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CONTENTS.

LITTLE FLOWER (Poem).....	<i>Clyde C. Webster, '14.</i>	71
TRANSLATION OF EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM HOLLAND—		
	<i>Prof. L. R. Dingus.</i>	72
COMRADES (Short Story).....	<i>Milo Hawks, '16.</i>	75
TO OUR LAKE (Poem).....	<i>A. C. Cheetham, '18.</i>	79
SOPHOCLES' ANTIGONE (Verse Translation).....	<i>Louise Baldwin, '14.</i>	80
COLLEGE SPIRIT (Essay).....	<i>H. B. Handy.</i>	81
TILLY'S PRIZE (Sketch).....	<i>Clyde C. Webster, '14.</i>	87
SINGIN'.....	<i>Emaga Les Bow, '15.</i>	90
THE TOMB AND THE ROSE (Poem).....	<i>R. A. S.</i>	95
THE AMERICAN THEORY OF COLONIZATION (Essay)..	<i>S. J. Rowland, '14.</i>	96
THE BIG BROTHER (Sketch).....	<i>Pauline Pearce, '11.</i>	101
THE CALL (Short Story).....	<i>Dave Satterfield, '16.</i>	104
EDITORIALS.....		110
ALUMNI NOTES.....	<i>F. C. Ellett, '15.</i>	114
EXCHANGES.....	<i>G. T. Terrell, '16.</i>	116
WESTHAMPTON DEPARTMENT.....		118

THE MESSENGER.

VOL. XLI.

DECEMBER, 1914.

No. 2

LITTLE FLOWER.

Clyde C. Webster, '14.

Little flower by the roadside,
 Blooming in your modest way,
Tell me, tell me, little flower,
 Why you always seem so gay?
Do you never tire of waiting
While the chirping birds are mating,
 While the children run and play?

Little flower by the wayside,
 Sometimes don't you grow quite sad?
Tell me, won't you, little flower,
 Why you still appear so glad,
When men pass without divining
With what joy your face is shining,
 What you to their lives might add?

Not to me, O little flower,
 Do you seem to grow in vain;
When I sicken of the city,
 With its mad rush after gain,
Then I love to go a-strolling,
Where the fertile fields are rolling,
 Where you blossom, lovely, plain.

TRANSLATION OF EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM HOLLAND.

Prof. L. R. Dingus.

[The following is a translation of extracts from a letter received by Prof. L. R. Dingus from a friend in Holland. Professor Dingus has translated only the parts of the letter bearing on the great conflict now raging in Europe.—
EDITOR.]

KATWIJK A / ZEE, HOLLAND,

October 29, 1914.

* * * * *

BUT I shall not wait longer, as you will perhaps be interested in hearing how it goes with us here in Holland, in the midst of the great war. So I begin with the beginning.

On Friday, August 3d, two days before Germany and four days before France mobilized, I read in The Hague, whither we had gone on a little trip, the orders for mobilizing, which naturally caused great excitement everywhere. Thirty-six hours later our army stood on our boundaries—230,000 well-armed soldiers. Our Government showed the greatest energy. Steps were taken to put our "Waterlinie" in order within two days. As you probably know, a large strip of our country, several miles broad, is committed to the water in case of war. In addition, imports and exports were regulated—a very necessary step, as our dealers were hastening to make use of the situation for their own advantage. These attempts remained without results, as the Government immediately confiscated all stored away supplies. Since then the war has raged along our boundaries nearly three months, and we have been able to maintain our neutrality, although it has been reported time and again that attempts have been made, especially on the English side, to persuade us to go to war with our powerful neighbors. We Hollanders wish, however, without exception, to remain neutral, and the nation that does tread our territory will find a whole people in arms, and ready to fight

We can raise, if necessary, 600,000 to 700,000 men. And we all know that these troops, in the long run, must yield to the millions of Germany or England, but we know, also, that a people, be it ever so small, that does not defend its independence is not worthy of this independence, and the willingness to make sacrifice these days is very great. I could mention the most striking examples of this, but modesty is likewise a virtue.

You ask whether we see evidences of war? Yes, more than we wish to. Three English cruisers have been torpedoed on our coast by a German submarine. The bodies were (1,400 men found death in the waves) washed up on our shores. In the cemetery of our village of Katwijk rest seven of them. Holland steamships saved some 280 unfortunates, who were swimming about in the water, and took them to Ymuiden (Muiden), the outer harbor of Amsterdam, where they were cared for, and later sent back home.

Also four torpedo-boat destroyers, belonging to Germany, have been sent to the bottom by the English, not far from our coasts, with a loss of 380 men on the German side. Again our strand received these washed up corpses.

I attended the burial services of some of these men in our cemetery, and many an old weather-beaten fisherman had difficulty in holding back his tears, as the coffins, covered with the English flag, sank down into the open grave.

Last week we heard again the thundering of the cannons—the English fleet was in action, firing on the Germans, who were pressing southward along the Belgian coast, and with effect, for the Germans are said to have lost many thousands in killed and wounded.

As you have read in the papers, the population of the northern part of Belgium is on Holland soil. We have now guests in abundance. Oh, it is so sad to see and hear the poor Belgians, who have lost their property, homes, and all. Our village is lodging 300, Amsterdam 20,000, Rotterdam about as many, The Hague, 12,000, and every community has taken on itself the care for the poorest, although the times are hard, and here the people were already economically in sore straits. Our Second House has voted 3,000,000 for maintenance. England offered

us half a million for the care of her allies, which offer was declined by our Government, and rightly. "We have," says our Government, "taken on ourselves the duty of hospitality, and we wish to carry it out to the end." Unfortunately, there has come from the holes and alleys of Antwerp a kind of refugee which is not particularly welcome. Especially in the south they are catching daily criminals of every sort, who have escaped from the prisons of Belgium. Already 500 of them have been locked up.

The stories which the Belgians tell of the destruction of their fatherland, of the destructive working of the 42 centimetre cannons, and the bombardment of Antwerp almost break one's heart. There are yet about 50,000 Belgians on our soil. At first it was very difficult to provide the thousands and thousands in the southern part of our country with the absolute necessities. Every one who had a vehicle of any kind loaded it with food and blankets, and hastened to the threatened place, and yet many died of hunger and cold. Many camped in the woods, and slept at night on the hard earth. All houses were more than filled. Acquaintances of ours—a family consisting of husband, wife, and child—took care of eleven people! Danger from contagious diseases was extraordinarily great, but, up to the present, the health regulations which were undertaken by our Government have had good results. Now the tide is turning, and gradually the number of refugees is also decreasing. In addition to those mentioned above, we have also to feed 35,000 foreign soldiers, who have come over the border with their weapons—32,000 Belgians, 2,500 English, and about 500 Germans. But enough about the war.

* * * * *

Who knows but that, if the Germans one day (which God forbid) annex our country also, I may settle over in your country? Perhaps I would find there a position that would enable me and mine to live.

COMRADES.

Milo Hawks.

SITTING in the sand, his back against a giant boulder, he poked the near-dying fire with a long stick. If he only had his old jimmy pipe he would be happy, he was thinking. The eternal watching for the inevitable was beginning to tell. Nervously, he jerked himself to his feet and stretched. Then he caught up a string of fish from the water below him, chose the finest of the lot, rolled it in yellow clay, and laid it carefully among the coals. A few more chunks of rotten wood were added to the fire. Then up and down the river bank he strode, his rough muscular hands plunged deeply into his ragged trousers' pockets. A few yards from the fire he halted suddenly, half turned, and reached for his hip pocket. He would *never* go back alive, he told himself. They could carry him back, throw him into a hole, and cover him with quick lime, if enough came after him, but to go back to the long days at the machine, the thumb-hangers, and the "black hell"—never! That sounded like the scraping of the keel of a boat upon the sand! He crept a few yards on his hands, and knees until he was behind the big rock; then waited—ready. It was a dismal night. The owls in the trees on the island were hooting drearily. Suddenly the moon swam into an open space between the clouds, and as quickly back into the proverbial Stygian darkness again. The man behind the rock gasped. He had seen enough. Down the bank a man stood, tying a skiff to a clump of willows.

The hidden man heard him approach, then slowly halt. If only there were moonlight! Ah, there was! Crouched, ready to run, and gazing, frightened, at the fire, the visitor was shaking visibly.

"Hands up! I've got you. Don't try to run—well, I'll swear!"

He had just noticed that the new-comer was in stripes.

"Reckon you're right," he answered, as he shrugged his shoulders and slouched toward the fire.

"Who are you?"

"You ought'o know. Who else is loose?"

"I don't know."

"I'm No. 8645, then. Reckon you know now. Well, I'm tired anyhow. But—but—say, take me somer's else, can't ye? It's hell up there." He pointed up the river.

"You're wet and cold, man. Here, sit down, and I'll build up the fire."

The visitor, as though uninterrupted, went on:

"It's hell, I say. They marched me till my feet wore through my shoe-soles; starved me; worked me till I fell into my cell at night, sound asleep. An' now I'm goin' back," he groaned, "goin' back, without seein' Emily and the kids, er-er-nothin'. It's—it's hell."

The host built up the fire until it roared. Then he, too, sat down across the fire from the convict.

"Any smokin'?" he inquired.

"Sure. Some makin's. Stole 'em last night, o' course. Here."

He held out papers and tobacco. The cigarette was quickly rolled and the "makin's" passed back. The convict sat down.

"I'll smoke, too, if you don't mind."

"Go ahead."

A long while they sat there, silent, the one gazing steadily and searchingly at the other. Finally the host stood up, and said: "I guess you're all right. You ain't fakin'. Don't worry, comrade; I'm one of your kind myself."

The convict dropped his cigarette, and puckered his brows in wonder. Slowly he drew himself to his feet.

"You—mean—?"

"I'm No. 5784."

Across the fire the two men shook hands.

"I'm known as Bill Weston where I come from," the visitor said, grinning with unsuppressed joy.

"Glad to know you. I'm Bill, too; Bill Wallace."

"Good name, Bill."

They sat down again together, on the same side of the fire.

"I'm surprised that you ain't heard o' me," Wallace drawled:

"I beat it from Fort Madison last Monday a week ago. I was a 'lifer' there, and they treated me like a dog."

"I know. I've had two year of it myself."

"'Lifer'?"

"Yep."

"And where to now?"

"Back to my wife an' kids in Tioga, Wisconsin, if they don't git me. I jist ran off last night. Been hidin' up in the Lima swamps all day. Some fool left his skiff unlocked, and I took it. You gave me some scare."

He shivered, and fingered his tobacco sack with trembling fingers. Both were silent again. Then:

"Some storm that." He pointed to the northern sky, where it was lightning and thundering like a Fourth of July celebration. "If that keeps up long this old Mississippi will be a-roarin' some in three or four hours. I tell you this island don't look good to me. Too low. Where'd we be in a flood?"

"Better'n Fort Madison—eh?"

"Yes," he conceded, "but I'm not satisfied at that. I can't swim a lick, and I'd be in a hole."

"We'll have to take a chance. Let's turn in. Might as well sleep some, anyhow. I'll stay up a while, and you take a rest. I'm not needin' sleep, anyhow. Here's a blanket."

He had lied. For four nights he had not had a decent sleep. And as he sat there, his comrade lying full length at his feet, his eyes were heavy. Three times he felt himself slipping, but the coal of the cigarette dropping upon his fingers had aroused him. The fourth time his cigarette dropped from his fingers, and he fell asleep.

A sudden gust of wind seized the river in a fevered clutch, and flung huge white-capped waves violently against the bank. The trees and bushes swayed and bent double. The boat pitched, whirled, and tugged at its chain. Inch by inch the waves leaped up the slope of the bank. The men slept on. Then it began to rain, in heavy, powerful dashes. Wallace leaped to his feet, and flung himself upon Weston.

"Wake up, man, for God's sake; the flood is on us!"

Weston leaped upright, and gazed wildly about.

"The boat, the boat—my God; it's gone!"

Wallace sprang to a sack behind the rock, and emptied it upon the sand. He seized a short piece of rope and tied it about Weston. The other end he tied about himself.

"I can't swim; I can't swim," Weston moaned.

"Come on. I can do it. I'll take you."

"You're going to save me? You?"

"Sure. Don't be a fool. You're wasting time. This island will be under water in an hour."

"God!" Weston looked at him, wonderingly. "No. No, you're not. Here, don't fool with me. I'll stay. Jump in; save yourself." He thrust out his hand. "Good luck, and God bless you! You're a white man." The hand was ignored.

"Come on—jump—don't be a fool, I say. Be game. What's the odds—win or lose." Together they jumped into the waves.

If you've never seen the Mississippi you've a treat in store. But to see her in time of flood! *That* is a scene to remember. She is awful when trees, lumber—aye, even houses—are tossing about on her surface like straws in a creek. And they say this was the worst flood ever known to the shores of Illinois and Iowa. Storms in Wisconsin, in Iowa, and Minnesota had sent streams devastatingly down the valleys in Kaiser Wilhelm style—all to pour into the Mississippi. And out there in the darkness were two men fighting for their lives amidst the chaos of the waves.

Neither spoke. Both were panting and choking. A huge log came tossing down upon them, changed its mind, and swerved off to the left. In twenty minutes they were almost to the shore. It had seemed like hours. They were in among the froth-covered logs and trees and riff-raff along the shore, when Wallace cried out.

"Hurt?" called Weston, at his side.

"'Fraid so," answered Wallace, between gasps. "Log—hit—my—side. Caved—in."

Finally they fell upon the shore, exhausted. Wallace lay, his two hands against his side, trying to stem the flow of blood from the wound. After a while he whispered: "Weston—bleeding to—death. No—chance. Good—fight, wasn't it? I'm—a—goner, though! What's—the—odds—win or lose?" He

held out his hand. "Excuse—blood. I—I'm—glad I—met you—comrade."

A long while Weston stood looking down at him after he had breathed his last. Then he said, "You were a game sport—a *white man*."

He reached up under his striped jacket, fumbled with something a minute, then drew forth a star-shaped trinket that glittered when the lightning flashed. He held it in his hand a long time, pondering. It was old and a relic valuable to the world, for he had worn it in many dangerous escapades, from the night he arrested Kelly, the hobo, in Jaurez, until now. It had been a talisman. But somehow, as he rubbed it between his thumb and forefinger, he was ashamed. Ideas hitherto repelled from his consciousness established themselves. Finally, his right hand thrown far back, clutching the badge, the celebrated secret service agent, Charles Legrand—or Bill Weston, if you will—flung it far out into the waves.

TO OUR LAKE.

A. C. Cheetham, '18.

Resplendent and sparkling, thy shimmering sheen
Laughs back in the face of the noon-day sun;
The trees on thy bank lend their crimson and green,
And add to thy splendor their offerings, each one.

Like a fairyland princess thou seemest to me,
Capricious and changeful, yet ever so fair;
Thou daughter of Nature, thy beauties I see,
And give thee my praise for thy loveliness rare.

SOPHOCLES' ANTIGONE.

LINES 334-354.

Translated by Louise Baldwin, '14.

CHORUS.

Countless are the deeds of wonder,
Man forsooth most wondrous of them;
Rides he over hoary waters
By the stormy south-wind driven,
Waves engulfing all around him.
Earth imperishable raging
Highest of the gods immortal,
Wears he out with plough encircling,
Turning up the glebe with steeds,
Trapping flocks of birds light-hearted,
Crowds of beasts upon the plains,
Fishy broods in sea-depths born,
These the prudent man leads captive,
By his nets of twisted cords.
Masters beasts with his devices
On the mountain ranges feeding,
Bringing 'neath the yoke subduing
Horses with their shaggy manes;
Mountain bulls, enraged, he tames.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

H. B. Handy.

FOR many months an accurate understanding of the true meaning of this subject has proved evasive. From one person a certain definition has been forthcoming; from another, equally capable of rendering a correct interpretation, an entirely different answer has been received. This fact of varying conceptions about a supposedly well-known, widely-used expression has been noted with surprise. By student and by professor the phrase "*college spirit*" is constantly being used. If, then, no two people are attributing the same comprehension to the two words, it is indeed high time that an exact explanation be sought. With this aim in view, these thoughts are set forth, accompanied, of course, by a complete realization of the difficulty involved in attempting to freshen up a theme long since hoary with age and years ago out-worn by constant usage. To strip away all cumbrous undergrowth, to lop aside any view-blocking obstacle, which is deleterious to a clear perception, is the sole intent.

The average student in any college is inclined to consider "*college spirit*" as an essential feature to athletic contests. Unless every matriculated Freshman, bedecked fully with the colors of *alma mater*, and effervescing noisily a continuous string of "rah, rah, rahs," is present at every foot-ball game, an upper classman will dub him a poor sport, a rotten bounder, and a disagreeable odor to all Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors. Unless all students attend athletic rallies, which may conflict with engagements previously formed, with work long before mapped out, they are certain to be termed lacking in this elusive *spirit du college*. Unless an entire student body journeys to a distant town to watch its athletic representatives cope with the team from a rival college, it is deemed short, tight, and parsimonious, notwithstanding dozens of its members may be wondering where money for the board bill of next month will be forthcoming. Unless every student whose physical build indicates possibilities

of strengthening the dearth of tackle material for the foot-ball squad, or at least of becoming food for powder for the 190-pound full back of the first team, answers the call of practice for the foot-ball candidates, he is immediately classified as a yellow-bellied quitter. To many, therefore, the theme of this essay is for all time associated with athletic matters.

Somewhat akin to the foregoing opinion is a prevailing idea that *college spirit* is best exemplified in the so-called all-round student, who is equally versed in reading innumerable sporting sheets as well as delightful inter-linear translations of Horace or Virgil; he who is a ready mixer and a free spender; he who handles the "papes" with wondrous proficiency, and always cashes in at the end of the *sitting*; he who has a thirst which has never been slacked before that of a visiting brother from a near-by school, or at a *drunk-fest* is always the last to slide gracefully under a wrecked table; he who can attend a dance in a neighboring town, *one-step* until 4 o'clock in the morning, speed homeward in a sixty horse-power car, running the forty miles in thirty-six minutes, and go into a 9 o'clock class of Senior mathematics with a convincing assurance to the professor that he is well *heeled* for any proposition which may be allotted. In other words, the versatile man—the one who is strangely talented, who possesses unlimited capabilities; the student who works little, sleeps a negligible amount of time, and plays much.

And yet neither of these accepted beliefs regarding this peculiar, pervasive quality is correct. Inherent in each of them are splendid elements of truth, but the angle of beholding is not alike. It will be necessary to throw aside all multitudinous instruments, to brush aside the cobwebs from the large end of one telescope, and, by this means, simply to gaze through this clarifying agent. The whole truth must be obtained. There must be no half-way expressions, such as prevailed when a young man was at luncheon with a young woman at her home on Sunday evening. Little Jimmy broke the silence to remark, "Say, Mr. Smith, you certainly did look fine last night, sittin' beside sister on the sofa, with your arm—"

"Jimmy, be quiet," the girl screamed, blushing scarlet.

"Well, he did look fine," said Jimmy. "He had his arm—"

"Jimmy, will you be still?" exclaimed the mother.

"Why?" whined the lad. "He did have his arm—"

"James," said the father, "go straight up-stairs to bed!"

The boy arose. He began to cry. As he left the room he said: "I don't know what's the matter with you folks. I was only going to say he had his army uniform on—and he had, too!"

It is always far better to work through unto the end, to sift aside all confusing matter, before jumping too quickly at a false conclusion. In that spirit this examination is continued.

First of all, *college spirit* is defined as a capacity for work. The average young man who enters college has little or no conception that his powers of application are at all limited. He feels that he has made a splendid record in his preparatory school, and that, by keeping on with the same standards of study in which he is well versed, his success with collegiate subjects is assured. He rests himself comfortably and complacently upon his arms, so to speak, and drifts with the tide of desuetude. His attention and aim are to become acquainted with his fellow student, with the various happenings, events, and activities of college life. In a short while he notices that his efforts in class work are not being rewarded with high-grade marks, and this knowledge comes to him with a shock. At first consideration he is hotly resentful against his professors, who are apparently not playing fair with him. Has he not worked faithfully throughout the month?—at least, according to his standards, according to his judgment. He thinks yes. By a painful process of analysis the idea comes to him that his system is wrong, that his basis of calculation is awry, and that he must make a change in attitude to his class schedule if he is to attain a laurel crown of huge success. From this moment on he is imbued with a new idea—to master thoroughly his assigned tasks. He at once begins to comprehend that the true worth of a college course is to grapple with tremendous chunks and hunks—or hunks and chunks, just as is preferred—of solid work.

In much the same fashion that this subject is relative to labor, conversely, it may be stated that it is by no means to be associated with idleness. Doing nothing, loafing upon important tasks, breeds ignorance; this, in turn, begets sin and disease, which

immediately produces death. Surely no one will claim that mental and physical destruction are synonymous with *college spirit*. It must naturally follow, therefore, that the term must include a capacity for work.

From the foregoing conclusion, two subsidiary ideas may be deduced. First, with a growth, with an expansiveness of vision, a student will soon learn to co-operate with the endeavors, the aspirations of his companions. He will, in a few months, perceive how his interests are bound up in theirs, that to increase his own studying capacity, the surest and easiest way is to listen to the opinions of other men, to get the viewpoint of various associates, whose training and environment and brain calibre are different from his own. This thought really leads to the second deducible point, that a subordination of self to the more important interest of a majority is an inexorable resignation. In this way entire thought of self and self-interest is relegated to the background, is made subservient to the wish and will of the many. One no longer values too highly his own wishes and plans. An increasing atmosphere of sacrifice is created—not that kind conceived in misdirected enthusiasm, in letting the emotions run riot with the human judgment; not the sacrifice meant when rowing in a certain crew race, contrary to the doctor's orders, involves life-enduring lameness to a student; not the sacrifice meant when playing in the final game of a season with a cracked vertebra held certain death for a foot-ball captain; not the sacrifice meant when, weakened by a recent operation for appendicitis, an attempt to kick a goal from the thirty-five yard line at foot-ball promised permanent injury internally—no, not sacrifices in these directions, but that in which reason holds sway. A repression of self-interest that great good may come to a greater number of people; a weighing, a consideration of various angles for and against a measure before making a definite decision. Judgment is the supreme court of appeal, as it were.

College spirit is not following the line of least resistance. Far from it. No man will ever be enabled to make progress, to overcome difficult handicaps, if he be prone to submit tamely to opposition. His capabilities may be great; but, unless he shows

that the harder is a confronting task the harder are his efforts to conquer that problem, he will not begin to move ahead of his comrades. There is an old story which runs as follows:

"One day a tramp appeared at the door of Mrs. Newlywed. When he asked for a bite to eat she cheerfully assented, and told him to wait outside for a moment until she could go in to get something eatable. He did so. Mrs. Newlywed remembered the new pie she had made that morning, and, in her generosity, she decided to cut him the first slice. 'Of course,' she reflected, 'he'll have to chop some wood afterwards.' In a few seconds she returned with the pie. 'God bless you, m'm,' said the tramp.

"'Don't mention it,' returned the lady. Then she added, 'You'll find the axe in the shed!'

"The tramp looked up in surprise. Then he looked at the pie. He was thinking of the pie; she was thinking of the wood. With a startled cry the tramp took to his heels. And Mrs. Newlywed wondered."

There's an illustration—admirable capability scared off at a mere suggestion of difficulty.

Furthermore, mere sham and pose must be thrown aside. Every man must stand or fall upon his own strength and accomplishment. There must not be any awarding of honors and of offices of trust unless the recipient has strongly indicated his real true manhood, his deep, innate character foundations. Strip away any false popularity if it is not based upon well-recognized worth. A man must square at all four corners; if he does not, observe him with suspicion. Place the standards high, and, if a man fails to measure up to them, then wait until he grows, rather than lower any criterions, by which process alone he can attain success. *Nosce te ipsum* may be trite, but it is good advice; yet equally important is it to know well the kind, the type of fellow-student who sits close by in the school-room, who shares in all games on the campus, and who is certain to become a vital force in one's character formation and development. In his poem entitled "Character of the Happy Warrior," Wordsworth has well summed up the thought:

"'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as upon the best of friends;

Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To *virtue* every triumph that he knows—
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And, therefore, does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all.”

True *college spirit* demands a tremendous degree of idealism. Clean in thought and in body best sums up an ideal college man. To a versatility for work, to a facing of duty, to a mind free from hypocrisy, must be joined a belief of the eternal verities of this and after life, a constant expectancy that good will ultimately triumph. Vigilantly must he guard his poise of mind, lest doubt of any sort enter therein. The more that he is exposed to suffering and to distress, the more he must be able to endure. He must not weaken; he must not lose his vision; but, sustained by an ever-increasing trust, he must keep his face turned to the light, which is certain to come by constantly, even at times, desperately, holding on to an ideal. It is said that youth and ideals come into being simultaneously; that, with the passing of one, the other disappears. Ah, no; that it is not true. With the losing of youth youthful ideals may change, but the transformation means no obliteration. It simply implies ideals of a different class, of a far wider scope. By keeping his life pure a student makes his college an ideal one, and by approaching these high ideals he produces the largest amount of college spirit.

TILLY'S PRIZE.

Clyde C. Webster, '14.

LES, it had been a great afternoon—for Tilly, at any rate. In the first place, it had been a public holiday, one of those few days in the year when Tilly was her own boss, and free to do what she pleased. And, in the second place, Tilly had been lucky! Yes, for once in her life, she had been *real* lucky!

With the holiday crowd, Tilly had gone to the ball park to see the game, and to witness the "stunts" of the "Boosters' Club" of the city. And what a time she had! There had been everything from a mock ball game to a greasy-pig race; and, best of all, many prizes for the happy holders of lucky admission tickets. And, just think of it, Tilly had been one of the lucky persons!

True, Tilly had not seen her prize, nor had she the faintest idea what it would be; but, nevertheless, she had been lucky, let it be repeated, and that was enough. Moreover, her prize would be delivered to her that very evening; and was that not enough to make any one happy?

At any rate, Tilly was supremely happy. And, in spite of her stuffy hall room in a dingy city tenement house, located where land was far more valuable than human life, Tilly was really contented—at least, for this evening—and would not have changed her position for one many times better. There had been a great change; everything seemed more cheerful. Even the bareness of the furniture, which consisted, in the main, of a little iron bed—neatly kept, however—a rather rickety table, a willow chair, which had been a rocker once upon a time, but which now was rockerless, and—let us not forget—an inevitable chafing-dish, seemed to have become tinted to-night with a hopeful glow from Tilly's lucky star, which was even now beginning to wink at her over the horizon. Yes, Tilly was happy; for had she not won a prize? And was there ever such luck?

And now, seated on her bed, her knees crossed, whistling as only girls know how, Tilly was complacently scanning with her

clear blue eyes the premium list, which she had brought home with her. And what prizes! The very thought of them made her pretty face beam with joy! There was everything imaginable, from jewelry and bon-bons, to a ton of coal and a sack of potatoes—all donated by merchants and manufacturers of the city for the purpose of advertisement.

How Tilly's eyes gleamed at the thought that one of these prizes would soon be hers! And what a longing sigh escaped her rosy lips as her eyes encountered the words, "Set of Gold Ear-Rings—donated by Smith & Co.!" Gold ear-rings! Just what she had been wishing for so long! Oh, if she could only get them! The sack of potatoes, too, was not to be sneezed at, by any means, and even now was starting in Tilly's mind a train of mathematical calculations as to how many beef stews she could make with them.

Tilly started from her reflections. Some one was lumbering up the dimly-lighted stairs. And, whoever it was, he was carrying a load! That was certain. And for her, too! Yes, for Tilly; for did she not hear her name mentioned in the hall below? Yes, they were bringing her prize, just as they said they would!

Tilly rushed to the door just in time to see the man turn the corner of the last landing. And, oh, what a sight greeted her eyes! Two bags, instead of one! And, in spite of a slight pang of regret at the recollection of the ear-rings, Tilly's eyes flashed as she thought of the potatoes. Two bags of them! Enough to last her all the winter, and then some! And just think of the extra money she would have for chewing-gum and the "movies"! She might even have enough to buy Percy a *real nice* present on his birthday—perhaps the watch-fob which he wanted so much! Again she clasped her hands, and, for the hundredth time that evening, blessed her lucky star, while the man dropped the bags on the floor and left.

Tilly pounced on her prize. Now was her happiness supreme. No longer must she be contented with speculations on unrealities; the potatoes were really there—there in her own little room—her own property. And two bags of them! Just think!

But, goodness, how soft the bags felt—not at all like potatoes! Perhaps it was flour?

“But, then, they don’t put flour in that kind of bag,” Tilly mused; “and, besides, it has such a dreadful odor! That horrid man must have spit tobacco juice all over it.”

With a slight misgiving, Tilly tried to break the strong cord with which the bags were tied, and, in the act of doing so, noticed, for the first time, a half-hidden tag. She seized it, and— But what was this?

The landlady, coming into the room at that very moment, with the benevolent purpose of satisfying her curiosity as to the contents of the strange sacks, was horrified to hear a sharp cry, and to see Tilly faint away. Nor was her astonishment any less when, with a hasty glance at the offending tag, before running for the smelling-salts bottle, she read the words:

“P. X. D. FERTILIZERS.

Guaranteed to increase crops 100 per cent!”

SINGIN'.

Emaya LesBow, '15.

“**B**UCK—my horse?”
 “Yess, boy. Hit’s aw-ryeght. Hit’s a good un, too. Agoin’ out a piece, be yuh? Thar’s some myeghty fyene singin’ up to Baar Crik this mornin’. Yuh’d ought-to hear on it. Thar’s Deck Joneses gal, what ken sing higher’n louder nor anybody in this country, I tell yuh. You got good singin’ folks up to your country?”

This news, which Buck gave me in the slow drawl of the mountaineer, altered my plans for the morning. I assured him that “singin’ folks up to my country” were most *prolific*, even more so than with him, and, mounting old Beauty Boy (the finest horse in the world, I am sure) cantered down to the main-road gate, with the firm determinataion not to miss that rarest treat to a visitor in those natural, secluded sections of a country, where automobiles and large cities are only dreamt of, and progress is a thing not to be desired.

It was a gala Sunday. Nature, as well as the country folk, had bedecked herself in the most festive costume, which was displayed entrancingly in the enervating warmth of a rising August sun. A few leaves were beginning to turn, and the forests on the mountains wore that hue peculiar to the transition stage between summer and autumn. The smaller hills, covered with waving grain and ripening corn, spoke friendly to me as I jogged along.

The road was thronged with people, like myself, bound for Bear Creek Church, where the choirs of that institution and of Pan Hollow were destined to sing for a coveted prize. Shambling youths, walking with their lassies; old men, on mules, with their withered wives clutching them cross-wise from behind; wagons full of laughing age and youth, like pilgrims, made their way along the winding mountain thoroughfare to Bear Creek shrine. And all these were arrayed in the finest and noisiest garments that paternal labor, with maternal, uxorial, and filial aid in corn-

field and home, could possibly procure. One typical pair so particularly attracted my attention as I passed them that I did not refrain from mental notes. Bright yellow, new, bull-dog shoes; robin's egg blue socks, plainly visible for three inches or more between the foot-gear and the nethermost extremity of peg-topped chocolate trousers, bestreaked at regular intervals with black (a favorite pattern); a *biled* shirt; some huge, fantastic neck decoration wound around a standing collar, which resembled a white-washed tree-box, so much room was there between it and the sun-burned nape within, and surmounting the flaming red gable of this Paris creation was a hat—yes, on account of the inadequacy of our dictionary, it must be dignified and flattered by such a respectable appellation (though by what claim it may be thus elevated, I am ignorant). It did not shield its wearer from the sun, for a rickety umbrella, flabby like a punctured automobile tire (it was also punctured), held, with awkward nicety over a thin, shy lass, usurped that distinct privilege. Indeed, it could not have shaded the young Apollo if such had been necessary. It did not cover the shining pate except in a few places, where it projected in straight eaves over the red roof, like a large, shallow, ragged cornucopia perched with jaunty austerity upon an orange. And the color—my! it hurts my very eyes to think of it. Alas! the artist who devised that shade will die with the secret forever locked in his breast, vowing never to divulge to the craving world. You have seen blues; so have I. You have had them, and so have I. This magic blue, which Nature herself does not even possess, was somewhat lighter than *navy*, and darker than the cerulean, ignorantly accepted on faith by all. Verily, it stands like the blues we have, intensified by a touch of anger which it engenders in our souls. I think Holland is the only spot in the world where this unknown man gave forth his find, and copyrighted all descriptions in all languages, including Scandinavian, except on this one head, where realization of the perfect contrast with the ignitious hair so softened his steeled heart that he relented and jammed the hat on so tight that I doubted the youth's ability to enter the church and enjoy the divine melodies, because of the consistent impossibility of removing his neck's *finale*. And the road was thronged with them.

The simple white church, partially hid in a thin grove of old oaks, occupied the crowning point of a small knoll, from which I gazed out upon the lofty mountains that calmly watched the gathering. As I entered, clad in my neat riding costume, the staring leveled with coolness upon me by the gossiping women, and the wide-eyed, innocent interest of the children, made me imagine myself some jilted bridegroom. The sealed white walls seemed as slickly flat as the women's hair. From inquiry, I learned that all of the Pan Hollow supporters sat on one side, with the Bear Creek contingent opposing on the other, so that when the crucial moment of the vote came each group might solidly express itself in favor of its own choir. It resembled so much our foot-ball games at college—the team with the strongest band of “rooters” usually win the cup.

When all were assembled upon the rude benches one blustering, proud uncle began the *singin'* with a brief history, fifteen minutes in length, of his life and his activities as a “singin' professor,” from behind octagonal glasses, tied in the rear of his shaggy head with a black shoe-string, and perched perilously near the end of his slippery proboscis, over which obstructions his eyes strained, clearing the jump by many inches. There was no piano, organ, or even pitch-pipe, except that which the “professor of singin'” carried around with his quid. After *this* necessary article was safely reposed in the deeper regions of his oral cavity, where no embarrassing delays might be occasioned by its misplacement, the leader of the Bear Creek choir began the first song, through courtesy to the visiting voices, who (he was sure) might be “up-sot” by having to sing first. He waved his willow baton proudly and majestically, and announced that only four books were in attendance, from which his choir would sing No. 88.

“Come now, choir; be courtesy, en' sing proper,” he warned. Then he “sot 'em to the tune” with an exploring, falsetto “humph-humph—hum—humph,” which swelled into the descending do-sol-mi-do, when the most effective range was discovered. Each component *part* of the “barber shop” was firmly fixed in its proper position. The rhythm thumped, bumped, and jolted with a monotonous irregularity, like the noises from the rails as we stand upon the rear platform of a swiftly-moving train. Oc-

asionally, some switch in the song was reached, and crossed with loud, extra thumps. The tinkling mandolin voices of the little girl sopranos (it seemed that all voices there fell a yard or two as maturity was attained) blended with the deep strumming of the bass guitars, while the lone contralto of the situation ranged up and down with loud moans, much after the queer manner of a slide trombone. The higher the tenors soared the more gritty and dusty was their wake. The heavenly supplication soon bumped its way to an end. A few moments were allowed to elapse, and No. 18 was announced as an "encore." This was more slow and solemn, during which the young boys' mischiefs became more evident, and they were collared by the interested parents. Each person, realizing his importance in the vote, carried the supercilious air of a judge.

But let me not forget Pan Hollow. All this while they had sat anxiously and nervously, waiting with expressions on their respective faces indicative of "Let me get at them; we can beat that." Their leader spat his superfluous *brown* upon the floor (which caused a frantic gathering in of white skirts), and, in a similar manner, put his choir into the correct harmony, not before, however, he had testified, with a certain amount of bitterness and defiance, that they had only practiced half so much as their opponents, and that *their* books and songs were new. This choir was stronger in mandolins, which produced the effect of far-distant viols. *Thus* they sang at one another for something like eighteen songs each. Once the Bear Creek choir anticipated a Pan Hollow song. The sun of felicity, darkened by ominous clouds of shrieking words, failed to shine for a few moments, until a hitherto quiet member on the Hollow side declared it to be an excellent opportunity to test the "fittin'ness" of the contending vocalists. This resulted in the rendering of the selection with such enthusiasm and volume by the latter that I am candidly of the opinion that Bear Creek was the sufferer of ignominious defeat in that specific instance.

The assembly withdrew into the grove for refreshments between the halves. The worship of these child-like creatures was equally beautiful with the natural beauty of the scene. I took advantage of the diversion to escape upon my horse for a

short ride before dinner. Buck and I arrived home just about the same time.

"Well, Buck," I said, "who won?"

"Wall—they sang a leetle bit more after 'freshmints, en' I jus' 'bout don' know who 'twas what won. Deck Joneses gal sang higher'n louder nor anybody. Deck tuk number o' everybody thar, en' 'lowed us ferlers up to Baar Crik wouldna won anyway 'cep'n he rode mye mare down to Sis Sall Rich'son's en' brung her'n huh two kids up to church; en' eben arter that us ferlers up to Baar Crik did'n victorious cep'n by two votes. Yess, boys, when we got Uncle Dave Rich'son's ole 'oman en' huh two kids we jus' got them ferlers from up to Pan Holler by the tail on a down hill drag. Yess, boys, we beeat 'em, aw-ryeght, en' we kin do't agin, jus' any tyeme, I tell yuh."

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

R. A. S.

Said tomb to rose one summer's day,
 "The dawn bedews thy chalice fair
 With limpid tears of essence rare.
What dost thou with them, prithee, say?"
The rose replied with ready wit:
 "Within thy sombre, yawning pit
All joy and being find their way.
What dost thou with them, prithee, say?"

Said rose to tomb, with joyous pride,
 "From every rich and sparkling tear
 That gathers on my petals here,
I breathe forth perfume, far and wide."
Then said the tomb, "O plaintive flower,
Thou knowest not *my* magic power.
The pilgrim souls that here abide
Shall rise as angels glorified."

THE AMERICAN THEORY OF COLONIZATION.

S. J. Rowland, '14.

IT seems to me that in the history of the government of dependent territories by civilized nations there have been, for the last hundred and fifty years, and there are in existence to-day, only two main theories. One of these, the exploitation theory, is as old as is colonization; the other, the American theory, is new, historically speaking, for it dates from 1787.

The exploitation theory is the idea that colonies exist primarily for the profit to the mother country, either for national use or for the private profit of individuals or companies of citizens of the home land.

We know that Virginia was, during the first eighteen years of its history, a private plantation, run for the profit of certain merchants and nobles of England, under a charter from the English king. The colonies of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and the Carolinas were, likewise, private enterprises. The East India Company and the Hudson's Bay Company made India and Canada parts of the British Empire.

Australia is an example of a colony created and conducted for governmental advantage. It was at first a penal colony, the dumping-ground of England's undesirable citizens, and would doubtless have continued to be so but for the discovery of its economic resources, and the protest of the decent citizens, drawn thither by them.

So much for the exploitation theory in English history. One has but to mention Cortez and Mexico, Pizarro and Peru, to recall what Spain's idea of colonial management has been. In more recent years Leopold II., of Belgium, and the Congo Free State, is an example of how the exploitation theory still survives in European colonial relations.

Many people think that when, in 1898, the United States acquired its insular possessions, it found itself, for the first time,

called upon to formulate a colonial policy. This is not true. No organic act passed by Congress for the ultramarine territories has been widely at variance with an already established set of principles, constituting, what I call, the American theory of the government of dependencies.

The fundamental principles of our American theory were laid down in the famous Northwest Ordinance of 1787, an act of Congress providing for the government of the vast region northwest of the Ohio river, ceded to the newly-established Union by Virginia in 1784. This famous act laid down three principles: First, that the fundamental personal rights of American citizens were not obtained by a territory's inhabitants when the territory came under the American flag, but that it is necessary for these rights to be expressly granted by legislative act; secondly, that territory to which a measure of self-government is granted shall have a qualified representation by a delegate in Congress; thirdly, that newly-acquired territory shall, in time, be divided into districts, and admitted into the Union as States, on an equal footing with the older commonwealths.

The Northwest Ordinance has been followed by a series of acts, as our territory increased, in many of which the very same words, and in practically all of which the identical principles, of the act of 1787 have been followed. Successive acts were passed for Louisiana, Florida, the Oregon territory, and the southwest, in all of which the homogeneity of American attitude toward dependent territory is shown.

All these acts for the organization of territorial governments for the mainland embrace these essential principles: First, the administration of the dependency primarily for its own benefit; second, the granting to the people of a territory the largest measure of self-government the state of its inhabitants renders feasible; third, its admission into the Union as soon as conditions permit.

There has been, however, in the case of our non-contiguous territory, a modification of this last principle. Not being able to believe that we shall be able to grant statehood to an alien race, we have been compelled to consider the granting to Porto Rico and the Philippines such autonomy or independence as

future conditions will permit. One of the greatest problems ahead of us to-day is how and when to grant independence to the Philippines.

We have seen, then, the theoretical principles of the American colonial policy. Let us see how they have been put into practice, using the Philippine Islands as an example.

The application of the American colonial policy to the Philippines was well stated by President McKinley when he said, at San Francisco, a short time before his assassination, "These Philippine Islands are ours, not to subjugate, but to emancipate; not to rule in the power of might, but to take to those distant people the principles of liberty, of freedom, of conscience, and of opportunity that are enjoyed by the people of the United States."

And in the instructions given by President McKinley to a Commission sent by him to the Philippines in 1899, before the establishment of peace, for the purpose of making a study of the Islands and recommendations for their government, we find these words: "In all the forms of government and administrative provisions which they are authorized to prescribe, the Commission should bear in mind that the government which they are establishing is designed not for our satisfaction, or for the expression of our theoretical views, but for the happiness, peace, and prosperity of the people of the Philippine Islands."

Let us see what actually has been done by Americans for the "happiness, peace, and prosperity" of the Philippines.

In the first place, justice has been secured to the Filipinos. Spanish colonial officials, including judges, worked on the principle that their offices were private assets, and not public trusts. Litigation was made so costly that one would rather suffer illegal wrong than attempt to pay the extortionate fees of the court officials. Often, when a case was decided, the judge would discover a technicality to justify re-opening it, to get more fees. Men were often thrown into jail, and held for ransom, anything like a writ of *habeas corpus* being unknown.

Popular education has been put into operation. In 1898 less than one-tenth of the population of the Philippines could read and write in any tongue, and only one per cent. could read and write in any tongue in which there were books of general

knowledge or newspapers. The work of the educational system established by Americans has been largely concerned with the attempt to give the Filipinos a common language. At least 3,000,000 children have had instruction in English. The total number of schools increased from 2,000 in 1902-'03 to 3,685 in 1911-'12; the number of teachers from 3,928 to 8,363, and the highest monthly enrollment from 150,000 to 429,380. Not only general education is given, but vocational training also—classes in farming, house-keeping, and household arts, business courses, manual training, etc. Physical training has been introduced—a thing which is revolutionizing Filipino ideas, because formerly manual labor was a disgrace to a well-born Filipino. A University has been founded in Manila, where medicine and surgery, agriculture, veterinary science, law, engineering, and arts are taught.

The Filipinos have been given places in the government as rapidly as possible. In the school system, in 1902-'03 there were 3,000 Filipino teachers and 928 American ones; in 1911-'12 there were 7,699 Filipino teachers and only 664 American ones. A popular elective legislature has been established, and even the Philippine Commission, appointed by the President of the United States, which serves as the upper house of the legislature, now has five of its nine members Filipinos. These are but instances, the same being true of all branches of the government.

In addition to justice, education, and a large measure of self-government, complete religious liberty has been secured to the Filipinos. They had been in the grip of the Friars, who acknowledged the authority of neither the King of Spain nor the Pope, but ruled the people, and extorted immense wealth from them. The feeling toward the Friars is shown by the fact that there were 1,124 of them in the Philippines in 1896, and in 1901 there were 472. The rest had been either killed or had been compelled to leave the Islands.

Among material improvements may be mentioned the establishment of good roads, an efficient postal service throughout the Islands, the increase of railway mileage from 120 to 500, the development of harbors, postal savings banks, the teaching of sanitation in public schools, and the enforcement of sanitary regulations, and others too numerous to mention.

We have seen, then, the working of the American colonial policy in the Philippines. To my mind this is among the greatest achievements of our race. The Wright brothers, Americans, have conquered the air; Goethals and his aides, Americans, have built a new highway for the trade of the world, but in the Philippines Americans have civilized a people.

This is missionary work on a national scale. If we can carry American ideas and ideals and standards of life to these Filipinos, to Porto Rico, to Panama, surely the force of our example will cause other nations to abandon the exploitation theory of colonial development. If the consciences of their capitalists are too hardened, surely the clamor of their colonists will cause their citizens to demand that the American idea of the government of dependencies be adopted. Thus America will continue to stand, as she has stood, for liberty enlightening the world.

THE BIG BROTHER.

Pauline Pearce, '11.

“**M**AURICE, you are the most conceited man I know.”
“Being just a girl, sis, you cannot be offered the place as pitcher with the ‘Foxes.’ Say, little girl, it’s fine. It means—”

“Yes, I know. It—”

“You never will let a fellow finish.”

But she interrupted him remorselessly. “It means a big salary, and lots of noise, and flirtations with silly women, pretty and otherwise, and the really worth while adoration of a thousand small boys, and—”

“And the thrill and the joy of the game, sis,” he interrupted, “and the genuine pleasure of the many men who really love it. You forget all that.”

Maurice was a handsome young man of twenty-one blissful summers. He was tall and strong, and carried with him most of the maiden hearts of the community. At the public high school he had learned to play base-ball, and had forgotten that his grandfather was a general in the Confederate Army. From high school he had gone into semi-professional base-ball. Now came the big offer from the State League.

When at home he talked only of the wonders his salary would accomplish in restoring the old place to its pristine grandeur and beauty; abroad, he was the hero of the little gang at the general merchandise store.

You know the story of the feverish preparations for departure. Perhaps you have lived through such a time, with its last moment of poignant sadness and fearful, but joyous, anticipations. The last morning Maurice was very much a boy, and rose early to take a final plunge in the creek, and to give old Nellie a lump of sugar before she was turned out to pasture. Old Nellie died while he was away, but—he was very young, and, just at the time of reading the letter from sis, he had more important things to think about.

Somehow, in an inexplicable manner, his first month's salary was spent, and not a penny went home. He had never dreamed that he could spend so much money and not be able to account for it.

The second month the team was playing regularly, and winning! Sis now had many newspaper pictures of him on her walls, and almost a scrap-book full of enthusiastic journalistic accounts of the games. His salary, however, was spent, and he did not attempt to explain it.

The team had hardly begun its third month's work when it began to lose. "Pitch" was out of form. Coach and manager said that he was a youngster, who had to stop for his second wind; but the owner insisted that he had broken training, and was only waiting a chance to hand Maurice the "pink slip."

"Pitch" Maurice *had* broken training. Women and wine, wine and women—the story is all but as old as creation.

He had lost three games straight—and *he* knew why. It was very late, but he was frenzied, maddened by defeat, and wanted air, he said.

Wandering along a badly-lighted street, in an unfamiliar part of the city, he walked into and almost over a boy who was trotting along with head down.

"Hello, kid! You have no business here at this time of night," he chided the boy.

"I have, but you haven't," was the boy's quick answer. "I have been selling papers."

"You! Why, you are a baby ten years old, and a policeman ought to pick you up."

"I'm twelve years old," was the instant contradiction, "and a policeman won't pick me up, 'cause ma and the kids will starve if he does."

Like a flash, Maurice remembered the folks back home, and stood ashamed before the child's heroism and determination.

"Haven't you a big brother to help you support the family?"

"Nope, just me; and ma strings bags."

"Let me be your big brother."

"Watchu gittin' at?"

“What I say. Let me be your big brother. Here’s a ticket to the game to-morrow, and we can talk things over afterwards.”

“All right; I’m on.”

The ticket changed hands, and Maurice had gotten the air he needed.

The next day his team won. How could they lose when “Pitch” was at his best? After that “Pitch” was the greatest man on the team. When they won six games straight he could not join in the joy-ride that some of them took, because he could not afford the expense incident to such an excursion. How could he indulge in every frivolity of the season if he were going to send sis to college, pitch for a winning team, and attend to the many duties incident to playing fairy god-father to a very remarkable little brother?

THE CALL.

Dave Satterfield, Jr., '16.



WITH the breaking of light over the mountains breakfast was over, and Tam had begun his last day in his old home. He stole softly out of the house, and made his way down to the old rock that had been a familiar place to him all of his life, a monument to the joyous past. It was a beautiful spot. The rock jutted far over the mountain-side, affording a wonderful view of the country for miles and miles. It was deathly still; there was a hush in the woods that Tam understood. Suddenly a light wind scurried through the trees and showered the mist drops down. Not a thing was to be heard or seen that suggested life, and Tam sat down in the deepening loneliness, watching the shadows rise up the green walls that bound him in, and wondered what he should do and where he should go.

It was the first time, perhaps, that Tam had ever thought very seriously about himself, but since Mr. Harvie, the artist, who had passed through the country the summer before, had talked to him, he had done nothing but dream of the crowded cities far away, of jingling coin, and the many fortunes to be had. So he had fully made up his mind to begin the game of life. Somehow he hated to go. There was Melissy—how he would miss her—and Jack. If he could only take him! But no, Jack must stay; he was useful, and, as Uncle Nathan was getting more feeble every day, it naturally fell to Jack to bring up the cows every night.

Looking up, he found Melissy standing quietly by, gazing at him with a wide, imploring stare. Tall, beautifully tall, she was, deep bosomed, with limbs fully rounded, fairly tingling with the life and strength of perfect womanhood. Her hair was light, and under her broad brow gleamed a pair of blue eyes that had never been taught to hide behind their fringed veils, but which always regarded one squarely, with a healthy look

of good comradeship, a gleam of mirth, or a sudden wide questioning gaze that revealed depth of soul within.

"How-dye!" said Tam, and his heart leaped curiously, but the girl did not answer. He motioned for her to come over to his side. She seated herself opposite him, drawn up in a little knot, gazing out on the valley below. They sat there, neither speaking, until the sun was high in the sky. Tam arose, and tried to say something, but the words hung in his throat. Finally he managed to blurt out in a broken way, "Hyah, Melissy, take my rifle, and keep it fo' me. I'm ah coming back for it some o' these days, and I wants it."

She nodded, and clasped the rifle to her in warm embrace. Neither could speak, each realizing the agonies of a farewell.

"Don't go, Tam; don't go over thar. Stay here," she cried. "I must go; I got to act like a man now."

Another sob came, and Tam turned away—he did not want her to see him cry, and this was no time for crying.

"I reckon I better git on," he said, sturdily. "Melissy, 'member I'm coming back hyah for you some o' these days." Thereupon he turned and, with measured stride, went up the hill over its crest, and was lost to view.

Melissy dried her eyes, and went back to the house, carrying the treasured rifle. Her heart was heavy, but she strode bravely in, and commenced her daily chores.

That night, foot-sore and weary, Tam lay burrowed under the hay in an old barn. From under the roof he could see the stars rising. It was very still and lonely, and he was hungry—hungrier and lonelier than he had ever been in his life. A sob of helplessness rose to his lips, but he held it back.

"I got to act like a man now." And, saying this over and over to himself, he went to sleep.

* * * * *

Tammany Williams leaned back in his office chair, and surveyed things with a wry face. He was a sick man. The leading physicians had long given him up, and he was gradually, day by day, wilting away. As he sat there he thought of the many hard struggles he had been through, and he asked himself, over and over again, if it was worth while. Evidently he came to the

conclusion it was not, for he slammed down his desk, rang for his hat and cane, and, in a few moments, was gliding up Fifth avenue in his big Packard.

"Gad! what an awful mood I'm in," he muttered. "James! Cafe."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

Even Broadway that morning was a discord in Williams' ears. The clang of the surface cars and the roar of those overhead was just a little bit too much for his already shattered nerves.

Among the shifting, sonorous, pulsing crowd he could see many faces. Some were bright, eager, and smiling, alight with the fires of youth. Others were wrinkled and sad, lined with scars of the battle of life. Somehow he longed to be out there with them, shuffling along, with the "devil may hang" crowd he used to run with in his boyhood days back in the Blue Ridge. He was tired of this life of ease and luxury; he wanted to do something. "To be sure," he thought, "I have done something. Have I not risen from the ranks?" And then his thoughts turned to his hoard of glittering dollars. How he liked to let them slip through his fingers; they made such pretty music as they fell clinking in a heap.

No! no! Give up this easy life for one of toil again. Ha! ha! What a fool he had been to think of such a thing! Had he not felt the cold and merciless grasp of toil before. He had not noticed that the car had stopped, and he was aroused from his reverie by James's even voice calling "Cafe, sir."

"Huh? Oh! yes, sure. I was thinking, James. Back at ten, James." And, so saying, he stepped out of the car, made his way up the stone steps, and passed into the house.

The cafe was crowded. But, by some chance, the little table at which he usually dined had escaped the eyes of in-comers, and a vacant chair extended its arms, with venal hospitality, to him. He dropped into it, and looked around the room, surveying the whole with a critical eye.

The place was in an uproar; women sang, men talked in low tones over the business of the day, and the orchestra from behind the palms wailed out the latest bit of rag-time. Faultlessly attired waiters moved in mazy performance of their duties, with

their backs to all who desired service. One would have described the scene as truly Parisian.

Tam sat there, and the same ill mood stole slowly over him. He tried to shake it off, but to no avail. It was as if something was calling to him. What was it? It was something he craved, something his very soul cried out for. For the life of him he could not become satisfied, no matter what he did.

There was a jolly small party at one of the tables that drew many eyes, and he watched them eagerly, as they laughed and jested with one another. How happy and contented they seemed to be! He knew there was one thing he needed, and that was the friendship of a woman. Since he had been in the big city it had been work, work, work; and now, since he thought of it, he did not know a single woman in the city whom he could really call a friend.

Suddenly he found himself listening attentively to a song sung by a girl behind the palms. Hers was not a wonderful voice, but it was sweet and melodious. It was a song with a plaintive note, and, as she started the chorus, he gripped the arms of his chair and stared straight ahead. The words came floating out over the tables; the crowd ceased its noise,

“The city streets are cold and gray,
And the skies are bleak and hard;
I’m sick for a wind-swept country day,
And the feel of the cool green sward.”

It took him back to those old days—those days when he and Melissy used to sit on that rock and watch the last traces of the afternoon sun go out from the west. And then there came stealing into his mind an understanding. Nearly ten years had passed since he had left the only home he ever knew. After all, he thought, it was the only home in which love reigned supreme. And when he thought of the long, dreary, homeless, unsettled years to come, terror seized him. Something seemed to whisper, “Come back, come back.” And it struck him to the core.

At last he realized he was home-sick for “a wind-swept country day.” He arose, and, with giant strides, rushed to the

door. Receiving his hat and stick, he told the door-man to inform James that he would go home on the cars.

* * * * *

The Western express slowly pulled off from the station, leaving a tall, well-built young man, attired in "city folks' clothes," standing on the platform, eagerly drinking in every nook and corner of the landscape. Suddenly he started forward, and grasped the hand of an old man, who sat up straight as an arrow in his buck-board.

"Well, Uncle Frale, I'm glad to see you," said the stranger.

"I dunno ye, sir. Who mought ye be?" was the reply.

"Who am I? Do you mean you don't recognize me—Tam—Tam Williams? Don't you remember?"

Gradually a light of recognition swept over the old man's face. "Well, I swan!" he ejaculated. "I'll be durned if this don't beat all. Come, get in hyah. Melissy will be plumb crazy when she sees you." And, muttering to himself, the old man deposited Tam's grips in the trap, and off they went. All the way home he kept saying to himself, "I'll be durned! It do beat all; she said he'd come back."

It was nearly dark when the chimneys of the house peeped over the tree-tops. Uncle Frale took the horse and trap to the stable, and Tam walked toward the house. The twilight of a Christmas eve, gray with the portent of coming snow, crept slowly over the valley, softening the lines of a decrepit house, still rearing its roof in massive dignity, and a tumble-down barn, flanked by barren fields. A quiet melancholy hovered about the place, as if brooding over a host of by-gone yuletides, alive with the shouts of merry folk and the jingle of visiting sleighs.

Tam decided to visit the rock before he went up to the house. He wanted to see it. And then maybe she would be there, as was her custom at this time in the evening. He experienced a feeling of a new kind creeping through him, holding him cold and still—for the moment breathless. Was she there? Very quietly he drew nearer to the rock. Yes, she was there, standing with her back to the silvery-gray holly tree, her face lifted toward the mountain top, and her expression rapt and listening. He could not touch her nor crush her to him, as a moment before

he had felt he must, but he slowly approached, and gave a long, low whistle, which had served as a signal in the old days. Turning, she saw him standing there in the dim light of the starry dusk. Slowly she walked down the little path to meet him. For an instant she regarded him in silence. Hungrily he stood and watched her. At last she spoke. "Is it you, Tam?"

"It's me, Melissy."

"And you've come back?"

"Yes."

Suddenly she flung out her hands, and placed them on his breast, holding him thus at arm's length, and, with head thrown back, still looking into his eyes, she said: "I thought you were—as far—as far—away from us as the star is—from the world at night; so far—I didn't guess—you could come so—near." She bowed her head and wept.

"You are the star yourself; you are—" But his words were lost as he caught her to him and held her there.

THE MESSENGER.

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EDITORIALS.

For several years it has been the desire of a number of students in College to start a weekly publication, but the general opinion has prevailed that it would be impossible to finance the project. This year, however, the proposition has met with strong support from the student body, and the first issue has made its appearance.

THE COLLEGE
WEEKLY.

This publication should prove of inestimable value to the College. It will bring the student body into closer touch with the various College activities. At the old site we were wont to consider the College as a part of the great city which surrounded it, but, since the removal to Westhampton, we have realized that it exists as a separate community. The happenings of this community are interesting to every member composing it, and should be recorded in a weekly paper. Heretofore, the only means of publishing this news has been THE MESSENGER, and, since THE MESSENGER is published only once a month, the news was always stale and uninteresting.

THE MESSENGER welcomes this new publication, with the hope that it will be entirely successful. It will relieve THE MESSENGER of burdens which have long been distasteful. Campus Notes and Athletics should have no place in a literary magazine, and a weekly publication, in which they can be placed, will satisfy a long-felt need.

The success of the publication was practically assured by the selection of J. A. Carter as Editor and Roger Millhiser as Business Manager. These men are eminently fitted for the positions for which they have been chosen, and they will work faithfully in the interest of the paper. The co-operation of the entire student body is needed, however, and it is to be sincerely hoped that this co-operation will not be lacking.

Last year THE MESSENGER advocated a system of three debates, to replace the annual debate between the Mu Sigma Rho and the Philologian Literary Societies. The Societies have adopted the plan for this year, and one debate will take place each term. Since the advantages of this plan were discussed in the editorial pages of this magazine last year, we will not consider them here. We hope, however, that the new plan will stimulate greater interest in literary society work.

The lack of interest in literary society work during the last few years has been discouraging, and, if the College is to maintain its high standard in debate, this lack of interest must cease. The

intense rivalry which has always existed between the two Societies should generate some enthusiasm among the members, and cause them to work for places on the teams which are to represent their Society. If this alone is accomplished, the plan will have been a success, and the Societies justified in continuing it in the future.

The interest manifested in the Y. M. C. A. in College this year is indeed gratifying. This organization deserves far greater support from the student body than has been

accorded it in the past. We have regarded it too much as an organization of ministerial students, and those who should have been engaged in the work have withheld their support for this reason. The sooner this erroneous idea is dismissed the better it will be for the College. The Y. M. C. A. is not solely a religious organization, but is a social organization as well. It stands for what is best in student life, and every student should be associated with it.

The Programme Committee has arranged some attractive programmes for the meetings, including discussions of very interesting topics. Prominent speakers will be invited to address the Association from time to time throughout the year, and special music will be secured. If you are not attending these meetings, and taking part in the work, you are missing a large part of College life. The work is important. Lend it a helping hand.

It will probably be well, in this issue of THE MESSENGER, to call attention to the Writer's Medal, which is given annually by the two Literary Societies. The rules governing the contest, as expressed in the constitutions of the two Societies, are that each contestant for the medal must be a member of one of the Societies, and shall have contributed at least three literary articles to THE MESSENGER, one of which shall have been accepted for publication by the Editor-in-Chief. At least one of these articles shall have been submitted to the

THE WRITER'S
MEDAL.

Editor-in-Chief before Christmas, another before the 1st of April, and the third before the 15th of May. In order to become eligible for this contest, therefore, it is necessary to submit the first article at an early date.

In the past there have been too few contestants for this honor. We are too prone to consider the art of writing as a gift, rather than the result of practice. The old adage that "practice makes perfect" may be applied to the art of writing as truly as to any other activity.

In order to become a successful writer, three things are necessary—namely, the acquirement of a large vocabulary, and a clear, pleasing style, and practice. The first two of these may be accomplished by wide and comprehensive reading of good literature, while the third only requires a little work.

We sincerely hope that greater interest will be shown in this contest this year. Now is the time to begin work and to submit your articles. By so doing you will not only have the chance to win the highest honor in College, but you will also help *THE MESSENGER*, which is suffering greatly from lack of material.

ALUMNI NOTES.

F. C. Ellett, '15.

Married, in Richmond, Va., on September 22, 1914, J. H. Ricks, LL. B., '08, and Miss Anne Elizabeth Ryland.

Married, in New York, during the month of August, 1914, G. H. L. Winfrey, B. A., '12, and Miss Henrietta B. Runyon.

Married, in South Richmond, Va., on October 17, 1914, Robert Gwathmey, '09, and Miss Mary Vaden.

Married, in Richmond, Va., on November 8, 1914, Robert Saville, '10, and Miss Ethel Shackford.

Married, in Pittsburgh, Pa., on November 21, 1914, W. R. Beverly, B. A., '10, and Miss Katherine L. Bingler.

Presley Atkins, B. A., '09, who, since his graduation, has been in the newspaper business in the West, has now returned to his home city, and has charge of the Lexington (Ky.) *Herald*.

William H. Turnley, '16, is Secretary of the Board of Trade of Fort Meade, Florida.

J. E. Warner, Jr., B. A., '12, has lately won a scholarship at Johns Hopkins.

A. R. Hawkins, B. A., '12, has been elected to the House of Representatives in the South Carolina Legislature.

We had the pleasure of greeting a number of our alumni at the Teachers' Association banquet on Thanksgiving. President Julian Burruss, B. A., was toast-master of the occasion.

John Marshall Lewis, B. A., '05, of Gloucester, Va., is one of the most prominent bankers of his section, being cashier of the Bank of Gloucester, a State bank with a large capital and deposits.

Earl Crowell, B. A., '13, is principal of the Chilhowie High School, Chilhowie, Va.

E. C. Primm, B. A., '13, is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Ettrick, Va.

Among the contents of the November issue of *The Black Cat* we find "To Him That Hath," by H. D. Coghill. Many of us remember Mr. Coghill, who was among us last year, for his splendid work on THE MESSENGER. We wish him much success.

F. W. Jones, B. A., '11, is taking work for the degree of Master of Arts at Columbia University.

J. B. Martin, B. A., '98, is principal of the High School at Dunn, N. C.

In the Cross-Country Run at Washington and Lee University lately, S. L. Adams, B. A., '12, won third place, coming in ahead of the University of Virginia, the V. M. I., and the V. P. I. delegations.

John Bunyan Hill, B. A., '10, is at the University of Pennsylvania, taking work for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Among the alumni who have visited the campus during the past month are: Hon. Burnett Mills, LL. B.; Edwin Grimsley, LL. B.; Wert Trainham, B. A.; "Lanky" Lodge, B. A.



G. T. Terrell, '16.

"Freshman Year" is an ideal piece of exposition of the true conditions of Freshman life. The advice that is given to the Freshman is idealistic, and very helpful.

*The
Randolph-Macon
Monthly.*

Would that all of our first-year men in college could have such truths and noble ideals held up constantly before them.

The thought, composition, and inspiring ideals make it an essay of true value. We trust that *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* will give us more essays of this type. "When Marble Speaks" is probably interesting to a student of Randolph-Macon, but to the outsider it is nothing but words, words, words. We suppose that it must be a "local hit"; if so, it would probably be better to place it under "CampusNotes" than in the part of the magazine reserved for literary productions. It is vague, far-fetched, and monotonous. "To Toil" is an inspiring little lyric. It is a poem filled with what we may call modern idealism. Such poems as this add much to the literary value of any magazine. "The Outlook," by Coach Reiss, of Randolph-Macon, is very good. We are surprised, however, that the Editorial Board should have allowed such a production to take up space in the part of *The Monthly* given solely to literary productions. We notice that this magazine has only twenty-eight pages given to literary features, and nine of these are filled with subject-matter that is not literary. *The Monthly* lacks short stories and good essays. It has two good productions in prose composition and three poems of value. The rest of the publication is not as good as Randolph-Macon can make it, and we hope to receive a better magazine next month.

The Davidson College Magazine has several good literary productions. "Nahwane" is very good in thought and composition, and has those elements that constitute a good short story. The one thing that impresses the reader is the description of the mountains. The author did not draw on his imagination for this picture, because it was too real to be simply a production of the imaginative powers. He pictured mountain scenery as you would see it on a camping trip in Virginia or North Carolina. The closing is too sad for the reader to enjoy the story to the fullest, but, nevertheless, we enjoyed the description and the thought of the story. "Shelley, the Poet," is a strong essay. The thought is clear and convincing. Such essays are true literary productions, and we should have more of them in our college magazines. "The Traitor" is a good piece of literature. Its thought is idealistic and inspiring. We can but admire "The Traitor," who forsakes his country for a higher patriotism. The closing is sad, but, nevertheless, heroic and enjoyable, because the traitor, at his death, shows himself to be a true hero. The poem "November" is good in thought and rhythm, and adds to the magazine. It is always best to distribute poetry among the prose. It not only adds variety, which gives spice to the magazine, but breaks the monotony of long stories or deep essays. "The Quest of the Star," although not as good as some of the other short stories in the magazine, contains interest, and is well written. "The Ku-Klux Klan in '70" is a good article, and has worth because of the information it gives. All of us have heard of the white-masked Klan, and have read of it in Dixon's novels, yet we have never heard of the real beginning of the Ku-Klux Klan. The adventures of the Klan, as told by a member, are far more interesting than "McCutcheon's Fables" and "Fox's Myths." We wish to congratulate the members of the Philanthropic and Euneanean Societies of Davidson College on the November number of their magazine. It is one of the best on our exchange table. It has good short stories, an interesting essay, and three musical poems. The literary matter is well distributed, which adds to the magazine and makes it more readable.

WESTHAMPTON DEPARTMENT

ETHEL L. SMITHER, '15.....	<i>Editor</i>
MARY D. SMITH, '15.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
DEAN MAY L. KELLER.....	<i>Advisory Editor</i>

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

DOROTHY P. GARY, '18.....	<i>Campus Notes</i>
FLORENCE E. SMITH, '17.....	<i>Athletics</i>
JESSIE M. WOOD, '12.....	<i>Alumnae</i>
HELEN A. MONSELL, '16.....	<i>Exchanges</i>

EDITORIALS.

To every young woman who finds herself in a college, whether she be a town or a dormitory student, there will come, at some time, the realization that her ideas and standards

Y. W. C. A. are slowly but surely undergoing a change.

Based upon the conclusions which she at last reaches, will depend the standard of living which may determine the success or failure of her whole career. Usually the surroundings of the girl affect, in a large measure, her final conclusions. During this formative period the Young Woman's Christian Association does a great work. It exerts over the individual student the religious influence which one often fails to obtain from the chapel exercises. It also inspires a certain moral attitude toward collegiate work that nothing else has succeeded in doing. It has a steadying effect upon more than one woman whose moorings have been shaken by philosophical and scientific research.

The Y. W. C. A. also gives the opportunity for philanthropic work. College life tends to individualism, to a certain amount of selfish interest in one small community, which needs to be counteracted by contact with a larger community and a broader life than the purely scholastic one. In Radcliffe and Barnard, and many other colleges, the Y. W. C. A. has a special band of settlement workers, called a Guild. This not only gives the

college girl a chance to investigate social problems at first hand, but also helps her form, in the early years of her womanhood, the ideal of unselfish, intelligent service.

Viewing these facts, we commend to each student of Westhampton the branch of Y. W. C. A. established at our College. We invite your interest and aid in helping our Association bring more fully into life the motto of the National Association: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

In the Literary Society, as in almost every other college activity, this year marks a new era, and, in some cases, actually a beginning. It is truly a year of golden opportunity, as well as one of responsibility. We feel that the Chi Epsilon Literary Society will succeed this year, and in the future, only in proportion to the ability with which it meets its appointed tasks.

SOME WAYS IN WHICH
THE LITERARY SOCIETY
MAY HELP THE INDIVIDUAL.

The duty of any literary society is two-fold. First, it should give to its members the ability to write fluently, and, secondly, it should give them ease when speaking on formal and informal occasions.

The surest way of giving to its members fluency in writing will be by encouraging contributions to THE MESSENGER. Literary achievement has its foundation in practice, as well as in natural ability. The Society, by putting a high premium upon all worthy literary productions, whether essays, poems, or short stories, may stimulate its members to work which will be advantageous both to themselves and, through their work for the magazine, to the College.

The second duty of the Society to its members is the training it gives in speaking. A college woman is often judged by the laity by her ease and ability in speaking. This we feel is a unique opportunity for the Literary Society, for it is the only place in College where the woman may obtain the practice necessary for ease in speaking. By requiring that all subjects discussed before the Society be given in the form of talks, rather than

readings, we feel that the Society will be making a big step in the interest of its members.

We have endeavored to show some of the ways in which the Society may help the individual. Concerning the help the individual may render the Society, we feel that the task of the individual member may be put into a single phrase—hearty, loyal support of the Society's policy, whatever it may be.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Dorothy P. Gary, '18.

On Friday afternoon, October 13th, the Senior Class entertained for Miss Keller in the Senior parlor. Many plans for the Senior year were discussed. Refreshments were served, and each Senior went away feeling highly encouraged by the sympathetic attitude exhibited by the Dean.

On the evening of October 13th Dr. Anderson gave a talk before the Chi Epsilon Literary Society. His subject was "The War." Dr. Anderson is a truly delightful speaker, and will always find a welcome awaiting him at Westhampton, be his subject what it may.

On October 31st the "witches" took possession at Westhampton. Under the direction of Miss Keller, a real Hallowe'en party, with ghostly promenades, strangely assorted costumes, and typical Hallowe'en refreshments, was given. The 12 o'clock bell found monk, gypsy, Puritan maid, and Indian warrior all manifestly loathe to depart.

On Friday night, November 13th, the wedding of I'ma Freshman and He'sa Junior took place in the chapel of Westhampton College, Rev. Joiner performing the ceremony. The chapel was artistically decorated for the occasion. Just before the entrance of the bridal party, "O, Promise Me" was beautifully rendered. To the strains of Lohengrin's "Bridal March" the bridal party entered, the bride leaning on the arm of her father, by whom she was given in marriage. Owing to the prominence of the bride and groom, this wedding was one of the most important events of the fall term of Westhampton College.

Miss Beale (in referring to a Math. proposition): "This is certainly a double-decker."

Student: "That makes two we have in this class."

Miss Hearon, in History class: "Miss Glassell, what did Constantine get when he went to Constantinople?"

Miss Glassell, with surprise: "He got polished!"

Dr. Stewart, to one of the girls: "How much is board over at Westhampton—\$20.00 a month?"

Miss Gwathmey, "No, sir; it's only \$5.00 a week."

Miss Henderson (reading aloud from a letter): "—and if half-past seven is too early, let me know after I get there."

It's not surprising Mary Weaver dropped Math. A., if her general opinions on the subject can be expressed by the way in which she spells prism—prison.

THE BRIDGE.

'Tis not a wondrous thing of steel,
 No workmanship of art,
 'Tis but a bridge which spans the lake,
 And cuts our lives apart.
 'Tis but a boundary line, which Fate
 Hath frowned upon, and oh!
 The envied maid who crosses it
 To Science Hall below!

—F. M. D., '16.

Miss D. to Mr. E. (discussing costumes for the Hallowe'en party): "I tell you what would just suit you."

Mr. E. (intensely interested): "What's that?"

Miss D.: "Come as a tough."

Miss Bland (discussing a friend of hers who has recently "grown" a moustache): "Well, I tell you right now, Olivia; it's not going to do him a bit of good to come to see *me* 'til he cuts it off."

ATHLETICS.

Florence Smith, '17.

The interest of all the classes is at present centered in the inter-class basket-ball games, which are being played on the outdoor court. We are very glad to see that not only those students who play basket-ball are interested in the class games, but every student in College is enthusiastic, and is showing the class spirit, which urges the teams to do their best work.

The following class captains have been elected: Freshman, Dorothy Gary; Sophomore, Gladys Holleman; Junior, Kathleen Bland.

'Varsity practice has begun, and, from the number of promising players who have reported, we hope that a strong team can be selected to represent Westhampton in games with other colleges.

The line-up and scores for the three preliminaries which have already been played, are:

FIRST GAME—FRESHMEN FIRST TEAM, 11; JUNIORS, 8.

FRESHMEN.				JUNIORS.			
	TEAM	GOALS			TEAM	GOALS	
		Field	Foul			Field	Foul
Centre	Waddill			Centre	Carden		
Forwards	Wallerstein	2		Guards	Woodfin		
	Anderson	3	1		Monsell		
Guards	Hosier			Forwards	Dietz		
	Cardwell				Bland	4	

Ransom substituted for Carden as centre, and Thomas for Woodfin as guard, in the second half.

SECOND GAME—SOPHOMORES, 6; FRESHMEN SECOND TEAM, 0.

SOPHOMORES.				FRESHMEN.			
TEAM		GOALS		TEAM		GOALS	
		Field	Foul			Field	Foul
Centre	Decker, M.			Centre	Glassell		
Forwards	Boston	1		Guards	Wallerstein		
	Gwaltney	2			Cardwell		
Guards	Decker, E.			Forwards	Brokenbrough		
	Elliott				Gary		

Smith substituted for E. Decker as guard in the second half.

THIRD GAME—SOPHOMORES, 8; FRESHMEN SECOND TEAM, 7.

SOPHOMORES.				FRESHMEN.			
TEAM		GOALS		TEAM		GOALS	
		Field	Foul			Field	Foul
Centre	Decker, M.			Centre	Glassell		
Forwards	Gwaltney	2		Guards	Cardwell		
	Boston	2			Gaines		
Guards	Decker, E.			Forwards	Brokenbrough	1	1
	Elliott				Gary	2	

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT.

Jessie M. Wood, '12.

[It is our desire to publish each month some Alumnae letter or article of personal or general interest. This month we take great pleasure in publishing the following article by Pauline Pearce, '11.—*Editor's Note.*]

SOCIAL SERVICE.

Social service, in its broadest sense, means the fulfillment by the individual of the duty that the individual owes society. Plowman or shepherd, preacher or poet, each man may serve society in his own place. Just now, in this first decade of the twentieth century, we have narrowed the expression to mean altruistic service for our less fortunate brothers, in order to lift them to a higher and truer plane of living. Man has always known that he was his brother's keeper, but he has never realized the fact so keenly as in this day when the spirit of universal brotherhood is finding expression in a thousand ways. The enthusiast has never lacked followers ready to fight for God and the right. For almost two thousand years the Church has stood with open hand, giving alms to all who have asked. Both enthusiast and Church have followed an ideal so clear, so shining, that it seemed that the mere consideration of the practical issues involved was a desecration.

Men asked one question, "What shall we do?" and, answered, plunged headlong into the doing of it. Not so to-day, for, when we ask, What shall we do? we likewise ask, How shall we do it? This is the crux, the essential point, in the modern attitude toward social service.

We recognize the fact that we must carry our scientific principles into all phases of activity. Society has natural laws as definite and inexorable as physics or chemistry. The study of sociology involves the investigation of these laws, and of their value and practicability, as demonstrated by history and by experiment. Social service is the application of these laws in

such a way as to bring about a beneficent result in the life of the individual, and attune his life to harmony with society.

There are two sides to every social problem. The practical side we have mentioned first, because the application of the second depends upon the facts and issues developed in the first. You must have facts, and you must relate these facts to the life of the individual and to organized society, both as to cause and effect. The facts clearly developed and understood, you are ready to solve the problem by the application of the broad principles of religion, democracy, science.

I should say that the fundamental faith of the social worker must be his belief in the worth of the individual, regardless of all attendant circumstances. Given this faith, this ideal that every man is worth another chance, and the sympathy and comprehension necessary to win his confidence will follow. His confidence won, the sound judgment and clear vision of the social worker must do the rest. You can lift no one higher than your own ideal.

This social service movement is, then, a development of democracy, an expression of man's faith in man. As such it is entitled to the respect and co-operation of the forces that go to make our civilization—the church, the school, the press; and as such it will have this respect and co-operation, and will contribute its part to the development of the manhood and womanhood of the country.

ALUMNAE BULLETIN.

1906.

Isabel Harris is a member of the faculty of the Woman's College of Richmond (Junior).

Hattie Smith is teaching in the Highland Park High School.

1908.

Helen Baker is teaching at the Woman's College of Richmond (Junior).

Isabel Walker is teaching at Miss Morris's School for Girls.

1911.

Ruth Thomasson (M. A., '14, University of Columbia) is teaching in the English Department in the John Marshall High School.

Virginia Robertson is a member of the faculty at Miss Morris's School.

Pauline Pearce is a "General Visitor" for the Associated Charities of the city.

1912.

Sadie Engelberg is teaching in the Department of History in the John Marshall High School.

Amy Kratz is instructor in Latin at Highland Springs.

Of interest to both Colleges is the announcement of the marriage of Henrietta Runyon and G. H. L. Winfrey. The ceremony took place in New York in August. Mr. and Mrs. Winfrey are at home to their friends at No. 304-A Davis avenue.

1913.

Marie Sands is teaching at the John B. Cary School, in Richmond.

Edmonia Lancaster is a member of the faculty of Miss Ellett's School.

1914.

The Richmond papers have noted recently the engagement of Helen Galeski to Henry Gunst. The wedding is to take place in December.

1916.

Lilian Harding is teaching at Glen Echo, and Cornelia Harris is teaching at the William Ruffner School, in this city.

Blanche Hawkins has a position in the High School at Bowling Green, Va.

EXCHANGES.

Helen A. Monsell, '16.

It is with regret that we announce that, owing to the lack of exchanges from women's colleges, we will be unable to develop this department for this month in the way we had hoped to do. However, as the year progresses, we shall endeavor to make of this department a real help and inspiration to those magazines with whom we have the pleasure of exchanging.

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