers clanged down every few seconds.

As we approached a door leading into another department, I heard a number of female voices singing "Ole Black Joe." The tones were sweet and clear, and the manager smilingly told me that the chorus was composed of old women, who did hand ironing. The boards were arranged in rows, and behind each stood an old colored woman, barefooted and scantily clothed. Here one was slipping a child's dress over her board, and there another was folding a dainty, lace shirtwaist, and pinning it together. At the end of each board was an ample basket where the finished pieces were carefully placed.

Just outside of this room was the marking department, and I found this room almost too filthy to enter. There were two women and one man marking and listing the soiled laundry. The work covered the tables and floor, and I wondered how it was possible to keep it straight. At the end of the table was a barrel for any soiled paper which might be on some of the bundles.

One of the most interesting sights was the wash room. Here were several gigantic whirling tubs filled with clothes, and operated by an endless belt which waved swiftly up to the ceiling, and disappeared through an opening in the side of the wall. Colored men with trousers rolled knee-high and barefooted, worked the necessary levers connected with the wash tubs; and as they splashed about in the water which covered the cement floor, I noticed that their fat black feet had become pink underneath—conclusive evidence that soap and water is a wonderful purifying agent.

A gong sounded, and the hands gathered up their lunches and tin cups, and indolently dragged themselves

outside. Others sat on the ground in the back yard, and opened their lunches, and all seemed happy and contented.

The noise gradually grew less, and I realized that the engine had been stopped for the noon hour, but steam continued gasping plaintively, seemingly reluctant to let go.

Thanking the manager, I passed out into the street to the rushing street cars and honking motors, but I still had the roar of the laundry machinery pounding in my ears, and my damp shirtwaist plainly showed that it had received a generous steam bath.

## FLOWERS FOR THE FUNERAL.

MILDRED RUCKER, '21. *P.S.G.*

Poor chap! Johnson was grieved. Of course, they had always said that he was just a happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow who did not care much about anything or anybody, but he always had been unusually fond of his father. It was all so sudden too. Only twelve hours' illness, and then . . . He must tell Dayton. Dayton was such a good old scout, and his own father's recent illness had been serious enough to make him unusually sympathetic.

Hale was enjoying the cozy warmth of the living room in the frat house. He and Watts had not opened their mouths for seven consecutive minutes. An old briarwood, plus a big chair opposite a mantle just the convenient height for one's feet, do not inspire conversation. Besides the Thanksgiving German was ancient history by now, and the basketball season was not close enough to be an interesting topic for conversation. Hale swung down his long legs and shook the ashes from his pipe.

"Where's Dayton been today? Haven't seen him since breakfast, and there's been a letter for him over there all morning."

"Library, I recokn. Glad I'm not going in for law," replied Watts.

"That letter's from his home. Hope his governor's not on the blink again," Hale remarked.

"Hope so too," agreed smoker number two. "Hert is such a funny chap—so blamed crazy about the home folks."

The remark introduced the subject of conversation. The door-knob clicked, and in he came.

"'Lo Hale—Watts," he muttered.

The book he carried under his arm slid to the davenport as he passed to the fireplace. There he stood, leaning against the mantle, his head resting on his right forearm. The dancing flames accentuated the reddish glint where his hair fell over his coat sleeve. The reflected firelight shot out a bright point from the metal football bobbing on his watch chain. His half-bower posture

strained the pinch-back coat over his muscular shoulders. Aside from his monosyllabic greeting, he had not said a word, though usually he was the one to start conversation. Hale ventured a "Well, old top?" Dayton spread open his palm and a crumpled slip of yellow paper fell at Hale's feet. It was a telegram, and the man read it by the light of the fire!

"Father died suddenly last night. Johnson."

"What the ——. When did this come?" jerked Hale.

"Awhile ago. I met the boy out there on the street." Dayton straightened up. "Johnson, you know Johnson. Lives right across the street from us at home. He'll be trying to help out around home." Pause. "What time is it? my watch has stopped."

Hale and Watts started. An everyday question was a relief just then.

Watts answered almost eagerly, "quarter after four. And say, isn't there an east bound out of here at 4:55?"

Five o'clock saw Dayton ensconced on Number 21. He was thinking. The boys surely had been good old scouts, bless their darned hides. A good-sized representation of the fraternity had accompanied the bereaved member to the station, and had stood around looking as serious as owls, trying to express their sympathy by their silence. Herbert had accidentally overhead Watts and Tip Walls, who stood a little apart, discussing arrangements for sending flowers. The Limited sped along, but Dayton was impatient. He fell to calculating time. Let's see. Due in C——— at midnight. If he remembered the schedule correctly, there would be just twelve minutes in which to make the night train on the —— railroad. If he should miss it, he must wait until morning and go down on the local which would take him to the little town of Orangeville. That telegram must have been delayed, but there was still a chance of getting home in time for the funeral, if connections were good. Johnson hadn't said where the services would be. They had not made all arrangements most likely. Then he thought of his mother and his sister. He was glad sister was at home at the time. She would be such a help to mother. Poor mother,

she was not as young as she had once been, and her nerves were giving her some trouble. And home, it wouldn't be the same with father not there.

A newsie heralded his way through the coach. Dayton bought a paper which he read very carefully, but did not comprehend. He had not taken a Pullman. Reservations were almost impossible just then on such notice, and besides he would be changing before midnight. The third round the paper boy made, the man purchased peanuts. He ate one, and shot one at the freckled faced boy diagonally across the aisle. He ate another, and popped a second at the child. "Poor kid," thought the man, "cursed with a physiognomy very similar to mine." He bit a third nut in two, but after that he gave up the attempt of eating. The little boy had understood the meaning of the peanuts shot at him, and accepted the invitation. In two minutes he was chatting away beside Dayton. The two people had quite a bit in common with one another. The man had seen Bill Dempsey throw "Gunboat" Smith, and his youthful audience was exceedingly interested in how the deed was done. On the other hand, the boy had just won a little enameled pin for devoted attendance at Sabbath School, and he found his big companion quite eager to learn last Sunday's golden text. Finally conversation lagged, and before long the tousled little red head slumbered peacefully against the hard, blue shoulder. The train was by now not far out from C———, but it had already lost twenty-five minutes. Dayton had visions of a night spent in the city. It couldn't be helped, though he wished that railroads would at least attempt decent connections. At C——— he wired his mother that he would be home the following day. The next morning he ordered flowers to be sent down on the train he intended to take.

The Dayton household was getting along finely. Father was a great deal better, in fact, able to sit up. Mother's nerves were quite calm, because sister—well that girl had such a way with her. At this particular time, it was fairly early in the morning. The little housework had been finished, and sister was snatching a moment for her knitting.

Mother sat and rocked. She held her hands clasped tightly together as if her nerves were enclosed between them, and it were necessary to maintain a rigid hold.

"Poor dear Mrs. Johnson," she sighed, "so much trouble, and all. I must write and tell Herbert. He would want to know." Alas, dear lady, your son had already been informed. The peal of the doorbell drew sister from the room. In a moment she returned.

"Mother," she said.

The old lady rose from her chair. Her hands dropped to her sides, and her nerves escaped.

"Oh, my dear! A telegram! What does it say?"

"It's from Herbert. He says, 'Missed connections, will come on Tuesday morning.' I don't understand. Why is he coming home?"

"Let's see the telegram, daughter," said father.

"Oh, I do not know. I do not know," wailed mother.

"He must be sick. I will call Carl."

Now Carl was the eldest child, a doctor who practiced in a near-by city, and who had won attention by his surgical work.

In a short while, sister had Carl on the line.

"Wait, wait, sister," called mother, "let me talk to him. It is so hard to talk over long distance, and there might be some misunderstanding unless I do it myself."

Thereupon, the old lady conversed with her son. "Hello, hello. Is this you, Carl? Res, this is your poor mother."

"Well, I can't hardly hear you either."

"I say I can't hardly hear you either."

"Carl, we have just had a message from Herbert, saying that he would be home this morning."

"Oh, Carl. Hello. I am unstrung. I think he must be sick."

"I said I thought he must be quite ill."

"Oh yes, I wish you could come home."

"An operation. Heavens! Be frank with me, Carl. Is it serious?"

"Oh, Carl. Do be careful. Call us up when it is over."

Then Mrs. Dayton left the phone, confirmed in the knowledge that her younger son was coming home to stand

a serious operation in her elder son's hospital. Straightway, her nerves overcame her completely. Dr. Dayton hung up the receiver on his end of the line, and indulged in nine seconds of worry over what his mother had told him of his brother's illness. At the tenth second he thought that he would have to do a delicate piece of work for the man in 26 before he could start for Orangeville.

Eventually the chugging little engine that drew the three coaches of the morning accommodation, puffed a final puff, and with a wheeze of relief, came to a stop before the little box of a station. Dayton left the train. He and the inevitable drummer were the only passengers to alight. The wiry little station-master was standing in the door of the ticket office, holding a bunch of orders in his hand. He thrust them through the wicket and went to move the drummer's trunk under shelter. A group of loafers lounged on the leeward side of the station house, seeking warmth from the late November sunshine. A stoop-shouldered, tobacco-chewing youth separated himself from his fellows, and lugging the two mail sacks, trudged off to the wee white washed post-office on the opposite side of the tracks.

It was all so real, so everyday like. Everything was just as it had been in Orangeville for lo, these many years. Yet through the bare branches of the trees lining the upper end of the one street, Dayton could distinguish the eaves of his own home, and he knew that it was not all the same. Dayton trembled. He almost shuddered. He felt his loss stronger than at any time since he received Johnson's message. True he hadn't seen so much of his father since he had entered the university. Vacations had often been spent at the homes of his friends, and dad had been working pretty hard for the last year or two. Herbert knew that his father was doing everything to hold things together until the boy could shoulder the burdens. And now the time had come when his shoulders must assume the responsibility he had been preparing for. He was not afraid, and he had no notion of shirking, but then dad—. They had been such good pals while he was growing up. When he was in college the father

had often seemed to hold a pretty tight rein, but then he had been mighty sympathetic and had been so pleased when his son had chosen the traditional profession of the family.

Dayton had not consciously connected all these fragments, but he thought of them as he followed the shadow-patterned way through the town. He carried the box containing the flowers he had ordered, simply because there was no one else to take it for him, and it was only a few blocks to the house anyway. He had not wondered when no one met him at the train. Most likely his own message had been delayed, he thought. He did not wonder, either, when he came to the gate and noticed there was no crepe on the door. Johnson's telegram had been very indefinite, and the funeral was probably already over. He went into the house without knocking, and without stopping to slip out of his overcoat or even to leave his flowers, he entered the living room.

I learned that Dayton recovered as quickly as could be expected, considering the shock of finding his father alive and enjoying his afternoon pipe, instead of dead and resting in the cemetery. The thought of having his son come home and face him, bearing flowers for his own funeral, caused Mr. Dayton to suffer a rather severe relapse. He, however, has since recovered.

Three days after the triumphal entry just related, sister was hostess at a lovely tea in honor of my debutante niece.

"Come here a moment, Miss Ellen. I have something to show you."

I followed her into the alcove of the drawing room. She spread her hand dramatically before a bank of beautiful rosebuds.

"Behold," she announced. "Behold, the flowers for father's funeral."

As I left the house, I met Herbert and Johnson at the gate. The two boys separated, Herbert going into the house, Johnson accompanying me. Poor Johnson. He certainly was broken up over his father's death.

"But I tell you, Miss Ellen," he exclaimed, "in a time

like this it certainly does make you feel good to have such a friend as Herb Dayton back there. What did he do but come all the way here just to be with me?"

"Yes," I replied, "Herbert is a very dear boy, and he was glad you let him know as you did."

### OUR RATS.

(With Apologies to Browning's "Pied Piper.")

GRACE McALPINE, '23.

#### RATS!

Some thin and tall in prim cravats,  
 Such intellectual looking maidens!  
 Others in flossy summer hats—  
 Fox furs, some drooping shoulder ladens!  
 Thus they trooped up to Westhampton Hall  
 Half eager, half shy as they answered the "call."  
 However, quite truthfully speaking, they all  
 Were just a bit ill  
 With the "homesickness chill"  
 Whether thin or prim or "chic" or small.

#### Rats?

Oh, yes! The Sophs held lengthy chats,  
 Deciding 'twould be just the thing  
 To have some friendly little spats  
 And make the infants dance and sing!  
 Quite merrily then and with murderous shout,  
 They made the poor blind-folded rats come out  
 With shoe-trees most skillfully wielded about,  
 They had such great fun  
 That the jolly old sun  
 Almost caught them at play with his first sunbeam scout.

#### L'envoi

To all future Freshmen this word we would say,  
 Whether thin or prim or small or gay  
 Beware of the Sophomores the first year of school,  
 Respect them in all things—its quite a good rule!

## A RUSSIAN HERITAGE.

RUTH WALLERSTEIN, '22.

Ivan Seminoff knocked the snow from his stout shoes, paused with his hand on the heavy door knob before he strode with set jaw into his one room shabby house. His wife was stirring the simmering kasha. He brought no piece of extra work for the long evening as he was wont to do, and after crossing himself he stood so long before the ikon that his wife dropped the wooden spoon, and moving toward him laid her trembling hand on his arm. The only answer to her terrified, questioning eyes were his quivering lips. His steel gray eyes squinted tightly as his drooping head touched his heaving chest. For one brief second the worn spinning wheel spun madly before her, the long wooden bench swayed helplessly, the stove rocked in its cracked shell and then her weary eyes dropped as she led her husband to his low chair.

"They have me at last," he fastered, "they heard us plan for our meeting here tonight and the police got hold of the petition I wrote and signed last night. I should have left it here. I was too anxious to show it to the men at the factory all finished."

His clammy hands clenched tightly as his wife slid quietly down beside him on the floor. At the sound of a whimper from the top of the stove she clung to him frantically.

"Ivan, Ivan, tell me they wont make you leave. You can't leave Kolia. He is your only joy."

She ran to the stove and snatched the sleepy, curly headed child to her. Her husband's troubled eyes softened as he looked at the dimpled child who clung with innocent sympathy to his mother's neck.

"I suppose it will mean Siberia for thirty years; that is what Grigory Novikoff got, and I have been doing his work since he was sent away," Ivan moaned.

"Are you sure?" pleaded his wife. Her eyes grew saucer-like as he nodded sadly. "Then, then I will go with you so you may return in fifteen years. We will leave Kolia with Babushka; she is coming tonight for her week-

ly copecks. She will take care of him and keep him for our happiness when we come back. Our savings will give him some education, it is best so, Ivan."

It was a sacrifice that the father neither wished nor hoped for, but when the gendarmes broke in upon the little family, huddled silently together before the dying glow of the fire about midnight, it was the mother who rose calmly and asked their wish.

An officer thrust the petition at Ivan. "This is your work, is it not? You are under arrest, no loitering, be quick."

The father tottered to his feet. There was no prolonged, agonizing parting. Only one tearful, pressing hug was allowed before the grandmother took the sleeping child, and the parents, crossing themselves, were thrust out into the cold with their wraps but half on.

In the biting, hazy dawn the sleigh was halted for a moment by a sentry at the entrance of the gray court of the prison. The half dozen prisoners were dragged to crowded kameras and then thrust in among their miserable comrades to await their separation into still more miserable, separate, solitary confinement cells. The endless days passed, the agonizing weeks grew into months and still the weary parents haunted their cells waiting their trial, each in their own way hoping against hope for a miraculous release. The long nights passed only after Ivan had paced his cramped musty cell and then fallen exhausted, on the grimy clay floor, into a fitful sleep, only to be startled by the tramp, tramp of the wretched captive in the next cell. His days wearied on with wondering apprehension as to the fate of his fellow-workers. Were they still free to take the wonderful work a step farther, or were they to suffer his fate also? Would he live through the harrowing years that were to follow? Suppose he should die, or suppose he and his wife should both succumb under the heavy yoke! But no, that could not be; she had come with him to shorten his term, determination if nothing else would bring them back to happiness with their lost child. Why he was only forty years old, and his wife thirty-seven, they were both strong and

hardened enough to stand the oppression ; they had known nothing but hardships all their lives.

The little mother could only long for her precious baby and wonder how she was going to endure the long years of separation that were to come. She could not eat the hard, black bread that was thrust at her through the thick bars and the thin pile of straw was her refuge only after she was too weak and weary to stand.

On the dark, gray morning of the trial the prisoners were hurried through the musty corridor to a large, damp room where the judge waited with an ironical, beast-like stare. The only permitted communications were longing glances given from opposite ends of the crowded room. The trial was a mockery, a travesty on justice. After the short, cutting sentence of fifteen years in Siberia was pronounced they were separated and hurried back to their cells along with other miserable prisoners.

The lashing wind cut the long caravan to the quick as they plodded and trudged through the sheets of snow and ice. Ivan Seminoff moved mechanically beside the rickety wagon, thinly laid with straw, where his wife lay huddled in her rough gray convict coat. The crunch, crunch of heavy boots and cart wheels thudded in the snow. The peculiar clinking of chains suggested the continual clinking of innumerable bunches of keys. The harsh grating voices of the convict soldiers roared as they urged the poor, stumbling prisoners on with a crack of the knout in the thin air. Many fell by the way, and some were left to die and freeze to death in the solitary white desert. The heavy leg-fetters cut and bled Ivan's ankles and several times his wife gave up her place in the cart for him to rest, while she, half crippled herself, trying to keep along side of the wagon. At night the worn prisoners welcomed their black bread and thin soup and slept the sleep of exhausted travelers on the hard bunks, thinly sheltered from the bleak cold. It was only will-power and thought of the curly headed baby at home that gave the heart-broken parents strength enough to reach their destination.

At times Ivan felt that he was being taken farther and farther away from his child never to see him again; then it took Marpha's utmost forced encouragement to make him pull one tired, swollen foot in front of the other. Marpha bore her heartache in silence, all the more miserable in its loneliness, and the ever-increasing fears for her child were pushed bravely back. Would he ever welcome them home again—she doubted, and wondered.

As the exhausted band limped into the court of the Kara political prison, Ivan Seminoff crossed himself, and prayed to God that his companions at home might be spared the torture of ever seeing the ghost-like, low, cage buildings in the dusky twilight; and of knowing that they must exist in the human tomb for long years. But this time it was Ivan who tried in a doleful way to tell his wife that the worst of their torture was over, and what was needed now was only patience.

But when he had strode his filthy, over-crowded kamera for a week he fully realized that the agonizing travel had been replaced by the maddening prison existence. The stifling air in the unventilated cell became more sickening each day, until there was no atom of pure oxygen left. His feet clung to the plank floor, black with dry mud and hard trodden filth. At night he tossed on the bare wooden nars until he annoyed his miserable companions so much that he got up and paced the crusty floor again. His days were spent in listening to the woeful stories of his companions until he could stand them no longer, and then he sat, with his hands covering his face for long hours at a time, wondering if the work of justice was being carried on at home, or if the savage officials had discovered and exposed his other comrades. And his little boy—he must be growing brighter each day and would be ready to begin his studies. Yes, he was sure the old grandmother would carry out his instructions to have the child well schooled. But oh, could he endure the clutching misery for the shadowy hoped-for happiness!

When Marpha regained enough strength from the weakening cold she was marched from her dungeon-like cell with a score of other women to an ill lit, damp room,

and there made to stitch all day on rough, coarse convict garments. It was dreadfully wearing, but it kept her mind occupied and she had only the long nights to pray and wish for her distant baby.

The months rolled into years with ceaseless stitching for Marpha and maddening idleness for Ivan Seminoff. He was supposed to keep the buildings in repair, but the officers found it easier to put the rubles in their pockets than to direct the work, so there were few jobs for him to do. They thought that convicts needed no improvements so long as they had four dingy walls around them and hard nars to rest on. Their black bread twice a day was enough to keep their bodies alive, and the hum of the evening samovar was cheer enough for them. But the strain was far too great for human beings and Marpha grew round shouldered and ghastly, and Ivan's hair grew snow white and his beard grew long and scraggly in gray.

In the twelfth year of their imprisonment, when their bodies were almost wasted to naught and their minds had been torn into agonizing shreds and then built up on shadowy hopes of the nearing release, a new gang of convicts came to the prison and among them was one of Ivan Seminoff's co-workers whom he had left behind long ago. The inquisitive, trembling joy that the parents felt was pitiful, and the hot, pent-up tears of years rolled from Marpha's sunken eyes as she asked quiveringly about her child. Ivan faltered as he stammered his inquiries. It was heart-rending to see the eagerness with which the ageing couple welcomed the home news. Their weary eyes grew bright with pride when they heard of their sturdy, popular, intelligent young son. Yes, he was reaching eagerly toward fine manhood. He was well thought of by all; he had the kind face of his mother, but the rational, intellectual mind of his father.

"Ah, my dear friends, I know you will be proud to hear that Kolia is already looking interestedly at the work of us who seek the will of the people."

At this news Ivan set his jaw and controlled a moan, while Marpha strove to hide a sudden tear and a stifled

cry. That night each one in their own dark miserable secrecy strove against the terrifying thought.

With the new band of convicts came a new keeper of the prison, and very soon the inmates began to see better times. The kameras were cleaned and the covers were removed from the small windows, so more light and air penetrated the cells. The prisoners were allowed a short walk in the court yard twice a day and the full allotment of food was given each one. Marpha and Ivan Seminoff, spurred on by the news from home, took a new hold on their meager existence and regained a little of the life and blood that had ebbed so thin in their veins. They dreamed of the day of their nearing release and their home coming. Occasionally their happy thoughts were blighted and they secretly wondered and feared what their friend had meant when he said that Kolia was already looking interestedly at the work of those who sought the will of the people. But their pride rose beyond control when they thought of the loving welcome their son would give them, and of the comfortable home they pictured he had established for them. What happiness it would be to sit quietly free—free from all prison—and have their young son comfort and caress them. Ah, had God willed this happiness for them?

On a lofty spring morning when all the earth reached toward the distant turquoise heavens the parents, with mingled joy and sadness, passed into the bright world from the prison doors for the last time. Their companions pressed a few copecks into their trembling hands and wished them Godspeed. Thus they left their miserable abode of drudgery and filth and turned alone towards the toilsome ceaseless journey—and at the end, what would await them?

For days and weeks they traveled over the blooming lands in whatever conveyances they were able to afford and obtain; often they walked for miles along the roads. Even though most of the traveling was very wearing their spirits were kept alive by the wonderful blooming of spring and the thought of home. The fields were covered with myriads of pastel colored flowers and their fragrance perfumed the air for miles around. The birds

chirped in the sapping trees and the very earth in all its glory cried out for a happy life and inspired nature in its awakening.

Finally, when they neared their little home town, their excitement became so keen, and their nerves so overwrought that the feverish, nervous tension bent and almost broke their ever weakening, failing bodies. As the wolf dog spurs himself on with a frantic effort when he knows he is on the homeward lap, so the poor souls, half delirious with the joy and expectation of having their beloved lost baby, who had grown to manhood, with them again, to be under his tender care, strained every muscle to reach home on the eve of the Easter festival.

As they re-entered the old village and limped hurriedly down the main street no one recognized or heeded the old bent couple and they, after one searching glance and wondering look at the strange inhabitants, crept quietly towards their old abode where they supposed their son to be preparing for the festival. As they neared the house Ivan trembled violently, and great tears swelled in Marpha's sunken eyes. As they stood hand in hand in front of the wooden gate and saw no flicker of light through the hazy twilight, or curling smoke from the chimney their hearts thumped violently.

A shriveled bent woman paused in front of the next house to gaze at the strangers, and after long piercing stares she tottered timidly towards them.

"Is it really you Ivan and Marpha Seminoff, you, you have lived through your term and have come back?"

"Yes, yes—we are back, back home to our Kolia, where is he, can you tell us?"

The woman's haggard face grew ghastly, her eyes bulged and her mouth dropped.

"He—he—it was the same kind of work you used to do, he started a strike in the factory and—and he only left last Tuesday for life banishment in Siberia."

The gray dawn found the broken couple dry-eyed with clasped hands still on the door step of their old home, while Kolia pushed through the mist in his heavy leg-fetters, urged on by the cracking of the knout behind him.

## THE RUIN.

JOSEPHINE WILLIAMS, '21.

It was pleasant for us to sit there on the hill side, Granny and I, with the cool breezes fanning our cheeks, flushed from the steep climb. Many feet below lay the little town of Harper's Ferry, asleep save for the roar of the frequent trains sweping, now through the West Virginia tunnel across the Patomac, now down the canal, bearing great loads of coal from the Pennsylvania hills. From without the rugged mountain ridges rushed two swift rivers, one on each side of the village and crowded into the rocky channel leaving the town cut off from Virginia and Maryland. I had never seen a more beautiful landscape as I glanced across at the Virginia hill with its chimney-like rock formation towering above the wooded sides, then down at the famed "Look-out" rock jutting over the river below, at last my eyes fixed themselves on the massive ruins of what seemed to be an old church. Weeds and briars had almost crowded the feeble grass from the fallen terraces. Clumps of underbrush bespoke earlier shrubbery. Underground vaults lay exposed to sun and wind as if trying to gain recompense for long years of secrecy and seclusion. The great steps had partly fallen away from the crumbled walls, while soft green ivy blanketed all, alleveating the rough breaks. Behind, several cedar trees stood sentinel over a long unused burying ground; and fallen white stones stood witness for those who had gone before.

At last I turned to the little old lady knitting placidly beside me.

"Granny dear, I don't exactly know what it is, but those ruins above seem to exercise a hypnotic influence over me. There is something vague and unreal about them which I cannot understand.

"My child," granny said, "you are not the first who has been affected by that old church. Some say the devil himself abides under the rock.

"There's a sad, sad story connected with it. It is the life history of two of the most prominent families of this

country, one proud and wealthy, the other proud and poor. That ruin is the monument to their union, happiness and fall.

“Many years ago the last son of the wealthy family died, leaving a widow and little son. Of course the mother pampered the child beyond reason. He was a frail, nervous, mischievous youngster, the instigator of every piece of deviltry enacted at school. Mary, there was nothing that child didn't think of! He carried baby snakes to school, frightening poor Miss Jane into hysterics. I actually found him trying to hang poor 'Tab,' the cat your grandfather gave me, under the grape arbor. His poor mother had a time with him for he soon got quite beyond her control. Notwithstanding all this, there was something so lovable about Bob that his escapades were seldom taken seriously. He went to the university, from which (they say) he was expelled. At any rate, he didn't return after the first term. He loafed about town, chumming with the roughest, commonest, crowd, and was drunk half of the time.

“Those red brick walls down near the water's edge are the remains of the old Throckmorton mills, which, during his father's time ran day and night, now they were seldom heard. Rumors spread that Bob spent many a night gambling there in the bins. His poor mother aged rapidly. Between the decline of their fortunes and Bob's conduct, all joy seemed to leave her.

“About this time Anne, the last of the proud, but poor family which I mentioned, came to Harper's Ferry to teach in the school. She was sweet and pretty, and all the young men began courting her.” Granny's voice droned on like the soft buzz of bees, and the nimble fingers threw yarn back and forward with lightning-like rapidity.

“Much to the astonishment of all, Bob began paying Anne arduous court. He became so enslaved by her beauty and sweetness that he seemed to forget his rowdy companions. Never have I seen a young man mend his ways more quickly. He started the mill again and worked to rebuild its former trade.

“In a year or so the two were married in the little wooden church. That girl certainly had a great influence over Bob. I remember the stir when he came to church with her after they were married. Never had I seen him inside it since he was a youngster. Why the rector actually stopped in the midst of his sermon and peered over his glasses in an uncertain puzzled way!

“No man could help being purer, living day after day with such a woman as Anne. People began to forget the wild oats he had sown, and instead talked of his prosperity and wealth.

“Several years after their marriage a little son was born to them. In his great joy, Bob gave the money for the church whose ruins you now see. It was the most beautiful church any of us had ever seen. The windows, the organ, the reclining Christ—but child, I can’t go into that.

“Somehow Anne never grew strong after little Bobby’s birth, and when he was four years old they laid her to rest beside the stone church in which she had taken such joy. Bob grieved deeply for Anne, but somehow the little mite of a child comforted him. Responsibility for the rearing of his son, together with the childish purity and innocence brought forth the best in the man’s character. Baby hands seemed the bond which reached even beyond the grave and held the father true to his wife who had gone before.

“The little fello wfollowed his father everywhere, dogging his steps like a little fox terrier. Bobby seemed to thrive under his father’s care, but oh, he was terribly spoiled! ‘A chip off the old block,’ I said to myself when the children told me of his pranks at school. The child had been deprived of nothing, and it was not unnatural that he should become headstrong and wilful. His father, however, seemed to think him perfect. He fairly worshipped the ground Bobby trod upon. I took it upon myself to tell him, as a friend of his dear mother and wife, that it was sinful to worship any earthly thing as he did that child. Bob tossed his head in that proud indepen-

dent fashion of his, and said, 'The youngster's all I have in this world. I must be good to him.'

"The most absurd thing he did was to give a small row-boat to that child. Bobby would take it and fish day after day by himself out among the big rocks. My heart quaked each time I saw him start out.

"Did you ever hear of the freset we had early in the nineties?"

I shook my head.

"Well, I never saw the river so high or rough," she continued, "but my, how the shad bit! Early one Saturday morning Bobby came by home, prancing along like a colt fresh from pasture, his fishing pole across his shoulder and a can of bait in his hand. A small straw hat sat on the back of his head, as if inviting freckles to rest on his tiny pug nose. I ran to the door and called, 'Oh Bobby, Tom Smith says the water is mighty treacherous since last night's storm, and besides it's liable to blow up again before night.'

"'Pooh,' he replied, balancing on first one leg, then the other, and casting longing glances riverward. 'Nothing's going to hurt me. I'll bring you a nice string of fish for your supper,' and with that he was off.

"With a sigh I went back into the house. Somehow all the joy was taken from the day for me. I started once or twice to send for his father, but then I thought, maybe he would thank me to mind my own business. (Many's the time I have regretted not doing so.) Round about four o'clock the sky began to be overcast with dark clouds, the wind rose, and the rain fell in torrents. I hovered around the door, glancing anxiously toward the river.

"About dusk one of the negroes rushed in. 'Miss Jane, oh Miss Jane, powerful clamity done befel Marse Bob. Little Bobby done been swallowed up by the waves.'

"I grabbed a shawl, ran through rain and mud toward the river. A great crowd had gathered on the shore. I asked one of the bystanders for particulars.

"'Miss, I wuz comin' home from work, 'bout four, and hurrying along mouty fast too, for I saw the storm

acomins'. When I got below the mill the cloud bust on me. Jest then I heerd a scream and there settin' out amongst them leaping waves wuz Bobby in his little boat.' The man's voice broke. I was weeping violently. 'Miss, he lost his oars. A great big wave come along and tossed the boat high up on the rocks and another sent it spinnin' edge on into the water. Bobby slung out his arms in an entreatin' fashion, and then wuz swallowed up. It all happened that quick! He never once come to the top. Jim almost lost his life divin' for him, but swift as them waters are 'twas useless.'

"The poor father?"

"Out thar now, draggin' round them cussed rocks."

"Sure enough, out in mid-channel the bereaved man was vainly trying to regain that which the waves had snatched from him. Late into the night he and the waves kept watch over the dead. About midnight some men towed him in, fighting and struggling to stay out. The waters were left, undisturbed possessor of the little body. Our rector, waiting on the shore, strove to comfort him, but Bob cast him aside in a frenzy, cursing the minister, who 'lyingly preached a merciful God,' the river which had stolen his boy, the church on the hill, and God.

"He saw no one, accepted no sympathy, asked nothing from any man, gave nothing to any one. A grief as silent and impregnable as stone, held him in a vice-like grip. The ties which had held him to the best in life had been broken, the beast in the man ruled supreme.

"Like a magnet with charging poles, the river and graveyard drew him. Now he would spend night after night down by the water. Again he was found keeping vigil with the pines on the hilltop.

"One night, nearly twelve, your grandfather came home from lodge meeting. I could tell by his steps that something was troubling him mightily.

"'What is it?' I asked anxiously, as he came into my room. 'Is one of the neighbors ill?'

"'No, no, worse, worse,' he said, pacing up and down the long room with quick agitated steps. 'Such a pity.'

"'What's a pity? Mercy me, can't you stop that walk-

ing a minute?" I was beginning to get very impatient. Your grandfather could be so exasperating with his slowness.

"Stopping on about the twentieth round he began.

Well I took the short cut across by the church to-night. As I came close to the graveyard I thought I saw some one sitting on a grave. (I don't mind admitting I was somewhat startled). It being late, however, I kept on. When I got nearer I heard a man's voice. Mother, it was Bob Throckmorton there by Anne's grave. As well as I could make out he was saying something like this:

" 'Anne, Anne, I can't find his body, I can't bring it up here to you.' He kept saying that over and over, and then he started out on a new track. 'Anne you said there was a God. If there is He's failed me. He's cruel, heartless. He's taken my life, my all. He's not merciful nor kind. I hate the church, the very sight of it. It makes me remember things I want to forget. I won't hush! Why did you——'

" 'Here I interrupted him, laying my hand on his shoulder and speaking sternly. "Robert Throckmorton, you are blaspheming the Most High." He turned round, and Mary he looked at me with the eyes of a mad man! I fairly shrunk as he yelled, 'There is no God!' Then, as if forgetting my presence he kept on. 'I say I hate the sight of the church. Cross, stop holding out your arms to me!' (Jane, I swear that cross on the church moved. Yes it did!) 'I won't have you forever tormenting me. I'll rid myself of your sight.'

"I tried to lead him but he wouldn't move. He stopped as if thunder-struck.'

"The most heartrending cry I have ever heard burst from the hill top. We sprang to the door. The church was in flames! Before any one could get there, the roof fell in.

"All night long the ruins glimmered and glowed in the moonlight. Now and then a spark flew upward toward the shining stars, which seemed to me like prayers for a

lost soul making their way heavenward. Next day they found the body of a man."

A leaf fluttered down. The sun cast its last long beams through the river gap, painting with a generous brush the time worn village in faint pastel hues. Up the river crept the murky, clinging mists. The sun shifted its rays, illuminating for a second the weathered ruins above. A night bird whistled. Granny and I gathered our wraps. Twilight was near at hand.

THE LYRIC DRAMA OF THE CELTIC  
RENAISSANCE.

MARY B. GUEST, '20.

The Celtic Renaissance, that wonderful movement which spread so rapidly from province to province, and from Ireland was whispered abroad, came as such a surprise to the English-speaking world that in 1895 men who heeded letters could talk of little else. And even to Irish writers themselves, deeply interested in their country as they were, the phenomenon was not appreciated as of much significance at its beginning.

Between the years 1892 and 1894 groups of eager young writers had begun the organization of the Gaelic League, which was to give back to Ireland her language and her civilization, and though they were translating "The Love Songs of Connacht" into a new and masterful rhythm, there was no idea of a real renaissance in Irish literature. Yet at this time there appeared a little volume, "The Revival of Irish Literature," which turned the attention of the younger men to literature, the fall of Parnell and the subsequent decline of political agitation having given them a chance to think of something other than politics. The purpose of their new literary effort was "to retell in English the old Irish legends and folk-songs, to catch and to preserve the moods of Irish men and women of today, especially those moods which came of their brooding over Ireland, its history, its landscape and the temper of its people." It came directly from a kindling of Irish hearts by thoughts of the great past, of Irish romance of yesterday and today, of Irish spirituality.

Of the literature which thus arose, drama has made a stronger and a wider appeal, whatever its excellence, than has poetry, though the lofty, inspired verse of Yeats and Russell places them in the hearts of many as poets before dramatists. Though of less significance for their time, many poets of the Celtic Renaissance have come only short of greatness, and could have blended into plays their love of Ireland or love of the Catholic church. In preparing the way for the drama, in the collection, clarifi-

cation and retelling of folk literature, William Larminie, Lady Gregory and Dr. Hyde are most prominent, the latter having given to his prose a rhythm that reveals English almost as a new language, and that has reacted to a considerable extent on the dramatic phase of the movement. Mrs. Hinkson, whose name comes inevitably into the pages of Celtic literature, found herself in poems on moods of her own or of the landscape, while Moina O'Neill's verses cry out her homesickness for Ireland. In Miss Eva Gore-Booth we find, too, a lyric poet whose natural lilt no mystic preoccupation can for more than a moment obscure.

Despite the dominance of the drama over poetry, and the tendency of recent years to surrender to theatrical management, there has been a substantial place given to lyric verse which bears directly on the character of the drama, in giving to it a decidedly lyric tone and in connecting it with the other literary forms of the Renaissance. The plays have been written by men widely read in the literatures of many languages, men to whom words are, if not "the only good," at least a chief one, and by men who wish their work in drama to be of as high intention as are the works of the poets and writers of stories.

Though, like all the rest of the world, who would have their plays abreast of the time, the Irish dramatists have gone to Ibsen and to Maeterlinck for their technique. This alone have they borrowed and adapted to Irish usage. It is in character, in ideals, in atmosphere, in color that the drama must be native, and it is in all these that the Abbey Theatre Plays are Irish. Lyngé, the master dramatist of the new movement, while not reproducing the average Irishman, is just as natively Irish in his extravagance and irony as the old folk-tale of "The Two Hags," and Yeats in many moods is very like to the riddling bards of long ago.

All Celts are born actors, all famed for beautiful speech, for powers of impersonation, for quick changes of mood. From these traits, from ease in running the gamut of emotion, comes the arts of the stage, and these are the

Irishman's in fullest measure. For some elements of their art, however, the Abbey Players have had to go abroad, for their repose of manner, for a quietude which is not a quietude of moodiness, so characteristic of the Irish peasant. These players have been taught to let their gesture and expression rise out of the situation itself, to "get up" their parts from their own ideas. The custom of speaking the lines with a musical lyric intonation has given to their speech a mellowness of sound which may have given rise to the old saying that the English of Dublin is the most beautiful English in the world.

From the very beginning of the Irish National Dramatic Company, Mr. Yeats has been an advocate of scenery that is background chiefly; decorative in a way, but subdued and in harmony with the subject of the play.

"I would like to see," Yeats has said, "poetic drama which tries to keep at a distance from daily life, that it may keep its motion untroubled, staged with but two or three colors." Old reds, misty blues, royal purples, greens that have about them the dimness of haunted woods, and dull golds glow as a background to his plays, set in a village street or in a cross-road in a gap of hills.

There has never been a poet who used better the gifts his country gave him than did William Butler Yeats, and it is as a poet dreaming over "Shadowy Waters" that we see him always. The heroic legends of Ireland are in his poetry, folk lore and the look of the country are there. He is a man moulded as only Irish conditions of old time and of today could have moulded him, a man with eyes on a bare country side in the gray of twilight, dreaming on old tales whose setting lies before him. At this hour the other world is as near to man as he will let it be, and to Yeats it is very near. At such times waking dreams come to him, to be put in verse, dreams of his country's legendary past and of its fairy present, dreams born of books and of magic. Yeats is one of those who does not live intensely until the oncoming of night, when the real and unreal seem to mingle and to merge most closely. A passion for all things hidden has remained

with him, and though this interest has not always been at the very front it has suggested to him the material, images, color and in part the rhymes that have given to his poetry its lyric beauties, so typically Irish in their exuberance and richness. With his story of "The Wanderings of Oisín" began the real Celtic Renaissance, and nowhere do Yeats' lines go with more lilt, fall more inevitably into phrase or more fully diffuse a glamor of unworldliness. Up until he was thirty-four, when he practically gave up lyric poetry for dramatic, Yeats' happiest moments were devoted to lyrics. Of all the plays which he has written since, in which he has sacrificed poetry to work in a medium more generally acceptable, none have been as beautiful as his early lyric plays, dramatic only in form. Though he has striven at that hardest of literary tasks, to make true dramatic speech high poetry, he has produced nothing more beautiful than "The Countess Cathleen" and "The Land of the Heart's Desire."

Though beautiful in ideas and in words, and stirring in a lyric and decorative way, he seems at times to have sacrificed poetry in vain to strive after an art which he could not master, by remodeling them to make them more dramatic. There is no greater lyric poetry anywhere than "The Land of Heart's Desire," where constant boding and final tragedy cannot overcome the sing of the lines. It tells of the luring away by a fairy-child of the soul of the bride of May—Eve, and of her death when her soul has passed over to the land

"Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,  
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,  
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue  
And where kind hearts bring no capturty."

A story it is from folk-lore, so far back in time and so far away from the life we know that all seems not only possible, but inevitable.

Whatever formative influence the work of William Butler Yeats may have had upon the younger dramatists, the fact remains that the subsequent Irish drama developed along very different lines. Here and there we

find a play, or a solitary playwright, like Lord Dunsany, whose affinity with the poetic drama as conceived by Yeats is undeniable. But generally speaking, the later dramatists have based their work on the form and tradition created by John Millington Synge, a writer who came forward, equipped with every advantage for imposing the present drama as a powerful medium of national expression, and as an instrument of poetic and dramatic power. It is Synge himself who has put the just phrase on what his life was to him in the words of Deirdre. "It should be a sweet thing to have what is best and richest, if it is for a short time only." He wrote the play of Deirdre's triumph over death as he himself was dying, with a high heart, gladly, to fulfill his dream of the most queenly girl of old Ireland. But he could not keep out of his writing, had he wished to keep it out, his own love that death was so soon to end. Despite an irony that was new to literature, cruel and disillusioning at times, there has never been a writer in whom there was more joy. The "strange, still man" as he was, even to those who knew him best, found that all life that was natural was thrilling. Such joys he depicts as he found among the Irish peasants, wild, earthly and rallying, joys that transform his exultations to the serene sadness of Deirdre and of Naisie as they look back on their seven years of love in Glen Masain, of love too perfect and too happy to be real.

During the years 1902-1909 Synge spent his happiest hours in the Wicklow Glens, to which memories of his people had drawn him. Here he lived a full life in the Ireland that he loved and found joy in making that life, at its worst as well as its best, into a new beauty. And so great was his joy in this beauty, extravagant, grotesque, even ghoulish as it may be, that even at the end nothing could lessen the high spirit of his writing.

It is not to his dramas always that one's thoughts of Synge turn, but rather to tales of his wandering, wayside life. Rightly, too, for it is the memory of the road that most kindled him, and it is to the man of the road that he gives his most lyric passages. In Synge's heart is inspired the most beautiful speech, with the very wild-

ness of the wandering heart in it, and with the long swing which comes when one has been a day abroad on the road. Like his drama, his poetry is that of exaltation, of joy in living, in change and speed and danger, and of a love which meant most of all to him. What if his words have the mud of roads upon them, the reek of the Shebeen or the tinker's fire in a ditch upon them? They have, too, the smell of ploughed land and of the sea; they fall into cadences that are cadences of wind and tide, the voices of wild folk, old and young, as they lament upon the road the ways of life and the sorrow which waits for all in the end. To attain such a style which is his very self, the very color of his life, the color of the extravagant phases of the life of his country, is surely in itself a title to greatness. Always it is the joy of making something beautiful out of his experience and his dream of life that inspires Lynge to write. To many he presents this life as untroubled by the passing agitation of the day, with an exaltation bringing with it new delights and refreshment of spirit. His plays leave behind them a feeling of richness, wonder and large content, a spirit of youth expressed in such pure poetry, with such a subtle essence that Lynge has transformed reality for us until the real and the ideal seem as one.

Of all Lynge's successors, Lord Dunsany alone has broken with the traditional peasant drama, and has written plays whose poetry is not concealed by the fact that his medium is prose. His effort has been to put before us something different, to present something unusual in a wonderful, unreal atmosphere. As a reaction, perhaps, to the realistic drama, he has taken us to the realm of the ideal and the romantic, exaggerated 'tis true, but colored with a glow that comes from the east. The old Oriental legends he gives are picturesque, remarkable works of fancy invented by him from a wealth of Oriental fantasy, unique in our time. Free use of the fabulous Orient as the scene of his dramas gives a poetic color to his prose, while the language, rhythmic and musical makes even the trifles seem weird and grotesque with his short dramas "The Glittering Gate," "The Gods of the Moun-

tains," "The Golden Doom," it was evident that a new force had come into the drama. Here we see emphasis laid on the aesthetic side, on beauty for beauty's sake, and an attempt to take any person, even beggars and thieves, and anything and to make it seem artistic. The irony of Dunsany's conclusions is delightful and typical of his whimsical humor. His fables are charming, though thoroughly Yeatsian in lack of specific dramatic interest.

Though Dunsany did not depict Celtic Ireland and its heroic figures, his adventures are as stirring to the imagination as are any recounted by Gaelic legend. His work, both drama and narrative prose, is part of that rekindling of the flame which has invested the Irish world with the glow of Celtic vision. The marvels which he describes are in reality but the simplest natural phenomenon seen through the eyes of a poet, and thus seen, they take on the glamor and mystery which the Celt has at all times found in nature. Though his greatest genius has been revealed in weird tales of gods and men, his contribution to the drama is sufficiently original to make the name of a lesser man.