CONTENTS

RICHMOND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

Editorials ................................................................. 14
When We Were Boys ................................................... Z. L. Roos 17
Nothing ................................................................. V. C. Hargroves, '22 20
Songs ................................................................. R. E. Garst, '22 23
A Home Coming ....................................................... G. T. Black 30
The Art of Reading .................................................... I. T. Duke 31
Some Advantages of Football ........................................ J. L. Lane, '20 37
Alumni Notes .......................................................... Wm. E. Hatcher, '22 41
Athletics ................................................................. A. B. Cook, '21 18

WESTHAMPTON COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

Editorials ................................................................. 43
The Russian Mir ......................................................... Helen Taylor, '22 45
Letters From a Russian Girl .......................................... Juliet Woodson, '22 51
Siberia—A Possibility ................................................ Thelma Hill, '22 57
Richmond College Directory

STUDENT COUNCIL.
H. R. Holland ........ President
C. H. Phippen ........ Vice-President
K. E. Burke ........ Secretary
........ Treasurer

GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.
R. A. O'Brien ........ President
........ Vice-President
D. W. A. Harris ........ Secretary
........ Treasurer
Football.
H. C. Carter .......... Captain
R. A. O'Brien .......... Manager
Garland Gray .......... Captain
Basketball.
H. A. Ford .......... Manager
W. F. Mathews .......... Manager

Tennis.
A. G. Smith .......... Manager

Y. M. C. A.
G. W. Sadler ... General Secretary
R. W. McKenney .......... President
E. B. Willingham .. Vice-President
N. M. Fox ........ Secretary
........ Treasurer
R. J. Kirby ...... Sec. of Missions

CABINET.
C. V. Hickerson .......... Program
C. F. Leek .... Church Affiliation
and Bible Study
A. B. Honts .......... Membership
K. E. Burke ........ Employment
H. A. Ford ........ Music
........ Entertainment

LITERARY SOCIETIES.
Philologian.
A. B. Honts .......... President
K. E. Burke .......... Vice-President
W. S. Nuckols .......... Secretary
W. E. Hatcher .......... Treasurer

Alpha Phi Epsilon.
(Mu Sigma Rho Chapter.)
C. H. Phippens .......... President
R. A. O'Brien .......... Vice-President
N. M. Fox ........ Secretary
........ Treasurer

DEBATING AND FORENSIC COUNCIL.
Dr. H. B. Handy
C. H. Phippens
E. B. Willingham
W. M. Pettus
J. L. Lane

CLASSES (Presidents).
J. L. Lane .......... Senior
N. M. Fox .......... Junior
W. E. Jones .......... Sophomore
E. C. Johnson .......... Freshman

COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS.
The Messenger.
J. L. Lane ........ Editor-in-Chief
Prof. H. B. Handy, Advisory Editor.
C. F. Leek .......... Bus. Manager

The Richmond Collegion.
S. P. Spratt ...... Editor-in-Chief
C. V. Hickerson .. Bus. Manager

The Spider.
A. C. Cheetham .. Editor-in-Chief
S. T. Bowman ..... Bus. Manager
WESTHAMTON COLLEGE DIRECTORY

STUDENT GOVERNMENT.
Katheryn Vaughn........ President
Lillian Robertson, Vice-President
Lucy Wright........ House President
Narcissa Daniel...... Secretary
Mildred Rucker....... Treasurer

STUDENT GOVERNMENT COUNCIL.
Mary McDaniel....... Senior Rep.
Mary Hart Willis..... Junior Rep.
Mary Fugate......... Sophomore Rep.
Francis Shumate.... Athletic Rep.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.
Frances Shumate...... President
Ruth Hoover......... Vice-President
Ruth Wallerstein..... Secretary
Elsie Payne.......... Treasurer
Jeanette Bragg ...... Members
Mildred Rucker ..... at Large

Y. W. C. A.
Frances Shipman...... President
Katheryn McGlothlin, Vice-President
Culley James......... Secretary
Josephine Williams... Treasurer

CABINET.
Lafayette Johnson
Ruth Hoover
Jeanette Freeman
Frances Shumate
Mary Hart Willis
Ruth Carver

PARTHENO-SYSTAESIS.
Sallie Adkisson........ President
Elizabeth Sydnor, Vice-President
Etheline Scott........ Secretary

COUNCIL.
Charlotte Crews,
President English Club.
Virginia Truitt,
President Music Club.
Blanche Morgan,
President Dramatic Club.
Katherine Spicer,
President Current Events Club.

PUBLICATIONS.
The Messenger.
Jeffries Heinrich.. Editor-in-Chief
Dean May L. Keller, Advisory Editor
Marie Crowder, Business Manager

The Collegian.
May Lois Johnson, Editor-in-Chief
Ruth Hoover, Business Manager

The Tower.
Mary Guest........ Editor-in-Chief
Philena Vaughn, Business Manager
An Invitation

Come to Merchants National Bank and open an account.

ONE DOLLAR WILL START IT.

3% Interest Paid on Deposits in Savings Department.

"We Have a Smile For You"

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

"Safest for Savings."

Eleventh and Main Streets
RICHMOND, - VIRGINIA
Richmond College Department

J. L. Lane, '20 .................................................. Editor-in-Chief
H. R. Holland, '20 .............................................. Assistant Editor
Chas. F. Leek, '22 ............................................... Business Manager
W. R. Loving, '21 ............................................... Assistant Business Manager

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Mu Sigma Rho
S. P. Spratt
E. B. Willingham

Philologian
A. B. Cook
W. M. Pettus
W. E. Hatcher, Jr.

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

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

Address—
THE MESSENGER,
Richmond College, Va.
EDITORIAL

In the mad rush for pledges there is hot competition among the Richmond College fraternities during the "open season." Usually there are a few new men who have shown up well during the brief period Fraternity Material they have been in college, and the efforts of the fraternities converge upon these men, with the result that there are many "crosses," with some freshmen receiving as many as six, seven, or eight bids. This creates a situation that is bad for the man being rushed and for the competing fraternities alike. The new men who are asked, persuaded, plead with, cajoled, dined, feted and entertained by different Greek letter groups often get an exaggerated idea of their own importance, which may or may not be dispelled by the lusty strokes of the initiatory paddle. Then, in the great fights that ensue between the fraternities for different men the keen competition often engenders antagonism and ill-feeling, which may not appear on the surface, yet which rankles in the bosoms of the members of the contending groups. Sometimes there is mention of unfair tactics, and this does not help inter-fraternity relations at all.

The outstanding fact about the rushing situation at Richmond College, however, is that in the mad whirl for budding celebrities, splendid men—the finest kind of fraternity material—are absolutely overlooked and ignored. There is quite a range of differences in the outward appearance of men, and too often men are picked for the way they show up, without regard to their true character. Often, in choosing men, the standards are quite artificial, though always the element of pleasing personality enters. There are now in the Freshman Class men not picked by the fraternities, who are as splendid fraternity material as those who received a half-dozen bids. Fraternities that were disappointed in rushing season will do well to take another look at the freshmen who remain without the mystic circles. And they will
do well to consider the real character and manhood of prospective pledges, when they do seek to fill in their depleted ranks. Let all-round manliness be the true criterion for the fraternities in selecting men, and then fraternities in Richmond College will be greater forces for the strength and character of our Alma Mater.

Material for the Messenger is a matter of vital importance to the staff of editors. The editorial staff does not propose to put out the Messenger without the assistance and co-operation of the college community. The men in college, who can write should feel that it is not only a privilege, but an honor to have articles in the Messenger. And yet it is a fact that some of our best writers are careless and indifferent about making contributions to the college magazine. This should not be so. Men should write essays, poems, short stories, etc., not merely to fulfill some English class requirement, but with the idea of making a worthy contribution to this college publication. A very handsome medal is offered by the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian literary societies known as the "Best Writer's Medal." This medal is awarded for the best article contributed to the Messenger during the year. This should be an added stimulus, and should bring about an active competition along the line of writing. The problem of having material in hand for the different numbers of the Messenger is no mean affair to the editorial staff, and we hope that there will be some response to this editorial.

The concentrated meaning of co-ordination may well be defined as "That which is harmoniously existing together having the same order, rank, power, etc."

Co-ordination may be defined in the following manner: "To operate together for a common object, and for the common good." These two definitions overlap each other, and both of them express the same general idea. Therefore, if Westhampton and
Richmond are co-ordinate in name, as they surely are, they ought, also, to be co-operative in spirit and deed. The two colleges should appreciate the fact that we may have the advantages of coeducation without its disadvantages, and that the social life of both colleges can be made much more wholesome and enjoyable than in the ordinary college or university. If the men of Richmond College appreciate this privilege as they really should, they cannot help seeing the demand which it makes on them to be gentlemen under all circumstances. Only a well-bred, honorable, and well-behaved man, who is polite and courteous, can be the gentleman who meets the requirement of our unique situation. A man who cannot, or will not be as much should not be permitted to find room for even a short stay on this spacious campus of ours. With such a fine background as this we could naturally expect a wholesome spirit of co-operation between the two colleges in all athletic and social events. We need this co-operation, and this is a good time to begin developing it. Our manifested respect for Spideretts when we meet them on the campus, in the library, on the car, or wherever we chance to be so fortunate, will be an indicator on our behalf. Let’s force co-ordination to mean co-operation.

We necessarily begin by assuming two conditions; first that the two parties concerned (the advertiser and the Messenger), have entered into some agreement, and secondly that this agreement has materially benefited the Messenger, with a promise from the business staff of the latter that the transaction would eventually bring substantial returns to the former. No definite amount of business was guaranteed for the contracts now held by the staff, but the Messenger Business Managers, acting in a capacity as representatives of the Richmond College student body, felt no hesitancy in assuring the advertising friends of our publications that the students of both Richmond and Westhampton Colleges would gratefully
and gladly direct whatever buying they did, whenever possible, in channels profitable to the advertisers. Securing the quota of ads that are contained herein was no frolic. The advertisers were willing to ad, but doubted that college ads were worth the paper on which they were printed. "College advertising is worthless," many said. We said "College advertising can pay," and we are willing to back that up. However, college ads will pay only when the students of colleges patronize the advertiser. We must keep faith. We must buy from college advertisers or student publications will, in the near future, be a thing of the past.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

The old home is forsaken,
Gone are now its former joys;
It echoes not with childish laughter
Since long ago, when we were boys.

Its windows sightless and vacant
Gaze out on the shady street;
Fitly should we in life's gloaming,
Once more at the old place meet.

Long years have we flung behind us,
Since that sad day now long past
When we went on our separate missions,
And the home life was broken at last.

Ah, Brother; not what we thought it
Is this great wide world of men;
Our ideals are fallen and tarnished
And changed from what they seemed then.

And now with the wisdom that tells us,
The true gold of friends from alloys,
Let us turn again to the days that were,
To that long ago when we were boys.
Realizing today, as never before in the history of this honored institution, the inestimable value of a well-rounded course of instruction in order that our graduates may be versatile men, fitted for all phases of life’s battle, the college officials have made one of the most momentous steps in our long history. The acquisition of Frank M. Dobson, as Professor of Athletics, was the first big step in the new era—a step which places Richmond College on a par with the leading colleges and universities of the country, far ahead of the average institution in this line.

Professor Dobson has in his plans for the new department a system of mass athletics to supplement his work as coach of all the athletic teams. To date, these plans have not been put into operation for the call of the football eleven has taken most of “Coach’s” time. When this period is closed the new system will start.

Already many of the men have fallen in line with the idea. The germ has been injected into a wide group of men, in their new-found allegiance to volleyball. A class league has been formed and several games played. Every afternoon dozens of enthusiasts are out on the court, back of Jeter Hall, working execution on the ball and consequent to their endeavors, vastly improving their physical conditions.

Coach Dobson’s worth to the athletics career of our college is invaluable. He has been back with us less than two months, yet he has taken one of the greenest, and most unkempt group of football candidates and moulded a sterling fighting aggregation which bids fair to earn the right to possess the coveted cup as a reward for winning the championship of the Eastern Virginia Intercollegiate A. A.

Our preliminary season was a most gratifying one. We opened it by narrowly missing a victory over the U. of Va. eleven. As it was, we turned in a scoreless tie result, which in itself was a victory. Then, on to Tech,
to battle against their mighty machine. We held them scoreless for three gruelling quarters, only admitting defeat after V. P. I. resorted to practically a new squad of fresh warriors to crush our tired and battered crew. Tech won at 21 to 0. It was a marvellous showing.

At Williamsburg a week later we struck a snag. Lacking the fighting spirit, which has characterized our team in every meeting this season, and being unable to stop the terrific charging of the Indians' line which was superb, we finally lost by 7 to 0 in the last five minutes of play.

But it was simply a relapse, and the following game saw a return to the former conditions, and Hampden-Sydney went back to Farmville a defeated team at 7 to 0.

The crowning feature to date is the utter rout of Randolph-Macon on Saturday, November 2. Jumping on Coach Marshall's new assignment with both feet, we won a clean-cut victory by the score of 27 to 7.

It now remains to win the next three games. Comparative showings favor our team. At any rate, win or lose, Coach Dobson has proven his right to the title of "Miracle Man" in Virginia football circles and possibly further still than the confines of this sovereign state.

A wonderful opportunity is ours. A race of clean-cut, vigorous, manly men is bound to emanate from the halls of Richmond College to take their stands at the head of every task which comes their way; mentally, morally, spiritually, and physically better for having sojourned by the side of the beautiful lake in education’s sylvan home.
NOTHING.
V. CARNEY HARGROVES.

Logically speaking I am not writing on anything. From the standpoint of mental fatigue I am proving myself the personification of industriousness, as a result of my present endeavor. Were you to judge the contents of this essay, before perusing them, by the impression gained from a glance at the title, you might be justified in assuming it to be the pluperfect tense of assininity. The basis of your opinion would, to some extent, be correct, that is, according to the premise reasoning, since it is undoubtedly a fact that I am writing on Nothing. On the other hand, there is a possibility that the major or minor premise in a final analysis would prove false, or to say the least, deficient. Whereupon, your assumption would be without a foundation, and there would still be the possibility that my essay on Nothing would be Something. Furthermore, Nothing can cause no mental fatigue or rather exertion. But the preparation of this analization has caused quite a disturbance of the Medulla Oblongata in the spacious regions of my intellectual portion. Therefore, it is proved that my subject Nothing is Something, and that your previous conception of Nothing is erroneous. Whereupon I crave your indulgence further.

To be precise now, what is Nothing? There are in fact several definitions we may assign to this abstract question which will more or less determine its place. First, Nothing is zero; in other words, it is the same thing as zero, taking into consideration, however, the fact that the former covers a much wider field. Zero we may say is the dividing point between the ascending scale of numerals and the descending; the exact position that a quantity assumes when not in a plus or minus mood. Moreover, there are times of extreme frigidity when we say the thermometer is zero. According to the above reasoning we could truly say the thermometer is Nothing; thereby assigning Something to Nothing, or rather the value of Something to Nothing.
Secondly, a person may ask what is between the earth and the sun. The average person will say Nothing. As a matter of fact there is Nothing but space, ether, air, etc. Here again Nothing is being granted the privilege of being Something.

In the third place, one may say “I have Nothing in my pocket.” But does he realize that there are other quantities than concrete ones that a pocket may possess? It may contain lint or dust, either of which is certainly Something. Again he may say, “I have a hole in my pocket.” In that case there is something in his pocket, because “hole” is a perfectly good English word, and is Something. That is, it is an intangible Something which may or may not be defined. Nevertheless it is whatever it is and being as it is that, it is Something. Nothing, therefore, is Something, since Something embodies everything, whether tangible or intangible, concrete or abstract. And Nothing may be any of them. But if any one thinks that he can comprehend well enough how there should be Nothing, I will vouch that what he means by Nothing is as much Something as anything he ever thought of in his life; and I believe that if he knew what Nothing was, it would be intuitively evident to him that it could not be. In other words, all Nothing is Something, and absolute Nothing is the aggregate of all contradictions in the world.

Few people know that dust is one of the most important elements of nature; that is, important in so far as human beings are concerned. Without it we could have no light, no heat, in fact hardly anything. But as compared with Nothing, dust fades into insignificance, so far as their relative consequence is concerned. There is not even what may be termed a comparison; it assumes the very opposite phase of a contract. To be sure on the face of the matter this seems most unreasonable and impossible, but as a matter of fact it is absolutely true.

To begin with, I wish to ask this question: From what was the earth made? Your answer will only be and can only be—Nothing. Well now, we have before us a re-
markable problem; doubly striking in the immensity of the actual product engendered of Nothing. Stop for an instant and consider that according to the Bible, whose authority is infallible, the millions upon millions of stars and planets, each of which may represent a world, were made from that mystical substance—Nothing. That the all essential elements to our very existence—namely fire, water, air, etc.—emanate from Nothing, thru the Supreme hand of the Creator. That man with all his powers and ever inventive genius, with all the beauty of his material being is but a different form of dust—the sands of Nothing. Briefly, that all things are developed from Nothing. We then owe all things to Nothing. To it we are indebted for our very existence, for our being and for our mortal coil, which when we shuffle, back to Nothing does our dust proceed.

"Nothing, thou elder brothers e'en to the shade,  
Thou had'st a being ere the world was made."

"O mighty Nothing, Nothing unto thee,  
Nothing we owe all things that be;  
God spake once when he all things made,  
He saved all when he Nothing said;  
The world was made of Nothing then,  
'Tis made by Nothing now again."
SONGS.

Robert E. Garst, '22.

There are few, very few, fewer than there should be, of us who need an introduction to popular music. It wouldn't be popular if it had to be introduced. We are raised on it, live on it, and frequently die on it. We hear it wherever we go. We hear it in the morning, at noon, and, most hideous of all, at night. It is advertised in our morning paper; it is whistled by the shine as he puts a five cent appearance on our shoes for ten; we hear it at the movies, the restaurants, the Lyrics. We hear it on the street, in the parks, at the dance halls. We hear it at home, too, but that, of course, cannot be helped. Still that is no reason why all the rest of the world should go crazy over it. Why the man next door cannot stop his daughter from playing it at eleven o'clock at night has always been an unsolved mystery to us. And when she gets tired of playing it she starts the phonograph. It is useless to woo sleep under such circumstances. It almost makes one believe that the tom cat on the back fence has music in his soul. Some venerable ancient once asked: "Is there a heart that music cannot melt?" It is evident that he never had the pleasure of anathematizing the jazz-band next door. With the same song dinned into our ears every minute of the day and most of the night is it any wonder that we, may we be forgiven, begin to hum the thing ourselves? But no sooner has a particular song ceased to raise our ire than it is gone and a newer, jazzier sensation renews our martyrdom. Small wonder that we would miss it if no jazz-band ushered us to our graves. Well, so runs the world away and we are told that we can get used to anything.

Back a good many years, we don't know how many, but it was before our time, some misguided mortal broke away from convention and wrote a song that had all the earmarks of a "sensational song success." Now that he is gone we don't hold it against him, but he should have had better training as a boy. That was the beginning
but, my friends, the end is not yet. "Smashing song hits" have been almost everyday occurrences from that day to this. 'Twas in those good old days that "Two Little Girls in Blue," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Red Wing," and "Silver Bell" first saw the light of day. Since these forerunners of the popular song the "sensational" and "smashing" qualities of the new productions have smashed all records and have finally culminated in the latest: "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary" and "Take Your Girlie to the Movies." At least these were the latest when I started writing, but they very likely are not now. Popular music is of the mushroom variety. Those old songs sound rather out of place in these progressive days, but no more so than "The Wild Wild Wimmen" would have sounded then. It would have been premature to say the least. We must have lively productions now. We have snappy style, snappy clothes, snappy stories, so why not snappy music? We demand it, and we get it in chunks of roe, so to speak.

Since we have started let us take a survey of the "Land of Popular Songs." We meet first the slow, stately, sentimental songs of that period just after the Civil War. The atmosphere is very depressing for us because we're not used to it. We are rather ill at ease until we enter the precincts of the Land of Rag. The air is fairly lurid with awe-inspiring racket. The noise makes us feel more at home than at any time since we started. Ragtime songs blare on every side and ragtime couples surround us, throwing their shoulders in the air, as the "Grizzily Bear" says, and doing various other contortionistic antics connected with the strenuous art of ragging. We find "Alexander's Ragtime Band" playing "Daddy Won't You Buy Him for Me," "That International Rag" and others that have "that raggy motion." The syncopated music fairly makes the air tremble and rock as though it had got that raggy notion, too.

Like all other things the rag became badly frayed with use, and slowly went out of style with new bursts of life at ever-lengthening intervals. Its demise was not sorely
lamented because popularity is hardly won and easily lost. It was laid to rest to the strains of “A Simple Melody” and “Where the Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way.” “Good Night Nurse” which may have had a drop of raggy blood in its veins shed a tear over the grave and laid flowers on the tombstone.

We pass the boundary of “Ragdom” with a sigh of relief, only to find ourselves in more rush and excitement than that we had left behind. War songs held the center of the stage with their abundance of patriotism, cheer, encouragement and love for the boys “out there.” It is almost superfluous to mention any of these songs, they are known so well, but this paper would be incomplete without them. Through all we find a depth of feeling covered up by the determination to be cheerful, and often we must brush aside the lightness of expression to find the spirit hidden beneath. “Pack Up Your Troubles” is a bit of good advice that we can follow now as well as then. “We’re Coming Over,” “Over There,” and “Goodbye Broadway, Hello France” all reflect the soldiers’ point of view rather than that of those left behind. “Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning,” “Katy,” and “Good Morning Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip,” are among the songs of lighter vein. “There’s a Long, Long Trail” and “Keep the Home Fires Burning” seem to me to be undoubtedly the best of the period. The first is a dream of the soldier of the future and the latter is a bit of comfort for the home folks. Both, it seems to me, have the qualities which will make them endure far longer than their contemporaries. All, however, reflect admirably the spirit of America and the spirit of our boys during the time of the war.

The clamor of the war period fades into comparative quiet and the post-war period songs make their debut. “Till We Meet Again” and “Dear Old Pal of Mine” have barely time to “come out” before we fall squarely into the spirit of “Take Me to the Land of Jazz.” The first song of this character was “Everybody Loves a Jazz Band.” It looked tame enough, but it started such an
avalanche of "jazz" that ever since we made the ac­quaintance of the "Jazz Baby" we have been "Pickin' Em Up and Layin' 'Em Down." Simultaneously came "Jada." What the name means beyond the fact that it is "a funny little bit of melody" I have never been able to find out. Then along came an epidemic of "Blues." We had everything from "Blue Ridge Blues" to "Barn­yard Blues" with Alcholic, Graveyard, Tin Whistle, Rainy Day, and several other varieties of "Blues" thrown in. But fortunately we have taken lessons in "Jazzin' the Blues Away," so everything is lovely once more. Other, many other, kinds of "jazz" came forth severally known as the "Jazzensations of the season" or "the jazziest song ever jazzed." But like all good things "jazz" must come to an end, and it seems to be going the way of all popular songs. What the next craze will be is hard to tell, although "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," "I've Found the End of the Rainbow" and "Take Your Girlie to the Movies" may be the points by which the course will be determined.

Along with the "jazz" music came others that are sec­tional in character and contain a great deal of local color. Proceeding with our survey of "Song Land" we find the outlook to be very familiar. In fact it is nothing but a Dixie atmosphere. As the song has it "Everybody's Crazy Over Dixie." To feel more at home we inquire "How's Ev'ry Little Thing in Dixie?" and ask about the health of "The Sweetest Girl in Tennessee." The only answer we get is "She's Dixie All the Time." They say "There's a Lump of Sugar Down in Dixie," but it is hard to believe. Things don't happen like that any more. All the songs from the "Girl in the Heart of Maryland" to the "Peaches Down in Georgia" embody the dreamy, Southern atmosphere, and anything below the "Mason Dixon Line" is good material for a popular song.

As we go on the scene becomes foreign in appearance. We come across a setting that cannot be anything but "The Beach at Waikiki" with the sea, the palms and the native dress. At that vision "I Can Hear the Ukeleles
Calling Me," and some one cries "Hawaii, I'm Lonesome for You." It's enough to make one lonesome with "Hawaiian Moonlight" shining over all while "Aloha Oe" is sung by the "Hawaiian Rose." But we must proceed. Westward we wend our way and find ourselves shortly "In China." There we find the original of "Chong" and see the scenes of "Red Lantern" and "Cherry Blossoms" and dream "China Dreams." In fact, our popular song seems to have developed a pig-tail. We go south and find where "Singapore" originated and then set our faces for "Hindustan," "Turkestan" and all the other "stans" that we can unearth. We rediscover the "Persian Pearl" and land fairly in the midst of "Cleopatra's Land." We are at home at once for we make the pleasant discovery that "Cleopatra Had a Jazz Band in Her Castle on the Nile." Any country that far advanced is like unto home, sweet home. There we hear the despairing call of the poker player for his partner in the desert: "Oasis" "Oasis."

"Out of the East" have come many of our songs. They are interwoven with the dreamy, colorful, seductive atmosphere of the Far East and the Orient. The deserts, the moonlight, the rivers, the palms, the beaches are blended into a single essence of those mysterious lands and handed to us in an extract bottle, the popular song.

Before coming home again we must stop over in Ireland and see why so many of our songs come from there. For "There's Something in the Name of Ireland That the Whole World Seems to Love." That may be the reason for the instant popularity of songs about Ireland. "Where the River Shannon Flows," "Ireland Must Be Heaven for My Mother Came From There," and "That Tumble Down Shack in Athlone" seem never to grow old-fashioned, but become mellow and hallowed with the passing of time. They express so much of Irish love for their homeland, the longing to go back to that "good old Erin shore" and the tenderness with which it is enshrined in their hearts, that they can never grow old. Such qualities are enduring in the hearts of men and the expression of them can never pass away.
The songs I have mentioned are all popular songs. They are bought by the millions rather than by the hundreds, and therefore make money for the publishers. In this materialistic age when we squeeze every half-dollar until the eagle yells, that is enough for the publisher. But it is not enough for us. Some of us demand good music, the kind we keep on the piano but never play. And now and then we find what we are after. We discover "the real thing." There are a few songs, classed as popular, which could crawl under the fence into the good music class. In my opinion, "A Perfect Day," "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," "There's a Long, Long Trail" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" are among those that will endure. All of the Irish songs that I have mentioned before come in this class, as well. They are the kind of songs that go right to peoples' hearts. They bring a catch to the throat, a tear to the eye and yet, withal, a smile to the lips. They are the kind that folks love to sing. They are real gems, a term applied to so many, but deserved by so few.

With the exception of these the popular piece is popular for but a day. It flashes into being like a ricket and is gone, leaving behind hardly a hint of lingering melody. Its life is that of a butterfly, brilliant and colorful and then gone; its length is the length of a dream, beautiful for a space, then faded into air; its duration is that of a rainbow, varied and splendid but vanishing we know not where; its frailty is that of a bubble, shimmering and iridescent, but shattered by the touch of a rude man. If you have followed me closely, you have understood that the popular song is not enduring. Few have any quality interwoven in them that makes for permanency. They have no message, no philosophy. Like the sun's rays on a mirror they touch the surface and are reflected. They seldom get beneath the skin to enter our hearts and haunt us with their beauty and charm. The song is intended for our leisure hours, for our pleasure and time-killer. It stimulates for the moment, but there is a letdown afterward. Without really serious qualities can
these songs be classed as good music? I think not; no more than the stories we find in "Snappy Stories" can be classed as literature.

And now you ask "Then what are they good for?" For my part I think that anything that gives harmless pleasure, anything that helps to lighten some one's care, anything that replaces a frown with a smile, anything that makes life a little easier, is worth while. And I think that these songs do that. It is true that we find more sentimentality in them than sentiment, but what little of true sentiment we do find is well worth all the rest. Many a man has buried a gem of thought, a beautiful phrase or even a word in a mass of almost unreadable works, but it is worth the trouble to dig it out. The same is true of our popular songs.

Popular songs are something like essays in that its subject can be almost anything under the sun. Its range is infinite just as our moods are infinite. It will express the plaintive cry of "Somebody Stole My Gal" as well as the deep, stirring call of "Joan of Arc." It will express the noble and the mediocre, the high and the low, the beautiful and the ugly with equal felicity.

So there must be something of worth about our popular songs. They must express some phase of American life or satisfy some craving of the song loving public. I have tried to show why I think it is justified but that, of course, is a matter of opinion. I may have omitted important things and put in things less important but attaining perfection is like the long "I've Found the End of the Rainbow." It can't be done.
A HOME COMING.

When the sun drops behind the mountain,
   And the clouds fade from crimson to gray;
Another mark in the log-book of Time,
   Marks the close of a summer day.

And nowhere in the years of my wandering,
   Have I found a sunset so fine;
Nowhere in the lands of my travels,
   In whatever country or clime.

For no place on earth but the home place,
   Holds a memory so dear in my mind,
When I've gone forth to fight in life's battles,
   And the old scenes are left far behind.

The home folks no longer are waiting,
   For their wandering boy to come home,
They have gone to reap the rich harvest,
   Where the Father has called them to come.

The hearth has been cold for a twelve-month,
   The house, once cheerful and gay
Is desolate, and such is the prodigal's coming,
   At the close of a Summer day.
THE ART OF READING.

Irving T. Duke.

There are very few people who know how to read. This statement may at first sight startle us, but a careful examination of existing conditions ought to convince us of its truth. The majority of us turn the pages of a book and follow the words, but we do not really assimilate what our eyes see. In the hurry and bustle of life today reading is fast becoming a lost art.

The other day I went into the library of our college. Every table was occupied by students. To one who comes in from the outside world, to a visitor, this would no doubt be an inspiring sight; and, subconsciously, I think it is to us all. But as I stood there the thought struck me—I wonder how many of these are really reading, how many are acquiring for themselves what they see in print before them? In one corner was a young freshman buried, so it seemed, in a work of history. He appeared to spell over each word mechanically, and his eyes followed his finger down the page. And still, from his expression he did not appear to really comprehend the content. He was not truly reading. Near the center of the library my eyes met those of another student. He was absent-mindedly gazing about the hall, and on the table before him was a book. But I will wager that he could not have closed it and told me the content of what he had seen there. The reason is obvious: he had never learned how to read.

At one time in our elementary education the teacher has gone through the process of teaching us to read. We have repeated over after her, "This is Mary. How are you, Mary? This is John. How are you, John?" until our tongues got twisted or the recess bell rang. And at another time we have stood up before the class and read from the third reader the story of "Chicken Little." Perhaps I should be wrong if I said that even then we did not understand what we read. But since that time our studies have been so varied and our occupations so
numerous that many of us have lost—if indeed we ever formed it—have lost to a great extent the habit of reading correctly and, further, of understanding that which we read.

To read well a person should aim to read intelligently, sympathetically, and with a definite purpose in view.

In order that one may understand what is read one must read carefully and thoughtfully, thereby thoroughly assimilating what the author has to say. There is a great tendency when reading to slur over many words, which, while in some cases unimportant, are the majority of the time necessary to the correct interpretation of the thought. The good writer does not crowd his sentences with large numbers of irrelevant words. He aims to make his thought complete without encumbering the reader’s mind with too many useless adjectives, adverbs, and verbs. This does not imply, however, that all good sentences are of necessity short. Most of those we read in Huxley, Carlyle, and other essayists are long, involved periods. Pater is replete with them. But a careful analysis will prove in every instance that the sentence is correspondingly full of thought. The essayist or novelist, as the case may be, is not trying to weigh us down by mere bulk of words. Instead we may safely take it for granted that he is nine times out of ten attempting to make our task of reading easier. And yet we go slurring along blindly conscious of the main idea of the writer, but in reality losing all the wealth of expressive and elucidating by-thoughts that he brings to bear. We had rather cover fifty pages ill than read one page in an intelligent manner.

One of the greatest aids to an intelligent reader is the dictionary. I would not be without one. For the very reason that mine is cumbersome I recognize its value. And it is chock full of more genuine knowledge than any other single volume in the world. It is just as necessary to the successful reader as is the proper light and posture. Take for example Huxley’s essay On the Physical Basis
of Life; I should not have got through it without the aid of the dictionary.

But we do not always go to it for help. The average reader only uses it when it is handy. If a dictionary does not happen to be near we pass over the obscure word, and its meaning, and often that of the entire sentence, is lost. The advantages of looking up the meaning of an unfamiliar word are two. First the thought of the sentence is clarified; second, the word, if correctly noted, becomes a part of one’s vocabulary. We thus in a sense make it our own, and the next time we see it it is familiar. We have met before; now we are friends.

When we understand the words used it is further necessary that we survey the sentence as a whole, that is, reconsider it if it is too lengthy and involved to be grasped at first sight. The careful writer spends upon the construction of his sentences and paragraphs much time and care. He writes and re-writes every page until he is certain that the thought he wishes to express has been expressed in the most concise, clear-cut, and effective manner possible. He does not butcher the sequence and unity of the whole by allowing minor and less significant details to predominate. It is his task to keep the foremost and important always prominent, as a beacon light to guide the reader safely through. And is it really fair to the author or ourselves that we read hastily and fitfully what is written with such care, losing thereby the very essence of the thought?

A good practice for the man who would read well is to early form the habit of reading aloud. It is a fact that the number of good readers is daily decreasing. The moving picture has deprived the good story-reader of much of his charm, and there are few families today where the custom of reading aloud is encouraged. The fact is that few people enjoy listening to an article or story read by another. The desire to “see for oneself” is growing stronger rapidly.

But if we cannot get others to listen when we read, we can at least read aloud by ourselves. By doing so one
acquires the habit of accenting and grouping together the right words. And this will go a long way towards a correct arrival at the author's meaning. As we grow older we are apt to lose this habit acquired at the district schools, and often we lose along with it the power to mentally stress and ally the proper words. I have heard people say that when reading aloud they are unable to grasp the thought; this is because they do not read aloud enough, and continued practice will, I believe, convince them of it.

So much for an intelligent understanding of the subject matter. A good reader should go further. He should be sympathetic. The writer usually sets to his task with a desire to end by impressing on the minds of his readers some truth. In one case it may be a theory that he is trying to establish, in another a principle of human nature, in a third he may wish to bring to our consideration the history of a tribe of people. In each instance he presupposes a sympathetic attitude on the part of the reader. Thoreau in his Walden takes for granted beforehand that we are interested in Nature, Dickens that we have sympathy with men of all classes and conditions, and Joel Chandler Harris that we know something of the Southern negro. And we cannot appreciate Thoreau and Dickens and Harris unless we come to them with a sympathetic, open mind.

In order that we may read sympathetically it is not necessary that we forego all our opinions for the time being. If these are worth anything at all they should be strong and marked with some individuality. But they should not be binding. The man who will not change his opinions when convinced that they are wrong is in a bad way. Because one has read Uncle Tom's Cabin is no reason why the impression there given by Mrs. Stowe of the treatment of slaves in the South by their masters cannot be eradicated. In reading, then, our minds should be open, ready to meet the author half way. We should be critical at times, but never prejudiced.
Furthermore, in reading we should have a definite purpose in view. I do not mean by this that our reading should be deprived of its pleasure; when one has mastered the art all reading is more or less enjoyable. But even when we read for pleasure we should not fail to get something from what we read. The result should increase our store of knowledge in some way. What we read should become a part of us.

If when we have finished with Charles Kingsley's sketch, My Winter Garden, we do not feel that we have gotten something from reading it, the time had as well been given over to sawing wood or playing ball. At least then our muscles would have been active. But when we fail to get the meaning of what we read our minds remain inactive, passive; we have seen the print there before us and have mechanically gone through the act of reading, but it has meant nothing, we are none the better for it.

Before putting down a book it is a good plan to run over in the mind the various points the author has attempted to make, somewhat as we do at college in criticizing an essay. We should more or less mentally outline what we have assimilated. This enables the reader to fix a last and firm grasp on the piece of writing and to go away feeling that he is wiser for having read it. The student who throws aside a book at the end of the last page misses the true purpose of reading. A good plan, I think, is to hold the book in your hand for a moment when you have finished, and, while thus physically weighing it, weigh it mentally as well.

The ultimate purpose of all reading is the acquisition of knowledge, and this knowledge cannot be gotten by a mere turning of the leaves. We must learn how to read rightly. There is the correct way to read as well as the correct way to write, and certain rules must be observed in each process.

The establishment of free libraries both in the cities and in the rural sections is a great step in the education
of our people. But the vast wealth of these storehouses of learning will always remain in a measure barred to the masses until all the men and women of our land learn how to read intelligently. And then they cannot gather all the golden gems of thought unless they come to read sympathetically, open-mindedly, and withal purposefully.
Through a long course of years football has struggled for a prominent place in American athletics. It has never, and doubtless never will, become a national game of any country because of the perplexity in choosing players. Still, it is beyond doubt the most popular game of the world; no other game is played by so many different peoples. In the United States not even baseball is more popular than football; in Canada, despite the national devotion to lacrosse, its drawing qualities are admittedly inferior to that of football; in England, where cricket is supposed to rule supreme, football appeals to the mass of the people in a way that cricket has never done. The best testimony to the popularity of football is the wonderful enthusiasm which the game stimulates in the general public. It is no unusual thing for the final match between the North and South of England to be witnessed by from 100,000 to 120,000 spectators, coming from 20 to 300 miles. There were more than 70,000 people present at the 1914 Harvard-Yale game.

Yet, it must be remembered that notwithstanding this universal popularity for football, many prominent writers set forth serious objections to the game. In 1897 while the University of Georgia was playing Pennsylvania, one of Georgia’s players was killed, and the legislature passed a bill prohibiting the game from being played in the state thereafter, and had it not been for the mother of the boy who was killed persuading the governor to veto the bill it would have certainly become a law.

Nine years ago a West Point cadet got his neck broken playing football, which created, to some extent, quite a sentiment against this special phase of athletics. In face of a few such accidents as these many have branded football as "a prize fight multiplied by eleven," and have forgotten and refused to find the good qualities in this sport. But, its triumphant survival and its growing popularity proclaim that the advantages by far outweigh the objec-
tions. This is especially true since the revision of the rules which in every way possible prohibit unnecessary roughness.

Therefore, in defense of football, I would have you note some of its advantages. Dr. Frederick J. Pack, of the University of Utah, in an article sets forth the fact that only one half as many smokers are successful who try out for football squads as non-smokers. In case of able-bodied men, smoking is associated with loss of lung capacity, amounting to about 10 per cent. He further says that smokers furnish twice as many conditions and failures in the literary work as do non-smokers. These facts are based on data collected by Dr. Pack from coaches and athletic directors of fourteen leading American colleges and universities. If a man is a good football player he must not and will not smoke. Many men who for a long time have been habitual smokers have been able to break the chain by training for football. Mr. Haughten, former football coach of Yale, says he has often heard the boys say, "I wish the season were here when we must quit smoking and eat apples." He further testifies that many under his direction have finally quit smoking. If football, at this time of its career, can do this for even a small per cent of our young manhood it demands our admiration.

Then, it is a scientific fact that we have a superabounding energy which belongs to the healthy human animal. All young creatures, such as kittens, puppies, colts, and even children must play that this superfluous energy may be spent. It is for precisely the same reason that men and women chiefly find pleasure in playing and watching games. Every one when in normal health acquires through the ordinary processes of sleep, nutrition, circulation, respiration, a fund of nervous energy which is more than sufficient for the demands made upon us by our usual vocations and avocations. We have a means in football of "letting off this unnecessary steam," and at the same time we are also building up the mind and body and laying up resources which will fit us better for
our daily tasks whatever they happen to be. This surplus energy must be spent some way, and football restrains our young men from spending it in drunkenness and immorality.

Football is also advantageous in that it trains the player in good steady thinking. The coach of Yale said a few years ago that he had much rather have a man on his team who had a good mind and a poor physique than to have one who had a good physique and a poor mind. To learn the signals and the duties of the plays require more intellect than the average person thinks. The memory is trained under the most adverse circumstances. While one’s team is losing and the whole field is ringing with cheers from the opponents’ supporters still each player must keep his head and be able to think clearly. The players must not only be steady in thinking, but they must observe each weakness in their opponents and take advantage of it. In a true sense this is life with its disappointments, trials and opportunities. I was told the other day about a man who said that he had recently failed to make a good business deal because he had never played football and learned to think when great things were at stake and take advantage of his chances. Football is a drama of life, and the man who can use his head and play football well can play well the drama of life.

There are eleven men on a football team according to American rules. In the game that very necessary lesson for this generation is taught that while no one, however brilliant, can win the game by his unaided efforts, he may lose it by his slackness, or cowardice, or by his failure to co-operate with his mates. Mr. G. L. Paten, an English football authority, says, “The player gets some elementary conception of the salient truth that the great results in this world are attained only when men work loyally and heartily together for the attainment of a common end.” So in the football drama which is acted on an open field, the truth is set forth that men must work together for great results, for of a truth, “All the world is a stage” or a gridiron, “and the men are merely play-
ers.” As a man on the football field is merely one-eleventh of the team’s necessary strength, so is a man in life only a small percentage of the world’s necessary strength for great results.

Finally, football gives a man that fighting spirit which is absolutely essential for life; especially in these perilous days. President Hall, of Clark University, has well said, “An able-bodied young man who cannot fight physically, can hardly have a high and true sense of honor, and is generally a milksop, a lady boy, or a sneak; his masculinity does not ring true, his honesty cannot be sound to the core.” Old Princeton boys praise the memory of Johnny Poe who fought valiently under the banner of Princeton’s Orange and Black for four years. He caught the spirit of honest, honorable fighting during these four years of football service, and he never lost it until he fell on the battle field of Loos in the recent war. It has been said that football is a rough game, and that some are killed in playing the game. Yes, and life is also a rough game and many more are lamed, disabled and killed in the game. So it may well be said that, after all, the advantages of football by far outweigh the voice of dissenters and other opposing forces.
ALUMNI NOTES.

W. E. HATCHER, Editor.

Of the Class of '19 have arisen school teachers, travelers, pastors, paymasters and inspectors. For instance, "Ducky" Ryland is now in Holland, Otto Trundle is in government work in Washington, Boyce Loving a professor at Blackstone Military Academy, James Fields is with a surveying company, B. C. Goode is principal of the school at Stuart, Va., and in the same capacity, but in different parts of the state are W. L. Tiller, who is located in Southwest Virginia, and H. P. Simpson, whose address is Windsor, Va. Walter Leonard is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., C. G. Turner is professor of Bible and coach at Chatham Training School, P. H. Rucker is the paymaster of the C. F. Sauer Co., of this city, and James Whitfield is inspector of airplane motors.

E. C. Hoover, Class of '18, is the chief chemist of the Haynes Knitting Mills, Winston Salem, N. C.

Among the alumni and former students who have graced the campus with their presence are John Hart, a familiar figure to all old men, also Coburn, Class of '17, who will be remembered by his football career if for nothing else, and still another, "Pete" Dunford, known to all.

Rufus Newton, president of last year's freshman class, is now teaching school in Southwest Virginia.

Edloe Snead, Class of '16, has now a very responsible position with a rubber company in Charlotte, N. C. For the past three years he has been teaching in the high schools of this state and in Atlanta, Ga. Now everybody buy a pair of rubber bands and help Edloe along.

Leroy Southerman, Class of '06, who for many years has been teaching chemistry at Staunton Military Academy, has recently published a very strong and interesting book relating to that science.

There are two strikingly curious things about some students. There are several boys attending Randolph-Macon this year who were students here last session.
That fact in itself is out of the ordinary, but in addition to this is the fact that they are more regular in calling on the W. C. lassies than they were in attending their classes last year at R. C. We are very glad to see Howard Surface, Yates and Reese back on the Westhampton campus, and wish them all the luck in the world both at W. C. and at R. M.

Mac Pitt, '18, as is generally known, is Coach this year at Fork Union, and from all appearances seems to be turning out a first-class fighting football team, but—what else could you expect of a "Spider," and especially one of "Mac's" caliber.

Now coming to the older alumni we see that Hon. Garland Pollard, Christopher Garrett, Stanley Clark and James Shepherd all of them with the exception of the latter, who is of the Class of '10, graduated in the nineties and early twentieth century, are working in the same office in Washington—The Court of Adjustment of Claims.

In the Religious Herald of October 2, 1919, appears the following:

Richmond College is quite well represented among Baptist editors. In the North we have Curtis Laws, editor-in-chief of the Watchman-Examiner, their leading paper. In the South, we have L. L. Gwaltney, editor of the Alabama Baptist; J. W. Mitchell, of the Florida Baptist Witness; E. B. Hatcher, of the Western Recorder; H. H. Provence, editor pro tem of the Baptist Courier, and R. H. Pitt, of the Religious Herald. We rather incline to the opinion that among editors of Baptist weeklies the old college stands at the head.
EDITORIAL

Just to say the word November makes a host of interesting memories crowd into mind. November means the crunching of frost under foot; invigorating mornings that put the pink into one's cheeks; and clear, snappy, starry nights.

November this year makes us think of the glorious eleventh of last year, when we tooted, whistled, and shouted ourselves hoarse over the joy of the "beginning of the end."

November always means Thanksgiving—and Thanksgiving either means a turkey dinner or a football game, according to the mood one is in. This November, the Messenger wants every Westhampton girl and R. C. man to thrill with Spider Spirit on the twenty-seventh, in the same way that we did on the eleventh of last November. Let us weave our Spider's web around the Indians in such a subtle manner that the web will be as intricate as the Miriotaur's laborinth.

November holds in store two great festivals, one very modern and whose celebration will be felt all over the globe, while the other dates back to 1621 and is a festival peculiar to the United States. Though they have different names, Armistice Week and Thanksgiving Day, they are both exuberant expressions of gratitude for the blessings heaped upon us. The two might easily be celebrated together. In our patriotic celebration that high and noble aspect, which the Pilgrim Fathers instituted on the First Thanksgiving, should not be neglected. Consider how those sturdy men, after their harvest was garnered, gath-
ered around a table laden with their ample produce, and yet they did not forget their God, whose bountiful providence was shown in what lay before them. We call this Thanksgiving at Plymouth the First Thanksgiving, and so it was in America, but in reality it was simply a repetition of the old Hebrew feast of ingathering. So should we acknowledge our appreciation for the mercies and favors conferred upon us now and which will continue throughout all ages.

The word Bolshevism seems to characterize Russia in the minds of many persons. However, some of the more interesting and picturesque phases of Russian life are presented in this, our November, issue, in order to show that Bolshevism does not entirely envelop Russian national life.

Many business firms in Richmond have made possible the publication of the Messenger by advertising in it. Westhampton appreciates the interest that these business men feel in our college magazine, and in order to express our appreciation would it not be well to patronize those firms whose “ads” appear monthly in the Messenger? To facilitate this patronage several girls are acting as representatives or agents in college for those firms. One girl is agent for a cleaning and pressing shop. All clothing destined thither may be sent and returned through this agency. Much simpler than “toting” your own bundle, isn’t it? When ordering “goodies” for parties, refer first to the Messenger. By reading the “ad column” as you would the “joke column” you will know to whom patronage is due.
THE RUSSIAN "MIR."

HELEN TAYLOR, '22.

As the peasants represent nine-tenths of the total population of Russia it would be unjust to consider, as is so often done, that the cosmopolitan life of the cities and urban districts is representative of the true Russian life. It is in the home life in the peasant villages, or "mirs," that one breathes the real, national atmosphere of Russia.

The political organization of the Russian villages is the primitive communal system of land-ownership. The communal ideas were founded when the villages were established. When these sturdy pioneers hacked and hewed their way through the black, danger-lurking forests of northern Russia, they realized the necessity for co-operation in fighting and working together against their common foes—hunger, the intense cold and the wolves. Thus, the land of each village is divided into equal parts and a share is given to the head of each family. When the planting and harvest times come, they gladly help each other. On election day in the commune, the whole population gathers in the public square, generally the churchyard, and after much gesturing and shouting, some one nominates an elder. Probably he protests vigorously, as there is no honor or compensation attached to the position, it only adds more work to the already heavy drudgery of the peasant. Then, in spite of protests, the election follows by acclamation. The elder's main duty is to represent the "mir" in the Volost, a district assembly, composed of about one hundred neighboring communes. The elder also takes the grain of the "mir" to a distant market and trades it for the necessities of life which can not be produced in the villages. The elder is the only connecting link between the village and the outside world; he is the eyes and ears of the commune in relation to the universe. However, the Russian peasant is a narrow individual; he does not care to hear of the outside world and regards all strangers in a hostile light. Each little "mir," whether hidden in the gloomy forest or nestling on the rolling steppes, is the entire world of its peasants.
There are two distinct types of Russian villages, the “gromada” of Little Russia, and the “mir” of Great Russia. In Little Russia, in the southern part of Russia proper, the “gromadas” are located along the mouths of fine rivers and on the green pasture lands of the rolling steppes. The little “khatis,” or houses, are scattered helter-skelter over the vast, green stretches of the steppes and golden wheat fields, with every now and then a gay, giant-winged windmill silhouetted against the azure sky, in which picturesque red-legged storks flicker about. The cattle and fowl ramble at leisure over the fields freely, as no division fences are thought of among such friendly villagers. The houses are of rough logs, thatched with fresh straw. Clean and white, they stand in the midst of a little garden, with gay flowers peeping out of the window-boxes. Cleanliness is inborn in the Little Russian, a trait which distinguishes him from all of the other types of his countrymen.

Though the Little Russian is accessible to the great rivers and commerce, he prefers agriculture as his occupation. With his crude plow, drawn by three or four pairs of oxen, he turns over the “tshernoziom,” or black earth, and plants melons, cabbages, potatoes, grain, hemp and flax. Modern agricultural instruments are unknown in remote Russia, so the ancient flail is still in use. The Kossovitza, or haymaking, is a great event in the village life. Great parties of villagers go out on the steppes to cut hay. At night these child-like people gather around huge, roaring fires where they sing their primitive folk-songs and dance to the weird music of their crude “bala-laikas” and “sopolkas.” When the haymaking is at an end, the peasants choose a girl, noted for her beauty and strength, as the Queen of the Harvest. With the highest ceremonies, the greatest din of voices and a constant flow of vodka, the Queen is triumphantly led back to the village. The Little Russians, unlike their boisterous and hilarious brothers of the north, are a quiet, deliberate people, noted for their honesty. Their songs are no higher themes than of the farmer’s daily life, and thus with
an absence of the exciting passions of the racing and teeming world, the "gramadas" permeate an unchangeable peace which reigns majestically over the hushed steppes.

The Russia which is most familiar to us is the Russia of the great north, with its snow covered houses dotted over the vast, forbidding forests like oasis in a desert. This is Great Russia—the Russia of the frozen north.

The Great Russian, unlike the peaceful Russian of the steppes, has no love for his home. Whole villages migrate continually in search of rivers and better locations. This unrestful spirit is apparently the cause of the lack of interest displayed in making the villages comfortable and decent places of abode.

The houses of Great Russia are built of rough-hewn logs, with very few and small windows. The Russian has his only outlet for art in the decoration of his gables and balconies, which riot in a myriad of barbaric colors and figures. The houses are placed rigidly in rows along the one village street. Each house is composed of the "isba," or living room, and a catch-all shed, which are connected by a "cholodnye sjenji" or "cold corridor." The isba, necessarily small, with as few openings as possible in order to hold in the heat, is very simply furnished. Wooden benches line the four walls. These are used as seats in the day and as beds at night. One of the most striking things in the peasant’s room is the shrine or picture of some saint. These representations of the saints, however crude and unhumanlike, are handed down from generation to generation and are revered as the most precious of heirlooms. Lamps are kept burning always before them, and it is quite an inspiring picture to see the intensely religious peasant in his rough and soiled clothes kneeling before the shrine, with the little lamp shedding its golden beams upon his seamed face. The stove is the most important feature of the room and is built especially for the needs of the snow bound Russians, taking up about one-fourth of the room. If the poor stove were human, its black countenance would certainly
wear a weary, hopeless expression, as its work is never over. It heats the room, cooks the peasants' simple food, boils the dirty clothes, acts as a bed for the old people, whose blood does not run fast enough to exist in the frozen north, and last but not least, it is the bathtub of the peasant family.

We are accustomed to think of the Russian peasants as a people who are intuitively averse to water, but when we realize that they have no tiled bathroom, with a steaming pool of water to jump into at the turn of a tap, and that the peasant of the north can barely keep alive in the intense cold of the six months in which he is buried in snow, we realize that he has to adapt himself to the existing conditions and not to his own desires. The peasant family religiously bathes on every Saturday and the day before every feast-day, as the peasant thinks it a sacrilege to go unclean on a holy day or a holiday. The performance of bathing is about the most complicated affair in the peasant's otherwise simple life. The peasant strips himself and then throws buckets of water on the red-hot plates of the stove. This at once creates vapor which entirely envelops the bather. When he becomes thoroughly covered with perspiration, which he hastens by flogging himself with birch sticks, he dashes out into the snow and rolls over in it several times. He returns to the "isba" and repeats this operation several times. Then, he crawls into the oven where he steams himself. In spite of the Russian's thorough knowledge of his strength of endurance, often a dead body is drawn from the stove.

The terrible winters of Great Russia could be endured only by the hardened natives. In the midst of the forests, the heavens are seldom long clear of cloud or of fog. From the first flurry of October snow until the hasty arrival of the belated spring, six months of snow and wintry weather may be counted on. Often the snows are so heavy and prolonged that the villages are buried to the eaves in snow, and are thus cut off from all outside communication with the outside world. When the reign of intense cold sets in, the whole family of as many
as twelve or fourteen people huddle together in the "isba," which is just about twelve feet square. For protection, these huts have only a few small windows, which the Russian carefully shuts to keep out the biting air. The fowls and weaker cattle are brought into the room, as the sheds are not thick enough to withstand the penetrating cold. With the smoke, the mingling odor of the unclean animals, cooking and dirty clothes, the atmosphere is stifling and almost unbearable, as well as extremely unsanitary. There is even a limit of endurance of the peasant to this awful filth. When he can stand the heavy fumes no longer, he throws open the door, only to hurriedly shut it again when the fresh air penetrates the room—as anything can be endured better than the death-dealing north wind. The huts have no chimneys, so the smoke from the stoves has to find its exit through the thatched roofs. This is a slow process, so the rooms are always dense with smoke. To the smoky condition of the "isbas" is attributed the great percentage of blindness among the peasants in Russia.

Next to the snow and hunger, the wolves are the Great Russian's most dreaded enemy. When the small animals have disappeared from the forest and the wolves are at the point of starvation, they slink down upon the sleeping "mir" in great packs in the dead of night in search of food. Should a lone traveler be returning to the village, he would have no chance against this barbaric horde of hungry wolves. They scent out the location of the sheep and bury their way through the straw roof. In a few minutes, the whole flock is destroyed. When the angry villagers learn of this outrage, they band together and set out in their fleet, little "telegas" in pursuit of their enemy. These fights involve fresh dangers for the peasants, but in a life spent in warding off death, this is a mere preventative measure of securing their future safety.

One of the chief characteristics of the Russian peasant is his devoutness in religion. Every village has its little timber church with its customary belfry and the attendant
"White" or parochial priests. The villagers have the utmost faith in these priests, though they have the poorest educations and sometimes the lowest of morals. As long as the ecclesiastical system of Russia is unchanged, the peasant cannot hope for religious enlightenment, with the accompanying abolition of all superstitions. The White clergy owes its support utterly to the bounty of its village and can hope for no promotion in the church. The bishops and high church officials are elected from the Black clergy or the monks, and thus the White clergy leads a lazy and unambitious life. Consequently, the priests add nothing to the enlightenment and elevation of the peasant's ideas and morals. When there is such a condition of affairs in the religious and social life of the "mir," which is carefully secluded from universal changes in the great world outside of the black forest and steppes, there is no possible hope of improvement, and thus the "mir" has remained in the same rut ever since its foundation.

The "mir" is the most democratic institution in Russia and through the "choppy" and tumultous sea of revolution, we hope that through its influence, the "ship of state" will be brought to a safe landing—the largest Republic in the world. The Russian peasant, with his great stock of unused mental facilities, has a great future before him.
LETTERS FROM A RUSSIAN GIRL.

JULIET WOODSON, '22.

Osterno, Russia, October 4, 1900.

Dear American Friend:

When your letter came, asking for a correspondent, I was both glad and ashamed—glad because of the new friendship and ashamed because I know so little how to write. You see, because I happen to have been born a girl instead of a boy, I have only learned what I have been able to pick up here and there. Do not think, girl of America, that I complain of my parents. They have borne their disappointment well—the disappointment of having the eldest a girl, and they love me greatly, I think. Is not my father still careful to ask questions of the swacha when he comes with his marriage proposals—and I already sixteen? Truly, I believe that my little brother, Anton, who is so intelligent in his classes and so bright, is his reward for his goodness to me.

But, since you were so kind to tell me of your home, I think perhaps that you would like to know something of mine.

Our kabac, one story high like those of our neighbors, is built of logs hewn by my ancestors from the great forest which looms up behind our village. Does it seem strange to you to live in a village of thirteen houses? The outside of our kabac resembles the others but the interior, I think, is much more beautiful. Our stove is much larger than the one which the nanovitches have and, in consequence, our house is much warmer—"as warm as Paradise," my uncle says. Then, too, with a large stove, bathing is much easier. Only yesterday a thing happened to Olga Lanovitch's grandmother which amused me. She, bathing in the stove, stayed until the heat became too intense, and when Olga's mother came for her bath she drew the old lady out—quite dead!

You did not speak of your ekon corner in describing your home. Is it possible that you do not have them? A Russian would scarcely know how to worship without
his sacred corner. Many times each day we prostrate ourselves before the holy relics. Sometimes I cannot tell which picture is the saint I am adoring—they are all quite black with age. But it angers my father when I say this; he says that should the bad domove—the bad fairy of our house—hear my foolish speech he would quickly gain supremacy over the good domove and immediate evil would attend us. And if one looks carefully one can distinguish them by certain characteristics—the Virgin has a frame, and St. John the Evangelist is cracked across the top.

Our kitchen utensils are contained in the cupboard which is, of course, all the furniture—unless you consider the sleeping shelves—we have or need. Also, in one corner there is a scythe, and a hayrake stands opposite.

It begins to get cold already. All the cracks through which the cold tries to stick his fingers are stuffed to keep him out, but I shiver as mamochka commands me to go to my spinning.

I am anxiously awaiting a letter from my new friend.

CATRINA IVANOVITCH.

Osterno, Russia, October 10, 1900.

Dear Katharine:

Our names are not very different, are they? And is it not strange that we should have such like names and such unlike customs? Your story of your games rather startled me. They are too fast for pleasure. I think, especially the tennis one. For us, our greatest pleasure is to listen quietly to a harmonica. But we are active, too. We go to the public parks and ride on the gravitating railway. Ach! What fun that is!

Then, too, we go to the play. The Suvorof is our national play, but I am afraid that we enjoy the Starick just as much. Perhaps you have no Starick in your country? He is an old man—or so he pretends—and he comes out and sits on a piano that he finds on the stage, and his boots hang over the side. He says oh! such funny things! Last night we laughed and laughed. He pointed out a
man in the audience and said to him. "Little father, do not forget to take off your boots when you get on your sleeping shelf tonight." Was not that amusing?

Tonight the village priest is with us. We have lighted an extra paraffin lamp in his honor, but I greatly fear that he has already had too much vodka and will not appreciate it. I fear, too, that he is very tired. Yesterday was a feast day, and they say when he reached the church he found forty-seven sleepers at the door; of course he had to preach to them all day. While he is here, my father means to consult him concerning a subject that is upsetting the neighborhood. Yesterday a crow perched on the cross of the church. We felt quite sure that it means misfortune. We have implored the good domove to reveal to us the omen; we have consulted the zhakhar of this village—he who knows everything—he also has the power of prophecy; did he not once find the red flower in bloom? We pray that it may not be a vedma against us—the witch, you know, who sends misfortune.

My father bids me enter and show chlebo-sof to the priest who has arrived—welcome him, as you would say, so I must leave you. CATRINE IVANOVITCH.

Osterno, Russia, October 18, 1900.

Dear Friend Across the Sea:

Do you remember how I told you in my last letter that we feared an evil omen? It has been averted, and all our thanks and our few rubles go to the priest. When my father questioned him he stated that he feared a pestilence or an epidemic of fever. In the village next to ours twenty people had died of it. So he bade us dig a huge ditch about the village and charged no man to stir beyond or let a stranger in. But first, he commanded us to send to the church of the next town and beg the loan of the image of the Virgin which possesses the power to keep off evil. This was done in all haste, and all in the village were spared.

Today my mother has been instructing me in the art of cooking. I knew quite well how to make hodge podge and
black bread and how to boil the cabbage and to salt the cucumbers. I learned, when I was quite little, how to cook the potatoes and cabbage in just the way to make a shtoka. But today I have learned how to prepare luxuries—how to dry the fish and to prepare the mushrooms.

Now I shall tell you the reason for all this. On the day before yesterday I, with Olga and three of my friends, wandered down to the Oster, which is not yet frozen over, and cast in my wreath to learn the future. They did likewise and were quite angry when they discovered that mine was the only one to foretell an early marriage. When I reached home I was not surprised to find the swacha in conference with my father. He is here again today. Bye and bye I shall probably be summoned to be weighed and told the name of my husband.

Doubtless in my next letter I shall be able to tell you of my marriage preparations.

CATRINE.

Osterno, Russia, October 20, 1900.

Dear Katharine:

It was quite as I had thought. My father called me into his presence and joyfully told me that at last I should marry. I had never before heard the name of the bridegroom, but I find myself wishing that it may be the well favored youth on whose stalwart shoulders I was borne the day after the last harvest, when I was crowned the harvest queen.

We are quite busy, my mother and I. The wedding is to be quite soon, and we hurry to finish our preparations. My linen head band I am ready to lay aside for the new head-dress, made by my mother, which all brides wear. My mother, too, has made my checked coat which I wear on the wedding day.

My mother says that I have no time today to idle in writing. I should greatly like to have the American Katharine near the Russian Catrine on her wedding day.
Osternc, Russia, November 5, 1900.

Dear Katharine:

For three days I have been married! Today I am a woman, settled down to begin the long road that leads to old age. My wedding day seems distant and far away to me now.

It was only four days before the marriage that the bridegroom was pointed out to me. It was not the lad who bore me on his shoulders, and I was sorry. But I had reason to be glad that I was not like Olga. She, too, is married. She saw her betrothed for the first time on the eve of her wedding day and discovered that he had but one arm. Undutifully she complained to her father and became the laughing stock of the village for her tardy scruples. But I was telling you of my own marriage.

I was quite nervous when the day came for me to make my gladjanky—my visit to the parents of my betrothed—but that and the paadvorja that he made were soon over.

My mother said to me on the morning of the first feast day, "Couse, daughter; never in your life may you respect or receive as much attention as today." She spoke truly, for soon the pëba was full of guests and relatives who came to look at me. Afar down the road we could see more people with ropes in their hands to stretch across the way of the bridegroom. Doubtless he paid many rubles to have it removed for my husband is not poor. When he finally reached the house he gave me the magnificent sum of fifty rubles. We were astonished at his generosity. Then we came into breakfast.

I was sorry that it was not the custom for the bride and groom to eat, for the table was inviting with all the food that my mother and I had been cooking for three days. The light of the krasota, which burned brightly, made the money placed at the head of the table (I well knew that my father's saving-jar had been emptied to afford the display) to ward off poverty, glisten.

After the breakfast the guests became quite merry, especially when I kissed my husband three times for each
guest present. I did not laugh, it was necessary, and I
did it.

The day was short, but at dusk when the guests left I
was weary, and in my sleeping shelf I slept soundly.

The next day passed more quickly. When I reached
the church the guests were there before me. Among them,
of course, was the Swacha. The ceremony was not long
and soon we were back at home. Singing songs, the guests
left, and I stood on the threshold of my husband’s home.
And there the last rite was performed; striking me on
the shoulder with a silken lash, my husband commanded:
“Now forget your father’s will and do mine.”

And we entered.

Please remember that though I am married and settled
and on the long road to old age I am still

Your Russian

CATRINE.
SIBERIA—A POSSIBILITY.

Thelma Hill, ’BB.

Siberia, with all of its wonderful opportunities for advancement and growth, has been allowed to go to waste, unheeded by Russia, while the world stood by and waited, and still waits, to see what Russia will accomplish with this vast tract of possibilities. Russia has considered it as one of her possessions, and that is about all that her ownership has meant to this big, ignorant, rich country.

The names Walter Raleigh, Francis Drake, and John Smith have been familiar to all of us as long as we can remember. But how many of us know the name of the first explorer who pushed into the wilds of Siberian mysteries, or the tales of hardship and brave endurance of the first band of explorers and colonists? The entire history of this country is shrouded in a misty cloud of uncertainty. Even the origin of the name, Siberia, is unknown and can only be surmised as coming from a Hun race in Southern Russia, the Sobins. The sources are few and incomplete. Not many records were kept, and many of these have been lost or destroyed in the turbulent days of Russia’s existence. If one should go into the vaults of government bureaux in Petrograd or Moscow, or into the “chanceries” of Irkstuk and Tobolsk, one would find musty records of these early explorations, covered with dust and cobwebs, and long forgotten. Some have recently been dug up from unimaginable dust-heaps, but they reveal little to the inquisitive minds of historians of today. At best, the story of Siberian discovery will forever remain a half-finished tale, part fiction, part fact, part legend, with portions left out here and there, breaking the continuity, and most aggravating in its secrecy concerning small, interesting details.

The question naturally arises, why the history of these early days of Siberia is so unknown, and the records so inadequate. Perhaps, for a moment, you would condemn the people of the past for their seeming thoughtlessness
and lack of interest. But it is not surprising when we realize under just what conditions and by what type of people these first important steps were made. Rude, ignorant peasant folk, untaught and uninterested in the preserving of historical facts, were the first to endure the hardships of Siberian life. They were oblivious of the fact, as I suppose all are at the time, that they were "making history"; that their deeds would be looked far in the annals of the nation; and that upon what they started would be erected a huge structure of society. (I dare not yet call it civilization.) No renowned warriers, no clever chiefs, no skilled diplomats lead them, but strong, primitive men who had the great outdoors as their schoolhouse and nature as their master. They forged ahead, never in connection with the learned historians and ecclesiastics of the day, possessing neither time, skill nor taste for writing books and recording historical facts for posterity. Not only were these people ignorant of literary efforts, but the Russian court was inappreciative of all such things, and the government took absolutely no interest in the expansion of the country. But even if the country itself is indifferent to the explorers and their achievements, the outside world will sometimes be interested and follow their movements. This was not so in the latter part of the sixteenth century. About this time, the first fever of colonization had settled on the world, and it was watching anxiously the outcome of the colonies of the new world. Thus, with the world's attraction turned elsewhere and the undesirability of Siberia, which at that time held only the attraction of furs, influencing the opinion of all countries, the pioneers quietly went on their uninterrupted course, happily unconscious of what deeds they were burying forever in their unwritten silence.

The worn, dusty old volumes and documents, with their faded script, reluctantly tell us that, in 1850, Yermak Timotheivitch, a Cossack river pirate of the Don, fired and excited by the vague, uncertain summons and glowing
tales of wonder and riches, pushed across the frontier of Siberia, plunged headlong into its mysteries, and gradually revealed many of its secrets, so carefully hidden for centuries and centuries. That they suffered, we know, but just what horrible struggles, what vicious antagonists, what handicaps they encountered, will never be known, and only those of us, who are blessed with an imagination, can gaze on this blank page of Siberian history and read, to a certain extent, some of the horrors. The Tartars, who were settled along the river courses, proved the most aggressive and the most dangerous opponents, but Yermak and his small, but valiant, bank fought and overcame all obstacles, until, in a few years, a good part of the territory, now called Siberia, was subjugated. Yermak stood victorious, with the possibility of making himself ruler of this great conquest, of acquiring untold powers, and of eventually becoming rich in building up this country. Here, the fates weaved a queer pattern in the garment of Siberia, a pattern whose intricacies will never be unraveled. Yermak gave up this wonderful dream and returned to the land of his birth to offer his great find to the Czar. It was greedily accepted, and its founder was made its prince. This was no bed of roses. Revolution, uprisings of the natives, and mutinies among his own men, together with the natural conditions, greatly enhanced the difficulties of the Cossack. After two years of turbulent attempts at government, Yermak was drowned in one of the rivers he had found.

Although nominally under the rule of Russia, Siberia went its way, unmolested by interference from the government. It might be said, rather tritely, in the quaint way of Topsy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that Siberia "just growed up," and like the little darky, it has never become anything really worth while in the world. At first, the progress of further conquest was slow, but gradually, after many disasters and discouraging failures, its hold became stronger; it began to feel surer of its position and of its power over the weak, scattered nations. Thus the
process of agglutination began and continued with astounding rapidity. Within seventy years after the first entrance of a Russian into the country, by the most rapid subjugation in history, the conquests and discoveries had reached the spot where the explorers might stand and gaze across at the shores of America.

Siberia—the very word itself holds magic. The air becomes chilled at the mention of it, and into our minds comes the vision of vast, endless tracts of snow, "immensity of space, intensity of cold." Along with this, in the midst of dreary bleakness and despair, we see the hordes of exiles, barely existing in the wretched life of the prisons and villages. This is the picture that is usually painted for us. Few accounts tell of the other Siberia, the Siberia of green steppes, of herds and flocks, of waving grain—fields, that part of the land that makes one writer call it the most precious possession of all the vast territory which Russia holds.

Dr. Sears says, "The greater part of it, indeed, is a frozen, inhospitable region, which will always remain worthless; but vast tracts enjoy a climate and possess a soil well suited for agriculture and seem destined, whenever the roaming tribes can be induced to settle down to a sedentary life, to become the abode of a dense population. In addition to great resources of pastures and agriculture, is found an almost inexhaustible wealth in mines and fisheries." This is not to be doubted when we take into consideration that there are about nine hundred thousand square miles of arable land, and only about ten people to the square mile. The earth freezes from six to fifteen feet below the surface. In the summer, this thaws and furnishes abundant moisture for crops. Even in times of drought, practically all grains that are raised in Europe and America not only grow on the steppes, but flourish. Rye, oats, barley, buckwheat, although raised on a small scale in comparison with the large, fertile sections, are abundant and of the very finest. Especially is there a wonderful possibility for wheat. This grain
in Siberia is of an excellent grade and grows plentifully, if not more so, as in other wheat producing countries. I can but wonder what would have been the power and influence of Russia in the great war if Siberia had been able to back her with her resources. As we all know, wheat played one of the most important parts on the stage of this past, dreadful tragedy. France and England pleaded for and turned hungry, expectant eyes to America’s wheat supply. We stinted in order to feed not only our allies, but Russia as well. Does it seem just that we should have suffered more than our share because of Russia’s inability, or shall I say indifference, in getting the real value of her largest dominion? We wonder if history would not tell a vastly different story if Russia, with Siberia at her side, had stood her ground firmly and unwaveringly. But Siberia lay a waste, and deeds of history were enacted, shedding little glory on the name, Russia.

Side by side with the grains comes the wonderful pasture lands. Splendid herds of cattle and large flocks of fleecy sheep, with their heavy-bearded, rough shepherds, dot the southern portion, with here and there the dairies which in themselves speak much for the future. But no advantage is taken of these, some of the greatest of Siberian possibilities.

On another side we see huge, magnificent, virgin forests, rearing their stately heads high into the low-hanging clouds. As they sway from side to side, we imagine them lamenting the great waste, and longing to disclose the many secrets they could reveal, for their roots gather the mysteries of the regions, hidden from the eyes of man, and their lofty tops see, in the distance, the richness of the steppes.

As much wealth, if not more, lies under the ground surface, than in the production of her fields. Coal and iron mines remind us immediately of the ghastly tales we read of the exile, working in the dark, damp, unhealthy abysses of Northern Siberia. We have never realized, perhaps,
that, besides coal, iron, zinc, tin, lead and quartz, are the more beautiful, if less useful treasures, copper, gold, silver and precious stones. Somehow, one never thinks of Siberia as having things of beauty and luxury. I was glad to find it so, for it adds the glamour and romance, just what, heretofore, it has lacked to attract. Close by are the wonderful oil wells and quantities of petroleum. These contain a fortune in themselves. But all of this wealth, or I should say the majority, lie in their earthy birthplace, waiting for the hand of progress, which has been so long delayed.

Then we take into consideration the manufacturing and exporting of these raw products and materials. Is there a means for both? Siberia is cut by many rivers, ready with their power for manufacturing and transportation. But the waters of the Yenissi, Obi, Amoor, Lena and others flow on, unused, their value unknown, and not appreciated, while the international trade steams pass the entrance to the harbor of Vladivostok, one of the finest of the world. A picture of New York harbor, teaming with trade of all nations and Vladivostok’s wonderful gate to commerce rises in our minds, and we can but marvel at the stupidity of Russia.

Not only the water power goes to waste, but the cities and towns struggle along with no one to direct and guide them in the path to municipal success. It is here, however, that the greatest advance to the ultimate goal of Siberia’s progress is found. In Chebাওస్క are indications already of what may be in the future for Siberian cities. The grain elevators, flour mills, and other manufacturing and industrial enterprises are a revelation and make one feel as if the opportunity is not lost beyond all recovery, but that things will eventually culminate in a way that will enrich Siberia, and make of her one of the powers of the world. In Vladivostok and other large cities are found about the same conditions. It is interesting to note that all buildings of any architectural beauty are due to the Chinese and not to the Russians.
With all this wealth and these wonderful opportunities for growth and wealth, which almost force themselves upon the inhabitants, what is this country today? What has Russia done with Siberia? Nothing, absolutely nothing, for its betterment and progress. It has been allowed to lie, untended and unnoticed, under the very eyes of Russia. European civilization has crept in and has made Siberia an expert with all of its worst sides and a novice with its helpful and best; and Russia, a neglected, careless mother, has permitted it, and has done nothing to better the results. Indeed, it looks as if she has done all in her power to retard the growth and to make of this possession a place utterly desolate and poor, or as one writer has said, "A home of the utmost poverty of nature and deepest misery of man."

The four chief factors, instrumental in bringing about such atrocious conditions are government, the ignorance of the people, the means of transportation, and the abominable exile system. First, and most important is the inadequacy of the government. Bound by no customs, heeding no laws, it goes its wayward, vacillating course, selfishly disregarding all rights and privileges of the people. With its whimsical, arbitrary cabinet ministry, its almost absolute rule (Siberia is ruled, not governed), its power to shut down and hinder any or all industries, it stands stubbornly, frowningly in the only road down which Siberia can go on to a healthy development.

The ignorance of the masses is astounding. Only about 21 per cent of the entire population is able to read and write. The school system is in almost its primitive state, and that by design. The higher officials fear this mass of vigorous peasants, educated, but as they are, they are docile and easily led.

What country can progress if all means of communication and travel are hopelessly inadequate? In this huge territory there is only one cross-country railroad, the slow, straggling trans-Siberian which runs on no schedule and with no regularity. The conditions have been
improved somewhat, but the progress is painfully slow. One writer, who has made a particular study of the railroad system says, "So long as the main avenue of transportation remains unrestored, so long must Siberia remain unrighted." The roads of the country are wretched and in miserable repair. Even the main highways are not in good condition. In fact, they have never been made into fine roads for which there is such a possibility, because of the quantities of materials suitable for road construction.

Lastly, what is there to be said of the exile population? What country could forge ahead with this weight on its shoulders? There is only bitter condemnation and disgust in the mind of the world for a people which so foolishly and unjustly makes of her richest possession a waste basket for all criminals, outlaws, political prisoners—the vagabondage of Russia. She can never hope for true and satisfactory development until she follows the example of England, and makes Siberia a vast receptacle, not for her crime and bold political aspirants, but for her loftiest ideals and mighty aims at civilization of the gnest type. John Geddie says in his criticism of this practice, "It will be a great day for Russia when she begins in earnest to turn to account that magnificent colonial empire which has too long been used as the prisonhouse of her refractory children." Until that time, when all these wrongs are righted, Siberia must remain an idle treasure. She stands a dull, tarnished monument of precious metals and stones, supported by multitudinous arches of steel and iron in the midst of rich, fertile fields, awaiting the big, polishing brush of Russia. And Russia delays!

Just as Siberia was beginning to awaken, to appreciate her own value, a wave of revolution, under the Red Rule, swept Russia, and flowed with all its devastation through her. It was robbed of its feeble attempts at prosperity; all of its enthusiasm and peace were drowned, and Siberia is today in chaos. It must start anew, for the world is
looking to her for agricultural products, and she must answer, but when and on how large a scale? The door is now open for her to enter the world commerce of today. Will the hinges grow rusty and the door sag, before Russia, her guardian, awakens, or can we hear now a faint reply to the demands of the nations for her riches?

We feel that Russia should blush and hide her face in shame, but she does not. Blinded to her duty and to her splendid chances for growth and development in Siberia, she indulges in foolish, purposeless brawls at home, gaining nothing, losing much. Russia has buried her talent. How will she answer, in the judgment of nations, for all that she has wantonly wasted and destroyed?
SAUER'S OLD VIRGINIA FRUITI-PUNCH

A delicious concentrate of ripe, luscious fruits, requiring only the addition of sugar and water and proper garnishment to make the most refreshing and wholesome drink.

A 35c 2 oz. Bottle Makes 40 Glasses of Punch

Also offered in syrup form, ready for use.

Economical and easily prepared, it is the ideal beverage or dessert for receptions, parties, etc.

Like the other 32 members of the Sauer family of Extracts, including VANILLA, LEMON and SPICE FLAVORS.

SAUER'S Old Virginia FRUITI-PUNCH may be used for every purpose requiring flavor—adds a piquant tang to sherbets, water ices, milk shakes, etc. Can also be combined with Sauer's Pure Strawberry, Raspberry or Pineapple Flavors.

For sale by all good grocers. If you cannot get it at your dealers, send us 10c, together with the name of your dealer, and we will send you sample bottle—enough for a pint of syrup to make 10 glasses, also recipe booklet.

QUALITY has made SAUER'S the Largest Selling Brand in the U.S.

QUALITY has won for SAUER'S 17 Highest Awards for Purity, Strength and Fine Flavor

The C. F. SAUER CO.
Richmond, Va.