The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 46
Number 3 The Messenger, Vol. 46, No. 3

12-1919

The Messenger, Vol. 46, No. 3

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc

Part of the Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

This Complete Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger (archival - 1870-) by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.
## CONTENTS

### RICHMOND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Editorials</td>
<td></td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Time</td>
<td>R. E. Garst, '22</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Blue Diamond</td>
<td>W. B. Johnson, '22</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romeo and Juliet</td>
<td>M. E. Cooper, '20</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The True Welcome</td>
<td>Z. L. Roos, '27</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The City Man's Mecca</td>
<td>R. E. Garst, '22</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### WESTHAMPTON COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Editorials</td>
<td></td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Christmas Spirit</td>
<td>Frances Vaughn, 21</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two of a Kind</td>
<td>Thelma Brumfield, '22</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rupert Brooks</td>
<td>K. S. '21</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bells</td>
<td>Catherine Little, 21</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Characteristic Scenes in Richmond</td>
<td></td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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
THE MESSENGER

Subscription Price $1.00 Per Annum.

Entered at the Post Office at Richmond College, Va., as 2nd class matter.

VOL. XLVII DECEMBER 1919 No. 3

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
V. C. Hargoves

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

Nearly a score of centuries have passed since Bethlehem's Star made famous the little Judean hamlet and punctuated history; years that have surged with decay and change, progress and retrogression. Not quite a score of solar periods have blended into the pages of the historian's diary since jingling bells, blasting trumpets; the spectacle of rosey apples and many hued sweets, plus the gifts received have thrown us into childhood's ecstasy. Years when "the night before Christmas" was the night in all the year. Now, "Oh! How Christmas has changed."

But we have emerged from the small and limited world of childhood into a all but boundless sphere of manhood and womanhood to find that we have changed greatly; Christmas in a less degree. And this new relation to life brings us into new relationships with Christmas; Christmas in every succeeding year but more especially the one so near at hand. Only ten short days, and then—the day that "comes but one a year." Shall we not once more garner the experiences of those years of by-gone days in a Christmas of gifts given. Gifts not of the tangible kind that time can take back, but gifts of lasting genuineness. "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note," and "the entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted."

"Let me live by the side of the road" during Christmas 1919, for "God has given us tongues that we may say something pleasant to our fellow men," and God has given us mind that we might not be forgetful of the true Christmas and our benefits.

We are mindful then that the faculty has given us seventeen days in which to spread heavily Christmas cheer and we begin at once by wishing our instructors a most bountiful season. Second, but not secondary, we remember the affections and sacrifices of loving parents and friends and long for the chance to express ourselves.
And then to the great mass outside our small circle we pledge a share of our real Bethlehem Christmas spirit, and thus may this be indeed a Merry Christmas.

That home which does not care for its children is a poor home; that father and mother who lost interest in their children merely because they have left the old homestead and do not gather about its fireside as they used to do are unworthy of their children. It seems that the college is no less unworthy of its Alumni if it does not do something to hold them, and to keep them in love and touch with their Alma Mater. You will do well to take inventory for awhile and ascertain whether or not there is a single occasion which makes a special appeal for the homecoming of those who have left Alma Mater’s walls long since.

It is safe to say that Richmond College men, both students and Alumni, have long felt the need of something which will more closely bind them together. Those of us who are still in college get no mean joy out of the occasional visits of our few Alumni who thus favor us. Richmond College men enjoy meeting by pairs and more all over the country because there is a something which binds all the men together who have been associated with the old college. This fine, kindred feeling should have a more appropriate way of expressing itself than the past years have afforded.

In many of our larger universities and colleges they have what is known as “Kumbak” day, or week. This is made the biggest and most memorable occasion of the year. A program which is entertaining and worth while is arranged. The Alumni count that circumstance a happy privilege which permits them to gather once again as in the days of yore to have their social chats, and to enjoy a bit of college life. While an affair of this nature would be appreciated by the Alumni it would mean just as much to the students and college. We often speak of making our college great, and of developing a fine college
spirit. These things, fine as they are, will never be realized until our Alumni have an opportunity to express their love for the old college, and to add to our present spirit the spirit of their days. This is a serious matter and should receive the attention of the college authorities, or some one who can have some influence in setting something in motion along this line.
CHRISTMAS TIME.

R. E. GARST, '22.

The wind wails through the naked woods,
Sharp, bitter sharp, and chill;
The leaves in eddies on the ground
Move at the gale's wild will.

Gray and somber and bleak and cold,
The trees in their winter of life,
Rattle and sigh and creak and groan
As engaged in a mortal strife.

Within the fires glow red and warm,
Undimmed by exterior gloom;
The flames throw out a welcome light,
And dancing shadows fill the room.

Happiness reigns in all the land,
The Yule-log flames, the candles bright
Cast far and wide their message dear;
It is Christmas abroad tonight.
It was a beautiful October evening and Joe Hickson had strolled to the park after supper to get some fresh air and enjoy a quiet smoke. This was one of his little luxuries. It was indeed a treat after being locked during business hours in a "cage" labeled "Receiving Teller." He sat down on a vacant bench near the fountain. As he sat there peacefully smoking he saw the beautiful tints of the golden sunset as they abdicated in favor of the evening stars, and heard the rustle of the autumn leaves overhead, fanned by a gentle breeze from the west. Then it was that the happenings of the day began to run through his mind.

There had been nothing of especial import that day, but somehow his reflections seemed to center around a certain young lady, a stranger, of whom he had caught only a mere glimpse as she hurriedly passed his "cage" that morning. But why should he be thinking of her? There were scores of girls that passed his "cage" every day whom he did not know. Nor had any of these ever caused him any after-thought. Just why he should be thinking of her he did not know, nor did he stop to ask the reason why. He was too busy wondering who she was. "Where did she come from? What was she doing in the bank at that time of day? She did not have the appearance or dress of a business woman, nor did she ..." Here his reverie was broken into by a friendly slap on his shoulder. It was so sudden that he almost jumped off the bench.

"Ha! ha! Caught you napping that time."

"Well, for the love of little apples! Jack, where did you come from? I thought you were on your way to your new position in Boston."

"No, I shall not go now until the first of next month. But listen, that is not what I chased you down for. There is a little informal social on at the church tonight and I want you to go along with me."
"Sure. What time does the fun begin?"
"About eight thirty."
"Come, let's go by my room. I'll have to shave and change my collar."
"We'll have to make it swift. It is eight five now."

By eight forty-five the two young men found, or rather lost, themselves in the beautiful church parlor which was most pleasingly decorated with autumn leaves and Japanese lanterns. The electric lights were covered with varicolored crepe paper and shed a light which blended with the decorations and produced an effect that was both enchanting and fantastic. There was a goodly number of young folks present and much merriment.

Among the new girls Hickson met was Miss Ruby Brown. He recognized her in a flash as the girl he had caught a glimpse of that morning in the bank. She was a charming young girl of twenty summers, and Hickson was completely captivated by her winsome ways. He just could not leave her presence. Nor did he try. He chatted with her practically the whole of the evening. His heart was in his throat when he asked permission to escort her home, but he promptly swallowed it when she gave an affirmative answer.

As the city clock was striking eleven Hickson and Miss Brown were slowly wending their way up the avenue toward the Brown home. It was indeed a glorious night. The noise and din of passing vehicles had about ceased, a gentle breeze came from the southwest, while the moon flirtatiously played hide and seek with a few small clouds and shed forth a flood of golden light upon the couple between times. However Hickson was only vaguely aware of this nocturnal beauty. He was entirely taken up by the girl at his side who was chatting away with such continuous rapidity that it was with great difficulty that he got in a word now and then. They reached her home all too quickly, even though they had come a rather circuitous route. The hour was already late and he lingered only a moment to say good night.
As the weeks passed Hickson became a regular visitor at the Brown home. He was quite persistent in his attentions to Miss Brown. It was soon evident that their case was one of a more serious and vital nature than mere friendship.

About three months after Jack’s departure for Boston Hickson received the following letter:

"Dear Joe:

Your good letter was duly received and greatly appreciated. Congratulations on your promotion. Everything is going about the same with me. Am beginning to like Boston pretty well.

By-the-way, I have a friend here who expects to spend two or three weeks in Castleville next month. I gave him your name and address and told him to look you up. I shall be indebted to you for any courtesy you may show him.

Your old friend, 

JACK."

In due time Jack’s friend arrived at Castleville and looked up Hickson. It happened that he was none other than Henry Desmond, the only son of an exceedingly aristocratic New England family. Hickson did not like him from the first, but for Jack’s sake was cordial.

In the course of events Desmond met Miss Brown, and promptly became a suitor for her hand. Then it was that the rivalry began. From the first Miss Brown seemed to have a great fancy for Desmond. This worried Hickson very much, but he did not let it be known, nor did he mention Desmond in any way except to praise him. Hickson was not the fellow to give up in a contest and would stick to the bitter end if necessary. However from all appearances he was losing out this time. It became difficult for him to get a date with Miss Brown at all. It seemed that Desmond was on hand at every turn. Things were getting serious and Hickson knew it. He finally succeeded in getting a date four days hence.

Promptly at eight fifteen on the evening of his engagement Hickson stepped briskly up to the front door of the
Brown home and nervously rang the bell. The maid ushered him into the beautiful parlor and he took a rocker near the far side of the fireplace. While waiting for Miss Brown to appear he composed himself as best he could and determined to bring the matter to a show down before the evening was over. Either he or Desmond would have to drop out of the race. Even though appearances were against him he felt pretty confident as to who would win. Just at this juncture Miss Brown entered. She extended her hands to greet him in her usual way. He took them, but as he did so his hopes fell thirty degrees. He saw on her left hand a large blue diamond ring. He concluded its meaning at once. She was engaged to Desmond. All during the evening he was noticeably restless. Miss Brown saw immediately that something was wrong and inquired what the trouble was. "What is wrong Joe? You seem to be very nervous about something. Are you ill?"

"Oh nothing. I just thought of a little unpleasant incident that happened at the bank today."

She let the matter rest with that, but still had a suspicion that the cause was something else. He tried to forget about the ring, but every few minutes it would sparkle and remind him of its presence. He was very much ill at ease and showed plainly that he was down-right worried. He soon complained of a severe headache and excused himself. He went straight home, somewhat downhearted, but not whipped. Arriving at his room he swung the door open, entered, and closed it with a bang. He threw his hat and overcoat on the bed, lit his pipe, and dropped into a morris chair to smoke and reflect. He had no idea of giving her up. He was not willing to be out-done by an aristocratic nincompoop from Boston. His Irish blood ran fast. "I'll win her yet." And he emphasized his determination with a blow of his clenched fist upon the arm of the chair.

Time passed and Desmond returned to Boston, but Hickson did not immediately renew his attentions to Miss Brown. He was calmly awaiting developments. Finally
he concluded that sufficient time had elapsed and decided to see how matters stood. He wrote asking for a date and on the following day received this reply:

"Dear Joe:
I shall be delighted to have you call.
Most sincerely,
RUBY."

He gave an optimistic chuckle as he placed the note in his pocket and hurried to his work. That night when he stepped up to the front door of the Brown home and rang the bell he felt that there had been a change in his favor since his last visit. This feeling was raised several degrees by the hearty welcome he received from Miss Brown, but most of all by the fact that she was not wearing the blue diamond. She was the first to open the conversation.

"Where have you been keeping yourself lately? It seems like an age since you called."
"Have had extra work at the bank for the past month. Jones has been sick and the rest of us had to carry his work."
"That's too bad. How is Mr. Jones?"
"He was able to return to work yesterday."

With that Hickson changed the subject and steered clear of anything personal for the rest of the evening. The evening passed in no time it seemed, and it was ten thirty almost before they realized it. He arose to go. She helped him with his overcoat and said, "Please do not stay away so long again. I believe you were jealous of Mr. Desmond and stayed away on his account."

The mere mention of Desmond's name caused Hickson's blood to course through his veins at a rapid pace. He replied, "No, not that I was jealous, but I always take things at face value."
"What do you mean by that?"
"Aren't you engaged to Desmond?"

She threw back her head and laughed heartily. "I should say not."
“Why were you wearing his ring if you were not engaged to him?”

“Why Mr. Hickson! That was not his ring at all. It was mother’s. She just let me wear it on my birthday. And so far as Mr. Desmond is concerned, I was just nice to him because it was to father’s advantage at that time in making a deal with Mr. Desmond’s company.”

He remained silent, but it was evident from the expression on his face that he was doing some rapid thinking. Coming closer to him she continued. “I realize now that I treated you wrong by not explaining at the time. Please forgive me,” she pleaded, nervously fondling the fairy stone on his watch chain.

Hickson realized that he had been the goat and that the time for action had come. He took from his pocket a beautiful white diamond set in platinum and placed it where the large blue one had previously reigned.
ROMEO AND JULIET.
(An Analysis.)

M. E. Cooper, ’20.

This play can rightfully be termed the love-tragedy of the world. Its characters are not essentially of a particular land, but of any one. The action cannot be said to belong to a special strand, yet it is typical of every strand. The setting in Verona could just as effectively be transferred, and Spain, France or any other country made the scene of the action. The extreme popularity of the play, which increases with the passing years, is due to the universality of feeling and of interest contained in it. It appeals to the young and the aged, for to the one it is a revelation, to the other a long cherished remembrance.

The subject matter of the play is old, coming originally from an Italian source. The theme treated in Romeo and Juliet is traceable as far back as 1530, on which date a novel by Masuccio appeared, the treatment of which is strikingly identical with the one used by Shakespeare. The first English version of the plot came from the pen of one Arthur Brooks, and it is to this edition that Shakespeare went for his material. However, his indebtedness to Brooks goes no further than this. Brooks’ poem is valuable only for its theme. The treatment of the play is childish and without interest. He merely presented the skeleton; Shakespeare added flesh and life.

Romeo and Juliet was written, it is believed, sometime during the interval between 1591 and 1595. The foremost justification of attributing the play to this period is because of its resemblance to other Shakespearean plays, which it is fairly well known were written during this time. There is a common element of doubt as to the exact dates of a large number of Shakespeare’s plays, and in seeking to fix dates for these, comparison with other plays alike either in treatment, theme or language usage is the only logical figuration. In quite a few respects Romeo and Juliet and A Midsummer Night’s
Dream are akin, and because each contain and show common influences, it is thought that both were written during the same period. On this basis, Romeo and Juliet was written in the whereabouts of 1594, the commonly accepted date of A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Some Shakespearean biographers set the date of the play as 1591. They do this on the strength of the utterance of the nurse, who referring to the childhood days of Juliet, speaks of an "earthquake now eleven years" past. As there was an earthquake in England in 1580, this would make the date of the play 1591, as these biographers contend. Too much authenticity, however, should not be placed upon what, in this speech, is undoubtedly the babbling of the loquacious nurse. This pretentious woman in her talkative spells is irresponsible.

Romeo and Juliet deals with the youthful love of two representatives of opposing houses, a devotion which springs up mutually between them at first sight, and which in its magnitude excludes from the minds of the lovers all thoughts of surrounding dangers. The play pits the strength of love against paternal anger and disfavor. Love, vital, ardent, honest love comes forth victorious in the struggle. Family differences are overcome, and in their submission, turn to family affection. Love, even in death, lives.

Romeo and Juliet in its depth of thought and scope of vision, is a poem of tender emotions, exemplified in the resolute, determined love of youth which even tragedy cannot subdue. That Romeo is of a family connection alienated against her own people, is of trivial importance to Juliet; for as she says, "What's in a name? that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." The theme of the play can be summed up in a brief statement—the constancy of true love.

There is an abundance of lyrical speech throughout the play which at once puts one in mind of the elevated atmosphere of A Midsummer Night's Dream. Mercutio's elegant discourse on Queen Mab, fairy queen of dreams, is at once suggestive of the fairy element in the comedy.
Then there are such inspiring passages as Romeo's declaration of love at the ball, and Juliet's soliloquy on her bridal night. This latter passage compares favorably as a short wedding-poem with any poem of such a nature. In its musical tone it is a miniature "Epithalamium." And where can one find any verse which surpasses the blending of the sad and the beautiful found in Romeo's farewell words to his beloved. The call of a bird had just sounded, which together with the first streaks of the rising sun aroused the lovers to the need of action. The sadness of separation is lessened by the beauty of the scenery, and Romeo, under the influence of this beauty says: "Look, love, what envious streaks do lace the saving clouds in yonder east."

Throughout the play there is from time to time impressed upon the reader a dark premonition of evil. It is a characteristic trait of Shakespeare in his works to forecast in previous sections the tragedy which will follow. In Romeo and Juliet this usage of passages foretelling evil is very numerous. At the very beginning, in the prologue with which the play opens, a reference is made to "star-crossed lovers." These premonitions show clearly the influence of the belief that the planets controlled the fate and destiny of man, a belief which was undoubtedly very prevalent during Shakespeare's time. In the Balcony scene, Juliet lightly censures Romeo for referring to the moon as witness of the great love he bore for her; saying, "Swear not by the moon! The inconstant moon, that monthly changes in her circled orb."

To the reader desirous of a more pleasant conclusion, these repeated assertions of oncoming evil are extremely exasperating. As the play continues, there arises in the breast of the reader a hope that these presentiments will amount to nothing, and that the lives of the lovers will be preserved at the final action. At the start of the fifth act, one is prone to forget Romeo's words in the first act that he thinks "that this night disaster will begin and not end until he has expired the term of a despised life closed in my breast, by some vile forfeit of untimely death";
and also Juliet's reference to her love—"I have no joy of this contract tonight; it is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden."

An element of suspense is in this manner used by the poet which greatly heightens the dramatic effect of the play. Until the very end, there exists among the hearers a hope that lovers will be saved, that the scheme devised by the Friar will be successful in uniting the lovers, that Juliet will awake from the effects of the sleeping-potion she has taken by the direction of the Friar simultaneously with the arrival of Romeo from Mantua. To one unfamiliar with the story of the play, this belief that tragedy will be thwarted is dispelled only when the lovers die.

The enveloping plot is the feud which exists between the two powerful houses of Montague and Capulet. The other plots in the play are subsidiary to this, if not in interest, at least in so far as an analysis of the play is concerned. This quarrel between the two houses has taken on such aspects, that it extends even to the servants of each house. The Prince of Verona, weary of the many public brawls that have taken place, issues a decree that anyone guilty of reviving the feud in a public place shall be put to death.

A second story thread is furnished in the love of Romeo and Juliet, which commences at the ball given by the house of Capulet, where Romeo has gone in the disguise of a pilgrim, doing this upon the advice of his friend, the cynical Benvolio, that the beauties there "will make thee think thy swan (his former sweetheart, Rosaline) a crow." Romeo and Juliet are secretly married by the Friar. This story thread and the enveloping plot meet when Romeo slays Tybalt. For this he is banished, under pain of death if he returns, from the land, the decree of the Prince being mitigated because the slain Tybalt had previously killed Mercutio, who was related to the Prince.

The story of the unrequited love of Paris for Juliet is the third plot strand of the play. This is brought into the major action in the final act. Juliet, after taking the
sleeping potion, appears to be lifeless, and is placed in the family vault of the Capulet’s. Paris, who as depicted by Shakespeare, is of a noble character, journeys to the burial-ground to pay his last respects to the lady who would have been his wife had not, as he thinks, death intervened. He meets Romeo, who has been brought hither by a false report that his wife is dead, and seeing her lying apparently lifeless, he believes her to be dead. Despite Romeo’s unwillingness, the two fight, and Paris is mortally hurt. Romeo, in a moment of violent passion, takes the poison he had provided himself with for the purpose. To add to the gruesomeness of the scene, Juliet, awakening from her stupor, sees her beloved dead, and takes her own life.

In Romeo and his wife, Juliet, Shakespeare has portrayed two realistic characters that are well worth studying and discussing. In them are united two inherent and vital qualities of mankind, the passionate and the practical. The two are ideally suited to each other; the susceptibility of Romeo to stray into dreamy, lofty heights is counteracted by the keener perception, the more worldly nature that is Juliet’s. Nowhere has Shakespeare created two beings that fit into each other’s lives to the degree of perfection of these two. That external complications succeeded in putting an end to their love by taking life away does not tend to show that their attachment was ill-suited. On the other hand, it merely shows the enormity of the forces directed against it.

Romeo is a curious intermingling of the passionate, the reserved, and the thoughtful. His passionate nature finds outlet in love, first in an affection for Rosaline, and later in a genuine regard for Juliet. He is not aggressive; his ill-timed combats with Tybalt and Paris were not of his personal inclination. His greatest virtue is perhaps his supreme devotion for Juliet, who is “Beauty too rich for us, for earth too dear!” In his extreme, instinctive inertia of mobility, Romeo is something of the dreamer. At misfortune’s approach, he cannot act with the precision and celerity of the man of action. He becomes a pitiful weakling in the hand of fate.
In Juliet is seen a refreshing contrast. Despite the detrimental influence of an unsympathetic home atmosphere where attempts have been made to suppress her individuality, Juliet at the youthful age of fourteen possesses initiative and resourcefulness. She first suggests the marriage. Calm and resolved, she arms herself with a dagger so that she can be mistress of her own fate. Impending disaster tends to steady her, rather than perturb her. Her spirit is a combination of womanly virtue and magnanimity. That one of her age should have qualities rarely found even in a mature woman is almost incredible. In every way she is Romeo’s equal, if not his superior.

An important part in the play is acted by the Friar. This person is the embodiment of philosophical reasoning, goodness and piety. He enjoys the confidence of the ill-fated lovers, who repeatedly come to him for counsel. The keynote to the entire drama is seen in his advice to the hasty, love-sick Romeo:

"These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder.
Therefore love moderately.—The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Wisely and slowly, they stumble that run fast."

The most noticeable trait in the Friar is his sincerity. He acts always in the interest of the lovers, despite the fact that, through no intention of his own, he is in a way responsible for their death.

Juliet’s coarse, garrulous nurse, who thinks herself the very essence of womanly virtue, is a true portrait of the lower feminine class of Elizabethan days. The scene in which she is made the butt of Mercutio’s witty sallies is extremely ludicrous, and would have meant exceeding embarrassment to a woman of a more refined grain. Any interest possessed for the nurse, is at once thrown aside when her cold treatment of Juliet is perceived, when the latter comes to her for sympathy after
having been rudely rebuked by her father for refusing to marry Paris.

The jesting Mercutio, whose death was so untimely, is a character which makes a lasting impression on the reader's mind. This actor is blunt, frank and sometimes cutting in his remarks. His reference to Romeo's love state is an example of his biting wit—"Alas! Poor Romeo! he is already dead. Stabbed with a white wench's black-eye; shot through the ear with a love song." The reader cannot help but experience a certain felling of friendship for Mercutio, and regret at his unmerited death. It appears that by his friends, Mercutio was underestimated, for we can behold no cause for Romeo's reference to him as "a gentleman, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month."

An outstanding feature of the play is the manner in which Shakespeare has balanced his characters. Outside of the immediate relatives of the two houses, for each Capulet sympathizer there is a corresponding Montague adherent. Thus the cynical Benvolio, the man of moods, is balanced by the fiery, clansman-like Tybalt. The number of servants that appear on the stage are always equally divided between the two houses. This procedure on the poet's part appears to denote an immaturity in his art, a lack of confidence in his ability to handle characters not equally balanced, and an inexperience in the workings of tragedy not visible in other tragedies like Hamlet and Othello.

Romeo and Juliet has not the finality and the polished art of A Midsummer Night's Dream, but it is far more powerful in effect. The action is quick and straight-forward. However, the drama is not a flawless piece of art, for the outcome depends on an accident, the failure of Romeo to hear of the Friar's proposed deception. Had not Romeo heard from his servant of Juliet's reputed death, he would have remained in Mantua, and the tragic results would have been evaded. The outcome is not inevitable as is the case in Hamlet and Macbeth. It does not rank as high as these in Shakespeare's accomplish-
ments. But as an illustration of a mixing of the lyrical with the dramatic it is unsurpassed. It is the lyrical tone that adds so much to the pleasing excellence of Romeo and Juliet. The comment of Coleridge on the play is directly due to his appreciation of this existing beauty:

"It is a spring day, gusty and beautiful in the morn,
And closing like an April evening with the song of the nightingale."
THE TRUE WELCOME.
Z. L. Roos, '27.

As I sit, with the silence around me,
Of trees and inanimate things,
To the wonders of Nature about me,
The primitive essence still clings.

In their forms is enfolded a something,
That Nature to her work can impart,
That all men may sense it and feel it,
But not one can express in his art.

To you, then, O man of the city,
When surfeit of pleasure has come,
Turn back to the hills and the mountains,
And the Mother will welcome you home.

She will give back your zest for good living,
That something will enter your soul,
The city will be purged from your bosom,
And your heart will again become whole.
THE CITY MAN'S MECCA.

R. E. Garst, '22.

The old home town of the city man is to him as Mecca to the Mohammedan. Century after century the Mohammedan has made his pilgrimage to do honor to the memory of his Prophet and come into closer intimacy with the sacred things of his religion. So year by year the city man, if he be so fortunate as to have been born in a small rural town, makes his pilgrimage "back home" to renew his touch with his boyhood. There the old scenes and surroundings touch again the long hidden and perhaps forgotten chord of memory and he revives the hopes, aspirations, ambitions and ideals of his youth. Like the moving force of the deep, solemn tones of a great pipe organ, the familiar and sympathetic atmosphere sweeps him back into the days when all life was before him. It is virtually a beginning again. He goes back to his work in the city with the strength of a young man, but with the experience of all the intervening years.

But all this has a profound effect on the thoughtful man. From the eddy and whirl of the main current of life he is shunted off for a brief space into a quiet backwater where for a moment he may idly drift before he is caught again in the downward rush. As a drop of water in a waterfall he has no opportunity to take his bearings but he, like that same drop when it reaches the smooth quiet stretch of river, comes now and again to a smooth place in his existence where he can stop and think. Such an opportunity is offered by a man's return to his home town for a summer vacation. In the drowsy, restful, somnolent atmosphere of the small town he can take stock of himself and find wherein he has gained and wherein lost. Consciously or unconsciously it is a period of mental rebalancing. We get back to realities and discount shams. We see things as they really are and not as they appear to be. A quotation comes to mind, following the same line of thought: "In our mental lives we can either keep hold of the rudder and so determine exactly
what course we take, what points we touch, or we can fail
to do this, and failing, we drift, and are blown hither and
thither by every passing breeze." Cannot this be such
a time when we put our hands to the rudders of our lives
and determine, by the experience of the past, the course
for our futures? Can it be the cause of so many ship­wrecked lives that men have failed to determine their
place on the chart and so steered straight for destruction
when they might have done otherwise? I believe it is
very near the mark of truth, and fortunate is the man
who seizes his opportunity in time.

As, in his youth, the rural environment developed in
him the ambition, courage, and faith which drove him to
the city to build him a future, so again may the same sur­roundings renew his ambition, his courage, his faith.
You remember how that mythical giant, with whom Her­cules struggled, renewed his strength with each contact
with his Mother Earth. It may well be, then, to the man
who has for his home any affection whatever, and I be­lieve there are few who have not, that there he can always
find a source of courage and inspiration. There may be
few who can analyze the emotions of a home coming and
know why he is glad to be back or understand why he
seems to be uplifted for the time being. But certain it is
that men have reacted in this way to the atmosphere of
home and the degree of their elevation is directly propor­tional to the intensity of their reaction.

Why, then, do we leave our home towns if we find such
pleasure there? Had we never gone away we would be
forever ignorant of what home really means. What I
have said before applies only to those men who have come
back from a different world, the city. It takes a few
years absence to bring out the low-lights of our old en­vironment. When we were on the scene we saw only
the high-lights and they appeared but dim to our undis­cerning eyes. Then, too, we leave always in our youth.
Youth craves change, excitement, and there is little in the
life of a small town to satisfy that desire which is the
birthright of every man. Very few are they who are con-
tent with a placid existence when they are young and hopeful and have faith. Their one alternative is to try the life of the city. The kaleidoscope aspect of urban activities sates the hunger of the normal man for variety. Likewise the individual is developed into a self-confident, versatile, poised cosmopolite. He is at home anywhere in the world, in any situation. He has learned to change, chameleon-like, his habits and moods to suit his setting. In short, when he is in Rome he can do as the Romans do. Such an education is certainly liberal and is one that all of us should have. And yet in our desire to live to the fullest extent we lose some more valuable things, perhaps, which are the fruits of meditation. Our lives are not well rounded. We do not distinguish closely enough between making a life and making a living. We live but we have not life in its fullness. Since study and thought cannot, alone, make us as we should be, neither can action. It takes a judicious mixture of the two to make a perfect whole.

But as in youth we long for the hurry and bustle of the city so in age we look back with longing to the placidity of our rural homes. We realize in a dim way that after all we may have missed something. With most of us, however, there is a happy medium which most of us gratefully adopt. While living and working in the city most of the year yet at one time or another we take the opportunity to go back to the old home. In this way we punctuate the usual round of existence with periods of real living.

After a prolonged lapse of time when you have felt insecure, have not been sure of your foundation, have somehow lost faith in the world and your fellow-men, have you, on going "back home" felt a firm foundation settle under you once more? Then it has been wonderfully worth while to come back. In no other place, probably, could such a transformation take place. Yet you may not realize why it has come about. I do not know whether I am right, but it seems to me that the sense of rightness and solidarity induced is due to the unchange-
ableness of the town itself. The small rural town rarely changes in essentials. In most the old narrow views still prevail and their provincialism scoffs at the cosmopolitanism of their larger sisters. The good wives persist in doing things in the good old-fashioned way and what was good enough for their fathers and mothers is good enough for them. They still meet at their sewing clubs where their sharp tongues dissect every one who does not happen to be present. The Saturday night bath is still dreaded by the young hopefuls and the Monday morning wash by their elders. The backsliding town loafer retains his place as handy man when he is available, and his wife takes in washing from the families who can afford such a luxury as a wash woman. Everybody knows everybody else and the interests of one are the interests of all.

But, withal, the placid uneventful existence is a pleasant one for those who have known nothing different. The children grow into young men and women and do all the unaccountable things that young people will do. But after this period of transition passes over a great many marry, settle down, and play their parts on the small town stage. Some move out into a world foreign to their birthplace, even as you and I; some become rich, others remain poor; but all meet the joys and sorrows that come to us all and then pass their ways, and their children take up the roles they laid aside. And so the cycle goes on, but the old town remains the same and doubtless will to the end of time.

And so I say that this never-changing atmosphere is the cause of our feeling of security. The outside world, the world of cities, may and does change radically, but the rural towns are affected not a whit. A new arrival in town supersedes a presidential election and the return of one of the boys from the war, of greater import than the war itself. Viewed from the outsider’s position such a life is self-centered and selfish. No doubt it is, but it does not appear in that light to the inhabitants, and if they are unconscious of it, it will do them no great harm. But to
the man who knows the world and has learned from ex-
perience the change from the seat of action to a remote
point of vantage has the effect of giving a truer, unbiased
perspective. So unchanged is the whole routine of life
that we know what will happen the next day, and the day
after and so on indefinitely. The rattle of the first milk
wagon in the morning is music to our ears just as the
curfew when the sun goes down at night. Each connotes
memories of its own which, since youth is gone, are very
dear to us. We can easily slip back into the rut of rural
life and for a time find pleasure and relaxation in living
again as we once did. But for a time only. We soon
find that the city and work are calling even as they did
in the past. We cannot be satisfied for long, but the
change has worked the necessary cure, temporarily. We
go back feeling partially content. But slowly and in-
evitably the desire for woods and fields, the simple life
of the rural town comes back to us, and again we snatch
the opportunity to get away to them.

We are not far wrong when we call a man’s home town
his Mecca. There is the altar of his youth, there his
home, there the scenes and memories of the happy, care-
free days of his life, and there, no matter where he may
be, his footsteps will, sooner or later, turn. There is a
lodestone which draws him as surely as the magnet draws
the steel. And while life shall last there he will make
his pilgrimages even as the Mohammedan to his Mecca.
EDITORIAL

Does Christmas ever roll around that you do not wish you were about four years old and could look forward for months ahead to old Sant’s coming? The memories of those days grow sweeter with each year Christmas that Father Time adds to our already too rapidly increasing ages. To believe again that if we scribbled a few marks on paper and stuck it into the fireplace that old St. Nick would be able to decipher our wants! To be able again to hang up a tiny stocking, and a big one for mama, and a big sock for daddy, and a teeny-weensy sock for little brother! Then to crawl into bed and cover our little, curly heads up in fear and trembling lest old Santa coming find us peeping and leave us ashes and switches instead of dollys, balls, trains, “pitcher” books, popcrackers, candies, nuts and raisons! Could you sleep all night or did you awake before daybreak to find all your happiest desires fulfilled? What would you give to live these days over again?

Of course, we all look forward to Christmas even now, because it still holds a generous amount of jollity for us. We think of our homes decorated with bells, holly and mistletoe—mistletoe that so delights those at sweet sixteen. We think of the parties, the oyster fries, the candy stews that will go on in the country. All of these things make Christmas a joyful holiday for all, but yet there is not that expectant, eager awaiting that we lost when we stopped believing in Santa Claus.

Here’s wishing every Westhampton girl a merry, merry Christmas!
In the very early days of Westhampton there existed a literary society known as the Chi Epsilon Literary Society. Of the fate of this society no one seems to know. Was it killed; did it die a natural death, or did it cease to exist? Personally we believe that interest just lagged to such a degree that it gradually became extinct. What is the matter with Westhampton? Are we going to let other colleges get ahead of us in things pertaining to the literary world?

We equal other colleges in academic standing, in Y. W. C. A. work, in athletic spirit, in social activities and other phases of college life. We have clubs—all kinds of clubs. Is there a possibility that we have too many of them and that a literary society would not help matters? What our clubs need is activity. At present we seem to be in a rut and our clubs are just so much driftwood with a representation in the annual. Is that the purpose of any club in Westhampton? By no means. Well, let’s have a play once in a while from the Dramatic Club or one of those good, old-time meetings of the Current Events Club. Why not have each club meet and work out a series of programs for the year. All of us are busy people, but we all know that it’s the busy people who have the most time, and we must keep in mind what other colleges are doing.

A literary society would not tend toward the uninteresting if the right people were behind it and Westhampton spirit fostered it. Better than one literary society would be two, just as Richmond College has, so that all the advantages that competition lends might be obtained. However, one literary society on a sound basis would be a great asset to the college, and the Messenger heartily commends this to your serious consideration. Shall we have a literary society? Yes or No?
THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

Frances Vaughn, ’21.

There’s a murmur in the treetops,
There’s a whispering in the wind,
There’s a secret in the pine tops
That they’re telling once again.

There’s a freshness in the lake breeze
And a bigness in the air,
There’s a crispness in the morning
And a freeness from all care.

There’s a dream land in the mists
That float upwards from the lake
And a million tiny dream things
That it’s folds and ripples make.

There is laughter all around us
Spreading warmthness like the sun,
And a smile upon each face
Driving gloom from every one.

There is good will in our hearts
And a song in every sound,
And it’s folding us and holding us
And circling us around.

There’s a thrill in every sunrise
And a joy in every gleam,
And enchantment in the sunset
In its golden glory stream.

There’s a spirit all around us
And a gladness big and bright,
And it’s Christmas that is coming
Making hearts so gay and light.
Dismay reigned in the chapter room of the Kappa Upsilon fraternity house. Bostick, the peerless butler, had just sent in his resignation, explaining that the recent death of an uncle and the acquisition of a considerable fortune released him from the necessity of further service. "And so, young gentlemen," he concluded, "wishing you the best of luck, I am, Mr. Hiram Bostick, Esq."

When the excitement had reached its height, Jack Cabell, the law senior and acknowledged spokesman, shouted:

"If we keep on like this, we'll never get anywhere. Let me clearly state the case and we'll receive suggestions. The matter rests as follows: Hiram Bostick, Esq., having received a legacy that makes further service as our butler unnecessary, and not realizing the honor of said position, we, the Kappa Upsilon fraternity, are without said services. Owing to the approaching spring-day festivities, during which we desire to appear to the best advantage before our visiting friends and relatives, the situation is more acute. Are there any suggested remedies?"

"The situation acute! I should say so. Here I've written Luella about what great style we K. U.'s have, and the peerless butler. I'll feel good now, won't I?" complained an indignant voice. "The old duffer might have waited a week longer for his darn legacy."

"Shut up, Bill. I don't guess you're the only one who hates it. Better talk about what's to be done. Can't we get somebody else to take his place?"

"No hope," said another man decisively. "The Lambda O's have been trying for a week. There's not an extra man in town. Can't Bostick be coaxed?"

"Pas du tout! Says he couldn't consider butlering for a man that he could buy out any day. What will Luella think!" And Bill having waved his hands wildly sat down in despair.
"Hello, here, what's the racket?" Another man added himself to the group. He was dressed in outing clothes and he carried fishing tackle in one hand and a tightly rolled manuscript in the other. His attire was so surprising that the other men overlooked his question.

"Look here, Jud Simpkins, where'd you think you're going?"

"Why fishing, of course." There was consternation on all faces and he added in an injured tone. "Do you fellows think I can live here with a bunch of wild women for a whole week. Maybe you can stand it, but I can't and won't. Girls, every last one of them, make me sick. I specially hate the kind you're going to have, begging your honorable pardons. Silly, flirtatious, young things, who expect a man to keel over in love as soon as he gets one look into their practiced eyes. If I could meet a woman who thought she had some limitations as a heart smasher, I might fall. But not for little Jud."

"Oh, I say, what do you know about women? Been runnin' from them all your life like a scared rabbit."

"Know! Do you think by the time I've coached half a dozen of 'em for the next Dramatic Club plays, I'm still in blissful ignorance? I tell you, the poet's ideal of sweet, lovin' woman, just ain't. I know you don't believe me, but just give me a chance, and I can prove my point, by concrete example."

"Don't mind him," an apologetic Sophomore whispered to the Freshman of the crowd. "He doesn't mean it, and you'll get used to it. It all comes from reading French essayists, and a cranky bachelor uncle that raised him."

All this time, Judson Simpkins was still talking. Launched on the subject of woman, her faults and limitations, he always waxed eloquent. He was a good actor and president of the Dramatic Club, so any pose suggested to him he could carry out to perfection. He came naturally by the role of a woman hater and reveled in such opportunities as this.

"Aw, cut that out for a while," said Cabell, "that's not solving the servant problem."
Simpkins was stopped suddenly enough to exclaim, "What do you mean?"
"Mr. Hiram Bostick is leaving us today. Cause, a legacy."
"The deuce he is! Why, he's scheduled to coach me in the gentle art of butlering, for our next play. We only had two lessons. What'm I to do?"
"That's brilliant, now. Just the point. What are we all to do? It's entirely beneath the dignity of K. U. to have no butler. Any ideas?"

There was gloomy silence for a while.
"I tell you what!" It was Bill who spoke. "Jud, you be the butler. You've had some experience. It'll be good training, and you'll sure have a chance to study the woman question. This fishing trip isn't so important."

Bill's tone was bantering, yet it held a hopeful note that didn't escape Judson Simpkins.

"Agreed. I'll do it. I'm not a bloated aristocrat like the rest of you. I don't scorn menial service. It'll be just as good a chance for me to study my role in The Butler's Romance, by experience too, and by the end of the week I'll show you some things about women that will make you all sit up and take notice. Sure, I'll do it," and he threw the fishing tackle and the manuscript on the table.

It was the impulse of a moment born in the heat of argument, but Bill was so jubilant over it, and the other men took him up so quickly that he had no chance to escape. Jack Cabell suggested that they immediately begin to disguise him, and in ten minutes they were sticking gray side whiskers on his cheeks, "to give him the proper air, you know."

The next day found Simpkins fairly established in his new profession. Guests were arriving all day and he received them and studied those of the female gender with an intentness and interest not even excelled by that which Bill's Luella bestowed on the peerless butler. Every act and glance of the fair visitors seemed to confirm his original opinion, for a deal of flirting can be done in a ten-minute walk from the station, and the signs of it
were evident at the door. But then she came. Walking erectly by the side of Jack Cabell, she was conversing in rather a timid manner with the dignity of a grandmother. No affected helplessness in her, no vampire attitude. Simpkins began to wonder whether there wasn’t at least one exception. She was gone, and relieved of his duties he wandered back to the butler’s pantry and studied The Butler’s Romance, and thought not of butlers.

At nine o’clock the dance of the evening began. Judson, receiving and announcing guests, was so deeply engrossed in his task that he had no time to look for his exception, as he called her. When the last person had arrived, he retired again to the butler’s pantry for dramatic study. He would have to stay up until two o’clock, when his services would be needed to help the departing dancers.

He was slowly repeating a troublesome line, trying to decide the proper intonation for a certain line, when he heard a rustling and looked up. She was standing there. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips were trembling and there was a suspicious brightness in her eyes. Her hair was simply dressed and she wore a simple white frock with a blue sash around her waist. Even in his surprised state Simpkins had a lightning impression that her costume was not unusual; it had not the sophistication of his “flirty, young thing.”

“Beg pardon, Miss,” Simpkins rose to his feet, and luckily he remembered to use the conventional butler manner. “His there hanything hi can be doin’ for you?”

“Yes, please bring me a drink of water.” Her lips were trembling perceptibly now, and she sat down in the nearest chair. Simpkins hurried for the water. When he returned he found her leaning her head on the table and shaking with very audible sobs.

Now Simpkins’ only knowledge of the female in tears came from a play, in which he had acted the role of comforter. Then he had walked nobly up to the young lady, taken her in his arms, and said with a sweeping gesture: “My darling, I am here. Weep no more.” However, such a procedure would hardly do in the present junc-
ture; and not being able to think of any other course of action he stood waving the glass of water agitatedly about, murmuring insanely:

"Now, now, Miss, don't cry like that. Hit'll get you all hout o' whack, it sure will. Here's your water now. Drink hit down, please."

The sobs subsided somewhat. A groping hand reached for the water and with averted face she drank it, to the encouraging accompaniment of, "That's fine, Miss, taking hit like a lady, you are."

In a few minutes she became more composed, though she still kept her head bowed. Throughout the interval Simpkins had been saying alternately, "That's a lady now. You're bearing hup fine," and "Tell the hold man habout hit, if hit'll give you hany comfort."

At length she raised her head and blurted out defiantly, "I knew it would be this way. They all tried to make me think I might be popular with men, and I sat there by the wall till I just couldn't stand it any longer. O-o-o-h!" She showed tendencies of a relapse. Simpkins decided quickly that he must keep her talking.

"Please, Miss, don't. What's your name hand who are 'they' Tell the hold man hall habout hit."

"My name's Betty Cabell," she began impulsively, "and it all happened this way:—But I ought not to be telling you all this. You're not interested." Simpkins shook his head vehemently. "But you're the only man who'll listen to me and I've got to tell somebody, you know." A suppressed sob and a pause during which she worked her hands nervously. Then—"I'm Jack Cabell's sister and we live way out in the country. I've never known but just a few boys, and I'm so scared of them." Simpkins nodded sympathetically. "Oh, I knew they wouldn't like me. But mama wanted us to go to see Jack so, and she got me a lot of new clothes and said I was just as good-looking as the average girl and would be just as popular if I tried. But I just can't. My eyes won't work, you know, like this—or this." She gave a ludicrous imitation of the vamps favored sidewise glance
and then tried the downcast look of the baby doll. Simpkins indulged in a sedate butler's chuckle.

"And I've been miserable every minute. My clothes are funny; I can't flirt; and I haven't a good "line," as they call your conversation here—though Uncle Henry says I talk so sensibly as a grown-up woman." She brightened perceptibly and then came a look of gloom.

"Oh, I'm an utter failure, and I've capped it all by forgetting to be a sport and weeping before the butler."

"Oh no, don't mind that." The butler role was dropped and Judson was off on his favorite topic, modern woman—a failure. But throughout his oration he always made one gracious and flattering exception. Miss Betty was recovering wonderfully. She regarded the bogus butler with admiration. At the end of the tirade she said:

"Are butlers all like you? I never knew one before. You must be a very remarkable man."

The secret was out and Jud really welcomed the opportunity to reveal his true identity. He knew that Betty was trustworthy and he had been her confidante. In a few minutes they were chatting like old friends. He showed her the manuscript of The Butler's Romance and was pleased at her interest. All her griefs seemed to have been forgotten. Then she told him a happy secret, namely that she was coming up next September to enter as a Co-ed. He was saying that he hoped she'd remain her sweet, unsophisticated self, and not forget him, when they heard cries of "Betty, Betty," and three men burst into the room.

"Well I should smile!" Bill was the first to speak, "Having conquered all the known territory, she's now ensnaring the butler."

"Young lady," this from Jack, "what do you mean by deserting the party, and cutting all your dances. Good night, where did you get that funny dress?"

"Come, Miss Betty." It was the gallant Sophomore, "What's a ball without the belle? Half a dozen of us fellows have been hunting everywhere for you."
Simpkins listened, uncomprehending at first and then and angry flush mounted his cheek. He turned to leave the room.

"Please!" Betty caught his hand impulsively, unmindful of the waiting suitors. "Please Mr. Simpkins, forgive me."

Dropped was her recent ingenousness. She spoke with what Simpkins had termed "disgusting assurance and coquettishness."

"Honestly, I couldn't help it. Jack told me all about you, we never have secrets, and since I have to be the ingenue in our senior high school play, I couldn't resist the chance to practice."

Betty had touched Jud's vulnerable point. He could understand and forgive that motive. And then he felt repentant for his thoughtless remarks concerning the popular girl.

He blurted out, "No, you forgive me. I say you're some dandy little actress, and oh, yes, I'm asking you here and now to be heroine in the next spring-day play."

A smile of pleased assent from Betty.

"Aw," cried Bill, "that's not fair, because Jud knows that as D. C. president, he'll be the hero. I protest."

But the understanding smile that Betty and Jud exchanged declared all protestations null and void.
RUPERT BROOKE.


O glorious, golden-hearted youth,
With your face like the good glad sun,
A radiance of wings about your head,
And love like a flame around your feet,
How is it with you now?

With what rebellious force
It was your wont to rail
Against the shadowy,
Swift-footed, and relentless end of all things!
How you did protest
Against the inevitable journey
Into that last land, dark and unknown,
When the white flame in you should flicker out!

You that loved young life and clean,
So lithe and free and light of foot yourself,
What would you tell us now,
O silent one and all-knowing
Among the goodly company
Of the white stars?

You did desire,
And there was crying after lost desire;
Have you yet found the best of your desires,
That white undying fire
You always sought
But never could quite touch?

When all the earth caught fire,
Your heart, grown tired of vanities and nothingness
In a sleeping world of half-men,
Heard the faint far clarion of eternity,
And found release and safety with all things undying,
Poured out the red sweet wine of youth,
Gave up the work and joy of years to come,
The dawn, the sunset, and the colors of the earth,
For Honor and for England.

Proud, too, clear-eyed and laughing,
You went to greet Death as a friend;
You early taught men how to die,
And a heritage bequeathed,
A white unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace,
A light in the dark.

Hail to you, white and wonderful yet,
White in your youth,
Lying on foreign earth,
Dead ... immortal ... and a god.
BELLS.
CATHERINE LITTLE, '21.

Somebody says we are becoming more dependent every day. We would like to add a little to that and say we are becoming more dependent on bells every day. Had you ever thought of that? There are big bells and little bells; sweet bells and harsh bells; loud bells and low bells. There are bells at whose tones we are gad, and bells at whose tones we are sad, bells that make us sing and bells that make us weep. Whatever the kind of bells we are all dependent on them.

If it were not for the tiny alarm bell or for the loud bell of the Big Ben how many mornings would this old world start out late? The factory hands would fail to be on time. The engineer would not be there and the trains would not leave on time. The cook would not have breakfast ready for us. Many and many a time we Westhamptonites would have to rush breathlessly into a classroom only to be greeted with, "Why late, Miss ........," and the inevitable answer would be "My alarm didn't go off."

At Westhampton about seven-thirty, if you happen to be fortunate enough not to have to depend on the alarm bell, the rising bell begins. You are trying to sleep, trying to enjoy your last nap, and that awful bell makes so much fuss. If we did not have a rising bell, would some of us ever get to breakfast at all? Then there are some of us upon whom that awful rising bell fails to even make an impression, and ding-dong goes that old cracked breakfast bell. Such scrambling! Shiny noses are forgotten. Ear-puffs are left off. Shoes go unlaced. All in order to get into the dining room before ten minutes after the bell rings. Suppose it did not ring. Would you get to breakfast at eight o'clock or even ten minutes after? We don't believe you would.

If you have a class from twelve-twenty to one-ten you almost pray for that lunch bell to ring. Oh if it would only ring! Then there's the dinner bell. It seems hours from the hockey game until some of the waiters ring that
bell. But how short is that thirty minutes between dinner and the study bell! How we do hope that the proctor will forget to ring it until late. Just about the time one gets to brushing her hair about one fourth of the hundred times somebody said to brush it, there goes another bell and your light has to go out.

Perhaps you, kind reader, will say that we could get along without those bells, but here's one you haven't thought of. Imagine Westhampton without that conspicuously numbered board in front of the Blue Room! Saturday comes! The "dates" arrive! Every Mary and Sally is shoving and pushing to see if her "man" has come, that is, either she or her friend, who is watching for her. Wouldn't we have a grand time though? Somebody calls you up—that is—Central rings the telephone bell (another bell). Jane answers the 'phone and does not feel inclined to run to the fourth floor after you. You do not get your call and consequently pay your own fifty cents to the game Saturday, or sit by yourself Saturday night. Enough of this! We have bells, a whole board of bells. Some one wants Miss Susan Jones. Seeing that her room is one forty-five, he pushes the bell marked one forty-five, and before he knows it he is shaking Miss Jones by the hand or listening to her voice over the 'phone. All by the help of one little bell.

Then there's another little bell. Why, we could hardly get off the street car at the right corner without the help of a bell. Imagine when the car is crowded having to push up to the front of the car to tell the motorman that you wish to get off at the next corner. It would almost be worth your life to do this, but the little bell simplifies matters and you are able to make your exit with perfect grace and ease.

Somebody said that "Life was one d—thing after another." Being members of the Sky Pilots of Westhampton College, we must not say that, but rather let's say "Life is one B(ell) after another." Some of them we like to hear, even long to hear. Others we could get along without, in fact, we would rather not hear them. Nevertheless we couldn't very well exist without them.

Ding-Dong-Ding-Dong-Ding-Dong-Dong. Hear them?
CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN RICHMOND.

(Compiled by the Editor From a Number of Themes Showing Richmond at Work.)

It was seven o'clock. The city clock said so, the numerous factory whistles said so, and the big clock in the tower of Main Street Station said so. For hours it had been fingering its way slowly, but surely towards its goal, and now that its aim had been accomplished a deep satisfaction seemed to spread over its face. Then as though from its inmost self it took seven long breaths, and was still once more.

In the street below, men and women looked up that their sight might verify their hearing, while to those in cars or automobiles the sound was indistinct and muffled. Down the stairways and across the corridor of the station it drifted—drifted to the men who all night long had kept the midnight watch—drifted to those who had just come to take from their fellow laborers the burdens they had borne all night.

The day station master slipped into his uniform coat. "Well, boys," he smiled, "we've another hard day before us."

Half a dozen or more lads looked up. What's on hand now, cap?" they queried.

He shook his head. "It's more special trains, fellows. There's the Spider Special and a number of others scheduled for today. He paused, then, "That means work—and determination—and patience."

We could not tarry to see the captain and his men handle the numerous specials, but made our way toward busy Cary Street, just a block away.

A thousand noises, a thousand smells, a thousand sights; for Cary Street is Richmond's heart as Main Street is its brain. The rumbling of a heavy truck drowns the lighter rattling of a wagon; the lowing of a calf, destined for the butcher, and the cackling of hens shut up in numerous crates join with the steady "buzz, buzz" of conversation. The day is hot, very hot—some-
how Cary Street always seems extremely hot or cold. No one has time to pity the feeble, old horse whose hoofs paw over the slippery cobble stones, or to give water to the gasping chickens. A newsboy, very small and pathetic, begs, “Please, maam, buy a paper. My mother’s sick,” but before any one takes the child’s paper a brawny, young giant who is unloading bananas calls:

“Say, lady, don’t you believe that kid. He lives on my block and he ain’t even got no mama.” One shudders and wishes to get out of this man’s way. His laugh and the odor of the bananas are blown on the wind.

The dingy old buildings on either side of the street are oppressive with their frowning, forbidding exterior, but what wonders they hold within! Tall mountains of packing cases with narrow valleys between, and black rafters overhead, festooned with spider webs. One could almost learn to yodel here, so full of echoes is the place. Each footstep makes a hollow sound, but the noises in the street like the pale sunshine streaming through the dirty windows, seem very far away.

Outside the building an enormous man is leaning against the wall. He is idly amused at a small darky tormenting a huge goose, which is safely in a pen. Suddenly a dull crash is heard within the building; the man’s fat face grows livid.

“My God,” he screams hoarsely, “the elevator shaft;” Then to the little colored boy. “Run, Dave, the doctor.” The boy dodges under the very wheels of a huge grain wagon, and his bare legs fly up Fourteenth Street. The usual curious crowd gathers—the banana man, several neighboring wholesalers, a frightened woman or two, stenographers from some of the shadowy old offices. Most of them stand whispering at the door until one of the men employed in the place comes out.

“What is it, Joe?” some one asks.

“Mister Douglas, sir,” replies the man gravely. “His pa is pretty near crazy. I reckon he is hurt right bad.”

“Poor Doug,” murmurs one old gentleman. “I warned Smith last week that somebody was going to be killed falling down that elevator.”
The ambulance clangs through the traffic, its bright yellow paint matching the oranges piled up on the sidewalk. How bright they are in the sun, and how gay are those boys unloading cocoanuts from a box car on a spur track behind the alley. They shout and throw cocoanuts to each other, laughing when one of the hard, hairy balls hits them. An air of gaiety pervades the whole yard, the boys in the box car, the negro men rolling the cocoanuts indoors in wheelbarrows, and even a lonely little English sparrow hopping about on the ground.

"Amy was a lady, so everybody knows," sings one of the boys.

"She spent ten thousand dollars on her Albert's clothes.

He was her man—gosh all hemlock, look what I done found, Ed!"

"It's a 'terantiller,' Boss," says a colored man. "They's pison us." He shrinks away terrified, but Ed proceeds to catch the creature by slipping a box over it. What a treasure it will be after it has been chloroformed and put in alcohol! He starts his song again, "Amy was a lady."

And outside Cary Street hurries on, oblivious of the thousand little dramas that are enacted within and behind its rotten old warehouses. After all, what difference does it make to the street that Douglas Smith has fallen down an elevator shaft or that Ed Hargrove has caught a terantula among the cocoanuts in a box car.

Although we found this, the heart of the city, exceedingly interested, we felt that there were other places equally as interesting awaiting our curious eyes. "Couldn't we go to the market," some one suggested. We hastened to carry out the suggestion, finding it necessary to walk quite a distance before we reached Sixth Street where the market is located.

Dozens of little white-covered carts stood backed against the curbstone. They were worn little carts covered with dust and bearing signs of rough usage. A hoard of golden onions filled the entire inside of one. A
negro boy, smoking a smelly corn-cob pipe and drawling out the virtues of his wares, leaned against its side. Beside another sat a fat old woman, holding in each hand a plump dressed chicken and guarding at her feet a wooden bowl full of big, yellow eggs. She smiled at us as we passed and, when we stopped to inquire about the eggs, she told us how many ducks she had and how hard it was to keep them from swimming away on the spring branch.

We passed on across the bumpy cobble stones, threading our way between rumbling wagons. Under the arch on the street across the way, the negro women sold flowers. Hundreds of battered, old, tin tubs half filled with water held the wealth of the autumn fields and gardens. There were cosmos, dahlias, bachelor’s buttons, goldenrod, asters, wild ferns—all tied in tight little bunches and thrust into the water. The eager women hovered over them, watching each passer-by attentively. If they noticed even a flicker of interest on a face, they began immediately to tell the freshness and fragrance of their blossoms.

“Pretty flowers, missy, jes picked. Nice, fresh ones, missy,” they cried, each one trying to outdo her neighbor.

From where these old women sat we could see the vegetable, meat and fish sections of the market, but they didn’t look any different from the many others we had seen, and we didn’t have time to see everything. We retraced our steps and soon found ourselves on Broad Street and just in front of Miller & Rhoads, the shopping center.

“Oh, mother, aren’t those windows lovely?” Wouldn’t it be wonderful to look like those wax figures? Every one of those fur coats is beautiful, but I just love that seal skin. And what an adorable evening dress in the other window! I can just see that lady in that dear little pink satin and tulle creation gliding over a ballroom floor.”

“Yes, dear, they are all lovely, but come on in,” and by this time mother is disappearing through the door and I nearly upset a big fat lady as I hurry after her.
My steps always lead to the jewelry counter. The show cases display glittering arrays of rings, pins, watches, card cases, and vanity boxes. Stands on top of the case hold the most attractive strings of beads. There are all kinds—long, heavy strings of glassy pearls, glittering red, blue, green, amber, glass ones, beads of curiously carved wood, with ancient coins and queer figures on them, and long, slender strings of black beads with black crosses on the end. There are also at one end fancy hair pins in various shapes and sizes, which at present are “all-the-go.”

“Mother, wait just a second while I use the 'phone. I want to find out if Evelyn is going to meet me this afternoon. There are several people ahead of me, so I’ll have to await my turn.” If one likes to observe different types of people I can’t think of a better place to go than the 'phone desk. All day long the 'phone is in use. Young girls call their friends and make engagements for lunch or the “movies.” Ladies anxiously inquire if the baby is all right and assure the party at the other end that they will be home in at least half an hour. High school girls in French heels, silk hose, ripple-tail sweaters, with their hair in puffs and bangs, and their complexion beautiful and wonderful, demand if there is “any mail.” “I’m through now, let’s go up to the infant department and get something for the baby.”

Now the infant department is the most interesting place in Miller & Rhoads, especially if one has a dear little chubby baby at home who would look so precious in the lovely things displayed. There are dainty, soft, little dresses, lacy caps, delicately embroidered coats, tiny kid shoes, and warm, woolen sacks in the show cases, safe from the dust and dirt. Over on one side are small white beds, kiddie koops and high chairs. On another side are toys of all descriptions—hand painted ivory rattles, big brown teddy bears that holler when punched, Noah’s arks, and many, many animals, ducks on wheels, and wagons with goats hitched to them. “Let’s get this little wagon with puss in boots on the outside for baby’s birthday.”
Having made our purchase mother suggested lunch down in the Dutch room, and thither we went. There are little compartments, lighted by Dutch lanterns, separated from each other and stenciled in Dutch patterns. A wainscoting about four feet high runs all around the wall, and at the top the border of the wall paper furnishes Dutch landscape scenes. We give our order and wait patiently for it to be filled. There is always such a busy and exciting air in this picturesque Dutch room. The waitresses in their black dresses and fresh white aprons trip along carrying their waiters of food. The sounds of moving chairs, hurrying footsteps, the clatter of dishes, the tinkling of ice against glass mingle with the low murmur of conversation. The odor of hot bread, chicken salad, roast beef, coffee and desserts are tantalizing to those who sit and wait. Finally our tempting lunch came and after satisfying our hunger we reluctantly left this interesting department store.

While I am speaking of Broad Street may I tell of a few other trips I had to that busy section on other occasions. Even before I ever came to Richmond I heard that, in keeping with the aristocratic spirit of Virginia, there was a right and a wrong side of Broad Street. If one had self-respect, one was never seen on the so-called wrong side except at about five accepted places—Broad Street Station, the picture shows, First Baptist Church, R. L. Christian's and Herman Schmidt's delicatessen shop.

In coming to Richmond for the first time I had a curious desire to see the wrong side of Broad Street and I set out from the Broad Street Station to walk. I had a "delicious" feeling that I was doing the wrong thing, but who could correct me for I knew not a soul in all Richmond.

I looked back on the handsome station and decided most emphatically that there was nothing "wrong" about it now with the great Battle-Axe Shoe Company just a square away. The next large place I approached was the Sauer Extract Company, which produces an enormous
quantity of flavorings of all kinds. The odor as I passed, while that of perfume, almost sickened me by its sweetness.

As I walked rapidly on I wondered why the name had been given to this side of the street. Ah no, Richmond, I beg your pardon for questioning your taste in naming it as you did! For I beheld the architectural wonder which is the home of the Ashland Electric Car Company, ruined by the colored exchange at the foot of the stairs to the left. The dirty rugs in the window flaunt themselves in the public's very face.

But I passed on quickly from here for there were not enough people to make it interesting in its ugliness. I found myself in the midst of an auction sale held by the Virginia Auction Company. Handsome furniture was on the sidewalk and on the street next the curb. Suppose something should happen to that big, beautiful victrola in the street! Alas, my worst fears were realized! I shuddered as a small boy on a bicycle toppled over and unconcernedly scraped the polished side of the musical instrument with his sharp pedal.

I proceeded through the crowd past innumerable small stores, fruit stands, and pawn shops until I almost stumbled over a gaudy sign set upon the corner of the sidewalk. "Shoes today—Special Sale! Wonderful values, $1 up. Albert Stein." Shoes? Yes, I needed tennis shoes for gymnasium and I walked into a dark, gloomy, stuffy little shop with shoes, shoes, shoes everywhere. All avenue of escape was cut off, for I was surrounded by three obsequious clerks, bowing and scraping and asking, "What ess it mees?" I told them my wants and all three disappeared to get the shoes. They quite as suddenly reappeared, one of them triumphantly bearing the ugly black things which did not please me. I turned away, but someone laid a detaining hand on my arm, and one man in strident tones launched forth on an oration about the merits of this particular shoe. I was simply forced to buy the shoes in order to get back into the dazzling sunshine.
A few blocks further on I found myself in the "safety zone" which I need not describe to you. I had been sufficiently convinced that the "wrong side" wasn't such a bad name after all.

One place that I never fail to visit on Broad Street is Shepherd's. Probably it is because I love good things to eat, but I am sure that it is because I see so many interesting people there. About lunch time the interesting crowds begin to come. Then is the time when sandwiches come into vogue, and the coffee urn sends forth its most pleasing aroma. The air seems fairly teeming with voices, each one pleading in impatient tones, "Won't you please wait on me?" Oh, hackneyed phrase! How often are you repeated?

Dishes are borne away at perilous angles, while the tinkling ice makes harmony on the frosty glasses. I see a maze of faces; tired shop girls and hurrying business men gulp down steaming coffee and rush back to work. Shoppers who are taking lunch downtown sit before me, vague and indistinct, in the hustle and bustle of lunch hour.

By one o'clock the season's debutante trip in to order a pastry or a "Summer Shower." Their taste tends toward the fantastic. Then before long the school girls begin to frequent this, their cherished haunt. "Cupid's Dreams" and "Banana Splits" melt like butter in the sun. Let a strange and melodramatic name appear on the menu card and on that day between two and five it stands severe testing. These are the inspiration of the delicatessen's finest art. For them he produces his most impossible mixture accompanied, of course, by a still more impossible appellation, as, for instance, "Nectar Sundaes," "Venus Delight," "Wallace Reid Special," and "Tango Flip." The more unheard of the name, the more attractive are the viands to the school girl.

After dinner is an exceedingly interesting time for an onlooker. The young man brings in his best girl for a pre-theater sundae, or occasionally a married man brings in his devoted spouse. They have a different attitude,
these two classes united by kindred bonds. The young man, in the first pair, is usually red with embarrassment; his true love’s eyes afire with excitement. The married couple take the experience quite calmly. They, too, have on a holiday air, but embarrassment does not play the leading part. They eat their cream and go out again without any pretense at ceremony.

Speaking of Shepherd’s and ice cream reminds me of a visit I paid to the Purity Ice Cream factory in Richmond.

Do you have much trouble getting sugar, I asked of the smiling superintendent who was conducting us through the factory. He replied in the negative and led us into the testing room. From the first I was impressed with the white cleanliness of everything. The building from the outside resembled a huge block of vanilla cream made up of thousands of small ones. I found myself in a small room. So clean with the whiteness of the walls and tables was it all that my first impression was of an operating room in a hospital. Two spotless, scientific looking men hung over a glass table upon which were the testing instruments. Their eyes were riveted upon the movement of a small clock-like hand. It was fine and frail and seemingly insignificant, and yet the whole industry depended upon it.

From here we went to the mixing room where I thought a great bank of snow lay before me, so fluffy, and frothy, and light, did it all look. It was not snow, but the ingredients of vanilla ice cream all dumped together in an enormous mixer, whose sides were dripping with cold perspiration. A mountain of sugar was piled high in the middle, and around it in a sea of milk, islands of whipped cream floated on gentle, noiseless waves.

Overhead long, box-like tubes were tangled into a network through which the snowy sea passed to the freezers. Clinging to the narrow ledge I had an almost uncontrollable desire to stick my finger into it. The superintendent must have divined my thoughts, for he hurried us away to follow a very tantalizing odor. It was a smell
of boiling chocolate, and on turning a corner I half expected to see dainty tables set with fragile china and piles of cakes with steaming pots of cocoa.

Instead; we entered a damp hot room in which the noise of drawling belts and whirling wheels was terrific. In the center of the room were two immense boilers. A switch was turned. The noise dulled and died down with a prolonged groan of a lever needing oil. The heavy lids were lifted and the room was filled with the intense chocolate odor.

A breeze of icy air blew around my feet, causing my stockings to cling to me with the moisture caused by the sudden change in the temperature. We turned and were met with a gust of cold air. In front of us lay the dark, frigid interior of the ice storage room. We hesitated, but the superintendent laughingly beckoned us on. The floor was chopped up into hundreds of squares, and under each square was a block of ice which had been manufactured in the adjoining room. Again there was a network of steaming pipes, parallel and perpendicular. A roar as of thunder was heard; then a quick snap and water rushed over them.

"Ice cream, did you say?" I asked looking doubtfully down into what seemed to be a swirling, eddying, muddy lake.

"Not yet, but soon," the superintendent grinned. "That's the first cooling process. Part frozen is mixed with the liquid and then churned. Now, watch." He stepped back and pressed a button. Oh, electricity fair child of science! Immense, wooden paddles began to move slowly at first and then increasing momentously until the rippling lake became a flying mist and slowly settled back again.

"Had you rather watch this or come with me and get some real ice cream, asked the superintendent. It is needless to say that we accepted the invitation which furnished a pleasant ending to our trip through the factory.

I have been telling you about some parts of Richmond at work, but I haven't mentioned the number of fasci-
nating people one meets in Richmond. The delightful part is that one doesn’t have to be formally presented to these most fascinating ones. I know one of them whom I call the man of happiness. Would you like to hear about my first meeting with him?

Involuntarily I hummed a tune as I walked briskly down Broad Street. The blueness of the sky, the brightness of the sun, and the fresh crispness of the air all combined to make me feel like spreading out my arms to the playful little breezes and go skipping down the street, as I would have done not as many years ago. Suddenly I stopped short and sniffed. I sniffed again, “Violets!” I cried delightedly. “That certainly is violets.” Wondering where they came from I followed my nose and found a little stand on the sidewalk. I gasped. A solid mass of velvety purple seemed to have sprung up from the street. Hovering over them, tenderly touching a flower here, or pulling a leaf there, was an old man, or was he young? I could not decide. To be sure, his body was bent nearly double, and he moved stiffly. The hair that showed beneath his old slouch hat was snow white. His face looked like a dried and shriveled apple, but his eyes—they made one think of a mischievous boy. They were as blue as the violets themselves, and were surrounded by a myriad of little smile wrinkles. He looked up and smiled all over his face at me. “No,” I decided, at once. “He may be a hundred, but he will never be old.”

“Good mornin’, Miss,” he beamed, “an’ would ye like some violets this fine mornin’? Now here’s a bunch ‘at’ll exactly suit ye. They’re beggin’ me right now to let ’em sit on the edge of your muff. Yes, Miss, only fifteen cents—fine violets they be, too. Thank ye ma’am, thank ye. A flower’ll always bring ye happiness, Miss. Jes always wear a flower like me and happiness jes can’t stay away. Good mornin’, miss, good mornin’ and come again.”

Perhaps you will smile at me when I tell you that I was happier that day than I had been for weeks. It was the same way on Christmas Eve. I snuggled down into my
furs and walked as fast as I could. A sharp penetrating wind was blowing in my face. The shop windows were gay in their holiday array of fragrant Christmas trees, wreaths, toys, book, and all the things that tempt children from eight to eighty. The whole world seemed to be shopping. Merry faced children gazed delightedly into the windows; tired women hurried along; girls with shining eyes bustled with importance, and men stood, thoroughly mystified by the wonders of shopping. I stopped to get some holly from my little man. It was the personification of Christmas with its jolly, red berries and bright green leaves. About the stand was a refreshing odor of cedar and the little man fairly bristled with Christmas spirit.

"Holly Miss?" he asked, rubbing his hands together. "Yes, indeed all ye want, and—"My Miss, I'm afraid I can't change that, what a Christmas present? Why thank ye and I'm sure the holly'll bring ye a very merry Christmas, Miss."

Before leaving Richmond I must tell you something of its electric cars. Of course you have heard about them, for everybody knows that Richmond was the first city to operate them successfully, but you probably have not heard about the Westhampton car line. No doubt you have seen the cartoon of the "Toonerville Trolley That Meets All Trains." The Westhampton car is the best example in Richmond of this cartoon. Probably the cartoonist received his inspiration from that particular line.

Now, of course, in big old Richmond the conductor of the Westhampton car does not crack nuts on the track, or get off to get a shoe shine, or do any other of the ridiculous things that the Toonerville skipper does. Nevertheless these two people have many traits in common. To the student of Westhampton and Richmond Colleges the conductors are especially accommodating and friendly. Mr. A........, of the Westhampton line, particularly favors the ladies, one of his delights being to get the beggar-lice off their skirts. He opens his knife, and sid ing up to the lady, begins to slice the horrid things off the
dress. But before long he makes such a fuss over it that everybody is watching him, crouched down on his knees intently scraping the sticking things off. Then before he closes his knife he sharpens the pencils of all the girls. And even if he does not run over nuts to crack them, I have seen him crack them with the crank that opens the door, and then dig out the meat with his knife. You may doubt my veracity, dear reader, but you have only to make one or two trips to Westhampton on the eight o’clock car and all your doubts will be removed.

Since I introduced you to Richmond at the Main Street Station you might get the impression that that is the largest and most important station of which the city boasts. On the contrary one of the latest and handsomest architectural monuments in the city is the new Union Station.

And just to think that less than two years ago the spacious golf links of the Hermitage Club extended over the whole space now occupied by the Union Station and its surroundings. Many a hot summer’s day have I spent, tramping to and fro, up and down these grounds. After a strenuous game of tennis how refreshing it was to sit down under that mighty old poplar, which spread its crooked limbs over the soft green turf. How often I have sat in its shade nibbling an ice cream cone, never once thinking of what the future might bring to this very spot.

This happiness of repose was not to last long for the news was soon published that the R., F. & P. Railroad had taken over its property on which the club was located and would begin immediately on its magnificent station.

In a few days I happened by there and the old, rusty, wire fence around the golf links had been torn down, and dirty negroes were digging up the velvety grass. How the joys of my life seemed to slide away as I stood there gazing. At lunch time the laborers, too, rested beneath the dear old tree. With what gruff voices they talked and with what roughness they devoured their food! Greasy
newspapers were strewn everywhere to mar the beauty of the place.

As if by magic the foundations were completed and the heavy iron frame work set up. Faithfully the laborers worked, day in and day out, until finally the stately stone pillars had been raised in the foreground. Iron gratings had been set in the openings in the wall for the windows. Faithful workers, at the risk of their own lives, balanced themselves on lofty scaffolds as they cemented the blocks of tile into the dome! Before long everything was finished and the station, a pride to Richmond and to the South, stood before me.

It was quite a while before I had the least desire to see what was enclosed within those strong walls. One damp day, however, I wandered into the station, and as I entered an atmosphere of sacredness overwhelmed me. The lights were dim, there was little commotion; the air was chill, and the high vaulted roof and lofty columns resembled those of a cathedral. I stood gazing at these marvels. What a change! Could this be the place where I frolicked and played? My brain was addled; everything puzzled me. Suddenly I heard a great tramping of feet and throngs of people poured through the doors from the tracks into the station. The suit cases, the hurrying and scurrying, the expectant faces, the happy meetings of loved ones, and all the interesting things that happen in stations seemed to clear my mind and I left thinking of what wonders time renders.

I have been able to give you only a few impressions of Richmond, but there are many more equally as interesting places if you but go on a tour of inspection about the city.