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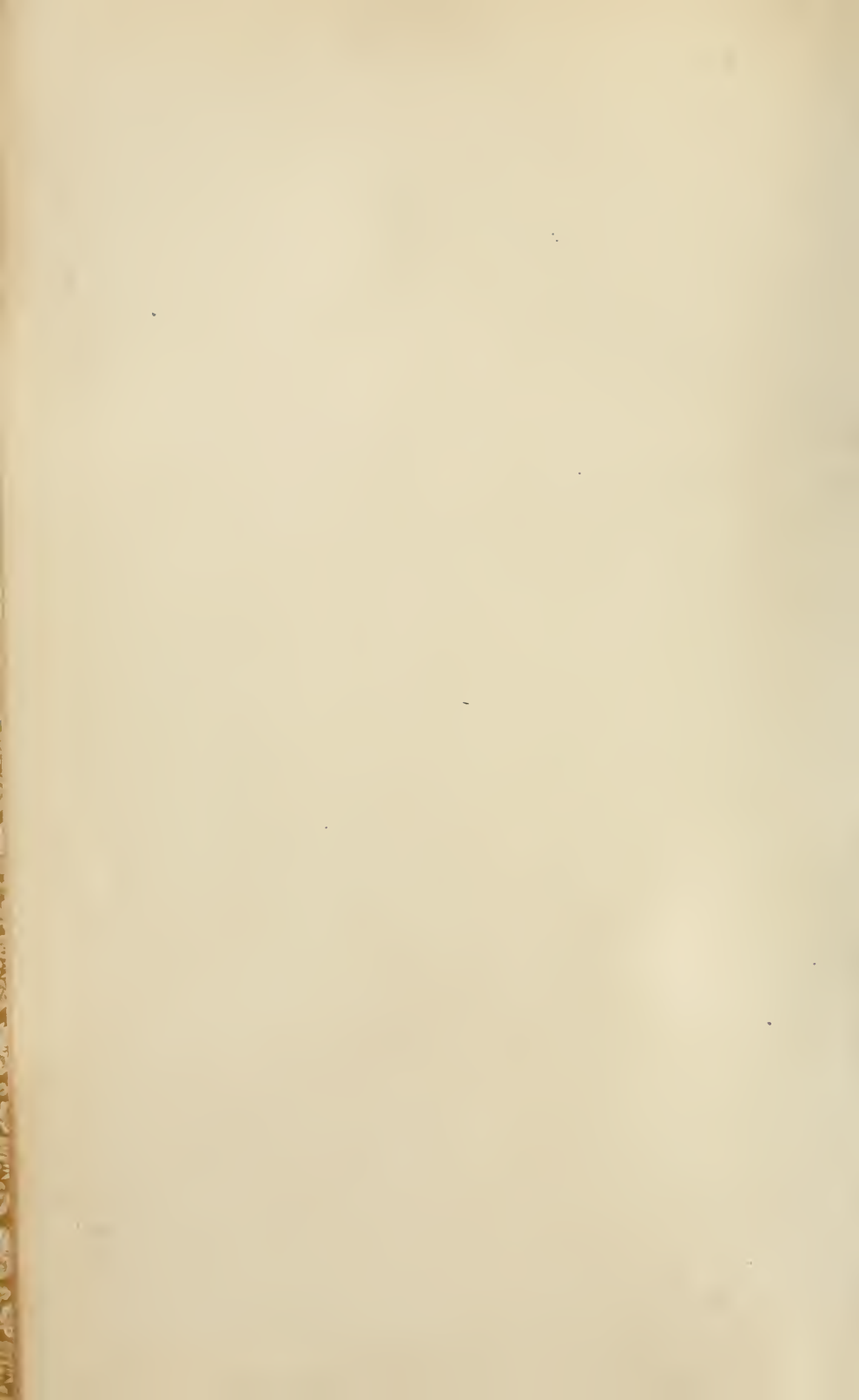

















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# The Trinity Archive

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Volume XXVI

Number One

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## MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.50; single copies, 25 cents.

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# The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina, October, 1912

## The Shades

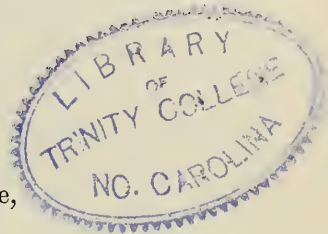
N. I. WHITE

Walther von der Vogelweide,  
All disconsolate,  
All disconsolate was strolling  
Down beside the Rhine.

\* \* \*

“ Though my Lady’s eyes be brighter  
Than the berg’s clear crystal blue;  
Though her noble brow be whiter  
Than the berg’s white snow cap, too;  
Though her hair a clearer golden  
Than the star-light on its crest,  
Though her lips a richer crimson  
Than the sun bleeds in the west:  
Yet what matter that I feel it  
Stir fierce music in my frame —  
For my lute cannot reveal it,  
Curse the maker whence it came !”

Thus, in impotence of passion,  
Hurling lute upon the ground,  
Cursed he, in pathetic fashion  
At the impotence of sound.  
Vibrant spirit all a-tingle,  
All disconsolate he stood,  
Watching twilight shades commingle  
In the shadowed Rhenish wood,



Till the shades of former singers,  
 Ranging restless from the tomb,  
 Found him there, and whispered softly,  
 Consolation through the gloom.

Persians spoke: " We, too, have striven,  
 In a vain, impassioned strife,  
 Well to show where God hath given  
 Luscious Pleasures unto Life —  
 For the red Damascus roses  
 Shower crimson petals down,  
 And each sensuous breeze encloses  
 Riotous revels from the Town.  
 Yet our grandest songs, distorted,  
 Sought expression all in vain,  
 And the notes we struck in pleasure  
 Sometimes—faintly echoed pain."

Jews, voice-resonant of thunder,  
 Spoke: " Yea, we have striven, too,  
 Reverent, to voice the wonder  
 We have seen Jehovah do;  
 But the rock-sprung desert fountain  
 Died with Moses, faintly sung;  
 Gideon and Maccabeus  
 Hear no fitting praises rung;  
 Yea, the grewsome awe of Endor,  
 Terror-cold, is silent yet;  
 Still the sun, unvoiced in splendor,  
 Shines along green Olivet;  
 Still the Hinnom Valley, darkened,  
 Sings wild psalms from out the sod:  
 We have felt and seen, and hearkened,  
 Yet we failed to voice our God."

Whispered Greeks: "The olives murmured  
 Lyric romance to the hills,



And the vales where Daphne wandered,  
 Sang, in crystal flashing rills,  
 While the Parthenon, in silver,  
 Chastely chiseled 'gainst the night,  
 Voiced a thunder rolling epic,  
 Through the passive, calm moon-light.  
 Yet our lyres could never sing it,  
 Faint, discordantly they rang,  
 And our hearts entombed, unuttered,  
 Half the Truth that Beauty sang.

Hear the message that our Singer  
 Of Eternal Songs hath sent:  
 Out of music, art and fancy  
 Never perfect song was blent;  
 For the Ideal ever rises  
 And the Song far-follows it—  
 Thus no mortal song comprises  
 All the poet fain had writ.  
 Helen, from the heart of Homer,  
 Fair, so ravishingly fair,—  
 Such a faint, unhappy shadow  
 Of the blinding Beauty there!  
 Thetis of the silver sandals,  
 Like a blossom on the sea,  
 Lalage the gay bewitcher,  
 White-armed, fair Penelope,  
 And *thy* beauteous, charming Ladye—  
 Are (we pity thy distress)  
 Of such fairy woven tracings  
 As a sound may not express.”

\* \* \*

So the Vogelweide in sorrow  
 Strode in silence far apart,  
 And composed his sweetest music  
 From the sadness of his heart.

## America's Greatest Mission

W. G. SHEPPARD

(Winning oration in contest for the Wiley Gray Medal, 1912—Ed.)

The words of the Prophet Isaiah, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," have long seemed the idle dream of a time that would never come. But in recent years, especially in the last half century, the trend of human thought has changed, and the day has now come when men, the world over, are beginning to see the awful effects and horrors of war, and are turning with active minds and willing hearts to put an end to this, the greatest curse of mankind. For the world is being stirred up with an agitation for universal peace such as has never been known before. Men, women and children of all races and nationalities, creeds, and professions are joining the forces which work for peace; so much so that the points of difference are no longer of kind, but of degree. And it is only a matter of time when all mankind, Greek and Roman, Jew and Gentile, Pagan and Christian, will be linked together in the everlasting bond of world-peace.

But this great movement for peace was not started in a day. Like all great works of the eternal, this, as other processes of beneficent social change has come slowly and gradually, but surely, as the facts of history clearly demonstrate.

Among the first things noticeable is the fact that the attacks upon civilized people by barbarians have practically ceased. Religious wars for the most part have ceased. Wars for the aggrandizement of rulers are now carried on no more. And those wars which were caused by the uprising of a people against the existing order of things, in a wild passion for greater privilege, are becoming less and less frequent.

The first action against the savage custom of war is found in the rules of the Amphictyonic Council of the Greeks, some thousands of years before Christ. And since that inci-

dent one can, from time to time, detect some action (in the various governments of the world) which has hinted at a movement toward the abandonment of war and the dawn of an era of more friendly relations between the nations of the earth. In the time of Henry IV, of France, a "peace league" was formed in order to conciliate disputes arising among the nations of Europe at that time. In a letter of Erasmus, recently discovered, we are told of another movement for peace in his day. Immanuel Kant, the great German philosopher, lauds peace between nations and exhorts to its practice. These, however, were mere theorists in the field of universal peace. We see the first actual practice of peaceful arbitration among the nations of the world in the treaty of Westphalia, signed in 1648, which brought about the close of the Thirty Years' War and ended in a long era of savagery. The next important step in the abolition of the cruelties of war was the treaty of Paris in 1856. Then followed the treaty of Washington, in 1871, and the Brussels declaration of rights. But the greatest factors in establishing peace are not the treaties which have been signed, notwithstanding all their significance; these are campaigns against war after the battle is over. The most significant factors for the abolition of war have been the world-conferences on this subject. The Hague conference, held in 1898, had for its chief aim the establishment of world-wide peace. This great conference, called by the Czar of Russia, will be forever memorable from the fact that it gave to the world its first permanent commission of inquiry for the settlement of international disputes. And the results of this commission are far reaching. Under its provisions, for example, President Roosevelt brought about the peaceful settlement between Japan and Russia at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Attendance upon the Hague tribunal is entirely voluntary with the various nations. But the hearty response with which the call for consultation over these matters met from all the leading countries of the globe is an earnest of the interest of the peoples of the world in universal peace. The next



meeting was called in 1907, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, by the Czar of Russia and forty-five independent powers were represented at the second session. Perhaps the greatest good, however, which this and the former conference accomplished was not in the making of international laws, but in furnishing the world an impetus for peace such as has never been known before. It did more than arouse the minds of men; it actually perfected such organizations as the Inter-Parliamentary Union, the Association of International Conciliation, and thousands of peace-societies all over the world. And thus eminent men in America and all of the leading foreign countries are championing the cause and giving their time and money to this end, and the world is stirred over the peace movement to-day as it has been over no other single question in the age of man.

The sixteenth century gave the world a new learning and new religion; the seventeenth, a permanent literature and discoveries in science; the eighteenth recognized the freedom of the individual and the rights of man; the nineteenth century's contribution to the history of the world was scientific achievement; and when the twentieth century shall have passed into history, its most momentous gift to mankind, I believe, will be the establishment of universal peace.

But this intense agitation, which is so prevalent in the world to-day, raises the question in the minds of some, why all this clamor for peace? What means the giving up by so many men in all parts of the world of their duties in order to bring about universal peace? Think they that a great recompense lies hidden within it as did Sir Launfal in his search for the Holy Grail? Or do they seek world fame and glory?

Yet what man is there who is advanced to this age of civilization who does not know the horror of war and its disastrous effects upon society? Who is there who does not know that for every victory won in battle there are thousands of immortal souls wasted upon the field of conquest? Who would confess ignorance of the fact that in every war pro-

claimed there are countless women and children left homeless to starve and die? Who is it who knows not that for each international conflict that takes place there are millions, yea billions, of dollars expended in military and naval equipment which should go to aid the poor and unfortunate of those nations, to develop their material resources, and to promote the education of their youth? Who is there in this enlightened age who knows not that war is against the teachings of Christianity and that Christ came to bring peace into the world? Yes, the horrors of war are too numerous to be here reiterated. Then who would not say that this awful curse should be blotted from the face of the earth? War sows only the seeds of desolation, reaps an epidemic of disease and famine, and seldom gives to either party that for which it fought.

But we often hear in defense of war that it develops the manly virtue of courage,—the heroic in man. In fact, this is one of the chief arguments which its supporters offer for its continuance. But this means only physical courage, which the animals and the lowest tribe of savage men possess. The highest type of work is not that which can be done by muscular effort alone. It is the higher moral type that comes progressively into play as civilization and enlightenment advance, and this great theatre of action is in peace. The subordination of self-interest to the public duty is a shining virtue that calls for a higher courage than that required by mere physical peril. We hear a great deal in this day concerning the new nationalism. The thing which we should hear is the new patriotism. The old view of life considered a man unpatriotic unless he should seek for an opportunity to die for his country. But the new view, which is being born in the movement for the abandonment of war, would not have a man die for his country, but live for it,—live and work for it. For a man may find a thousand opportunities to work for his country when he can find perhaps none to die for it. To stand up and tell the truth to a prejudiced public, to bid defiance to custom when custom is wrong, to

use power without favoritism, to minister to the weak and needy in the very jaws of death, perhaps—these are the fields of virtue which lie open to him who would lament the lapse of the heroic in life if war should be abandoned. And these are the crying needs of the time, which call for the service of men of courage and heroism. And if for no other reason these needs alone should cause the abandonment of war. Yes, it is these needs which are demanding universal peace, and it is this humanitarian movement which is fast bringing it about. This is the true heroism. For the real hero in life seeks not fame and glory, but seeks to render the world better for his having lived and worked in it.

There are many things which will aid in bringing universal peace. Among the most potent factors proposed by some are Christianity and its missionary, commerce, a world financial standard, a universal understanding of the various languages of the world, international conferences, and instruction in the schools with the idea in view of placing emphasis upon the peaceful rather than upon the war-like events of history. These are all great means to the accomplishment of universal peace. Others hold the theory that universal peace may be brought about by each of the nations maintaining large standing armies and navies, as if peace could be forced upon every human being in existence. But how ridiculous! Peace does not win its way by force, for it is a thing which can be thrust upon a people. It gains its way through an appeal to the higher reason of man. The historic attainments of the world have not been simply in battles between powerful nations, but in ideas and ideals of government. The modern victories are not always won with the sword, but more often by public opinion, through the press, on the hustings and in parliaments. The great Protestant revolution was worked out without sword or gun on its face value. And such must be the final method of establishing universal peace. The methods mentioned are doing their share in bringing this about, but what is needed most of all to organize these efforts and guarantee universal peace is the establishment of a su-



preme court of the world, authorized to act upon all international disputes. This has already been proposed. It was suggested by Dr. Edward Everett Hale in 1895 at the Lake Mohonk Conference. It was discussed at the first Hague Conference in 1899, and favorably passed upon. It was likewise brought before the second conference in 1907, and was decided to be the real means of establishing world-peace, and had it not been for the disagreement of the delegates as to the selection of the judges, it would have been put into effect then. When such a court is established, nations will discontinue the increase of their armaments, and put that money into the coffers of education and internal development, leaving the question of international dispute to the supreme court of the body which Mr. Elihu Burritt prophesied sixty-five years ago "would constitute when it came into existence the highest court of appeals this side of the bar of eternal justice." This is the inevitable solution of the peace problem, and must surely come to pass. What the world needs is that some nation may take the lead in the movement by creating a sentiment for it.

Indeed the world is awake to universal peace, and only wants a leader. Who will champion the cause? What country will devote its interest to the things which make for peace and bring about the establishment of such a court? The world is turning to the United States of America to take this step. For no one of the great nations is so well circumstanced to lead in the cause of peace as is the United States. We are remote in distance and separated by oceans from other nations.

But there is still a deeper reason than this why the United States should be the means of hastening world-peace, which is sure to come. History is not a mere succession of unrelated circumstances. I believe that behind each great historic event there is some underlying purpose of an all-wise Providence. And I believe that the purpose back of the founding of this great country of ours was to establish and develop here a society and government based upon the brotherhood of man.

For, born in freedom, the American commonwealth has flourished and grown in freedom's principles until it has worked out the most democratic system of judicial courts in the world. The United States stands among the first of the Christian nations of the world. What greater mission could be hers than the establishment of universal peace? The United States has also been the first to make arbitration treaties, and among the first to suggest the Hague conferences. And the part played by the United States in these assemblies is sufficient to warrant the world's recognition of this country as leader in the movement. For every reason therefore the United States is pre-eminently the nation to take the lead in the movement for universal peace. And why need we fear to discontinue the increase of our navy? Are our interests threatened? Where in the wide world is there a war-like sentiment in any nation against the United States?

A nation like an individual has a mission to perform. Is not ours that of bringing about universal peace? As the leading nation of the western hemisphere the door opens to us. Shall we grasp this opportunity? Shall the United States still continue to spend millions and millions of dollars for military and naval equipment, or shall she pour this money into the channels of education and economic development and be the chief instrument in bringing about universal peace?

Oh, America! thou who hast broken the bonds of subjugated men, and brought forth a republic of free institutions—thou who hast seen and felt the horrors of war—thou who hast already been the instrument of conciliation between warring peoples—thou friend of all nations—the bewildered world, weary of the woes of war, is struggling toward the dawn of peace. Wilt thou be the strong leader in ushering in the reign of the brotherhood of man and the federation of the world? Those of us who know thee, and love thee, believe that thou wilt accept this lofty mission of making the principles of Jesus Christ triumph on earth.

## Memories

MARY WESCOTT

The angry boom of waves upon the shore,  
The harsh, shrill cries of sea-gulls circling low,  
A beacon-light reflected on the deep,  
By white-caps maddened as the north winds blow;  
Frail, tiny sails a-flutter up and down,  
All aimless driving out upon the sea;  
Bare rocks a-gleam, and breakers frothing white  
Disputing still man's boastful mastery.

A moonlit spread of waters everywhere,  
Soft sighing songs, and whispers soft and low,  
Fair gentle breezes wooing myriad sails,  
And happy laughter by the water's flow;  
And countless wavelets on the shining shore  
All murmuring in a happy endless tune  
Songs learned beside the far off Blessed Isles,—  
Ah! happy days of unreturning June!

## The Play

NETTIE SUE TILLET

Her name was Violet —“ Little Violet” everyone called her. I saw her first in a large audience in the town hall when I was still a stranger in the village. Several times she turned her face in my direction. It was such a one as you would have looked at a second time, and still a third. Her large brown eyes were soft and wistful, and her face, which was slightly pale, wore an expression of suppressed longing, a searching for something that was wanting. A picture of “Little Nell” in search of a quiet home for her grandfather and herself flashed immediately through my mind. Her sweet, childish voice floated to my ear once. It was very beautiful. I could not turn my attention from the graceful, fragile creature, but stared rudely at her at frequent intervals during the lecture.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again I sat in the town hall. And now I had passed many years in the little village. The hall was very crowded. A Shakesperean play was to be presented, but there were old villagers there who had scarcely ever heard of the great dramatist, and many young people for whom the course of true love had run so smoothly that they had slight interest in “Romeo and Juliet.” It was not the play that drew the crowd of plain old townfolk, but one of the actors.

Violet had become an actress. Now she had several years of comparative success back of her, and, everyone said, a bright future before her. Tonight for the first time since she had quietly slipped out of our midst and entered upon the profession, she was coming back to us for one brief night. How proud we were of Little Violet and her success!

I thought much of the time when I had first been attracted to her, and I told my companion of my first impressions of her.



"What a poor character reader I must be," I added.

"But weren't we all surprised when Violet went on the stage?" Lex asked; and then he added, "You know I always thought she was of a melancholy and dissatisfied disposition, and went on the stage to lose herself in the delirious whirl of an actress's life. Doubtless, she is talented, though."

I agreed with Lex and asked him if he thought a person of such disposition should play a tragic character too much. Then we fell into a discussion as to whether actors were apt to be influenced in their real nature by the characters they assumed on the stage.

Our conversation was interrupted by the beginning of the play. Of course, we were eager for Violet to come upon the stage, and when she came she was applauded tremendously.

The old look which we had interpreted as an expression of sadness and unhappiness was even more legible now on her pretty face, as I looked into it.

"Do you suppose Romeo and Violet are really in love with each other?" I asked Lex when the orchard scene of the great drama had come to a close and the hall was still resounding with applause. A vague rumor to this effect had come to our ears.

"Let's think so, anyway," he answered. "They are certainly acting it."

The play continued, and as the lovers' troubles began to heap upon them, the audience, almost every member of which had known and loved Violet for many years, became more and more interested and excited. When she was laid out for dead many were silently weeping.

As the drama came to an end, Lex and I began discussing the subject of dying on the stage. He quoted Dryden's passage in which he says that dying is a thing which none save a Roman gladiator could naturally perform on the stage, when he did not imitate, nor represent, but did it.

When Romeo came to this ordeal he performed it so well that I could not refrain from giving Lex a triumphant nudge.

Little Violet! I shall never forget how the ardent words

of Juliet floated through the hall on her sweet, beautiful voice. How pathetic it was,—this sweet little lady with the sad face that cut its way straight to your heart, acting Juliet.

Again I see her as she takes the dagger, kisses it, and stabs herself. Then the picture vanishes and confusion takes its place. It had happened so unexpectedly, and she did it so quietly, that we did not know that we were looking on a real tragedy until the other actors crowded horrified and aghast before her bleeding body. And then the awful horror was increased, for a moment later Romeo, too, was found lifeless.

## Survivals of Elizabethan English

DANIEL LANE

Language develops in direct social relation as men and women develop, and grows in a natural, untrammelled way. We live in an age when everything is pulled up by the roots and analyzed, no matter how old nor how sacred. This tendency has given rise to a spirit of criticism and is causing us to place confidence in the achievements of the past,—in Literature as well as in all other things.

In our age, tingling with the electricity of commerce, we do not stop to consider our relation to the past, and the debt we owe to the less active element of civilization. The more our language grows the more lightly are we inclined to look upon the forces that have preserved our civilization as well as our literature; even oaths, as they were used in Shakespeare's time, were fossilized piety. They were first prayers, then, as they became more commonplace through use, they became mere exclamations. The pagan element in our education adds to this tendency. Critics scoff at the idea that the confusion of tongues was the origin of so many languages; yet it is easy to believe from the study of the history of our language and of those that go to make up our language that all have sprung from one source.

As the preservation of the Bible and history, both sacred and profane, is due to the influence of the Monastery, so also is the preservation of the peculiar relics of our language as it was spoken in the sixteenth century largely due to the love and study of religious literature and poetry by that almost as retired element of our rural districts.

There are, in the more thinly settled sections of this state scattered neighborhoods of people of Irish descent whose dialect is strikingly similar to that which was spoken in the Elizabethan era. Especially is this true of the Irish descent, because it was in the Elizabethan period that the

English language first gained a firm foothold in Ireland. These isolated rural settlers have practically no connection with the outside world; they produce almost all they use on their little farms and purchase from their kinsmen whatever they buy. They care little for education, especially higher education; and even the more educated among them who do not know good English prefer to stick to the English as they learned it from their forefathers.

It is interesting to study the dialect of these people, in comparison with ours, and to note the striking resemblance of it to that of the sixteenth century. The same encroachment may be noticed of *i* on short *e* in the pronunciation of such words as *pen*, *men*, and *send*, as was common in Shakespeare's time. Relics of this same encroachment may be observed today among the more cultured of us in the pronunciation of *pretty* as *pritty*, and *women* as *wimmen*; and all the world says *Inglish* instead of *English*. In a like manner these people invariably pronounce *e* as *a* in such words as *clergy* and *clerk*. On the other hand, as a sort of compensation as it were, they pronounce *a* as *e* in such words as *radish* and *catch*. Again, in the pronunciation of diphthongs do we see the principles illustrated. They pronounce *ei* as *a* in such words as *receive* and *believe*, as was the custom in the Elizabethan period. This pronunciation is still extant in numbers of words such as *weight* and *freight*. These were pronounced thus in spite of all the opposition of those who thought they knew better; and now all the world indulges.

Pronunciation and spelling were not at all fixed in the Elizabethan period. It was not until 1721 that Bailey published the first dictionary containing rules of pronunciation. Prepositions were used instead of conjunctions; and adverbs ended in *e* instead of *ly*. It is true writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were not so careful about their rhythm as those of today, but words were pronounced to rhyme and not according to rules until late in the eighteenth century. The letters *I* and *J* were used interchangeably and *h* was omitted or inserted at will. There is thought



to be a pun on the title of "Much Ado About Nothing," namely, *noting*, meaning Hero's actions.

It was not until the seventeenth century that *l* came into such words as *half*, *calm*, and *folk*; and it was not pronounced until far in the eighteenth century. Even in books of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries *f* and *s* are alike. These rural settlers pronounced all words containing such letters as they were pronounced three centuries ago. They say *murther* for *murder*, *wid* for *with*, and *haf* for *half*. They pronounce *pasture*, posture; *master*, moster; *gold*, goold, as it was spelled, and *Rome*, Room.

In "Julius Cæsar," Cassius says, "Now it is indeed *Rome* and *room* enough for me." Pope, on Queen Anne, rhymes *tea* with *obey*. In "Winter's Tale," one of Shakespeare's best and latest works, Leontes in speaking to Paulina, act II, scene 3, fails to persuade her to give up her foolish jealousy and to recognize her child as his, and calls her

"A Callat

Of boundless tongue who late hath *beat* her husband  
And now *baits* me."

In verb forms especially, do these people cling to the so-called old-fashioned forms, that are now obsolete, but were in good usage in the Elizabethan period. They say *afeared* for *afraid*, and *hoped* as a participle of *help*. It is a pity that we have dropped some of these fossil forms of old English, for some of them express shades of meaning which otherwise require round-about phrasing,—such as the use of *fetch*, meaning to "go and get and bring back."

Such expressions sound strange to us today until we realize that they were in good usage in the Elizabethan period, the golden age of literature, as *against*, *amidst*, *amongst*, and similar prepositions ending in *st*, that have been corrupted for the sake of euphony, are today. Why are not such adverbs as *wunst* and participles like *afeared*, and *hoped* still in good usage among those to whom they sound natural?

We have thousands of words which are used daily in every

station of life, and which have been coined from words that are now obsolete, but in which the original meaning is still preserved. These changes are the natural result of growth and development, and it would be easy with only a meagre knowledge of Latin, French, German, and other languages that have played an important part in our history of development, together with a knowledge of the social and economic history of the period intervening, to see how these changes have taken place. The business man has been underlanguaged by his associates and has accustomed himself to the Anglo-Saxon and the German words borrowed by us; for they express his thoughts most clearly. On the other hand, we can see how our more flowered words have come in through the studio and the club, directly from the French and indirectly from the Latin. In every occupation of life we find traces of these old words in different forms but with the original meanings: such as *post-office*, *teller*, *help-meet*, *chivalry*, *by-law*, and *well-said*. But only in prayers and poetry do we hold to *thou* and *ye*.

It is not strange that these changes have taken place, but rather it is strange that three centuries of changing age have left any traces of them among us. The institution of slavery with its aristocratic influences and the lack of contact with the tremendous influx of immigrants that cause such English speech variation, have played their part in preserving our language as near as it is to that of the sixteenth century. In the same secluded manner have these people, who cling so closely to the past, been apart from the ferment and change of the more active South.

The most striking trait of character noticed among the antiquated people is their matter-of-fact way; the confidence and faith they put in each other's word. They neither give nor take jokes, but back of their plain words is a character that cannot be doubted.

It is natural that the Elizabethan period was the greatest literary period of all times. The three silent centuries just preceding this period make a back-ground in contrast which

mirrors the grandeur of the intellectual awakening. Likewise the literary awakening was the direct result of the recent discoveries and inventions, especially that of the printing press. There were comparatively no books of history and especially of science as there are today. With them there were four elements instead of eighty. It was easier to write because words were nearer their original meanings. Then, too, the common mass of people was uneducated and easier to please.

The time has almost come which Bacon predicted would come, when "modern language would play bankruptcy with books!" There is a danger today of being buried beneath the débris of gathered material. Books and teachers are only useful in developing personality. It was this self-reliant spirit that made Shakespeare the master poet of all ages. He at first imitated the Euphuistic style of his day, but, as he became more a master of his art, he refused to be held down to the literary standards of his time, and launched out on the untried sea of literary adventure, thus becoming in the end, not the man of his age, but of all ages. However Shakespeare held to the past; for, out of his thirty-seven plays, "Love's Labor Lost" and "Tempest" are the only two of the sources of whose plots we have no knowledge.

If Shakespeare could return to us today and should speak the language he spoke and wrote in his day, it would be considered by us to be almost as uncouth as that spoken by the best people of our most antiquated rural districts. In spite of this he is still our Master Poet. Outward progress springs from inner longing, and language is but an effort to express our thoughts. In the course of three hundred years our language and customs have changed. Words have been brought in and carried out, but the standards of truth and of greatness are still the same.

## Translations

### I.

#### CATULLUS V.

N. I. WHITE

Let us live, my Lesbia, and love,  
 Spite o' the tongues of prudish men:—  
 Though suns may set and rise again  
 The red horizon line above,  
 For us there waits, when the light has died,  
 When the long, black shadows creep,  
 And endless night (was it you that sighed?)—  
 An endless night to sleep.

Give me a thousand kisses; then  
 Give me hundreds galore.  
 Give me a hundred, love, again;  
 Give me a thousand more  
 Many times over—thus we'll try  
 And lightly lose the score:  
 Lest some one cast the Evil Eye,  
 If he could count them o'er.

### II.

#### *DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME.*

H.

You're like a little flower  
 So fair and sweet and pure;  
 I look at you, and sadness  
 Steals all my being o'er.

I feel as if standing above you  
 My hands I should place on your hair,  
 Praying that God ever keep you  
 So pure and sweet and fair.



## Echo Reincarnated

FRANK B. BROWN

### I.

It has been stated and frequently proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that every love affair has its ups and downs; and every couple, sooner or later, feels constrained to burden their souls with the direful sadness of a parting *forever*, a parting which usually, should it indeed actually occur, generally comes to an end in a very short while.

The love affair of Robert Baldwin and Susanne Knight was by no means an exception to the general rule. They had quarreled—only a lovers' quarrel, but still a quarrel—and they had come to the conclusion that after all it would be best for them to part, to go their separate ways, to stay apart forever. So Robert had left her, and for three long, weary months had neither seen nor heard from her. It began to seem as if their separation were going to last forever, after all. Think of a lovers' quarrel lasting for three months! Truly, the matter was beginning to look serious.

Indeed, the matter became so very serious that it began to affect Robert's capacity for work. He would dream over his books continually, and always, instead of numerals and such trite figures as that, he seemed to see her figure before him on the page. His fellows in the office noticed that of late he always seemed to be rather absent-minded, and that to gain his attention they always had to call him twice. One clerk, a very sour, ill-natured fellow, reported to the manager of the concern that he was no longer able to keep his mind upon his work; and he gave, as a reason, the fact that he was distracted by Bob Baldwin, who had formed a habit of continually humming the strains of that piece of sentimentality known as "All that I ask of you is Love."

The final issue of the affair was that one day Bob was

offered a holiday of three weeks in which to restore his health, which, the members of the firm and all of the clerks believed, had been impaired by too much hard work over the ponderous books. Of course, he accepted. He was not an ideal hero, a model of perfection, a personification of devotion to duty, such as the modern novelist is so fond of. He was only a normal human being with a normal human being's fallibility; and he gladly seized the opportunity of resting from work, even as most of us would have done.

Now, having a holiday to spend, Bob's next thought was how and where to spend it.

"If I only knew where Susanne went three weeks ago, when she left town," he thought, "I might go there too; and possibly we might be able to come to an agreement, now." But Bob did not know where Susanne was; so that was settled. He could not follow her. The best thing, then, for him to do would be to go to some place where he might forget his troubles, forget his lost love, forget all, and learn to believe the poet of Japan who said:

*"There is a thing on earth more bootless still  
Than writing figures on a running stream,  
And that thing is,—believe me if you will—  
To dream of one who ne'er of you doth dream."*

Where was that place to be? He picked up a newspaper and his eye fell upon the attractive advertisement of the Echo Inn, at Hochberg. He had heard of the beauty of that place before, and so, after careful consideration, he determined to spend his three weeks of idleness there among the mountains.

## II.

It was the evening after Bob's arrival at Hochberg. He was seated on the broad veranda of the Inn, talking rather drowsily and absent-mindedly to an old friend whom he had found there. Before him the green, velvet-like grass lay like

a carpet, stretching to the very edge of the mountain's crest, where a ledge of rock fell precipitously down to a lower level, almost a thousand feet below. Far away, down in the blue haze and vagueness of the lower valley, one might see the smoke of an engine, and a tiny train of cars gliding along the side of the silvery line that was a river. And off there, to the right, lay a little town, its roofs glistening in the smoke from its chimneys curling up in almost invisible lines mingling with the white, flaky clouds, which now and then shut out the view. To the left, the waving green of a mighty forest spread down the valley and on up the slope of the mountains beyond, its expanse broken here and there by some clearing where a little farm nestled on the side of the hill.

Over river and hill, town and forest, there passed slowly the moving shadow of clouds, changing the landscape from brightness to a sober hue, and from soberness back to light. Up from the valley and down from the peaks, and from the hotel lawn itself, there came the fragrance of early summer. The pure, fresh, mountain air was everywhere. Surely, Echo Inn was a fit place to offer consolation. Surely, here one might forget lost loves and every other trouble.

"Well," asked Bob of his friend, Jack Allen, "where is the famous echo?"

"I declare, Bob, I'm not just sure where that thing is. It's off down that road to the right, somewhere."

"How far is it? You know?"

"Oh, not far. Let's go over there. We'll have plenty of time before supper; and I guess we can find the place all right."

"Come on, then; let's go."

The two friends set out, taking the road to the right; but nevertheless not the right road, since there were two roads in that direction. They walked on, not knowing their mistake, and Bob began to feel so highly elated by the mountain air and exercise that he actually felt that even he could say:

“If she be not fair to me,  
What care I how fair she be?”

Jack and Bob walked on for some time, conversing on all manner of topics.

“Bob,” Jack said at last, “have you ever heard the legend about Echo? Do you know what the echo is supposed to be?”

“Why, an echo is the rebounding of sound waves—”

“Oh, I don’t mean that. I’m not talking science now. Have you never heard the old Greek myth about Echo?”

“Can’t say that I have. Let’s hear it.”

Then Jack launched forth into a vivid recital of the story of beautiful Echo.

“By the way, it’s about time we were reaching that echo we came to find, isn’t it?” queried Bob as Jack finished his story. “It can’t be much farther.”

“Suppose we give a yell and see what happens.”

“Let ’er flicker.”

Jack drew a long breath, put his hands to his mouth, and shouted. His deep voice thundered out a rumbling “Hello!” Both men stood listening. Through the trees to their right came an answering “Hello!” in a fine, soft, musical tone.

“What in the dickens!” exclaimed Jack. “Bob, did you hear that?”

“Yes; but what of it? Haven’t you ever heard an echo before? You look like you are afraid.”

“Bob, I’ve heard many an echo before in my life, but I’ll just be doggoned if I ever heard one that’d change a man’s voice like that. That’s *some* echo, I tell you! Why, it sounded almost like a lady’s voice.”

“Jack, you’re dreaming—or drunk. Just shout again and you’ll see.”

Again a deep, rumbling, masculine voice shouted “Hello!”

“Hello!” came back in tones which were unmistakably feminine.

Bob started. There was a certain tone in that answering voice that seemed very familiar to him. It called to his mind



the memory of a sweet, little, innocent face, of pink cheeks, of a smooth, white forehead, of delicately arched brows, of red lips and pearly teeth, of dark glossy hair, and of deep, sweet, brown eyes. He shook himself. "I even seem to see her face and hear her voice everywhere," he muttered. "I wonder where she really is!"

"Say, Bob, let's go over there and investigate this thing. That was no echo we heard."

"Unless it was Echo reincarnated!" exclaimed Bob, breaking into a trot towards the place from which the answering voice had seemed to come.

I have quoted above that the course of true love is never smooth. The same might be said of the course of a running man in a tangled wood. All nature seemed to rise up in rebellion and strive to hold Bob and Jack back from the owner of that voice. Thorns clasped their garments caressingly and held them fondly; swinging limbs gave them rapturous love-licks about the face and in the eyes; big stones and little stones, boulders and pebbles, continually offered interference to their passage, slid from under their feet, or stubbed their toes. Aimlessly wandering gnats found pleasing refuge in their eyes.

At last, however, their faithful endeavor, their untiring energy, their enduring patience and fortitude were all rewarded, and Bob and Jack found themselves standing at the edge of a large meadow. At the farther end of the meadow, one of the numerous summer boarding-houses, which are so numerous in the neighborhood of Hochberg, might be seen through the trees.

But the object which attracted most attention from Bob and Jack was a parasol out there in the meadow. From its position it was evident that there was surely some one on the other side. The two men hesitated in indecision; and just then a feminine voice, one that made Bob's heart throb and his eyes gleam, floated to them across the meadow.

"I wonder who that was?"

"I don't know," said another voice, "but they never can get here. Those woods are too thick and full of briars."

Bob stepped quickly up behind the parasol. "Nevertheless," he said, "we are here, Madame Echo!"

Quickly one of the girls behind the parasol jumped up and faced him. She was a little girl, with pink cheeks, with smooth white forehead, with delicately arched brows, with red lips, black hair, and deep, pure eyes of brown.

For fully half a minute Bob and Susanne stood silently gazing at each other, without word or motion, and then—O, gentle reader, I have not the heart to tell what followed. And right there, before Jack Allen and that girl, too!

Suffice it to say that at last their greeting was over, and, realizing that others were present, they began to blush furiously and display many other signs of great mental perturbation common to all lovers under certain circumstances.

"Er—Jack," stammered Bob, confusedly, "do you know Miss Knight?"

"That isn't Miss Knight, Bob. That is Echo, reincarnated!"

## Under Her Window

Silver moon in September night,  
Feathery rifts 'mid the stars around,  
Darkling shadows thrown low on the ground:  
'Twixt me and radiance nothing but light!  
Love of mine, o'er the lawn!  
Waken, sweet, ere it dawn!  
Way 's clear, love's here, then, dear, let's be gone.

Clouds beyond and shadows beneath,  
Luminous love light alone between.  
Girl of my heart, let naught intervene.  
Come, tarry not! for life and for death.  
Let us love while we may.  
Let the moon light our way.  
Time 's fleet, love 's meet, then, sweet, let 's away.

## A Gleam Through the Darkness

R. B. MURRAY

Night shrouded the valley of the Nile in a mantle of ebon hue. The drifting clouds had long since banished the pale moon from her realm, and in her place reigned darkness, thick and heavy. The air, deathly still and quiet, was almost stifling in the intensity of its dull, moistless heat. Not a breath of air was stirring. The lofty palm trees, bordering upon the arid desert, loomed up through the inky gloom like gaunt spectres, silent and still. Far from the east came the low, monotonous murmur of the mighty river, rendered unnaturally distinct by the absolute stillness of the atmosphere. It was that strange, unearthly, calm heralding the close approach of a tropical storm.

The figure of a human being suddenly loomed up through the darkness. The features could not be discerned on account of the gloom, but he was evidently a man of large proportions. Walking forward a few paces, he hesitatingly came to a halt, as if undecided as to his proper course.

"It cannot be much further to the Laura," he muttered to himself in a tired tone. "From the directions Heliora gave me, I think it must be located somewhere in this vicinity. And I must hurry," he added as a sudden quivering flash of lightning pierced the darkness, "or I shall be caught by the storm."

Straining his eyes to the utmost, trying to pierce the surrounding gloom, he suddenly beheld a faint flicker of light off to his left. An exclamation of satisfaction and delight escaped him as he hurried toward the welcome sight. He had no doubt but that this light gleamed from one of the windows of his goal, the Laura of Rhodmus. But as he advanced, there loomed up before him no rambling walls of the old monastery building. Instead, only the bare outlines of a little hut were revealed to him by the continuous flare

of the lightning. Nevertheless, it was imperative that he secure shelter at once, for the brilliant lightning-flashes and the loud peals of thunder betokened that the storm would soon descend upon the earth in all its fury. So, boldly advancing, the wayfarer rapped sharply upon the door of the hut and exclaimed: "Open, in the name of the Christ!"

Immediately, the door swung open, and an old, gray-bearded man appeared in the doorway. He scanned the stranger earnestly; then exclaimed in hearty tones:

"Welcome, Stranger. 'Tis indeed an unpropitious night. Surely, the gods are angry with their erring children that the elements do thus rage. Enter, in the name of the gracious Vesta, O Stranger, and receive what poor hospitality a poor old exile is able to extend to a wayfaring stranger."

The stranger gladly accepted the hospitable invitation so kindly extended and stepped into the cheerful light of the tiny room, leaving the raging elements without. The host drew up a bench for his guest and bidding him rest, disappeared within the adjacent room to prepare some food for him. As revealed by the flickering candle light, the stranger was a remarkable looking man. He was still in the prime of young manhood, and a fine specimen of physical development he was. He was clad in the garb of the early Christian monk,—a single garment of black cloth, bound up at the waist by a heavy leathern belt, reaching below the knees. Upon his feet were rough leather sandals, held on by thongs wrapped around the muscular legs. His chest was entirely covered by his garment, but his strong arms were almost bare. There was the expression of the habitual scholar stamped upon his face, an expression of quiet patience and perseverance, but his large brown eyes reflected a soul, naturally impetuous and daring, held in restraint by some powerful influence. His face was essentially Grecian in cast, a high, broad brow with finely penciled eyebrows, a perfectly modelled Grecian nose, and strong, firm lips. His head was covered with a mass of dark brown hair, which was inclined to curl, and, also, his chin was covered with a short beard.



Taken altogether, he was as handsome a man as one often sees.

Soon after his host left the room, the wayfarer rose from the bench and walked over to the little window, where he stood gazing reflectively out upon the fury of the storm. He was oblivious to his present surroundings, for his mind was reviewing the swift succession of events that had taken place since he left the home of his youth where he had been reared a firm believer in Christianity by patient, God-fearing men. Now, since he had mingled with the people of the world, seen the misery and the suffering of the poor, the haughty overbearance of the rich, and the utter callousness of all classes, the young monk's mind was sorely perplexed. In the secluded monastery of his youth, hypocrisy was an unheard-of evil; yet, now, the world seemed built upon that alone. Idoreos, for that was the young monk's name, had not become a skeptic, nor had he relinquished any of the teachings so diligently instilled into his soul by his patient teachers; but Christianity was certainly beginning to assume a different and less pleasing aspect than formerly. He had, for the first time, in Alexandria become acquainted with certain teachings, which had aroused strange feelings of uneasiness and restlessness in his bosom. For the pagan doctrines as set forth by the heathen teachers were certainly much more pleasant for this present life than were the rules and doctrines of the Christian philosophers. For the one advocated flowery paths to a sure Elysium, while the other taught a narrow way which leads to—what? Uncertainty, Purgatory, Hell, and, perhaps, to Heaven.

The monk was interrupted from his train of painful reverie by the entrance of someone from the other room. He turned, expecting to see his aged host, but to his amazement his eyes fell upon the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. For there, standing in the room, was a young girl of exceeding beauty. She was clad in a flowing robe of pure white, which revealed rather than hid the graceful lines of

her perfect limbs as she glided easily across the room bearing a tray of tempting viands.

When Idoreos saw this vision of loveliness in the room, he turned to shut her from his view, for the wise monks had often warned him against these creatures, which they declared were devils in the human form, sent by Satan to lure men into his power. But his eyes refused to obey his will, and again they turned upon that beautiful demon. She saw his shy glance of admiration, smiled at him and said: "Sir, here is food. Eat and refresh thyself, for, in sooth, thou appearest weary."

"Then," she continued, "when thou hast appeased thy hunger, thou shalt tell me of the great outside world, which I have never been permitted to see, save in my dreams." With these words, she smiled again and left the room. Soon afterwards the old man came into the room and questioned the other much concerning the doings of the peoples of the great outer world.

Time passed swiftly as the two men conversed, and soon it was midnight. Outside, the storm had subsided, and now a cool breeze was blowing from the river toward the great desert. The two men arose and went to the door to enjoy for a few moments the fresh, invigorating air. As they gazed up at the sky, little stars twinkled one by one from behind the inky canopy that had concealed them, and soon the heavens were thickly studded with these little gleams of light. The old man drew a deep breath of the fresh air, and said:

"Ah! the gods are satisfied. How good are they to their weak and erring children. They become angry with us and show it through the fury of the storm; then in pity they forgive us and bestow more love and favor on us than before. For, behold, now that the storm is over the air is purer and far more pleasant than before. It is the mercy and love of Zeus."

"Nay, not so!" cried the younger man. "'Tis a manifestation, not of the love of the gods, but of God, the One God,

the All-Powerful, All-Loving One, who loveth us all, and who sent His Son that He might toil among men, so that at last He might save them."

The old man looked in amazement at the young monk.

"Take care, my son, for truly thou speakest strangely," he observed gravely. "What do we know of a One God? Thou art wrong; there are many gods, and thou wilt surely be punished if thou deniest them.

"Can'st thou not see the working of many different forces in the world? Each of these different forces is necessarily presided over by a separate and distinct deity. No one god could control all the opposing forces of this vast universe."

"Alas! father, thou art sadly ignorant," impetuously exclaimed Idoreos. "My God, the God of everything, is an All-Wise, Omnipotent, Omnipresent One, who loveth each and every one of his creatures, and 'not a sparrow falleth, but he doth know.' Dost thou think that such weak creatures as thy petty gods, who wrangle and quarrel among themselves, who have all the lower passions of man, could form such an inconceivable perfection as this limitless universe? Nay, father; thy gods are powerless images. There is but one God—Jehovah."

Idoreos then told the old man of the coming of Christ to save the world, of his labors, his trials, and his sufferings, and, finally, of his death and resurrection that the sons of man might be saved. And he concluded with "Can'st thou find such love as this for man among thy gods? Think of the littleness of them: the lewd loves of Zeus, the ungodly jealousy of Hera, the self-love and admiration of Apollo, the licentiousness of Aphrodite and Dionysus, and compare them with the unselfish love of Christ for erring mankind. Thy Pallas alone, in any way, approaches the Christian's ideal, and she is lacking in the first principles of Christianity,—mercy and forgiveness. Stern justice, mercy excluded, is her motto. Can'st thou not see the impotency of thy divinities divided against themselves, and the supreme mercy and goodness of the One God?"

After much argument and counter-argument, the old man finally confessed that the new religion was a more reasonable and a better one than that which he had followed from the days of his childhood. When he had finally laid aside his old pagan beliefs, he showed great eagerness in being taught the doctrines of Christianity, and the young monk with equal zeal explained the theories as well as he could. So, they continued talking for hours, and, when they finally retired into the house for sleep, the rosy fingers of Dawn were already beginning to tinge the curtains of the east with their delicate tints.

There had been one listener to the conversation that night of whom neither the old man nor the young monk knew. Soon after the two had gone outside, Phelita, the young girl who had startled Idoreos out of his reverie earlier in the evening, entered the room, and, hearing her sire and the stranger talking outside, drew up her bench near the door, thinking perhaps she might be able to hear something of the great world, of which she had heard so much and seen so little.

Ere long she heard the young man begin to talk against the gods. At first, she was greatly indignant that one should speak so against the divinities in which she so devoutly believed. Then a smile of high disdain wreathed her lovely face as she perceived that he was trying to convert her father to a new faith. She listened to the monk's arguments in contemptuous scorn and wondered how her father could allow anyone to rant thus against the sacred ones in his very presence.

As the low murmur of voices continued, she gradually fell asleep. How long she slept she did not know, but when she awoke, she was startled to hear her father eagerly asking about the Christ. There was a tone of reverence in his voice which she could not account for; but when he mentioned Pallas as a powerless deity who had so long held the ignorant under superstitious bonds, she saw to her horror that her sire had forsaken the faith of his childhood.



Ah, how savagely she hated that monk! Why was this monk leading her father from the paths of his youth? Christianity! What was it? Nothing—to her. In the passion of her anger, she turned and fled through an adjoining room from the house, just as the old man and the monk were entering by the other door, completely engrossed in their conversation.

Out through the still morning air she fled, neither knowing nor caring whither. Ere long she came to the bank of the Nile. Here she knelt down and prayed wildly to Pallas. But no comfort could she get. Her heart ached and lay like a heavy weight in her bosom. Why could she receive no sign of consolation from her adored patroness?

Eos drew back the fiery curtains of the dawn and the sun god drove through in all his splendor, but still the girl lay there writhing in the throes of doubt, and saw nothing of the morning's glory. What was truth? Had she all her life been following after a mere shadow which terminated in nothing? Were all the divinities she had been taught to reverence and love nothing more than powerless images? If there were no gods, what was she? What would become of her after death? Simply merging into the surrounding atmosphere and nothing more? Ah, Heavens!

The poor girl asked her tortured mind all these potent questions in a wild frenzy of uncertainty and horror. Soon her overwrought feelings had reached a point bordering upon hysteria or insanity, and, jumping wildly from the ground where she had been grovelling, she cried out in tones of mortal anguish:

“O, ye Demons of the Air! If indeed there be no gods, if there be nothing, *nothing* real, let me die.”

Then with the shriek of a tormented soul she sprang from the bank into the sluggish waters of the mighty river. But the moment she leaped, another figure came upon the scene. It was Idoreos. He was amazed when he saw the girl, her eyes blazing madly and her long brown hair floating about her slender form, spring into the murky waters. But



he did not hesitate long. Springing into the river, he seized hold of the girl as she came to the surface for an instant. Then, turning, he swam shoreward with a few lusty strokes, bearing his unconscious burden with him. When he got to the bank, he gently placed the dripping body of the maiden upon the grass; then he looked about him in dismay. What should he do? Never before had he been in such a predicament,—alone with an unconscious woman. He looked at the fair, pale face. Surely, no devil inhabited that fair piece of mortality. No wonder, he thought, that Saint Anthony succumbed to the lure of a devil if indeed it were disguised in such a wondrously lovely frame. Suddenly, as he stood gazing down upon that lovely countenance, her eyelids began to flicker, and then the eyes opened and looked wonderingly around. Idoreos turned away in confusion, for he felt sure that she had caught him gazing so earnestly at her.

At first the girl did not seem to realize where she was, but when her eyes rested upon the river she shuddered, and again relapsed into unconsciousness. In a few minutes, however, she seemed to regain control of her wandering faculties. For she arose to a sitting posture and turned her eyes, glowing with a strange light, upon the young monk.

“Why did'st thou hinder me?” she demanded sadly and

“Why did'st thou attempt to commit murder?” was the counter-question.

“What meanest thou?” the girl demanded in a startled tone. “Have I not a right to do with myself as I choose? There are no gods. Thou, thyself ha'st proved that; so what matter it if I die?”

“But there is a God—a forgiving and loving God,” the monk answered reverently. “Had'st thou succeeded in thy rash attempt to end this mortal life, eternal suffering would have been in store for thee. There is a God who hears all our prayers, and it matters not how wicked one may have been, he will forgive him if he truly repent of his sins. Had'st thou succeeded just now, thou would'st never have had time for repentance, and thou would'st have been

doomed forever to the fires of hell. But, God in His all-seeing wisdom has willed it that thou be given a chance of salvation eternal. Receive it, and all the joys of Heaven are thine; reject it, and the horrors and tortures of hell are thy lot forever.

“There was One who died upon a cross that all such sinners as thou and I might be saved. If we will only believe on him, salvation eternal is ours. For years this Saviour labored and toiled among common men. Not for the rich and mighty only is his love, but for the poor and lowly as well; for He himself lived in the form of a poor man, and he understands all their trials and sorrows.”

“Ah, but his love is not for me,” she breathed hopelessly. “I am only a woman and matter little one way or the other.”

Then, indeed, Idoreos was perplexed. The monks had always cautioned him to beware of women, for they were the root of all evil. But suddenly he called to mind the example of Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, whom Christ loved so well. Whereupon he told the suffering girl of these—how they loved the Master; how they had followed Him to the cross, and afterwards how they had gone to his tomb and found that He had risen from the dead.

As he talked on of Christ's wondrous love toward all humanity, a lovely smile dawned on the pale countenance of the suffering girl. Her breath was becoming more and more labored, but she bade him not to call her father, but to tell her more of the Savior. Idoreos, inexperienced as he was, saw that the maiden was dying. Suddenly she raised her head and, looking him straight in the face, demanded, “And dost thou think that this loving Savior would receive me, Pagan that I am?”

“Assuredly,” replied the monk in an earnest tone. “Thou was not to blame for being a pagan, and thou had'st not heard the true faith; besides, thou wert an honest and devout Pagan, and a truly honest person is indeed a rarity in these turbulous times.”

A smile of pure delight and joy irradiated from the young

girl's countenance as she lifted her face toward Heaven and murmured in a low voice throbbing with emotion:

“Oh, divine Master and Redeemer, I believe on thee.—Pallas, thou art indeed dead forever, but a grander and more loving One is now born unto me.”

Then with a faint gasp she sank prone upon the ground, turned eyes beaming with gratitude upon the young monk and, with a quivering tremor passing throughout her frame, breathed her last.

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# Editorial

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Men and women of Trinity, the ARCHIVE is with you again. That's all you will notice unless perhaps your name is enrolled upon its pages. Far different is it with your editor. It is with a feeling of no little hesitancy that he takes up the pen so ably wielded in the past and begins the burning of journalistic midnight oil. Twenty-five years of the magazine's success behind him, and nothing but Trinity's bright future and hard work before, might cause a different feeling,—one of hopeful assurance and zealous pleasure—you might think. Perhaps it will in subsequent issues. Remember, however, that, in one respect at least, college monthlies are like the eagle: they are constantly renewing their youth, even to the extent that occasionally they have some difficulty in again mounting the high heavens on their untried wings. And it's a little flapping they have to do to make up the lost time during the short interval of eight months closing with the next moulting.

In another respect, we have, in the ARCHIVE, a young eagle on our hands: it takes a lot of feeding. Its appetite is voracious, and it doesn't like to eat too close. We have some eagle feeders on the staff, please note, but they, like all experts, have an exalted sense of what is their duty and what is the duty of the hands which are to supply them with material. Fellow students, give us your best to begin with, and your next will be better. Let us have that, too. Keep writing. If your first, or second, or even third, attempt happens to be among the unused scraps, what matter? If everybody's production were used, the business manager would "go broke." Another idea: you can write as well as your fellow. Don't cheat yourself and us by satisfying your-

self with: "Oh, writing's not my line." Make it your line. It's one of your chief duties in college, and the ARCHIVE will give you a chance. And this last statement brings up another point: whatever the ARCHIVE will or will not be this year, it will be the Trinity *students'* magazine. Like the contents if you please. If they are not to your liking, bestir yourself to make them better. Don't grunt; that's not your business. That's ours. See that we don't have to do too much of it.

Finally, do for the ARCHIVE what every man of you can do, and even the janitors (you ought to do more): subscribe to it, read its pages, patronize its advertisers who patronize us,—only \$1.50 to you, the success of the magazine to us, and the glory of Trinity for us all.

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That a purely democratic spirit should exist in a college community is well known, and it should be the duty of every college man to make the community in which he lives as nearly ideal as possible. There should exist between college students a feeling of fellowship and not a feeling of antagonism.

There are existing in all colleges today numerous student organizations, clubs, societies, associations, fraternities, etc. All these have a purpose which is a worthy one.

Just here, however, comes one of the most complex and difficult problems that face American colleges today. This is not intended to be an attempt to go into a full discussion of the subject; but it is only desired to call attention to some of the evils which may result from the spirit which has of late been exercised at the recent class elections. There should not exist this feeling of antagonism and strife between the Frats and the non-Frats, which often results in the use of the "steam roller" and even in participation in politics in some instances. There can come no good from such conditions as these existing between the different classes of men in college. The practice of a non-Frat man hating a man



just because he happens to belong to a fraternity has been existing for a long time; and especially is this likely to cause much disruption among a body of students if it is considered at class elections. There is nothing imaginable that can cause greater disorder and disruption among the men of a college than the existence of such circumstances as party strife; and it seems to be a useless and unpardonable condition of affairs.

When it comes to settling or voting on some question that pertains to all the men in a class, or in college, in like degree, why not vote according to the dictates of your conscience, and not for special, personal, or selfish motives. In the case of elections, vote for the man whom you believe is best suited for the position, whatever it may be, and disregard all personal interests. The man who does this, and who disregards all things except the qualities of the man in question, is exemplifying a genuine democratic spirit, and is destined to become the rational citizen and voter in later life.

Many colleges have experienced much trouble, and, indeed, circumstances have become really serious in college communities, where this antagonistic spirit has existed among the students. It is a question that the faculty of an institution cannot settle; but the solution must be wrought by each individual man. Why hate your fellow student and disregard him simply because he does not belong to the same fraternity of which you are a member, or because you do not belong to the same society that he does? "A man's a man for a' that."

The interests of a college community pertain in direct degree equally to every man, and should always be as centered as possible, if anything worth while is to be accomplished. It would be a good thing if there were more activities and moves undertaken which would tend to combine the efforts and support of all students at the same time, and bring the men together. Our time is too precious, our duties too manifold to be splitting and participating in anything like party strife in attempting the solution of college prob-

lems. Let us centralize our energies, and always disregard all personal preferences in consideration of the welfare of our institution. It behooves us members of this community and workers in this institution to try to cultivate this spirit of democracy, and evade as far as possible all forms of student strife. Let us cultivate here as far as possible those characteristics which will mean so much to us in later life. Let us try to keep down any attempts at party strife among the students, all working for the common interests of all; and strive to make our college community one in which there exists full fellowship among men and a purely democratic spirit.

K. P. N.

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In the light of the recent improvement regarding courses by limiting election on the part of the student, who on the average is so prone to crowd a smattering knowledge of everything into a four-year course, thereby making of himself a sort of literary jack-at-all-trades and good at none, there is another subject which needs regulation equally as badly; or, if not quite so, falling short only from the fact that it affects a slightly smaller number of students. We refer to what has already been termed, *sub-rosa*, on the campus, over-organization. A certain number of orders and societies is desirable, or inevitable; and others are, perhaps, advantageous if properly conducted and regulated. In the first class clearly belong the Y. M. C. A. and the literary societies; here, also, we shall include the Greek letter fraternities (and sororities), for history has proved them inevitable, to say the least. In the second class we shall place the various literary and other clubs: the Classical Club, the Historical Society, the Science Club, the Botany Club, the Writers' Club, the Fortnightly Club (with all due respect), the defunct *Deutscher Verein* (altogether naturally defuncted, we might add), the Educational Club, the Ministerial Band, the Mountain Bloomers Club, and the various school and county organizations, and, with much fear and

trembling be it whispered, the Tombs, and the "9019." Not that we would unequivocally condemn these latter. Some of them, perhaps all, are doing good work and beneficial, to the membership. But, leaving the collective and taking the individual standpoint, is the student through these channels under the existing conditions getting the greatest return from his time and talent invested? To answer the question let us consider what his main business at college is. On this point, of course, opinions vary. Ambassador Bryce, some years ago in a short talk to Trinity students, emphasized the cultivating of friendships. Some of our number are even now trying to sum it up in the sonorous rule of "adaptation to one's environment, etc., etc." We cannot but hold to the time-worn theory that a student's paramount business at college is to acquire knowledge. He is here for only a brief period. He has, let us hope, length of days before him,—days of toilsome activity and monotonous routine. His days of growth rapidly come to a close. Let him then store up now what will be to him the staff of his maturer years. Did you, reader, ever stop to consider how rare a thing is a self-entertaining man? And yet, after all, is not a real entertainer of others that same person?

But what does this have to do with the theme of the present discussion? All. In the above named societies do we find, more than anywhere else, the scattering of talent and time. It is good and pleasant to meet with congenial minds in a common discussion for two or three hours bi-weekly. But can there be much good in attending from a sense of duty and being bored by a lengthy discussion of which one is wholly ignorant, and of which one might just as well remain so, as regards the negative good and positive harm? If you have spare time, take a walk and study nature a while. There is knowledge for contemplation.

Now, as has been said, we would not wholly condemn the societies referred to. What we do condemn is too much of them, and we believe there is too much. Let a man join *one*, if he wish, thoroughly understanding the work to be done,

and let him confine himself to that one. Of course, seniors have privileges; if the majority of students, however, waited until their senior or even junior year to enter, there would be less of the evil. Monday night out, Tuesday night out, Wednesday night out, Thursday night out, Friday night out, and Saturday night out, with Sunday night to catch up with back work, is a deplorable state of affairs for any student at college. In conclusion, what do we suggest, or propose? Think about it; that's all,—until time comes to do more.

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# Alumni Department

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Gently, now reader, this new department is not intended to startle anybody. It is merely the evolution of a nebulous idea that has been gyrating around the campus for years immemorial, occasionally integrating itself in whispered innuendoes and lowering threats that the ARCHIVE meant to seduce a little interest out of the alumni. This fell purpose has taken concrete form in an Alumni Department of the ARCHIVE.

Whether the editor-in-chief was provoked by a plague of tsetse flies and tarantulas, or whether it was an innocent *faux pas* on his part we are uncertain; but until we show something, we stand at any moment liable to be asked the universal mortifier, "What are you going to do about it?"—a still more worrying question since the boss of this department is under the devil's duress—printer's, of course.

Anyhow, the Alumni Department is here, a new and unanticipated complication in college journalism which must be reckoned with.

Let it not be understood, however, that the object in introducing this department is mere progress for progress' sake, a wild mania to be erratic, or following the lure of innovations. It is the outcome of a determined effort on the part of those in college to get acquainted in some degree with those who have been away from here so long that the mention of Trinity would make them scratch their heads and mutter: "Trinity, Trinity, where have I heard that name before?"

The college and the alumni ought to be on speaking terms. The alumni can do the college much good, but even rejecting that mercenary view, there ought to be a kind of brotherhood between alumni and Alma Mater.



Colleges have dual personalities. They have one personality for any particular student in his classmates and his friends, which loses itself in Nirvana after he graduates, leaving only the brick-and-mortar personality which is, even itself, as changeable as the wind. Can we wonder, then, that the alumni sometimes go to sleep on the college, when, if they should pass the town they would not recognize their Alma Mater?

No. The strongest claim on the alumnus is that of his classmates. We predict that a word from old "Bull," "Lion-Tamer," "Rummy," "Spider," and so on, will cause some of our old friends to prick up their ears and take—well, notice, if not the ARCHIVE.

That is where we come in. This department will not be intended to interest the present student body so much as the alumni. We modestly offer these pages as a medium for anything the alumni may offer.

As to the nature of what we shall publish, we must delay announcements till next June. Of course, some sentimental reminiscences would not be amiss, such as the day when Dr. Rowe hanged himself by his big toe over a hundred foot well, or when, in the spacious times of 'ninety-eight, Cap. Card exhausted the capacity of a knot-hole to accommodate one of his swiftly-driven balls.

But withal, we solicit contributions of a serious nature from the alumni,—criticisms, verse, and gas of sundry kinds.

This much to the alumni: This department is yours and its editor is porous and desiccate, ready to absorb anything. So look back in the pigeon-holes of your memory, and pull out your manuscripts. You hardly need to be reminded that the bigger you make the college, the bigger you make yourself. Healthy criticisms will help us. Give us your views, whether adulations or anathemas.

## THE SKY MAN.

C. M. HUTCHINGS, '11

October's haze again. Each crested hill  
The leafy oriflame of autumn wears,  
Or else (of russet raiment wind despoiled)  
Now stretches barren limbs to barren sky.

Out of the dying forests of the North,  
With tireless pinions sweeping heaven's blue,  
Unerringly following their aërial paths,  
To deathless South the Birds of Passage come.

But not as in past ages, monarchs sole,  
Along those virgin and aërial paths,  
The Birds of Passage come. Lo, like to them  
But greater, with white plumage wider spanned,  
The Sky Man makes new domain for his will  
Up where the heavens and eternity blend,  
Encircled with the suns' celestial fire.

No more he watches with wide envying eyes  
The swallow's flight, and follows but in dreams,  
Still dragging weary limbs through slough and mire,  
With all his body but a weary weight  
And all his longing but inanity.  
For after years of waiting and decay,  
At last is broken the thrall o' the cursed earth,  
And heaven knows the beat of mortal wings.

So thus he makes new passage for himself  
Through regions higher than the crystal clouds  
Or eagle's eyrie, under the azure dome,  
Full in the face of all the staring stars:  
High o'er the envious earth with cruel maw  
Waiting to rend him; over gaping heights;

Yea, over the Valley of the Shadow of Death,  
He casts the shadow of his wings, and soars,  
Fearless and lordly, 'twixt the deep and the Deep.

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## STRAY THOUGHTS OF TRINITY.

A. W. HORTON, '08.

When I arrived on the campus of Trinity College one bright morning in September of the year 1908, a green, gawky, country boy, I felt entirely out of place and altogether miserable. For a few days I moped about, scarcely hearing anything that was said to me, taking absolutely no interest in the proceedings that were going on about me. In one of my despondent moods, I went to my room one day and produced, by prodigious effort, a sparkling bit of Freshman verse (the same fact never having become known before, for I knew the fierce temper of my contemporaries when aroused). But now, trusting to the softening effects of time I am going to risk the ire of my class-mates and give to the world the out-pourings of a 1904 Freshman's heart, which is as follows:

Since I come here I been thinking,  
Thinkin' hard about the home  
And the dear old friends and neighbors,  
Till I can't keep back a moan.

Education's fine and dandy,  
Learnin' is a wondrous thing,  
But the thing I love most dearly  
Is the way that Molly sings.

Thought I'd like to leave the people,  
Try the world with all its charms;  
But my thoughts are turnin' daily  
To the folks down on the farm.

Life in cities is a failure,  
 Education's all a bluff;  
 I'm going back to Dada's homestead—  
 Tell them I have got enough.

No; I'll stick a little longer,  
 For my folks think I'm a man,  
 And I'll show them by my stickin'  
 That I've got *Pa's* kind of sand.

I have no doubt that a good many of the Freshmen of the great old class of 1908 felt very much the same way in those days, although I don't suppose any of them would admit it!

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### THE INN-TOWER SPEAKS.

N. I. WHITE

Over the alkali deserts,  
 Over the China Sea,  
 A surge comes in on the ether waves  
 And whistles a rhyme to me.  
 Out of the vat of the tanner,  
 Out of the dust of the soil,  
 Out of the street where the brokers meet,  
 Out of the wireless coil,  
 Surges a telepath message—  
 Faint from the tropic land,  
 Rich with the apple odors caught  
 Where the Blue Ridge orchards stand,  
 Fresh from the balsam needles,  
 Frost-tipped out of the North,  
 From Pharaoh's tombs to the cotton mill looms,  
 From Fez to the Firth of Forth:

*"How does the campus sleep tonight?  
 ('Tis a far, far way from here)*

*Does the old Inn stand on its former site?  
Does the Fresh have aught to fear?  
Does the bell toll forth as the sun goes down?  
Does the flag float free at dawn?  
Does the foot-ball ground as of old resound  
With a flying wedge of brawn?  
Do the saucy stars still smile at night  
And wink from the latticed blue,  
As the homeward road gleams silver-white  
For the carolling midnight crew?  
And yet—But you needn't answer,  
For the New crowds out the Old,  
And Progress comes and the seasons pass  
With changes myriad-fold;  
But listen—a confidence for you!—  
For you and the gaunt smoke stack—  
We've caught the fever of Home, Sweet Home,  
SOME DAY WE'RE COMING BACK!"*



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# Wayside Wares

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We would like to urge all the verdant-hued new arrivals who would like to become understudies of Mark Twain in the gentle art of massaging the minds of the reading public *a la Bull*, to rush into fame through these columns. In the palmy days of yore when men wore B. V. D.'s made of Bessemer steel, the jokester was supposed to be about as shy on intelligence as Mary Garden was of raiment when she introduced the Salome. However, those Sir Galahad guys were shockingly primitive in their conception of genius, and in the future we may expect historians to point with pride to Bud Fisher as the leading High-Brow of the age, while Henry James and Thomas A. Edison lurk in the background, as thoroughly discredited as Peruna or President Taft. Ben Johnson cleared thirteen cents on his "Song to Celia," while the bloke who is responsible for "If the Wind had Only Blew the Other Way" is now a stockholder in the Pennsylvania Railroad as a result of his soulful conception in the realm of letters. I am only recounting the above mentioned statistics to show that the man who receives the invitations to make after-dinner talks in this decadent age is the mental strong-arm individual who was formerly known as a hot-air artist, the paid assassin of the English language, the Lefty Louis of literature, as it were. Abraham Lincoln said that "genius disdains a beaten path," so take his advice and start something new.

## A QUESTION.

R. B. MURRAY

They say great King Apollo's dead,  
And hushed his once immortal lyre.  
They say the sisters nine have fled  
And gone to join their well-loved sire  
In Hades' hateful home forlorn.

His art abused  
His song misused,  
The god his gift has now forsworn.

Forsaken are the muses' haunts  
Around the spring of Helicon.  
Harassed by man's cynical taunts,  
To other regions they have flown  
And borne off Poesy as well.

The mimic tries  
To seize the prize,  
But only grasps the empty shell.

For poesy today is not  
As in the hallowed days of old.  
For now the most of it is rot,  
That's written simply to be sold,  
And not inspired by passion's flame.  
Verses for sale  
Are by the bale,  
But will they win immortal fame?

## STRAY REFLECTIONS OF THE BUSINESS M'GR.

"All is not gold that glitters."

That is a mighty good expression even if we do not know where it came from. By the time we have all gone the rounds of human effort we are sure to find that human brass is often more attractive to mankind than is metallic gold. I do not know what is the general value of each in the eyes of the world, but if I had either, although I have neither, I am sure that I could treasure the brass more highly. For to get gold honestly we must have human brass backed by an inestimable amount of what is so often termed audacity.

Many people are slow to recognize what a tough proposition it is to seek to advance one's own cause by advancing the cause of others. The difficult point is in convincing the other fellow that you are in position to advance his cause. Especially is that the case when you have been so ill-considered as to have to assume the responsibility of the financial end of a college publication. There is, to be sure, a bright side, but the gratification comes more from the thoughts of the words and actions of the object of your consideration rather than from the financial uplift. You have doubtless observed that few bumble bees are without a stinger, and no humming birds at all without a sucker. I have found men who, in the process of their development, seemed to have passed through the stage of the bumble bee, and I have been grieved, yea, I have 'most wept to find that they still carry their stinger; and it grieves me most of all to realize that they are unable to find anything to stick 'em into except me and my poor little magazine. I have striven to find a hope that I had evolved through the humming bird stage, but in vain, for there seems to be no sucker for me, and the more I investigate the more am I persuaded that I evolved through the stage of the goat.

It's wonderfully strange that some folks can survive the summer on the financial accumulations of the winter, which they acquire after having assumed the form of a blood-

sucking vampire, drawing from out the college community a luxurious livelihood, and then in return practice their moss-back reciprocity by these high sounding words of encouragement: "We appreciate your business, but we can not afford to advertise," as if such a trite expression as that would produce funds for the issuing of a college publication. Colleges, like men, cannot live altogether on hot air; but if men could and did live by such a process, there are some people in the world who choose to call themselves Business Men, who would puncture Trinity College's or any other college's hot air bag, suck out its contents, and walk off with "I appreciate your gas, but I can not help refill the bag."

One of my bumble-bee friends of the business world greeted me with the encouraging remark that his advertising manager was dead, and having so said turned his back and walked away; but it was useless for him so to speak, for any one could readily tell that his little business had also been buried along side with his little old shriveled-up, moth-eaten advertising manager. No doubt my friend would have assumed the barbaric tendency of wearing mourning if it had not cost some amount of energy to place it upon himself. Such men are an indivisible germ in the world's yeast cake, and were ordained to turn a hand organ for their offspring to dance by upon the public highway. Any mahogany-faced stump-sucker can starve his advertising manager to death, but it takes a real human man to move the world. Of course such expressions in regard to advertising have no great source, yet they are calculated to give a man a feeling similar to that of a sun stroke, and that is what it did for me. I left my unconquered foe to fight his own battle without the aid of an advertising manager, or an advertising medium. I walked out on the street with that business manager feeling which makes you want to shoulder yourself and carry it off. As I walked, I chanced to stop in front of one of the gents' furnishing stores, and stood rather unconcerned as to my surroundings till I heard the mingled voices of some female

passers-by. I then began to notice who was who and why. I must have attracted some attention in this gazing attitude of mine, but I did not seem to be capable of catering to anyone's sympathy. That was what I needed most of all; but instead a big old bloated-face imposter casually stepped up to me and asked, "How ye think ye'd like to live in town?" Well, I haven't answered him yet. I began to feel myself to see if I could tell whether I was in Durham or in H— According to statistics, there is such a close similarity in the two places that it is necessary to feel yourself before you are able to decide. I was unable to say as to the place till I reached the college. Here I saw some of my professors, and I knew that it *could not* be the latter. On my way to the campus, however, I felt uncomfortably warm. I cannot undertake to describe the intensity of the heat, but when I got to my room I saw the following astounding headlines in the newspaper:

IN MEMORY OF THE DEVIL
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Durham, N. C., September 6, 1912.

Be ye no longer afraid for the enemy of mankind is no more. The demon who for unknown ages resisted the incessant heat of Hell Fire tumbles unconsciously upon the pavement in the city of Durham. It is said that he was on his way to the campus of Trinity College in order to make preparation for the incoming student body. As he passed in front of the buildings of the American Tobacco Company the heat became too severe for his hellishly scorched anatomy, and as a consequence he fell to the street frying and sizzling and groaning and grunting, till finally he became vaporized and



passed off in an unrecognizable gas. Hell's no place like this.

I copy the above report feeling assured that no one else beside me was cool enough at that time to undertake the reading of it, and I feel confident that its facts will be a source of great joy to all of us. But we must not take advantage of the death of the Devil for a new one is born every minute.

One evening I was returning to the college feeling blue and despondent when a friend came up to me and asked how I was feeling. I did not look to see who or what was about us, so I answered, "Oh, I wish I was a dog." Before I knew it, a man, a stranger to me, grabbed me by the throat, and but for the interference of my friend, who held his arm, I should have been felled to the earth from whence I came. I hardly knew what to do. I wanted to appreciate his sufficient concern in me to object to my expressed desire to be a dog, but I wanted to object to his seeming willingness to make a dog out of me. I don't suppose that I would object to being a dog provided I had been born one; but since I had experienced the feelings of one responsible for the financial end of a college publication, I feared that I would be uncomfortable in the high atmosphere which the world creates for the dog.

After many very complimentary adjectives he finally wound up by saying, "She's my sister, and you — — — etc., etc." (Mostly etc.) When he said that, I looked out in the street, and beheld a fair lassie seated in a buggy. In her plump little arms nestled close to her little rosy cheeks was a little, insignificant poodle dog enjoying the luxurious hospitality of my foe's sweet sister's embrace. There was where the trouble lay. The devoted brother could not conceive of the horrible idea of me, with a college publication in my pocket, acting as a substitute for the highly entertained little dog. The sight was enough to make any dog happy, but as for the sensation—ask the brother, not me.

## WHERE EARTH AND HEAVEN MET.

M. B. ANDREWS

The breezes blew, the white clouds flew,  
 The billows roared and foamed,  
 While she and I, two lovers, by  
 The howling sea-side roamed.

We walked real slow, we talked real low—  
 No people saw we near;  
 At last I said (my face turned red),  
 “I truly love you, Dear.”

She looked at me there by the sea  
 (Surprise came o'er her face),  
 And asked me why I wished to lie,  
 And thus myself disgrace!

I answered, “Dear, you need not fear,  
 For truth cannot disgrace;  
 And this is true, *I do love you!*”  
 A smile came o'er her face.

But while we walked and while we talked  
 As lovers by the sea,  
 The clouds let fall a shower o'er all  
 My lover's form and me.

Her clothes were thin. Her trembling chin  
 Revealed that she was chill.  
 “With cold you shake,” I said, “so take  
 My coat if, Dear, you will.”

“I can't rob you, the sleeves will do.”  
 I caught her hint, you bet;  
 So then and there, I must declare,  
 This earth and Heaven met!

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# Editor's Table

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The college magazine is a very unique periodical, different in many respects from any other. Considering the many limitations that the managers and the contributors must reckon with, it is, perhaps, more successful than the public magazine. It is certainly an institution which is founded on charity, for the entire management and all of the contributions are free-will offerings on the part of a few students and friends.

As voluntary work of this kind comes only from the "saving remnant" and not from the majority of the student body, the editor rarely finds that he has an abundance of matter from which to choose. It is in this way that he is sometimes led to publish material not altogether worthy of the college magazine. Therein lies a great danger.

Again, the contributor for the college magazine works in a most limited field. He is deprived of the wide range of the public magazine writer. Fiction, in the form of the short story, constitutes the bulk of most college magazines, and the short story is undoubtedly a most difficult branch of literature in which to win laurels. Especially is this true of the story for the school magazine, which is certainly distinct from other kinds of stories. The fiction that makes the best popular magazine is not always suitable for the school magazine, and *vice versa*. Not that the college story should necessarily be connected with college life, but rather that, since it is written by college students and mainly for the perusal of college men and women, it be of such a nature as will touch a sympathetic chord in the reader and offer him pleasant entertainment,—for, after all, is not entertainment the best aim for the short story? The popular magazine, on the

other hand, must make its appeal to all classes, from the staid old man of common sense and reason to the society debutante.

Good verse is much more common than the good short story, although there are fewer young writers who attempt the former, most of them holding back doubtless from their faith in the old tradition that poets are not manufactory products. There is, however, no such damper to the ambitions of the would-be story writer. The verse of the college magazine is usually its best department, but this, too, suffers from restrictions. The essayist, with his lively pen and new ideas, is one of the chief attractions of the school magazine if he has time, and is willing to devote enough of his time to writing something worth while.

We wish to keep the limitations of that peculiar periodical, the college magazine, in mind constantly, as we assume the role of critic of it, and we hope that our reviewers will remember them also.

We send greetings to all old visitors to the Editor's Table, and bid them welcome and a speedy return for this year.

# The Trinity Archive

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Volume XXVI

Number One

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## MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.50; single copies, 25 cents.

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NETTIE SUE TILLET	- - - - -	Editor's Table
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# The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina, November, 1912



## Kriemhilde

S. S. ALDERMAN

Kriemhilde! Name to conjure up old days,  
Misty sages of mediaeval lore,  
Which unknown poets sing in epic lays,  
Of Worms, the Burgund city on the shore  
Of German Rhein. There stookest thou, a queen  
In ermine robed, bedecked with gems and gold—  
And yet a human woman; thy high mien  
For all its pride more generous than cold—  
To greet the knight from Netherlands, the thane  
Lord Siegfried bold, a mighty man of brawn.  
So fair thou wert the poet could not refrain  
From similes of stars, of moon, of dawn.

E'en now we feel thy heart's great throbbing fire  
When Teuton's Minnesinger strums his lyre.

## The Literary Societies of Trinity

[The following sketches of the Columbian and Hesperian societies have been prepared by old members of the societies. For the spirit of loyalty expressed in the sketch of the Columbian Society, we are indebted to Prof. H. E. Spence, one of the most enthusiastic members that society has ever had. The Hesperian sketch, with additions to bring the record down to date, is compiled from an historical sketch of the Hesperian Society prepared by Mr. Holland Holton while a student member of that society.—ED.]

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### THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The history of the Columbian Literary Society is so interwoven with that of the college that with regard to time of existence, aims, and ideals, one might well refer to the college catalogue for a sketch of the institution. No intimation is intended that the society has been all that there has been in the way of a literary society, for by hard fights and bitter defeats we have learned that there has existed side by side with us a formidable and worthy foe in our sister society; and in the hour of battle with the common foe she has come nobly to our aid in the attempt to vanquish the forces of other institutions. The Columbian Society is, however, the older organization and has a period of service almost co-existent with the college itself.

The Society was organized in 1846, eight years after the founding of Union Institute, and five years before the institution was known by its present name of Trinity College. It would be superfluous to state the purpose of its organization, or the needs which it was intended to supply. How well it has fulfilled its purpose or met the demands made upon it may be determined by the roll of its men. Suffice it to say that among the names that appear upon the old rolls are to be found those of some of the Southland's most distinguished men, and that after long years of active service

the society is still actively engaged in developing talent and shaping men into useful citizens.

It may be of interest to glimpse at a few of the most distinguished graduates of Columbia. Standing by that old marble-topped table, which was so dear to many of the sons of Trinity (and which was, unfortunately, destroyed in the recent fire), many men first learned the use of eloquent speech which was afterward to give them a place among the influential men of our country. Of course, the first object of our pride is that pair of illustrious statesmen, the United States Senators from North Carolina. Both of these men have been in the Senate for years, and have come to places of influence by their long years of faithful service. Senator Overman was re-elected by the legislature at the last session to succeed himself, while the re-nomination of Senator Simmons is too recent in the minds of the people to need comment. His re-nomination, in spite of the fact that he was opposed by two of the most prominent and popular politicians in the state is a sufficient comment upon the esteem in which the people of the state hold him. Nor are these two the only men of political influence and importance that have gone out from our hall. Mention deserves to be made of the late J. A. Lockhart, an influential politician, and also of the late Judge Boykin; while Judge Long still presides with grace and dignity upon the judicial bench.

Prominent educators have also gone from this society. Among those who have gone to other institutions are Professor C. L. Raper, of the University of North Carolina; Dr. W. B. Lee, President of a Methodist College in Brazil; Dr. W. W. Staley, who was for years the president of Elon College, and the late lamented J. F. Bivins, the first headmaster of Trinity Park School. In our institution, among the members of the faculty who have seen long terms of service, are Professors Pegram and Edwards and Dean Cranford. Several of the younger members of the faculty are also sons of Columbia.

Nor does the roll close here. In the state at large, and in other states, there are ministers, lawyers, doctors, business men and newspaper men whose names are household words in their sections and are fast becoming known throughout the South. Among these might be mentioned the Durham Brothers, the Stewarts, and others who are well known.

The tone of the society has been steady, quiet and dignified. It has always stood for plain hard work and rugged honest service. It has striven to develop all that is best in its members in every way. Its policy has been to give a fair and equal chance to all, making every member feel welcome, and rewarding fair and earnest service regardless of all things else.

In the number of representatives that it has put on inter-collegiate debates, in the victories in inter-society contests, in winning the Wiley Gray Medal, it has had a fair success. Just what the actual facts in the case are I am not able to state. We took all of the scalps that the Hesperians did not take with one exception, I believe. Our history may be that of a steady band of men who have striven faithfully without any extraordinary record, with a history as brief as Mark Twain's Diary, but if you want to find the color of Columbian blood just tap the veins of any Columbian and you'll find it. They are all loyal.

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### THE HESPERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Hesperian Literary Society was organized June 26, 1851, Braxton Craven in the chair. Explanatory of the origin of the society appears the following interesting amendment to the minutes of the first meeting:

“ This society, consecrated to learning, virtue and truth, was originated immediately after the charter of the college. The name, emblem and motto was chosen by its members, and the President of the College re-



quested to draft a constitution, which was, by the modification of a few articles, unanimously adopted."

(Signed)

J. W. ALSPAUGH,

March 18, 1854."

The original roll contained 105 names, among which were those of Messrs. O. W. Carr of Greensboro, and the late J. W. Alspaugh of Winston, N. C., a member of the Board of Trustees of Trinity College and for years her oldest living graduate. Among the first officers, A. Weaver was President; J. C. Andrews, whose term was served by L. H. Carter, however, Secretary; L. D. Peeler, Librarian; and J. W. Alspaugh, Marshal. By way of side lights on the political tendencies of the day, we find two of the first queries debated to have been these:

"Would it be best for North Carolina to build the Central Railroad or apply the funds for building said road for some other purpose," and,

"Would the South be justified in seceding from the Union if Congress should repeal the Fugitive Slave Law?"

both of which were decided in the affirmative. Among the distinguished honorary members of earlier years appear the names of Gov. John M. Morehead, Gov. David L. Swain, Gov. Charles Manley, Gov. David S. Reid, Chief Justice Richmond M. Pearson, and Robert E. Lee.

Besides the old members mentioned, the Hesperian Society has sent forth such men as: Among the ministers—Rev. T. N. Ivey, editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*; Rev. J. B. Hurley, who was so largely instrumental in securing funds for the Methodist Orphanage; Rev. J. C. Wooten, until recently Professor of Biblical Literature; Rev. L. P. Howard, who three times represented Trinity in intercollegiate debates; and Rev. W. A. Lambeth, who only a few years ago made so brilliant a record at Harvard; among the N. C. Congressmen—Hon. J. H. Small, who while in

college was one of our strongest debaters; among the State journalists—the late Isaac Erwin Avery, at his death recognized as the most brilliant and promising young writer in the State; among the members of the college faculty—Dr. W. K. Boyd, of the Department of History, whose predecessor Dr. Bassett, was twice elected president of the society; Prof. W. H. Wannamaker, of the German Department, who successfully represented Trinity in the fourth Wake Forest debate; Prof. W. F. Gill, of the Latin Department; Prof. E. C. Brooks, of the Department of Education; Prof. Julian Blanchard, of the Department of Applied Mathematics; Prof. W. S. Lockhart, of the Law Department; Registrar D. W. Newsom, and Librarian J. P. Breedlove. Over at the Park School the Hesperians are Headmaster W. W. Peele, Mr. C. L. Hornaday, and Mr. C. B. West. Honorary members on the college faculty, whose interest has especially manifested itself in all things Hesperian, are Dr. W. H. Glasson, Professor of Social Science; Prof. R. L. Flowers, and Prof. Albert M. Webb, of the chair of Romance Languages. These are only a few of the names of more direct interest to the student-body. For others we must refer to the permanent roll, which, with the exception of two slight gaps—the largest immediately after the Civil War—is complete from the date of organization.

Of inter-society debating contests between the two societies—Columbian and Hesperian—there are two: the Inter-Society Debate proper, and the preliminaries for the selection of speakers to represent the college in inter-collegiate debates. The record of Inter-Society Debates, back to 1892-3, was compiled in 1905-6. According to this, up to that time there had been *five* decisions in favor of the Hesperian Society; *six* in favor of the Columbian: *once*, in order to calm over excited society feeling, there were no judges; and twice, we regret to say, society feeling ran so high as to preclude a friendly contest. In 1906-7, the decision was rendered in favor of the Columbian Society, and

since then the Hesperians have won five straight victories.

Of men to represent Trinity in contests with other colleges, the Hesperian Society has furnished thirty-one out of forty-eight—two men out of three in each of the five debates with Wake Forest (1897-1901), five men out of six in the three debates with Emory (1902-4), two men out of four in the two debates with Randolph-Macon (1903-4), all the debaters in the successful series with Vanderbilt (1905-8); one man in the Sewanee debates, and two men out of three in the Swarthmore and South Carolina debates. A partial list of the men who have represented our society in inter-collegiate debates from 1897 down, shows the names of Messrs. H. M. North, J. B. Needham, Jno. M. Flowers, S. S. Dent, J. F. Liles, W. H. Wannamaker, L. P. Howard (three debates), C. L. Hornaday, J. P. Frizzelle (twice), B. S. Womble (twice), E. O. Cole (three times), W. G. Jerome, Holland Holton, A. W. Horton, Lonnie Herbin, C. O. Fisher, W. A. Cade (three times), J. N. Aiken, and H. M. Ratcliff (twice). The men who have composed the winning teams in the five straight victories of the Inter-Society contests are: Messrs. T. M. Grant, C. S. Warren, C. O. Fisher, W. G. Matton, W. A. Cade, H. M. Ratcliff, W. G. Sheppard, Quinton Holton (twice), and James Cannon, Jr.

But to recount past victories and defeats only serves to recall the friendliness of the rivalry that has for the last decade and a half certainly, and no doubt in the main throughout their history, existed between the two societies. The standing invitation of the Hesperian Society to new men expresses both its attitude toward them and toward a generous rival: *"One thing understand—if you join the Hesperian Literary Society we will do our utmost to assist you as a brother in developing and improving the talent for literary work you possess; if you join our sister society, we still bid you God speed as a friendly rival, but in a rivalry which exists entirely on the surface—a rivalry in building up and not in tearing down."*

## THE ATHENA LITERARY SOCIETY

IRMA L. TAPP

The Athena Literary Society was organized January 8, 1912, by the women of Trinity College, at the suggestion of Miss Maude Upchurch, Norwood, North Carolina. It was a new field and many of us felt dubious as to the outcome, but, though it has existed less than a year, it has proved very successful.

Professor Spence, of the English Department, addressed the first meeting and spoke on the value of women to Trinity College and the need of more organizations among them. An appropriate constitution and by-laws were soon drawn up, and with fifty-seven charter members we began our regular meetings with interesting programs, which lacked the "suffragette element." *Sapientia est potentia* was chosen as a motto, a daisy for the flower, and yellow and white for the colors.

Our cup of joy almost ran over when the Hesperian Literary Society offered us the use of their hall for our meetings, and it did when they entertained us at a reception. This recognition was very encouraging, to say the least. On June 8, 1912, the society was hostess at a luncheon at the Corcoran Hotel. Invitations had been issued to all the alumnae of the college, and it was hoped that something could be done toward an alumnae movement. Some seventy-five were present and the affair resulted in an enthusiastic alumnae association.

The 1912-13 session has opened under auspicious circumstances, and we have added twenty-one members to our roll. We are well founded now, and have some able material among our girls. The society has progressed wonderfully, and filled a long-felt want in our hearts. Today we have an organization which any of us are welcome to join, where we can learn how things are carried on in a parliamentary way, and where we can have instructive and jolly good times together.

## To a Folio of Sheet Music

QUINTON HOLTON

Thy sheets convey the sweetest thoughts of masters  
Brought downward through the years to me.  
I touch the keys, and they, my hands directing,  
Through me repeat their harmony.

The subtle melodies of the Parisian,  
Beethoven's sorrows sadly sweet,  
The stately measures of the English master,  
The soulful strains of Wagner.—Yet,

However sweet alone is such communion,  
An added joy your sheets extend:  
Behind each staff-scarred surface of your pages,  
There lurks the image of a friend.



## American Federalism

R. G. CHERRY

Some one has said, "That all government is a matter of expediency and that every law is but what those who interpret it think it is." To us of the present day, it seems, that the Constitution framed in 1787 gave birth in 1789 to a national government which now seems to form an indestructible bond of union for the states. To the men of the colonial days such an idea would have seemed absurd. That body of men whom we are wont to call the founders of the republic were legislating for a group of disintegrating colonies and were trying to form a "more perfect union." They had no special love for the central government which they placed over the states, and the final adoption of the Constitution which created that government was secured only by the forceful arguments of the leaders who contended that union would not involve the sacrifice of the individuality or the autonomy of the states. Indeed, the states were so afraid of a strong central government that the newly created federal government was given only delegated powers, and all powers not specifically mentioned were retained by the states. To the people of that day the federal government was a vague, far removed, and impersonal thing which could inspire awe or command respect from but few. Men looked not to Washington for protection, but to the respective state capitals. Patriotism was state patriotism. A long war had been fought that Massachusetts, that Virginia, that North Carolina, and that every other member of the thirteen states might be free; and not that some new central authority, stronger than they themselves, should be set up over them.

Fortunately the new government did not fall to the control of its enemies, but was intrusted to the care of its friends who were to guide it through the critical period of

initiation when organization should be perfected and a national integrity established. Fortunate, indeed, it was, that to John Marshall was left the real work of interpreting the Constitution and establishing precedents which laid the foundation upon which the new government was to grow national with the growth of a national history and a national sentiment.

Such was the status and sentiment which surrounded our central government when in the formative stage over a century ago. But new times have brought new problems and new conceptions of our political fabric and life. Old ideals and standards have made place for new ones. The activities of the federal government and the interpretation of the Constitution have been stretched to meet the new conditions which come with prosperity and national expansion. From a nation of four millions of people we have grown into a nation of nearly one hundred millions; while our territory, originally a little strip along the eastern coast, now extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Business has grown in the same proportions, and institutions purely local in character in colonial days are now national in scope. In many of the cardinal relations between the states and federal government, have been wrought changes which have shifted the control of the once local affairs from the activity of the states to that of the federal government, until today we have "a nation and states" where once we had "states and a nation."

Not in a single decade has this change been wrought, but little by little the federal government has extended its sphere of activity. Not necessarily at the expense of the states, for but few constitutional amendments have been made, but by the reading into the Constitution of powers made necessary by the exigences created by the increased number of questions requiring national treatment.

It is for the solution of these problems which affect the United States as a whole, the common interest, that the new spirit which invigorates the federal government today has

been aroused. It is this new spirit, with its ideal of "national control for national affairs," which has caused the extension of the federal government into fields of activity which until recently were reserved to the states. Such has been the enthusiasm on the part of some publicists for federal action in certain matters that the more conservative have expressed fear for the future individuality of the states. The old question of the relation of the states and the federal government has been revived,—a question upon which every great internal crisis of our nation has pivoted. It was paramount in the tariff discussion which led to nullification; it was paramount in the days when the extreme "states-rights theory" consumed much of the time of our Southern orators; it was paramount in the controversy over secession and slavery which led to the war between the states.

It was in this war, which forever settled the character of the union, and which permanently modified in the profoundest manner the way in which all the old questions of constitutionality and states rights were regarded, that was laid the foundation upon which the federal government should unfold its powers and increase its activities. Since that time public opinion has been steadily nationalistic in its tendencies and the steps which mark the growth of our modern era of federalism are manifest and evident on every side. Only the more important can be considered now. A significant step was taken when, during the Civil War, congress undertook to provide the currency of the whole country, through the establishment of a national banking system. Twice before, a national bank had been chartered, but never with permanent success, but now congress gave corporate powers, not only to one national bank, but to banks in every quarter of our country sufficient to meet the demands of business. Expediency, mothered by necessity, demanded the measure and its success is evidenced by its permanence among American institutions.

Later, in the attempts to provide adequate transportation

facilities to meet the needs of our marvelous industrial growth, there resulted a progressive consolidation of the railroads which had been previously built. In this process of merging and pooling of railroads discriminations grew up among localities and shippers, making the evils of railroad management unbearable by the general public. The several states upheld by a decision of the United States Supreme Court undertook to remedy conditions, but no uniformity could be had in their methods and the old evils of railroad management persisted while new abuses were added. Consequently the Supreme Court, in the Wabash Decision of 1886, reversed the precedents of many years standing and declared that interstate commerce was not subject to state jurisdiction even though there was no congressional enactment covering the matter sought to be remedied. The only power left to deal with the matter was the federal government, so in 1887 the interstate commerce act was passed and the interstate commerce commission was created.

In the meantime, the census of 1890 revealed a concentration of capital in the oil business, in the steel business, in the woollen industry, and many other of our more important industries to such an extent that evils arose beyond the control of any one state. The trust problem in its more general phase was becoming an evil which demanded solution and remedy. Again the only power adequate to deal with the situation was the federal government. Congress did not parley long, but grappled with the problem immediately, and as a result we have the anti-trust legislation of 1890. Whether the legislation of 1887-90 was adequate to provide a remedy for the evils of interstate commerce, we of today and the future must decide. We know that a century had passed since the Constitution had been framed and adopted, but never yet had the power of the federal government been invoked to regulate business. And though negative court interpretations withheld adequate power for really efficient regulation even down to 1910, the fact yet remains man-

ifestly evident that the extension of the federal authority over the highways and business of the nation constituted an important step in the development of our present-day federalism.

All these were measures in which congress extended the prerogative of the federal government while trying to remedy special evils which arose during our national growth. But as time passed, problems concerning the common welfare became more prevalent. In the haste for material progress, methods of uncontrolled and private waste of our natural resources became evident. There were those who saw the need of the proper development and conservation of these natural resources. At first, the states in their separate localities undertook the work, but their action was so inadequate and the results so meagre that people with a common ideal turned to the federal government for aid. And though Jefferson once denied the federal government the right of appropriating money for internal improvements, and though Polk, even as late as 1846, through his veto affirmed Jefferson's action, today the federal government spends annually millions of dollars for internal improvements and the conservation of our nation's natural resources. Rivers and harbors have been made navigable; swamps and desert lands made fit for cultivation and to furnish homes for thousands of people; mining and forest land have been taken from the grasping hand of special and private interest and reserved for the conservative use of this and future generations. In these and many other ways, the federal government through direct legislation on the part of congress has been unfolding and asserting its authority for the common betterment.

All this that I have thus far related to you is a matter of history and a matter of record. It is the stormy sea through which our ship of state has thus far sailed. It has been necessary to rechart these beginnings that we may ascertain a correct route for future progress. These past



developments have been gradual, but being gradual they have builded a sentiment in their favor which bids fair to become permanent. If we take these past developments as a background, we of today, under the multiplied necessity for the exercise of federal authority cannot measure the possibilities of its future growth. Though the Constitution is written it is flexible enough to bear construction supporting legislation far in advance of anything yet attempted. The future boundary between federal and state activities no one can safely predict. Only the nature of the problems that arise and the temper of the American people can determine. As society grows and with it material progress through modern development takes on a national aspect, giving rise to new problems, the demand for adequate federal control will increase. The issues which have recently arisen and which confront congress and the country today are an evidence of this fact.

The recent presidential message which urged federal incorporation of interstate corporate business is a step toward federalism of a radical nature. The possibilities of a congressional enactment which would deprive the states of the power to incorporate business is a step toward federalism far beyond the limits which the clearest and most far-sighted of our fathers could even imagine. The only standard by which such action can be measured is to weigh the possibilities of federal usurpation of state authority, against the possibilities of alleviating the common public grievances against corrupt corporate business. It is the common interests that most concern. The common ideal for common betterment which has opened the eyes of the thinking people, who are able to shake off the old prejudice and view in the clear light of cold fact the importance of the federal government, not only as a factor in remedying the evils current in business and economic growth, but as a positive factor in the social improvement of the nation. Already congress has passed laws regulating mines and

dangerous manufacturing enterprises, and aided not only the nation at large but even localities to fight epidemics that the life and health of the nation may be preserved. Pure food and pure drugs acts have been passed in which the federal government steps in between the manufacturer and the consumer. A movement is being agitated and is well under way for the enactment of a federal child-labor law, by which uniformity may be secured and the various state laws made more effective in the preservation of the nation's children. But recently the lower house of congress asserted the duty of the federal government to undertake the care, health, and education of neglected children, as well as to furnish farmers with garden seed and look after their domestic animals. To provide for absolute safety and convenience, and to encourage thrift among the poor and unfortunately distrustful, congress has gone a step further in the banking business and established a system of postal savings banks. So well has the two years' experience in this sphere satisfied the nation's citizens that the more optimistic expect the present session of congress to adopt a system of parcels post. Whether this will involve the federal government's taking over the express companies, railroads, telegraph and telephone lines no one can predict. They are all measures which have the earnest support of many of the nation's greatest leaders. And we know that already the federal government in its conservation policy is buying up numerous water-power sites, immense stores of mineral resources, and vast acres of forest lands, that they may be saved from the grasping hand of special and private interest and reserved for the conservative use of this and future generations. Whether the new plan of banking reform will be adopted, and how far it will extend the powers and responsibilities of the federal government, is not important to our theme.

Already sufficient evidence has been given to show the present status of American federalism and its marvelous

growth as compared with the early days of the republic. So far and so rapid has been this growth toward nationalism, that though the old theories of state sovereignty which used to so engage the passions of our orators has lost much of its oratory; and though we of today look on nullification and secession as purely academic questions, nevertheless, we who have the heritage of this old school thrust down upon us, must look with questionings upon the increasing activities and unfolded powers of our scheme of government. We have not forgotten that the success of our scheme of government depends upon maintaining the sovereign control of each state over the deep inrooted local affairs of its inhabitants; we have not forgotten the fears of too great a centralization as expressed by our fathers in the early days of the republic; we have never yet ceased to believe that the people of North Carolina can manage the local affairs of North Carolina better than representatives at Washington can manage for them. But on the other hand, while we consider the old heritage almost sacred, we must consider the present trend of events which has set in motion forces which until recently were of small consideration: we must consider the utter confusion which results from local authorities attempting to treat national issues; we must consider the glaring inefficiency of the states to meet the problems fairly and squarely and give society the needed remedy; we must consider that in a democracy such as ours which has as an ideal the betterment of the individual and the betterment of society, that as new problems arise, an inevitable social pressure is created which beats against the barriers of the old and imperiously demands that the task of promoting individual welfare and the welfare of society shall be entrusted to that branch of the government best adapted for its effective execution. In this lies the cause for the present tendency toward federalism, and the demand that the federal government perform functions which until recently it was not supposed to possess.

What, then, of the future? Shall the problems which arise under the new spirit continue to break over the old boundaries and build up a "New Nationalism," or shall there come to pass a revolution in state activity which shall give birth to a "New State-ism"? These are problems which arise out of the growth of American federalism. Their solution rests with the nature of the problems in the future and the future temper of the American people. We are all agreed that the states must be made efficient for the work which concerns the people of the state, and we are all agreed that the national government must be made efficient for the work which concerns all the people. And whatever we may think about the future individuality or ultimate autonomy of the states, one thing is assured: the Union will stand, growing stronger with the onward march of the centuries.

Then with hearts full of gratitude and pride in the land that gave us birth, let us take to ourselves that noble sentiment in which Abraham Lincoln summoned his fellow citizens in the crisis of '65 and, "With charity toward all and malice toward none, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

## Le Coup de Pêre Gascoigne

L. A. FORSYTHE

[After England finally acquired Canada from the French in 1759, there were some 60,000 French people who elected to live under British rule. Their descendants, numbering over a million, are today spread over the provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, Quebec being their stronghold. These people have tenaciously clung to their language and their religion, with the result that we can travel in a day from Halifax, the most English city in Canada, to places where no word of English is spoken and where a Protestant is looked on with suspicion.

These people are for the most part simple farmer folk, characteristically French in their emotional nature, fun-loving, and hospitable. From the better classes the French-Canadians have contributed notable and distinguished additions to Canadian political life.

As a people they recognize but one law, that of the church, and a priest can do more effective work in quieting a French-Canadian mob than a battalion of soldiers. Sometimes, however, even the priest meets obstacles; but he generally has some means of gaining his point.

The following attempt is not original in its form, notable work having been done in portraying the habitant life by the late Henry Drummond. These lines were suggested by the reply made by a priest in St. Leonard Parish on the St. John river, in answer to a question as to how it was the French did not intermarry with the English more.]

'Bout dix survey'r, or more, I s'pose,  
Come up Grand Sault pour tirer ligne.  
Dey're gone for stay wit' Jules Courceau's,  
He's feed bes' grub you never seen.

Jules got no children, more dan nine,  
So p'raps dere's lots of room on place  
'Cos' Jules' maison she's pretty fine,  
Wort' hundred dollar so he says.

Bimeby dey're bin dere little w'ile,  
Jules t'ink dem bons coquins you bet,



For game at polker mek heem smile,  
An' dey got plaintee monee yet.

Den nights Jules sit on steps and sing  
Les vieux chansons, it's mek heem t'ink  
Of oder temps for hear dem t'ing.  
At las' he stop an' cough an' wink.

So den dey're gone to Jean Goudreau,  
He's got good gin an' whisky blanc,  
An' got de license? b'en p'raps no.  
Dat mek de drink tas' bettair, hein?

Maitresse d'école who teach on school  
She's also live at Jules' maison  
An' find dem fellar good as Jules,  
Jus' cos' dey spend,—la même raison.

One ingénieur who boss de crowd,  
He's spik Francais vraiment comme nous,  
He's wearin' clo's dat talk out loud,  
An' he's good lookin' fellar too.

He mek de mash on p'tite maitresse,  
She's gettin' gay wit' heem, ba-gosh.  
Go drive toutes les dimanches, I guess,  
He's holdin' cards lak royal flush.

But père Gascoigne come down rivière  
For see de folks about bazaar.  
He hear dem anglais coquins dere,  
He hear her up at Goudreau's bar.

So den he go for stop Estelle  
Mek sacre folle herse'f, but b'en,  
De fellar tell heem, "Go to—" well,  
She's hotter dere as mont' of juin.

Bon père don' see what for to do,  
 Estelle is sayin', "Mind yourse'f,  
 For I can' go for drive wit' you."  
 Den bon père t'ink p'raps he got lef'.

Une bonne idée at las' dans tête,  
 He's gon' for see young Pat Martin,  
 Pat t'ink Estelle is bes' girl yet;  
 She's use to lak heem très bien.

So, long 'bout samedi, I see  
 Pat on de road to Jules Courceau.  
 Dat bon p'tit boss mus' work, ba gee,  
 Bazaar nex' Monday, he can' go.

Wel, Pat he ask for see Estelle,  
 An' ask her,—“P'raps you go wit' me  
 Pour voir bazaar, she's go'n be swell?”  
 An' she say bring de team at t'ree.

Den Sunday come, Estelle malade,  
 An' ingénieur don' go for drive,  
 Well p'raps he ain' got pretty mad.  
 He's almos' wish he ain' alive.

Estelle is feel, par lundi, fine;  
 She's tell de children won' be school,  
 But boss goes work along 'bout nine,  
 He's los' cinq piastres las' night to Jules.

But Pat Martin drive up at t'ree  
 Wit' bon cheval an' sporty rig,  
 An' dressed up heem, b'en yes siree,  
 He's mak boss look lak maudit pig.

Dey're drive to St. Lenore an' see  
 De horses trot, an' eat of all t'ing

Dat tas' mos' bes', an' drink, b'en oui.  
An' w'en mek's nuit dey dance an' sing.

Enfin, ils tous s'embarquent, "Tenez"  
Dit-il, "Je t'aime," an' all de res'  
We're say w'en bonne chance came our way,  
An' she's hol' on his han' an' press.

In 'bout a week dey're call on pries',  
An' he is fix dees t'ing très bon.  
He say he's very glad for dees,  
An' winks at Pat though, tout le temps.

One man is kin' of sore, I know,  
A man who board wit' Jules Courceau,  
He's got to earn de mon' he owe  
For teams he hire at Grand Sault.

Now watch dem men lak Père Gascoigne,  
Dey're run t'ings pretty much up dere;  
An' Anglais go wit' girl for fon  
Pas trop beaucoup par cette rivière.

## The Prospect of the American Negro

J. P. WYNN

Not a few men have prophesied and theorized as to what will be the final result of the negro's stay in America. Some have persuaded themselves that—away in the future, at some distant time when the whites have degenerated and weakened their race—the negro, who is steadily growing in power, will eventually master our country. Some—largely the Southern pessimists—seem to be anxiously waiting for the moment to arrive when they can bathe their hands in human blood in the extermination of the negro race. Some, in mere speculation, have conceived the idea that the only prospective outcome of the American Negro will be the production of a third race, only by the leveling of the two races through social equality and inter-marriage. But very few have realized that the negro is, under the guidance of the white man, steering with a steady hand the boat of his own destiny.

That the negro will ever surpass the white man in moral and intellectual truths; that he will ever be equal to that strong and conquering race which has won its freedom in the struggles and conquests of a thousand years, is a theory the practical conclusion of which will never be verified by the governmental control of the negro in America. Let him who would entertain such unreasonable notions about the negro take note of his dependent position today. Let him consider the great works of the Southern statesmen who are continually enacting such laws as hold the negro in proper boundaries. Necessity has forced the white men of the South to deprive him of his vote until they deem him wise enough to use it for the best interest of the country in which he lives. Indeed, every step that the negro takes towards the enhancement of his own prosperity has its source in the hearts of the Christian and liberty-loving American people.

He is just as dependent upon us today as he was before he was given his freedom by the great slaughters of the Civil War.

Let him, too, who would solve the negro problem by wholesale bloodshed and unlimited destruction remember this dependent position of the negro. But may he not ignorantly abuse the virtue of his own superior position! Rather, let him consider his duty towards his inferiors. Let him not forget that the exercise of the negro's brutality is a result of the white man's neglect rather than an inherent characteristic of his own race. Let him, too, not thoughtlessly refuse to abide by that righteous law which declares universal justice the guiding principle of all men.

Those who, for one moment, would either shudder or rejoice at the illusion of mingling the races, show the lack of both reason and information in respect to the comparative situation of the two races. The whites will not allow it; the negroes do not desire it. Statistics show that the separation is marked by a wider boundary than at any other time since the negro was given his freedom. We no more worship in the same churches. We have no more the drunken brawls between the whites and negro men on our passenger trains. We have no more the slaughters and riots at the ballot-boxes. Worthy ideals have been conceived by the great men of the South, and benefits have been realized by the men and women of both races.

But the negro, though becoming more and more distinct, is not a race entirely without merit. "He has become under humane white tutelage, for two hundred and fifty years, the most patient, faithful, and obedient servant who ever lived." Thrown upon his own responsibility at the close of the Civil War, he has made great strides of advancement. There is scarcely any department in American life in which he has not shown some degree of efficiency. As lawyer, doctor, and literary man, he has found a place. As an educator and



uplifter of his race, unbiased minds cannot but bestow merited honor upon Booker T. Washington.

Then if the negro has come forward and not gone backward, what are we to do, but replace our despair of him with a hope for his further progress? And if we have a hope for him, what should be our duty toward him and ourselves but to give him a chance? Should we be content to cramp him up in the slums of our cities in filth, poverty, and ignorance? Should we do anything to debar rather than help him? Should we cover the perjuries, rogueries, and scandalous crimes of those debased black specimens of humanity which find their homes in the slums of our cities rather than admire and encourage that spirit which makes him a useful citizen? The negro as a citizen is no problem. We have no fault to find with the wealthy and educated negro. Virtue shines in him as well as in the white man. Where the opportunity has been given him, he has learned the difference between right and wrong; and he stands for the right. "The difficulties of the colored problem grow less and less by all the corn the negro raises, by all the wages he makes, by all the schools he teaches, and by every forward step he takes in becoming an industrious, productive, and useful worker in the community." Therefore the measure of the white man's love for the right or wrong will be measured in some degree by the opportunities or impediments which he places before the American negro. The colored man at his best, is a useful citizen; at his worst, a plague to civilization.

## Cloud Pictures

MARY WESCOTT

The grown folks call them rain clouds,  
But it always seems to me  
That they 're a band of fairy folk  
That march toward the sea.

For there's the Wolf and Riding Hood,  
And Blue Beard, grim and tall,  
And Goldenlocks and all the Bears  
Move on before them all.

And there 's a goodly company  
Above that wooded glen ;  
I think that must be Robin Hood  
And all his Merrie Men.

Sometimes the pictures in the book  
Stand out against the sky ;  
But mostly it 's the ones you make  
That go a-gliding by.

One after one they all pass on  
From sight, beyond the sea —  
The grown folks call them rain clouds,  
They're fairy folk to me.

## The Mission of Melody

ROBERT BROWNING MURRAY

### I.

“Well, of all the outrageous nonsense I ever heard of—this is the limit!”

Thus spoke Mrs. Emeline Lougee, mother-in-law of Willoughby Beckwith, to her son-in-law.

“It’s preposterous!” she further declared, every fibre of her stout, yet majestic, velvet-clad frame quivering with indignation as she surveyed the serenely smiling young man, who stood before her, through her ivory-handled lorgnette.

“Yes, the idea is preposterous—take Marie to Africa? Why you are absolutely crazy, Willoughby Beckwith.”

Having delivered this ultimatum of Mr. Beckwith’s mental state, the portly lady continued to gaze upon the young man’s half-sarcastically smiling face as if fascinated.

“Now, look here, Mrs. Lougee,” at length spoke the young fellow in an authoritative tone, which caused the lady addressed to gasp, so foreign was it to his usual quiet tone, “there’s positively no use for you to try to make any more trouble for me. Marie has already given me the privilege of listening to hysterics for the past hour. But it’s positively necessary, since I have bought the Aphrodite Mine, for me to be upon the scene of the work, or else be ruthlessly robbed by my employees. So, you see, I must go to Africa, and of course I can’t leave Marie behind, as there is no telling how long I shall have to stay.

“She will want for nothing there, except this silly round of society, and I guess she can manage to do without that. What’s a wife for if not a companion and help-mate, anyhow?” demanded the young husband.

“But, Willoughby,” protested Marie’s mother, “Marie has always been used to luxuries which cannot be secured in Africa.”

"Who's that talking so tragically about Africa?" demanded a fresh young voice, as the door burst open and a slim, brown-eyed, young girl tripped merrily into the room.

The new comer was dressed in a short sailor suit of some kind of white goods trimmed in red bands. A red silk tie floated jauntily from the collar. In her hand she held a tennis racket, which in all probability accounted for the carmine flush upon her sunburnt cheeks, and the dank, tousled, yellow hair, which descended below her waist in disordered curls.

"Hallo, Lil!" greeted Beckwith with a grin.

"Hallo, Bill; how's tricks?" she mimicked with a boyish nod.

"Lilla," admonished Mrs. Lougee sternly, "how many times have I told you to cease using slang. Really, it is vulgar. Don't let me hear you use it again."

"You old married folks just miss everything," declared the young girl enthusiastically, utterly disregarding her mother's stern speech and expression.

"You ought to come into the open air more. It's glorious. Makes you feel just like running and jumping forever," she rattled on. "I just beat that conceited Ned Harlow at his own game—he taught me to play tennis, you know," she explained.

"Lilla, do be quiet a minute, will you," interrupted her mother.

"Yes, mama, what is it?" the girl asked looking up at her mother in surprise.

"Lilla," proceeded Mrs. Lougee solemnly, "Willoughby has declared his intention of going to Africa and of taking Marie with him."

"Oh, Glory! that's too good," cried the girl to her mother's indignation. Then she began a regular cake-walk around the room in her joy.

Suddenly she stopped and asked: "Are we going too, Mama?"

"Certainly not," responded Mrs. Lougee.

"Lucky Marie," sighed Lilla half-enviously; "I wish I were in her shoes."

"You don't know what you are talking about," declared her mother. "Marie doesn't want to go to the snaky jungles of that heathen country, and I endorse her very sensible wishes.

"No man but a thorough brute would think of taking a delicate woman like Marie to such a place." With this parting shot, favoring her son-in-law with a look potent with contemptuous scorn, the portly dame swept from the room with a whirring swish of her silken skirts.

## II.

"The old girl's some roused, Lil," observed Beckwith with a slow grin as the door closed upon the form of his mother-in-law.

"Hush!" the girl returned reproachfully. "If you're going to speak disrespectfully of mama, I'm not going to be on your side any longer."

"Forgive me, Lil,—that's a dear. You know I was only joking. I'll be good—come on, let's make up."

He held out his hands and looked pleadingly down into the reproachful brown eyes. Lilla gazed sternly at him for a few seconds; the corners of her mouth began to twitch, and the dimples, getting out from under her control, began to play hide and seek in her fresh young face, and she broke out into a merry laugh.

"Oh, Will, you old dear, I simply can't stay mad with you when you look at me like that. You look so funny." And again she burst forth in a tempest of contagious laughter, in which Beckwith needs must join.

Finally, she ceased her laughter and suddenly changed her deportment.

"Now, sir," she began in a simulated business-like tone, "if you wish to secure the services of the eminent Miss Lilla



Lougee in setting straight your domestic tangle, of course there is the question of remuneration to be settled.

"Didn't know I could spiel off any such hot air, did you?" she laughed, observing the amused expression of his face.

"Well, what remuneration does the eminent lady straightener of domestic tangles demand?" inquired Beckwith mimicking her.

"Let me see," she observed, contemplating him with such a calculating look that he could barely refrain from laughing uproariously. "I think four diamonds from your new mine will suffice, being as it's you."

"A dozen, you little minx, you," he supplemented between bursts of laughter.

"Say, Lil, how old are you, anyhow?" he suddenly demanded.

"Sir!" she gasped in mock horror, "have you not yet learned that it is most rude and impolite to inquire a lady's age?"

"However, I'll not be so impolite as you; since you ask, I must out of politeness tell. Know then, Sir Man, the Lady Lilla next month will have seen fourteen summers. What other secret would you know?" And with a melodramatic flourish she curtsied to him and waited submissively for him to speak.

"Girlie, you're a peach," applauded Beckwith.

"Sir," she retorted, "a peach is a palatable and digestible fruit; I am neither."

"You are right; you're too deep for a peach. You're a mystery, a conundrum."

"Thank you," she acknowledged with a bow.

"Say, Will," she began, suddenly dropping her mock dramatic manner and speaking earnestly, "I wish to goodness I could go with you and Marie."

"So do I, Girlie, but I'm afraid your mother won't let you go just yet."

"I'm just crazy about those beautiful ostrich plumes and diamonds," she continued rapturously. "Besides, all those beautiful orchids and other flowers and delicious fruits grow there. Oh, I know I should love Africa.

"And Marie doesn't want to go to this lovely country," she said softly, as if such a sentiment were not to be thought of.

"Say, Will," she burst out all of a sudden, "I've got a fine idea."

"What is it?" interestedly.

She crept up to him mysteriously and whispered in a loud, dramatic whisper—"Swap Marie off for me!"

And with a squeal of childish delight she flung her arms around his neck.

"Willoughby Beckwith! Lilla Lougee!" resounded through the room in a horror-stricken tone.

Beckwith suddenly felt very much like a punctured tire as Lilla slowly unwound her arms from about his neck and turned to face her thoroughly shocked mother.

"What is the meaning of this scene?" demanded Mrs. Lougee in horrified amazement as she crossed the threshold.

"Mr. Beckwith, explain this duplicity," she demanded again as neither of the culprits spoke.

Her massive breast was heaving and there was righteous indignation sparkling from her eyes as she glanced first at the one and then at the other, like some avenging monitor of ancient times.

"Er—er, you see, Mrs. Lougee, it's like this—" began Beckwith, wishing heartily that the earth, or rather the floor, would open up and swallow him.

"Yes?" coldly from the avenging goddess.

"Really, Mama, it isn't his fault at all," chimed in Lilla. "I just had an idea, and I hugged him before he could help himself. Isn't that right, now, Will?" she asked turning to Beckwith.

"I didn't mean a thing, Mama; really, I didn't," she reit-

erated. "Hasn't a girl the right to kiss her sister's husband if she wants to?" she pouted.

The shocked expression left Mrs. Lougee's face and one of quiet resignation, which looked comically out of place upon her militant features, took its place.

"Go to your room immediately," she commanded. "Such a tinge of vulgarity was never in *my* family, Willoughby. I cannot understand how she comes by it. She must have inherited it from her father's family," she explained with a sigh, turning to Beckwith apologetically.

"Oh, you must not bother about Lilla, Mrs. Lougee. She's only a child, and children will be children, you know."

"Yes, yes," sighed that lady, "but I cannot understand it. Now, Marie, takes after me. There was nothing tomboyish about her. She never used slang, and she never had any of the wild habits that Lilla has."

"Would to heaven she did have some of Lilla's habits," muttered Beckwith under his breath, but aloud he said, "Yes, they are very different — Marie and Lilla."

"Well, I guess I'll be going," Beckwith stated as he started for the door. "We'll probably not be over again soon as we'll be very busy packing and getting rid of what cannot be packed. Let Lilla come over tomorrow and help Marie, won't you?"

"Yes, I suppose she can come," assented Mrs. Lougee listlessly.

"Well, good-by," and he held out his hand, which Mrs. Lougee ignored.

"Goodby," she answered coldly.

### III.

When Beckwith left the home of his wife's mother, he walked briskly up the street to the car line. A car was not in sight; so he leaned up against a post, lighted a cigar and gazed reflectively into space. He reviewed his situation from every conceivable standpoint and still he could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion.

He was in a very awkward situation, indeed. Business demanded that he go without delay to Africa to stay indefinitely; his wife objected to going, and her mother upheld her objection. He couldn't give up his interests in Africa, and by the same token he couldn't force his wife to go with him without appearing a brute. Nevertheless, he resolved again he would adhere to his first plan regardless —

At this point in his reflections a trolley approached with a buzzing roar. He came out of his reverie just in time to grasp the rod at the rear entrance of the car and swing himself aboard as the car whirred forward.

At length the car approached his home. He pushed the button. The car came to a halt, and he stepped off.

He inwardly prayed as he walked leisurely up the block to his home that his wife had finished her crying spell, for such scenes always managed to get on his nerves, although he rarely gave evidences of the fact.

Gingerly he crossed the neat grass plot. Gingerly he tipped up the steps and into the house. Here his manner changed, and walking boldly down the hall, he entered his wife's room. Then the scene of the morning began all over again and acquired impetus as it proceeded.

Mrs. Beckwith was a flighty little blonde, who had been petted and given over to all her life. When Beckwith announced to her that he had decided to remove the Beckwith domicile to South Africa, earlier that morning, there had been a scene. Leaving her on the border of hysterics, he went over to her mother to try to secure her sanction to his plans. There had been another scene. And now, on his return home still another scene was enacted with him in the role of villain. Really it was growing monotonous.

Mrs. Beckwith stormed. She did not want to go to South Africa at all, she protested, much less to make her home there, among jungles, snakes, negroes and other horrid things. When she saw that her husband was apparently unmoved by her wishes, she went from one fit of weeping into

another for about half a day; then she hysterically packed her trunk and had it sent over to her mother's. After this she proceeded to her room where she arrayed herself in a traveling suit, dried her eyes, spattered little dabs of powder here and there to hide the red spots on her face, and—sought her husband.

She finally found him in the library, leaning back in an easy chair with his feet perched on the center table and a cigar jammed between his lips. Assuming the manner of an outraged queen, she denounced his utter heartlessness in trying to remove her to the jungles of the Dark Continent. She ended her tirade by declaring that she would die rather than go with him, and that, therefore, she was on her way to Reno, whither it would be useless for him to follow her. Then with a disdainful toss of her head she glided from the room.

Beckwith had listened serenely to his wife's complaint, without taking the trouble to remove his feet from the table or the cigar from his mouth. When the door slammed behind his outraged spouse, however, he got languidly to his feet, removed the cigar from his lips and stifled a momentous yawn.

"Well," he soliloquized, "I guess it's about time I blocked this Reno game again. Let me see—this is the third time Marie has started for Reno. The first time that set of furs broke up the trip; next time that willow-plumed hat did the stunt. Now—what is it she wants most now, I wonder. He paused before the fire-place and gazed reflectively into the quivering flames for inspiration.

A soft footstep sounded in the hall. He turned from the fire and opened the door. Lilla entered.

"Where's Marie?" she asked.

"Isn't she at your house?" was the counter question.

"Her trunk came by in a dray a while ago, and I came over to see what it meant. Mama has gone out calling this afternoon."



Beckwith then told Lilla of the scene and of Marie's subsequent departure for her mother's home.

"Lilla, girl, show me a way to make up with Marie, and I will be indebted to you for life," begged Beckwith.

Lilla remained immersed in thought a minute, then she spoke.

"I know something that Marie is just crazy for," she said. "But I don't know whether it will do any good now," she added dubiously.

"What is it?" demanded the man.

"Now, don't you laugh," she admonished. "It's a piano."

"Now look here," continued the little schemer. "If you want to win Marie back you follow my instructions.

"Mama, as I said, is not at home. I'll go right back home, make like I've just got to have some sheet music and get Marie to go up the street with me. We'll go to Johnstone's Music Store, and I just know Marie will try the pianos and pick out the one she likes best—she always does. Then you, at this point, walk in and buy it for her. Do you catch the point? Marie has never said anything to you about a piano because she thought you were not able to buy one yet.

"Do you think my plan will work?" demanded the girl looking up into his face.

"Lilla Lougee," he said solemnly, laying his hand upon her head, "you are a second Solomon."

"I'm nothing of the kind," she retorted. "Solomon was a man, and I simply wouldn't be one."

#### IV.

Lilla was a splendid little schemer, and, furthermore, she had the faculty of making her schemes work. She left Beckwith in his library and hurried to the car-line where she caught a car which carried her within a block of her home.

When she reached home she found Marie already there, but she was not the Marie that had left Beckwith in such high dudgeon a short time before. She was already feeling

heartily ashamed of her acts. When Lilla came in, she expressed no surprise at seeing Marie there, as she was accustomed to visit her mother at any hour.

"Hallo, Marie," she greeted cheerily as she came into the room where her sister was.

"Mama's out this evening. You know this is her club day," Lilla rattled on, anxious to appear perfectly natural.

"Say, Marie, have you heard that new rag—*Cauliflower Rag*? It's certainly a catchy piece. Mamie York just told me that Johnstone has only two copies left, and I must have one of them.

"Lend me a dime, Marie, and come—let's go get that piece. I can't rest till I have it, and mama told me I mustn't go uptown any more by myself. Won't you go with me, 'Rie?"

Marie couldn't resist her little sister's appeal; so, after a visit to her mother's powder box, she permitted herself to be led out of the house and down the street by the merry sprite at her side. Lilla kept up a continuous chatter as they proceeded, and it was not long before they arrived at their destination.

Lilla looked around her before entering the store. About fifty yards up a side street she saw a well-known figure. She nodded and signaled him with a slight movement of her hand.

"What in the world are you doing, Lilla?" demanded Marie. "Flirting?"

But before Marie had a chance to look toward the figure Lilla had signaled to, that young lady hustled her into the store.

Marie's one passion was music. She did not follow Lilla back into the rear of the store to the sheet-music department, but remained in the display room and surveyed the beautiful instruments. Her quick gaze scanned the various pianos, seeking the fall-board on which were emblazoned the various names of the instruments.

"There's only one make I want," she said to herself,

“and I don’t see a single one of them in here.” Then her eye traveled to the other side of the room where a row of massive mahogany instruments were lined up.

“Ah,” she breathed, “here they are, the instruments that exalt their name.”

She pulled forward a stool and began to play, softly, sadly at first. As her fingers roamed over the keys, they seemed to imbibe strength and power from contact with the ivories. The soft, sad melody merged into a stronger strain. Over her rushed a cloud of memories, sweet, delicious, glorious. Unconsciously her fingers picked out the melody from the keys, increasing as her vision of bliss continued until melody thundered forth from the instrument as never before. A crowd of clerks and customers hearing the wonderful strains, had crowded around. She played on, unmindful of the increasing throng of wondering listeners.

One listener, especially, was affected by the music. It was Beckwith. Entering in compliance with Lilla’s signal, he saw his wife seated at the piano pouring forth her soul in a stream of melody. Never before had he understood her, he realized, as he stood there drinking in the divine harmony. None in the crowd stirred or spoke, but listened open-mouthed, stupefied.

Gradually the wonderful melody soared until it seemed more than earthly. It soared upward into one grand finale of supreme ecstasy. There was a moment of silence, a sudden rude discord, a harsh bang of conglomerated sounds, and the onlookers were startled out of their lethargic state by the sudden crash of the player’s body to the floor.

Instantly everybody rushed to her assistance, but they were all pushed aside by a man appearing as one awakened suddenly from a dream of bliss to face an earthly emergency.

“Water,” he gasped as he quickly stooped and lifted the slight form. He bore her across the floor to a settee and

there held her in his arms as the others busily applied restoratives.

Soon signs of reviving animation were observed. The closed eyelids quivered. A tremor passed throughout the slender form and then her eyes opened. They met the eyes bending down upon her, seeming to burn their way into the recesses of her being. There was a flash of mutual understanding. The woman's eyes closed and a tired, yet supremely contented voice whispered, "Take me home, Will, dear."

One of the clerks called a cab and the rest stood by respectfully as the strong man lifted the frail form into his arms and bore it to the waiting cab.

When the two had departed, the clerks looked at one another with half-dazed glances.

"Well," remarked one of the older ones, "I guess if there's any such thing as divine music, we've heard it. Surely, that was the sublime song of the soul, the grandest of earthly strains,—the melody of Love."

The men then dispersed about their various duties, and the slim girl, who had seen her sister's soul laid bare by the power of music, too dazed to think, tipped reverently by the instrument which had brought the revelation to pass, as if treading on holy ground, and quietly made her way home, her eyes shining like twin stars and her breast filled with the hauntingly yearning memory of the song of the soul.

## Mutual Love at First Sight

J. ED. KANIPE

### I.

As the day was dying and the rays of the setting sun disappearing beyond the rugged western horizon, two boys were lounging about on the grassy lawn near Mr. Leonard's home very much interested in a conversation about "being in love." Their names were Harry and James.

Harry was saying, "Wonder how a fellow feels when he is in love?"

Whereupon James, with an amused expression upon his face banteringly replied, "Fiddlesticks! Don't try to make me believe you don't know how a fellow feels in that condition."

"Honestly, I don't. I never was in love, but I have always had a desire to see someone I could fall in love with, so many fellows have told be about being in love and the accompanying sensations," returned Harry seriously.

"Well," answered James, "let me be frank with you and give you some advice about getting in love, for I have been there once. I got enough of it."

"But your love wasn't the real thing, true love," replied Harry, with a far-away look on his face.

"Well, maybe not; but perhaps it could have been true as the sun that shines in the heavens. You'd better always mind and not get so deep in love that you can't get out. You might think the love is mutual when it isn't."

"Harry, my boy, love is like a fire started in an old barn full of straw. When the blaze is first started, it can easily be put out; but let it get a good hold and the barn's gone."

The conversation lagged a moment. Then Harry, in a bored tone asked: "Mr. Philosopher, is there such a thing as love at first sight?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied James; "maybe there is, but



I'd be afraid of such love. Say, Harry, I know some pretty girls who are visiting at 'Squire Bradley's, and, if you are so crazy to get in love, I'll take you to see them tonight. You may fall in love with one of them."

Harry did not make an immediate reply to James' statement. He was looking down at the ground, seemingly in a deep study. James observed that his companion's mind was wandering far off toward some welcome or unwelcome destination.

Harry was thinking of those visiting girls. Ever since he had met them, Friday evening, his mind had been centered on one of them. Suddenly regaining consciousness, trying in vain to assume an unconcerned expression, he said: "Say, James, who are those girls?"

"Why, you seem to be interested in them already! Their names are Fanny and Ethel Goodwin."

"Good gracious!" cried Harry, in well-feigned surprise, "I have met them. Fanny is such an attractive little girl. I am going to see her this very evening. James, I have a secret to trust you with. Now, will you never breathe it?"

"Go ahead; I'll stay mum until the trumpet is sounded," answered James, with a little frown on his face.

Harry, his voice trembling slightly, proceeded: "Honestly, James, I believe I have fallen in love at first sight. Oh, just think of that little Fanny. She has such pretty eyes and beautiful golden hair. But, pshaw! I've got to go right now. We've been talking here for three solid hours. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Wait a minute, Harry," James called coaxingly. "Don't be in such a big hurry. I want to ask you a question."

Harry paused, his hands jammed down in his trousers' pockets and his eyes holding a strange, dreamy expression, and said, "Well, go on."

"Are you going to talk love to Fanny tonight?" demanded James.

"Oh, go on, James," answered Harry, "don't be asking

me such an unfair question. Perhaps I shall tell you tomorrow. Good-by."

With this unsatisfactory answer, Harry walked off, leaving James still sitting on the ground, his curiosity raised to a high pitch. Harry walked slowly along the road toward his home with his head bent forward in an attitude of meditation. His mind was centered on the little girl he had met a few days previously. In his mind's eye he pictured her as the ideal of his dreams. When he reached home, his peculiar actions were particularly noticed and commented upon by his home folks. When spoken to he would hesitatingly look up with an absent-minded expression on his face, which they could not account for. Hurriedly eating supper, he went to the stable, saddled his best horse, and started for 'Squire Bradley's. He was so wrapt up in thoughts of Fanny that he did not observe anyone passing him on the road. His horse often wandered out of the road and began leisurely nibbling the grass before he realized that he was not making very good time.

The picture of the little golden-haired girl haunted him persistently. He thought of the encouraging look on her face when he had told her good-by, and wondered if it meant anything. Dwelling upon such thoughts as these, he got on very slowly. Arriving in sight of 'Squire Bradley's home, he observed the golden-haired object of his dreams seated amid the variegated hues of the summer flowers, fairer by far than the loveliest flower of the field. This sight caused a little tickling sensation to run from the region of his heart up into his throat, causing him almost to lose his breath. His heart beat in rapid throbs.

Unobserved, he approached nearer and nearer the girl among the flowers. She was singing in a low, dreamy voice:

*"When dreams come true,  
I'll be happy too——"*

From among the flowers floated out this strain, low and clear as the notes of a mocking bird warbling love in the spring-

time. Harry held his breath and advanced on tiptoe, leaving his horse to browse by the wayside. She seemed to guess some foreign presence, for suddenly, without a warning, the song came to an abrupt close. Quickly she turned her head, looked up, and beheld the young man standing near her in attitude of supreme adoration. Both were thrown into a panic of embarrassment. He stood speechless, vainly racking his memory for the conventional thing to say, she in a panic of beautiful confusion. First her face became white, then a deep crimson flush, rivaling the deepest crimson of the heart of a rose, slowly crept up into her neck and cheeks and spread over her face in a wave of confusion, as she met the dark, magnetic eyes of the graceful young man standing before her. He continued to gaze speechless at the slender little creature, fairer than a poet's dream, seated just beyond him, with daintily slippered feet half buried in the pink clover blossoms. The soft, blue eyes, glancing timidly up at him from beneath long curling lashes were as bright as twin stars, and in the long, bright golden hair, which framed her winsome face, a cluster of scarlet poppies gleamed. Then, as Harry stood there looking down upon this beautiful little fairy, he told himself he had surely met his fate. A sudden longing came over him to hear her voice again.

At length he found composure enough to speak the following words: "I am sorry to interrupt such a song." And with a winning smile, he touched his hat.

"I presume," he continued, "you remember me?"

"I do," answered the girl, dropping her eyes before his ardent gaze. "How are you today, Mr. Leonard? I am very glad to see you again, but am somewhat surprised. I have just been wondering where you were." This last word was said with a delightful blush. Her heart was beating furiously, and with a scarlet flush she said hesitatingly, "Mr. Leonard, I dreamt of you last night. I wonder if all dreams come true."

She did not tell him what the dream was. It was that she

would meet her future husband in this very field, on this very evening, just as the day was dying in the west. The part of the dream about the time and place she now realized had come true. Her heart was still beating fast, and the other part of her dream kept moving through her mind.

Harry stood before her, arms folded tightly across his breast, watching every expression that crossed the girl's beautiful face. A deep silence of several minutes' duration intervened after the first words of greeting, broken only by the sound of Harry's horse biting his bits. The faint odor of the flowers and the sweet fragrance of the summer evening seemed to envelope them, just as in a vague dream where nothing seems real, only a feeling of delightful ecstasy-which one would have had last forever.

Finally, Harry broke the silence with a deep sigh. "I sometimes believe in dreams, Miss Goodwin. Please tell me yours."

"First, I want to say to you that my feelings toward you are different from any I have ever felt toward anyone before," stated the girl with a blush.

She then started to say something about her dream, but timidly looking at him, she asked, "Mr. Leonard, don't think me forward, but won't you let me call you Harry? I feel as if I had been knowing you for ages, almost."

"You can never please me much better than to call me as if you had been knowing me for a long time," replied Harry. "Now, won't you tell me your dream, and allow me to call you Fanny?"

"I shall not care if you call me Fanny, but honestly, I cannot tell you the dream yet. By the way, Harry, father is going to take sister and me abroad tomorrow. We are going to be gone for three years."

Harry stood speechless, many different thoughts passing through his mind in wild confusion. One was of his friend, James, and their conversation on love at first sight. "My God! how can I see her leave tomorrow?" he thought in an

agony of passion, as he gazed upon the beautiful face which smiled up at him so confidently. He knew that if he were not in love now, he would like to see the fellow who ever was. Fanny thought, as she glanced timidly up into the dark handsome face before her, "If I had never met this dark-eyed fellow, my trip abroad would doubtless have been very pleasant." The fatal secret had burst suddenly upon her with its full significance. She who was to go abroad on the morrow loved this dark-eyed fellow whom she had so recently met.

Suddenly Harry broke the prolonged silence with a passionate outburst. "You say you are to go abroad for three years?" he cried in low, intense tones, throbbing with strong emotion. "But I cannot think of you leaving me for three years now. Fanny, you say your feelings toward me are different from those to all others. Now, please let me whisper a secret in your ear. I have fallen in love with you at first sight!"

He saw the beautiful red lips part in dismay, but she would not speak the words that trembled on them—acknowledging her love for him at first sight.

He reached down and clasped her hand, which was idly playing with a daisy.

"Fanny," he whispered passionately, "as I sit here holding your little white hand, I swear to you before my God in Heaven that I love you with a love that I am sure will never die; so, how can you go abroad tomorrow?"

"Remember, Mr. Leonard,—er, I mean, Harry,—we have not been knowing each other long, and this is the second time we were ever together," reminded the girl timidly.

"Fanny, dear, I feel as if I had been knowing you all my life; you feel the same toward me—you cannot deny it—so what matters it how long we have really known each other as the world reckons acquaintance?"

"I do love you, Harry," she murmured softly, so softly that it was scarcely formed into words, but the lover grasped



the full import of those half-formed syllables, and clasped her in a passionate embrace to his heart. "Let me forget all about that horrid trip, and be happy now for a few moments at least," she whispered softly to herself.

"And you can be happy with me, dearest?" he questioned eagerly, thrilling through and through with delight.

"Why should I deny it?" she cried with a sob; "yes, I am and always will be supremely happy with you. These moments will be the brightest of my life, these short minutes that will so quickly pass as a dream of the night."

In a moment he was kneeling before her, pouring forth his heart in a torrent of passionate appeal—demonstrating such a mighty love that it dazzled the inexperienced girl by its vehemence.

"These are the happiest moments I have ever lived," declared Harry in a rapture of delight. "I would be willing to suffer all the rest of my life for the supreme happiness of these fleeting moments, for I love you as man never loved woman before, with the whole strength of my soul, the whole fire of my heart!"

The intense passion of his words exhausted him; his face grew pale; the speech died upon his lips, and quite unconsciously Fanny's hand crept from the grass and rested on his dark curls.

"You love me so much?" she asked wonderingly.

"Only heaven knows how much," he acknowledged reverently.

He moved closer to her side, clasped her in his arms and kissed the full red lips.

"Yes, I love you, Fanny, darling," he whispered, "and you love me just as much."

She hid her face on his shoulder, but answered never a word. He was content, however, for he knew that she loved him, even as much as he loved her.

"Now that I know you love me, you can never go abroad tomorrow," he whispered caressingly. "Our hands have met

and clasped; they shall never again be parted. You are mine, mine alone! My Precious One! I am going to leave this very night for Washington, and you must go with me, my darling, as my own precious little wife."

The very strength of his passionate love overwhelmed her. Could she absent herself from this handsome, adoring, young lover? Never! She looked up into his eyes and whispered, "Isn't it wonderful that our love was mutual, at first sight? I will go to the end of the world with you, my own true love."

When the midnight train left that night for Washington, it carried among its passengers Harry Leonard and his beautiful girl-wife, Fanny Goodwin no longer, but little Fanny Leonard, whom her adoring husband fairly worshipped.

The next morning Fanny's room was discovered empty, and a note was found on the center table, telling of the elopement. News of the romantic marriage spread through the country as a fire does on a dry prairie.

Everybody was talking it.

Talking what?

The runaway marriage.

## The Question

O. X. O.

The question is with me:  
Shall I love on, and on,  
And love Thee, only Thee  
Till time and all is gone?

Faint not, O heart of me,  
In sorrow, trial or woe;  
For triumph thou wilt see  
If onward thou wilt go.

O what's yon star afar?  
Is Faith or Hope the Sign?  
The dawn across the Bar  
Brings Glory all Divine.

## Novembah

CARRIE BELLE CRAIG

Novembah heah  
 Sho's yo' bo'n,  
 Fros' on de 'simmons  
 An' de leabs am gone.

Mr. Squirrel busy  
 Puttin' nuts away;  
 Mr. Rabbit fambly  
 'Bout de brush heaps play.

Foh de grass am turnin'  
 An' de flowahs mos' gone,  
 An Novembah's heah  
 Sho's yo' bo'n.

'Simmons gittin' ripe  
 Foh ole 'possum t' eat;  
 Den him an' tatahs  
 Be de niggah's meat.

Foh de gray clouds 'gin ter  
 Gedder in de sky.  
 Fros' time an' possum time  
 An' niggah time am nigh.

## Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea

F. B. BROWN

It was far, far back in the past, before the day of the modern woman with her manly ways and her desire to exchange maternity for politics; it was back in the good old days when kings and ministers walked the public highways without being in constant fear of feeling the heavy hand of a militant suffragette thrust rudely at their collars; it was before these pleasant days of suffrage for women and suffering for men, I say, that Miss Lula Hangnail, spinster, dwelt with her father out on the Dilpickle Road, not far from Ispecitwasa City.

I have said that Miss Hangnail was a spinster: so, indeed, she was; but although she had no husband she did have hopes. And in Mr. Benjamin Linden her hopes——

But I anticipate. Let us first see who Benjamin Linden was, since he is to be the hero of this tale; and then let us follow him with a heart full of sympathy as he is drawn farther and farther into the awful labyrinth of love.

Linden was a settled bachelor of thirty-five, possessed of a big pouch, a big paunch, and an unreasoning antipathy for anything in skirts. This antipathy, this prejudice, arose in the heart of Benjamin, so I am told, on account of the coldness, indifference, even scorn, with which the weaker sex received his suit. So often had he been refused, in fact, that at length he had become a cynical woman-hater; and he had made up his mind never again to offer himself and his money (he had much) to any woman.

It was some ten years after Mr. Benjamin had made up his mind to be a bachelor for life, and after he had spent ten years absolutely in accordance with his promise to himself, that he came down to Ispecitwasa City to transact a little business with the Honorable Mr. Hangnail, of that town.



When Benjamin Linden first entered the office of Mr. Hangnail, that gentleman surveyed him closely, noticed his fat cheeks and flat nose, his tiny mouth and his multitudinous chins, which almost hid the whole collar and cravat with their fleshy folds, and then, thinking as always a father will, of his unmarried daughter at home, he mentally remarked "*Ineligible.*" But soon Benjamin began to talk business; and in the course of the conversation, he had reason to mention the amount of his worldly possessions. Immediately Mr. Hangnail grew more cordial and polite than ever before; he surveyed the man before him with a new interest, and failed to find anything bad in his appearance this time. The fat cheeks and rolling chins, the little round eyes and the little flat nose—all looked most excellently good when the owner of them was known to be rich; and so Mr. Hangnail said to himself emphatically, "Eligible! Extremely so!"

And thus was the fate of Benjamin sealed. Dire consequences followed. Let us follow him along the path which Fate, possibly under the influence of Cupid, had pointed out for him.

When Benjamin and Mr. Hangnail had finished their little business talk, Mr. Hangnail patted that eligible young man on the shoulder most cordially, smiled benignly upon him, and then ended by inviting him to dine at his home with him that day. Linden hesitated, but masterful Mr. Hangnail would take no excuses, and he led Linden home as a lamb is led to slaughter.

In the window of her room upstairs in the Hangnail mansion, Lula, the beautiful spinster, was sitting and looking with languid gaze upon the long, shady path which led from the station to the Hangnail home. In her lap lay a beautifully bound volume called "The Love of True Hearts," or "Why Jessie Left Home." Lula was very fond of such excellent literature as this (even as so many of our modern belles), but she cast the little volume aside hastily when she beheld her father, accompanied by Benjamin, coming up the walk

toward the house. Mr. Linden was coming to dine with her father, and therefore Mr. Linden was rich: that was a foregone conclusion. And if rich, he was then most assuredly eligible! Immediately her little heart began to beat and flutter violently in her breast. At once she resolved on the conquest of Mr. Benjamin's heart (it was leap year), and so she proceeded as speedily as possible to fill in wrinkles with rouge, and to put on her loveliest puffs and rats and switches, in order that she might present the best possible appearance at her first meeting with the man she had determined to conquer.

In due time Miss Lula appeared, and was introduced to Mr. Benjamin Linden by old Hangnail. At once the dear, dainty spinster began her attack, her leap-year battle; and, with soulful sighs and almost worshipping eyes, she led the Honorable Mr. Linden into conversation—his first conversation with a real live woman in many moons.

And it was not long before Miss Hangnail, with that intuition and sagacity of her sex, discovered the vulnerable point in the enemy's fortification; and on that point she marshalled her forces, and, with a prayer to Cupid, began the onset.

What was that point? Vanity. Benjamin, like so many of us, his brothers, was afflicted with vanity; and even as we, his brothers, with no reason whatsoever. It was on this vanity of Benjamin's, then, that Lula centered her attack. Her conversation became filled with terms of admiration for him; her eyes poured out languishing looks of love; her whole spirit seemed to bow down and worship at the feet of Benjamin Linden.

And all this had its effect. Benjamin liked it immensely. Here was one person who appreciated him. His heart—that heart which had lain dormant for so long, unmindful of the attacks of Cupid—was touched; and Benjamin deemed himself in love with pretty Lula.

Indeed, he was in love; but had he stopped to analyze

his feelings, he would have discovered that he loved, not Miss Lula the spinster, but rather that spinster's opinion of himself. It was only his old self-love in a different form.

In fact, Benjamin became so very much pleased with the spinster that evening that he soon fell into the habit of regularly coming to Ispicitwasa City every week, and there taking dinner with Mr. Hangnail. Each time that he came Lula limbered up the batteries of her eyes and turned loose the artillery of her honeyed tongue upon poor Benjamin, who gradually succumbed before her determined onslaughts.

So it came to pass that the amorous feelings of Mr. Benjamin were gradually worked up to such an extremely high pitch that he was constrained to ask that fatal question at last.

It was the last night in leap-year, after Lula had been working desperately all day to please him, that the climax came. Mr. Linden put the matter before the house—that is, of course, the matter of matrimony—and it passed without discussion and with no dissenting vote. Everybody was happy—so much so, in fact, that Benjamin received (and of course accepted) an invitation to spend the night in the Hangnail home. And thereby hangs a tale—a tale of woe—a tale of an awakening to the truth—a tale which brings out Mr. Linden's ingenuity and heroism to the fullest extent, and shows how he was forced to choose between the devil and the dark and deep blue sea, and how his ingenuity saved him from a life of woe.

It was midnight—that bewitching hour when ghosts run rampant on the earth and goblins disport themselves among the tombs; when witches gird their robes about them and go scurrying through the air on brooms; when Old Nick himself fares forth from his hot haunts into the world of human beings, and worries men with foolish fancies and unfounded fears. Our friend Benjamin had long since rolled himself snugly in his warm blankets, and bade farewell to the vulgar world of wakefulness. His huge form loomed up in the pale

moonlight which fell across his bed like a veritable Vesuvius; and, indeed, the volcanic rumblings which issued from the sleeping beauty made the scene most realistic.

It was this pleasing sight which greeted the eyes—those green, glaring eyes—of the imp Fact, as he and his fellow imps came tumbling through the key-hole of Benjamin's door in a very ecstasy of delight and pleasure.

“Oho!” exclaimed Fact, with a diabolic grin.

“Oho!” exclaimed his followers.

“This man is going to marry Miss Hangnail!” said Fact.

“Yes; he is going to marry the ugly spinster!” agreed the other imps in chorus.

“Let us save him from that fate!” exclaimed Fact.

“Let Fact save him!” the others demurred.

“Then come,” said Fact, “help me and we shall save him.” And then, without more ado, the crafty little imp jumped upon the table and from there straight through the wall, and landed squarely in the centre of Miss Lula's room. The other imps all followed.

Once in that room, Fact sprang upon the mantel, and then called to his fellows. They came, and at a sign from their leader they all put every whit of their pigmy strength behind a large vase of glass, and gave a shove.

As I have said, it was midnight, and all the household was asleep. Suddenly there was a terrific crash, and a sound of breaking glass. Instantly, every one in the house was awake. Lula Hangnail emitted a terribly blood-curdling yell, and disappeared under her bed in double-quick time. Benjamin and Mr. Hangnail, hastily slipping on their wrappers, hurried at once toward Lula's room.

They entered and flashed on the lights. No one was to be seen. The shattered fragments of the vase were scattered about the floor.

“Lula! Lula!” called old Hangnail and Benjamin in chorus, “Where are you?”

“Here I am,” came a pitifully woe-begone voice from

beneath the bed; "he—that burglar—he is—he is—he's in the closet! He's got a—he's got a gun—two feet long!" "I—I—guess I had better go get it!" And without loss of an instant that gentleman flew from the room and down-stairs as fast as his trembling limbs would take him.

As for Benjamin, he stood still. He would not run. Oh, no! In fact, *he could not run*. He was glued to the spot with fear. "A gun two feet long," he thought with dismay; and his fleshy face betokened terror indescribable. His knees wavered and shook beneath him; his teeth chattered; his hair strove in vain to soar out of danger in the sky among the clouds.

For fully a minute Mr. Benjamin stood like this, and then, suddenly, broke into a mighty roar of laughter. Peeping from behind the clock, he saw the gleaming eyes of the imp, Fact; and, humanlike, he had mistaken him for no less and no more than an ordinary *rat!*

Fearlessly now Benjamin threw open the door of the closet. There was nothing there. "Lula," he said, laughing heartily, "it was only a mouse!"

It was now that Lula, for the first time in her life, gave way to her feelings and to her sentiments, forgot her lack of rouge and her lack of that artificial aid which was so much a part of her. All else was banished from her mind save her supreme love for the fat Benjamin, who had been so heroic and so manly for her sake. With a sigh of gratitude and a languishing, love-sick rolling of the eyes, she crawled from beneath the bed and threw her arms about the massive neck of Mr. Linden.

Now, truth to tell, Mr. Linden had somewhat expected some such demonstration as this. Even as he had thrown that door open and discovered that no one was there, he had imagined how the graceful Lula would issue forth from her stronghold under the bed, how her slender but beautiful arms would twine themselves about his neck in rapturous embrace, how her lovely hair would fall about her shoulders in the



most enticing curls, how her pearly teeth would glitter and shine as she told him, in words of incomparable tenderness and love, of her gratitude for his heroic deed in saving her from that ferocious and terrible burglar (albeit, that monster did not even appear).

“But Linden saw another sight.” Alas! that the words of the poet here hold true!

What Benjamin saw before him was this: a woman with a face which was composed almost entirely of wrinkles; she had little or no hair; her eyes, having lost during the night that lustre which was usually imparted to them by belladonna were apparently lifeless; her teeth were—well, they were entirely lacking; her lips, usually so red and sweet in appearance, were now dry and ugly. On the dresser, where he had not noticed them before, were half a dozen various types of rats and puffs and switches and everything else imaginable. A box of “Dr. Branchwater’s Best Face Paints” was among the *mêlée* of toilet articles. In fact, and in short, the scene which Linden now saw before him proved the woman whom he had once loved to be nothing but a shallow makeshift, not worthy to be called by the name of woman.

And that being, that thing which he had supposed to be a woman, that hideous creature was hugging and kissing him, and was calling him “Dear!” How it disgusted the fat Benjamin! He stood the thing as long as he could, and then he rushed upstairs and to bed with all the speed he could muster.

All that night Benjamin lay awake, trying to figure out some method by which he could escape, without incurring a suit for breach of promise by the woman whom he had become engaged to. All night he thought, but he thought in vain. In the morning he went home in despondency to spend the short week which remained to him of happy unmarried life. How thoroughly the truth of the statement that “when a man’s married his trouble begins” came home to him as he pondered on his worries. For six long days he thought and

thought and thought, but still in vain. He could not discover any way of escape from his awful predicament.

At length the time came for him to leave home for the place where the wedding was to be, for Ispecitwasa City. Still no suitable plan had occurred to him; and he boarded the train in absolute hopelessness. But before Benjamin had finished that trip he had an inspiration which held out a possibility of escape. He had had the opportunity to form a plan by which to save himself from the "Devil," although it might mean giving in to the "deep and dark blue sea."

Just as the train was pulling into Ispecitwasa City, Linden happened to look out of the window, and there before him he saw looming up the gigantic building of the State Hospital for the Insane. In an ordinary frame of mind Benjamin would have passed it by without giving it any particular attention; but, with his mind filled with despair and his intellect so disturbed and unbalanced, this asylum, with its encircling walls and its lofty towers, with its green lawn and its clean, white walks, this asylum, I say, seemed to him an asylum indeed and in truth—a haven of rest from the battle of life which was going so much against him—a place of last resort, to which he might come in his time of dire need, and in his extremity find a refuge from the troubles that beset men on this earth. As these thoughts came into the head of Linden, he breathed a sigh of relief. His weary brain grew quiet after its long state of perturbation; he had reached a decision, and his faculties might now have that rest which they stood in sore need of. He stretched out in his seat and slept, content, now, to let things take their course.

At length the morrow came, and with it came the time—that much-dreaded time—when his marriage was to take place. The bells in the old church rang out their merry call; the crowd gathered; the organ pealed forth; the bride took her place before the altar; the groom, poor fellow, joined her there; and all was ready for the final catastrophe. Ap-

parently, escape was now hopeless for him; yet, he did not seem in the least worried. He had formed a plan upon which he could fall if need were, and he patiently awaited the opportunity for putting his plan into operation.

At length the crucial moment came. From the lips of the minister came that fatal query: "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

There was a pause in the ceremony, and all eyes were turned upon Benjamin. Linden, as the poet says of a certain prince,

" . . . unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,  
Sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again!"

Thus, I say, did Linden; and then, with an expression of resignation he turned back to the minister. Through the still, deep silence of the church, the solemn voice of Linden came: "What time is it?"

"What!" exclaimed the preacher.

"Who said 'scat'?" asked Benjamin, his face assuming an expression of angelic calm and pleasure.

The minister drew back in astonishment. Truly, this was a most remarkable case. Here was a man who had evidently lost his mind on the very day of his marriage! He looked at Linden steadily for an instant, and Benjamin, putting his thumb back of his ear and waving his hand at the astonished pastor, asked pleasantly: "Are you a shriner?"

"He has lost his mind," went up a shout from all sides of the church at once; "He has lost his mind!"

Linden heard the sound of that remark, and he thought to himself, "That is good. Just as I had wished and planned. And now for the grand finale." With silent lips he turned about and faced the crowd. No one moved. All eyes were riveted upon him in a kind of stupor of fright. Then, suddenly, Linden looked once more upon the dejected form of

the spinster whom he had won to his heart. He gave a loud shriek like a man in mortal anguish as Lula held out her imploring arms towards him and tried to seize him. He evaded her clutch; and then, with the speed of the wind he raced out of the church, followed by the moaning spinster. Out of the church and down the street he fled, pursued ever by that highly romantic lady who would wed him. On, and on he sped, through by-street and lane, straight toward the place which he had chosen for his refuge—the Asylum.

At last, winded and exhausted, he came there. The doors opened before him and closed behind him. He was saved!

He fell on the floor in sheer happiness, and tears of gratitude welled up in his eyes. With a murmur of absolute happiness and contentment he looked up at the attendant, and said softly:

“Give me a padded cell, please.” Then he fell upon his face and slept. He was safe from that *thing* at last. She could not follow him here!

## At Twilight

QUINTON HOLTON

Calm hour of benediction or reproach,—  
When mind and heart with silence 'round commune,  
And weigh the actions of the day so soon  
Past onward in its swift hour-harnessed coach;  
When reason tests what impulse quick has done,  
And faculties united, 'gainst th' approach  
Of opportunity anew, do tune  
Th' discordant soul, nor self on all encroach.

Lord, let my labors in life's busy way  
Be prudent, tempered by my brother's need,  
That these sweet moments, sweetest of the day,  
May not be marred by thought of evil deed  
Nor smudged nor sorrow-smitten conscience. Nay  
But in the path of love my footsteps lead.



## Translations

“VERGISS MEINNICHT.”

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(From the German of Hoffmann)

ROBERT B. MURRAY

There blooms a lovely little flower  
 Upon our meadow near;  
 Its eye is like unto the sky,  
 So blue and, O, so clear.

It knows not how to read nor write,  
 And does not speak a lot;  
 It always says the same thing o'er,  
 Only: Forget-me-not.

\* \* \*

### II.

CATULLUS VII.

N. I. WHITE

How many kisses, you demand,  
 Are enough and more, little girl, for me?  
 More than the grains of Libyan sand  
 In bushy wooded Cyrene,  
 From Ammon's oracle divine  
 To aged Battus' sacred shrine.

Or more than the many stars, when night  
 Glows silent on men's hidden love;  
 E'en for Catullus all these might  
 Be kisses enough, perchance above:—  
 More than a skilful tongue can say,  
 Or evil speaking charm away.

## III.

## ON THE STUDY OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES

(Translated from the French.)

BY CHARLES CHILLIGIRIAN

However deep may be our love for our native country, however great our admiration for our mother tongue, we cannot, we must not be unaware of the fact that there are other nations in the world, and other languages used by millions of people. It is a noble ambition that prompts us to learn customs, habits, ideas, and languages of other people, for we find in this study benefits both material and moral.

The man who confines himself exclusively to his own country has always a limited horizon; his judgment, as a rule, is partial and biased; he is unjust toward other nations; and, because he has only a superficial knowledge of them, he hates them foolishly, without being able to give any good reason for his aversion. Nor can he explain why he admires things and men of his own country; destitute as he is of the elements of comparison, he cannot say why his mother tongue seems to him to be the most beautiful, for he is unable to discern what qualities distinguish it from all the others. On the contrary, the intelligent man will say with the Latin poet: *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto!* (I am a man, and deem nothing that relates to man foreign to my feelings.) He will think that other nations have also distinctive beauties and qualities, and will be desirous of close acquaintanceship with them. The best way to gain his end is to study foreign languages.

It is, indeed, by means of spoken languages principally that the people of one nation communicate with those of another; written language plays its chief part in maintaining mutual relations between nations. Nations which do not understand each other hate each other. From the time they enter into relations, they interchange their products and

their ideas, hatred decays by degrees, and treaties of peace are signed.

For this noble purpose alone the study of foreign languages deserves to be encouraged. But, there are many other reasons, less lofty, undoubtedly, and merely practical. The man who knows one or more languages, besides his mother tongue, is better armed to gain his livelihood; if he remain in his own country he will be better equipped to reach a high position in any trade or profession; if he travel in foreign countries, he will not need an interpreter and will transact his business more expeditiously and with less trouble. If he be a studious scholar, what a gain for his intellectual improvement! By entering into closer companionship with the great writers of other nations he will experience delight unknown to the generality of mankind, not to mention the profit accruing therefrom. He will never regret whatever time he has dedicated to the study of a foreign tongue; rather, his only regret will be not to have had time enough or the opportunity to have learned another language.

It is admitted that the most widely used languages among the earth's civilized population are English, German, French, and Spanish. As I am writing for English-speaking readers, it is not necessary for me to dwell upon the study of English.

A knowledge of German is almost as necessary as English to the resident of both the United States and Europe, for a large percentage of the entire population is German and, moreover, it is the language of great European countries, with which the United States keeps the closest relations in every respect. Spanish is certainly less generally used in this country; but the need of this language is every day becoming more and more apparent, since the United States has acquired countries where Spanish is the national language. The study of French is usually considered indispensable to a gentleman's complete education. Some time ago it was believed to be essential to study Greek and Latin as

the best intellectual training to exercise and develop one's organs of judgment and reasoning. Right or wrong, the importance of Greek and Latin has been diminished. Still, it is always necessary to exercise the intellect in some similar way, and French, on account of its peculiar qualities of clearness, precision and elegance, is particularly well adapted to take the place of Latin and Greek. Besides, if French were not the business language it was always and still remains the language of aristocratic people. It is spoken in all the foreign courts; also for merit and volume of literature, the product of many centuries, it excels that of any other European nation.

Since the Eighteenth century French is universally acknowledged as the language that every man of culture ought to be able at least to read. The admirable literature of France, the brilliancy of her scientific and artistic life, compel the learned men—lawyers, doctors, engineers, artists, and, in general, all persons of good breeding of every country—to turn their eyes toward France, and watch her intellectual evolution.

The study of foreign languages increases our own value, opens new fields to our activity, satisfies and enriches our minds, and gives us a more complete and correct conception of the world and humanity.

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#### IV.

#### *DIE LORELEI.*

H

I know not whence cometh the reason  
That I'm oppressed with gloom;  
A legend from ancient season  
From out my mind will not come.

The air is cool, it is twilight,  
And calm the Rhine flows on;

The mountain-top only in highlight  
From glow of evening sun.

The queen of maids entrancing  
Up there sits strangely fair,  
Her golden jewelry glancing,  
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with golden combs glowing,  
And meanwhile sings a song  
With melody strangely flowing,  
Compellingly sweet and strong.

The sailor in wee skiff whirling  
It seizes with yearning deep;  
He notes not the rapids swirling,  
He notes but the form on the steep.

I fancy the surges advancing  
Sank boat and boatman as one;  
And that with her song entrancing  
The Lorelei has done.



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# Editorial

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A man's main business at college is to acquire knowledge, in the commonly accepted sense of the word. There are other things, however, which, although subordinate in a sense, are, nevertheless, essential. Predominant among them is participation in athletics and in the activities of the literary societies. At present, the increased interest in the former at Trinity is gratifying. Wholesome athletic contests which involve a goodly number of the generality of the student body have recently been, and are being, inaugurated, conspicuous among which are the annual relay race, the inter-class basketball series, and track-team work. The tennis courts, too, are constantly in use, and the prospects for a winning ball team next spring are good. Athletics is not on the wane at Trinity. Neither are literary societies, but their activities do not receive the prominence they merit. This is illustrated by the fact that out of the large freshman class less than seventy-five men have joined both societies. There are reasons for the failure of so many in this respect: some prefer to use in study the regular Saturday night spent in the society hall, and the time necessary to be spent in preparation of debates on which they may be scheduled to appear. Others, following the too alluring passion for light diversion in our age, find the moving pictures and vaudeville more to their liking. Still others prefer to loaf about the soda fountains and in each others' rooms. This indifference is due, surely, to a misconception of the literary societies and their work. The close student can, indeed, in these weekly sessions, find occasion for most careful study, getting the advantage likewise of others' thoughts; diverting, indeed, it is to observe the developing of the freshman into an orator, to profit good-naturedly by one's own "breaks" and the

other fellow's; and here is one place where even loafing is not injurious.

There are reasons, and good reasons, why every man in college should belong to a society and attend its weekly meetings regularly. The day of the orator is by no means past, and the reasoning debater who has developed sufficient skill to appeal to hearers is the influential man of our democracy. We are not dreaming. The literary societies of Trinity have developed men in public life today of whom we are all proud, and a goodly number. New men, as a matter of college patriotism, join our ranks, and help by your presence the men who may one day represent in the state or nation our people, even if you don't intend to do your duty to yourself in developing your talent. An audience is as essential as the speaker in the machine that turns out our orators.

As a matter, however, of personal interest to him who is not a member, would we appeal to him. "What man has done, man can do." "Practice makes perfect." These are old adages, but true nevertheless. You can become a speaker, in time, if not at once, by diligent application, and the societies offer you the opportunity. Another thing the societies offer students is fellowship. They are the most democratic organizations in college; men meet on the same plane,—seniors and freshmen, frats and non-frats, athletes and bookworms, those who can speak and those who would learn to speak. Such fellowship and contact cannot fail to give to a student broadness of view and knowledge of men which will always be useful in whatever life-work. Another thing the societies offer is that of which so many men, and public men, are sorely in need: a knowledge of parliamentary procedure. Look at the United States Congress and observe the most influential figures. Wherein lies the strength of such men as the late Senator Frye and Senator Lodge? Wherein lay the strength of Cannon and Reed? But to come down to ordinary life: who is there who will not be called upon sometime to come forward even in a small body of

men? Should not every graduate from a decent college be prepared worthily to act his part? As for the contention that such knowledge can be acquired from a careful study of Robert's Rules or Cushing's Manual,—where is the aviator who learned to fly without going into the air, or the tennis player who learned to serve a cut without going upon a court?

A fourth thing do the societies offer,—an evening's relaxation from routine, which at the same time affords profitable entertainment and information. Can the show do this? It is necessary only to mention the feeling of patriotism society membership inspires. What is the first place an old Columbian or Hesperian wishes to visit upon his return to the campus? Experience answers the question.

In conclusion, literary society training is essential to the full development of a *man*. Knowledge is paramount, the brain must be able; but to bring the intellectual to the highest efficiency, the training of the physical is necessary. Given, then, ability of mind and body, there remains to be acquired ability of communication and of association to finish the man. Trinity has turned out a few such men: for example, an inter-collegiate debater who was a member of the ball team and at the same time stood well in scholarship. Would you become a man in the widest sense of the word? Then do not slight the literary societies. Join, and work, if possible; if not, join anyway, and attend one.

## II.

To one looking backward over the development of educational institutions in America today, and comparing the class of men who have attended colleges, it is especially interesting to note the difference not only in financial and social standing of the men, but also in comparative ages, characteristics, mental aptitudes, and attitudes of study. There is in many instances a motive prompting the modern young man's attendance at college different from that of years past. Of course, many of the men who do attend colleges have a definite purpose in view; but just as many are

found who are not especially desirous of knowledge, that is to say, they do not get any æsthetic pleasure out of their studies, since all of it is drudgery, a task which they are desirous of getting through with, not for the sake of what is in it, or what they get out of it, but for what it stands for in the general opinion of the world.

An institution composed of such men as these cannot hope to produce the highest type of citizens. Men should not drift through college without having a definite purpose in view, an end to which to work; and they should centralize their energies in this one direction. It is this type of college men who, after getting out of college, consider their attainments in the intellectual world completed and then stop. They should not only strive to put in active practice the principles they have learned, but should continue their studies in more detail. It has been said, and truly, that the more one learns, the more there is found to be learned.

Just here is one of the chief differences between college men today and those of a quarter of a century ago. It is a question as to whether there is getting to be a larger percentage of true scholars in our colleges and universities today than formerly. And along with it arises the question as to whether the average serious intentions of college men are becoming higher or lower, and whether as a result of this they are becoming more or less worthy of greater freedom from strict supervision and minor restrictions of all sorts. It is the writer's opinion that the average age of American students is becoming lower, due to increasing betterment of our educational system; but, on the other hand, it does not seem that the average student is becoming less capable of looking out for himself, in confronting and solving many of the everyday problems that face him while in college. In the broader sense, there is, beyond doubt, a need for, and justification in, the supervision of college men by their instructors; but as for determining many of the petty actions of men, which bear no relation to their connection with the institution it seems

that at least in these instances the right of decision should be left with the individual student. Of course, this should be regulated according to the average ages of the men and their trustworthiness to self-control. When a man enters college he is supposed to know how to take care of himself, although many of them do not. The partial solution of this problem would be wrought if under-aged men were kept out of colleges.

As institutions grow larger the general rule is greater freedom from all minor restrictions. Just where the limit should be drawn cannot be safely said. As long as students show that they are worthy of trust, and capable of deciding wisely for themselves, they should be allowed to enjoy such privileges. If this privilege is abused it should, of course, be withdrawn.

K. P. N.



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# Alumni Department

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Back in the antediluvian days, *i. e.*, 1890, Mr. R. A. Myrick was editor of the "Miscellaneous Department" of the ARCHIVE. As the name of this department implies, its editor was to pick up odds and ends from all sources. But Mr. Myrick was not himself one of those odds, nor was he an end. He was deeply in sympathy with the business manager. He writes:

"Lives of poor men oft remind us,  
 Honest toil don't stand a chance!  
 The more we work we leave behind us  
 Bigger patches on our pants.

On our pants, once new and glossy,  
 Patches now of different hue;  
 All because subscribers linger,  
 And won't pay us what is due.

Then, let's all be up and doing,  
 Send your mite, be it so small,  
 Or when the snow of winter strikes us  
 We shall have no pants at all."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was in the year 1893 that Charles R. Thomas, now a druggist at Thomasville, Eugene Ivey, a prominent business man of Lenoir, and John F. Kirk, now a preacher and Field Agent of The Children's Home, were here.

'Gene and John were sophomores, Charley was a freshman.

'Gene went to John to frame up a prank on Charley. There was a pond at West Durham. The two sophomores

were to get the freshman and go hunting. 'Gene, purporting to be arranging a trick on John, told Charlie this: "You go with us. When we get over about the pond, I will shoot; you fall and call for help. I get scared and run. John will carry you back to your room. Then you will thank him and walk off."

Charlie agreed.

Here is what happened: 'Gene shot when they got near the pond. Charley fell, and his C. Q. D. thicked John's blood with cold, while you couldn't see 'Gene for a cloud of dust.

John tenderly gathered up Charley, shouldered him and carried him to the pond. He broke a two-inch cake of ice with him, chilling and killing his ardor of supposed victory.

'Gene saw it from behind the bush.

Mr. Thomas still contends that the story has no foundation in truth. Mr. Ivey and Mr. Kirk will not commit themselves. "I wonder why; I wonder why!"

\* \* \* \* \*

In one of the old ARCHIVES Dr. G. T. Rowe wrote a sulphuric essay on "Plugs and Pipes." In it he confesses having been an ardent devotee of the narcotic weed, enjoying its succulent quid as a promoter of the salivary flow, and inhaling its aromatic perfume.

But he says: "I quit." And he gave cool, logical reasons for this paradoxical nihilism, and so far as anybody knows, he disavowed his friendship with it forever.

Before he quit, he was enjoying a wholesome quid on chemistry class one day. He was called upon to go to the board and work out the formula for producing nicotine oxalate from alkaloidal nicotine. Concealing his quid the best he could, he worked away in grim silence, hoping to escape unhurt.

But a slight mistake brought a question from the professor. He could not reply. He turned his head and, in a life and death struggle, swallowed his friend, the quid, even as the whale swallowed his.

Four cuts are still recorded against him on December 12, 1897.

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Senator F. M. Simmons, '73, was 20,000 votes bigger than either of his rivals in the eyes of the voters.

This is, of course, comparative, for his rivals were also great, big ones.

But Furnifold has the usufruct. He has done something and he is something. That is the reason why he is senator. He is the man who put water in the Inland Water Way.

Simmons and Overman, both Trinity alumni, make a good working team in Washington. Of course, Trinity is not altogether to blame for it, but at least, it must plead guilty of aiding and abetting.

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### IN THE HEATHER

BY C. M. HUTCHINGS, '11.

In all this magic world tonight

Just you and I—and the moon—together:

Moon that spreads her gossamer light,

Mile after mile, o'er rippling heather,

Till purple turns to a sea of white.—

And this is our last hour together.

Let us keep silence a space, my dear,

Lest, speaking, the wild Things tremble and start.

I could not bear that you stood too near;

Stand thus, and listen, lips apart,

How, knowing you mine and feeling you here,

Heart speaks silently unto heart.

Were it not better, standing thus,

If time should cease for ever and ever,—

The charmed moon still laugh at us,

Nor morning come, our loves to sever,—

No keen dawn, creeping, spy on us,  
But I might hold you and lose you never?

The same still fields and the same still sky!  
Lo, hasn't some strange trance made it so?  
How long have we stood here, you and I,  
Feeling the warm blood's ebb and flow?  
Me-seems I have watched for eternity  
In your dear face each line that I know.

And so let us think it: the world is not  
And we are all things, we together,  
And all is a vision, save this one spot,  
Leaving but God's calm, holy weather.  
Tho' all things ceased, we would know it not,  
For this one hour, amid the heather.

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# Wayside Wares

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TO THEODORE

Thou hast it on the others. When thy sum-  
 Mons comes to join th' innumerable car-  
 Avan that moves to that mysterious realm  
 Where each shall take his station with the Down-  
 And-Outs, thou goest not as common men,  
 Doomed to long oblivion with scarce  
 An interview to whoop it up. But  
 Rather canst in "Outlook" chair recline,  
 And there each rolling week hand out a line.

\* \* \*

We would like to suggest to the Honorable Woodrow Wil-  
 son that he award the position of Secretary of the Interior  
 in his cabinet to Harry K. Thaw. That estimable gentleman  
 has been on the inside so long that it would be hard to find  
 a more finished expert on interior affairs. Also, Charles  
 Becker led all leagues as a high-class financier during the  
 past season, thus entitling him to the position of Secretary  
 of the Treasury. Anyone who can save \$75,000 per year on  
 a salary of \$5,000 undoubtedly has smoke, and should be  
 given a thorough try-out.

\* \* \*

MINERVA — A FANTASY

BY IK A. BOD.

She arose there before me—most shapely in form!  
 As noble a figure as ever did charm  
 Youth of Rome!

And altho the back-view was all that I saw,  
 That strength and uprightness inspired me with awe,  
 As the gloam



Of the flickering shadows (quite evilly bent  
On defeating the end of my gaze so intent)  
Increased.

My mind had been wandering, both near and far,  
Thru the intricate mazes of stocks sold at par,  
Down East;

And my brain was be-fuddled with French and with Ec.  
'Til all the intelligence left was a speck  
Like a pin.

So really the light that came down overhead  
Lent an aspect of fear to that figure so dread—  
'Twas a sin,

The way my knees shook; yet I gathered my breath  
And managed to whisper in accents of death,  
“Ah! Queen,

Take pity, I pray, on these fresh-rising tears,  
Start the blood you have stopped by the terrible fears  
Of this dream!”

— Yet silence alone in the building so vast,  
For one moment was heard—then a voice of the past,  
So yearning,

From the figure (whose face was still turned to the West)  
Came forth: “For years I have been on the quest  
Of that learning

Whose patron I was in the years that are lost,  
When Plato, Demosthenes, Socrates—tossed  
All aside

That wisdom and knowledge, the bad and the good,  
With them and the others whose goddess I stood  
Might abide.

My search has been futile; the folks of today  
Spend most of their study-time learning to play  
And shirk.

So finally Zeus has condemned me to stand  
 In the place least suited thruout the broad land  
 To work!"

The speech ended here, and well it might stop  
 For the snap of a switch down below brought the shock  
 Of light.

The shadows dispersed, and before me there stood,  
 Not the flesh of a goddess, but something like wood,  
 Only white.

And when next you who read are immersed in the text  
 Of a difficult work, at the biblioteque,  
 Observe her.

She stands all alone, but she bears on her back  
 Many marks of the vandal and many a crack—  
 Minerva ——

The friend of the boy who is dodging the prof,  
 And the girl with the novel and chocolate drop.  
 Don't you think

That she's found out the place that was meant by old Jove  
 And that daily the chuckling, confiding old cove,  
 Gives a wink?

\* \* \*

## FACIAL EXPRESSION

BY TOP C. TURVEY.

"Uneasy rests the face that wears the frown."

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

Expression—Ah! there's your meaningless word so often applied to poetry, art, telepathy and yogiism! as though there were more in a word than a concrete thought, or in a painting than a pretty picture, or in occultism than kibosh!

When we blow all the chaff out of the subject, we find that faces do not express subliminal feelings as they simply act

as they are acted upon. An emotion is a psychological phenomenon of contracted muscles. And your expression comes in on the particular muscle that the emotion attacks.

For instance, there is a very common emotion among those first crossing the water. The rocking of the ship produces an effect on the muscles of the stomach, commonly known as the emotion of sea-sickness, during which the inspired person has a strong affinity for the rail and a very giving spirit.

Muscles act as they are acted upon. But William James says the cart logically belongs before the horse and that the cause produces the effect. Granted. We are tickled because we laugh; that is, because the laughing muscles tickle us; the man is sea-sick because he goes to the rail with that particular mood of the stomach.

Good again. A muscle, then, that cannot produce a sensation cannot be responsible for an emotion. I must then submit the following syllogism: No emotion can be produced without a sensation. No involuntary muscle can produce a sensation. Therefore, no involuntary muscle can produce an emotion.

In this we have the fundament of faciology. This, of course, ignores the permanent defects of muscles, whether voluntary or involuntary, for even defective voluntary muscles often produce emotions, just as the muscles that produce gotch-eyes produce gotch-eyed or cross-eyed emotions.

Now, let us turn to facial expressions. They are, of course, effects of muscle tensions, for muscle tensions and the things that produce them are the only distinctions between wooden indians and men.

We can analyze them into voluntary tensions and involuntary tensions or emotion producers and emotion symptoms; or, analyzing still further, if we accept Mr. James' theory, emotions under the control of the will and those with which the will has nothing to do. I will discuss each in detail.

*Voluntary expressions of face.* All the skin of the face, lips, forehead, around the eyes, corner of the mouth, and so forth, are voluntary and are the seat of the affectation. The eyes may be squinted—"narrowed down to mere slits"—denoting concentrated hate, or they may be stretched wide with affected wonder. The corners of the mouth may be drawn down in contempt. The forced smile is proverbial. The smile of slight amusement, accompanied by no local phenomena is, however, more difficult. A most effective face manipulation is the crow's foot ornament around the eyes, which may be acquired with some practice, and is often taken by loose observers who are not incredulous of human subtlety to be a trait of a "beaming character." Indeed, the beam is located largely here but, as we shall see later, involuntary signs play a necessary part. Twitching of lips is indicative of a studied nervousness which in the vast majority of cases is malicious design. This is, however, a form of subtle affectation which the amateur will do well to acquire, as those who even notice it seldom consider its ease of affectation. The "stony face" is simply a tightly closed mouth, with teeth clenched so as to make the maxillary muscles stand out on the jaw, giving it an Irish effect, the head is tilted forward with a lowering of the brows so that one sees through them. The teeth are important since they determine the correct lip manœuvres. In case a mission style is desired, the lips are drawn thin and the teeth are held closely together in smiling, while the cheeks are raised. Cogitation is dissimulated by half closing one eye, tilting the glance slightly downward and toward the side of the eye in question, and at the same time tilting the head in the same manner. This is vividly illustrated. Squint your left eye: throw your head back and turn your face upward and to your right, and cut your eyes still farther in the same direction. Now see what a fool you are.

Forehead effects are so common that, were it not for the proneness of mankind not to observe, would not be worth

the mention. A flexible forehead is a great luxury, for the wrinkles are of great intrinsic value, to say nothing of their sympathetic aggrandizement of other effects. Arched brows accompany wonder and naiveté. Lowered brows affect cunning, treachery, or mental concentration, determined by the accompanying lip and eye manipulations. Dilemmas are expressed by a contortion which becomes painful by introspection. One brow is arched, the other lowered. Inconsistencies like this are unusual. Try to make crow's feet around your temples while drawing down the corners of your mouth.

The nose is of only slight value, but as a permanent proboscis, must be reckoned with in harmonizing schemes.

Ear manipulations are not advisable in polite society.

The laws of voluntary expressions should be understood: General narrowing and lowering indicates cunning hate, cogitation and the subtler emotions. Customarily, they represent depravity. Arching, raising, and expanding represent sincerity, wonder, and disingenuousness. Prolonged to a permanent character, they represent imbecility or simplicity. Curves in general are characteristic of amusement or facetiousness.

The blank look is probably the most difficult when most needed. It is a complete relaxation of all muscles, and is, paradoxically, an important affectation.

*The involuntary expressions.* The study of involuntary expressions is merely the study of the pupil of the eye, which is the only feature having anything to do with the expressions controlled by involuntary muscles. No one, though he be a giant, can add one jot or tittle to the pupil of his eye. It is the only truth-teller in the world. It never lies, deceives, hides, nor dissimulates, and it is here and here only that we may get reliable indications of the emotions.

Its variability is in size only. There is a prevalent misconception that eyes may shine, glare, look daggers, or burn holes; these expressions are only unscientific terms applied



to complex manipulations of pupil dilations and lid movements. There are no such things as violet eyes; angel and "goo-goo" are terms happily fast disappearing from the language of enlightenment.

Since, then, the pupil is the only reliable index and is variable only in size, let us determine the causes of variation. They are of two kinds, viz.: objective and subjective. Objective causes are of three kinds: amount of light, extraneous objects in the eyes, and medicine. In my treatment of them, the last shall be first and the first last. Medicine of sundry kinds produces myopia or *driasis*, or dilation and contraction. Like all other medicines, they should be avoided, whether in the eye or elsewhere. Extraneous objects affect the eyes in various ways, and it is unnecessary to say that tacks, pebbles and splinters should not be tolerated in the eyes, but should be straightway purged out. Light is the only objective influence that affects expressions. The pupil varies inversely as the amount of light, that is, the fainter the light the bigger the pupil. In dark places the pupil expands to allow the entrance of more light.

In judging expressions, then, care should be exercised not to confuse objective and subjective conditions. I shall treat the latter now.

There is only one subjective condition that influences the eye—*emotion*. This term includes anger, hatred, jealousy and love, if, indeed, there be such a thing. These all affect the pupil in the same way, their intensity alone determining the effect. The pupil dilates with increasing intensity of any of these emotions. The pupil is, after all, then, indicative of only the intensity of the emotion, its nature being a matter of choice. It is not always easy to detect an emotion, but if it is present it may be easily classified. The dilation of the pupil more than would be expected from the amount of light indicates the presence of an emotion.

Now, let us apply these principles. There is a certain sex the individuals of which are given to turning down the

light, or even extinguishing it entirely, when individuals of another sex are present.

This is an attempt to deceive by making the pupil dilate in the absence of light, dissimulating love. True, such circumstances are conducive of such diversions, but productive of much deceit. However, this is hardly a fair instance since both seek thus to be thus deceived.

But be not deceived. Eyes tell the story. And beware of those anomalies whose eyes are as invariable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It becomes amusing to compare genuine emotions with those affected. Affectation is here shown up in its true light.

Withal, faciology is interesting and absorbing, and there is a good opportunity here for investigations that will be a lasting benefit to society. Propaganda may be obtained from L'Academie de Faciologie Francais.

\* \* \*

## REFLECTIONS OF BILLY

R. B. MURRAY

I wish I were a little bear,  
 I do, by Jo, I do!  
 'Cause then I'd snuggle up somewhere  
 And sleep the winter through.

Then Jack Frost couldn't bite my nose  
 And freeze my ears half off,  
 Nor nip my finger-tips and toes  
 And make me sneeze and cough.

I read it in a book one time—  
 And 'course it must be so—  
 That when the winter's in its prime,  
 The bears sleep in the snow;

And 'way down there it's just as warm  
And nice as it can be.—  
I'm going to try it—what's the harm?—  
It suits me to a 'T.'

For, Gee! I dearly love to sleep,  
And hate to get up soon;  
And down beneath the snow so deep,  
Why, I could sleep till June!

\* \* \*

### TAMED ROSES

BY M. B. ANDREWS

Wild honeysuckle vines were blooming,  
I noticed beside the train,  
And grasses green were growing  
On every hill and plain:

But after reaching the station,  
And crossing the hills and creeks,  
I found tamed roses blooming  
Upon her velvet cheeks!

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## Editor's Table

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A frequent reader of college magazines is early afflicted with a feeling of regret for the scarcity of that proper amount of silent thoughtfulness with which Wordsworth says one can find a tale in everything. How many useless words and wasted moments it would save! We have not attained the eminence aimed at by the poet, however; hence this fad for the short story, the predominant factor in almost all magazines of today.

No such feeling as this, however, accompanies the reading of such a story as "The Lawyer for the Defence" in the *Wofford College Journal*. It is in all respects an unusually successful and interesting story, well worked out and bearing many touches of the genuine artist. It stands the test of a second perusal and still leaves the reader thinking. "But He Also Dreamt," in the same magazine is good, but has a somewhat awkward end, not in keeping with the rest of the story. The *Journal* contains several very pretty poems. "The Song of Nature" and "To a Cloud" have a touch of really lyric beauty. The magazine, withal, is very attractive, and we feel that the editor had material to choose from.

In unhappy contrast with it we pick up *The Trinitonian* from Waxahachie, Texas. The most noticeable feature of this is the absence of verse. "A Concho Flood" is interesting to an Easterner from a geographical standpoint, but must be exceedingly disappointing from any other point of view. In this magazine there appears a subject which deserves consideration. *The Trinitonian* contains a six-page essay entitled "Success." We pass this over, merely asking who has confidence enough in the ingenuity of a college writer to wade through a six-page discussion of such a subject. To him who has such fortitude we bequeath the task. Some-

thing like "Johnson's Relations With Chesterfield," in *The Georgian*, is at least much more inviting.

We do not feel that *The Wake Forest Student* has come into its own yet. "The Pipe" is its best contribution. "The Full-Peg Pants" is amusing, but shallow and unworthy of the college magazine. The verse is stiff and inane for the most part.

A magazine that has a very pleasing atmosphere and offers quite a feast for the reviewer is *The University of Virginia Magazine*. Besides numerous other attractions, it contains an unusually good poem, "Grief," and a story called "John of Gaunt," which is exceedingly interesting and very well-written. "The Sobbing Bell" has a good plot, but has not been handled so successfully.

Within the other magazines which we have welcomed to the Editor's Table, and many of which have some attractive qualities, might be mentioned especially "The Old South," an appealing poem, which the *Vanderbilt Observer* publishes. "One of the Sixteen Hundred," an interesting story based on the Titanic disaster, which appears in the *University of North Carolina Magazine* (which magazine also contains some interesting editorials, especially one on "Punning"), and the "Gray over the Blue" in *The Georgian*. This story is written in a very pleasing style, but has a shallow plot.

In addition to the above we gladly acknowledge the receipt of the *Davidson College Magazine*, the *Columbia University Quarterly*, the *Niagara Index*, the *Haverfordian*, and the *Clemson College Chronicles*.



# The Trinity Archive

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Volume XXVI

Number Three

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## MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.50; single copies, 25 cents.

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# *The Trinity Archive*

*Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina, December, 1912*



## **Blue Eyes**

N. I. WHITE

Blue eyes, blue eyes, and scarlet lips,  
On every road we travel;  
Blue eyes, blue eyes, and scarlet lips —  
A puzzle to unravel:

For some are fragrant-sweet with mirth,  
And some are sad with sinning —  
Blue eyes, the spinning-wheels of Earth,  
Where Fate, the rash, sits spinning.

## An Unexpected Christmas Gift

MILDRED KOONCE

"Holy smoke! I say fellows, I'm in the deuce of a mess!" Jack Winston's voice emerged from a sea of pillows. He was lying face downward on the couch. Only his heels and one hand, which was waving an open letter above his head, were visible.

The little group of college men looked up from their game. "Conned at last, old chap?" asked Dick solicitously.

"Canned, rather," groaned Jack. "I wish that I were pickled, stewed, soused, anything where I could wake up.

"See here; you fellows have got to help me out. I've got an old aunt, Mary Townley Trowbridge, who looks like the fashions of '75, but she's got all kinds of money wintering in a vault. The family is waiting to get it out, and put her in, but she sticks worse than fly-paper. She is coming down here to spend Christmas week with me, 'her favorite nephew who will be so lonesome away from home.' Ye gods! Lonesome in Washington holiday week!" Jack rolled over and buried his face in the pillows again with a moan.

"Cheer up, old chap! Turn her loose on the capitol or the art gallery. They would give a South American revolutionary president a bad case of awe. Side-track her, old boy!"

"Side-track her — while I do Harvey's and the Café République? Will she let me off the guide-book job to see 'La Moulin Rouge'? No; there is no help for it. If little Jackie wants an orchestra chair in Aunt Mary's will he has got to go to it."

Jack rolled off the couch and started for the door of his room. "Good-by; I'm going to meet the 5:15; incidentally, my finish. Say, you fellows, kick those bottles under the couch — she may want to see my den. Take the cards away and get out the Bible. Dutch, take down those chorus girls

on the wall for a few days, will you? So long! You may open the festivities with prayer!"

Aunt Mary Townley Trowbridge was as good as her name. She was a formidable figure in black, of a Civil War cut. In spite of the stiff bonnet with an unbending aigrette, and gloves that verged on relationship with mits, there was an air of good will about her which strictly moral and religious principles had not quite been able to down.

Jack was a fair understudy for an undertaker. Purple tie, sox, and handkerchief had given way to a demure shade of gray. The pompadour was brushed out of his hair. His ears were relieved from their usual occupation of upholding the 1913 derby. A cap gave him a nice, youthful, college-boy expression.

He grasped Aunt Mary's hand enthusiastically, and gurgled, "So glad, Aunt Mary. You are a peach—I mean you are mighty good to give me this unexpected treat. Er-er-May I kiss you?"

The woman who would refuse Jack Winston that privilege is yet to be born. Aunt Mary turned a leathery cheek, and her nephew implanted a slight peck.

"You look well, Jack—but a trifle pale. Guess you've been studying hard?"

"Oh, yes;" responded Jack glibly. "I was working up a thesis on 'The Eternal Ego' last night. Just a bit of research, you know."

He was steering his relative by one elbow through the waiting room. A crowd of college youths in violent attire came sauntering through the revolving doors. They yelled at Jack and waved their canes. Aunt Mary looked startled.

"Those are not your college-mates, surely?" she inquired.

"No,—oh—no;" Jack stammered, waving his hand frantically behind his back as a signal for the crowd to pass beyond introducing distance.

"One of them has a 'G' on his sweater," said Aunt Mary, casting severe eyes on her nephew.



"That—well, you see—that is a kind of symbol that stands for—why,"—with sudden inspiration: "Those are George Washington fellows. 'G' stands for George Washington, you know. They are an awful bunch of rough necks," he rushed on. "Now, we—"

"Why, wasn't there a 'G.W.' on that boy's sweater?" asked Aunt Mary calmly.

Jack wilted. He cast about desperately for a lie while he piloted Aunt Mary through the doors. He hoped that she would forget it, but she repeated her question the moment she was on the plaza. Jack had an inspiration. He looked wise and smiled mysteriously.

"Ah! that's the secret — sort'er like the Masonic signs, you know."

"Oh," Aunt Mary was satisfied, and Jack began to breathe again when,—

"Oh, Jack!"

"You sinner!"

"I don't believe you like me a bit any more!"

A chorus of feminine voices enveloped them, and four charming and smartly-gowned girls descended upon them.

"Jack, you are a fibber," declared the first one. "I've walked F street all the afternoon—and you know how naughty that is—you never came to take me to Huyler's!"

"It isn't Flirtation Row without *you*, Jack," continued the second. The third was just about to add her smile, when Jack desperately pushed Aunt Mary forward and performed the introduction.

"So glad to meet you," gurgled the first girl. "Jack is such a favorite here. He's the best cotillon leader in Washington, and we girls don't feel our dance is complete without him. Aren't you dead after last night, Jack? We danced until 4:30, and you have such a long trip over to the college."

Aunt Mary smiled grimly.

"Is the Eternal Feminine a part of the Eternal Ego, Jack?" she asked.

The young lady looked bewildered. Jack frantically hailed a taxi, and took a fresh grip on his relative's elbow.

"So sorry we must leave," he gasped. "Taking Aunt Mary to tea at the Tea Cup Inn. See you later."

"Ask for Felix at the Inn," called the girl. "He is always liberal with the rum. Don't forget my box party tonight. We're going to ask Anna Held to supper afterward. Bring your Aunt, too. We'd love to have her."

Jack bundled Aunt Mary into the taxi. "The Shoreham, and hurry," he ordered.

"Stop!" cried his relative; "I refuse to let you squander your father's money on taxicabs. Let me out. I'm going to ride in a street car. Open the door instantly!"

"But Aunt Mary, this isn't expensive. You must let me do something nice for you. You must.

Aunt Mary's lips were set in a determined line.

"Let me out instantly," she said. Jack despairingly gave the orders to the chauffeur. The taxi stopped. Jack opened the door and scrambled out. So did Aunt Mary. It was a distressing moment. The chauffeur said a few things about changeable people in general. A few curious people began to collect, and Jack was reaching desperately in his pocket for change to silence the chauffeur, when a friendly hand slapped his shoulder.

"In trouble, old chap? Let me lend you a five to pay the fellow. I did rather clean you up at our little game Sunday. It was some night, eh?"

The moment was so tense and Jack's face so tragic that the friendly helper jumped at a few conclusions without any explanation, and with some foolishly murmured sentences of apology, hastened away in the crowd.

When affairs were settled and Jack had safely deposited Aunt Mary on a Connecticut Avenue car, and fallen dejectedly into a seat beside her, his relative turned to him with a question:

"What game was that you played last Sunday?" she asked.

Jack was ready for it.

"A new trick the Y. M. C. A. has, Aunt Mary. You sorter match up with quotations from the Scriptures. I just bought the set and its rather expensive, so old Drake, that fellow back yonder, thought I might be short."

Aunt Mary did not reply. She was looking out at Pennsylvania Avenue where the crowds of Christmas shoppers eddied up and down the street past the gaily-decked shop windows. At F street corner a mob of college students, retiring from the five o'clock promenade, entered the car. They took possession of it. They swung from the straps. They jollied an old lady with a live rooster in a paper bag. They flirted with a couple of reckless girls. One who had had several drinks too many of "the stuff that steals brains" was persuaded to give an impromptu speech in the middle of the car floor, impersonating Woodrow Wilson. When the conductor interfered he was welcomed with open arms by the tipsy one.

"I shay, old chap, I like your looksh, doncher know. Come on and have a drink with me. Everybody's doin' it, yer know."

Jack was working his hardest to keep Aunt Mary's attention on the Washington streets. He was perspiring with his efforts, but Aunt Mary's glance followed the performance of the students.

"Of course, I don't know all the fellows," Jack explained, "but I don't think they are Georgetown boys."

"I do," spoke Aunt Mary crisply. "The intoxicated one has a college fob exactly like yours."

Poor Jack subsided. He rang the bell two blocks too soon to get off at the Shoreham Hotel. Aunt Mary turned questioning eyes upon him.

"I'm going to put you up at the hotel, Auntie," he explained. "It's nice and quiet. I'll come down tonight and we will go to hear the new evangelist lecture down at the Vermont Avenue church."

"I'm going to the college, Jack. I want to see your room and meet your room-mate."

"But Auntie," protested Jack, visions of an hilarious and uncoached crowd appearing in his mind. "Ladies are not admitted. We can't have visitors in the er—afternoon. I'll take you over in the morning."

"I'm going now," said Aunt Mary; "such rules are absurd, when I'm older than your own mother."

It was with a sense of the worst yet to come that Jack saw the towers of Georgetown come into sight along the banks of the Potomac. He steered his relative through the dormitory halls with misgivings in his heart.

He was not disappointed. He opened the den upon a merry scene. The room was ringing with laughter. Girls in pretty gowns and furs were perched on the couch, table, and chair arms, the men grouped around the fireplace with mandolins and guitars. At the centre table a charming grey haired lady presided over a chafing dish and percolator. Dick was just giving an exhibition of the new Florida walk, and applause and laughter were ringing through the warm air.

"Welcome home, you old slow-poke," called the grey-haired lady gayly. "We're giving you a surprise tea party. Dick said your Aunt was coming, but we knew that she wouldn't mind. So glad to meet you Miss Trowbridge. We're going to give you a taste of college festivities."

Aunt Mary was passed from one to the other of the young people until her bonnet was awry, and her mit-clad hand almost paralyzed by hearty grips. Rum-laden tea and champagne wafers were forced upon her. She was treated to the latest college slang, traditional Georgetown scandals, and all varieties of Boston Dip.

"I'm glad I refused to obey your rules about visitors in the afternoon, Jack," said Aunt Mary.

Jack tried to enter into all the fun, but his soul had sunk within him. He saw dollar marks gliding away in a most

tantalizing manner. Some one slipped up to him and laid a soft hand upon his coat sleeve.

"I know it is dreadful, Jack. We shouldn't have come. It was Llewellyn Webb's idea. We were all over at Mac's to tea. I am so sorry. Can you ever forgive me?"

Jack looked down at the piquant face under the fur hat, and his own face lost the haunted look it had worn ever since Aunt Mary's advent. Also, his hand slipped down and crushed the slender fingers in the shelter of the big mink muff.

The joyous party continued until the early winter twilight had gone and darkness was creeping up along the banks of the Potomac. Then the chaperone called her charges.

"Look, good people, it's getting dark, and we must be going. I can't stay here any longer. I'd be afraid to go through one of your halls after dark. Some stern old priest might sieze me and put me in an underground vault for my sins like Constance de Beverly. Good-bye; we had a charming time. So glad to have met Aunt Mary. Bring her to dine with me tomorrow, Jack. Do."

"Just a moment, please!" Aunt Mary spoke commandingly, and everybody was startled into silence. Poor Jack wilted visibly.

"Holy smoke! The old lady is going to give us a temperance spiel," whispered Dick in panic.

But Aunt Mary was smiling.

"I want to say a few words to you all. It is the—I've had a good time ever since I came to your town. I've been entertained. I've seen more real fun in the last few hours than I have before in my lifetime. Jack has amused me very much. He has been trying to play good—and he can't. He wasn't cut out for a saint and it's too late for him to try now. Besides, I don't want him to. I've seen the American youth today and it's—it's great!"

Aunt Mary brought out the unfamiliar words with emphasis. Everybody laughed and applauded, and with cheeks



flushed with unaccustomed excitement Aunt Mary continued: "I've read a lot about old maid aunts with strict principles coming to visit college boys. They always upset everything. The boys hide the bottles and burn the cigarettes. If you've done anything like that, bring them out. I'm going to be different, because you boys are different. You haven't been on your best behavior. You acted natural and you haven't tried to deceive me and play good. Goodness knows college boys can't be. Jack has been a bit deceitful, but it was politics for him, and I'm going to forgive him. I'm glad I'm here for Christmas, and I want you to be glad. That's all."

Everybody applauded. All restraint vanished. Dick dived under the couch and produced some liquid refreshments. Nevertheless he was judicious in his selection, and held up several bottles, crying, "It's only ginger ale, folks; but let's drink a health and long life to Aunt Mary."

Under cover of the noise Aunt Mary took Jack aside. "See here, young man," she said, "I like you better today than ever before. You've got consideration for me even if you are becoming a man of the world. You are the sort of man I like. You graduate here in February. Suppose you take over the management of some of my affairs instead of starting in to practice for yourself. This is a Christmas present for you. I'll bet it will be the biggest one you get."

"Not quite;" Jack's eyes were shining. He drew forward the girl with the big mink muff.

"She's mine, Aunt Mary," he said happily, "and we won't have to wait five years as we thought, thanks to your Christmas present. Gee, but you are a brick!"

"To Aunt Mary!" cried Dick with upraised glass.

"To Aunt Mary!" everybody echoed, and drank the toast.

## Constructive Imagination

EDWIN L. JONES

Thousands of men are working today on a narrow strip of land, under a tropical sun, at the most stupendous task ever undertaken by sane men. Millions of dollars of a great nation's wealth are being poured into this enterprise and an entire world awaits its completion — the completion of a canal which will link ocean to ocean, abolish the necessity of a journey circumnavigating a great continent, and link the extreme bounds of our nation in numerous and firmer ties of commerce and kindred interests.

Between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River there lie millions of acres of parched and treeless plains; scant rain, if any, falls there — hardly a thorn or a reptile can live there, much less fruitful trees and shrubs. In the days of the "Forty-Niner" and of the home-seeker, thousands of footsore pilgrims pushed across those trackless, lifeless plains eager to lap up any stray pool of brackish water and counting the journey well-done if the bones of no more than half their number were left bleaching in the dust and on the sands. Yet that soil is rich beyond comparison and lacks only the touch of water to become a land of wonderful productiveness. Today, there are built, or are being built, tremendous dams in the gorges of the Rockies to collect water from the melting snows, which will be guided in channels dug in those plains, until, where once were arid wastes now rest happy homes and productive farms.

These great engineering feats did not just happen, they did not spring into existence of their own volition, but they were bred in the constructive imagination of one, two, or probably many individuals. De Lesseps, the genius of the Suez canal, dreamed a larger dream than the searchers for the Northwest Passage, for he saw the Amer-

ican continent split asunder at Panama. Our labor today is but the completing of a task which his constructive genius planned and mapped out. With our infinite resources and ingenuity we are completing the greatest task in the history of the world.

Constructive imagination is vision. Vision is a prophetic insight which reveals a higher order of things. But it is more than vision. Vision alone is a mere dream; is a sigh forgotten as soon as uttered. "Faith without works is dead." Vision, without prophetic insight, faith, must be coupled with patience, with workable determination. It is not simply fancy, but it is the act of coining imagination into something tangible, something real.

Ideas are the legitimate offspring of imagination. Indeed, they are its necessary result. And as closely as cause and effect are bound together, ideas and imagination are even closer. Back of every production is an idea; behind every movement is an idea, or a community of ideas. The electrical inventions of an Edison are possible because of his formative fancy. Luther fancied and a mighty ecclesiastical empire was shattered. Napoleon, it is related, let himself dream the wildest dreams, and then set his energies to their accomplishments. Our commercial giants have the greatest dreams which they construct into organizations of industry and commerce.

Results come, not by chance, but of impelling causes. Every idea has the possibility of some result, and the greater the individuality possessing the idea, the greater the result. Individuality implies self-reliance, independence; and the individuality which stands independent of superstition and of the shackles of custom and habit, can have a mighty constructive imagination. The prophets, having this necessary possession, pointed out the faults and failings, and at the same time constructive means of escape. Political leaders, social reformers, business constructors, literary geniuses and religious guides must be individualistic,

self-reliant, and must have a vision and the ability of constructing that vision into a tangible product.

Awe-stricken, we consider the Great Jehovah as the Master-BUILDER, as the Great Workman. In his divine mind, the universe was imagined, willed, and immediately created in the infinite void. Man he created in his own image; order, he constructed out of chaos; spinning worlds and planets, from formless mass; light, out of darkness; life, in place of death. And when he first breathed the breath of life into the human race, he breathed into it a part of his divine constructive imagination.

I do not attempt to deny that this divine capacity cannot be and has not been misdirected. Indeed, the crumbling monuments of misspent energies that dot our hills and plains are mute witnesses of this fact. The broken empires, lost institutions, and forgotten ambitions are products of this misused talent. Egyptian Pharaohs molded pyramids out of the lives of countless slaves and subjects. Imaginative Napoleon ruthlessly bound the nations of Europe into a blood-cursed state which fell to pieces of its own weight. But the imaginations of the Pharaohs and of Napoleon were misdirected, their energies wasted on a useless tomb and an impossible empire. Constructive imagination can work untold calamity or infinite good. It can blast a nation or fructify a continent. It can embroil a people in a fratricidal war, or direct it in the pursuit of a common blessing.

The leader of a nation must possess formative fancy to be able to dream world-wide peace and to direct the energies of the nation to that end rather than to aggrandizement by war. The horticulturist who causes two stalks or two ears of grain to grow where once only one grew, has imagination which is constructing his genius into a national blessing. The ill-paid school teacher, who beneath the dirt and ragged clothes sees a divine soul with divine impulses, and strives to unfold that young life to its highest possibilities, has a constructive imagination which is essentially God-like.

But perhaps the greatest field, which offers the most alluring opportunities, is the human life itself. Turned in upon the human soul, our constructive imagination has the task of building or of destroying our very existence. We are, in a sense, the "captains of our souls, the masters of our fate," for despite hereditary influence and environment, we can change and alter our lives; we can construct ourselves into something better than we now are. With constructive imagination we catch a vision of the possibilities of our own lives and construct them into the fullness of these possibilities. Its power is present until the final breath and we can always say,

"O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,  
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet."

Constructive imagination is the faculty which must be present in the leaders of our nation. I point out no academic questions of labored theories, but actual, hard-felt problems. Political theories are becoming radical as compared with former practices. Political leaders are forced to travel a thorny path beset with questions of socialism, recall of judiciary, referendum and recall, conservation, regulation of corporate industries and unions. Again, the Christian Church, surging with a mighty upheaval, only recently launched itself upon such a propaganda of world-wide evangelization that all former efforts were dwarfed. Nothing like it has ever been witnessed, unless it be the Crusades of the Middle Ages. It has aroused the Church from a deadening lethargy to a quickening sense of the "Brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God," that lesson which the whole history of the human race has been striving to teach for unnumbered centuries. But the enthusiasm cannot be kept at fever heat, nor can the inevitable reaction be averted, and what will be the outcome? Will retrenchment succeed expansion? Caution succeed enthusiastic endeavor? If so, then must leaders be filled with this constructive genius that the Church will not lose, but gain by the regression or aggression whatever we may be. Mohammedanism is in the midst of an aggressive



missionary propaganda comparable only to that of the Christian Church. Real constructive genius alone can stem the crisis which must inevitably occur when these two forces clash for the final struggle.

But very few of us will be called upon to act as arbiters of world questions. About an equal number of us will be the directors of the great national affairs of our nation. Perhaps more of us may guide and mold into the channels we desire the affairs of our state — but all of us have a divine life in our keeping,— our own life. It is in the life of the individual that we see the operating force of constructive imagination most clearly or not at all. And by the life of the individual I refer not merely to the individual but to the circumstances surrounding that life,— its points of contact on the lives of others and things around it. In short, all that goes to make up the experiences and influences of that life. It is there and only there that the inventive genius of the individual can assert itself.

The extent of a problem or movement is as large as the sum of the units that go to make up the problem or movement. The condition of the politics of a country is the condition of the sum of the smallest units of the political fabric. The prohibition movement is effective only in proportion to the sum of the supporters and opponents throughout the land. The educational movement, which has as its object the obliteration of illiteracy, must have the support of every person. In short, it is the sum of the individual efforts and sentiments that affect the country as a whole.

Here is just where the constructive imagination of the majority of us can be effective. By having a formative fancy great enough, unprejudiced enough, and constructive enough, we can and do influence to an appreciable degree all that falls within our sphere of influence. The life which lives up to its highest possibilities, and which continually strives to the best of which it is capable, is the life which exerts an up-building and uplifting influence around it. Constructive

imagination must be exercised continually to keep out of the old ruts of living, of thinking, of acting, and of working. It must give an independent and at the same time, common-sense manner of living.

Exerted on the individual life, constructive imagination must not only give an actively interested outlook on contemporary events and affairs, but it must give us an intelligent view of work and ideals. No man's work can rise above his ideals. To the person of low ideals work is a drudgery and tyranny of the favored few. Each young person is called upon to decide some life career, some sphere of labor, and constructive imagination alone can lift this life-long work or labor from the rut of drudgery.

Above all, it must give a satisfactory and satisfying philosophy of life. All that I have pointed out before are included in this. It must give us a philosophy of life that is sane, optimistic, and progressive. It must be able to dispel the darkening and blasting clouds of doubt and distrust—distrust of self, of others, of divine power, and of life. It must give a hope and a faith that is unshaken by calamity or criticism, and that always extracts from the least imposing flower the sweetness and fragrance of the honey of life,—the nectar of hope and happiness and satisfaction.

None of us are lacking in this divine capacity of constructive imagination. All possess it to a greater or less degree. It makes the individual life what it is. It makes us peculiarly our own architect, engineer, and builder. Exerted on the individual life, then on the particular field for which we are fitted, we need never doubt but that we shall add our share to the comfort and happiness and progress of our neighbor and of ourselves.

## The Wanderer

MYRON ELLIS

People had always predicted that Joe Stanley would one day land in the poorhouse. And now their prophecy had come true. Joe came back to the home of his childhood, prematurely old and broken in health from a life of hardship and adventure. His parents were long since dead, his only remaining relatives too poor to care for him, and thus his only resort was to spend the balance of his days in the county home.

Joe Stanley was a strange character, classed by all who knew him as a vagabond and a ne'er-do-well. Yet there was a strange magnetism about the man which none could deny. He had travelled in many lands and could tell marvelous tales of the sights he had seen. This fondness for new scenes, this *wanderlust*, appeared to have been the guiding star of his erratic life. He was a character naturally misunderstood and treated with contempt by the hard-working, frugal, and unimaginative people of his own village.

I confess that I had always had this same contempt for the man whom I regarded, as did everyone else, as scarcely better than a common tramp. But one afternoon I called at the poorhouse on a matter of business, and was surprised to have Stanley invite me to his room. He seemed in a reminiscent mood, and told me something of his past life. I shall briefly recount the story he told me.

From his earliest childhood he had always had a desire to see the world. This had gradually developed into a passion. Several times in early boyhood he had run away from home but each time had been caught before he could proceed far. As far as school was concerned, he was a failure. He would, it is true, fairly revel in tales of adventure and pore over the maps in his geography for hours, but his practical father could not appreciate this kind of mental development, and

he very soon put Joe to work on the farm. With his temperament, subjected as he was to strict parental discipline, and overburdened with work, it is no wonder that the boy ran away from home, only to be apprehended each time. Finally, at the age of eighteen, he escaped for good.

From this time on, Joe says that he began to live. He wandered from one state to another, picking up enough money by odd jobs to pay for his food, and doing most of his travelling on the "blind baggage." Strange to say, he entirely avoided the numerous tramps he met with. Stanley was different from them, he enjoyed the same freedom from restraint, the same great joy in the bigness of the world, but there was something in his nature finer and of more delicate texture, which could not endure the coarseness of the average knight-of-the-road. Underlying the rougher portion of his nature there was a vague something, free, sensuous, and poetic. This could only be satisfied by the life he was living, a constant adventurous wandering, a shifting panorama of new and strange scenes.

For many years Joe Stanley lived this sort of life. He wandered over all the habitable parts of the globe, following always that call of the wild and unknown which seemed to hold out to him a promise of the only satisfaction he had ever known. Wherever he was, under the torrid sun and amid the vast wilds of the tropics, surrounded by the wealth and culture of European capitals, in the Orient with its gorgeous colorings and perfume-laden air, or in the frozen North where the vivid light of the Midnight Sun seemed in some mysterious way to offer him protection from the Arctic blast, he had hearkened to

"One everlasting whisper, day and night repeated—So:

'Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges  
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!'"

## To a Bumble-Bee

QUINTON HOLTON

Hail, you buzzing fellow!  
 Whence your wandering flight  
 Out from the cold pale yellow  
 Light of the frosty moon to the warmth of my room to-night?

Hail, but hush your racket!  
 Or is 't song with endless tune,  
 As when your rusty jacket  
 Gleamed with the priceless pollen of the golden days of June?

Sing then your dreams, old rover:  
 Days o'erladen with fun,—  
 Wine of the luscious clover,—  
 Lilies and poppies and roses and birds and the summer sun.

I too have known them, partner,  
 Those maddening sweets of old,  
 Time, the dear old gardener,  
 Gave me to sip their fragrance in days all purple and gold.

Ah, they're gone! what matter?  
 Their season indeed was sweet:  
 But we can still make a clatter,  
 Keep we the song in our head and the stiffness out of our feet.



## The Meaning of Tartuffe

ETHEL ABERNETHY

In the history of the public life of Molière, *Tartuffe* is first and foremost a reply and an attack. It is an act as much as a work: a work of combat and an act of declared hostility. It is very easy to understand the causes which induced Molière to select hypocrisy as the subject of a play at this period. For him, the function of comedy was to correct the failings of men, and he found his true sphere in the *Précieuses Ridicules* of 1659, which was followed by *Sganarelle*, *L'École des Maris*, *Les Facheux* and *L'École des Femmes*, each of which added to his number of enemies. *L'École des Femmes*, with its sermons on the duties of marriage and its ten *Maximes du Mariage*, more than any other play, aroused strong opposition. The attack on Molière became violent, and he was loudly accused of insulting religion. Having been aroused to see religious hypocrisy in these empty criticisms, he resolved to make a hypocrite the center of his next play. It was probable that Jansenism might do for the drama what Puritanism had done in England, and so we read in the second *Placet* relating to *Tartuffe*—"But certain it is that I must no longer think of making comedies if the Tartuffes gain the day, for they will claim the right thereby of persecuting me more than ever, and will try to find something to cavil at even in the most innocent things that will come from my pen." In his triumphant preface he likewise declares: "Either the comedy of *Tartuffe* must be approved, or all comedies in general must be condemned."

The play seemed to the people of the seventeenth century to be an attack upon religion in general, and soon opposition showed itself openly. Before the seventeenth of May, the king was forced to forbid its performance, and a pamphlet appeared in which Molière was accused of having written this play with the sole purpose of deriding the Church and was

declared worthy of being burned at the stake. Hostile criticism continued to make itself heard during the whole of the eighteenth and even into the nineteenth century, but Molière has become better understood, and today *Tartuffe* is ranked among the very best productions of the world's great literature. But still the question remains: Does Molière distinguish between hypocrisy and true devotion, or has piety, after all, been held up to scorn? Is his attack only against "false coiners of devotion," or did he mix up every devout person, every enemy of the theatre—Jansenite and Jesuit, Escobar and Arnauld, Pascal and Bourdaloue—in his bold attack against religion itself? This is no longer the live question that it was in the seventeenth century, but it is most important, for through its solution we get not only to the spirit of the comedy, but to the very heart of Molière himself.

When *Tartuffe* alone is considered, there is no trouble in proving that he really is *Tartuffe* and a hypocrite. "The traitor is plainly to be seen through his mask; he is recognized at once in his true colors; and the rolling of his eyes and his honeyed tones impose upon no one." He is the arch hypocrite of French literature. Brunetière expresses our feeling for him when he says: "*Tartuffe* sweats hypocrisy: all the meaner lusts are concentrated in him as it were to make him a monster of moral deformity; however comic he be, he inspires fear, and disgust perhaps even more than fear; to touch him we would wish a pair of tongs, and on meeting him on our way we would take care not to run up against him, for fear of befouling ourselves. The intention here is manifest beyond doubt. *Tartuffe* is the caricature of hypocrisy; the expressions he uses could not for a moment deceive anybody; and if one were to dare to offer any criticism on Molière, it would be, with La Bruyère, that he has painted him in too crude colors." We shudder at the wretch who speaks so devoutly of "the will of heaven" and censures others for their worldliness, but who does not hesitate to plan the complete ruin of the man who has befriended him, and

even attempts to steal from him his wife.

Thus hypocrisy is shown as a destructive moral force, powerful and threatening, involving even the innocent and the truly devout in its fearful calamity. For *Le Tartuffe* deals not only with a hypocrite, but with hypocrisy. And it is here that Molière speaks in tones that thunder just as it is here that we find his clearest attack upon religion itself. It is from Orgon and Madame Pernelle, as well as from Tartuffe, that we must ask Molière's secret. In the first act, Dorine tells us that, "During our troubles Orgon acted like a man of sense and displayed courage in the service of his prince." He was a good husband, a good father, a good master and a faithful and sure friend, chosen as the man among twenty others to be entrusted with a matter on which depended a friend's honor, liberty and life. But "since he has taken so strongly to Tartuffe he has become a perfect dolt," the indulgent husband and father has changed into the domestic tyrant. Now, "he would see brother, children, mother and wife die, without troubling himself as much as *this*," and he snaps his fingers contemptuously. And yet Orgon is sincere, true in his devotion, and honest in what he does. Does Molière mean that as much as we advance in devotion, just so much do we advance toward inhumanity?

This is the view of a prominent French critic, who claims that what Molière attacked was not dogma or morality, but opposition to his own philosophy. "While all around him, not only Jansenists, but the Jesuits also, are teaching that human nature is corrupt in its substance, that we carry in ourselves our most dangerous enemies, and that these are our instincts; that in following their impulse we run of our own accord to eternal damnation,—Molière believes precisely the opposite. He believed that in following our instincts we obey the wish of nature." But does he also attempt to teach us that religion means the neglect of these human sentiments which give life its value? Does he mean that in proposing for men an end which is unattainable, we dissuade them from

their duties? If so, and if the truly devotional of his age understood it thus, it is no wonder that hands and voices were lifted in protestation and that the theatres in Paris were compelled to be closed.

Although Tartuffe pretends to care for heavenly things alone, and to have no desire for pleasures of earth, he is forced to contradict himself in everything when he sues for the love of Orgon's wife. He is compelled to admit that "the love which draws us to the beauties of heaven, does not stifle in our hearts the love for the things of the earth." However careful he may be in regard to his precise hours of devotion, of fasting, and of penance, he confesses at last, that, although *un devout*, he is no less a man, and that there are times when a heart surrenders itself and does not reason." This confession means much from the man who walks out upon the stage saying, "Laurent, put by my hair-shirt and my scourge!" Molière is plainly defending his own philosophy: that the life of this world has been given us to be used, and that only the indulgence of our "human sentiments" can render it of value. And so Cleante praises the good people of his time who are "human and reasonable" in their devotion. What Molière gives us in his *Tartuffe* is the lesson of moderation, the gospel of common-sense. Cleante declares this boldly to Orgon in these burning words: "Reason has for them too narrow a limit; in every way they pass its bounds, and often spoil the most beautiful thing by attempting to push it too far."

In his letter to the king, Molière declared that the object of his comedy was to attack by "*peintures ridicules*," the vices of his age, and since hypocrisy is the commonest, he expresses his purpose of distinguishing between *un zèle contrefait* and *une charité sophistique*. He writes: "I have allowed no equivocation. I have taken away all that might confuse the good and the bad, and have used in this painting only those peculiar colors and necessary features which reveal at once a true hypocrite." No one can doubt his success in



giving a faithful picture of the hypocrite, but there is a little blurring and mixing of colors when he seeks to draw the line between the good and the bad. Yet Molière did not intend to leave us with no distinction between the two. All are not duped and hoodwinked by the hypocrite. Hypocrisy is finally discovered and virtue triumphs; but it is the virtue of the level-headed and common-sense Elmire and Cleante. The latter, who is the *raisonneur* and true philosopher of the play, speaks more than any other character, for Molière himself. For Cleante, it is enough that Heaven sees his heart, and he does not become the slave of affectation and convention. "There is false devotion as there is false bravery, and as we find that the truly brave are never those who make much noise where honor leads them, so the good and truly pious, in whose footsteps we should follow, are not those who pull so many long faces. "What!" he exclaims, "You will make no distinction between hypocrisy and devotion? You wish to call them by the same name, and to give the same honor to the mask as to the visage, to make artifice of the same value as sincerity, and to confuse the appearance of things with the truth, to esteem the phantom as much as the reality and to value false money as you do good?" Then he cries out against those people who make trade and merchandise of their devotion and pursue their fortune by the road to heaven, who cover all their vices with this cloak of hypocrisy, and are therefore more deadly in their hatred because they take up against us the weapons revered by us and wound us with a holy sword. "But the true *devots*," Cleante continues, "and there are many of them in our age, do not claim to be patterns of virtue; their devotion is human, is reasonable; they do not censure all that we do, they see the excess of pride contained in such criticisms, and leave them to others; it is by their actions that they reprove ours; the appearance of evil does not disturb them, and they are inclined to judge well of others; there is in them no plotting, there are no intrigues to follow; their only care is to live right; never are they bitter



against the sinner, they hate only the sin; and they do not desire with an *extreme zeal* to esteem the interests of heaven more than heaven itself desires. These are the people I like! That is how one should live!"

This is, I believe the philosophy of Molière's *Tartuffe*. I know full well that this disagrees with the opinion of many English, as well as French, critics; but it is reasonable to think that Molière, who suffered from the errors of an extreme zeal in others, and who felt too often the severe criticisms of those patterns of virtue, put these words into the mouth of Cleante, the *raisonneur*. They are too sincere and earnest not to ring true; and they agree too well with all that we know of Molière's life, to make us consider them otherwise. This is his creed. Are there not many worse?

## Scrapping

BYRON CONLEY

About the time in life when we have confidence enough in our beard to take a seat in the barber's chair to be shaved, with no fear of the barber's saying, "How do you want your hair cut, sir?" we begin to moralize over our happy boyhood days. We feel so very, very old. What a dim vista do we see when we peep back from our twentieth to our thirteenth year! How long it seems! And as some urchin comes idling along and munching an apple, we say to some person as aged as ourselves:

"Ah! boys are not what they were when we were young!"

And the man as aged as ourselves will shake his head gloomily and say:

"No, indeed they're not!"

This is encouraging, and the conversation runs on like this:

"Kids don't go barefooted any more as we used to do."

"No; nor play the games we played."

"Nor get in mischief as we used to."

And then you'll chuckle as you tell how the town constable got after you once for riding a bicycle on the sidewalk, and you will add:

"And by gravy! think how we used to scrap!"

The thought is too much for both of you; and shaking your heads sadly with a world's-comin'-to-an-end air, you spot the scratch ball and get back to the game.

But boys go barefoot just as much, and play games just as much as they did fifteen years ago.

Fights between boys generally break out like spontaneous combustion. Reddy White will peg at Shag Smith's top of his "turn" and—— there you are!

But sometimes, "one's afraid and the other da'ssn't," and there may follow for weeks mutual taunts, challenges, re-criminations, delicate negotiations, and bluff and brag

worthy of champion heavyweights, before the fight is pulled off. After Sneak Williams has carried tales, and told Sot Wilkins what Kid Allan had said about him, and then gone back to Kid Allan with what Sot Wilkins said, and all the cheerful lies and boasts are bandied sufficiently, the adversaries are brought together after the ball game, to settle it, "fer wunst and all." Sometimes it is a little hard to get them to do more than breathe defiance at each other in a half-hearted way. However, at the last moment, Frosty Jenkins, who works in a livery stable, or Bill Jones, who has been to a reformatory, and is looked up to and envied by every one, in consequence, chance along.

The scrap now assumes shape. Frosty Jenkins or Bill Jones, as the case may be, draws a line on the ground, and the unwilling champions are made to toe the scratch.

Here is the critical juncture. There are two methods that can be used to precipitate matters. One is to put a chip on the shoulder of the most determined and to get the most aggressive to knock it off. The other is to get either of the would-be combatants to say "calf or calf-rope." These are cabalistic and fateful words that are held in much awe by the rising generation of youngsters. So long as a boy can avoid saying either he can withdraw with honor. But let him once commit himself, and he must follow out the rest of the ritual and fight, or be forever disgraced. If he says "calf," the crowd cries, "Coward if yer don't hit 'im the first blow!" If it is "calf-rope," he is greeted with, "Coward if yer don't mall the hair outen his head!"—which is equivalent to the first in reality, for boys don't as a general thing pull hair; that is left for playground encounters between Sally Martin and Sissy Jones.

The first blow is generally a light tap, a sort of feint, as it were. The boy struck retaliates with a harder tap; and oh, joy! the fight is on. Then they clinch; and here comes the difference between town and country boys. With country boys the rough-and-tumble fight is *de rigueur*. The best

wrestler is usually the local juvenile champion. Everything goes—kicking, biting, and knocking, accompanied by a few words, which are not classed in the theological vocabularies, till one of them hollers, "Got a pain in my side!" And that ends it.

But the city boy, perchance, sees the *Police Gazette* oftener and the fight with him is mostly stand off; a clinch and a fall marking the end of each round. Action and position, after the lithographs of Jeffries, Corbett, or Johnson, are effects sought after most, and a fight is tiresomely protracted in this manner.

I have seldom seen a tidy fight between two well-matched boys—one of those closely contested, harmless encounters—that was not interrupted by some snollygoster, generally wearing a cocked hat and a shiny-seamed pair of trousers, who rushed up, crying, "For shame!" and separated the principals. Believe me, a man who does such a thing as this never had a good blood-stirring fight in his life.

Sometimes it is a woman, a fat woman of huge dimensions, with a determined double chin and a moth-eaten, pestiferous, plush sacque, who separates the scrapping youngsters. Her plan of procedure is to smite the breath out of them both with vigorous thumps of a baggy umbrella, or else administer unearthly blows to the cheeks of the fighters with her hands, till their noses bleed; after which, glaring at the assembled multitude until everybody feels cheap and uneasy, she will go up to some gentlemen in the crowd, who have been thrilled in every fibre of their bodies by the hard-fought fight, and snapping her fingers under their noses will say, "Ain't you a nice passel of brutes to egg on them poor children to disfigure themselves!"

Is it any wonder, then, that our boys grow up with all the good aggressive American scrapping spirit stunted in them, to be non-combative nuisances?

## A Calamitous Debut

J. O. RENFRO

When Tom Barlow was about sixteen years old, after having attended a few sessions of the free school (except during the fodder-taking season when a boy reared on the farm finds his help at home much desired if not much appreciated), he had just begun to revel in the joys of his first suit of Kentucky jeans. Now, when Tom had donned this new suit of jeans, there immediately came into his inner self that peculiar and perplexing longing, the explanation of which has baffled the minds of the most skilled psychologists. Tom, sagacious as he was, began to think the time at hand when he should enter that realm of human activities in which the little minds are destined to be capsized in the tumultuous current as it rushes on down the inevitable stream of time. Thus attired in his new suit, in the pockets of which he carried a bulldog pistol, a run-down watch, a pencil, a five-cent purse containing some few nickles and dimes, and a twist of green tobacco, he went forth into this new world, on the barren plains of which we may expect to find him picking himself up and wondering which of the boys he is. So does many an unfortunate lad who falls prey to the devouring forces in such an atmosphere.

He began his illustrious career by at once falling in love with Miss Catmint Groundivey Schrimpsure, a speckled and freckled wild beauty of some sixteen summers, from the lips of whom had never been sipped that sweetness which from a microscopic or other scientific investigation is found to contain properties intensely dangerous to self-consciousness. The meaning is: the girl had never been kissed by him, but by a multitude of other fellows, the "mugs" of whom he would break for sheer jealousy. He felt the straining effects of this first case of love-sickness very greatly, for he was the most loutish youth that ever donned a pair of brogan shoes. He



was sure the love-sickness would kill him, for, poor unfortunate youth as he was, he had not yet learned that this most malignant disease is seldom fatal, though, like the toothache, it is excruciatingly painful and tenacious in its malevolent effects upon both mind and body.

He remembered, with intense sadness, one night when the youngsters of his community set a party at Uncle Huckleberry Buff's on Licksillet Creek. This auspicious occasion was the supereminent time of his life, because Miss Scrimpsure was to be there and he had an invitation also. So he donned the suit of jeans and went.

At Uncle Huckleberry's the fun flew high — too high for Tom, alas! The first slip he made was to lose his supper. This came as a result of an accident. While the others were eating apples and cracking jokes, Tom assumed the dignified attitude of an attentive listener who knew not what to do with his hands. As he was held spellbound gazing at Miss Schrimpsure, his hands unfortunately came in contact with the ornamental ring at the end of the fire shovel handle. As a result, his finger was firmly fastened in the ring, a very unfortunate thing for him, because just at this stage in the game supper was announced. It now devolved upon him to devise some scheme by which he might tide himself over this painful predicament. This he did by telling the folks that he had eaten supper before leaving home. While the others were partaking of Uncle Huckleberry's pork and pumpkin butter, however, he succeeded in releasing his finger from the ring in time to eat a basketful of apples before those at supper returned to the room.

After supper, some very exciting games, such as "Dollar," were started, when some company arrived on the scene. There were not chairs enough for all, so the boys resigned their seats to the blushing beauties who had suddenly burst upon the social atmosphere of the evening, and hung themselves up in the corners and along the walls. Some were so fresh as to sit upon the beds. But poor Tom! it was unfortunate for

him that he saw Mrs. Buff's soap trough conveniently near, for he immediately deposited himself thereon. Now occurred the greatest catastrophe in the history of Tom's life. Some witty fellow whose name, due to the excitement which followed, Tom was unable to recall, succeeded in getting off a rich line of "hot air" at which all were laughing heartily. As a result of a very loud guffaw upon Tom's part, during which he fairly kicked up his heels with glee, the lid on the soap trough slipped, and Tom was thoroughly baptized in the strong lye soap. He was fished out amid the most intense excitement and carried into an adjoining room. There he was compelled to retire until his suit of jeans could be cleaned. The good lady of the house assured him that she would have his clothes cleaned by morning. But amid the contemptible giggling that he had to endure as he lay there helpless in bed, shorn of his clothes and glory, he found sleep impossible till far into the night. He realized full well that some "gawky cuss" was hugging Miss Schrimpsure while he was lying dumb and helpless in bed. Finally, after many turns and tumbles, he fell into a fitful slumber and dreamed that he was in the land beyond this "vale of tears," clothed in a tailor-made suit and walking the streets of gold hand in hand with his coveted wild beauty.

The first rays of sunlight were just beginning to chase the dew from the eastern hill tops, when he awoke to find his dream all a myth and his new suit of jeans, washed but faded beyond recognition, hanging on a chair. He immediately jumped out of bed, thrust himself into his faded suit, ran home, fell across his mother's knee, and knew no more until he suddenly awoke to find the good lady vigorously applying a window stick to the faded suit and reprimanding him for not having returned home the night before as he had promised.

## Dawn

JOHN W. CARR, JR.

Aurora draws her legions great  
Within a fierce array;  
While Cynthia from her chair of state  
Surveys the arms of day.  
The Sun, her greatest general, is  
Resplendent in his light;  
Sure, from the army's power, it is  
That it will conquer Night.

Night lines his numerous stars  
All for the battle drear;  
His captain is the mighty Mars,  
His host is standing near.  
The constellations take their place  
Within the fierce array,  
Forward the mighty comets race  
To meet the force of Day.

The battle starts, the eastern sky  
Is flecked with crimson hue;  
The arms of Night now westward fly  
O'er fields besprent with dew.  
Behind his fiery steeds, the Sun  
Mounts in the heavens high —  
Aurora has the battle won  
And holds the eastern sky.

## Two Sophomore Stories

### I.

#### HAL'S GOOD FORTUNE

IRMA L. TAPP

Grace Dearing stood on the stone steps of her father's handsome residence, stamping her little foot as if nothing ever went right. She was a beautiful girl of nineteen years, with curly brown hair and pretty blue eyes. At this particular time she was especially attractive, dressed in a white motoring coat with a knitted cap drawn over her head. How could Keith Bradshaw, who was coming up the walk then, help admiring and, indeed, loving her? He had come to take her for a ride, but there was another reason, too.

The automobile had been running lightly over the country road for some time when Keith approached the one subject interesting to himself, and indeed the most uninteresting to Grace. He argued just as he had done many times before, but was still no better off than at first. Grace was exceedingly bored. She had become quite tired of hearing her father speak of Keith's wealth and good qualities, and that he would be a fine "catch" for her. She had come to the conclusion that she could never love a man whom somebody else chose for her. So she was becoming weary of her friendship with Keith Bradshaw and always avoided him when possible.

The next day found Grace sitting by the window in her room in a deep study. She was thinking over the events of her ride with Keith on the day before. It had ended far from pleasantly. On account of Keith's carelessness, they had run over a young fellow on the country road and he was then seriously ill at the hospital. Grace was wondering what she could do to cheer him up, and finally decided to send him some flowers with a little note of sympathy. Day after day she inquired about him, and when he was much better she went with Keith to see him. He was improving rapidly, which

could be accounted for by Grace's visits. He looked forward to them and dreaded the time when he should leave the hospital and miss seeing her.

When he was entirely well he returned home, and did not see Grace again, except one time when she passed by in an automobile with Keith. It all happened so quickly that they did not recognize him.

Grace was fast becoming worried and unhappy. Keith was pressing his suit and had her father's help to back him. Whenever the subject was brought up, the face of the injured boy rose before her. But why should she think of him? He was only a poor country boy, and Keith was a wealthy banker. Yet his face haunted her and she could not persuade herself to marry Keith.

One day, while walking, Grace wandered into an old shop. Whom should she see standing behind the counter but the once-injured boy. He recognized her immediately and came forward. He looked quite different then. His clothes were more presentable and, indeed, his face was almost handsome. Before leaving Grace learned that he was Hal Denny. From time to time she visited this store and Hal was always ready to meet her. She had completely made up her mind that she could not marry Keith. She found Hal's company more agreeable, and he often walked with her in the park after business hours were over.

One day Grace was surprised to receive a note from Hal, in which he asked that she meet him in the park at their favorite spot. She was even more astonished when, on reaching there, he told her that he was going to depart for Alaska that night. He had heard of the discovery of gold there and, realizing that he could never marry her while a poor man, he was setting out in hope of making his fortune. He promised that in two years he would return, during which time they thought it best not to write, since her father had forbidden their friendship. As he left, she gave him a small piece of ribbon from her neck.



Hal met with many hardships on his journey to Alaska, and still more after reaching there. He soon found that gold was not easily picked up. In a few weeks his supplies and money were gone, but fortunately he formed a close friendship with an old miner, who gave him food and shelter. But for this good friend he would have starved and frozen to death. The old miner soon learned from Hal about his love for Grace, and the disadvantages of a rich suitor's being in the way. He sympathized greatly with him, for he, too, had been disappointed in love. Hal had scarcely made a comfortable living for almost two years, when one day he struck a rich vein. It was then that he immediately began to make preparations for his return.

Just two years from the night when he set out for Alaska, he walked into the hotel of his home town. He had undergone many hardships but was none the worse for them. He had grown into a strikingly handsome man. His first thought was how he might get word to Grace, when he caught a part of the conversation of two men standing near. One was saying that although the announcement of Miss Dearing's marriage to Mr. Keith Bradshaw had not been made, it was generally believed that it would be soon. Had Grace been untrue to him? No; that thought was broken up by the other man's answer. He said people were criticising Mr. Dearing for pushing his daughter's marriage when she was so unwilling, for such marriages often proved failures.

Grace was sitting by the fire in her room dreaming of Hal and wondering if he would never return. It had been two long years since he left her so suddenly. She was stirred from her dream by the entrance of a servant with some beautiful roses. They were tied with a piece of faded ribbon, which she remembered having given Hal on the day he left for Alaska. Eagerly she opened them and found a short note with no other words than: "Meet me at the same place."

Grace met Hal, and the public was surprised a few days

later to read in the papers the announcement of Grace's marriage to Mr. Hal Denny, a wealthy miner of Alaska.

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## II.

## AS IT PLEASES ME

ERNEST S. SAVAGE

"Don't you ever put your foot in my house again as long as we both live. Oh, I hate you! How I hate you!" said the indignant Colonel as he closed the door on his daughter's suitor. "Cursed be the day that I took that fellow here as my librarian."

"Father, how can you say such things about Harry? Oh, I believe I was born for trouble."

"That will do, Marie. From this day on you must not receive any courtesies from Harry Morton. You know that your marriage has long been arranged with Philip, and it would be the greatest disappointment of my life to see you, my only child, break the pledge of your father. Moreover, it seems to me that a girl of your intelligence ought to know that that vagabond Morton doesn't love you. He just wants you for your money."

"Harry doesn't love me? Harry wants me for my money? Never! no, never will I believe it."

"Don't be silly, Marie. You know well enough that what I say is law. You'll marry Philip Hawkins or I'll kill Harry Morton."

At the conclusion of this dialogue the father arose and left the girl alone. Thoughts came thick and fast to her troubled mind. She began to ponder over the happy days she had spent with Harry Morton: pleasant evenings in her father's gardens, all alone with the man she loved. How happy she had been the short time he had been with her! He was so different from other men. He took so much delight in explaining everything to her. He loved the dew-kissed roses

and admired their delicate colors. It was an exquisite pleasure to have him point out the glories of the sunset and to be with him when the pale moon cast its mellow rays around them. Oh, why were they to be thus disturbed? Just to comply with the whims of an ambitious father? Her wandering eyes rested on a crumpled note. She grasped it fervently and read:

“Love me as always. I have gone West to seek a fortune. I will return some day and claim you as my own.

Yours forever,

HARRY.”

Gone! The man she loved, the one man in all the world for her, gone West! The distant roar of a train and the echo of a whistle sounded, and she knew the great west-bound vestibule was gradually taking her lover farther and farther away.

The departure of Harry Morton had a serious effect on Marie. The gay life of the city, the ballroom, and the theatre had lost their charm for her. She spent her days in quietude. Occasionally she would stroll into the garden to kiss the new-blown roses and to hide her tears in violet-beds. The long weary summer days passed by drearily. The roses faded and the violets withered. Days, weeks and months passed by, but not a word did she hear from Harry. Her eyes took on a far-away look, the color faded from her cheeks, and a deep cough set in. The great white plague had stamped its fatal seal upon her. The father watched with anxious eyes the fast failing health of his daughter. All the medical aid possible was administered, but still she grew worse, and that saintly look came over her, which means so much to those who understand.

Harry Morton was faring badly in the West. Finally, after months of ceaseless searching, he found the long-sought-for gold. While returning home one afternoon he passed by a cave in the mountain. Something about it attracted his attention. On one side of the cave he noticed a well-beaten footpath. He decided to follow it. The cave grew darker and darker the farther he entered. Presently he saw a ray of light

flash ahead of him, and he heard the groan of a human being. He quickened his pace and soon came upon the form of a man writhing on the ground. Near him on a projection in the cave a wax candle cast a pale light about the narrow opening. The man's eyes opened and his lips parted. Harry knelt beside the death-stricken man. In a whisper scarcely audible he heard him say :

“ Give me a grave, stranger, and use the money as you wish. I had hoped to prove to her some day that I, too, was a wealthy man.”

Then he closed his eyes and passed into the great unknown. A feeling of sympathy passed over Harry Morton. How awful it must have been to have suffered and died unattended, out here in the loneliness of this mountain cave! Again he knelt beside the man and examined his clothes but could find nothing to indicate his identity. Then he began to examine the cave. In the rear of it, in the hollow of a large rock, he found piles of gold stored away. His gold, now. He had found his fortune. He would return to Marie.

In a few days he made the necessary arrangements and boarded the east-bound train. Oh how happy he was! Every whiff of wind reminded him of her sweet breath. He could even now feel the pressure of her tender little hand. He would fold her to his bosom, and no frightful nightmare of filthy gold should arise as an obstacle.

In this imaginative dream he lingered till he arrived home. He hurried to the Colonel's home and was in the act of ringing when he thought of the parting command of the Colonel. His thoughts were soon interrupted by the opening of the door and the Colonel stood before him.

“ Harry Morton; you here! Why did you wait so long? Oh, if I had only known!” Then the Colonel led him into the hall and hurried to break the news to Marie.

That morning Marie seemed to be much better, and after much persuasion her nurse agreed to let her sit up. Her long golden hair hung loosely by her side and her blue eyes once

more gleamed with youthful joy. She was reclining in a large arm-chair with her delicate form snugly concealed beneath an artistically arranged robe. Thus the Colonel found her. He threw his arms about her, kissed her brow, and told her that Harry had come. The girl's face flushed, and tears of gladness filled her eyes. In a whisper, scarcely audible, she bade him bring Harry in.

All that day she seemed so cheerful that the Colonel began to think that maybe there was still hope. Late that afternoon she called for her violin and asked to be alone with Harry. There in the stillness of the room, when the sun was casting its last rays over the western hills, she played, "When the Roses Bloom Again." As the last echo died away, she leaned her head upon his breast and, with the light of Heaven upon her face, said,

"Meet me over there, Harry, where the roses ever bloom and the violets never die."



## The Genius of Shakespeare

M. B. ANDREWS

The greatest man and master mind  
That England ever knew  
Came back to earth the other day  
From out the distant blue.

He talked to me a little while  
About the world to-day,  
And marveled at the changes wrought  
Since he had passed away.

He smiled when I informed him of  
His fame throughout the earth,  
But bitterly denied he was  
A genius by birth :

“ They do me wrong who say that I  
Was born with greater mind  
Than any normal man is born  
On earth of all mankind.

“ If thus they think, in dismal shades  
Of error still they lurk ;  
*The only genius I had*  
*Was that of earnest work.”*

He spoke no more, but kindly smiled  
And gently shook my hand,  
And then was gone, I know not where,  
Except to spirit-land.

## Three Months After

A SEQUEL TO "THE SKEPTIC VIEW OF LOVE."

BY TOP C. TURVEY.

I went to a music recital last night. I was hungry for some Ruskinisms and they fed me. I was victim of numerous and diverse emotions. My heart was transmuted from the Philosopher's Stone to Blue Mass; then to Attar of Roses, Lacrimae Christi, and through the category of sandalwood, spices, perfume and blandishments, ended as water-soluble chlorophyll. I sang the song of Myself. The music toted the phlogiston of my intellect through the ultimate bounds of the Universal All-In-All. My soul underwent metempsychosis and was borne on the billows of the music to the burnished gates of The Land of Twilight. I breathed the incense from the censor of Saturn's Muses and my spirit of Universal love floated on the breezes of finitude beyond the utmost limits of time and the remotest constellations of space.

But I landed in the effluvia of the Dismal Swamp with a heart of chlorophyll. I landed with a feeling of peppermint en route to the pylorus,—half sweet, half hot, half cold, and the remaining half a liquescent kind of a sensation. For my girl was there. There with another fellow! And I could have been that fellow—Oh the Devil! Young man, will you kindly pass me the Hemlock à Socrates? May devil-fishes, electric chairs, griffins, tsetse-flies, pellagra, gangrene and tarantula-scorpions pester me forever!

And the fellow—ah, gadflies! Here Clarence, take this broom handle and punch out my right eye. Now sandpaper my knuckles and beat me into a papier-mâché.

But it was all my fault. I am the sovereign bonehead of the world; the Lord High Arch-Imbecile of the Universe.

They say the lion and the liz—no, some clouds have a silver lining—I do not know; but every silver lining in my ex-

perience has had its cirro-cumulus lowering back of it. There is more anguish in being in love than there is in the tortures of Tantalus.

I would make a first-rate devil: My first duty would be to catalog all the tortures in the orders of their intensity. In this catalog, Love would be item number one. Then every swain consigned to my limbo who gave evidence of self-esteem should be given loving powders. I should have the Lord High Photographer of the Infernal Regions by special appointment to make his picture after taking and send it back to Earth as an advertisement.

Clarence, it's just this way: there's lots of misery in being in love. Talk about your petty jealousies, your envies, spleens, cholers, and dudgeons, they are all only different species of bumble-hornets, snake-doctors and beetle-wasps from Love's *Boxus Pandorae*. And there is always just one little lady-bug in this big box of torment. Here's an Amber Rosolli to my Lady-Bug! Santa Claus brings every man a Noah's Ark once in his life. It has a couple of crocodiles, two snapping turtles, some centipedes, horned toads, stone crabs, two mosquitoes and just one woman. But it is the price!

Clarence, it is time to hit me again; I am getting too fresh. I'm somewhat like an eel, cook me and I will raw back in a few minutes. So get your stick. Jealousy is just as much an accessory of love as a shell is on an egg—it comes that way. It is the mirror in one's boudoir in which one's conceit stares one in the face. Nux Vomica is bitter but it is a mighty good tonic. When a man is conceited he needs one of those bitter tonics. That's love and the delirium of the tonic is jealousy, but he will get over it. Love is worth while, anyhow, for the conceited. So, Clarence, please pass the Nux.

After all, Larry, what's the difference? Nothing. Who loves? Nobody. What is love? Nothing. And jealousy? Nothing. And the girl? the *causus belli*. And the other

fel—? There again! Pass the hemlock julep, Clarence. Clarence, let's go. I know a good hole we can drown ourselves in. Thence we'll go and deliver our little philippics on life. Life is the delirium tremens of a society debauch, a loathsome, slimy, green, distended, filthy frog whose only end in living is to croak. Then we'll cast our cumbrous frames into the crystal pool and with a gurgle slowly sink to the slimy ooze and there rest a quiet company with the crayfishes, salamanders and dead-bugs, while the cricket over our heads shall chirp the Song of Myself to the Mellow-Bug, and the Water Spider shall weave her web over the Moccasin's lair. But Clarence! You go ahead and make your speech; "I'll go ahead and tell her good-bye and then I'll come.

Poor Clarence! dear. He thinks I'm coming. Sh-h! I hear him. Away! You can't come under this rose bush; we got here first. Leave here, Clarence! Away with your hemvomica and nuxlock juleps. I'm in love.

Have some lotos, Little Girl?

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# Editorial

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Christmas again, season of peace, of love, of hope, of gladness! Peace,—the very air breathes peace as it did long years ago on that first Christmas day wafting in angel song the tidings of good will to men. The nature soul is at rest. With gentle radiance the sunlight falls on field and wood and stream, and kisses the smoke- and sin-stained city into holy pensiveness. Calmed is the fevered throbbing of the mortal heart throughout Christendom. Hushed for a day is the mad rush for gain, while the human communes with the divine from which it has degenerated. The weary look is gone from the face of the mother in the lowly home in the joyful presence of her reunited family. Childhood sweet and innocent glows again in glory. Man greets man with good will and peaceful fellowship far as the chiming bells send forth their melody on the morning breeze to distant lands. On eastern plains the Bulgar and the Turk have caught the subtle influence and on blushing fields long for peace.

Christmas is a season of love,—grateful love of man, the creature, toward the divine Creator for the gift unspeakable, love toward family and friends, love for the brotherhood of all mankind united through a Saviour's love. The human heart grows warm with pitying love toward the weak and unfortunate; forgiveness breaks the crust of hardened selfishness, and the whole wide world, friend and foe, humanity and all created things, share the heart's affection.

Christmas is a season of hope. It is the threshold of the adjacent years. The old year has been unkind,—the new will be more kind; or the old year has been gracious,—the new year will be more gracious. Behind us is the path through the meadows where the flowers bloomed and the birds



sang; before us is the way through greenening fields where we can already see the buds swelling with the rising tide of nature day by day. The college student thrills with hope. A weary fall's work is done. The midway turn of his annual course is rounded, and with greater confidence he turns his face toward June and presses on to the finish with the goal in sight.

Above all, Christmas is a season of gladness,—gladness of giving as the Magi gave, with hearts full of love and adoration; gladness of receiving, as the shepherds received, with hearts full of gratitude and devotion; gladness of living, and loving, and being loved. "Glad tidings of great joy," sang the angels. "Joy," echoes the spirit of the twentieth century,—joy to the small boy with his horn and drum, joy to his little sister with her new doll, joy to us older boys and girls in the love of parents and friends, and joy most of all in the joy we give to others.

May peace and love and hope and gladness be ours this Christmastide.

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With the aim of encouraging a renewal of literary activity in Trinity College, the Fortnightly Club at its recent meeting decided to give again at the end of this year a fifteen-dollar set of books to the student whom it decides has made the most and best contributions to the ARCHIVE during the year. This is gratifying to those who have already been contributing, and will doubtless serve as a stimulus for those who have not. This fact also shows that the ARCHIVE is not what it ought to be. It is not the intention of this department to devote all its space to criticism and admonition, yet one sees upon some thought that there is little left for, and in fact little better for, journalism to do than to find fault with and try to remedy existing evils and circumstances. It is not well to be satisfied at any time with things as they are. Under such a condition there would be little progress in any field of endeavor. This fleeing from what

one always has and endeavoring to attain something else and better, is at the basis of all human life and activity. Remove it and civilization will stop. Realizing this fact, it is nothing but natural that we should be dissatisfied with the present and past editions of the ARCHIVE, and it is our ultimate desire to remain in this state of dissatisfaction and to try to make each number better than the preceding one.

But this criticism on the part of the editors of the result of their efforts is just a little out of order, since enough reproof comes from other sources. As has been said, no community can be better than the men who go to make up that community. Just so, no magazine can be better than what the men who write the contents of its pages make it. This is no exception to the rule; if it is a success it will be so because the students make it so.

If we are to believe the sayings of previous editors that they had difficulty in selecting from the many contributions to our monthly, it is evident that students' talents and interests in journalism are declining, that they are being overworked, or else they are spending more than a reasonable amount of their time at cheap theaters and other places of amusement. If there are but few contributions to pick from,—some good, more bad,—then it is evident that some of the bad will have to go with the good. The best magazines are therefore, as a rule, the ones that have large and varied numbers of contributions from which to select.

If you are inclined to be a critic and a grumbler with reference to your student publications, we are glad of it, even if you are aroused only enough to find fault. It may be that your grunting will incite either yourself or somebody else to action. If you are dissatisfied with things, the only sensible thing to do is to better them so they will be as you wish them. Do not be a fault-finder unless you have at heart a wilful desire to correct evils. The grouch and the reformer are alike in this respect: namely, that both find fault with many things; but they differ in that the former looks for

imperfection, finds it, and leaves it as it is, while the latter makes it his business to try to correct the evils which he discovers.

Don't excuse yourself by saying that you can't write. How do you know that you can't? It may be that you have never tried. A talent untried is as worthless as none at all. Many a first attempt on some man's part is a revelation of his ability and often results in a complete change of that man's life work. Not a few men surprise themselves upon invading a new field of endeavor. Many things which are tarnished when untried shine in use. A man never knows what things he is capable of doing until he has tried. Effort through experience is the only means by which we are capable of finding out just what things we can do.

The fact that all men are not poets, and that all who pretend to be are not, is realized. If pretensions were realities, the world would be a better world. Many men would not dare to be all the time what they even pretend to be some of the time, and fewer are there who would pretend to be what they really are. If you cannot write verse, then make an attempt at writing an essay or a short story. Not all men who try succeed, yet no man succeeds without having tried.

This other thought bears on this question just here: that the college athlete has more praise, fame, and honor thrust upon him for his feats on the athletic field than the scholar for high marks in the class room, in public debate, or in any literary work. Now, if the primary aim of a college is to develop men intellectually, scholarship should be foremost in the minds of all students and educators, and a person should receive more praise and win more distinctions for achievements than for some startling athletic feat.

The Fortnightly Club doubtless had this in mind when it decided to give this set of books as a token of literary accomplishments. Let us all try to work for the best interests of all our college activities and slight no one. If a college magazine is worth while, it is certainly worth working for, and every man should consider it no little honour to have an article of his published in it.

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# Alumni Department

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## DARE-DEVIL DICK

TOM GATLIN, '94

It was a cold December night in the balmy month of June. The rising sun had slowly set o'er the eastern hills, and the sportive goat and the pensive cow leapt backwards and frontwards through the swaying boughs of the huckleberry trees which hid the snow-capped peak 'way down in the valley. No sound could be smelt save the bumbling of the bumble-bee and the cooking of the cuckoos. All nature seemed to hold her tongue; even the mules had sought their nests among the highest branches of the rose bushes. A lonely traveller was walking at a rapid gait up the steep incline that led to the fruitful valley above, merrily chatting with his companions in a whisper. He had nothing on his head but a hat and nothing to protect his feet from the balmy zephyrs but a pair of antarctic rubbers.

Not a ray of sunshine penetrated the starry firmament above. The traveller was evidently in a picture frame of mind, for he had had nothing to eat but food in the last twenty minutes. Suddenly he turned slowly into a by-path and rapidly walked to the point where he had arranged with his love a trysting place. With feelings of anxiety he approached the hallowed spot. Yes, she was there.

"It is you, is it?" she said, as she took the last mouthful of barbecued scorpion from her little pocket.

"No," he said as he hung his hat and cane upon an electric light, "it is my father's only son."

Then, wiping a Texas steer from her eyes, she tremulously added, "I have waited for you long, my dear, and I thought you would be here if you were not absent," and she faltered as she placed her muddy feet on his heaving bosom.

"We are pursued," said he suddenly. "If we are found, we shall be discovered, and if we are overtaken, we shall be caught. You must either marry me or be my wife, by all the gods in yonder pool room. But listen! Our enemies are pursuing us as fast as an oyster on a half-shell. You must follow me closely at a distance of 5,280 feet and let no words pass your lips without speaking."

They slowly hurried onward. Suddenly a pistol shot rang out on the air. "Halt! I have you, Dare-Devil Dick and Dastardly Dentist of Dawson's Dungeon. If you come one foot nearer, you will be twelve inches closer." At this moment a party of men surrounded them and their leader cried "Seven long years have I pursued thee, and tried to kill thee, and traced thee till thou changedst thy socks, when I lost thy trail." Dare-Devil Dick confronted his sweetheart and hissed, "Betrayed! and by a woman who is no gentleman. Ah! yes; thou siren, thou hast sworn to be true till thou becamest false. Thou swore that thou lovest me, but I can look into thy hair and tell it was false. Oh! let me not live after I am dead!"

A pistol shot rang out again, and Dare-Devil Dick fell to the ground, stabbed in the heart with a telegraph pole.

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## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

(Thanks to Thomas Moore)

J. C. GIBBS, '96

Oft, in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain had bound me,  
 My pony brought the light  
 Of hidden thought around me;  
     The phrases terse  
     Of Virgil's verse,  
 The words of Cæsar spoken;  
     And Cicero,  
 I'd read no more,



Were this connection broken!  
 Thus, in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain had bound me,  
 My pony brought the light  
 Of hidden thought around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,  
 I feel like one  
 Who rode alone,  
 (When once his pony started),  
 Whose honor fled,  
 Whose conscience dead,  
 And all but grades departed!  
 Thus, in the night no more  
 Shall slumber ever bind me,  
 And conscience bring the woe  
 Of wicked days behind me.

[This sounds a little grapish, so—we admit it—we tried to search the records, out of curiosity, to see just what Mr. Gibbs did on Latin. But—ah, that fire! the records were burnt. Anyhow, it is a safe guess that he did not flunk on English. An evidence of interest, however, is the whittled inscription on the balustrade of the Inn Tower:

J. C. G. 2/3/96.  
 Latin, 75  
 English 9—

The inscription was so weather-beaten that we could not tell whether it was 90 or 99. The initials lead us to think this was the man in question.]

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There are the names of sixty-two Trinity alumni in *Who's Who, and Why*. We make this statement from direct evi-

dence; if you do not believe the number is so small, all we ask is that you go to the library and count them. This number lying down in a row, head to foot, would reach from the Duke Monument to the Flag-Pole.

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# Wayside Wares

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## IN MEMORIAM

In this crass, decadent age when a great tragedy elicits few tears of sympathy from the passing throng, many are the calamities whose victims never break into the obituary column. However, we think the most stony-hearted can scarce deny a few lacrimations in honor of the one tragic event connected with the approaching dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. We refer to the consequent demise of the Anti-Race-Suicide Society which was founded by Solomon a few thousand years ago, and of which the Sultan of Turkey is the most prominent modern stockholder. Reed Smoot, president emeritus of the American branch of the service, gave up the fight several years ago, leaving his Sultanic Majesty alone in the field for bargain counter families. Sad, very sad, is it not?

\* \* \*

## RIDING THE CALF

M. A. OSBORNE

When I was a boy living out on the farm,  
So full of my mischief was I  
That I cared not for misery, I feared no harm,  
And have fun,—I'd have it or die.

I bought me a calf, and I named him Puck.  
A mighty wild yearling was he.  
I decided to ride him (I knew he'd buck,  
And at first that was tickling to me).

I went to the stable and haltered him up,  
And said: "Puck, I'll ride you or die."

My father's old saddle upon him I put;  
 And the yearling, he heaved a deep sigh.

Then, in a few minutes, my sweetheart came near —  
 The stable was close to the road —  
 And in comp'ny with her, a half-dozen were  
 All going to their place of abode.

"Alexander," she said, "Why, what you up to?"  
 "To ride this calf, my dear."  
 "Oh, dear," she replied, "This never will do;  
 He'll run away with you, I fear."

"But a coward," I said, "is the boy who fears  
 To ride such a yearling so small."  
 She then began pleading and she pleaded in tears  
 To put him again in his stall.

But I gave a leap and on him I bounced;  
 He stood on as still as death.  
 And then with a stick 'pon his head I pounced:  
 "You'll move for this, I guess!"

A loud bellow he gave, and over the fence  
 He went, running fast as he would.  
 I'll confess I was scared half out of my sense,  
 I'd have stopped him then if I could.

He went flying full tilt right down a steep hill —  
 I'll not want another such ride.  
 The rest of the girls were all silent and still,  
 But my poor little Sal, she cried.

He threw me around on top of his head  
 When he'd run a mile and a half;  
 Then, "Where are y' goin'?" a traveler said;  
 Said I: "Have to ask the calf!"

I cried and I prayed for some power to stop  
The calf that was running so fast,  
When into the road from out a man's lot  
Ran a dog, and stopped him at last.

Before I dismounted he whirled around  
And ran back the way that he came,  
A-bucking and bellowing at every bound;  
To throw me he tried, but in vain.

The dog ran that yearling with all of his might,  
But the calf ran faster than he.  
Good friends, I know 'twould have been your delight  
To have seen that yearling and me.

At last, just before me in the road there stood  
Poor Sallie, so wan and so pale.  
I told her to help me, if she thought she could,  
And she caught the calf by the tail.

She ran and she cried, she would jerk and then pull,  
Till she jerked herself out of breath;  
But pulling and jerking didnt stop that bull—  
It liked to have scared him to death.

The people they'd laugh till they were purple and pale  
As they saw Sal and me go by,  
I riding the calf, Sal on to the tail,  
It looked like they'd laugh till they'd die.

But he ran and he ran till he suddenly stopped,  
And I pitched right over his head;  
Then Sal ran against him, and there he flopped  
Down on me as though he were dead.



I wiggled and twisted and rais'd a great fuss  
 At the calf, to get off of me.  
 I never felt more like I wanted to cuss,  
 But Sal was there, don't you see.

The yearling rolled over and lolled out his tongue,  
 And I was exhausted and pale;  
 But Sal grabbed a stone, which at him she flung —  
 In vain, till she twisted his tail.

\* \* \*

## COLLEGE SLANG

TOP C. TURVEY

Anomalies have a way of fading out on careful observation. On immature reflection I was going to say that the tendency of college men to appropriate to themselves distinctions was an incomprehensible anomaly; but burrowing into the substratum, one finds that it is human nature — a vague vacuity for an expression, but custom gives it a place. College hats, college clothes, college walks, college ways-of-holding-one's-hands-in-one's-pockets, college talk, college this, that and the other are commonly used terms that have their origin in the anthropomorphism on a small scale that preys on deluded college men, inoculating them with the assumption that their very presence in college confers particular distinctions on them. Even when reconnoitering the streets of the college town, or of any other town, they expect to be recognized by the Heloises, Juliets, Cleopatras and Sapphiras as a particular genus, and entitled to certain inalienable rights. It gets to be a little funny. But with that broad-minded feeling you purr, "Oh, it's just human nature." That relic-phrase should be relegated to the limbo of departed shades. In has done penance for many sins. It is human nature to steal, lie, and rob bird's nests, and in the same list belongs the tendency to attribute distinctions to one's self.

Labor unionists wear badges, politicians wear politician

hats, cowboys wear — what's the use? The laborer is as proud of his badge as the politician is of his hat or the cowboy of his what's the use. The badge is to let the other man know who the wearer is and what to look for — and the other man is usually not disappointed, for, given a man's bunch, you know the man. The badge is the advertisement.

Slang is one of the college man's badges. I mean the college man's slang. And, like his other signs, it is of the most glaring kind. It is a desperate effort to let the world know that he is a college man!

This is the background of my view. We expect, then, before we reach it, to find very highly exaggerated figures of speech. Hop a crip! Ride a gravy train! Kill him on German! Notice that these forms do not differ in kind from the *patois* of the newsboy, but in degree only.

It gets my guinea-pig!

There are fifty-seven varieties of imaginary expressions that are so high as to be inconceivable. Take one of the examples and try to imagine it. What kind of a performance would chooseling be? Think of running the rannacaboo! They are chimerical and destructive to the well organized brain.

But they deserve praise when we think of the pitiable efforts of the puny to express their inanities in figurative language. "Take it from me, kid, that was some noise." "But that was going some." "Beat it, greasy grind."

Let us stand for pure slang.

The evolution of slang is interesting. Originally slang words were manufactured to fill the place of a missing word — a word with which the speaker was not unacquainted. For this word existed. Graft for peculation is an instance. Conceits were thus accidentally born — born of ignorance. Some were clever. Folks began to invent new ones, art for art's sake. And the newsboys excelled.

Connect the three ideas: slang is a mark, is an exaggeration born of ignorance. In the first place, does a college

man want a mark? A mark is indicative of a class and it appears that there should be only one in each class. Each college man should be in a class of his own, having developed his class distinctions. For this class he can have no shibboleth—if, if indeed a college man differs from ordinary primates in any wise.

He boasts of a balanced, engine-like mind not given to overrating. This rules exaggeration out of his data. The third idea, ignorance, is laughable, yet “for, oh for, the hobby-horse is forgot.” College men may, may be a little ignorant.

Just try your luck. Take a baseball report and put it into good English and see!

“Cheer up, Cecil, it may not, it may not be true!”

\* \* \*

### THAT 'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY

J. ED. KANIPE

He swore he had forgotten her,  
That he had put away  
His tender memories of the past  
Until the Judgment Day.

That never more the laughing moon  
Should see them hand in hand;  
That he had long since closed the door  
Of his fond fairy land.

But then one day he chanced to meet  
The one he'd put away.  
He looked into her wondrous eyes,  
And, oh! his heart was gay.

He saw a smile within her eyes  
That turned his heart from stone;  
He whispered close into her ear:  
“Don't make me go alone.”

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# Editor's Table

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The *University of Virginia Magazine* claims to have settled the exchange editor's problem and to have relieved his precarious position. "*L'ouvrage est-il bon ou est-il mauvais,*" is their motto, which, they say, with a sophist's interpretation, means that they criticise through the appeal which the work makes to them, and do not measure through eyes which see only principles. Holding personal liking as the most valuable asset for the critic, they propose to prevent the two extremes of college magazine criticism: too much complimentary gush on the part of those who lack backbone enough to abstain from continual commendation; and too much picking to pieces of undergraduate efforts on the part of certain hypercritical persons who have set themselves upon a pedestal above undergraduate literature. It is difficult to conceive of criticism that is wholly impersonal, but that these two classes are too frequent is very evident; and by following this standard of personal liking, and at the same time observing certain fundamental literary principles, the Virginians do indeed seem to have struck the happy medium of passing sound, impartial judgment. We were glad to run upon this apt expression of how to avoid the dangers that beset us, and hope that in the following criticisms we have performed the more difficult task of doing what we have learned were good to be done.

Several of the magazines which have come to us this month have no department for exchanges. We do not know how they manage the matter. They probably have a good method. This department is, to be sure, a somewhat doubtful quantity. There seems no reason why it might not be made profitable, but this would at least require attention on the part of both parties.

The external appearance of a magazine is, of course, subordinate to its contents in importance. However, it seems well that it avoid a flimsy pamphlet-like appearance and look like a magazine. The *Niagara Index* needs improvement along this line. Within, it abounds in earnest and dignified essays and serious verse which its insignificant appearance would belie.

The *Red and White* for this month contains a very sensible discussion, "The Cremation of the Dead," written in a style that is at once simple and impressive. The magazine contains two other essays on interesting subjects, but it is badly in need of verse-makers. The fiction is unworthy of mention, and the editorials are of local interest only.

"What's in a name?" we ask and re-read the short poem in the *Georgian* entitled "November." Apply the name of any other month—with the exception of May and the summer months—and it reads as well. The poem possesses effective diction and the author proves something of a myth-maker. "To Helen," in the same magazine, is a delightful sonnet which reviews all of the Helens famed in song and draws a hyperbolic conclusion. All of the poetry of this magazine surpasses greatly the other contributions. "Beach Lyrics" consists of three separate poems of kindred feeling, all of which are very pretty indeed. "Sidney Lanier" is a short essay in the usual biographical style. "The Duty" is a beautiful story which takes us back to William Caxton and the establishment of the printing press in England, but the writer succumbs in some degree to the arduous task of portraying such distant times in a plausible way. The *Georgian* let by some other stories which are altogether out of keeping with the rest of the magazine. One is "Billy," a story of conventional plot which opens with a sermonette of such serious hue that the reader is prepared for a lofty allegory. But what follows? Billy—not at all the sturdy young hero you expect, but a foolish young girl fresh from a boarding school—visiting aunt out in country; down by brook sketching; cow



comes up; Billy scrambles up a tree; strange youth emerges from clump of bushes laughing at her; Billy, very angry, calls him "horrid" several times; he finally prevails on her to come down from tree; follows her home; she promises to forgive him if he'll come to dance that night [doesn't even blush]; dance together that night and become acquainted; Billy, still obdurate, mysteriously mentions a certain Hal; youth very much disturbed, decides Hal is an old friend and he is honor bound to leave the way clear; Hal arrives; friend congratulates him magnanimously; Hal is Billy's brother; Billy forgives youth—! [We have not picked this story out to make it an object of ridicule, but merely as an illustration of the sort of material that fills so many pages of college magazines.] "How the Game was Won" is another story which is equally crude and inartistic.

The stories of the *University of Virginia Magazine* for this month do not maintain their hitherto enviable excellence. However, "The Portrait," and "Till Half-Past Four" are as good as one often finds within college fiction.

Two poems especially attracted our attention within the month's exchanges: "Ephemera," in the *Haverfordian*, which is very onomatopoeic, and "To a Rose," in the *South Western University Magazine*, which is beautiful in thought and style.

Several high school magazines have come to us this month. Many of them compete very favorably with the most of the college magazines which we receive. We hope they will continue to come to our table.

# ROYAL

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Volume XXVI

Number Four

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## MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.50; single copies, 25 cents.

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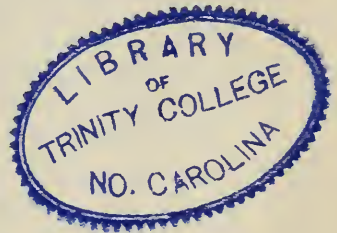
Trinity College, Durham, N. C., February-March, 1913

## New Year's Greeting

CARRIE CRAIG

What must I wish you?  
What can be given  
Bringing you pleasure  
All the days driven?  
Where is a present,  
Enduring and dear,  
That will convey you  
A happy new year?

Good will from teachers,  
Peace by their side,  
Smiles on their faces,  
Leniency wide,  
Joy in your studies,  
Ninety or near;  
This will convey you  
A happy new year.





## Woman's Influence As Outlined in Goethe's *Iphigenie*

ETHEL ABERNETHY

There has been much discussion as to woman's duties and privileges; but who has ever doubted her influence, put her in whatever place you will? Certainly the poets have not, and Goethe was not ashamed to acknowledge that through his companionship with noble women he had realized his best self. He has made this the central idea in many of his greatest works and especially in his *Iphigenie*, for just as Goethe felt his whole life strengthened through the beneficent influence of Charlotte von Stein, so he represented Orestes as healed through the influence of his sister, Iphigenia. It was the poet's conviction that the power of one personality to affect another transcends human understanding, and he felt this moral force most keenly when it proceeded from noble women. The various phases of this theme are portrayed in the *Faust*, and many earlier plays; but we probably have its intensest and most poetical expression in *Iphigenie*.

Orestes and Iphigenia belong to the accursed race of Tantalus. Iphigenia is the only guiltless member of her family. Through a miracle she escapes its fate, and is taken to Tauris to serve as priestess in the temple of Diana. In that far-away land she develops into pure and lovely womanhood, and comes to the conviction that the gods are true, just and kind. Like many of Goethe's finest women, she is essentially naive. In her greatest humanizing work, as well as in her religious and moral life, she trusts her intuitions, and implicitly follows the instincts of her heart. "I do not reason," she says to Arkas, "I only feel."

"Ich untersuche nicht; ich fühle nur".

Before Iphigenia's coming to the island, every stranger has fallen a bloody victim at the shrine of Diana. Although

received with reverence and affection, she is not content. "Freely to breathe alone is not to live," she says, when complaining of her useless life, which she calls a "woman's destiny." And yet, woman though she is, she has imparted her principles to the barbarous people around her, and has succeeded in discontinuing human sacrifices. The introduction of the higher laws of humanity has, through her influence, proved a blessing to all the people in the island, and has alleviated their condition. On hearing her complaint Arkas exclaims—

"Call thyself useless! Thou,  
When, from thy being, o'er a thousand hearts,  
A healing balsam flows? When to a race,  
To whom a god consigned thee, thou dost prove  
A fountain of perpetual happiness,  
And from this dire, inhospitable coast,  
Dost to the stranger grant a safe return?"

All of this the priestess Iphigenia has accomplished before the beginning of the play. But she does not feel that her true work has yet begun. Her feelings are bound up with her family; she longs to purify them through her own ideals, and thus to release them from the curse of the gods. And so, in obedience to the instincts of her heart, she rejects the suit of the king, Thoas. The disappointed and angry king then commands that the practice of human sacrifices be at once resumed, a command which threatens to undo her long work of civilization in Tauris. It is at this critical point that her own brother, Orestes, and his friend, Pylades, are captured and brought to her shrine. From Pylades she learns of the murder of her mother by Orestes. The deepest gloom envelops the soul of her brother. "Horrible phantoms of his tortured conscience repeatedly rise before his excited fancy, bewilder him, and drive him to despair!" In his agony of soul he cries out,

"Would that a god from my distempered brain  
Might chase this dizzy fever, which impels  
My restless steps along a slippery path,

Stained with a mother's blood, to direful death,  
And, pitying, dry the fountain, whence the blood,  
Forever spouting from a mother's wounds,  
Eternally defiles me!"

This task of chasing away the "dizzy fever" and of healing the fury-pursued Orestes is performed by Iphigenia. She approaches him with sincere sympathy, her hand loosens his fetters, her gentle words touch his soul, and he immediately feels the influence of her pure personality. Dissimulation is impossible in her presence, and, stimulated by her gentle sympathy he confesses all. She, knowing that he committed the deed in the belief that it was his sacred duty, has only words of tenderest compassion for him. With the horrors of his deed upon him, he cannot understand how a woman like Iphigenia can have sympathy and love for him, the object of the revengeful pursuit of the Furies. But through the love and purity of his sister, the last horrible vision is dispelled and he realizes that he owes his spiritual freedom to her.

"At thy blest touch,  
I felt myself restored. Within thy arms,  
Madness once more around me coiled its folds,  
Crushing the marrow in my frame, and then,  
Forever, like a serpent fled to hell.  
Through thee the daylight gladdens me anew."

Just when Iphigenia is rejoicing in the healing of her brother, she is reminded by a herald that the king is impatient for the sacrifice. Now the strength and integrity of her character is to be fully tested. She wished to save her brother and return to Greece, but this can be accomplished only by deceiving the king. Iphigenia's nature is essentially open and noble. Truthfulness to herself and others has been the law of her life and has always given her strength. If she would save her brother she must now act in violation of this principle. The instincts of her sisterly affection clash with the demands of moral law which is an essential part of her being, a dictate of her conscience. We have here the

deepest of tragic conflicts. The struggle is made all the more intense by the world-wise Pylades, who cannot understand how, to escape so great calamity, the priestess can refuse to utter "one false word." He presents to her the scheme which is to save both himself and his friend, and almost persuades her when he says:

"In this fane  
Pure hast thou kept thy heart. Life teaches us  
To be less strict with others and ourselves:  
*Thou'lt learn the lesson too.* So wonderful  
Is human nature, and its varied ties  
Are so involved and complicate, that none  
May hope to keep his inmost spirit pure."

It is the world-old story of those who like Pylades, believe that honor and truth are splendid things for fanes and cloisters, but, when applied to the real things of life, become "too rigid scruples" and a cloak for pride. It is a strong heart which can conquer when ideals waver before the hard demands of life. Finally Iphigenia stakes all upon the truth, and we feel that she could not have acted otherwise. She knows no other law than that of simple sincerity.

"Alas! I see  
I must consent to follow like a child:  
I have not learned deception, nor the art  
To gain with crafty wiles my purposes.  
Detested falsehood! It doth not relieve  
The breast like words of truth."

And so, through truthfulness of heart and holiness of character, Iphigenia not only transforms a barbarous people with her high principles of humanity, but finally fulfills her mission and completes the consecration of her father's house. She trusts all to truth, and wins. Witnessing this, the brother, and even the cunning Pylades, must grant that

"Cunning and force, the proudest boast of man,  
Fade in the lustre of her perfect truth;  
Nor, unrequited, will a noble mind  
Leave confidence, so child-like and so pure."

Although a priestess and possessing unusual beauty and strength of character, Iphigenia is, after all, just a woman. Far from her home, she thinks always of her own people, and the very prayer of her heart is to be able to serve them. She finally leaves the island where she has worked so faithfully, and goes to her own home. It is there that her heart calls her, as it must finally call every woman to fulfill her true mission. There may be times when we feel like saying with Iphigenia, "How circumscribed is woman's destiny!" But surely the gentle influence and pure love of a womanly woman will never be despised in a world which still seems to have need of her. In *Iphigenia* Goethe has glorified womanhood forever.



## A Co-Ed's Soliloquy

To do or not to do: that is the question:  
 Whether 'tis better in the end to suffer  
 The threats and scolds of merciless professors  
 Or toil all day and far into the night  
 And thus by hard work end them? To rest: to sleep  
 Once more; and with that rest to feel we end  
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
 Exams bring to us, 'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To rest, to sleep;  
 To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
 For at the waking from that dream we flunk  
 And it is everlastingly too late  
 To 'vent our doom. There's the respect  
 That blights the co-ed's life at Trinity;  
 For we must bear the whips and scorns of men,  
 The professors' wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of English III, the freshman French,  
 A fierce Wolfe's angry growling, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of cruel teachers takes  
 When we ourselves could worthy students make  
 With a bare hour's rest. Who would fardels bear  
 To work and sweat under such college life,  
 But that the dread of something after 'xams,  
 That undiscovered office from whose walls  
 Few co-eds e'er return, puzzles the will  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus stern men do make troubles for us all;  
 And then, too, midst examination  
 We're kindly given this grave task for thought,  
 This enterprise of greatest pith and moment.  
 The while they rest our thoughts must haste away  
 And plan alone the ARCHIVE. Soft you now!  
 They think they've got one on us, yet they'll see  
 Their sins shall be remembered.

## Anti-Slavery Literature

SUSIE MARKHAM

The slavery question was a subject for discussion for many years. Even during the colonial days, Samuel Sewell opposed it and published perhaps the first American tract against slavery. The Quakers opposed slavery, also and, even in the South itself, there were plenty of people who saw its evils and hoped for its disappearance. The real anti-slavery struggle, however, did not begin until 1830, when William Lloyd Garrison, a Boston printer, published the "Liberator," an anti-slavery journal, which remained the official organ of the New England abolitionists until the close of the Civil War.

The anti-slavery struggle brought forth speakers of many kinds and the most conspicuous orators in the abolition movement were Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips.

Sumner's work was done chiefly in Congress, where he was recognized for years as the great anti-slavery leader. His speeches are marked by soundness of reason and stateliness of style, and the fifteen published volumes of them make an imposing addition to our literature. Sumner's speech on the "Barbarism of Slavery," says Whittier, "takes the dreadful question out of the region of party and expediency, and holds it up in the clear sun-blaze of truth and reason—in all its deformity, and with the blackness of the pit clinging about it. In the light of that speech the civilized world now see American slavery as it is." His speech on "The True Grandeur of Nations," is best remembered. Whittier said that he would rather have been the author of it than of all the war eloquences of heathendom and christendom combined.

Wendell Phillips was a platform orator and he added to the learning, grace, and polish of Everett, the Massachusetts scholar, statesman, and diplomatist, something more of per-

sonal force that grew out of real devotion, however mixed its motives, to a great moral principle. His best known addresses were those on "Toussaint L'Overture," and "The Lost Arts."

In 1852, Harriet Beecher Stowe gave to our literature a book that did more to bring on the Civil War than any other thing. This book was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and it is one of the few real creations in American literature. It is a remarkable piece of fiction and has had a wider circulation both at home and abroad, both in English and translation into foreign language, than any other book. Three hundred thousand copies were sold the first year. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written with the purpose of preventing the fugitive slave law. Mrs. Stowe did not attack slavery but rather told the truth about it, so that the others would see it as she saw it and try to better the conditions of slavery. It was an attack upon the South rather than slavery. Her plot is conventional and rambling, but her characters, although not studied in detail, have a persuasive vitality. Uncle Tom, Topsy, little Eva, Miss Ophelia, St. Clair, Mark and Legree are real characters. The negroes are pictured in the main with peculiarities of whites and are overdrawn and over-estimated. Some of her best characters were Southerners, while Legree, the villain, is made a Northerner. He is a perfect brute. Uncle Tom, "an uncommon old nigger," finds pleasure in helping and comforting his fellow sufferers, striving his utmost to bring them into eternal life. He is highly religious. We find him singing the well-known Methodist hymn,

"I see a band of spirits bright,  
That taste the glories there."

"He never tells what isn't true," and is a "faithful, valuable old servant." Uncle Tom is so good that he will not do any wrong when commanded. One incident is when Legree commanded him to flog Missie Cassy. Uncle Tom refused even after he had had a flogging at his master's hands and said

he would die first. This infuriated his master and finally led his master to inflict the fatal wound upon Uncle Tom. The description of his death is the climax of the novel. George Harris and Eliza are next in importance to Uncle Tom. They are drawn as whites of refinement with only a negro exterior. Mrs. Stowe told the best stories and varied them so that one would shudder at one moment and thrill with pleasure at another. She sought to show the good side as well as the bad: she described the good and the bad slave owner: she depicted the good and the bad slave. Mrs. Stowe's opportunity for learning Southern slavery was far superior to that of the other abolitionists. She knew but little of Southern slavery and they knew less. All of the abolitionists were prejudiced. Mrs. Stowe especially was charged with exaggeration and with taking extreme cases and treating them as general cases. The story is filled with passion, humor, and pathos.

We turn now to the New England poets and we find some anti-slavery prose and verse that will live for years to come on account of its own intrinsic beauty.

Throughout William Cullen Bryant's life, his scattered poems upon political events, at home and abroad, were consecrated to freedom and its devotees. He did not with Lowell and Whittier summon his muse to oppose the greatest wrong of our history for two reasons: first, it was his lyrical habit to observe and idealize general principles, the abstract rather than the concrete. Whittier's poems are alive with incident and burn with personal feeling. Once only Bryant wrote a mighty poem on slavery. When it had received its death blow and the slaves were freed then Bryant raised this chant:

"O thou great Wrong, that through the slow-paced years,  
Didst hold thy millions fettered;

"Go, now, accursed of God, and take thy place  
With hateful memories of the elder time!

“Lo! the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom  
Of the flown ages, part to yield thee room.”

This poem, “The Death of Slavery,” was not needed to assure us that the cause of freedom touched his heart. For, secondly, his true counterpart to Whittier’s work was to be found in the vigorous anti-slavery assaults he made for years in the journal of which he was the editor at the time of his death.

Henry W. Longfellow, in his anti-slavery poems, illustrated the artistic side. He wrote a series of anti-slavery poems on board ship and published them on his return in 1842. It was hard to account for this series, for Longfellow’s temperament was thoroughly gentle and shunned extremes. So the little thin, yellow-covered volume came upon the community with something like a shock, yet it was hailed with delight by the abolitionists, who felt that a strong ally had been added to their forces. Various influences had led him up to it. His father had been a subscriber to Benjamin Lundy’s *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, the precursor of Garrison’s *Liberator*. Even in his youth, Longfellow thought of writing a drama on the subject of “Toussaint L’Overture.” He thought by doing this he could help on the cause of negro emancipation.

Longfellow refused to accept the congressional nomination which was offered him through Whittier by the Liberty party, or to take any further part in the anti-slavery contest. He even omitted the poems on slavery from the first collected edition of his poems—an act for which he was severely criticised. Lowell felt that Longfellow was justified in doing so, since these were the least valuable of his poems.

The poems of slavery have none of the deep conviction and intensity of Whittier’s or Lowell’s. They did not come like Whittier’s from a fiery heart, nor do they rival Lowell’s in humor and disdain. Longfellow looked at slavery from an artistic standpoint, so the intense sincerity of Whittier’s



poems against slavery is lacking in Longfellow's sentimental and artistic treatment of the subject.

His best poems against slavery are: "The Spanish Student," "To W. E. Channing," "Slave's Dream," "The Good Part," "Slave in the Dismal Swamp," "Slaves Singing at Midnight," "Witness," "The Quadroon Girl," "The Warning." "To W. E. Channing," says Longfellow, "is a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man. In this poem we have Longfellow's idea of slavery expressed as,

"The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes  
Insult humanity."

He begs Channing to

"Write! and tell out this bloody tale;  
Record this dire eclipse,  
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,  
This dread Apocalypse!"

In the last stanza of "The Slave's Dream," we see Longfellow's opinion of the cruel treatment of the slave, for he says, in speaking of the slave's death,

"He did not feel the driver's whip  
Nor the burning heat of day;  
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fetter, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away!"

"The Quadroon Girl," is the story of a young maiden who was sold by her master to a slave trader "to be his slave in a strange and distant land." "It is a poem with a certain pathos, beautified with certain 'Values' as a painter might term them,—the tropic shore, the lagoon, the island, planter's daughter, and the slave."

Next comes John Greenleaf Whittier, who is, with the exception of Longfellow, the most popular American poet.

Early in Whittier's life Garrison became interested in him. A strong friendship sprang up between them and Gar-

rison persuaded Whittier to devote his time to the anti-slavery agitation. Before Whittier was thirty, he had made up his mind that it was his duty to do what he could for the relief of the unfortunate negroes, who were held in bondage in the South. He flung himself into the new cause heart and soul. Most of all he assisted the new cause with his poetry. From the day he threw himself into the abolition movement, his verse seemed to have a loftier note. The poems he had written before had none of the vivifying spirit which breathes in all he wrote after he consecrated himself to the cause of liberty. Whittier was even ashamed of his early literature, both prose and verse. He was a Quaker, yet for all that the fighting spirit could be read in his piercing, deep-set eyes and it can be read in his verse, also.

The poems written by Mr. Whittier during the first years of his anti-slavery work, from 1833-1837, were with few exceptions devoted to this cause. They were published in the *Liberator*, the *Boston Courier*, the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, the *New England Magazine*, and the *Haverhill Gazette*. They include among others "Toussaint L'Overture," "Yankee Girl," "The Hunters of Men," "Song of the Tree," and "Is this the Land Our Fathers Loved."

The poem "Mogg Megone," belongs to this period. It was published originally in the *New England Magazine*. Whittier never tried so hard to suppress any other poem. Professor C. C. Felton said "Whittier has in various forms displayed his power and if he will choose a less revolting theme and construct his fable skillfully and give to the execution all the finish of which he is capable, he will make a poem that shall live."

In 1833 Whittier wrote a pamphlet entitled "Justice and Expediency," and published it at his own expense. It is an argument to prove the expediency of being just. The injustice of slavery is shown with much warm rhetoric. Every statement is backed up by some authoritative quotation. Probably no single anti-slavery paper ever published, covered

the ground so completely as this. It is thorough in statement, carefully reasoned out, and enforced by direct appeals to the conscience and the heart of the nation. It shows that the only remedy for slavery is abolition. It attracted immediate attention and the edition he had issued was soon exhausted.

The anti-slavery poems of 1837 and 1838 won Whittier a hearing and marked him as a poet with a mission. Among his best poems were "Slave Ships," "Expostulation," "Stanzas for the Time," "Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother," "The Pastoral Letter." The last named was called forth by a letter written by the congregation of ministers of Massachusetts, in which they pleaded that the subject of abolition be not brought up for debate in the church. No stronger or clearer voice for freedom has been raised in American letters since Tom Paine nerved the soldiers at Valley Forge.

"Expostulation," was a passionate outburst of indignation against the system of slavery, and it rang out at once through the North. The number of the *Liberator* in which the poem appeared has this appreciative comment upon it by Garrison: "Our gifted brother Whittier has again seized the great trumpet of liberty, and blows a blast that shall ring from Maine to the Rocky Mountains."

It was in 1838 when Whittier went to Pennsylvania to edit the *Pennsylvania Freeman* and so boldly advocated the right of the negro to own himself that the printing office was sacked by a mob and burned.

Poetry was no longer a mere amusement or accomplishment; it had become a weapon for use in the fight. In these anti-slavery poems there is a noble passion and a righteous anger. They were calls to the battle against evil and the best rang out like blasts of a bugle.

A second collection of these anti-slavery poems was published in 1849, called "The Voices of Freedom." These stanzas are sturdy and show that his heart was more in the cause than Longfellow's. Longfellow some time achieved

simplicity but he never could attain the homely directness natural to Whittier.

In 1840, Whittier edited a small collection of poems for the *North Star*. The poems were contributed by friends interested in the cause. "The Exiles" and "The World's Convention" were Whittier's own contributions to the collection.

In the second number of *The Freeman*, after he took charge, appeared the pathetic "Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother"—

"Gone, gone, sold and gone  
To Rice swamps dank and lone."

The intense, almost fierce stanzas of the splendid poem "Massachusetts and Virginia," appeared January 27, 1843, without the name of the author. But no other man than Whittier could have written the powerful lines.

The poem "Randolph of Roanoke" shows that it was not the slave holder but slave holding that Whittier hated.

"Laus Deo," which appeared in the *Independent*, February 9, 1865, was suggested to Mr. Whittier as he sat in the meeting house in Amesbury and listened to the bells and the cannon which were proclaiming the passage of the constitutional amendment, abolishing slavery in 1865, and making the "cruel rod of war blossom white with righteous law."

Garrison said that it expressed better than any words of his own the song of praise in his heart.

James Russell Lowell in his earlier verse did not have any sympathy with the abolitionists. But when he met Miss Maria White, who had a great influence over him, his higher nature developed and he came to have a strong feeling for the fellows who were slaves. About 1844, he was a frequent contributor to the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, the anti-slavery journal edited by Whittier. From 1846 to 1850, Lowell contributed every week to one of the ablest of the anti-slavery journals, the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*. These were

four years of excitement and, here in the United States, the discussion over slavery became more and more acute. Under the influence of the public excitement aroused by the admission of Texas into the Union, which extended the slave territory, he wrote "The Present Crisis." This was a thrilling outburst of indignation and its echoes ring yet.

"Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

Lowell's "Stanzas on Freedom," which were written for an anti-slavery reunion held on the anniversary of West Indian Emancipation are very good, also, in which he says,

"They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three."

"The Capture of a Fugitive Slave," is another poem that showed Lowell's conviction of the injustice and inhumanity of slavery. In all these poems one finds the love of God, of freedom, and of man. In this and the "Present Crisis," also there are passages which became the rallying cry of the hosts of freedom.

Like Longfellow and Whittier, Lowell voiced the spirit of reform. Lowell thought in 1845 that all the agitation of the slavery question should cease. He did not see it as a political and economic problem as he did later. To Lowell it seemed not so much a question of the abolition of slavery as the abolition of freedom. In the Biglow Papers, published in 1848, he gave full vent to his feelings, not in the intense and overstrained style of his declamatory poems, but in the homely dialect of Hosea Biglow, "the representative of liberty-loving, generous, human, upright, wise, conscientious,



indignant Americans." "Hosea Biglow" made fun of the attempts to rouse his fellow citizens to arms. He says

"They jest want this Californy  
So's to beg new slave-states in  
To abuse ye an' to scorn ye  
An' to plunder ye like sin."

He tells them that,—

"Chaps that makes black slaves an' niggers  
Want to make white slaves o' you."

Hosea says that,—

"Laborin' man an' laborin' woman  
Hev one glory an' one shame.  
Every thin' thet's done inhuman  
Injers all on 'em the same."

From these few lines, we can clearly see Lowell's attitude towards slavery. The first series of the "Biglow Papers" was a protest not only against war, but also against the slave holder's invasion of Mexico. In the second series the humor is more grim, the general feeling more intense. "The Biglow Papers" are an addition to the comic literature of the world.

Lowell had to contend with the disadvantages of a reputation for abolition which was as unfortunate to the prospects of the poet as the politician, but his abolition was of a different type from that which made so great a commotion.

Some of his warmest and most attached friends were residents of slave states and one of the heartiest and most appreciative criticisms on his writings that has appeared in the country was published in a Southern journal.

With the close of the Civil War there came forth many poems from all of the abolitionists expressing their great joy over the outcome, for the anti-slavery struggle was ended. There had been much bitterness in the agitation of the question, but literature gained much that was of great value.

## Leaves From a Freshman's Diary

SEPT. 10, 1912.—Just arrived in Durham. Seems so strange to think of going to school with boys. Wonder if they are such sports as we have always heard the Trinity boys are. My! What would all the girls at X. F. A. think if they could see me here? I wonder what all the girls will wear in the morning. I'll have to look my best because it's been two years since I've had a chance to have a beau,—girls' school in the winter and a strict mother in the summer. I mean to enjoy this year.

SEPT. 11.—Such a day as this has been! I put on my prettiest frock and started out with some of the other girls. We went across by a big wooden building—and I know there must have been fifty boys on the porch—trunks and suit-cases piled up on the end and all the boys seated on them in groups. As soon as they saw us coming, about ten of them came out to speak to the girls I was with. I was so astonished I scarcely knew what to do; and when I came to my senses, I was marching along by another large dormitory,—a long slim man on one side and a little short man on the other. Men's heads were sticking out at every window, and every fellow was calling to somebody else. We went on out to the flag-pole; I have never seen so many men in my life. Here and there surrounded by eight or ten of them, you could catch sight of some girl—and she seemed perfectly at home. And here I was with two, not knowing what on earth to say to them. But I'm going to learn. After chapel, I managed to get through matriculating without any difficulty, and was just wondering what to do with myself. Every girl seemed to have a beau, and I didn't know any one except my slim and my short acquaintances. Slimmy soon put in his appearance and offered to show me Durham. He seems to like me a great deal.

SAME: NIGHT.—Slimmy took me to the moving picture show tonight. A co-ed's life is great. I'm so glad I came.

SEPT. 15.—Oh! I'm so homesick. Why did I come here anyway? It's the dullest place! I'm the only girl upstairs, —everyone else has a caller. Girls' schools are so much more fun. We would all be getting ready for a feast tonight. And here I sit! I wonder why no one called me up. This afternoon I wrote home, and slept, and tried to pretend like I was feeling good,—but I'm not—and oh! We have to go to school to-morrow. Who ever heard of going to school on Monday?

SEPT. 30.—I declare, I never have felt so good. I never realized before how much fun a person could have. For the last two weeks, I have hardly had time to think. Let me count —yes, I have five beaux—sure enough ones too, its beginning to seem. And they are real sports too, just like I always dreamed my beau would be. Last week, I went down town every night, and this week, every night but one—that night I had company here at the house. So many people are asking to go with me that I wish I could be two co-eds instead of one.

OCT. 2.—I just got back my quiz paper this morning—69 of course; and a *6-rewrite* on my English theme. And I have studied so hard! I noticed last night I was losing all my color. They just won't give the girls good grades here! And sixteen hours' work is too much anyhow. I just can't get it all up—it wouldn't give me any time at all for recreation. But I'm not going to worry now. I have just come from the dress-maker's, and my new evening dress is going to be a perfect dream. I do hope Slimmy will ask for a date for Sunday night—I know I'll have it by then.

OCT. 7. He did! I was beginning to think he was mad at me—he hadn't been here in four days. But he says he has been real sick. He did look real tired and bad. Poor fellow! I'm afraid he works too hard. He told me he put two whole hours on his work for today. I wonder if he does like me as well as he seems to. He's the nicest boy at Trinity.

OCT. 9.—One of the uptown girls told me this morning

that she saw Slimmy at the Grand last night with a town girl. I didn't believe her. She said he went with this girl all last year, but that they had a fuss before school started. I don't believe it's so. He is coming tomorrow night, I'll ask him about it.

OCT. 10.—He has just left. He didn't go with anyone last year. He studied all the time and almost made honors. And he was at home the very night she said he was at the Grand—and was thinking about me. I knew that he never could have been so false,—and the girls are crazy about him. But I have never seen him with anyone else. I have been studying hard tonight. I worked on my math. for a while—I think I could have got one problem, but just as I began to see through it, a girl came in with a big box of candy which some one had sent her. She couldn't tell who sent it—and we spent one hour comparing the handwriting of all the boys who had ever written notes to anyone in the house. Then I wrote my theme, and we all got into a discussion as to the best-looking boy in school. I didn't get up the rest of my work. I declare its awful,—the amount of work they expect us to do here. I wonder whether Slimmy did mean what he told me last night.

OCT. 25.—I do wonder what can be the matter with S. He came so often for about a week after I asked him about the other girl. He hasn't been here for eight days. I'm nearly crazy. I hardly ever see him at school any more. He used to be in the hall waiting to walk home with me every morning. Somehow no one asks to go with me now. I guess I'd better get to studying and quit running around so much. I flunked on another quiz today. Oh, I do wonder where he is and

Nov. 1, 11:30 P. M.—It's all over. I went down town what is the matter with him!

with Jack tonight and just as we came out, we met Slimmy and another girl. He never did love me anyway. He did go with this girl all last year, and they made up the first of the year—and she has been out of town the most of the time—she's come back to stay this time. I guess a girls' school is

the place for a girl after all.—Oh! and I was about to forget we have ten problems to hand in for tomorrow, and a theme which ought to have gone in for today—and I haven't looked at my history. Oh dear! I know I never can live through it all.

Nov. 2.—Cut classes today. I guess I'm sick,—sick at heart. I've stayed up here all day. Wish I were at home.

Nov. 4.—Oh, Slimmy sent me the prettiest bunch of flowers yesterday! He had heard that I was sick,—and the sweetest little note came with it. His brother's fiancee has been in town, and he has been trying to help her get some matters straightened out. And that wasn't a girl he had ever gone with at all. Isn't it strange how people get things mixed up? I got called up for cutting class—but I finally made them believe that I really had been sick. I am going to work real hard from now on.

Nov. 13.—Three boys asked to take me to the basket ball game tonight. Of course I already had a date when S. called up. That was a real nice little fellow that took me. He was cute as could be—but I somehow kept wondering if *he* felt much bad 'cause I came with someone else, and why he didn't come to the game.

Nov. 14.—He's just been here, and we've had the awfulest fuss. He got mad because I wouldn't go with him last night—he didn't see why I couldn't break a date—and I pretended that I thought he'd really been going with a girl down town. He was real hateful. I'll never go with him again. Never! I'm so glad I was real nice to Jack the other night. I hope I made a hit, and that he'll want to go with me now. A girl simply can't get along at Trinity without a suitor.

Nov. 20.—Jack has been real nice. He has certainly been giving me a rush this week. I don't care if I did make Slimmy mad—he ought not to be so slow. But somehow I would half-way like to see him tonight.

Nov. 24.—I'm sure he needn't stay mad so long. I didn't



do anything to him anyway. School life is so monotonous. I don't believe I'll come back after Christmas.

NOV. 30.—I guess I oughtn't to have been so obstinate. He really has good reason to be mad. I wouldn't come back either. What must I do? I've been with Jack so much, no wonder Slimmy doesn't feel like trying to make up. I wish I could get a chance to talk to him. I think he would get in a good humor. He looks so bad. I know he's troubled.

DEC. 1.—School work has been so strenuous lately. I'm trying so hard to make good grades this year, because the people at home expect so much. Jack has taught me lots about how to bluff. I don't have to study near so hard since I'm catching on to this. Oh! I wish I could see Slimmy.

DEC. 10.—I stood it just as long as I could. I wrote Slimmy today that I was real sorry. I wonder if I should have. Oh! I wonder when he'll come.

DEC. 11.—Have neither seen nor heard from Slimmy today. Oh, I'm so miserable!

DEC. 12.—He has called up—wants to see me tonight. How can I wait?

DEC. 20.—He had been worried to death. Oh! and he has told me how much he loves me, and I honestly believe I love him, too. I had no idea I did until that night. He has been here nearly every day since—and tonight he proposed—and we're going to get married as soon as he finishes school. I go home for Christmas in the morning. I wonder what he will send me. Oh, I'm so glad that I had a teacher who was a Trinity graduate, and that she persuaded me to come here. I almost believe in co-education—if it weren't for the work.

## Harbor Echoes

MARY WESCOTT

O sing me a song of the waves at dawn,  
When the ships put out to sea,  
And the songs of the sailors ring aloft,  
And the ropes creak merrily.

O sing me a song as they pass the bar  
And the lighthouse that guards the bay,  
To seek the winds and the racing tide  
And the work of another day.

O sing me a song of the docks and piers  
That are empty and lone and still—  
That have sent their ships afar to the sea  
To gather of what they will.

O sing me a song of daylight's close  
As they come back side by side  
With the bustle and stir of counting gain  
They have won from the waters wide.

And sing me one song of nighttimes's reign—  
Of the quiet and moonlit deep,  
Of the endless columns of tall, gaunt masts  
And the harbor's dreamless sleep.

## Shameless Confessions

AMY B. MUSE

Jack and Helen were enjoying their first trip to a popular resort. Before they reached New Bern on their way to the coast, they had exchanged smiles, and by the time they had reached Morehead, he was in the same seat with her; and when the train pulled into the station at Beaufort, they felt like old friends.

They were at the same hotel, and every pleasure was shared. For a whole month he had given her his sole attention, and no one doubted that she was happiest in his presence. But even lovely summers must come to a close, and now the day of separation had come. They sat on the dock together watching the last golden rays of the setting sun play with the waves, and the lights begin to twinkle on the water.

Promptly at the appointed time, I arrived. They sat so pensively looking out over the water, that I hesitated to break the charm; but at last, I touched Helen lightly. Jack looked up first, his face beaming, "Miss Ruth, betcher can't guess who my sweetheart is? It's Helen," he said; and Helen chimed in, "It looks like it, don't it Ruth?" "Oh this spirit of the summer resort!" said I as I caught them in my arms—all-day-suckers and all, for they were only six, and I had come to tell them it was bed-time.

Fifteen years had passed, and I had been laid on the shelf. Moonlight sails and walks on the bridge had lost their fascination for me, but as a chaperone of my niece, I walked the length of the bridge to see if she needed me. At the end of a dock, I saw her sitting very close to someone, both seemingly oblivious of the outside world. At my approach, the boy dropped her hand and looked up. A picture flashed into my mind of a little boy and girl sitting on the dock sucking all-

day-suckers. He read my thought, for he laughed and said, "Miss Ruth, betcher can't guess who my sweetheart is? It's Helen." Reading approval in my answering smile, he caught her in his arms, and I heard Helen say in a smothered voice, "It looks like it, don't it Ruth?"

## Two Great Love Poets

LAURA TILLET

Of all the poets whose works have survived, two stand out pre-eminently as love poets, and on close study are found to bear interesting comparison one with the other. One, born in Verona,—the very home of the romantic imagination—passed his short life in sunny Italy hundreds of years before the other, a plowman of the “North Countrie,” began his likewise brief existence in the highlands of rough, rugged Scotland—Catullus and Robert Burns.

Catullus, the most prominent and interesting figure in the early school of lyric poets of Rome and the poet who today is read with so much pleasure, was born in 87 B. C. in the small town of Verona, in North Italy. Very little is known of his childhood, but we can imagine him wandering through forest and field about Verona admiring the tall oak and the tiny daisy, or listening eagerly to the news from Rome which brought accounts of the achievements of the great Cæsar, once a visitor in his home,—perhaps longing then to satirize in verse some of the corrupt politicians. At any rate he must have been a precocious and impressive child, who loved his playmates with all the ardor of his soul until they wronged him, when his love would turn to bitter hatred. It is certain that his family was wealthy enough to let even the younger son enjoy the advantages that wealth brought to a young Italian of that day, and early in his youth he left his native town to become a student at Rome, thenceforth making that city his abiding place. There it seems that life, not books, had a pre-eminent charm for him. He plunged at once with all the enthusiasm of a lively and passionate nature into the busy, delirious whirl of life in the great capital city, and there he found his full development as a poet. There, too, he met the mastering passion of his life, the one whose name he immortalized in his verse—the well known Lesbia. His



love for this educated and prominent woman at once became passionate, and the next few years of his life—his verse tells us—were spent in satisfying this raging passion. He was, however, all the time winning his way in the Roman world, and was becoming a poet of considerable renown. After the final rupture with Lesbia about the year 57 B. C., he sailed for Bithynia on the staff of the governor, Memmius. He desired travel and residence at a foreign place, perhaps to recover from the terrible mental struggle in which his breach with Lesbia had left him, but also to visit the grave of his brother, to whom he was especially devoted. The year at Bithynia seems to have been a long, silent, and very sad one, for a year was as long as he could remain away from his much-loved Rome. The year of his return, 56 B. C., had witnessed the renewal of the triumvirate at Luca, so he became interested in politics and began at once to make personal attacks on his political foes, Cæsar and his favorites. Cæsar, however, soon won Catullus to his side, and the fortunes of the young poet began to rise. He continued his verse-making during this period of political life, and even up to the last of his life. There were a few scattered verses, closing perhaps with the touching appeal to his brother-poet, Cornificius, for consolation, composed during the year 55 B. C., and during the illness which ended his short life. It was sometime in the year 54 B. C. in his beloved Rome that the end came. In him died the greatest lyricist and love poet who ever lifted his voice in Rome.

The 25th of January, 1759, is a date to be found in many a list of the world's memorable events, for it marks the birth of Robert Burns, whose fame today lives secure with that of the great poets of English literature. It was to the laborious efforts of his father, a poor gardener of Alloway, Ayrshire, Scotland, who was instrumental in bringing good teachers into the county and was especially anxious to see his children educated, that Burns owed most of his education, which, to

be sure, was scanty enough. He also acknowledged, no less generously, his indebtedness to an ignorant old woman, who filled him as a child with all the local fairy tales and superstitions which filled her credulous brain. By these fairy stories and by the reading of books of verse, Scottish and English, the "latent seeds of poetry" were cultivated in him. His youth was full of experiences of all kinds. Even at fifteen, the great love poet had a love experience, and at a very early age formed habits of conviviality. However he continued farming at Alloway until 1754, when he moved to a farm at Mosgiel, where the second and third years of his stay were marked by the publication of some of his most memorable poems, and where he remained until 1786, when he decided to go as a bookkeeper to Jamaica and begin a new life. In the same year his love affair with Mary Campbell, or "Highland Mary," found expression in most beautiful love passages. His poems were soon published to raise money for the passage to America, but the rare merit of the poet was quickly recognized, and, as he was preparing to sail for America, he received a message to try his fortune in Edinburgh. So in Edinburgh, Burns soon found himself honored and respected by the most highly educated and the most cultured and prominent men of the Scottish capital. The second edition of his poems soon appeared and was an immediate success. But the kind of life Burns met with in Edinburgh was not safe for a nature like his, so in 1788 he returned to his farm on the banks of the Nith. There he married Jean Armour, the girl of his heart of earlier years. Farming again was a failure, and in 1791 Burns and his steadily-growing family moved to Dumfries. Here many of his most beautiful lyrics, songs, and melodies were composed and sent to Edinburgh for publication. Here, too, matters came to a crisis. Burns was entirely out with the world, it seems, for he quarrelled with some of his best friends and neighbors, and was in debt and in danger of imprisonment. On the 21st of July, 1796, he died after a short illness, and on his death

bed comforted his distressed wife with the assurance that he would be thought better of a hundred years from then.

First of all, in a comparison of these two love poets, one sees marked contrast in their lives. The family of Catullus was a wealthy one and was able to give the very best education obtainable to its son, while Burns' people were poor, hard-working, yet ambitious farmers, and able to give only a grammar school education to their oldest son. Catullus' family was, moreover, highly educated and cultured, and he passed his life among educated and literary people, lived in a city amid the whirl of the maddening crowd, travelled much, and was an ardent politician, while Robert Burns lived on a quiet farm, went through the usual routine of farm life, received only a meager education, and lived, as it were, somewhat away from humanity most of his life. Thus, naturally, we find some striking differences—due mostly to circumstances and environment—in these two poets, although there are so many points of similarity. The nature of both was intense and ardent. Both delighted in life with a virile animal passion. Nature in her sylvan aspects was not without charm to both, but their highest enjoyment was in the life of men. Both entered into all the phases of life and were overcome by the temptations offered them. Both were a part of life to its fullest degree and were swayed by its ever-changing emotions. There was a common nature warm in quick affections, hot in swift hatreds, pulsing with active red blood. Both were passionate, ardent youths, poets with eyes in fine frenzy rolling, from which the modest daisy could not hide, and which did not scorn the sparrow nor the wee timorous mouse.

Perhaps no two poets reveal their personalities so much in their works as do Catullus and Burns. The two resembling strikingly in nature and in the circumstances of their lives, there are naturally many similar features in their poetry. The little body of Catullus' poems that constitute his extant works is so replete with his intense personality, and shows

forth so unreservedly his every emotion, that the man stands before us as only a few other poets do. Burns' odes, lyrics, epistles, stories, and songs are chiefly interesting because they come so frankly and sincerely from the poet himself. No other poets were quite so ingenious as are Catullus and Burns in opening their very souls to us. Their verse is, in truth, the "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." They showed us once for all the poet "singing songs unbidden until the world is wrought to sympathy with songs it heeded not." "They sing freely as do the little birds of bonnie Doon." What many a poet would have deemed unworthy and trivial subject-matter became with them the seed for a beautiful poem. Lesbia's pet sparrow dies and the poet immortalizes it in verse. The plowman poet unintentionally turns up a mouse's nest and in return writes a simple, but effective appeal for kindness toward nature's children. Both saw fit to sing of the modest daisy upturned by the plow. In this and in their dealing with commonplace objects to a large extent they are romanticists. They are further romanticists in their true disregard for the narrow and stern rules of the classicists and the pseudo-classicists of their own ages. There is an utter absence of anything strained, far-fetched, or artificial in Catullus; the thought clothes itself without effort in the required words and is passionate, jocose, or homely, as it were, spontaneously. And, too, in Burns, there is a sense of freedom of working by no precedent, being dominated by no rule, —utter freedom throughout. His poems were written just as they came into his heart and are passionate, musical, spontaneous, and delightful, simply because poetic genius was born in him and had to be expressed. Catullus, being much more learned had imbibed more of the art of poesy, and his style is more artistic, but still always natural. Both Catullus and Burns write in the plain, unaffected language of every day life. For them, there was no such thing as poetic diction. Poetry was their mother tongue. They exhibit the powerful effects which can be produced by simplicity and

truth to one's nature. By short and simple expressions they can start the deepest emotions of the heart, awaken all the passions of humanity, and touch the very depth of the imagination.

Burns poetry, as a whole, deals with all things Scottish—from her forests to her daisies, from her rivers to her “souple scones”—from her mountains to her field mice—from her most solemn religious services to her wildest revelries—from her nobles and poets to her “Jolly Beggars.” His inspiration was, indeed, from things about him, while Catullus, who had travelled and who had read and studied, sang of Greek scenes and people as well as of things at home, giving local color to the borrowed scenes and making them Roman. Herein again do we see that the difference between their works is due to a difference in study and learning.

In the humor, sarcasm, and sentiment portrayed in the poetry of Catullus and Burns, there is another striking resemblance. Catullus' poetry is a delightful mixture of wit, sweetness, bitterness, and love, and of just such a pleasing combination is Burns' poetry. Burns, indeed surpassed Catullus in the humor displayed in his poetry, but we can say that Catullus stands on an equal with him in the sarcastic and satirical strain of his verse. The poetry of Burns abounds in humorous passages. There is, perhaps, in no literature a more delightful and entirely humorous poem than his “Jolly Beggars.” The humor of the poetry of Burns and Catullus, of Burns especially, is ever the highest into which the element of imagination has been strongly infused—which deals in daring strokes, and sometimes does not escape the absurd and blasphemous. In their sarcastic, satirical, witty, and even coarse poems these two love poets display far more than an artistic sympathy with the subject. They write them with their whole hearts. The satirical verses on Mammurra and Gellius in Catullus are very bitter, but are sincerely written. Burns, whose life had been a hard struggle against poverty, had withal the kindest heart in the world, while the Roman



poet entertained bitter feeling toward some of his contemporaries, and expressed it with a rare and unrestrained freedom. But the latter, we must bear in mind, lived before the softening effect of Christianity was felt and was the offspring of a race which gloried in the sternness of its heart. No one could have been more capable of loving than Catullus, and in this we must remember his love for his brother more than his passion for Lesbia. In their poetry we see a youth ardent, unaffected, impulsive, generous, outspoken, but indifferent to all the serious interests of life, recklessly self-indulgent, plunging into the grossest sensuality—a man of many moods; again we see the poet full of high thoughts, delicate feelings, of love for the beautiful, with a strong, fresh lyrical impulse, with a chaste simplicity of style that faithfully reflects every mood, and in the case of Catullus an amount of learning, in Burns a large store of common-sense.

But Catullus, the love poet, and Burns as a love poet, make a most interesting comparison. Indeed, the most of their poetry is composed of songs of love, expressions of an ardent, passionate, emotional, and thrilling love. The love affair of Catullus—and so far as we know Catullus had only one love experience—was perhaps the most important experience of his life,—at any rate it had a wonderfully important effect upon his life and his poetry. Tradition records Lesbia, whom Catullus loved so immeasurably, to have been Clodia, the sister of Cicero's arch enemy, P. Clodius Pulcher, and the wife of Q. Cæcilius Metellus. "Catullus' passion for her was sudden and intense, and the fact that she was a married woman demanded only additional care and diplomacy on his part and was no bar to his efforts. He poured forth his feelings most simply and unrestrainedly in a series of delightful lyrics. Never once does he hint at the fact that his passion is wrong. 'They will live and love spite of the tongues of prudish men.' Mere childlike delight in multitudinous kisses, dainty pretence of lover's jealousy at the favors accorded Lesbia's sparrow, gentle, half-smiling

sympathy with her over the untimely death of her pet, flow from his pen with a perfect freedom of movement and yet with an exquisite grace and perfection in every part." He was so utterly wrapped up in love of Lesbia that he seemed to disregard everything else, and during this time only poems addressed to Lesbia, to their love, were written; and in these, his wonderful poetic genius was displayed. However, after the final breach with Lesbia the tone of his poetry is changed. His poems are no longer outbursts of joyous mirth, but a strain of bitter cynicism creeps into his songs. Catullus was really sincere in his love for Lesbia, as his poetry manifests, and his life and verse were never the same after he found that she was false.

Burns, too, was a great lover, and, like, Catullus, sang songs of love, which were ardent, passionate, sentimental and emotional. Unlike Catullus, however, Burns had a number of love experiences, and seems to have been equally ardent in each and equally affected by each. The big, brawny plowman loved all the "lassies" generally and a few particularly, while Catullus' heart was for only one. Burns' love poems spring from experiences that touched his soul for only a moment, were only passing fancies. At one time we see Burns addressing poems to Jean Armour, describing her virtues and professing his love for her, and at another Mary Campbell's name is being immortalized in beautiful love lyrics. In both he seems sincere and entirely enraptured by the woman to whom he sings. His stanzas are full of passionate lines, which are effectively beautiful. His love for Mary Campbell gave birth to those divine lyrics, "Highland Mary" and "To Mary in Heaven." The little birds sang to Burns of his love, the flowers to him were fair, but not so fair as his "lue." However, Burns not only loved the "lassies," but all persons and things, animal and plant life,—his poor earthborn companions and fellow mortals. Herein lies a difference between the two. The bitter personal attacks of Catullus have no correspondents in Burns' writings.

Someone has defined the lyric element as "the poignant sting of perishable things," and thus Burns and Catullus show it to a large extent. Catullus tells Lesbia that they must love while they can, for though suns may rise and set again, for them remains endless night after their life has once set. He sings a hopeless farewell song to his brother. We often find Burns looking backward, renewing past joys and somewhat uncertain of the future.

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed."

Catullus' lyrics to Lesbia, to Sirmio, and on Acme and Spet-emi-us are perhaps the most perfect lyrics in the Latin language. Burns' verses to Mary, to Jean, to the mountain daisy, and to the mouse have a high rank among English lyrics. In the verse of both poets we find the genuine spirit of the lyric Muse, which is and ought to be, ever in extremes: its joy, rapture; its grief, despair; its love agony; its admiration, enthusiasm; its tenderness, passion; and yet the language used is generally as simple as it is strong. Both of these poets were enthusiastic men; both possessed a peculiar warmth which made the power of the song-writer and the poet in them so great. There is feeling mingled with melody in their poetry. They seemed to know that the true power of a song writer comes not by effort or study, but lies in "the spontaneous outbursts of powerful feelings."

## Changes

LUCY STARR WYATT

As I sit in the firelight, thinking alone,  
There comes to my mind sweet visions of home,—  
Of childhood days with memories deep  
When mother's soft voice would sing me to sleep.  
But now things have changed as older I grow,  
For father is dead, mother's steps growing slow.  
What changes are coming?—Does anyone know?

As I gaze in the firelight, pictures I see  
Of the lessons I learned at mother's knee—  
When we played paper-dolls on the sitting-room floor—  
And I long once again for the days of yore.  
But things are not as they were years ago:  
For everything changes with time you know.  
What changes are coming?—Does anyone know?

I dream on in silence. The pictures are changed;  
I now see the future which seems prearranged:  
A dear little cottage so cozy and neat,  
And the home-like patter of little feet.  
And changes still come as older I grow,  
And now there is some one who loves me I know.  
What changes are coming?—Can anyone show?

Alas, I'm awakened! No longer I dream.  
I laugh at my thoughts—so foolish they seem.  
The vision is gone. The present holds sway,  
And all is as bright as a midsummer's day.  
But I still ask the question as older I grow,  
What changes are coming?—Does anyone know?

## That Alters the Case

IRMA L. TAPP

Seated at a table in a far corner, almost completely shut off from view, in a very fashionable café of——— were John Sheldon, a wealthy merchant, and his wife. Sheldon was a man who prided himself on his wealth, chiefly because he had made it through his own shrewdness and skill. At the beginning of this story he was engaged in what would seem to the onlooker a very interesting controversy with his wife, and more so to the one who happened to hear. It was quite evident that she was not impressed with what he was saying.

"I tell you, my dear," he said, "I am at last even with that skinflint Meadows. I've noticed that for the last few weeks Harry has been looking down-hearted for some reason. Now he is my favorite clerk and a smart fellow he is. He has a good head on his shoulders and will"—

"Harry's good qualities have nothing to do with Mr. Meadows, I think," interrupted Mrs. Sheldon impatiently.

"Well," resumed Mr. Sheldon, "this morning I inquired the cause of his disturbed mind and learned that he is in love, poor fellow, and unfortunately the girl's father is very wealthy. She will not agree to marry without her father's consent, which Harry knows is impossible to obtain. I proceeded at once to tell him what a miserable tyrant I thought the old man must be, and I advised Harry to run off with the girl."

"What, John Sheldon, you did such a dishonorable thing as that?" exclaimed his wife.

"Dishonorable?" said Mr. Sheldon. "Why everything's fair in love and war. Why will you age so rapidly, my dear!"

"Suppose a clerk should elope with our Mattie?" asked Mrs. Sheldon.

"O that's entirely different," replied her husband. "Be-



sides there's no danger of anything of the sort. I know who the girl is, though I wouldn't let Harry tell me her name, for I don't want to be known in the affair. I remember how he hung around old Meadows's daughter at the party the other night. How I would like to see old Meadows rave and raise a row! I haven't forgotten how he tried to do me in those railway shares last winter. I gave Harry a leave of absence for a month, and a check for five hundred dollars to pay for his wedding trip."

"Well if you are not ashamed of your actions, Mr. Sheldon, as indeed you should be, I am for you," replied his wife.

"Don't worry, don't worry, my dear," began Mr. Sheldon as they rose from the table, "No one will ever know that I had a hand in the affair."

Early the next morning after this little episode in the café, Mr. Sheldon came down to breakfast in high glee, for a note had just reached him which ran as follows:

DEAR SIR:

I have with much difficulty persuaded her to elope. It was not however, until I showed her your check that she would consent to do so. She said that she was sure that you would not recommend any thing that was wrong; that you would advise her as if you were her own father; and she hopes that you will stand by us. We shall be married to-morrow, before Mr. Meadows is up.

Very thankfully,

HARRY."

Mrs. Sheldon did not come down to breakfast and, her husband had to enjoy the joke all by himself until his daughter Mattie should come. Finally becoming very impatient after waiting for her a half hour longer than usual, he sent a servant to inquire the cause of delay. The servant returned very much flustered, and said that Miss Sheldon was not in her room nor had her bed been slept in. Mr. Sheldon's jaw

fell, and he started to call his wife when a boy appeared at the door with a telegram. It read:

DEAR FATHER:

Harry and I were married at eight o'clock this morning. I would not consent to an elopement until he assured me that you had advised it, and had shown me your check as proof. He says that you promised to stand by us, and I know you pride yourself on never breaking a promise. We await your blessing."

"Well, I never," ejaculated Mr. Sheldon, when he had recovered his breath. "The impudent ras——;" but he stopped and mopped the great drops of perspiration from his bald head. He remembered that if it got out, he would be the laughing stock of the town and especially of Meadows. So he accepted the inevitable and wired back.

"You may come home, and the sooner the better. Tell Harry he's too sharp to remain a clerk and that today I take him into partnership, only he must remember that partners never tell tales out of school. God bless you.

J. SHELDON."

## Twilight Pictures

MARY WESCOTT

I sit alone at twilight hour  
And one by one pass by,—  
An endless row of pictured things  
In silent pageantry.

And some there are I would not yield  
For all the wealth of Spain—  
And some there are that O I fear  
Will never come again.

I look them over longingly,  
Ah me, so hard it seems—  
A few of them are memories  
But most are only dreams!

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# Editorial

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## LET US SUFFER

Long before Samson knew the sensation of a pair of scissors meandering through his locks, woman has been struggling for her rights, but not until the militant suffragette of London shouldered the hod, and the Co-eds of Trinity took upon themselves the editing of an edition of the ARCHIVE did she fully attain her ultimate object. We might elevate to our level also the suffragette army that is marching on to Washington, and place the trio before the reader for inspection as to the progress that has been made along the line of woman's rights.

The writer has heard both to her pleasure and disgust many speeches about the great question of woman suffrage, but not until a few days ago was the true chord struck. She was talking to one of the debaters who is to uphold the honor of his society in an inter-collegiate debate this spring. He was asked what he thought of woman suffrage, and he immediately said that as far as he was concerned *they could suffer*. There we have the keynote of the whole situation—let us suffer; we are willing to take a chance at anything once, and then if we like it, we shall try again. In this particular instance of editing the ARCHIVE, we have suffered manfully, but we are glad to have done so in that we may smooth the way for those who are to follow in our wake. Again, we are glad that we have had this opportunity so that we could help elevate the great cause of woman and vindicate the accusation that she is not competent of shouldering a real burden. For proof, we lay before you for close inspection this number and trust that it may prove to your liking.

In conclusion, we would like to state that henceforth when it comes to a question of woman's rights or a question of her ability, we believe in letting her suffer!

F. K.

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# Wayside Wares

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## EXAMS.

The melancholy days are over, and that particular brand of *genus collegium* which always lingers fondly behind after class in order to get in some choice blows below the belt, can now return to that most gainful occupation and prepare for the next round. This inductive booting is absolutely necessary if one wishes to recline on flowery beds of ease, so to speak, at the end of the year, and view with a superb non-chalance the frenzied operations of their fellow rah-rahs who neglected to make intellectual hay while the lights were on, and who as a consequence stand about as little chance to break in on the fancy grade column as their prototypes, the foolish virgins, did to break in on the nuptial feed. However, these future pillars of the state who are predestined to act as cabooses on the grade train, are not exactly blank as far as accomplishments are concerned. Numbers of them know that a royal flush beats a full house, and that the angle-worm wiggle is some agony, although they may be a little shy of information about the Chaucerian stanza or the laws of universal gravitation, et al.

Exams often lead to surprises. Many a young Papa's Pride breaks into the 70 class when he couldn't tell offhand whether a gourd or a tin can was used at the Pierian spring, or whether Lotze was a cave man or a contagious disease. At the same time many of the brand who have to wear green goggles for a month after exams, get the privilege of taking the course over. This all goes to show that an array of facts often has more weight when carried in on the hip than it does when carried in the head. This is not exactly poetic justice, but then very few things are.



## THE OX

Dear ox that once roam'd over pastures green,  
 How sleek and fat and plump you must have been.  
 Among your company, a king so grand,  
 You had the best that was in all the land.  
 You led your herd to graze upon the plain  
 And never thought of hunger, death nor pain.  
 But those good times were in old Noah's age—  
 He built the ark and kept you there a siege.  
 A highly honor'd guest you were indeed,  
 Who never lack'd attention, honor, feed.  
 Alas those easy times have changed since then;  
 For many ages you have work'd for men:  
 Have plow'd their fields, borne many loads for them,  
 Toiled earnestly and prov'd a priceless gem,  
 Receiv'd their knocks and follow'd where they led,  
 Been treated ill and often left unfed.  
 But this has only "added to his flavor,  
 Increas'd the more his tenderness and savor,"  
 Oh yes, to us it is a great reward  
 That now you deck the hungry students' board.

## O YOU MEN!

Hello, hello, Central, give me Cleveland 4-7-6-9; and, Central, rush it, will you? . . .

Hello, hello. Is this Cleveland 4769—no, d—— it! Er—I beg pardon, madam. . . .

What? You say "how sweet of me?" . . .

Well, now; it's nice of you to look at it like that. My—er—most women fly up if a man swears . . .

You are different? I *should say* you were—very different. I say, by the way, you've got the sweetest voice I ever heard. Have I never heard it before? . . .

No, but, by Jove, I'd like to, though. Say, are your eyes blue? . . .

What is that to me? Well—now—to be on the square, I like blue eyes. . . .

You are glad you have them then? Good work, girlie, now you're coming. Say, haven't I seen you somewhere? You aren't by any chance the girl in taupe who smiled across the azaleas at Sherry's yesterday? . . .

No? You always wear violet? Then I bet I've seen you. I've been trailing a cute little queen in lavender around Broadway for a month . . .

What's that? You think you'd better ring off? Aw, come now, that's no way to treat a fellow. . . .

Am I not busy? I am *not*. . . .

I was telephoning? Yes, but just to tell my old lady not to expect me to luncheon,—my mother of course! . . .

Oh, no, I'm not married? You're in the wrong church, girlie. It's little Willy for a gay time. Fact is I never knew a girl I'd talk five minutes to—until now. Honest now, no joshing. Say, you're going to my head like champagne. If I talk to you much longer, I'll be plumb stewed. . . .

No, no, don't ring off! On the level now, I mean it. I'll be there with the goods all right, if you'll only give me a chance. . . .

Say, what about a little supper at Delmonico's this evening, and a roof-garden show? . . .

Aw, come now; be a sport. You've got to tell me your name first? All right, little one, fire ahead. . . .

What—*what*—WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?. . . .

GREAT—See here—what number is this? . . .

This is Cleveland 4769, and you—*Nell*—MY WIFE—D—!

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#### TO THE CO-EDS

If the ladies were taken away,  
Each student in sorrow would say:

“More lone is my heart than the lone hermit's shack,  
The campus—a desert—is bare,

And college attractions have vanished, alack!  
Since Co-eds no longer are here.”—

Ah, thus would it be

At Old Trinity

If the ladies were taken away.

If the ladies were taken away,

The students would earnestly say:

“The tenderest thought of college days past

Is of them,—and it ever will be;

Though the waters of Lethe may flood us at last,

They can never set memory free.”—

How lone would it be

At Old Trinity

If the ladies were taken away!

(The above verses, expressive of the value of the co-eds to Trinity, were written to relieve them of the embarrassing situation by a gallant young ed. who insists upon remaining incog.)

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## Editor's Table

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Sterne in his "Tristram Shandy" has given us a famous courtship scene between the widow and Tristram's Uncle Toby which consists of several blank pages. (You may write your own account of the wooing, or, if not so inclined, turn the pages slowly and read them with your mind's eye.) In this, Sterne has set a style, which, in a very modified form still exists, and is now imitated a great deal, especially in college magazine stories, and which is often a very convenient way of getting over many difficulties on the part of the young writer. In this time of the "high cost of living," we are not quite so extravagant as the humorist was, and the writer of today affords only a very brief blank space. By this, he sometimes indicates a flow of very ardent words which he either feels unable to relate fittingly, or which he thinks the reader can do better without; but more usually he indicates a lapse of time. There is as much art exhibited by the writer in what he leaves unsaid as by what he says, as everyone knows; and one of the chief marks of skill is the ability to suggest and the absence of too much detail and tediousness; but the frequent use of asterisks, which is so characteristic of the short stories of today, is we believe, an admission of inability on the part of the writer. It certainly gives a fragmentary, unfinished air to his work. Many good stories are injured by it. Poe's form is the prototype for the model short story, and only very rarely, and then in his earlier efforts, does he make use of the asterisk.

"The Judgment of the World," a most deserving story, which the *Transylvanian* publishes, feels the evil effects of this blanking method of setting forth an elapse of time. It easily divides itself into two chapters, and the author has done

this, but he goes further and twice makes use of asterisks where a sentence or two would have given a better effect, and would have given a more finished appearance to the story.

The piece is in reality more of a novelette than short story. The hero is a teacher of Quaker descent, whom filial duty calls from an assistant-professorship at a university, where he was making a mark, to a small village school. The struggle through which he passes is well told. Then come the asterisks. He has resigned and is in the village. The second chapter shows him as an old man, having passed a long life, "allus a preaching' to the kids about honorin' pa and ma, and not allus wantin' to be he'ped but allus he'pen somebody else. But them that knows says that he don't keep up to date nor use the best means of trainin' the kids, no' 'tend the instistoots—them places whar they make teachers." The school board will ask for a resignation.

(Another blank and more asterisks.)

"Little learning and official pomp arm in arm went grave-ly forth on their errand of love,—love for the little tots who were not instructed by the latest methods approved by the "institoots," but were "just learning about." Collectively the Board seeks his home; the door stands ajar, but no one answers their summons; they peer within; there he sits asleep. Shall they awake him? Yes! It is their duty; but he heeds not their upraised voices! Can it be? It is true! He has heard the call to a higher institute where a Great Teacher shall instruct."

Another story which suffered greatly from too much use of asterisks is "The Duty," which was found in the November issue of the *Georgian*. In this they seem especially uncalled for and unjustifiable.

The verse in the *Transylvanian* is all good for the most part. "I Wanter Go Back," "In College," and "I Doubly Live," are poems such as most of us would be proud to tack our names on to. The magazine contains only one essay, a short one on "Christmas," but it does not lose much by this,



owing to the significance and serious hue of much of the fiction.

The *Wofford College Journal* for December is a pleasing medley of verse and stories. "Christmas Bells" is a happy jingling, tingling which at once suggests Poe's "Bells, Bells, Bells."

"Maybe they are school or church bells ;  
Maybe they are passing train-bells ;  
Better if they're Santa's sleigh bells ;  
But they really must be bells— ;  
Must be merry Christmas bells."

"The Indian" is good. "The Haunted Palace" is a hair-raising piece of supernatural fiction which at length dissolves into a dream. The editorial on "Illusions of Childhood" is especially appropriate for the issue. However, "A Poet's Christmas" is what one of our contemporaries would be apt to call "pure unadulterated nonsense."

Taking everything into consideration the *Vanderbilt Observer* published in the December issue the best single piece of fiction we have found within the exchange of this year. It is entitled "Vive L'Empereur" and is woven about the life of Napoleon. Written in an unconscious, splendid style, it is intensely interesting, and has characters in it that strike one as real, human beings. It is one of the sort of things that go to make a college magazine worth while. It, however, is not the only good contribution in the issue. "The Candle" follows closely upon it in excellence, and perhaps surpasses it in originality. Another attractive feature of the *Observer* is the publication of an early Christmas carol of Scottish origin, "Ain Song O' the Birth O' Christ."

While the *University of North Carolina Magazine* doesn't seem to have had much material from which to make selections, two of the essayists have chosen interesting subjects, "The Reception of the Stamp Act on the Cape Fear River," and "A Dinner with Johnson," and have handled them well.

The editorials also are lively and interesting, but there is a conspicuous absence of verse and stories.

There is much to the *Davidson College Magazine* in quality as well as in quantity. Its neat and dignified appearance would almost prejudice one in its favor before it was opened which would be entirely unnecessary for such an issue as this month's is. It contains a surprising amount of material, a great deal of which is good. "A Singer's Sorrow" is wisely put in the foreground. However, it is another illustration of the use of asterisks too frequently and to a disadvantage. "Appendicitis" is witty and ludicrous, and shows how much depends on one's point of view. "His Father's Own Son" is very readable. The magazine would do well with some more verse. The editorial writer is certainly, to use a slang expression, "on to his job." "The 26th of December," and "The Hot Air Age," are well worth reading and are rarely surpassed in college magazines; but we question the advisability of such logic as the editorial on "Contributing" sets forth, and do not think the magazine will maintain the high standard reached this month in that way.

The following extract is quoted from "Nightfall" in the *Wesleyan*. It is a long poem of descriptive beauty to which diction and meter lend especial charm:

"And over the hills from far away,  
Came twilight shadows, cool and gray;  
A crescent moon in the west hung low,  
A silver moon like a Cupid's bow;  
The twilight enveloped hill and down.  
And lights shown out from the little town.  
The weary toiler went home to rest,  
To spend this twilight hour—his best,  
The lowing herds, so far away,  
The children returning home from play,  
The silence that comes with the setting sun  
All were tokens the day was done."

# The Trinity Archive

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Volume XXVI

Number Five

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## MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.50; single copies, 25 cents.

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# The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1913

## Spring

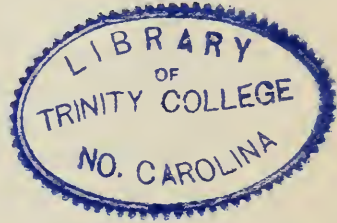
ROBERT B. MURRAY

Listen what the wavelets say  
As they dance about and play  
In the sunshine, in the gloom,  
In the shade where violets bloom:

Listen what the song birds sing  
As they skip about and swing  
In the bushes, in the trees,  
In the gentle southern breeze:

Listen what the crickets say,  
Chirping yonder in the hay:  
*Winter's gone, the dead's alive,*  
*Bees are waking in the hive,*  
*Trees are budding, grass springs up,*  
*Yonder blooms the butter cup.—*  
*All is joyous—spring is near—*  
*Hark! the cheer—ah! spring is here!*

At the coming of the spring  
All the world bursts into song;  
See the cares of life take wing—  
Winter's ruled the world too long.  
Everything in spring is new,  
Creatures, plants, and mankind too.  
Life awakes where none was seen,  
Storm-scarred earth again is green.  
All is joyous—spring is near—  
Hark! the cheer—ah! spring is here!





## Alexander Stephens' Attitude Toward the Negro

C. B. CULBRETH

Alexander Hamilton Stephens was Georgia's greatest statesman, the South's ablest constitutional interpreter, the Nation's mightiest defender of "State Sovereignty," and most ardent advocate of institutional slavery. He believed in the institution of slavery not only as an economic utility to the people of the South, and as a moral and social benefit and uplift to the negro himself, but, by the spreading of it into new states and territories, as the only means of securing permanent political salvation to the people of the South. He defended it not only on constitutional and legal grounds, but as based on moral and divine law. In his defense, in order to prove that Abraham both owned and traded in slaves, he quoted from Genesis: "He that is born in thy house and he that is bought with thy money must needs be circumcised." He further strengthened his biblical argument by showing that the Apostle Paul in the gospel age sent Onesimus, a fugitive slave, back to his former master Philemon.

He held that since the slaves had been taken from the barbarous tribes of Africa and brought under moral and Christian influence where they had the opportunity to partake of the benefits of the gospel, they were therefore not degraded, but on the other hand especially benefited by their new environments. "Nor," says he, "does the negro feel any sense of degradation in his condition." He would doubtless have created a stronger impression here if he had said that as the majority of negroes brought to America were slaves in their own country and the sons of slaves, they were no further degraded, but their condition was greatly improved.

In his speech in Augusta, Georgia, in 1859, Mr. Stephens rejoiced that slavery had become more firmly grounded as an institution. In recent compromises and in the decision in the

Dred Scott case, the "popular sovereignty" plan for the states and territories had triumphed. Mr. Stephens contended that new states and territories must be peopled with slaves. To neglect this most important fact would confine slavery to a few states. Therefore, by a majority vote of the free states, slavery would finally be abolished. So he strongly favored the importation of slaves from Africa as a safeguard against the abolition of slavery. "It takes people to make States," he said, "and it requires people of the African race to make slave states." Yet, notwithstanding the fact that the South's greatest political thinker and leader had so strongly favored slavery and had plead so earnestly in its behalf as a means of political salvation to the people of the South, in 1861 when the new government of the Confederate States was formed, it forbade the reopening of the African slave trade.

Mr. Stephens either failed to see or refused to entertain the fact that slavery was not a benefit but a direct hindrance to the poor white people of the South. According to Helper, white laborers in the South were paid less than blacks, when the latter were hired by their owners, and wages in general were a hundred per cent lower than in the free states. In 1856, he found in North Carolina "sober and energetic" white men between twenty and forty years of age engaged in agricultural pursuits at a salary of seven dollars per month, including board only, while "negro men slaves who performed little more than half the amount of labor and who were exceedingly sluggish, awkward, and careless in all their movements," were hired out on adjoining farms at an average of about ten dollars a month, including board, clothing, and medical attendance. The same difference was observed in the mechanical trades, and in the case of the women of the two races in domestic service. There was even a greater premium placed on the inferior labor of the "negro wenches," however ungraceful, stupid, and filthy they might be. The explanation given for this extraordinary condition was that the first (slave) oligarchy had made it fashionable to "have

negroes around" and there were many non-slaveholding white sycophants, who in order to retain on their premises a hired slave whom they foolishly imagined secured for them not only the appearance of wealth, but also a position of high social standing in the community, kept themselves in perpetual straits.

We have so far noticed the attitude of Mr. Stephens to slavery as an institution. His disposition toward the old time negro slave was marked by that sympathetic tenderness which was characteristic of the noble man that he was.

Just after the Nashville Convention, and still under the spirit and forebodings produced by the failures and disappointments of this great meeting, Mr. Stephens turned aside from questions of so vast importance to make a contribution to the happiness of a faithful old slave. He wrote his brother, Linton Stephens, from Washington as follows: "In my letter at the House to-day I forgot to reply to the request of George's Harry to take Eliza for his wife. Say to them I have no objection. And tell Eliza to go to Saloman and Henry's and get a wedding dress, including a pair of fine shoes, etc., and to make a decent wedding of it. Let them cook a supper and have such of their friends as they wish. Tell them to get some 'parson man' and be married like Christian folks. Let the wedding come off sometime when you are at home, so that you may keep order amongst them. Buy a pig and let them have a supper."

Not long after this marriage Harry was purchased and became the lifelong body servant of Mr. Stephens. Eliza was his faithful cook. At least half of the life of these old servants after their freedom was lived in a comfortable two-story house, near their old master and assigned to them by him. It was the joy of their lives to serve their old master as long as he lived. Eliza, speaking of him one day, said: "He was de best man in de world; if he ain't in heaven, ain' no use for nobody to try to get dar."

If the saying is true that a great man is willing to become little, it undoubtedly had its fulfillment in Alexander H.

Stephens. His interest even in the pleasure of a little negro boy is well illustrated by the following quotation: "One day a young, unsophisticated negro boy, whom Mr. Stephens had brought into town from his farm to assist Harry in his work, came and told Mr. Stephens that someone had given him a little dog, and asked permission to keep him on the lot. The man who had so often swayed multitudes quietly asked the negro what kind of a dog it was, meaning of course his pedigree. The boy brightly and quickly responded, "He is a boy, sir." The great man smiled and said, "Joe, you can have your puppy, and mind you his name shall be 'Boy.'"

Perhaps no man of the whole state of Georgia was ever praised and complimented more than Mr. Stephens. Those who agreed with him loved him. Those who opposed him admired his genius. He was once asked what he considered the greatest compliment ever passed upon him. He replied by saying that some months before, a friend from the East visited him. One day while the visitor was walking in the little town near which Stephens lived, he engaged in a conversation with an old, gray-haired negro. "Do you know Mr. Stephens?" demanded the stranger of the old darky.

"Know who? Marse Aleck?" the old man answered. "Who don't know Marse Aleck? Yes sar, dat I does know him."

"What do you think of him?" asked the Easterner.

"Co'se I thinks well of him, sah."

"I don't mean it that way," returned the stranger. "I wish to know what kind of a man my friend Stephens is."

"Oh!" said the old negro, "I know what you mean now. It's dis way about Marse Aleck: he sho is de best man in de world."

After a minute's hesitation, the ancient son of Ham continued: "I'll tell you how he is: Marse Aleck is jes naturally better to dogs than other people is to folks."

## The Rude Awakening of a Reborn Spirit

“BARBARIAN”

My dear brother, I am somewhat older than you in experience and in the knowledge of the present world, although you surpass me in mortal years. Bacon has well said: “A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he has lost no time.” For am I not young in years, having lived only forty in my first estate? Yet I have possession of all that learning, all that science, has produced throughout the course of many ages. Ah, is it not a vast power that we spirits possess to pass from generation into generation; to see the progress of man as he struggles now with, now against, the elements of the universe; to enter into and rejuvenate the dust of mortals, who long ages since became the foundation for new feet to tread upon? We sleep centuries,—centuries in which the ever rolling wheel of time turns on,—yet we are not affected, but blossom out in some fleshly ornament, and in a day, we can possess all the knowledge that centuries have given birth to.

This is the first time I have been incarnated in human form since the days of ancient Greece. Those old days come before me now with a clearness and vividness which is startling,—but then you must remember that no intervening period of life has interrupted my reflections or dulled my retentiveness since the glorious age in which we both for the first time enjoyed liberty. For centuries since my exit from the Grecian world, I have had no other occupation except brooding over my one and only life.

It is true that I have had some wonderful material for thought during the last hundred years or so through your instrumentality. Unlike *Rip Van Winkle*, I remained awake in the spirit world although I was almost stifled by inaction. Only my earthly clothing slept. You remember how you



kept me posted on the run of events when you were incarnated in the form of a certain George Washington. I have wondered and dreamed about the marvelous changes in the manner of life; the habits and customs of the people; but most of all, that liberty, that freedom, that personal independence of which you told me. I yearned eagerly, for a long time in vain, to come into the world again; to witness for myself the changes whereof you spoke; to bask in that strange and wondrous liberty—at last, I have my desire.

When I came into this present twentieth century world, I was, of course, full of thoughts about the Grecian world, and it is but natural that I should contrast things and conditions as they now appear with those of centuries before. You cannot fail to remember how under the good rule of Solon royalty was overthrown and authority was vested in the hands of all free Athenian citizens. Gee, to use one of those depraved American expressions, how we boasted of our liberty, fraternity, and equality! The number of slaves in our state was much greater than free citizens, but we never once thought of that rude mass of serfs being capable of becoming citizens under any imaginable conditions. So, you see, I was expecting an infinitely greater, an almost incomprehensible liberty in the present world and was prepared for it in a measure by the revelations received from you while I was still in the spirit world.

The present shell in which I live is a representative type of the American youth. I have compared him with his associates, and find him as well developed as the average. But, alas! even the best of the young men of this age will not bear comparison with those beings in whom we first lived, those stalwart, Herculean sons of old Greece. Their very heart has been drawn out, and they have become a race of timorous whimperers. I took possession of my present conductor in a rural district of North Carolina. For several years his life was peaceful and uneventful, and I feared that I would never get a chance to see the world at large or verify any of those things which you told me. To be sure, he enjoyed a kind of

liberty and freedom; but it was more akin to the freedom of the mountain-side hermit or the beast of the jungle than to that higher freedom, that equality of all men of which you spoke so. For many years I did not come in contact with the masses of men. At last, however, when I had been in this new dwelling for seventeen years or more, I was transported to the place where I now reside.

The conditions here are of course new to me. The citizens of both sexes, a thing which seems strange to me, are engaged in the pursuit of learning. The form of life is somewhat communal, the males living together in one building, the females in another. The number of citizens is about five hundred. You might think that in a community of this size all the members would be acquainted, but it is not so. There seems to be a class, who, like the aristocrats of old Greece, bolstered up by the pomp and glory of their pride, deign not to descend from their lofty heights to salute their fellowmen. They are not enrolled in any clique; they conform to the rules of no organization; they bear no relation to each other; each is a whole, a marvelous image of perfection, a Rome to which all roads lead. They seem to think they are those very men of whom your man Emerson speaks as being so rare,—“In a century, in a millennium, one or two men; that is to say one or two approximations to the right state of every man”—and really by their actions, their associates are almost beguiled into thinking the same thoughts. In fact this behavior of some of the citizens alarmed me at first. I thought that they were dumb and wondered how they were able to carry on the pursuits of learning under such a difficulty. When such a one had passed me it was as the ceasing of the exquisite inutterable music of the soul. I almost wept to see the sweet organs of their thoughts so useless, their poor dumb mouths that could not plead for them. Alas, not for long did my sweet delusion last. To my painful surprise, I soon discovered this to be but a pretence of dumbness, so cleverly maintained, however, that one could hardly discover it. They

consider this a great asset to dignity, as well as a sign of good breeding.

This is the first condition that came under my observation, and it looms up mountainously in contrast to the idea of affairs which you gave me. Many other things also oppose that impression of freedom and equality which I received through your messages, while you were in your last incarnation. Verily, that progress of which you dreamed must have had a backset for things to assume the condition they now present.

These citizens are governed and presided over by a body of men, some fifteen in number, and a president, who, I presume, occupies a position similar to that which your last instrument held. I have studied this body to see if it upheld those standards of right and justice. I must confess I am disappointed, although in one respect do I see a change for the better. No favoring or favor seeking is allowed; favoritism has almost died out. The good will of the governors is not won by flattery; for at present time flatterers exhaust their resources on the females of the community. In this are the rulers just. Looking only at this phase of of the government you might say, "Why, here is equality; here is justice; here is a state in which all are on the same plane." Yes, there is no doubt about it; they are all on the same level, a dead level from which but few eminences arise. From these eminences the noble rulers look down and direct with a stern, unyielding majesty the affairs of their republic.

I will try to give you some idea of this absolute rule, so that you may judge for yourself whether or not that era which started off so brightly under your guidance, has degenerated into the rule of the few. In the first place, the citizens are confined within the limits of their community. They leave it without permission only under the penalty of a heavy fine, and if the performance is repeated they are subject to banishment. Even if they wish to visit the spot of their nativity, they cannot do so without permission—permission which can be secured only theoretically. I have seen

men fined for the so called offense of going a day ahead of time, or returning a day too late from their pilgrimage to give thanks to God for His blessings, or to celebrate the birth of His Son.

If, in a spirit of fun, the old citizens initiate the newcomers in such harmless ways as making them sing a ditty, giving them a much-needed bath, and such little pleasantries, they are in danger of exile. If the least bit of evidence is discovered against any citizens so offending, nothing can save him; no excuses will be taken from him. No matter how docilely the newcomer took his bath; no matter if he himself excuses his cruel persecutor, yet the governors will not allow him to remain within the community. This exile of which I speak is worse than that of ancient times. In many cases the unfortunate's life is ruined. Not only is he driven from the community but "*Italia atque Africa interdictum est.*" His character is so defamed by the action of these few men that he is considered a social outcast. Other communities will not receive him. Therefore he is left to go his way into eternity ignorant and shunned, his manhood blighted, his spirit oppressed.

How will such a condition ever be remedied? But you can hardly be competent to judge of the present conditions. It seems to me that there can be no liberty until a spirit of truth and of justice infuses itself more strongly into the citizens. At present they have no backbone. To such injustice they offer no resistance, but slink about like scared dogs. They tip their head-piece to each governor, wherever he may appear, instead of using a manly salute or a becoming bow.

Why is it that I find this subdued spirit, this subserviency to authority? I can find but two explanations. The first lies in the absence of slaves. Those vast quantities of servile people who existed at one time in all nations have passed away. They did not die out but must have become intermingled with the higher, nobler classes, thus bringing about an average in which their own characteristics are most prom-

inent. But in part, this condition is caused by the government. No trust or confidence is placed in the word of the citizens. It is not sufficient in itself but must be backed up by proof or evidence. For example, if a citizen becomes sick for one day he must either feign sickness for three days or pay a physician an exorbitant fee for a written excuse which he may present as evidence of his sickness. Thus, who is to be blamed if a spirit of dishonesty and deceit springs up among the citizens?

“Hence vain deluding joys,”  
Hence liberty with thy sweet spirit dead  
Art so little vested  
And held within these poor misshapen toys?

When I think of all these marks of an absolute rule, I am saddened. Is this that clemency of which you spoke? It can not be! It can not be!

“Great God! I’d rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn.”

Surely some dreadful change has intervened to thus cut off the hope and light from such a nation. I am weary of this puerile life, this life which imprisons me within a desert waste. O, how long! how long, brother will it last! I wish that I could fall asleep and forever dream of Greece.

“Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight  
Make me a *Greek* again just for tonight.”



## To the Trailing Arbutus

QUINTON HOLTON

Once more thou'rt with us, darling of the hills,  
Wee harbinger of springtime sweet and true,  
With tints no other flow'ret ever knew,  
Reflected from the rosy light that fills  
The east at morn, from sunset glow, from rills  
That mirror purity of cloud in blue  
And sunny sky. Yet lowly dost thou view  
Thy heav'nly loveliness,—no vainness thrills  
Thee though thou know'st the pow'rs of nature 'round  
To serve thee bend: for thee the wintry winds  
To whisp'ring zephyrs changed; the frozen ground  
To nourish thee grew warm; the spring sun blinds  
With dazzling ray, or silver showers fall,—  
Alone for thee—*and her that's like thee*—all!

## What Is to Be Will Be

ROBERT B. MURRAY

It was twenty minutes of nine in the morning. Tommy Neal, hands buried deep in his coat pockets and book-sack slung over his shoulder, was diligently plying his way through the newly fallen snow to school. He was whistling a tune shrilly, and his thoughts were far away from the "gang" and hookey. He had made a resolution on New Year's morning, two days previously, never to snap school any more and was resolved to keep the faith at any cost. So, for two mornings in succession he had gotten up without waiting for his mother to call him, washed his face in cold water, and got ready for breakfast. His mother was proud of him, and it did the boy's heart good to hear her praise his worthy resolution to his father. And so he determined to do something wonderful at school to merit even his father's commendation, for the latter had smiled cynically while his wife was lauding the virtues of her son at the breakfast table. It had occurred to Tommy that Miss Agnes, his teacher, had said that she was going to hold a spelling match in her room today and was going to give a little book of poems to the champion speller. He made up his mind to bring home the trophy, and just before leaving home for school, he whispered his secret into his mother's sympathetic ear. The beaming smile and hug of approval she bestowed upon him swelled his heart within him, and he left the house like a knight of old, bent upon bold adventure for the acquisition of honor and glory.

But alas for all his good intentions! Stern fate and cruel destiny were upon his path, and like pursuing demons were even now upon his heels. Jimmy Sloan represented fate and Shag Long destiny, and Billy Bowles and Reddy Green were the attendant demons. For, as Tommy was walking along the street, his thoughts soaring high in the realms of

glorious achievements, a sudden, long drawn out whistle penetrated through the paths of his consciousness. He knew the whistle well enough, and he instinctively quickened his pace, for subconsciously he already saw the wreck of his high ideals and resolutions should he fall in with the "gang" so early in the game. But he was not to be left alone to tread the paths of virtue and righteousness. He could hear footsteps behind him; still, he would not look around, but increased his speed, whistling desperately. Although he could not see his pursuers, he could hear the remarks they were making about him, and his blood boiled as he listened to the base, slanderous epithets cast upon his good name as a sport.

"Jes' look er yonder at mama's little darlin', won't yer!" he heard Jimmy Sloan exclaim contemptuously. "Ain't he nice and sweet lookin' this mornin'."

"And jes' look at them cute little yaller curls! Ain't they jes' darlin'?"—this from Shag Long.

"Why, them pink cheeks of his'n's got all the girls at school skint a mile."

Tommy inwardly writhed as he perforce listened to these disdainful and scornful expressions concerning his person, but he maintained an air of aloof indifference, which irritated his tormentors into more pointed and effective thrusts. Finally a remark thrown out by Reddy Green, the toughest of the "tough boys," caused the long-suffering Tommy to whirl around suddenly and throw himself with all his might upon his enemies.

"He's got a yaller streak—he's skeered to snap school." Reddy, exasperated beyond bounds of all discretion by Tommy's disconcerting pose of indifference, had delivered himself of this sentiment, and the next moment he was floundering wildly about in the snow, while the indignant Tommy beat a tattoo upon his undefended head. The rest of the gang, to whom such exhibitions were as food and drink, did a regular war-dance around the contestants, shrieking their approval.

"Who's a-skeered, you red-headed, freckled-faced son-of-a-

shrimp?" screamed Tommy, as he soaked his slanderer in the other eye with all his might. "Who's a-skeered?" and the snow and hair flew as the battle royal progressed. At length, both scrappers were exhausted from the fierce onslaught, and the onlookers were breathless from hurling advice from the side-line. About this time a blue-coated individual, helmeted and twirling a billy, appeared in the distance. Instantly a startled hush fell upon the gang.

"Beat it!" whispered one of the kids, "Yonder comes a cop." With a simultaneous movement the crowd scattered like a covey of partridges scared up by the approach of an intruder upon their privacy, and when the policeman finally came upon the scene of the man-struggle, the only evidences of the recent activities were the packed and scattered snow, several stray handfuls of hair, red and yellow mixed promiscuously, and several traces of blood in the snow. The cop paused a moment; examined the spot; grinned reminiscently; twirled his club thoughtfully; then proceeded unruffled upon his beat. It was no affair of his so long as they kept out of his sight, and, besides, he had inherited, along with other peculiar Irish characteristics, a sentiment that fighting was just about the best way possible to bring out the manly qualities of the growing boy.

Singly and in pairs the members of the gang made their way to the old, long since deserted foundry, the official rendezvous of the clan, where all the mischief and deviltry which happened in the neighborhood had its origin. When Tommy limped up, accompanied by his old-time *fidus Achates*, Shag Long, who was pouring a stream of enthusiastic flattery upon the hero's prowess, which acted as the soothing balm of Gilead upon that worthy's wounded vanity, Reddy Green was already there, surrounded by a crowd of his supporters. Hostile demonstrations were soon in evidence on both sides, but all hope of further battle was put to rout by the decisive command of Jimmy Sloan, the accepted general and leader of the clan.

"Now, you kids just cut that fuss out, right now. We've

had enough of this for one day. While you two are scrappin' all over the face o' the earth and we other mutts stand here like a passel o' hounds eggin' yer on to one another, the sun's gettin' hotter and hotter, and first thing ye know, all the ice on the old swimmin' hole will be melted, and our skatin' bee will be busted up. Come on, all er yer, let's go on to the creek." And the general, having issued his command, stalked off in the direction of the old swimming-hole, where the gang had spent many a felicitous hour of stolen enjoyment, and his subordinates, nothing loth, followed.

Tommy experienced a momentary sinking sensation as he felt his New Year's resolution surely and swiftly slipping from him; but Reddy had said that he had a yellow streak, and what self-respecting boy could take such opprobrium as that? And besides, his clothes were all mussed up and his hair tousled, and it was probably nine o'clock by now anyhow, and, if he should go on to school, he would be tardy and sent home for an excuse. Then he would surely get a licking from his father for loitering on the way. Better to snap once more and bluff it out at home, he concluded, and then to-morrow he would swear off for good. Having arrived at this conclusion, Tommy dismissed the entire matter from his mind, and threw himself whole-heartedly into the pleasures at hand.

By the time the gang reached the old swimming hole, on Goose Creek about a mile and a half from the city, the old-time spirit of camaraderie, which had been one of the most prominent characteristics of the gang before Tommy's recent reformation had wrought discord among its members, had been re-established among the fellows; and the recent scrap was a thing of the past to go down in the annals of the clan's history merely as a side incident leading up to one of the great epoch-making events of the gang.

The ice was thick and the skating fine. To be sure, none of the boys had regular skates, but they skated and enjoyed themselves just the same. If they didn't happen to be sliding on their feet, they were sliding on some other part of



their anatomy and experiencing all the thrills of boyish love and enthusiasm for stolen adventures. Every boy there knew well enough that punishment would be strictly meted out to him when the adventure was discovered, as it surely would eventually be, but not for a moment did one of them allow troubles of the future to cast the slightest particle of gloom over the present joys.

They sang, skated, snow-balled and wrestled, as boys of their age will, for hours. After a while one of the boys suggested building a fire, as the wind was bitterly cold. The crowd was heartily in favor of the proposition, and the clan scattered to find dry stuff to start a blaze. Reddy found some dry leaves in a little crevice in a cliff near by, and Tommy discovered a lightwood knot. After an extended search through the pockets of various members of the gang, a match was brought to light; then the question of a place to build the fire arose. The banks were covered with loose snow, and Shag suggested that it would be better to build the fire out on the hard ice. The suggestion was carried out, and soon a big blaze was rising up toward the sky from the middle of the frozen pond. The boys squatted around the fire Turkish fashion and extended their benumbed fingers gratefully toward the blaze.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## The Hermit Elwood

M. B. ANDREWS

I had often heard strange tales about him, but had never seen him. Everybody regarded him as a harsh, cruel, and cold-hearted old man.

I had gone out into the wood that afternoon in search of honeysuckles. I was alone and feeling blue and melancholy. As I slowly walked along I came to a small opening in the wood, in which was a lonely log hut.

The sun was almost ready to go down. Suppose I should decide to live here alone—apart from the world? Strange and melancholy thoughts passed and repassed through my mind.

A dog? Yes, a great large shepherd dog came out from the hut and met me. He dropped his ears and wagged his tail like he was glad to see me. Could anyone be living here? Yes, for I could now see a small garden somewhat on the other side of the house.

I approached the house and walked in, being led by the dog. What should I see? There he lay—Hermit Elwood, of whom I had heard so many tales.

“Friend,” he said with a broken voice, “Come in.”

I greeted him kindly; and after talking with him awhile, I asked him why he chose to live the life of a hermit. He told me, and repeatedly his tale brought tears to my eyes. He made me feel as I had never felt before.

“I remember the very day,” he said. “She was not perfect in every detail, it is true; she had her faults. Yet my whole nature cried out for her—she was the one designed for me.”

“Yes,” he repeated, “I remember the day. It was the second of May, 1874—a long time ago. We had loved each other since our early childhood. She was then eighteen and I was nineteen. It was just before sunset—about this time of day. We were walking along on the banks of an old

stream. I was some taller than she—I measured six-two. We had talked the whole afternoon of the future, and we were now on our way home. Never have I forgotten the scene or the words that she used. They are the sweetest and saddest words in the language to me.”

“Yes,” he continued, after a pause, “as we slowly walked along on the bank of the stream, she, casting her face upward and looking into my eyes, whispered, ‘Henry, I love you.’” His face beamed. “Angels have never been happier than I was then; and those words—the sweetest in the language—have rung in my ears from that day to this.”

“And you did not marry her?”

Tears again filled the old man’s eyes, and for several moments he did not speak—I may have wept too.

“No,” he finally whispered, “my God, my God,—It was so hard to give her up. She went—”

Again the old man broke down and wept.

“But I hold no ill will against her.”

He closed his eyes; his mind shifted.

“I must say good-bye. The shades of night are coming on, and I am prepared to go. I have but one regret now—I hate to leave my faithful old dog. He has meant so much to me during my gloomy days off here alone.”

He placed his arm around the dog’s neck.

“Shepherd, dear old Shepherd, I love you.”

Then, turning his eyes toward me, he faintly whispered, “Friend, take care of my dog,—I love him.”

He spoke no more. With these words his spirit departed.

In a shoe-box beside his bed I found several poorly written manuscripts. I quote verbatim one of the most touching little pieces in the box.

*To the Friend Who Finds Me Here*  
And now that my days are passed and gone,  
Dear Friend, I tell you true  
The heart that I had was not of stone,—  
It was warm as the heart of you.

It beat alone thro' a lonely life,  
To a sad and lonely close;  
It was not for you to see its strife,  
But my God and Maker knows.

## When You Whispered

H. B. PORTER

Often here mid toil and learning,  
Do I catch my thoughts returning  
Backward, with a heart that's yearning,  
To my latest hour with you ;  
When, by heav'n's blue vault o'ershadowed,  
All my doubts of you were scattered,  
And my love-chords 'round you gathered,  
When you whispered: "I'll be true."

You were never to me dearer,  
And I never felt sincerer,  
And my heart rejoiced as nearer  
To your side I gently drew ;  
Then before you humbly kneeling,  
In the hope of love revealing,  
I could never speak my feeling ;  
So I answered: "I'll be true."

Others may be changes making,  
That will cause some sad forsaking,  
But my life for you I'm staking,  
While this world I'm passing through.  
When the sun of life is setting,  
And all others I'm forgetting,  
I shall not be found regretting  
Those sweet accents: "I'll be true."



## The Grand Canyon of the Colorado

W. V. KIMBALL

The Grand Canyon is a stupendous gorge that captivates one by its mystic and enthralling beauty. It is a scene that lingers in the treasure chamber of memory continually. It is thirteen miles wide and over a mile in depth. To one gazing upon it for the first time, it is too powerful to comprehend with its awful, yawning, phantasmal, and abysmal depths. Its walls are of red sandstone, and through myriads of years, have been woven into grotesque and fantastic shapes by erosion. From a standpoint of color, the canyon is a kaleidoscope picture, and its beauty is ineffable.

I had the good fortune to stand on the brink of this yawning chasm one afternoon late in the summer of 1911. The sun was just going down. Of all awe-inspiring sights that I have ever seen, it was the most beautiful. Vishnu's Temple, the Temples of Isis, Cheops, and all the domes, minarets, and amphitheaters were a vision of deep blood-red. Then the colors changed into light red and pink. Shortly, the brilliance faded away and the deep blues appeared, which in turn shaded off into purples and violet. Everything was still, and one felt as though one had been transferred from fairy land into this world again and was dazed.

The next morning I made the descent to the river down Bright Angel Trail. This trail is seven miles in length, and is very strenuous. The stillness and grandeur is awful. One feels that it might be sliced up into huge blocks. Many parts of the trail are so dangerous, that the guide makes you walk. The trail is narrow and zigzagged and in many places appears almost perpendicular. Especially is the descent of the "Devil's Corkscrew," a most daring feat. The trail goes down a steep, spiral wall, and in most places it is just wide enough for the burros to walk. There is nothing but rocks

and a little sage brush beside the path, and there are no birds or animals of any kind in the canyon.

While on the trail, a terrific storm greeted our party. The thunder reverberating up the minor canyons was grand to listen to, but at the same time it was not at all inviting. The rain poured in torrents, and there was nothing to do but take it calmly and serenely. Finally, we reached the river, and there we ate our lunch. We soon began our upward climb, by a trail frightfully slick. The burros would slide almost to the edge, then scramble back into the trail. The rim was reached about four o'clock, after a rough trip through rain, mud, and as many expressed it, "many dangers." But no one was hurt, or seemingly regretted the trip.

Almost on the rim of the canyon is situated a quaint hotel constructed of logs. It is the El Tovar, and was named for Don Pedro Tovar, who was a Spanish conquistador, and whose name is linked with the discovery of the canyon in 1540 by Coronado's men.

The late Mr. Fred Harvey managed the hotel and all of the eating houses of the Santa Fe Railway. As a caterer, he has left a name that will live through the Southwest and the cuisine of all his dining rooms have a reputation that is coveted by many.

Across from the hotel is situated the Hopi House. It is an adobe Indian curio room. Every night an Indian dance is given. It is quite interesting to watch these people as well as to look at their wares, which are of the most fabulous prices. Just back of the curio room are the Indian huts. Only Hopi Indians inhabit them, but an occasional Havasupai or Wallapai may visit them.

About thirteen miles distant is a point known as Grand View. There, one may get a glimpse of the Painted Desert and Kaibab Plateau.

About half a mile down the Grand View Trail is a plateau known as Horse-Shoe-Mesa. On Horse-Shoe-Mesa are found Limestone Caves, which are rich in stalactites and stalag-

mites. In some parts of the canyon, it is said, are the ruins of cliff dwellings and interesting hieroglyphics.

The canyon serves as a never ceasing study for the geologist. A Colorado journalist expressed it as "a geological apocalypse, half mystery and half revelation." It has been called "The Titan of Chasms" more than once, and justly so, for it is the biggest thing in the way of a ditch a human mind can conceive of. Its leaps and bounds inspire one into awe, and never fail to charm and captivate the most indiscriminate.

## How to Keep a Typewriter

FRANK BEE

Fred Smith, bachelor of thirty-five, threw his feet upon his desk, lit a cigar, and opened the evening paper sleepily. Like all evening papers, the *Pedunk Clarion* had a great antipathy for news, and was in the habit of publishing short articles on a variety of subjects in its stead. On this particular evening Fred Smith's eyes fell upon a headline which read: "How to Keep a Typewriter."

"Good!" exclaimed Fred sleepily to himself; "that is just what I need. Why I never could keep a typewriter. The last one I had—the one with the beautiful blonde hair—stayed with me only a week. If I can only keep the one I have now, I'll be satisfied, for she is a pretty good stenographer. Think I'd better read this article; it may help me!"

With a lazy yawn he sank lower in his chair, opened his paper slowly to the proper plane, as a sleepy man will do, glanced hurriedly through the article, reading only a sentence here and a sentence there. The following are the parts which Fred Smith read and mentally jotted down in his memory from the article:

"Typewriters need particular attention during these hot summer months . . . Typewriters are pets—pet them, show them all manners of attention . . . Don't overwork them . . . The more attention bestowed upon them, the faster will be the work, and the better the grade of work. Good results will be seen at once . . . If taken proper care of, the typewriter will stay with you for a lifetime."

Mr. Smith yawned heavily, threw the paper aside, and remarked: "Guess that's good advice. I'll try it on Miss Mackay to see if it will work all right. And I'll begin trying it tomorrow!" He shut and locked his desk. Then as

he turned about and started to leave the building, he said with a smile: "I guess I don't mind showing her a little attention, anyway. Believe me, she's a queen!"

Next morning when Smith entered the office, Miss Mackay was not there.

"She's late," he grumbled to himself; and then added as an afterthought: "But be particular what you do, old man. You don't want to lose her. *'Typewriters are pets—pet them,'* you know!"

When Miss Mackay finally did come in, Mr. Smith had entirely forgotten his anger on account of her being late, and he was all smiles. He met her at the door as she came in, and he didn't have a single word of reproach for her tardiness. His face was wreathed with the most angelic smile imaginable as he wished her good morning, and he almost forced her to sit down and read the morning paper before she began her work. With a surprised look she did so, but she was not allowed to continue sitting there long in peace. Mr. Smith jumped up suddenly from his chair, and exclaimed:

"My dear Miss Mackay, I beg your pardon. Allow me to move your chair. The draft here is too cool for you."

Speechless with surprise, Mary Mackay watched him move the chair and then invite her to sit down again with a flourishing bow worthy of my Lord Chesterfield himself. She resumed her seat and her reading, and when the paper was finished, she arose, walking over to her regular place before the typewriter.

Fred Smith turned and smiled at her sweetly as she sat down and commenced her work. What could possibly be the matter with the man? Mary had half an idea that he had suddenly gone mad; and the very thought of such a thing frightened her terribly. With a nervous haste she bent to her work. Her fingers fairly flew over the keyboard. The sharp tap-tap of the keys, the tingle of the typewriter's bell, the sound of the returning carriage, all came to the ears of Fred Smith with a steady hum, as if some dynamo were working



by him instead of a human being. He smiled pleasantly as the words of the article flashed through his mind:

*"The more attention bestowed upon them, the faster becomes the work, and the better the grade of work. Good results will be seen at once."* Yes, this "petting" business was paying. He would keep it up. Hereafter he would show her yet more attention, he resolved within himself.

A week later Miss Mackay, coming in rather late again, was surprised to find a huge bouquet of roses on her desk. There was a note lying beside them, but, as girls always will, instead of reading the note at once she gave herself up to conjectures as to who could have sent them. For fully three minutes she meditated on the subject, trying in vain to guess who had sent them; but at length she was compelled to open the note for the desired information.

"My dear Miss Mackay," read the note, "This is just a slight token of my appreciation of your good work during the past two weeks. When you wear them, think of their donor. Remember that, like all men, he is fallible; and if he demands too much of you, tell him. He does not wish to overwork you. Yours, Fred Smith."

Astonishment does not express the feeling which came upon Mary Mackay as she read that note. What could have happened to her employer? Why, for the last two or three weeks he had been more polite and attentive to her than any of her other employers had ever been. He had been giving her as little work as possible, had raised her salary, and now had presented her with a beautiful bouquet of roses. She picked up the flowers and pressed them to her breast. They were beautiful, indeed, far more beautiful than the scrawny little ones which grew in her own yard, and which she tended so lovingly. These were full-blown, and the deepest, richest red.

Mary started, and for an instant the deep red of the roses found its match in her blushing cheeks.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she finally said, "I'm so much obliged

to you. They are so beautiful; and I am so fond of flowers." She raised her deep brown eyes to his; but quickly dropped them again. There was a look in his eyes that she had never seen there before—a glance which seemed to speak to her in a powerful though inaudible voice—a glance that was compelling, magnetic—a glance which came not simply from the eyes, but from the heart.

Without daring to look at him again, Mary sat down and went on about her work. The day passed uneventfully; but that evening as Mr. Smith held the door for her to go out, she noticed that same steady, magnetic glance in his eyes, and as she said good evening she realized that in her own eyes there was a strange expression which had never been there before.

Fred Smith saw that new expression, too, and he whispered, as she passed on:

"Do you know the meaning of a deep red rose?"

Although she heard him, she did not answer, but hastened on her way home, the bunch of red roses fastened close upon her bosom. Fred watched her slender figure until it disappeared beyond the bend in the corridor, then turned back with a sigh.

"That was a foolish mistake I made reading that article the other night," he mused to himself. "Still, I have found that those rules apply equally as well to keeping a stenographer as to keeping a typewriter. And if only the last part of the article holds good as the first did! '*If taken proper care of, the typewriter will stay with you for a life time.*' Gee! But I hope that applies to stenographers, too!"

A month passed, and to the feminine instinct of Mary, Fred Smith's love for her was plainly evident. True, he had made no further mention of it, but that new expression in his eyes was unmistakable. She knew, too, that her own eyes were answering that expression of his; but for some reason she did not appear to wish it otherwise.

A month had passed. Again, on coming to the office rather

late, Mary found a large bunch of red roses on her desk, and with them the following little note:

"You never told me what the red rose was a sign of." It was unsigned; but that simple little note made her heart flutter a great deal faster than before. All that day thoughts of Fred Smith kept running through her mind. Why did he keep asking her about the deep red rose? Surely, he seemed to be very anxious to find out something about a trivial thing! Somehow she could not help believing that he knew a red rose was a sign of love, anyway!

"Miss Mackay," called Fred that evening in his ordinary, business-like voice, "I wish you'd take this one letter before you go, please."

"Yes sir!" She picked up her note-book and drew her chair up close to his desk.

"To the Editor of the *Podunk Clarion*," he began dictating while she followed him rapidly with her pencil in shorthand. "Dear Sir: I wish to thank you for publishing an article not long ago entitled 'How to Keep a Typewriter.' I wish here to acknowledge a very peculiar mistake which I labored under when I first read it. I was very sleepy when I did so, and I understood it to mean 'how to keep a stenographer,' rather than merely 'how to keep a typewriter.' Under this impression, I followed what rules I remembered as set forth in your article. I petted and humored; I paid particular attention to, and I took care to oblige *my stenographer!*" Miss Mackay blushed indignantly. So this was the reason for his attentions, was it! "Indeed," continued Fred calmly, "I soon fell in love with her." The indignation on the little face vanished; but the flush still remained. Fred was leaning close to her now, watching her averted eyes. She wrote the last sentence, and then paused. He did not continue.

"Well?" she said questioningly, with a little quiver in her voice.

"Did you think I was going to mail that letter?" asked Fred suddenly.

"I knew you would never mail it if you waited for me to

write it off for you!" Her words were indeed icy and cold. "I would have left tomorrow!"

"And I would not have blamed you. But that letter's a farce. Tear it up. I simply wanted you to know, and I took that way to tell you."

"Wanted me to know?" she asked demurely. "Know what?"

Have you ever, oh reader, had a girl to ask a question of you like that? Do you remember how at first your throat choked and grew suddenly dry as you looked at her? Do you remember how you realized that she already knew the answer and was simply leading you on? Do you remember that you realized that this was the time, this the place, and this the girl, and that yet you found it "gosh darn hard" to find the nerve? All these natural sensations, Fred Smith experienced on this occasion, but he quickly pulled himself together.

"I wanted you to know the meaning of that deep red rose," he said, pointing towards the vase which stood on her desk.

"Is that all? Why every girl knows that." (Has this, too, been said to you, oh reader? Has the coquettish little lady never broken up all of your well planned ebullitions of love with some such simple, matter-of-fact statement?)

Mary arose suddenly and walked over to her desk, where the roses stood. Fred's hand, which had been just on the point of grasping her's, clutched the air, and then fell limply back in his lap. (And have you never done that, too? Do you not remember how the Coquette led you on and on, and then suddenly let you fall back again? Do you remember how foolish a feeling crept into your heart?)

Fred watched the girl as she pulled a single red rose from the vase, and then walked over to her.

"Mary!"—it was the first time he had called her by that name.

"Yes?"

"You know that article which I spoke of reading just now?"

"Yes."

“Is the last part of that to hold true? To apply to stenographers as well as typewriters?”

“Really, I don’t know; what was it?” She looked him squarely in the eyes.

“It said: *‘If taken proper care of, the typewriter will stay with you for life.’* Is that to come true? His arm passed unnoticed about her waist as she raised her eyes to his again. In silence she raised the big red rose she held and fastened it upon his coat.

“Do you know what that red rose means?” she asked.

“It means you’re mine!”

AND THEN—UMPH!



## “In Him Was Life”

IVEY T. POOLE

O if there were no life divine  
No peace, no love, no light,  
Your life would not be joy sublime  
But shadows dark as night.

O if there were no guiding star,  
No far extended ray,  
Your feet would wander, O so far  
From that celestial way.

But O the light of Christ our Lord  
Afar and bright doth shine  
Till many men with one accord,  
Trust in that love divine.

Then let us labor day by day  
Each do his little part,  
Until the light of Christ makes way  
To brighten every heart.

## Shylock, the Jew

H. K. KING

Shylock is one of the masterpieces among Shakspeare's characters. It has been justly said that in "The Merchant of Venice" he is the strength of the play. Avarice, spite revenge, biting humor, a cold nature, and a mind of limited but quick intelligence. Assemble the thoughts which these terms bring to mind and we have a good picture of the Jew. In studying his character, we see that his malice on one hand and his intellect on the other stand out especially prominent.

Like Isaac of "Ivanhoe," Shylock possesses avarice by nature—it is inherent in him as a Jew of the time. But it is pushed beyond its natural bounds in the money lender, by circumstance. His associates in business are Christians; he is true to Judaism. Since the difference in their religion separates them morally, socially, and spiritually, he has nothing in common with them but business. And his business is making money. It seems that his creed consists of three principles: get money; get much money; get very much money. The religious separation mentioned is well illustrated by Shylock's words to Antonio as follows:

"I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you."

Thus his better nature is covered up, almost extinguished; while his evil nature runs riot. He hates Antonio because the merchant is a Christian. Spite feeds revenge, revenge feeds avarice, avarice in turn feeds spite; they mix and feed each other so as to produce an extreme hatred we seldom see. This hatred pours out upon Antonio in full force.

Giving the devil his due, Antonio despised the Jew and hindered his business by helping unfortunates out of his grasp. But Shylock does not see the *merchant's* kindness and the losses saved to others, he sees only *Antonio's* malice

and money slipping from his own hands. With his nature hardened in this way he is unrelenting when the victim falls into his power. He took the bond hoping it might be forfeited, he rejoiced when it fell due without payment, and he refused to give one bit of mercy to any pleading. He stood for the letter of the law—not for the sake of justice but to obtain his bond—for he had a “grievance against Antonio.” But here his spite over-reaches itself. As he is about to realize his revenge, justice overtakes him and the letter of the law proves his ruin.

In contrast with the revolting malice of Shylock we admire his quick wit and intelligent reasoning. The ready retorts when scoffed at, the sarcastic answers to chiding, the masterly defense of his actions—all are really enjoyed.

For a sample of his wit turn to the court scene. Bassanio is pleading with him—

Bas., “This is no answer, thou unfeeling man.”

Shy., “I am not bound to please thee with my answers.”

B., “Do all men kill the things they do not love?”

S., “Hates any man the thing he would not kill?”

B., “Every offence is not a hate at first.”

S., “What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?”

Also before the Duke:

Duke, “How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?”

S., “What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?”

Again, when Antonio’s death is almost assured, the Jew speaks with the same biting sarcasm,—

Gra., “Can no prayers pierce thee?”

S., “No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.”

In these passages we see finely illustrated all the characteristics of Shylock: the tenacity of purpose, the extremeness of hatred, the sharp quick wit, the calm imperturbability of cold nature.

The money lender almost has our sympathy when he defends himself. His speech would be eloquent if we did not know that his bursts of true grievances were so completely overshadowed by the evil in him. For instance, Antonio,

seeking the loan, receives this answer:  
"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,  
In the Rialto you have rated me  
About my moneys and my usances;  
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
And all for use of that which is mine own.  
Well then, it now appears you need my help.

. . . . .  
What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three  
thousand ducats?'"

This is equaled later many times in the trial scene. The money lender is his own lawyer, pitted against duke and doctor; but he is never daunted nor at loss for a reply. His utterances soften him somewhat to us, but they do not lessen the evil in him. He is so very cruel and merciless that it is necessary for him to have some redeeming feature. Otherwise we would become disgusted and not regard him as the strong character he is.

## Reverie

MARY WESCOTT

O, the stillness and the moonlight on the sea,  
O, the ships that sail beyond the harbor bar,  
O, the winds that whisper low to you and me,  
O, the lighthouse gleaming like some distant star.

O, the days that passed away but all too soon,  
O, the memory grown as sharp as sabre's gleam,  
O, the pain when shines again a round full moon,  
O, the shadow of the substance of a dream.



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# Editorial

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Athletics in some form is indispensable in American colleges today, and the institution that neglects this phase of college life will fall far short of its purpose. So much has been said in favor of college athletics that it is useless to discourse further about its necessity and usefulness to students.

There arises a question, however, in connection with the manipulation of varsity teams in colleges today that must be solved, and the error, if there be one, must be corrected. It is nothing but natural for every student to wish his team to be a winning one, but when this desire becomes strong enough to cause him or the men behind the team to go to any unfair means in order to secure players, then athletics falls far short of its purpose.

One should not forget that the purpose of athletics in any college is not to win games, but to develop men. The good comes not in the resulting score, but in playing the game. If men could be made to see and understand this fact much of the so-called dirty ball would cease to exist on college diamonds. And certainly everyone will admit that a lack of courtesy shown any visiting team, will harm any institution more than the loss of a dozen games. Men should not forget that it is character and manhood that counts even on the ball field and not physical strength and brutality. At no time should the name of an institution be disgraced for the sake of winning a single game. Men today, if they are to live at all, must live in the future as well as in the present. College men have not only their own honor and welfare at stake, but also that of their college and its alumnae.

Men on the side lines very often encourage and sanction an unfair play or a bad decision if it is in their favor. Where

such a sentiment as this exists among a body of students, it is no wonder that dirty ball also exists.

Much undue criticism is often given the members of a team because of bad plays and loss of games. In most instances this is unjust. As with men in worldly affairs, so with expert ball players, after once winning a record one must hold up to that record or be criticised severely. Enthusiastic college men too often forget that a person playing on his college team always tries to do his best, and that is all that can be expected of him. How foolish it is to suppose that anyone would make an error if he could help it.

Bearing this in mind let every man on the team do his best at all times, play the game for all it's worth, but play it fair; let every student on the side lines stand behind the team and let it be known that he is for clean athletics, disfavoring any unfair play. With such a sentiment as this behind it, actuated by energetic college spirit, a team cannot help but win ultimately.

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Did you, fellow Trinityite, ever walk up Main Street and look with admiration upon the beautiful buildings that constitute the world's view of Trinity College? Did you think of the generosity of the men who have made those buildings possible and bless them for it? Did you think of the patient toiling professors there faithfully working on to fit you for the battles of life? Did you then stop and realize that you are a part of this great institution and ask what good you are doing for the cause or whether you were a mere greedy blood-sucking leech? Sons of Trinity—freshmen, seniors, alumni—are you doing your duty to your college and yourself? Trinity asks you to be strong men; that is all. But do we wait for our mother to beg us for the wherewith to gratify her evident wants, or do we step forward eagerly to seize the priceless heritage of sonship in voluntarily relieving those wants? Read the little parody in "Wayside Wares" of this issue; glance at the old gym.; stroll through the laboratories of the science hall; visit the literary society halls. Do not

these give you some ideas as to your opportunities to manifest your sonship? The alumni have not always slept. To their credit, the very central building of Trinity College, is a tribute to their generosity. What else? Some few have responded to the call of the overburdened literary societies. What else?

Now, Trinity can get along without your, without our, aid. Others have and will atone for our neglect. But it will never accomplish its highest and best (for that involves all parts working) until its alumni as a body bind themselves together and stand behind it in *heart* as well as in commencement-time spirit. His heart cannot be with an institution, whose purse is fast shut in his pocket. That which one really loves, one is glad to sacrifice something for; and conversely, that for which one makes a sacrifice, one loves the more for the sacrifice made.

One of the most interesting features about the old Washington Duke building was the family spirit shed upon the visitor from the old plates on the doors bearing the names of alumni of the college: "This hall was furnished by——in honor of——," or "The furniture in this dormitory was given by——," etc. Are these new buildings, superior as they are, quite as dear to our hearts as that old structure was? Why? The reason is self-evident: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

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# Alumni Department

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FROM RICHMOND TO KUANG CHOW

E. C. CHEEK, '11

[Mr. Cheek, a member of the class of nineteen-eleven, long to be remembered for its walking sticks, after spending a year in America preparatory to his new work, went to China in the interest of the American Tobacco Co. The ARCHIVE considers itself fortunate in securing the following account of Mr. Cheek's trip. China is indeed—but let Ernest tell it.—EDITOR.]

The start, I must say, was exciting, so much so that it has left a rather hazy impression. A delay over a wire, a most exasperating slow ticket seller, a wrangle with a jolly (though he struck me as frivolous at that august moment) baggage man about a lost trunk, then a dash up-stairs and a sprint down that long shed to the Chicago train, which was just then moving off. It was rather a solemn sort of contentment that came over me as we pulled out over Richmond and the river, for I was leaving behind me for four years everything that had made up my former life, alas, even my baggage.

The next morning the picture across the breakfast table was the broad muddy Ohio with a long range of low-lying hills for a background. The remainder of the day would have been rather uninteresting had it not been for a bunch of Yankee drummers with a lot of funny stories and a long lank serio-comic of the Old North State who sat in a corner of the smoker all the way, smoking a cigar in proportion to his legs which stretched half way across the car resting on the wash-basins—the aforesaid individual making spasmodic, irrelevant remarks at every inopportune moment. (Gee!

I'm glad that is out of my system!) To relieve the monotony we had a long wait in the midst of an exceedingly hot Indiana farm. I can't help associating that farm with certain unprinted sections of the English language and a rush through the Chicago station just in time to see the quickly disappearing lights on the rear of the Transcontinental Limited. That was the train I should have left on. But fate was kind, for the next day I had the pleasure of following a pig through all the stages of live hog, dead hog, pork, sausage and Silver Leaf Lard; neither I nor the pig stopping en route.

The next four days on the Limited were a delightful bit of transition. In the first place we got together a congenial and interesting lot of specimens of young America,—the long individual from Car'lina, a western miner, with a lot of good cigars, a Yankee drummer, and a U. S. lieutenant, just from a trip on a gunboat on the Chinese rivers. Between the Yankee's stories, the Lieutenant's tales, the miner's cigars and the Car'lina man's idiosyncrasies, we passed through many a nice game and over quite a lot of different kinds of American soil. First there were the broad flat western grain fields, with their planted clumps of trees and little farm houses. Next the long, lonesome, rolling country; and then the mountains in the night. Next morning you were on top of the Rockies, though you didn't realize it then, for all you saw for several hours was a broad, undulating country, poorer even than our Southern "old fields." Next the great depressing "No Man's Land," the desert. Hours and hours of monotonous country with nothing to relieve it except an almost dried up river here and there, winding between chasms of dirt or multi-colored rock. The one interesting thing in the desert: the Great Salt Lake,—a great broad sheet of gray water, with white salt beaches stretching around and between huge bulky black rock mountains with bayous here and there of waters of different colors, blue, foam-covered gray, and even a few splotches of blood-red.

Here and now I wish to thank the inventor of mountain



observation cars. I think some of the most pleasant moments of my life were spent cuddled up in a corner of that car platform smoking a good cigar and watching either a diamond-white jewel-like tip of a mountain spire send back sparkling a low sun's rays; or watching the little wavelets of a miniature lake, deep blue, wash up on the sandy shores at the foot of towering green fir covered cones of the Rockies. But to hurry on, we are soon in the snow sheds and gorges of the California side of the Rockies. Say what you please about fruit, but the rest of the world can certainly not put up anything to equal the big, juicy, overgrown peaches, pears and grapes that you buy from the little urchins at the train stops in those hanging orchards of California. Another feather in California's cap is 'Frisco Bay. Of all the sheets of water which the States boast, none surpasses this bay, waving grey out from among the big brown close cropped hills, out to the Golden Gate.

With 'Frisco I shall not take up your valuable time. It is much overestimated—about all I remember of it being a very expensive hotel, and a long ramble to the wharfs, where a lot of big dirty looking ships lay, covered with swarms of equally dirty orientals. On one of these, a few minutes later, taking my first and last look of the Golden Gate through the portholes of the dining saloon, amidst the chatter of the white-aproned Chinese waiter's pidgin-English. Already I got a whiff of the Orient, particularly in the highly seasoned stuff they brought me for chow. The memory of that ship's food will always remain with me; that was about all that did stay with me: the memory.

Soon we felt the long slow heave of the Pacific, and presently the last of old *U. S.* had sunk below the horizon. The long slow trip across the Pacific had begun, and it was a memorable trip for me, holding a new world of scene, incident and people. Now, how would you like to take a peep at these people from behind a book out on the deck?

Upon the bow of the boat you will notice two large splashes of colour surrounded by a bunch of very satisfied, confident-

looking young men, the aforesaid splashes of color being very anti-slow looking chorus girls. Isn't it a pity that things are not what they seem? That's what the aforesaid young gentlemen were grumbling a few hours later. On the other end of the boat there is a cluster of very sedate looking young women—they are young married ladies going out to meet their husbands in the East; but I notice a couple of days later that it is to these very quiet looking ladies that the crowd of confident young gentlemen have turned their attention. The missionaries are wondering, but before the trip is over they will be making the same kick that the young chaps made above,—that things are not what they seem. As to the missionaries themselves, there in the middle of the boat is a very grave, long-faced, sanctimonious looking group of people reading the lives of Bishop So-and-so; but before the journey is over several people whose purses are prominent by their absence are gently remarking that one of these must not have been what he seemed. And so on; down on the lower deck are a group of very simple innocent looking Chinese who continually entice you to come enjoy yourself at their expense by playing "Hi-lao-o-o" with them. Practically the entire male non-missionary population had occasion to make the same above-mentioned, much-quoted remark about these.

As for the trip itself, as far as Honolulu, it was decidedly calm. For hours and days nothing to do but sit out on deck drowsing unconsciously; feeling the dull throb of the ship and listening to that great round pool of rocking indigo swishing at the ship's prow and sides. Every now and then the country-like quiet would be broken by an explosion of—"Why didn't you lead diamonds," or from another table nearby, "Kings up"—"Yes, but three little queens beats that." But at Honolulu where a big comedy company got on with a bunch of very pretty girls, well a slight change was noted, expressed by "Where have the missionaries gone." But a short stop at Honolulu.

First it strikes you as a Japanese town with its little box-

like houses set up in the midst of wonderful flower gardens, great blazes of color. The palms and tropical vegetation, including negroes, soon dispel that illusion. But whatever you compare it to, you can't help but declare that it is the most wonderful bit of conglomerated scenery on earth. Here from the side of old Diamond Head, watch the Pacific take a long rolling start and dash upon the cliffs at your feet, only to fall back with a howl in scattering spray. Here we will take an auto back through the town, a big fair in a flower garden in which all the races are exhibited, from the staid plain European to the little Japanese picture girls and the gigantic Kanaka flower women. Now we are on Uncle Sam's big broad highway up to the Bali. Isn't it wonderful? We are spinning along in a great garden; on each side meadows of the richest, rankest tropical vegetation; a garden walled in by great black stone walls on either side, thousands of feet high, with clouds gently resting on top, and here and there a beautiful band of filmy white like curtains of finest lace; these are waterfalls; small streams that start but never reach bottom, dissipating into spray half way down. Quickly we are nearing the end where the great black walls converge to a point with only a little slit of light between them, "Ah-h-h," breaks from the crowd, for we are looking through that great aperture; down, down, hundreds of feet straight down, the earth begins again. A great amphitheatre of flat peaceful farms with streams quietly meandering out to sea, framing this on each side, the great cliffs and volcanic mountain islands, sight to dream of but too wonderful to be true.

Too bad that all things have to end, everybody is on deck again now laden with flowers, laden down with flower wreaths, armfuls of flowers, flowers in the air, flowers everywhere. "Is everybody happy?" "Sure we are," the crowd yells, everybody has gone made, the fascination of this dream-land Lotus Island makes you wonder if it's true; are those perfectly modeled brown human fish that swim and dive below you yelling and gamboling, really people like you and me? And amidst it all that pathetic, wonderful wailing music

from the famous Kanaka band, that makes your hair stand on end and shivers of joy and madness flow through your veins. They played American national airs and Kanaka love songs: people were yelling and dancing with tears in their eyes: I waited for Dixie with fear in me, for I knew that if they played that musical soul of my Old Southland, I should go mad and jump overboard out of sheer frenzy. I know now exactly how Ulysses felt tied to the mast of that old-fashioned ship of his. It is no longer a myth to me. Music of the right kind can run the world mad, and those chocolate-colored Kanaka giants can come nearer doing it than anybody else I have ever seen.

Soon we are out on the great sea again, a sea no longer Pacific. The fools who wished for a storm will soon have their fill.

At Honolulu as at Suez are left behind all conventional restraints and the Ten Commandments. A fever is in your blood as those towering black South Sea Islands slide by in picture-like grandeur; you can easily imagine sea caves and pirates in those black towers, with the angry waves roaring at their base. From now on life was squally in every sense of the word. Striking squalls every day. Those who weren't sick below were riding the chutes out on the bow of the boat. The dining saloon became a place of horror, dishes racking on drunken tables, people with pale faces staggering in—and generally—staggering right out again. The wireless announced a typhoon in our path: a storm at close range didn't look so good as at a distance, to those who looked forward to it with pleasure in the beginning. But the days didn't matter, they were mere preparations for the nights. Ah, those nights, nights of all kinds. Up to ten o'clock music, dancing, masquerades, and impromptu operas; after ten, unlit decks, moonlit seas. To recognize a friend after ten was a crime. How could you expect people to resist the soothing throb of the ship's bosom, the swish of quiet running waters, and dancing moonlight far out on the horizon of Southern seas—and delicate perfume at close range. That was the program

on quiet nights. On stormy nights the program varied in regard to degree only; the stormier the night, the higher strung were nerves, and the more strenuous the living. "*Honte soit qui mal y pense,*" for it was after all only innocent amusements. Cupid won everywhere, people only smiled when they heard how a young missionary—and friend—had been awakened and sent to bed by a watchman at four in the A. M. It must have been a pretty picture.

And at last Japan, that wonderful little playhouse land. A land of baby hills covered with little terraced gardens, dotted with little toy houses swarming with polite grown-up children. At Yokohama you stoop into a perfectly clean little train and are soon gently deposited in Tokyo. After the last few days of storm, the polite little Japs, comfortable rickshas, wonderful little Jap parks, broad streets and grown-up houses (in the heart of Tokyo only) were a restful change.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



## RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

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WHEREAS, Almighty God and Father of us all, the Great Architect of the Universe, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved Brother and long-time companion and Past Master Colonel J. W. Alspaugh: and, *Whereas*, in his death, which occurred at his home on the third of November, our entire State as well as Masons of this and other cities feel most deeply this loss of ours; and, *Whereas*, Winston Lodge No. 167, A. F. & A. M., in which Brother Alspaugh was for many years most active, loyal, and faithful, has lost one of its most valued members, therefore, be it resolved:

*First*, that we submit willingly to the call of Him who doeth all things well, believing that our loss is our Brother's gain;

*Second*, that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of Lodge No. 167, A. F. & A. M.;

*Third*, that a copy be sent to the sorely bereaved family; and,

*Fourth*, that a copy be sent for publication to each of the daily papers of Winston-Salem, to the *Orphans' Friend* at Oxford, and to the Trinity ARCHIVE at Durham.

(Signed)

J. T. ERWIN,  
S. A. OGBURN,  
R. I. DALTON,  
*Committee.*

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# Wayside Wares

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## PHILOSOPHY AND ITS PROBLEMS

TOP C. TURVEY

To begin with a definition, philosophy is that branch of science which attempts to explain why man is as great as he is. Applied individually, it is the effort on the part of each man to explain why he is greater than all other men and why all men are greater than all women. Most of the fundamental problems of philosophy have been settled, there remaining only a few minor problems yet to be related to the basic data. It is considered a self-evident proposition that man is the greatest animal, and to the question, *why*, the answer is usually given that it could have been no other way.

Now the individualist reasons somewhat differently. Emotion enters largely into the formation of his beliefs. He says that he experiences a feeling that he is unquestionably the greatest of all human beings, and that since this is a universal feeling (lo, poor Indian!) it must be true. Let anyone ask himself privately and in the confines of his own closet who is the greatest among men. If he rids himself of prejudice and unbosoms himself he will hear a small yet unmistakable voice cry "I." Then he pictures to himself the future. His picture will fill magazines and his name will electrify multitudes. The world yet awaits with eagerness the experience of some old man who finds that he has at least not become famous. Just how he is to reconcile the two propositions that he is the greatest and yet the most insignificant will be an interesting contribution to knowledge. May we not suppose that he soothes himself with the narcotic of presuming himself misunderstood?

Now for some of the problems of philosophy. We are,

mayhap, strolling out by the Pump Station. We see a little bug, and being philosophical, soliloquize in some such fashion as this: "Why this bug? He can not do me any good; he devours none of my enemies; he does not loosen the soil that my beans may grow; he does not sing for my pleasure as do the katydid and cricket; he is not beautiful as is the lady-bug; he lives today and dies tomorrow, and it is only by chance that I even see him. Again he does not carry bacteria for me to conquer with anti-toxin, he does me none of those small grievances to prick me on to achievement, he can not sting, nor bite. He is indifferent to me; he is not afraid of me nor does he fawn upon me. Now why this bug? Perhaps he is meant to aggrandize me by the contrast, his smallness and my grandeur and perfection,—a trim reckoning!"

So the greatest problem, yet only solved tentatively, is an explanation of those things which are apparently not related to us in any wise. The deep sea animals are another example. Undoubtedly they are created for us to wonder at, being captured only rarely. How wonderful it is to see them burst when relieved from the pressure of the deep sea! how amusing!

Another problem yet unsolved is that of explaining what will man do when all opportunity for achievement is exhausted. The poles are discovered, aeroplanes,—but what's the use? There will be no more achievement. But who knows whether we may not yet accomplish the greatest achievement of all—that of proving that all of these things are unnecessary, that man may fly, transmit thought at a will, and do all things merely with a will? Who doubts that man is adequate to all these things, only waiting for a method?

There is a delicate problem in philosophy, hitherto only slightly agitated—women. Why should a creature exist which, while of course not equal to man, is, nevertheless, dangerously near a rival? She is an enigma, while not endowed with an intellect, she, it must be admitted, often evinces a spark of the reasoning faculty. What could she have been meant for? Her beauty as a pleasure for man to

gaze upon has been suggested as justifying her existence, but why should she also be possessed of that stuff, mind, which only the strong are able to control? Some of the most turbulent radicals (perish the name!) even contend that she is almost, if not quite, equal to man and that she has claim upon the same ethics as man. Aside from this untenable opinion we think it more reasonable to presume that woman is merely a reflection of man on the mirror of nature in which he sees his own physical beauty and perfection, but the mirror in which we see the image, reflects the mind only very imperfectly.

Ethics is that science which explains why we should do as we please. If we do not as we ourselves please, whose pleasure shall we respect? There are many interesting problems connected with ethics which we must forbear to treat, owing to necessary brevity. No one disputes that we should do as we please; the whole of ethics lies in determining what we want to do. I once saw a newly-married professor entering the campus with his wife. They were at the parting of the path. He started one way, she another. Doubtless he *thought* he wanted to go his way, but presently he went over to his wife's side. He could have done either, which did he want to do, or what would have been the ethical thing to do?

Finally, a word of warning. Knowing what philosophy is, who would defile it? Let no one then, be guilty of using it indiscriminately to designate any discourse abstruse or abstract. We talk of such-and-such a poet's "philosophy of life" when we mean his small attitude to this or that. A dissertation is not philosophical unless it treats of man's greatness. And an attack on man's greatness is nothing short of blasphemy. Be not deceived, behold Man, how magnificent he is!

## LIBRARY TALES

HENRY A. JOHNSON

“As a man thinks, so is he.” Of what do you think most? Could, you reader, without a moment’s notice, answer that question intelligently?

While in the Library one day this week, I asked Frank—the janitor—that question, and he answered me at once.

“I think most,” he said, “of the future welfare of my soul. I think that this is the most important problem in life; I therefore give it most thought.”

“What is the next most important problem?”

“The next thing that I think most about, is the question as to how I may best provide for my family; I mean my children—their mother’s dead. Yes, I think of that a great deal. I love my children, and I can’t help thinkin’ about ’em.”

“The next?” I asked.

Now he hesitated. “What’s the matter, Frank? You don’t think about heaven and home all the time, do you?”

“No sir,—not all the time; I’s jest studyin’. The next, I think, is the question as to how to get along well with everybody. I don’t want to have no trouble. But, Lord ’a’ mercy, there are different kinds of people in this world,—some are lively and good-natured, and some ’at ain’t. Many a man, for instance, can’t take a joke; ’t makes him mad. I can usually tell; and when I meet one of that kind, I treat him polite and don’t have no mo’ ’t say. Most people are all right though, if you treat ’em right; I’ve never been in a fuss in my life.”

“Well, what next?”

“I think most about learning something. You know, old as I am, I still believe that some day I’ll be able to read and write. I’ve never been to school a month in my life, but I can read and write a little bit anyway. I’ll show you some of it some time—some of my writin’ and cipherin’ too.”



“So far, so good,—but do you think about these things all the time?” I asked.

“Yes, I don’t care how busy I am, I’m always thinkin’ of something.”

“Thank you, Frank,” I said, and walked off repeating to myself, “As a man thinks, so is he.”

What do you think?

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### MEMORIES (?) OF A CO-ED

The mud is too much with us—late and soon,  
 Tramping and grunting, we lay waste our powers;  
 Naught else we see in Nature that is ours;  
 We’ve worn our shoes away, alas too soon;  
 For many weeks the clouds have hid the moon,  
 The hostile winds are howling at all hours  
 And clouds-up-gathered pitch-fork down their showers;  
 For this, for everything, we’re out of tune:  
 We love it not—good Lord! I’d rather be  
 A boarder in the barn at Trinity;  
 Might I no longer have that trip to make  
 Through muddy roads and through the fallen rain.  
 Oh, would the college for the co-ed’s sake,  
 A decent dormitory would obtain.

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### TO HORACE’S ODES

Odes of Horace,  
 They say you’re good  
 And wholesome food  
 For freshman mind;  
 But, puzzles blind,  
 I’d consign you *undis maris*  
 (If I could)  
 And all your kind,  
 Odes of Horace!

Odes of Horace  
Writ in verse Asclepiadic,  
Alcaic, Sapphic, Pherecratic,  
And with meaning as Nomadic  
's if by poet *non mentis paris*—  
O examination, plague you,  
If I make you,  
Devil take you  
Odes of Horace!

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## Editor's Table

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The spring malady of which the poet tells us seems to have come ahead of the March winds this season and to have struck down some of our most masculine and common-sense journals. At any rate many of our February exchanges come to us full of material with such telltale titles as "The Theft of a Heart," "The Harvest Moon," "The Eternal Question," "On a Moonlight Night," and other matter with similar themes but whose titles show less plainly their substance.

In a few cases we must admit that the evil is only skin-deep, and that a change of name would be all that was needed. Others are too far gone for rescue and would have served better in the fire or waste basket.

A most noticeable feature of these and of other college magazine stories is a change in the "happy-ever-after" conclusion which formerly was so characteristic. In its stead a large number have tragic or pathetic ends,—broken hearts and shattered hopes. We should be glad to have any psychologically inclined friend explain this change.

As a whole the magazines which come to us this month contain less serious work than ever before. Some of them which are otherwise up to the standard have no essays and lose much dignity thereby. The best work of this kind which we discovered was "The Poetry of Stephen Phillips" in the *Tattler*. This essay is more than the name implies as it contains also an enlightening discussion of the poetic drama.

The *Tattler* also contains a story, "Teapots and Spring-time," which has many excellent qualities, but a very improbable plot which, however, is skilfully handled. It is somewhat didactic, but not injuriously so. "Desiderium" and "Dusk" are highly polished poems. "A Fairy Tale" is written in a vague uncertain style quite in keeping with the

dreamy theme. The rest of the magazine is only mediocre, and the author of "It" seems to have told us truly that the *Tattler* also publishes some of its material merely to fill blank pages.

The *Haverfordian* does not publish so much matter but the amount given is very choice. The whole magazine is well edited and carefully worked over. In the February issue "A Laugh or a Lifetime" is an episode of an interestingly drawn character. We sometimes see specimens of your hero's type in the South too. "The Hand that Moved" has a skilful narrative style, and is successful as a story of its kind, but we beg the author to expend his talent on more readable and less horrible themes—some of us read your magazine in the "wee small hours!" In the translation from Catullus, sense is in some degree sacrificed to meter and rhyme scheme. "Fire" is decidedly the best poetical contribution in the issue.

Acting on the suggestion of one of our exchanges that the "most helpful criticism is that directed at the work for which the staff of a magazine is personally responsible," we have decided to devote special attention to the different departments of our magazines, particularly those peculiar to certain ones. Probably nothing adds more to a magazine than a spicy, original department, which, if in nothing more than name, is its own individual property. It is often advantageous to give definite titles to editorials for it makes them more attractive and inviting. Alumni, Current Topics, Athletics, and Exchange departments are more or less common to all school publications, but we are always glad when we find them sewed up in a little different way. For this reason especially we commend the *William and Mary Magazine* on the department called "The Mirror." In reality it is only *exchange* in disguise, but the very name is an eye rest for the reviewer, appeals to the readers' curiosity, and gives an individual touch to the magazine.

"The Hammer" is a department found in the *Tattler*, "its purpose being to give a rap where it is needed." It appeals primarily, and almost entirely, to the student body behind

the magazine. For them it doubtless adds a great deal of interest to the *Tattler*.

Local topics and current events in the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* have a department called "Phases and Spheres." These are usually written in a lively style that attracts the reader who has no personal interest in the topics.

"Clippings" in the *Wofford College Journal* gives occasion for the publication of little catchy stanzas and witty anecdotes taken from exchanges or produced by the editor. The following is typical of its contents:

"It raineth every day  
On the just and unjust fellow,  
But mostly on the just, because  
The unjust taketh the just's umbrella."

These are not given undue prominence.

"The Book Shelf" in the *Transylvanian* and "Here and There" are what their names suggest. The first certainly seems to deserve a place in a college publication.

In "Easy Chair" the *University of Virginia Magazine* has created the most original and individual department which our exchanges show. The underlying principle of this department is not obvious. We never know exactly what we are to expect in it, but we know that it will be entertaining and worth reading. We believe these Virginians would win the laurel anyway in a contest of well written and interesting editorials.

We think the little gem in this magazine entitled "Winter Night" warrants republication, and we take the liberty to give it:

"Gray-white and winter blown,  
Clouds across the moon;  
Bare-bending boughs that moan,  
Death cometh soon.

Dead leaves of summer flown,  
That rattle by;  
Heart, not for these alone  
Death hurleth nigh."



The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* is a magazine which has many contributors, many of whom produce very creditable work. The greatest fault with the *Monthly* in general is the presence of too much slang throughout many of the articles. The editorials in the January issue are especially good and ought to be of interest to all workers on college magazines. "The Trail of the Silent Land" in this issue has many artistic qualities and an interesting hero. He is a young dreamer who is frightened by the cold realities of life, and having once met with these, his sensitive nature shrinks from further intercourse with the world. He takes to the fields and hills, but strange to say his dreams have deserted him, and only an uncertain thinking of a distant land remains to lead him at length to destruction. "How Billy Came Back" does not deserve its place in the magazine, being one of the weakest examples of that type of productions which we have attributed to the weather. "The Silver White Water" and "The Bugle Call" are poems which are worthy of special mention.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S

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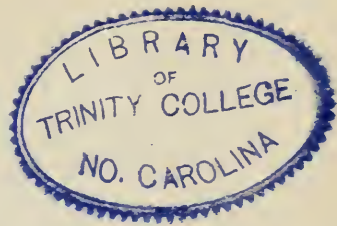
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# The Trinity Archive

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Volume XXVI

Number Six

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## MANAGER'S NOTICE

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# The Trinity Archive

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Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May, 1913

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## The Inn's Farewell

N. I. WHITE

Some few—how very few it is!—have gone  
Down avenues of stars to final rest,  
Through music of supernal symphonies  
And fields eternal of sweet asphodel.  
Ah, fortunates—to win the smile of Fate!

Use has its beauty, Youth its comeliness,  
And, losing both, we draw the breath of life  
As one that has been smothered in a race.  
So have I lost my former state. The time  
Has been when I was handsome as the dream  
That flitted through the brain of any bard.  
Time was I felt the virile thrill of Youth  
Pulse through the length of all my corridors  
And dance upon my towers, like the sprites  
That danced upon the trireme spars of old;  
And sweet it was as honey-suckle breath  
Or hyacinth odor, but to feel the leap  
Impetuous from the bounding heart of Youth.  
But Time outwears all matter, and the gage  
Of worth today is Use. Lacking that use,  
I feel the wrecker's axes in my beams:  
"So orders King Utilitas," they say.

I go, and down the leagues on leagues of time,  
I hear Egyptian cymbals, Grecian flutes,



And military trumpets of old Rome,  
Playing a brave old welcome. Thus I join  
The hosts of splintered architraves, and shafts  
Broken from their acanthus capitals,  
Columns, and domes, and shattered stylobates.  
Yet from the silence, still I watch the change  
That plays upon the faces of the years.

Ah, but the heavy Silences are sweet  
For all the spirit-broken.

## Great Sport

H. K. KING

It was a clear cold morning when I reached Sycamore on the early train for my annual Christmas Eve hunt with my chum Wilds Beach, or Pete, as I knew him. Pete met me and hurried me to his home, where his mother had a warm breakfast awaiting us. We ate hurriedly, got into our hunting clothes, and, with a couple of sandwiches for lunch, started for the woods at a lively gait.

Beyond the first clearing outside the little lumber town, there was a feeding ground for robins. As we came near here, gay chirping and fluttering told us we were in time to catch some birds at their morning meal, provided our nerves were good. We slipped up cautiously and, firing together twice got five fat robins out of the bunch. A half hour later, Pete jumped a rabbit and dropped him on the run, and as we came out on the road leading to the swamp, we scared up a covey of quail and bagged three fine fellows.

Now we were on a game-forsaken stretch which reached for four miles between us and Green Swamp, and in high spirits, we struck out for the swamp, singing songs good, bad, and indifferent to an audience of attentive trees. We talked about sweethearts. Pete took my breath by saying his Christmas gift to Caroline would be a wedding ring. I was not ready for a ring, but I swore he could not love his Caroline half as much as I loved Elois—Pete's cousin. We pleasantly anticipated the morrow when Elois would be down to spend a part of the holidays with Pete's sister.

Arriving at the trestle which crosses the swamp, we met, to our delight, one of a party that was deer-driving. We had not yet been on our first deer hunt and eagerly asked to be put on the stand. The hunter good-naturedly assented, saying, "Three of the men with the dogs are in the swamp to the north of the track, after the deer. The dogs jumped one 'bout fifteen minutes ago, and the animal's apt to cross the

track hereabouts any minute hiking it for the lake. One of you take your stand where the path crosses the track ahead there, just this side o' the trestle. The other cross over and watch another trail that cuts the track 'bout fifty yards t'other side o' the trestle. Step lively, or we'll miss a good chance at some deer meat."

"Pete, I'm half frozen. Let me go ahead and take the stand on the other side," I said to Wilds, all excitement.

"It's a go," replied Pete, "but pick up your feet and get over there in a hurry. Gee, but this is the chance of our lives, Lynn. Hike it, my boy, hike it."

I scrambled across the mile long trestle as fast as my nerve would allow, and in a quarter of an hour was standing guard over one of Mr. Deer's exits from the northern wing of Green Swamp enroute to Lake Deering.

I could hear the dogs every few minutes yelping and barking, now far away, now close in. A stiff wind soon chilled me, and although I hated to move, I was forced to walk up and down briskly for a few minutes. Becoming warm, I stopped again, and had been looking into the swamp hardly 30 seconds when I saw the prettiest sight I have ever seen in the woods, before or since. A twig cracked, a few branches swayed apart, there came between a pair of beautiful white antlers, and a second later the whole animal stood out clear in the open. The large white and yellow—a beautiful yellow—stag stood motionless for a second listening. I stood quite as motionless, for he was a hundred yards below the crossing, and I knew he would come closer to me unless he saw me. Fortunately I happened to be standing beside a telegraph pole, which fact helped to shield my presence, and as the big buck started slowly and noiselessly for the crossing I remained as rigid as the pole beside which I stood, until he had passed me. Then I raised my gun. At that instant the deer stopped again and turned his head toward the crossing, not more than a hundred feet from me. My heart throbbed; it was a beautiful shot. As his head was turned from me, I aimed between the head and shoulder and fired. Straight up for three feet

the deer jumped. I started forward expecting him to drop, when he stumbled, rose, and started back into the swamp! I stopped in chagrin and softly cursed a blue streak. I had a single barreled gun! Had I not been too eager I could have loaded again and taken a second shot before the buck rallied.

In less time than it takes to tell, I was scrambling after the deer in the hope of hearing him crashing through the underbrush, and cornering the wounded animal. I had not heard the dogs for some time and knew they must be on the trail of other deer in another part of the swamp. So, alone, I made as much haste as possible, knowing that, if the buck was not badly wounded, I could not hope to overtake him. A falling leaf or twig rustled by the wind fooled me now into this direction, now into that. At the end of half an hour I stopped, panting hard. The cold was not bothering me now. I sat down on a log for a minute's reflection. The first thing I realized was that I had missed my deer. To sustain my reputation as a happy-go-lucky guy I thought of the proverbial spilt-milk adage, grinned, and arose to go. Then my realization hit me like a streak of lightning hits a tree. It struck me hard, shattering my mental equilibrium for a second. I didn't know where I was, nor how I came there! I was lost in the vast Green Swamp!

"Ye gods and little bullfrogs! Great sport, this. No sun out, no compass with me—nor even a watch. Trail, by which I arrived hither, reveal thyself, and give me safe-conduct out of this wilderness of brambles and thickets." So I soliloquized as I tried to determine in which direction lay the railroad. Deciding as best I could, I struck out, firing two or three times, hoping I was near some of the party and would get an answering shot. I heard only one or two reports far away—so indistinct that I was not sure of their direction. Coupling with this the fact that I had not heard a dog since I left my stand, I knew that party and dogs were on the trail of other deer—maybe south of the track now, miles from me. I grinned a sickly grin, and increased my

pace. I soon stumbled into water and thorny underbrush which I knew I had not encountered before. I changed my direction; a second time I changed it; and a third, not noticing, as I hurried, what relation my new course bore to the starting point. After an age of this, I wondered what time it was. I looked through the tall, tumbled net-work of trees and runners at the sky. I saw that night was not far off. And I saw the light rain clouds giving way to threatening snow clouds. I tried to grin again, but—nix. I set my lips hard and began a new track. When darkness came, the snow also came: it was thick snow and black darkness.

Finding a small rise of ground, I gathered here enough brush to make a little shelter. Under this I crawled and felt for matches. They were soaking wet! There was nothing to do but sit it out until morning. I started to shoot some more, but on second thought decided to save my shots for game next day as food, in case I could not get out of the swamp. Remembering for the first time my sandwiches, I ate them ravenously. I became drowsy and, after a while, cold. I roused myself from nodding to find my hands almost numb. I nodded again, then I dreamed. Where was I? Stop pouring water on my neck; I'll get up in a minute—so sleepy. It's snow I'm in. I've read that one will freeze to death if he goes to sleep in the snow. But I'm warm—nice—warm—so sleepy. What do I see? Moving pictures? There's my whole life rolling before me. Kid days—school days—gee, those were happy times—picnics—boys and girls laughing—parties—I bullied cripple Ned, in jealousy, because Elois was kind to him—mean deal—I'm sorry, Ned. Little older—Christmas—went out with Elois, Katherine, Ned, and Clyde, carrying baskets to poor people—best Christmas I ever had. Started to work—am assistant foreman in the big factory—I lied to the foreman about a serious error of mine, the brunt of which fell on a poor fellow beneath me—gad, but deceit is a miserable policy. Jack wants me to join his card bunch and drink a social glass with him of evenings at the Greek club—most of them are college fellows—ought



to know what's wrong—but I b'lieve I'll give the time and money to Elois—feel better for that than I did last night when I passed the salvation army plate and spent two dollars on a questionable opera—feel light—pictures dim—sleepy—so s-l-e-e-p-y—s-l———

\* \* \* \* \*

As I opened my eyes in a warm atmosphere with gay voices, I looked through a window at the sun shining through a few clouds. Snow dripped from house tops. I couldn't realize where I was. Somebody said, "He'll be all right. You've been up all night; let the visitors watch a little while you sleep a bit."

I turned over and saw outlined against the flare from the big fire-place, watching me with flushed cheeks—Elois! I looked hard and slowly collected my senses. Elois arose confusedly but with brightening face, and, as the group looked askance at her, she pointed to the bed.

There was a general chaos of ejaculations. After some broth had been poured down my throat, I asked how they found me.

"Well, Old Scout," Pete said, "you had a close shave. We heard you fire, and started after you, but at that minute the dogs chased two deer across the track below us. We dropped one of them and followed the other one to the lake, where he skipped us. Not finding you when I got back home, I got a party with lanterns and hit it back for the trestle. We found you just inside the swamp, about a stone's throw from your stand, half-frozen. We had separated, and four of the searchers soon came back dragging the deer you shot. Turn over and say your prayers, if you haven't done so."

## In the Arcadian Region of English Poetry

NETTIE SUE TILLET

A famous English essayist writing of Boccaccio, once called him, "one of those great child-like minds whose knowledge of the world is ignorantly confounded with a devotion to it." This is perhaps no poor characterization for most of the English poets who have attempted pastoral poetry. They have dissociated their versions from reality, and their imaginary conceptions have mastered their art. Their shepherds are often such men as have never watched nibbling sheep and their landscapes are imaginary and undefined. But the whole allusion has arisen from nothing more than the most emphatic token of a poetic temperament, a love for the woods and fields and country, and an affectionate admiration for simple, primitive human nature. Enthusiasm and devotion have made them idealize too extravagantly.

This is true essentially of those English poets who have worked under the inspiration of foreign tradition. There is, however, a much rarer pastoral in England which was produced by purely native impulse. This, being the more spontaneous, was more genuine. It is best illustrated in "The Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay, "the prince of the homely pastoral drama," and in some of the poems of Robert Burns, who is as some one has called him, "pastoral poetry itself in the shape of an actual, glorious peasant, vigorous as if Homer had written him, tender as memories of the grave."

In classic literature the Virgilian bucolic represents the pastoral in its artificial and allegorical development. On the other hand the art of Theocritus is based on an almost passionate sympathy with actual human nature. Theocritus depicted no golden age of innocence. He saw his shepherds wrangling as well as piping with one another; and, however beautiful his landscapes are, they were true pictures of the

green woods and pastures of Trinacria. While raising the pastoral life of Sicily into realms of ideal poetry, he was careful to remain true to the conditions of life. To be sure this was easier and more advantageous for Theocritus than for his imitators. The Sicilian Shepherds were noted for their poetical fancy and led a life of most tranquil simplicity; a very pleasing subject for the contemplation of one who was worn out with the intrigue of court life and the uncertain sunshine of princes. The pastures of Trinacria with its noonday sun tempered by the shade of the chestnuts and the babbling of the brooks and by "the cool airs that glide down from the white cliffs of Aetna," offered a beauty which needed no artificial epithets from the poet's pen.

Virgil did not write his pastorals from observation so much as from study of Theocritus. Except in a few cases he is largely responsible for the artificial pastoral, notwithstanding the fact that in these youthful efforts as elsewhere the Augustan poet shows his delicate handling, suggestive fancy, and genuine sympathy with rustic life. In most cases the pastoral only serves as a background from which Virgil himself speaks. His shepherds do not present the features and characters of the homely keepers of the flock. Virgil was the creator of the imaginary Arcadia, and he was inspired by the conception of a golden age of rustic simplicity. In the location of his settings in the uplands of Arcadia, Virgil doubtless had in mind the worship of Pan, but the selection of the barren mountain district of central Peloponnesus as the seat of pastoral luxuriance and primitive culture is not without significance in respect to the severance of the pastoral ideal from actuality. In it the world-weary age of the later Renaissance sought escape from the materialism that bound it. But, as every ideal is apt to do, the Arcadian ideal degenerated.

Most critics agree that the best pastoral is written when the author least intends it. This explains the chief fault of the one pastoral composition in English poetry which can boast

first-rate historical importance, the "Shepherd's Calendar." In Spenser the natural pastoral impulse has lost the spontaneity of the earlier examples, and has passed into the realm of conscious and deliberate art. It is, however, none the less there, modifying the conventional form. It has been sometimes said that Spenser was too learned to excel as a pastoral poet. In his admiration for Theocritus he tried to "engraft the sweet fruit of the South on the rudest crab-apple of northern rusticity." He might have excelled as the classical pastoral writer, but he attempts the "clouted shoon," hoping at the same time to follow classic tradition. Spenser made use of an archaic dialect in his eclogues which has given rise to much criticism. Ben Jonson said that Spenser "in affecting the ancients writ no language." Sir Phillip Sidney to whom the poem was dedicated, and who we know, was not altogether pleased with the homeliness of the verses dedicated to him, disapproved of "the same framing of his style to an old rustic language." Not a few others have felt a certain incongruity between the polished tradition of the Theocritean singing match and Spenser's poem. The archaism, however,—in which Spenser did not follow the classic poets, was not an unmeaning affectation. He perhaps perceived that the language of Chaucer had a closer resemblance to actual rustic speech than did the literary language of his own day, and he adopted it for his imaginary shepherds as a fitting substitute for the actual folk tongue.

The chief point of originality in Spenser's pastoral, however, is the attempt at linking the separate eclogues into a connected series. The title was "The Shepherd's Calendar—containing twelve aeglogues proportionable to the twelve months." The moods of the poem were to correspond with the seasons represented; spring and fall were typical of the life of man; or, conversely, outward nature in its cycle through the year was to reflect, and, thereby unify the emotions, thoughts, and passions of the shepherds. The conceit is not fully nor consistently carried out. In the summer months there is no joy of the "hygh seysonn" in the mouth of

the shepherd. In June Colin mourns for other days. It is upon such a framework though that the various moral, polemical, and idyllic themes which Spenser introduces are woven. The discourse runs on pastoral themes for the most part, rural nature and love, but the disgust and allegory of them have worn thin with centuries of use. The poetic merit of the "Calendar" is great. There are many non-lyrical passages, but the beauty of many of them, especially the April lyrics, show very high poetic skill.

This was Spenser's chief contribution to the pastoral. Another later one is the monumental eclogue entitled "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," which is perhaps the longest and most elaborate eclogue in the language. It describes how the shepherd of the ocean (Sir Walter Raleigh) induced Colin Clout (who as before represents Spenser) to leave his rustic retreat in

"the cool shade  
Of the green alders by the Mallaes shore,"

and try his fortune at the court of the great shepherdess, Cynthia; and how he ultimately returned after poor success to Ireland. The tone of this is much the same as that of the "Calendar," mourning over early love and changes. It is this sombre tone which has given rise to the following statement by a critic: "In the spring of the great age of English song, Spenser's note is like the voice of autumn, not the fruitful autumn of cornfields and orchard, but a premature barrenness of wet and fallen leaves."

There is a pastoral interlude of importance in the last four cantos of the sixth book of the "Fairie Queene." It is an episode of Pastorelle, supposedly a shepherd's daughter who proves to be a lord's daughter, and a knight who saves her from many threatened disasters.

In the "Calendar," Spenser acknowledges debts to Chaucer. (A humorous critic once said, "It might almost seem that Spenser borrowed from Chaucer nothing but a sly way of acknowledging indebtedness chiefly where it is not due.)



"The God of Shepherds, Tityrus, is dead," is a reference to Chaucer. In reality there was little conscious pastoral in Chaucer. Yet, courtier though he was, as a true poet he was so in nothing more than in his sympathy with the pastoral ideal. He has some pastoral settings. Spenser's debt to him was mainly one of dialect and meter.

The lyric productions published toward the end of the sixteenth century all contained more or less pastoral matter. In that wonderful anthology published in 1600 under the title of "England's Helicon" may be found some of the most delicate and finely wrought pastorals in English literature. The choicest specimens of Nicholas Breton's dainty muse are to be seen there. He contributed such verses as the following,

"On a hill there grows a flower—  
Fair befall the dainty sweet  
By that flower there is a bower,  
Where the heavenly muses meet.

and:

"It is Phyllis fair and bright  
She that is the shepherd's joy;  
She that Venus did despise  
And bid her bind her little boy."

His "Phyllida and Corydon" was also a notable contribution. Another skillful contribution to the "Helicon" was the Shepherd Tony who has at length been identified with Anthony Monday. He is author of a poem to Colin Clout and others.

The Helicon also published a pastoral, which is doubtless the most beautiful, and, with the possible exception of Lycidas, the most subtly modulated specimen of pastoral poetry in English literature, Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd to His Love." In a few delicate lines he pictures all the pleasures

"That hills and vallies, dales and hills,  
Woods and steepy mountain yields."

"The Nymphs Reply to the Shepherd," which Sir Isaac Walton ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh, was also published in

the "Helicon." It was one of the numerous imitations which attested the popularity of Marlowe's poem. In this, the gloomy shepherd replaces the jolly one which most of the "Helicon" poems exhibit.

The poems of Robert Greene must not be passed unnoticed. The throbbing line of the forsaken mother's song and of the Shepherd Wife's Song are some of the finest lyric verses in the language.

Shakespeare, with his "all-including genius," has had an influence on the pastoral too obvious to need more than passing notice. Besides such lyrics as "Who is Sylvia," "Under the Greenwood Tree," and the song from "Love's Labor Lost"

"When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the Shepherd blows his hail,"

he has given the finest intimations of pastoral writings in some of the masks introduced in his plays. "As You Like It" is a pastoral play as well as a comedy, and Rosalind has been called the "very bud of pastoral ideal." "The Winter's Tale" has important pastoral touches. There are many references to the carefree life of shepherds elsewhere. The child Henry VI says:

O God! methinks it were a happy life  
To be no better than a homely Swain."

The words of the imprisoned Arthur are more pathetic still:

"By my Christendom  
So I were out of prison and kept sheep  
I should be merry as the day is long."

Ben Jonson left an unfinished pastoral, "The Sad Shepherd," the chief characters of which being Robin Hood and a shepherd. Jonson was the first to write an English pastoral drama rather than merely to transplant the Italian pastoral. He seems to have reproduced the spirit of the Greenwood well, but there is variance of opinion among critics as to this.

"The Faithless Shepherdess," by Fletcher, is the chief pastoral play in the language. It was written to rival the dramas of Tasso and Greaini. In this play are found not only the potent herb, holy water, magic taper of Clorin's bower, but there is a wonder-working well and the actual presence of a river-god, who takes actual part in the play. The choruses by the Satyr and Pan show the poetical power of the author, which were of no mean order, with a lyrical gift unsurpassed among his fellows for grace and sweetness, though somewhat lacking in the qualities of refinement and power.

Milton is the writer of the most perfect example in English of the allegorical pastoral, which was invented by Virgil—his "Lycidas," the elegy upon the death of his college mate, Edward King. It was the widespread conceit of the pastoral school to represent poets as shepherds singing. King had been in his way a poet. He and Milton had piped together. The two shepherds had lived on the self-same hill and fed their flocks together, and now the one mourns with other shepherds over the loss of the other, calls the sea nymphs, gods of the wind, even the muses themselves to task for the death of Lycidas. Thus far Milton was only following pastoral tradition. However he went further and brought in Christian symbolism. Lycidas is not only a shepherd under Apollo but also one under Christ, for he had been a preacher. The poet boldly identifies this second symbolism with the first, for to him the poet and the preacher were one in spiritual aim. Still more boldly he summons Saint Peter among the classic divinities to mourn over Lycidas. This poem is extremely artificial since the pastoral garb can never illustrate, but only distort and obscure subjects drawn from other orders of civilization. Yet none but a great master could, to produce a desired effect, have utilized every association which tradition afforded with the consummate skill observable in Milton's poem. Even in the introduction of Saint Peter he has tradition behind him. St. Peter under the name of Panphilus figured in the eclogues of Petrarch. There is no real sorrow

exhibited, nothing spontaneous, nothing really genuine in the lament. It is highly classical, full of conceits but with beautiful, sonorous lines.

Milton's other contribution to the pastoral is found in his "Comus" and in the country parts of "L'Allegro." "Comus" can hardly be called a pastoral mask. Milton's tendency to moralize is again evidenced in this play. It has been well said that the muse of poetry is not slow in avenging herself of a divided allegiance. Where Milton would most impress us with his moral he has become least poetical. Some of it is not Milton's best, but there is hardly a speech or song which does not contain lines worthy to rank with any in the language from the opening words:

"Before the starry threshold of Jove's Court."

to the final couplet:

"Or if Virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

The following from "Comus" are some of the prettiest lines in Milton's poetry:

"They left me thus, when the gray-hooded Ev'n  
Like a sad votarist in Palmer's weeds  
Rose from the hindermost wheels of Phoebus' wain."

and again:

"Was I deceived or did a Sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night."

And yet again the song:

"Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph that liest unseen  
Within thy airy shell  
By slow Meander's margent green,  
And in the violet-embroidered vale  
Where the love-lorn nightingale  
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well."

The poetic beauty of the mask reaches a climax in the song to the water nymph, Sabrina, a song which for pure

music is unsurpassed, if not unequalled, by anything else in Milton. All points considered, however, "Lycidas" is the only genuine and complete pastoral in Milton.

Allan Ramsey, strictly speaking, would not belong in this school of classic pastoral writers, but it will not be amiss to say a few words about his "Gentle Shepherd," which is in some respects the best pastoral in the English language. It has an ease, precision, and simplicity of style which in a sense makes it classic. It undertakes a kind of idealized truth. It is not hung with the beauty and fragrance of the "products of the higher regions of Parnassus," but is a pure, healthy natural plant from an unluxuriant but not ungenial soil.

These are by no means all of the English poets who have made excursions into the Arcadian region of poetry. Almost every poet has done it more or less at some time or other. At any rate, the magic of summer wood, and rustic quietude, and

"The perfect pleasures, which do grow  
Amongst poor hyndes, in hils, woods and dales,"

has always made an appeal to a poetic temperament, whether it be that of the writer of the greatest pastoral, or a "mute inglorious Milton," who day by day quietly takes these things into his soul as he is journeying to his resting place in the country church yard.

And is it not frequently the great god Pan  
Who makes the poet out of the man?



## To Chlais

The nectar which the gods immortal sup  
Or draughts from Mimir's mystic, flowing shrine  
Bring no such dreams as thy name conjures up,  
So fraught with grace and joyousness divine.

Oh, Chlais!—key that opes the inmost soul  
Into a faery-land of imagery,  
Wherein are palaces of purest gold,—  
The treasure-vaults of tranquil reverie:

Embodiment of all that's pure and bright,  
You rise up in my half bewildered mind;  
Thy presence puts all carnal thoughts to flight  
And in thy smile a nameless joy I find.

Madonna-like, thy soulful eyes and face  
Subdue the soul with pure, uplifting grace.

## Strawberry Time at Home

M. B. ANDREWS

How I long for the down-east country  
Where the strawberries are in bloom  
And the air is saturated  
With their fragrant, sweet, perfume.

Now in mind I see the sunrise  
As it reddens all the east,  
And I see the quaint cloud-pictures  
As if marching to a feast.

Now I see the berry pickers  
In the patches everywhere,  
And I hear the checkers calling,  
"Bring your berries over here!"

Now I hear the packers quarreling  
That the berries are so green,  
And I see them putting poor ones  
At the bottom—what a scene!

Now the growers are a-rushing  
With their berries to the trains  
While the buyers are a-loafing  
And a-laughing over gains!

Money, money! hear it jingle  
On the streets and everywhere,—  
Not a single dad or baby  
Hasn't now enough to spare.

How I long for th' down-east country  
Where the berries are in bloom,—  
Where a maiden is a-living  
Sweeter than their sweet perfume!

## What Is to Be Will Be

ROBERT B. MURRAY

*(Continued from April Number)*

It was a happy clan and not a thought of disaster darkened the clear horizon of the beauty. But, alas, the fates were unkind, and cruel destiny still lurked in their wake. A sudden, sharp crack, clear and loud as a pistol shot, rang out through the still air. The boys sprang to their feet instantly, but they were not quick enough. Before they could budge from the fateful spot, the treacherous ice cracked again; then crushed, and the whole membership of the "tough boys' gang," was capsized into the icy depths of the pond. A simultaneous shriek of terror and horror combined went up from the boys as they struck the chilly water, but it was extinguished abruptly when they sank beneath the icy surface.

Fortunately the water was not deep, and after the first dip beneath the surface, the boys readily found bottom. However, their plight was materially alleviated only slightly, for the ice was thick, yet brittle, and they could neither pull themselves out on the ice, nor break a pathway to the bank. It did not occur to them that there was strength in unity, and everyone was wasting his strength in vain efforts to extricate himself from the predicament. Finally, the cooler headed Jimmy Sloan saw the futility of uncombined effort, and he sternly bade the other fellows to lift him up so that he could get on the ice; then he would pull them out. Half-dazed from the cold they mechanically obeyed their leader without question, and soon Jimmy had pulled the last of the clan from the icy prison.

When the membership was restored to terra firma, they all looked accusingly at Shag, who had suggested building the fire on the ice. But they were too cold to bandy words. Their teeth were chattering, their lips and noses purple and their eyes bleared. The disaster was too real a catastrophe to be re-

paired by mere words and the placing of blame; instant action was demanded for reparation. There they were fully two miles away from home, wringing wet, and the temperature a few degrees below the freezing point,—surely, not an enviable position. Nor was this the worst of their predicament: they could not go home, without it being immediately discovered that they had not been at school at all, but had been playing truant, and not one of the gang cared for that to be found out nor for the aftermath, which would follow sure as fate. Instinctively and expectantly they turned mute questioning eyes upon Jimmy Sloan. He had long been their big chief and had extricated them from many a trying circumstance; surely, he would not fail them in their extremity. Jimmy rose nobly to their trust, and the hopes of the boys raised perceptibly when he shrugged his shoulders, looked the clan over, and said in a matter-of-fact tone: “Come on, kids, let’s beat it before we freeze stiff. I know an old nigger man who lives up yonder on the hill. Let’s go up there and dry up a bit; while we are drying, we can fix up same tale to tell at home to explain our condition.”

With benumbed limbs and chattering teeth the little clan proceeded toward the old log-cabin on the hill, headed by the undaunted chief, Jimmy Sloan. Their clothes were frozen stiff; the icicles dangled from their caps; and the cold wind beat cruelly upon their unprotected faces. Reeling from dizziness, they finally reached the cabin, and were admitted by the amazed old negro man.

“You is de beatinest boys I ever see!” he cried with up-raised hands and rolling eyes. “Wha all you been ennyhow? Come right in hyah to de fiah and dry yoself ’fo yer ketch yer death o’ pneumonyah. Such chillen, such chillen!” and the old man resigned himself to silent disapproval of the truants, chuckling to himself occasionally and nodding, perhaps in a reminiscent strain of other days and times.

A cheerful pine wood fire was blazing on the wide hearth, and the half-frozen boys crowded eagerly around its ruddy glow. For quite a while they maintained an unbroken sil-

ence, but as the warmth of the room continued to penetrate through their half-congealed blood, they gradually recovered their wonted garrulity; and soon the room presented a bedlam of noise, everybody explaining how the accident occurred and placing the blame. Several fights were narrowly averted, only by the stern command of Jimmy, for everybody was for placing the blame for the accident upon Shag Long, who had suggested that the fire be built on the ice, and that young gentleman was of the opinion that the others were as much to blame as himself and was eager to back up his contentions with personal encounter. But Jimmy, like a wise general, was for keeping order within the ranks for the time being, so he ordered the whole bunch to shut up, while he thought out a scheme for fooling the folks at home. So, the noise sank and was only in evidence in occasional lowly muttered growls.

Meanwhile, Tommy was disconsolate. He sat over in the chimney corner and refrained from any active part in the arguments going on around him. His downfall was the only thing he was really sure of, and what difference did it make who was the immediate agent of the fate that had been pursuing him since morning? His fall from grace was evident, and these fellows were the cause of it. Every one of them was to blame. He felt a hot wave of anger surge over him as he looked upon them, quarrelling among themselves over who was to blame for the accident, while every one of them had been bent upon bringing about his ruin. Not one of them seemed to pay any attention to him at all; all were anxious only to save their own miserable hides from the floggings they so richly deserved, with no regard at all for his mental as well as physical anguish. Thinking such thoughts as these, Tommy soon came to look upon himself as a deeply wronged and altogether innocent person, while those about him were the demons in the employ of his Satanic majesty to bring about his complete ruin. He felt himself highly exalted above the other fellows, and he even wondered vaguely how he had ever stooped to associate with such common rabble anyhow, having such an angel of a mother and such an



eminently respected father as he had. The whole affair was a ghastly joke of the cruel fates, he concluded, for he had read enough Greek mythology to know something about how the fates were supposed to have had control of human destiny. With an ironical smile and impatient shrug he figuratively gave himself over to the will of the powers that be. But then, as he continued in his reverie, he saw how surely the fates were like a mighty river current hurling him straight toward a first class thrashing at the hands of his father, just as inevitably as the unkind goddesses had cast the men of Ulysses into the maw of Scylla,—unless he blocked fate, and could he do that?

An inspiration came to him, and leaving his companions, he slipped out of the little cabin and ran as fast as he could through the woods toward the city. He skirted around his father's house until he got into the street leading from the school house. Then, assuming the air of a greatly abused and innocent child, he began rubbing his eyes and sniffing, and walked slowly toward home. His mother saw him coming, and in great apparent alarm rushed out to meet her darling.

"What in the world have they done to you, darling?" she cried as she stooped and clasped the trembling child to her breast protectingly, at the same time brushing back the frozen locks of hair with a caressing movement from his forehead.

"Them—them old boys at school," sobbed Tommy chokingly, "they throwed a bucket o' water on me," burying his head on her sympathetic bosom. "An—and, I wasn't doing nary a thing to 'em neither."

"The idea! It is outrageous!" and the mother's eyes blazed with righteous indignation. "Come right into the house honey, and let me put you to bed; then, I'll put on my hat and go right up to that school and tell the principal what I think of him. The idea! letting those big, rough fellows run over my little boy like this. I'll have him removed from office, that's what I'll do." And she drew her young hopeful into the house; undressed him and put him to bed. She then

began making preparations for going to the school to present the faculty a large part of her mind. Tommy was by this time thoroughly alarmed lest his mother should unwittingly discover his duplicity and was racking his confused brain to find a way of keeping her at home.

"Oh, mama," he called softly from the depths of the bed-covering, "come over here a minute."

"Yes, dear," and she was at his side instantly, peering lovingly down upon his flushed face. "Oh, you are not sick, are you, dearie?" she continued fearfully as he looked at her curiously from bleared eyes. "Oh, dear, but I shall give that man one more talking," and her bright eyes sparkled in anticipation.

"Please, mama," Tommy began in a wee small voice, "if I was you, I don't believe I would go up there. He might not treat you polite; and, maybe," half-concessively, "I was partly to blame."

"You little dear, I'm proud of you,—so generous and forgiving," and she smiled proudly upon him. "But I must go and tell that man what I think of him. Even though you forgive him, I cannot find it in my heart to do so. Why, suppose you should have taken cold and died,—” and the fond mother grew pale at the bare thought. It is my duty to have this matter looked into and the culprits punished. I'll have that tough bunch of common children expelled from school or stop you from that nasty old place one. Why, such ordinary children there, it is not a fit place for decent children to attend. I almost shudder when I think of my sweet boy there perhaps learning all sorts of vile things from the rabble there. I can't bear the idea of my innocent and guileless little darling being thrown with such ordinary persons as those Long and Sloan children and others of their type." And she stooped and impressed another kiss upon the forehead of her guileless little darling.

Tommy's mind was in a whirl, and though he advanced every conceivable kind of argument to keep his mother from carrying out her direful purpose, she was determined that

her little angel's wrongs should be avenged. He became desperate as he saw argument after argument act with the same effect upon his mother's steadfast determination as water upon a duck's back, and his flow of language became incoherent, and cold beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. His mother became alarmed at his nervous insistence and flushed countenance and thought that the child was delirious and perhaps sick unto death. With all the solicitude of mother love she sought to cool the boy's fevered brow, and throwing off her wraps and hat she ran to the front door and called in a neighbor. Meantime Tommy's guilty conscience was lashing him severely and he had begun to cry. When his mother hastened back into the room, she saw her boy sitting up in bed, a fist crammed to either eye and the tears streaming in streaks down his face. The poor woman was terrified and the kindly neighbor added to her alarm by declaring that her sister's husband's sister's child had acted in just that way when it was stricken with pneumonia and that it had died in less than two day's time after taking to its bed. Poor Mrs. Neal was certain that her darling had pneumonia and would probably die before dinner, and she begged the good woman to go out and telephone for three or four doctors and Mr. Neal to come immediately.

Tommy heard all these orders issued, and his terror increased. What if he really were sick and going to die? He had heard that pneumonia usually began with a pain in the side. Cautiously he ran his hand along his side to see if the fatal pain was there. But there was no pain there, but he did have a faintish feeling in the pit of his stomach. Perhaps pneumonia began there in some instances. And then it occurred to him that he had heard it said that just before dying men recalled every act of their past lives in a swift panoramic view. He really must be about to die, for he could recall every single act of meanness he had ever done, it seemed to him. He lay back in the bed trying to resign himself to his fate, his eyes half-closed and breathing in gasps. How he wished he had never heard of Jimmy Sloan's gang! But

then, one must forgive those who have harmed him before he dies. In his imagination Tommy beheld Jimmy, Reddy, Shag and Billy all kneeling at his feet, their faces bearing traces of deep repentance, and imploring his forgiveness. Yes, although they had wronged him deeply, he could harbor no ill feelings toward any human being, and with a saintly smile irradiating his beaming countenance he spoke the words of forgiveness. But then came a more disquieting thought. He must also confess his sins and secure forgiveness for them as well. Bravely he determined to die with no stain on his soul, and he half opened his eyes and called in a weak little voice: "Mama."

"Yes, dear," and with a world of love beaming from her tear-dimmed eyes, she leaned across the bed and bent her ear close to the pseudo-sick child.

"I must tell you something before I die, Mama," he began in a trembling voice.

But he was interrupted by a wild gesture of despair from his mother, and the tears reappeared in her eyes. "Don't speak of dying, darling, the doctors will soon have you well again."

"I'm afraid I'm too far gone for that," returned Tommy with an air of quiet and peaceful resignation. "But, Mama, before I die I must make a confession to you and secure your forgiveness."

"I'll forgive you anything, my darling, only don't speak of dying. You hurt me cruelly."

"I-I didn't go to school today, Mama." And as she drew back in amazement and whispered mechanically, "Didn't go to school?" Tommy continued more hurriedly than a sick man really ought to have done, "You see, mama, that gang of boys met me on the way to school. I didn't even speak to them, but they kept on messin' with me till I just simply had to get into a fight with that freckle-faced Reddy Green." As he warmed to his subject, Tommy got much more enthusiasm into his voice than a dying man could have been expected to get, and before he had proceeded far with his ac-

count of the day's happenings, he was sitting up in bed, and his mother was staring at him speechless out of wide, uncomprehending eyes.

The sharp ring of the door bell seemed to stir Mrs. Neal out of her state of lethargy, and when the three doctors and Mr. Neal hurried into the room in great alarm a minute later, they were amazed by the spectacle which greeted their eyes. Mrs. Neal was sitting on the side of the bed, and Tommy was spread diagonally across her lap, face downward. In her hand she held a slipper, but just at that moment it would have been impossible for an onlooker to declare that it really was a slipper, for it looked more like a ribbon, so swiftly was Mrs. Neal plying it to and from close contact with the anatomy of her young hopeful. Tommy was screaming, begging his mother to desist, but she paid no attention to his cries until completely exhausted from the strenuous exercise she had undergone.

"You little rascal," she hissed between clenched teeth as she paused a second in the operations. "To fool and frighten me like this!" And she went to work again, and Tommy renewed his screams with renewed vigor.

Just here Mr. Neal thought it was time for him to intervene long enough to ascertain the cause of the present scene, and the doctors, who had expected to have to exert all their abilities to save the child from immediate death began to whisper among themselves and to grin broadly. Finally, when she was tired completely out, Mrs. Neal halted operations long enough to explain the situation.

"And now," she concluded, "I suppose all our hopes are unfounded. He is no better than the common rabble of the streets; and I was so proud of him—" and she broke out into violent sobbing, as if her heart were breaking.

"That's all right, Mary; don't cry. The boy's all right. Why, you can't expect him to be a saint. No bright kid of ten ever was nor ever will be a saint. Boy's will be boys, you know," and with a slow grin and a wink at the doctors who shyly returned the tokens, he took his sobbing wife into his arms, and soothingly stroked her hair.



## Wrecks

MARY WESCOTT

O the rain and the mist on the sea  
And the birds that wheel upward and cry;  
O the wind and the tide racing free  
And the forms that loom dark and pass by.

A voice—but a face all unseen,  
A clangor of foghorn and bell,  
A gray ship above the sea's green  
For an instant—a moment's farewell.

And again but the mist and the rain,  
And myself and the still lonely piers,  
Still waiting that coming again  
As we've waited throughout the years.

## A Ghost Story

AMY B. MUSE

The Cemetery and Broad Street car had to clang repeatedly before the little bit of a woman standing by the track heard, and then she shrank from the rough "Step lively" of the conductor as he hurried her on. She always chose this time of the afternoon, before the throng of people from their work had filled the cars, and came back when the cemetery closed for the day. To-day she was amazed to find the car full of rough uniformed men carrying musical instruments, and, in front, several coarse-looking women who seemed to belong to the same party. A heavy odor of bad tobacco filled the car in spite of the open windows. No one arose to offer her a seat, and she could barely reach the straps. The heavy air made her feel faint, and the car rocked her from side to side. One of the men smiled at her—a hideous smile. How she longed for her stop to come!

When she got off the car, she hurried up the quiet walks overhung with trees, so different from the noisy, dusty city she had just left. She had a feeling of contentment almost akin to happiness. It was this that she had been longing for all day and every day as she busied herself over her sewing, a peculiar longing to touch the cold broken column that meant so much to her, the only tangible thing remaining of life and loved ones.

She had never been afraid in the cemetery. Somehow these people seemed nearer to her than the pushing, jostling crowd outside. Indeed, this little pale-faced woman moving so quietly in and out among the graves, just at twilight each day, seemed herself more like a spirit than a person. But today, as she had hesitated for a moment, she heard a foreign chatter behind her, and looking back, saw the people who had been on the car with her. She wanted to run, such a horror seized her of these dreadful people; but instead, she hurried on to the

broken column, for he had said, "Mo,' I'll take care of you," from the time he spoke his first sentence, until, lying on his bed too weak to notice anything else, he took her hand in his, larger than her's then, and whispered, "Mother don't cry, I'll get better and take care of you." Those words were real to her. In her loneliness had she heard them so often, here in the graveyard that she felt a strangely potent presence, a protector, in the marble headstone. Her tears fell fast as she put her hot face against the column and held it convulsively.

Again came the chatter of the crowd of foreigners behind. She shut her eyes and held the column closer. Even so close to her boy she felt alone, and afraid today. Presently they seemed to go, for gradually their voices were hushed; and then the reaction made the little woman sob the more. Through her sobbing she caught strains of the most beautiful music, so soft, that it seemed a part of the twilight. She looked up and there on the hillside near her, stood the people she had dreaded. The men had their hats off and with heads bowed played on their instruments, while the women placed wreath after wreath of flowers on a grave, at the head of which was another broken column. The soft, weird music they played was the song of a soul in despair, with occasionally a note of hope as the soul caught a gleam of light beyond the cloud. Each note of despair found a counterpart in the little woman's heart, as if that heart were being read aloud, but the notes of hope were not in her cry. Outlined against the soft glow of the sky these people seemed transfigured; the rough faces and forms were softened. She was no longer afraid; she wanted them to stay. Even after they had gone, she watched the place where they had been as if they were still there. She gazed intently, and as the shadows darkened, the grave covered with flowers seemed to stand out more distinctly. She had never been able to cover the grave she loved with flowers; it had meant much sacrifice to pay for the marble column, and aside from the pitifully small bunch that she bought from the market each day, there had been no flowers.

She thought of how hard her life had been. She never

dreamed of coming to this when she and her husband lived together so happily with the two little boys to love and live for—and then the awful blow. She did not understand it, but he had told her that he must go or the law would have him. Then the oldest boy left, and now death had taken her only remaining dear one. She felt that the others must be dead, for how could they stay away when she needed them so badly if they were not? She felt, too, that in some way this broken column represented them all, and when she placed a flower on the grave of the one, it showed her love for all.

If she had gone home as usual, she would not have done it; but as she stayed on, a longing came for a wreath for the grave of her loved ones. The longer she thought of it, the stronger her desire became. She had never known what it was to take even the smallest thing of another's; but as she thought of the plenty over there, and her own lack, and the fact that no one was near to see, fired with this desire beyond her control, with halting steps of one for the first time a thief, she went over to the other grave. She touched the stone and drew back, chilled by a strange horror. She ran her hands up and down the smooth surface. At the bottom she felt some raised letters. Stooping down, half with her eyes and half with her fingers, she read "Charles Booth." It was incredible. Again she read to prevent any mistake, and then dropping in a heap, her head in her hand, she wailed, "Charlie! O Lord can it be?"

Presently she got up and sat down, rubbing her hands over the cold stone not carelessly, but with more of a caress. "My son, my son," she sobbed. But as she caressed it, the cold marble seemed to take a human shape except that it was transparent, and then it spoke, "Mother," it said, but she only put her head in her hands again. "Mother, what are you doing here alone in the darkness?"

Realizing what she had come for, she could not face him so she kept her face down. She felt chilly, her hands were cold, and when she did look up, the figure was beside her taking her hand in its icy clasp.

"Mother," he said, "Please hush crying. I know the battle. I saw it all. Mother that was father's battle. He took the money for us, thinking he could pay it back. Mother, he is sorry. He has given himself up and is serving his sentence now. He wants to come back and start anew. Won't you forgive and help him and sympathize with him in his suffering?"

Then he went on and told her about himself; how he had been killed in the carnival by one of the lions just outside the city; how kind the people had been, when they had given up hope of finding his people, to bury him in such a lovely spot, and each year when they returned to the city always to think of him. Then taking one of the wreaths in his cold lank hands he beckoned to the little woman saying, "They don't care, Mother, they would like it," and together they took it and placed it over the other broken column, and then another, and another, until the garlands were evenly divided.

The next morning the caretakers on their round found a frail little woman asleep by a grave covered with flowers. They took her to the hospital. The physician frowned. "A peculiar case," he said. "Find her people, for she must have special treatment."

But no one could be found who knew her.

"She must have had great sorrow or have passed through some trying strain. Her mind must be turned in other directions or she will lose it, as she is on the verge of doing now. We must try to awaken a new hope and interest in life to save her." Thus mused the kind old physician as he stood over the cot on which she lay. He did everything he could, and she improved rapidly, a convincing testimony to his methods, as the doctor said, and he was more nearly right than he knew. The hope had been awakened in her heart the night before he had seen her, when she had found that her husband wanted her, and needed her to live for him.



## Indian Spring

ERNEST L. SAVAGE

### I

"Damn Creation, Tom, and you too! You kinky-headed devil! If you hadn't bought that liquor, we wouldn't have lost our jobs at the ranch. You were the damn cause of it all. You brought me out here. You said we'd get rich. We are rich—out here two thousand miles from home and not a durn cent! I'd blow your brains out by the root, you dirty rascal, if I didn't know that my own durn soul would meet yours in Hell."

"Ah, choke it, Bill! Listen, I've got an idea."

"To Hell with you and your idea, too. Here on this rock I'll die if this pistol will fire, or I'm a damned liar before all the saints in Heaven."

"Bill, hush, for Heaven's sake hush! Listen just this time. If we fail, never again will I speak to you. It's a case of life or death, but—"

"Death? Well that sounds comforting. Fire away."

"Out yonder about five miles away there's a camp of Indians. They have a drove of the prettiest horses you ever saw. Tonight we'll make a raid on them. We can carry them over here in Nevada and sell them for easily three thousand."

"Put it there, Tom; I must say you talk sensible sometimes."

"Of course, we may be caught, but—"

"Get caught? Maybe you will, but I'll never be taken alive as long as I have a fortyfour in my pocket. How many men d'ye need?"

"Bout fifteen."

### II

The last rays of the setting sun were falling on the Indian camp, and tipping the wigwams with gold. A more delight-

ful place for a camp could not have been found, situated as it was in the little valley. On the side toward the east, a picturesque, rocky hill met the view, along whose base there ran a dense growth of oak and sycamores. On the other side lay the Indian spring. And what a spring it was! With this spring as its sole origin a sparkling brooklet wended its rugged way across the valley. In its bright, clear waters, a group of boys were playing. On the banks of the stream the squaws were preparing the evening meal, the bluish smoke from their dry wood fires rising in peaceful curves through the still air. Not far away, in the edge of the thicket a number of young men corralling the horses for the night.

As night fell, fires began to twinkle among the wigwams, and in their ruddy glow the young men gathered to hear the tales of the wonderful chiefs of old. But two of the tribe were missing from these circles. Far out under the shadow of the darkness, the young chief Grey Wolf was telling the fair Owachee the old, old story, and she was listening bashfully, as maidens are wont to do. He was so engrossed in telling his tale that he scarcely heard a slight commotion among the horses. But hark! There it was again. He looked quickly around, and caught the glint of the moonlight for an instant on a piece of metal. He hesitated for a moment only. Then he whispered: "Run, Owachee, run!" He made his way silently in the direction of the object he had seen, and a second later, the echoes rang with his warhoop. Immediately his keen ears caught the answering yells of the warriors as they came to his aid.

When the old chief arrived and heard the story, he at once sent out scouts, and from these it was learned that the enemy were encamped on the hilltop. Meanwhile, Gray Wolf ordered the horses closely guarded. And so the matter rested until daybreak. But at first sign of dawn, the chief called a council of the tribe.

"Warriors," he said, "on yonder hill-top lies a band of men who have stolen upon us in the night. We are at peace with the Paleface, and we have molested no one. We know not

whence these men come, nor why they are here. Let us send to them and ask what they do here."

A grunt of approval followed his speech, and he called to Owachee: "Daughter of a chief's daughter, thou knowest the tongue of the Paleface. Take thou a wand of willow in thy hand in token of peace, and ask these men what they desire."

Owachee stepped to a willow and broke off a branch. Then she left the shelter of the thicket and started up the hill. By this time the eastern horizon was all aglow with suffused light, and against this background her slight, graceful figure was outlined. As her long, dark hair and her delicate fawn-skin robe waved in the morning breeze, she seemed to Grey Wolf, who was watching her with a strange sinking in his heart, already to have lost her definite corporeal proportions. Half-way up the hill she stopped, still waving the willow wand gently to and fro before her.

The enemy by now had perceived her, and were evidently debating as to their best course. A hot discussion was being waged between the two leaders, and suddenly one of them turned and ran toward the edge of the hill. He raised his gun; the other saw his purpose and tried to knock his weapon up, but too late. The fatal shot had been fired. Owachee trembled for a moment, turned toward her people, and then fell softly on the rough hillside.

For fully a minute no one stirred. Then the white men sought cover behind the rocks, and the Indians, at a sign from Grey Wolf, sank back into their hiding places. Five minutes later the buzzard that was circling lazily over the scene, saw nothing to indicate what a feast he should have in a short while. All that was visible was an Indian girl lying on the hillside, and near her a brown spot that kept wriggling nearer and nearer the hilltop.

The suspense was terrible on the white men. Not a movement had they seen among the Indians since the latter had sunk back out of sight at the first report. At length Bill—for it was he who had fired the treacherous shot—rose and

said: "Damn the cowards!" But those were his last words. Not ten feet away Grey Wolf rose up, and when the smoke was cleared away, Bill was weltering in his own life-blood. Dearly, however, did Grey Wolf pay for his revenge. Before he could turn, a dozen bullets pierced his body. Then pandemonium was turned loose. The resistance of the white men, already shaken by the loss of their leader, was weak, and not many minutes later the sole survivor was making a hasty retreat across the hill.

The scene that morning in the Indian camp was pitiable in the extreme. There were the same tents, the same spring, the same hill. Everything around was unchanged, but in the center of the village lay Owachee, the fairest of their maidens and Grey Wolf, the bravest of their youths. At their feet lay four warriors. Tears glistened, here and there, in the eyes of the warriors, in spite of their stoicism, while from every wigwam rose the soft sobbing of the squaws and the children. There was none of the loud wailing or angry imprecation usual on such occasions; the grief was too deep and too sudden for that. And all day, while the warriors were preparing the graves and the women were breaking camp, not a loud sound startled the surroundings.

By nightfall all the preparations had been made. The tribe gathered, and the bodies were borne to the open graves. Side by side they placed Grey Wolf and his Owachee; around them they placed the warriors. Then the medicine man began: "Ah, Owachee, thou who wouldst have raised up strong chiefs for us, we leave thee here. And Grey Wolf, thou who wouldst have guided and protected us, we leave thee by her side, and in your keeping we place our gold and silver, all that we have hoarded up for our children that they might wax strong in the land. Watch it well for us, and some day, when the Great Spirit shall have sent a plague on the Pale-faces for their misdeeds and when they shall have melted away like mist in the sunlight, we shall turn and find you watching. And now, farewell! May your rest be long and deep with none to disturb you."

## III

A week later. In a saloon near where our story opened, a man leaning over a poker table asked: "Where in the thunder is Bill Jones?" And Tom, sitting over in the corner of the room, heard, but did not answer. The only other who knew was the buzzard that had circled over that quiet hillside near Indian Spring on a certain fateful morning.



## Catullus and the Lesbia Episode

QUINTON HOLTON

In about the year 62 B. C., Catullus made his appearance in the world's great capital, the appropriate scenic setting for the swiftly acted tragedy of his remaining brief years. We see him there, a young provincial patrician of twenty-five with money enough, educated—but not to pedantry, dashing, brilliant, keen-sighted, fearless; faithful to his few friends upon whom he bestowed himself unstintingly, demanding like generous returns; equally as unrelenting to his likewise few enemies, pursuing them with his eloquent and unmerciful abuse and scorn; generally admired in his lifetime by others as by himself; not unappreciative of nature, but passionately preferring the seething surges of humanity in whatever phase he touched it. This last characteristic should be especially noted. In everything and always Catullus was intensely human—as friend or foe, as debauchee or true lover. He had a powerful personality, which, impossible to avoid in his writings, discarded all semblance of artificiality of style and created a natural simplicity which differentiates, according to Pascal, the mere *poet* and the *man*.

We are not surprised to meet with such a character in Catullus. Rome, at his time, was a center of powerful personalities, great in virtues and vices,—a great stage of ever fewer and greater actors, acting more swiftly and tragically their parts. In the civil darkness, the rotten republican structure was tottering from its foundations; and the benign influence of an Augustus, to calm the wrangling political builders and elevate lax society for the golden age of empire, was yet far from dawning,—farther than the actually intervening years as we look back upon them would indicate. In the first years of the poet's life, Sulla and Marius were in the bitter throes of mortal conflict. As he grew to manhood and commenced to use his pen, such figures

as Cicero and Catiline, Cæsar, and Pompey, were central. At his death in 54 B. C., Cæsar held winning cards which were to crush his opponents and close the game for democracy at Rome. Strange to say, Catullus, patrician as he was, seems to have protested bitterly against the downfall of republicanism as the scathing poems against Cæsar and his confederates and his praise for Cicero would indicate. The interesting feature of these poems for the student of Catullus' character, is however, not so much his attitude, as the fact that the poet took part in the national life. The struggle politically never grew so fierce but that he threw into it his strength, and in this he differs from the other great poets of his own and the popularly classed greater poets of the Augustan age, thereby oftentimes besmirching himself with its filth and frequently sinking to levels in his poetry which his readers must regret. The relations of Catullus to his times, and of his times to him, are therefore reciprocal. Then while we cannot pardon our poet for the vulgar element of his writings, since we know from such poems as LXIV, LXI, and XLV, and the beautiful nature lyrics, that he was capable of appreciating purity, and the finer things, a capability prerequisite in the truly great poet; and since he further expressly acknowledges and laments (cf. close of poem LXIV) the laxity of his times; we can derive some comfort, if comfort it be, to know that he was in this respect, if no better, at least no worse, than his immediate contemporaries. His standing reproach in the mind of the writer is ever prominent, nevertheless, in the lives and writings of Vergil and Horace in his own century; and Catullus' vindication must come in the end, as it truly does, that the latter was broader in experience, and hence greater, as *man and poet* taken in combination, than any other Latin literary character of all time. It is further comforting in valuing the *man* to weigh the little hint he gives in one of his later poems (XVI)

Nam castum esse decet pium poetam  
Ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est.

The young man Catullus, unrestrained, impetuous, bold, and exacting would naturally be calculated to make a lover intense, passionate, and faithful, and it is such a love affair which occupies the most prominent place in his career. Shortly after he came to Rome, he met the beautiful and intellectual, if infamously immoral Clodia. He was probably smitten at first sight, though several years her junior, and resolved to win her affection. She was the wife of the great Metellus, and social queen of Rome, but the former fact merely called for additional secrecy of their love affair, while the latter was no stumbling block in the way of the rapidly rising young poetic genius, not to mention his own high social rank. Catullus was only one of many of Clodia's paramours, tiring with all of whom in turn, she released herself from them by the poison route or otherwise, until (and it is not on authority of the embittered Catullus alone) she eventually became an abandoned character of the taverns and cross-roads. How pitiable it is that the woman who was to receive the pure and only love (for, paradoxical as the word *pure* may seem to all the surroundings, Catullus critics must acknowledge its appropriateness) of the world's most ardent lover could not have been chaste and pure herself! It seems most probable that the vain coquette never in the least returned the affection of her lover. It was agreeable to her vanity to attach him to her list of admirers; but further, her interest in him never went, and when his jealous demands upon her began to interfere with her freedom with other lovers, she struck him off. But we are anticipating. The hit and miss arrangement of the poems in the Catullus manuscript make it virtually impossible to locate the date of many of them with any accuracy. But a careful study of the so-called Lesbia (Clodia) poems, all the time bearing in mind the character and history of Catullus, enables the reader to arrange them in a fairly coherent and very interesting love story, consisting first of a happy undisturbed intimacy, followed by a brief estrangement. Then came a reconciliation almost as brief, with torturing periods of a jealous lover's

suspicious, all but unendurable when his suspicions were more than verified. The end came in the course of some five years, shortly before the death of Catullus, in a broken heart for the lover and eternal condemnation (though not without tenderness) at the hands of the lover for the loved.

The first stage of the love of Catullus for Lesbia gave expression to such poems as the translation from Sappho, (c. LI), probably the first missive from the young man, and the sparrow poems, on the whole among the highest flashes of his poetic genius. C. LI evidently served as a good introduction, and is excellent for translation, but somehow it lacks the Catullian fire which was the outgrowth of the passion for Lesbia. He loves Lesbia, but his love is as yet only such as can be expressed in another's words, Sappho's at any rate, for I should deem the reason for the translation to be this, rather than that Catullus was, even on slight acquaintance, not bold enough and original enough to shock his lady into a favorable mood. The last stanza, original with the sender, hints at the true color of the episode. Love of Lesbia was not without personal danger, and he includes rather a skilful suggestion as to what might be his lot should she not be inclined to return his interest,—a neat prick to her vanity. Her pretended disinclination and coldness are responded to in c-LXXXIII, where Catullus already laughs at the old man, and more pertly in c-XCII, in which he craves nothing higher than to enjoy the privileges granted by Lesbia to her sparrow, and, in case that were shooting too high, to allay his sorrows by being allowed to play with the sparrow which had been so petted by her. A lover's jealousy for the overtowering excellences of his sweetheart is meanwhile not absent. Quintia, though possessing elements of beauty and grace, (c-LXXXVI) as well as Amæna, the mistress of the detested Mamurra (c-XLIII), suffer at his pen in comparison with his Lesbia

“*quae cum pulcherrima tota est,  
Tum omnibus una omnis subripuit Veneres.*”

The pet sparrow dies betimes, and the poet makes use of the occasion to suggest his taking the sparrow's place in comforting the overwhelmingly sorrowful mistress. His persistence cannot but be granted recognition; and besides, the youngster is rising in Rome, so Lesbia yields, and at the house provided by the poet's friend Manlius (c-LXVIII), the lovers meet and delightfully exchange multitudinous kisses,—he feasting his wild love-passion, she paying for the fond flatteries of verse with the proud prestige which his genius will bestow.

During this period, Catullus is on good terms with the world, and his poetry of the time is most bright and happy. To it perhaps we might easily attribute such poems as the ones to Verannius (c-IX), Asinnius (c-XII), in which the thief of a napkin of sentimental value deserves his abuse, and Fabullus (c-XIII) with its genial humor when love was the sweetest and most elegant thing in the universe, and when the most divine attributes were such as

"meae puellae  
Donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque."

Here also we can well imagine such poems as LXII, in which Lesbia was probably the idealized bride.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread." He grasped too roughly. Lesbia must return his love. Not only that, the lover has become progressive. Henceforth he must have her whole time and attention. He gets jilted, and that is punishment enough. He cannot be angry in return. His only possible action is to pity his weakness and await better times. His most manly resignation of his truant mistress, in which he has repeatedly to admonish himself to be obdurate, finally closes the attempts on his part for reconciliation, while we can imagine him shunning the ease, which in LI he had recognized dangerous, and filling in the time with other verse, e. g. abuse of Egnatius (c-XXXIX) and other rivals (c-XXXVII). Lesbia misses her songs, however, and, also hoping for a break in hostilities but likewise hoping in vain,



finally risks a trip to the young man's house. True to her calculations, she is received with open arms (c-CVII).

The reconciliation is made, but the former feeling is impossible. Woman as a type in Catullus' mind in the interim, has begun to be inconstant (cf. LXX), and it is with a shade of doubt that he prays (c-CIX) the higher powers that Lesbia may be able to promise truly. Lesbia had vowed to Vulcan the "choicest writings of the worst poet," provided her lover be reconciled to her and give up his abusive iambs (c-VIII:14 ff and XXXVII<sup>supra</sup>). Catullus is only too happy to do so, and cheerfully tosses the *Annals of Volusius* into the fire (c-XXXVI). Once more, for a while, carefree verses flow with his ink, e. g. likely c-LXI and c-LIII.

Soon after the reconciliation, however, Catullus' distrust of woman in general begins to resolve itself in suspicion of the fidelity of Lesbia in particular. She is too "fast," and bitterest of all, the men in the case now are among Catullus' former fast friends, M. Caelius Rufus and Quintius, with whom he first pleads (c-LXXVII and c-LXXXII) not to win from him his dearest treasure, Lesbia, and whom he later violently abuses for failure to yield to his pleas (c-LXXIII, etc.). His sorrow for Lesbia's misdoings is overshadowed soon, however, by the great sorrow of his life, —the death of his brother, alone in the far East. While at Verona recovering from the shock, he receives a letter from his friend, Manlius, from Baiae (?), in which he gets word of Lesbia's misdoings; but even in the face of the fact, his love for her overbalances his condemnation of her, and quoting (c-LXVIII b) Juno's leniency to Jove's infidelities, he pardons them provided they be few.

"Ne nimium simus stultorum more molesti,"

In the conclusion of this same note to Allius (Manlius [?] c-LXVIII) he prays:

"Et longe ante omnes mihi quae me carior ipso est,  
Lux mea, qua viva vivere dulce mihi est."

In this time of sadness and ever-increasing disappointment, the poet probably wrote the two poems to Hortensius (c-LXV and c-LXVI).

Dating probably from 58 to 55 B. C. with the trip to Bythia sandwiched in it, takes place the struggle in which Catullus finally conquered his passion for the now recognizably unworthy Lesbia, a struggle pathetic in the extreme. In c-CIV it is impossible for him to speak ill of Lesbia, and he hates himself thoroughly for it. The intensity of feeling displayed in the immediately subsequent poems would be possible to few men; and only a Catullus could so vividly express the pain, racking as he does the very heart of the reader with the keenness of his torture. He hates and he loves, he knows not how (c-LXXXV). He would sooner die than give up Lesbia, and yet he lives in spite of himself and does abandon her resolutely and irretrievably (c-LXXV), though not without a sadness (c-LXXXVII) that would wring a heart of stone, had Lesbia's but been so soft. And ever through it all recurs the sweetness of the past (c-LXXII). He cannot further endure it, and accordingly (it seems likely enough and has been so suggested by Munro, to be as reasonable as a desire for gold), he embraces the opportunity for a change of surroundings and accompanies Memmius to Bythia. To this change we are indebted for some of Catullus' most able productions, notably c-LXIII and c-LXIV (?), c-CI, and c-XLVI, and (on his return) the most beautiful of all, the lyric on Sermio (c-XXXI) and c-IV on the *phasellus*. But absence did not banish love and thoughts of Lesbia, so we have on his return one (at least) last heart breaking stanza (c-LVIII) to Caelius, now a sympathizer in misery (since Lesbia's reputed attempt to poison him and later prosecution at law). Henceforth his only prayer is the beautifully expressed c-LXXVI, ending with the lines:

Ne'er again'll I ask that she'll return my affection,  
 Nor, th' impossible prayer, e'en that she wish to be chaste;  
 I would myself be healed, lay off this loathsome affliction,—  
 This, y' immortals, I crave, grant to my virtue at last.

Meanwhile his bitterness wreaks vengeance on the men who have been his ruin, especially Lesbius (Clodius?), Eg-natius, and Gellius; and it is these filthy poems which we could so gladly blot out of existence. Mamurra and Cæsar come in for a like share of abuse. But vengeance, however sweet, was not Catullus' chosen delight. He was first and foremost a lover, and having lost Lesbia and sworn off from all woman-kind, his affections prompt in his last years the Juventius cycle of poems. Strangely enough Cæsar was not averse to making friends with Catullus in 54 B. C., and the still young poet's bright prospects in consequence bade fair to bloom into a brilliant future. Once more, through the instrumentality of Furius and Aurelius, Lesbia bids for a reconciliation. But Catullus' prayer has been heard and graciously answered; so with scorn he sends the emissaries away with these few *non bona dicta*, written, interesting to note, in the Sapphic verse with which the cycle began:

Happy let her be with her base adult'ers,  
 Hugging all together the vile three hundred—  
 Never loving one, yet destroying all, one  
     After another;  
 She shall ne'er regard, as of old, my passion  
 Done to death by grief for her base defilement;  
 Like the flow'r that wilts on the meadow's border  
     Touch'd by the plough-share.

So closes the Lesbia episode, and shortly thereafter, in the same year, likewise the life of Catullus.

The Lesbia poems are touching and pathetic in themselves. In the words of Prof. Sellar: "Other tales of love told by poets have been more beautiful in their course, perhaps more pathetic in their issue; none have been told with a more touching realism or a more desperate intensity of feeling." Beside them, the loves of Horace are mere shadows. But

of equal interest to that of their intrinsic beauty, is the fact which I have attempted to suggest, viz: the whole poetic activity of Catullus seems to have radiated from the love of Lesbia as a center; hence it is to the Lesbia cycle that we owe, it may be, all the poet's legacy to literature.

## Campus Strolling

“NI.”

O some will take a spin with Love,  
 Adown romantic alleys ;  
 And some will chase adventure in  
 Perfumed Nicean galleys ;  
 But who will take a stroll with me—  
 So merrily we'll tramp us,  
 In fellowship, light-heartedly,  
 About the college campus.

So who will take a stroll with me,  
 And chat the new romances—  
 Yon battlemented factory  
 Is fighting—whose advances ?  
 The pines still drone in monotone  
 An untranslated lyric,  
 And Life flaunts free in the fresh ozone,  
 Till care grows panegyric.

The pines still drone in monotone,  
 Yet some there be, meseemeth,  
 Can read a message, faintly blown  
 From where the summer dreameth ;  
 And some there be will stroll with me  
 By circle, fount, and dial,  
 And shout a campus minstrelsy,  
 Till Echo makes denial.

And some will stop a while with me,  
 On terraces reclining,  
 And mark the haunting symmetry  
 Of campus lights out-shining :—  
 So come and take a stroll with me,  
 Till care himself will stamp us  
 With all the merry buoyancy  
 That revels through the campus.



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# Editorial

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*Thirteen* is soon to be among the past. Does a touch of sadness steal into your heart, fellow-member, along with the unbounded joy of graduation as you realize it? Four years older, four years nearer *life*. Yes, we're up against it,—this problem of life. What shall we do with it? Very much the same as we have done with it the past four years, don't you suppose? Not a very agreeable idea to the most of us. But have we not been habit-making as a predominating occupation, with a little Latin, German, math., and philosophy, as side-lines? In consequence, who knows but that twenty years hence S. S. A. Pulitzer will have successfully drowned the memory of his great predecessor in the journalistic world? Who cannot imagine Andrew Warlick McGraw sassing the umpire at the world series of 1933? Yea who knows but old Andrew and John D. will turn in their graves to see their deed's glory dimmed by the establishing of the greater Marr libraries and Knott foundations?

But these tendencies do not forecast for us. Play and a lighter vein are mingled with them. Not what our fellows see us, but what we are. Have we learned to be persistent; can we stick to a thing till we get it? Have we learned to be honest; can we do for our own conscience what we would do openly were the world looking? Have we learned to be courageous; can we stand by our colors no matter who opposes? Have we learned to be clean; can we submit our lives to public inspection at any moment? Have we learned to be thoughtful; can we see the other fellow's feelings as we see our own? Have we learned to be tolerant; can we yield to the other fellow's opinions the respect we would have him yield to ours? Have we learned to be thorough; can we patiently do the little things as well as the more attractive big

things? Have we learned to be prompt; can we attend chapel exercises, as seniors, every day even if it does cut short our peaceful morning nap? It is in these things that we have *succeeded* or *failed*. This is the sort of capital we have to invest, or that we shall have to take time to acquire.

Given a store of persistence, honesty, courage, cleanness, thoughtfulness, tolerance, thoroughness, promptness,—who can fail? We may not conquer Wall Street; we may not climb Parnassus; we may not win the admiration of the world; but in the best sense, in the only sense we *cannot* fail. Let us be busy. Let us learn the lessons of the school of life in which we are as good as the rest. Let us “hitch our wagons to a star” and press on with the idea that we have so often heard this year ever ringing in our consciousness

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# Alumni Department

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FROM RICHMOND TO KUANG CHOW

E. C. CHEEK, '11

But I didn't tell you about the typhoon after all. The old ship looked quite different with her stripped decks (no offense to the poker language). The wind had been rising all day, and the sea in proportion. Even before night the waves were breaking over the prows, twenty feet above water, but they were nice, long, smooth, rolling hills and it was great sport to stand on the prow and shoot down their sides. When night came on though, they became different propositions. I shall never forget that night. The moon in particular, an almost full moon, rode calmly and peacefully through flitting clouds, making some as pretty effects on the water as ever a painter could imagine. Sometimes it would be all hidden except a small patch way out at sea, making a bright silver patch in a maelstrom of roaring, tumbling black mountains. This calmness overhead only accentuated the turbulence beneath,—the wind-swept decks laden with spray, moaning, whistling and howling, accompanying the bass roaring of the waves which sprang up and smote our sides with thunderous force everywhere. The immense old liner under us pitched and tossed in every direction like a chip on a whirlpool; it seemed that we were moving in all directions at the same time. Out over the propeller the movement was most strenuous. To stand up without support was impossible. For hours I hung on the railing over the propellers; up, up, up until the propeller was spinning aero fashion far above the water boiling under it; then, down, closer and closer, until the boiling surge was swishing over your feet—it was certainly great. I

don't remember a happier night, and then to have a friend to help appreciate it: she was the pluckiest child I ever met.

Hoping you have forgiven the anachronism, we have slid out of Yokohama bay (it was a very exhausted looking crowd too), and are now in the Inland sea; have you not lain awake at nights and dreamed of the Inland sea of Japan? Dream on, your dreams won't touch the real dream itself, for that is what I must consider the day spent in it. Imagine yourself gliding for a day through a broad emerald river, dotted with little terraced island parks, with great green terraced hills rising all around you. You never can see how to get out of this labyrinth; the way seems blocked on all sides by those wonderful park-like hills, but suddenly a detour is made around one of them and a new vista is opened. Just at sundown we leave a broad red sun getting more and more entangled amongst them. The rough yellow sea is now pitching us. Take a good night's sleep, for tomorrow we enter Shanghai, the Paris of the Orient.

After leaving the steamer and being chugged up a very full broad muddy river for an hour the tall roofs of the Astor House and then the other big buildings come into view. Then the bund, and truly 'tis an interesting scene, this bund. Well may it boast that it offers the most diversified exhibition of vehicles, clothes and people in the world. Every kind of vehicle from the ricksha to the taxi. All kinds of dress from the silk hat to the Sikh's red turban. And that isn't all the diversification it offers either; are you a pleasure lover? Then go to it, it's all here and "all nations welcome except Carrie."

A few nights later, with a suitcase between my feet and a good comfortable pneumatic ricksha beneath me, I was being trotted away to the Hankow wharf—and the interior.

At least that was where I thought I was going; that was where the gigantic old blackbearded Sikh English policeman had directed the Coolie, but why after an hour's ride was I away down here in this section with nothing but warehouses around, and not a soul in sight? We should have made the

wharf in fifteen minutes. Soon, however, we sighted a man, and the Coolie stopped him and questioned him anxiously, then he turned down a narrow alley and dumped me out at the river's edge, a most gloomy looking place. A pair of stone stairs led down to the water where a whole fleet of Sampan lay with their owners asleep in them. A sleepy, villainous looking old Chink rose up out of one and took my baggage, spoke a few words sleepily to the Coolie and the Coolie left. But where was the ship? Nowhere in sight, and I had been told that the ship had a deep water dock. I grabbed my baggage up against many chattering protestations and left. I was certainly in it, somewhere in China the Lord only knew where, I didn't, and unable to make anybody understand my lingo. After dragging my luggage for a couple of Lis, I found another ricksha and by sign made him understand. I don't know how I did it, but I was desperate; and shortly later I found the proper wharf. I wonder where the old Sampan man was going to take me.

The next few days were spent recuperating on a big, luxurious, easy-going Yangtze River steamer. The scenery as far as Hankow is rather monotonous,—the broad, muddy river banked by lowlands intersected by Sampan filled creeks and dotted with fishing villages.

Of Hankow I have a dim recollection of four very jolly good Americans, three from the South and one Yankee. I think there was some champagne mixed in it. After that, a ride out on the Yangtze on one of the party's motor-launch. Those American songs we were singing must have carried pretty well, for we were hailed a couple of times by somebody's little tin-pot gunboat, but we didn't stop.

Next day a six hour's ride took me to the nearest railway station to Kuang Chow. Be patient, gentle reader, we near the end.

Here through a wheelbarrow hong I secured wheelbarrows for the next month's trip. The No. 1 Coolie in this hong, who went with us, was one of the most interesting Chinese specimens I have ever met. He was a giant, over six feet and



extremely broad with it. His head was shaved all over the fore part, but at the back a very thick cluster of wavy blue-black strands hung down to the shoulder. These characteristics combined with a square prominent fighting jaw and eagle eyes gave him an aspect not easily forgotten and decidedly individual. I forgot to mention he also had a Roman nose.

When we had traveled a few Lis from the railway we became changed individuals. (I have forgotten to mention that there was a jolly, congenial, well set-up little Norwegian traveling with me, or rather I with him, a fellow to whom no corner of the world or any experience was new.) When I say changed individuals I mean that from citizens of the world we became the latest addition of Barnum and Bailey's Chinese circus. At the villages we were surrounded and picked at and pulled and examined from our shakos to our boots. That night we stopped at an inn. Now at these inns by paying extra you can have the choice of either sleeping out in the big room free to all the family—including the animals, or the best room, a mud den with absolutely no light or air, that a decent dog wouldn't sleep in. The first night I chose the big room and went to bed with only a bamboo screen between me and the outside world, and there was a slant-eye behind every crack in that screen. I dozed off but awoke with something rubbing under my cot. I reached for my stick and gave a blow with perfectly good intentions but the result was beyond them: a terrified woof, woof followed, then a dog's yelp, then a chicken squall, and a baby's horrified yells. Jove, I thought pandemonium had broke loose. The pig, the humble recipient of my intentions, had run over a dog, a sleeping chicken and a peeping chink child in one mad rush for the outer world. The next night I chose the den.

So we progressed for a few days with nothing very exciting till we came late one night into a village already filled with travellers, mainly wheelbarrow Coolies. Suddenly I was disturbed by the most unearthly racket imaginable. I rushed

out, unheeding the protests of my companion, just in time to see a free-for-all Coolie fight between my batch of Coolies and another. They were kicking, biting, scratching and pushing, fighting every way under the sun but the proper way. Just as I came on the scene the above-mentioned No. 1 Coolie rushed in, seized one of the fighters up in his hands like a bag of grain and hurled him with a demoniacal cry of rage right in the midst of the fight; scattering them and felling them right and left like a lot of ninepins: the fear of this Coolie and a foreign automatic, for they had not seen me, immediately dispersed the opposing crowd, who slunk away with shrill curses. The next day we came in sight of Kuang Chow. Now, gentle reader, if you are finicky, stop here, for we are about to see a sight that makes my blood run cold to think of.

Just as we were about to enter the great, centuries-old gate, we were met by a hooting, yelling stream of Chinese humanity. Against our will we were engulfed and carried along with it. For a few seconds I was dazed, wondering what in the deuce was up anyhow. Then over in the midst of the throng I saw a group of soldiers surrounding two chairs in which were two miserable human beings, chained and bound—and the chairs were uncovered—I knew not what we were going to see—a Chinese execution. I remember now that tall self-important looking beast beside the death-chair with his big sword, more like a meat axe. For a time we followed the wall along a high grassy embankment; then we stopped. Before us there was a corner made by a tower in the wall. Here with the long grassy slope making an amphitheatre, was to be the last act. Quickly the poor wretches were set out upon the grass some distance apart, sitting on their knees with heads chained down.

Reader have you ever been in Armour's packing house and seen that tall giant swing the meat axe as the pigs come rolling by; clipping off a head at every stroke. Here was his prototype, a tall Chinaman, there was the same grace of movement and self-conscious pride in his work. He steps

up and pulls up his sleeves, steps up again, swings a glittering sword—a headless body writhes up, a column of blood spouting out the top—a head rolls down to the feet of the crowd. (I saw the eyes blinking in it distinctly.) Great cries of “E-yah, E-yah,” rise from the crowd. It was a good stroke. Again the axe rises and falls, the body struck down grovels and jerks but the head still clings. A look of revenge passes over the axeman’s features, he raises slowly and strikes again, and the knife passes through.

With a sigh the crowd disperses. The last man’s relatives wouldn’t pay the executioner to kill him quickly, so he made two strokes (this I found out later).

An hour or two afterwards I stood in the door of my room and saw a man pass by with two pig livers—as I thought. Later I found that these were the poor robber’s hearts which were being sold to young fellows to make them brave. I also found out that my Coolie bought a piece—he doesn’t work for me now.

Well, patient reader we have come twelve thousand miles together to see an execution. Goodbye.

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### A PHANTASY

C. M. HUTCHINGS, '11

Dream no more, dream no more,  
 This holy hour it ill beseems.  
 What do ye here, ye witching dreams,  
 In the shadowed dusk of the soul’s own bower,  
 Weaving with panoramic power  
 Phantastic fiery tapestries,  
 Blown fitfully by elfland breeze?

Away, vain foam of Slumber’s sea!  
 For when in dreams impetuously  
 The sleeper seeks to grasp your form,  
 The white crests of that ocean’s storm  
 Break in his face, and are no more,—  
 And lo: he stands upon the shore,  
 While the dream-waves laugh as they break and change!

Dream no more, dream no more,  
Fair is Ocean's dance and change;  
Ever wild and ever strange;  
But ah, in the silences below  
Lies ever the deep calm ocean of sleep.  
So come with me, you dreamer of dreams,  
From all that *is*, from all that *seems*,—  
Falling deep, deep, deep,  
To the unstirred, undine caves of sleep.

Is it not far better so?  
What dream is so holy, what vision so fair,  
As the blackness, the nothingness, brooding there  
Where we leave all thought, all life behind,  
Till even the voice of the maniac wind  
Is only a whisper that fades and falls  
(As we are falling) through sleep's sad halls.

So, freed forever from dreaming spell  
What here we see we may never tell  
(For the soul awaking remembers not  
And all this dead world leaves behind  
As wildwood left by the madcap wind)  
But is it less real, is it less true  
That we see here—What? Oh, answer not!  
Lest human lips some secret tell  
That would call the demons of lowest hell—  
That we sink, and sink, until, perchance,  
(In the grey sea light's flickering glance)  
We see here—Death? Or his phantom crew?  
The sheeted, ashen ghosts,—or Who?  
Our own soul, face to face?

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# Wayside Wares

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## To Trinity, Thirteen

Hail to the spirit of days that are closing!  
    Long may the mem'ry abide in each soul;  
When in the sunlight of morning reposing  
    Saw we no shadows encircling our goal.  
Or sped we on with the freshness of morning  
    Plucking rich clusters and chaplets of bay;  
Drinking from the fountains truth's grottoes adorning,  
    Culling the flow'rets full-blown by the way.

When with the years sinks our day toward the gloaming  
    And length'ning shadows fall soft 'round our feet,  
Then be the hopes of the peaceful days coming  
    Blent with old Trinity memories sweet.  
    Then when we hear  
    Death chimes low sounding near  
Ringing soft the sunset hour and Truth's eternal lights appear  
    In heavenly sheen  
    Of fields forever green  
E'er will thrill the mem'ry still of Trinity, Thirteen.



To TRINITY, THIRTEEN

Words and Musical Arrangement by O.H.

Hail to the Spir-it of days that are closing, Long may their mem-ory abide  
 When in the sun-light of morn-ing re-posing, Saw we no shad-ows cheer-

*rit.*  
 Drink-ing from foun-tains truth's grati-ous adorning, Cull-ing the flow-ers fall-blown  
 in each soul; Or sped we on with the fresh-ness of morn-ing Puck-ing rich clus-ters and  
 cling our goal.  
*by the way.* *D.C.* *Bass Solo*

chap-lets of bays; When with the years sink our day toward the gloam-ing, And length-ning shad-ows fall  
 Then be the hopes of the peace-ful days com-ing, Blent with old Trin-ity,

*p-f*  
 soft round our feet, sweet. Then when we hear Death chimes low-sound-ing near, Ring-ing soft the  
 mem-ories Of fields forever green

*ad lib.* *Drum* *ad lib.* *Drum* *ad lib.* *Drum* *ad lib.* *Drum*  
 sunset hour, and Truth's eternal lights appear, In  
 A-men will thrill the mem-ory still of Trin-ity, Thir-teen! *ad lib.*

By a peculiar and inexplicable process, a number of our fondest hopes and aspirations are lost in the shuffle as the years go by, and are relegated to that mental charnal-house wherein repose the lifeless forms of such dear departed as our New Year's resolutions, anti-cigarette vows, etc. But occasionally the ghost of some unusually alluring plan bobs up before our mental eye and demands that a few retrospective glances be cast in the direction whence it came, and from which also it went with so few to do it honor. Among latter day propositions of this type, we know of none whose infant career was fraught with greater promise, and yet which sank into the obscure ranks of the petered-out quite so quickly as did the proposition advanced by the class of 1911 to establish a bulletin board for the amplification of Alma Mater's choice collection of relics.

When I say bulletin-board, let not the imagination of the gentle reader turn to the ordinary, unassuming variety, on which are displayed a miscellaneous collection of notices, ranging in importance from the Dean's weekly reception list to the various announcements of cut sales in collar buttons, shoe strings, et cetera. Nay! far be it from my intentions to confound such an insignificant non-entity as above described with the marvellous miracle-worker which was to be the especial legacy of the class of 1911 to Trinity tradition. Indeed, this super-bulletin board was heralded as being able to supply every possible need which the academic mind could conceive of, everything from a dope to a Webster's dictionary being included in the paraphernalia. It was to be a sort of Aladdin's lamp, capable of producing anything, the only difference in the two being that instead of rubbing, it was only necessary to assume an upright position in front of the board, take a deep breath, and press a button. To the accompaniment of bewitching music, the desired article would be forthcoming immediately.

However, the college community has waited long and lovingly for a chance to feast its tired eyes on the lustrous splendor of this board, but to no avail. Hence we conclude that the

individual and collective minds of the class of 1911 are so burdened with the business of administering the nation's affairs, that former things have been completely lost sight of.

Armed with a college diploma, a pack of Fatima cigarettes, and an unlimited amount of confidence, a number of alleged students with Minerva's O. K. on them will push out from the haven of collegiate existence next week, and begin the more or less strenuous struggle for existence. Since the diploma is written in a language which but few of them can understand, it would seem that the Fatimas and the confidence comprise the total stock of available assets, but here's hoping their efforts will be crowned with abundant success, and that the grim wolf will never even get within striking distance of the fold.

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### THAT FRESHMAN POEM

FLORENCE HOLTON

If you were a freshman and I were a prof—  
 Gee whiz! what a peach of a line—  
 I'd laugh at the stuff that you'd scribbled off,  
 Just as you'll laugh at mine.

You could scratch your old head and sniffle and snuff,  
 'Cause your words and phrases were nix;  
 When I read, it I'd say, "Such rotten stuff!"  
*Might* give you as much as six.

*Could* put on my specs and smile and look wise  
 At the blunders of Freshman Spence:  
 "If he doesn't flunk, 'twill be a surprise;  
 Why he's not in a mile of the fence!"

But no, I think I'd think of the time  
 When I was a freshman too,  
 And had racked *my* brain to start up a rhyme  
 And never could get it to go.

I'd see my chance to be kind, so I'd say:  
 "I guess it might 'ave been wuss;  
 It's a devilish job to do anyway,—  
 I'll run it up to six plus."

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## MME. SPITZ-DE GASS ON INITIATIVE

YARRUM

I have been asked by our esteemed lady president to deliver a short discourse upon initiative, and it is with pleasure that I stand before such an assemblage of the most enlightened members of our sex, living examples of my text, this evening.

Now, it would be redundant to attempt to prove that woman leads in this quality as in all other beneficent faculties of the human mind. I say it would be superfluous to set forth an extended argument upon this already evident fact; so I will confine myself to a single instance of woman's superiority along this line and at the same time clear our sex from the unjust contumely that has been placed upon us since the beginning of time by the so-called stronger sex.

Everyone knows that initiative is synonymous with progress. When was the first progress made from the absolutely primal state? When Eve tasted the fruit of knowledge; to be sure, and ever since that memorable occasion, mankind has been steadily advancing along the paths of progress and civilization. But I declare to you, that if a woman had not had the strength of character to make a beginning of progress, man would still be the savage creature of the Stone Age. As it is, he is crude enough, to be sure, and if the softening and emulating influences of woman were not thrown around him, it would take only a short time for him to degenerate back to the beast he was.

But, to return to my subject. Since the day of Eve, man has been evolving into a nobler creature, and the world has been taking on more and more the appearances of a high

civilization. Still, woman, having the earlier start, in initiative tendencies, has far outstripped her masculine rival. The ingenuity of the feminine mind is an accepted axiom, although asinine specimens of the other sex attempt to make light of our abilities and dispute the fact that has always been one of the fundamental characteristics of womankind. Mere man vaingloriously terms our initiative tendencies vulgar curiosity and his own studied curiosity, initiative. How perverted! How exceedingly in keeping with man's inherent nature to go at a thing from the wrong end!

Now, ladies, man attributes the so-called fall of the human race to the curiosity of Eve, in his stupidity ignorant of the fact that the so-called fall was in reality the beginning of a higher order of being. And we are proud to admit that it was one of our long abused sex who was the immediate cause of the fall of the old regime. But when man declares it was silly curiosity that impelled Eve to taste of the forbidden fruit, we rise up in virtuous indignation and deny the base slander. Listen, ladies, I declare to you that nothing was further from Eve's mind than the mere gratification of idle curiosity when she bit the fruit of knowledge. She merely used initiative! Imagine if you can, my sisters, Eve's state of unutterable ennui, alone in the vast garden with only one stupid man to talk to—and that one her husband—and doubtless he was very much of a bore, if he resembled the majority of his brothers of the present day. Which one of you, my sisters, could endure such a colorless life? Why, even if Eve had sinned out of curiosity, who can blame her? Her provocation was enough to justify her. But, I repeat it: Eve merely used initiative.

Pondering over her monotonous existence, she suddenly thought of her unborn daughters and the unenviable fate awaiting them should affairs continue in the same set channels. She could not endure the idea of the women of the coming generations being compelled to spend their lives in the same, dull, animal existence which she was forced to undergo, and she set about to devise a method to alter the course of



events. All of a sudden there flashed into her mind the memory of the fruit of knowledge which had been forbidden to them by the Master of the Garden. This was no time to be overscrupulous, with the fate of all women of future generations at stake, and she hastened to the tree where the forbidden fruit grew, plucked a sample of the fruit and ate it. That story about the snake is all rot. Everybody knows that no woman would stay in the same neighborhood with a slimy, crawling snake long enough to be tempted, even if it *did* talk gossip. Eve, like any other woman, had an intuition, and she set forth to bring that intuition into actuality, and there was no snake connected with the affair, notwithstanding all tales to the contrary.

We have nothing but contempt for Adam, who, like all of his sex, was highly willing to pass his lifetime of innumerable years amid the shallow pleasures and heaped-up bounties not of his own making. But, who can fail to admire the far-seeing wisdom of the first of our noble sex, Mother Eve, when he thinks of her, a lonely woman daring to brook the wrath of Almighty God and the unreasonable anger of her brute of a husband in order that the coming generations of women might not be compelled to pass the useless and ignoble lives of butterflies or of lilies, "who toil not, neither do they spin," and that woman might in due course of time rise up triumphant over her former master, man, and exult in her freedom from the shackles of bondage? What daughter of Eve will not rise up and call her blessed when she thinks upon the dreadful fate she has escaped and the hideous calamity Eve averted?

Now, man says that Eve ate the apple out of curiosity. Such base and unwarranted slander need not be considered; consider the course from whence it comes, and it will disprove itself. Nevertheless, I will cite a few indisputable facts, which will utterly confound the slanderous statements of the malicious sex. Horticulturists prove conclusively that there could have been no apples in existence at the time of the Garden of Eden regime, unless it were the sour crab-apple, for all the fine varieties of this fruit have been brought to

their present state only within the past few centuries through constant care and labor by grafting and otherwise. Now, ladies, what woman would be tempted to bite a measly little crab-apple when such delicious fruits as pomegranates and oranges were growing around there in abundance? No woman, even today, cares for crab-apples unless they are pickled, and we have no evidence of there having been any pickling establishments at that time; therefore, the crab-apple theory is thrown out of the question. This theory is preposterous in the first place and goes to show mere man's spiteful malice toward our long-suffering sex. It not only shows malicious intent, but also unsurpassable ignorance, both of woman's nature and of horticulture.

But, to proceed with my subject. Where would we be today if Eve had not swallowed her scruples and a piece of the fruit of knowledge—for Adam ate a little bit of it? I repeat it, where would we be? Why, where else than sitting in the Garden of Eden, eating snails and playing with our toes! Imagine the state if you can, my dear sisters, and refrain from giving a shudder of horror! No theatres, no bridge parties, no dances, no automobiles, no trips abroad,—in fact, ladies, no anything of consequence! Think of this and offer thanks to Mother Eve for averting this awful calamity which was overhanging the shadows of our existence!

And, even after this inspiring and shining example of lovely woman's initiative, mere man dares to intimate that woman has no sense of initiative. O tempesta! O mordecai! Sic semper sans souci!

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## ANOTHER FOOL LIAR

O. X. O.

In love a heart is beating now  
For thee, my dear, with golden brow.

I have longed to feel thy touch of love  
And know thy heart, O purest dove.

About thy head of golden tress  
 An halo shines thy grace to bless.

In thy deep eyes of brown I see  
 The love that surely masters me.

---

TO THE *ARABIAN NIGHTS*

QUINTON HOLTON

Dear Volume, rev'rently I take thee down  
 From off thy shelf 'mid worthier company  
 And look thee o'er in loving reverie—  
 For naught that's printed on thy pages brown:  
 Nay, rather would I rend thy frightful leaves,  
 Hideous as Ali Baba and his thieves,  
 And as I cast them on the coals, would drown  
 Forever their accursèd memory.

But nay, thy form I could not violate:  
 I love thee,—yea, of all my books, 'tis thee  
 I love the most. And this averts thy fate:  
 'Twas on a summer's evenings long ago  
 Two eager children read thy pages, lo,  
*The one, an angel now,—the other me.*

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## Editor's Table

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We point with pride and gratitude to our splendid exchange list for the past year. The following magazines have been regular visitors to our table:

*Columbia University Quarterly*, *The Southwestern University Magazine*, *Davidson College Magazine*, the *Tattler*, *Randolph-Macon Woman's College*; *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Ashland, Virginia*; *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Wofford College Journal*, *Vanderbilt Observer*, the *Transylvanian*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, the *Wake Forest Student*, *State Normal Magazine*, *Haverfordian*, the *Guilford Collegian*, *The Trinitonian*, *Waxahachie, Texas*; the *Southern Student*, *Southern Female College, Georgia*, the *Wesleyan*, the *College Message*, *Greensboro College for Women*; the *University of Tennessee Magazine*, *Sharps and Flats*, *Cincinnati Conservatory of Music*; *Brenau Journal*, the *Georgian*, the *Collegian*, *Presbyterian College of South Carolina*; the *Niagara Index*, the *Roanoke Collegian*, the *Acorn*, *Meredith College*; *St. Mary's Muse*, the *Baylorian*, *Pine and Thistle*, *Southern Presbyterian College*; *The Buff and Blue*, *Gallaudet College*; *The Lenoirian*, *McMaster University Monthly*, the *Red and White*, the *Erskinian*, the *Aurora*, *Agnes Scott College*; *Taps*, *Fisburne Military School*; *Clemson College Chronicle*, the *Southern Collegian*, *Washington and Lee University*; the *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, the *Pegasus*, *Kentucky Wesleyan College*; the *Messenger*, *Durham High School*; *Tileston Topics*, *Wilmington High School*; the *Student*, *Portsmouth High School*; the *Statesville High School Magazine*.

## SOME CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS

*The William and Mary Literary Magazine.*

"The Shades," a poem, is the best feature of the TRINITY ARCHIVE. A few more contributions to college magazines of material of this standard would make the office of exchange editor much more enjoyable. "The Play" is weak. The facts of the story do not warrant the conclusion. A story of this type must be laid down with a feeling of disappointment. "Echo Reincarnated" is a flatly constructed story. No feature is especially good, all the whole course of the story being on the same level. "A Glean Through the Darkness" has a touching theme, but has an injustice done it. Give us another poem like "The Shades," please!

*The Wesleyan.*

There is much to the TRINITY ARCHIVE. Its last issue is a representative one. It is not lacking in college spirit, and yet it is not marred by an excess of provincialism. I was struck first by the goodly amount of poetry in this number, and next by the fact that the sections are good. "The Shades" has a freshness and rhythm that reminds you of Poe, and "Memories" is a pretty pattern of words well woven. A good autumn sketch, "The Sky Man," and full of color. And for variety's sake it was well to give us the Latin and German verse translations. For this same reason I would not condemn "Where Earth and Heaven Met," though we know, as "A Question" says, such

"Verses for sale  
Are by the bale  
But will they win immortal fame?"

We do not wonder that "America's Greatest Mission" was a prize-winning oration. It is a deep-thoughted, splendid piece of work. "Echo Reincarnated" has an attractive title, and is surprisingly satisfactory for a story of its kind.



*State Normal Magazine.*

Some of the essays of the present issue of the TRINITY ARCHIVE are excellent, but the stories do not come up to the usual standard of a college magazine. The poem, "Memories" is very good.

*The Radiant.*

The Trinity College Magazine came to us last week, full of interesting material. The stories are especially good. In fact, all in all, it is one of the best prepared magazines that we have received. We wish to congratulate the editors on their splendid work and wish for them continued success with it during the entire term.

*The Red and White.*

The TRINITY ARCHIVE contains two stories, "A Glean Through the Darkness," and "Echo Reincarnated" which deserve special mention. An exchange department would add greatly to the magazine. The editorials are well written.

*The College Message.*

The TRINITY ARCHIVE shows the development of a poetic tendency to be very much in the foreground.

*Southwestern University Magazine.*

We welcome the Trinity magazine among our exchanges. A number of the stories are breezy and contain original ideas, but are without any point. We especially commend the paper on "The Balkan Situation."

*Taps.*

TRINITY ARCHIVE—Your magazine is up to the usual college magazine standard. "Riding the Calf" is good, and your stories are well written.

*The Trinitonian.*

"An Unexpected Christmas Gift," the first article in the TRINITY ARCHIVE, is a well written article dealing with college life in Washington, D. C. The story opens with the hero downcast over the approaching visit of his spinster

aunt who is coming to spend Christmas with him, but whom he must treat nicely if he wishes to be remembered in her will. He becomes very dignified on meeting her and starts with her to the hotel, but he continually meets with crowds of college boys who remind him of some incident or stunt in which he was a participant. He denies to his aunt that many of them are college boys, and that he doesn't even know those who are. His aunt insisted on being taken to his room, and when they arrived they found a jolly bunch there celebrating. Instead of becoming shocked at such life, the aunt is pleased with the college life, and by making him manager of part of her estate enables him to marry the girl he loves. It is too far-fetched and improbable to have much value, however. "Constructive Imagination," while not as entertaining as the usual college story, is a commendable article. It shows how all the great engineering feats of the world are products of constructive imagination, and, again, if directed in the wrong channel, what vast amount of harm can be wrought. It shows that the writer spent a great deal of time on the preparation of the article, because it is discussed in a way that precludes any idea of made-to-order composition. We do not know whether the author of "The Wanderer" was suddenly called away or whether he ran out of paper, but it is our opinion that the article was left unfinished. Two articles that are of little moment, only interesting, but have little literary value, are "Scrapping" and "A Calamitous Debut." "Two Sophomore Stories" are very good articles. Both are constructed along a somewhat similiar line. In each of them the girl falls in love with a poor man, and the man goes away to seek a fortune. In the first, the hero returns to claim his bride, while in the second he returns to find his betrothed in her death bed, and she expires in his arms. As a whole, the literary department is much larger than usual.

*The State Normal Magazine.*

The TRINITY ARCHIVE has a truly literary flavor this month, given to it by the essays, "Woman's Influence as

Outlined in Goethe's Iphigenie," "Anti-Slavery Literature," and "Two Great Love Poets." The co-eds seemed to be more gifted in essay than in story writing, as only one story appears in this magazine.

*Southwestern University Magazine.*

The march number of the TRINITY ARCHIVE, although a special number, is not above the average of college magazines. "Two Great Love Poets" is a good essay. The comparison between Catullus and Burns is well shown, but loosely handled. Of the poetry "Changes" deserves mention. The ARCHIVE is excusable, perhaps, since this number is special.

*The College Message.*

On the front cover of the TRINITY ARCHIVE for March, we find the following words: "Co-Ed Number." What? Are the ladies over there going to show the young Eds that they too know how to run a magazine? We read the entire copy and can readily say, yes, they are not only going to show them but they have. "Two Great Love Poets" is an essay which briefly relates the lives of Catullus and Burns, contrasts the two, and then beautifully tells of the characteristic qualities which they seem to possess in common. Both are passionate, ardent poets with sympathies for the very smallest things of nature, "poets from whom the modest daisy could not hide." This is an excellent essay and to one who is acquainted with these poets, especially "Bobbie" Burns, whom all of us love, it is very enjoyable. "Leaves from a Freshman's Diary" is humorous and we easily recognize that it is true to life other than that of a Freshman's. The TRINITY ARCHIVE would do well if she would allow the co-eds to continue their good work among her pages. Quoting from one of the poems:

"How lone would it be (for the Archive)  
At Old Trinity  
If the ladies were taken away."

# ROYAL

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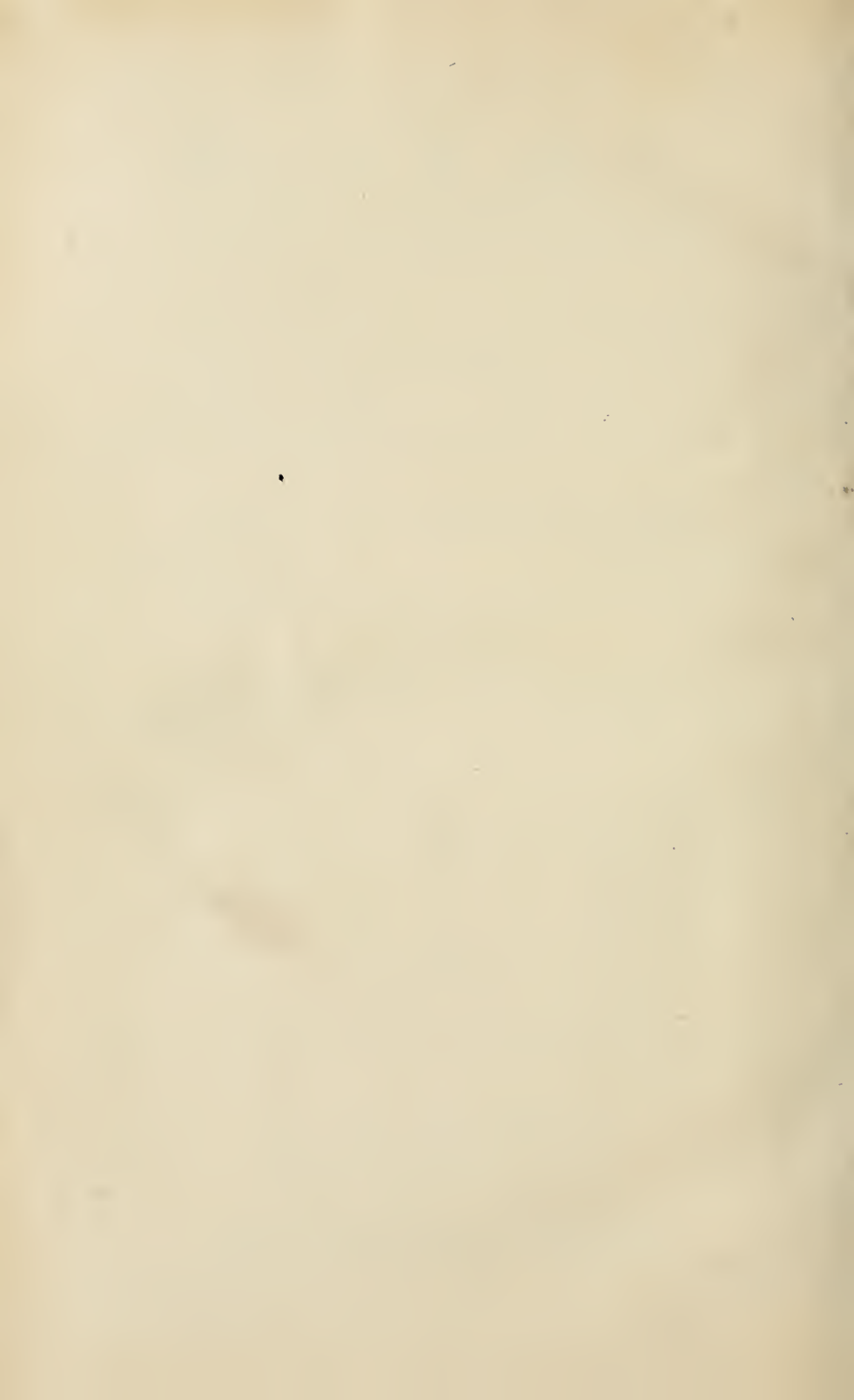
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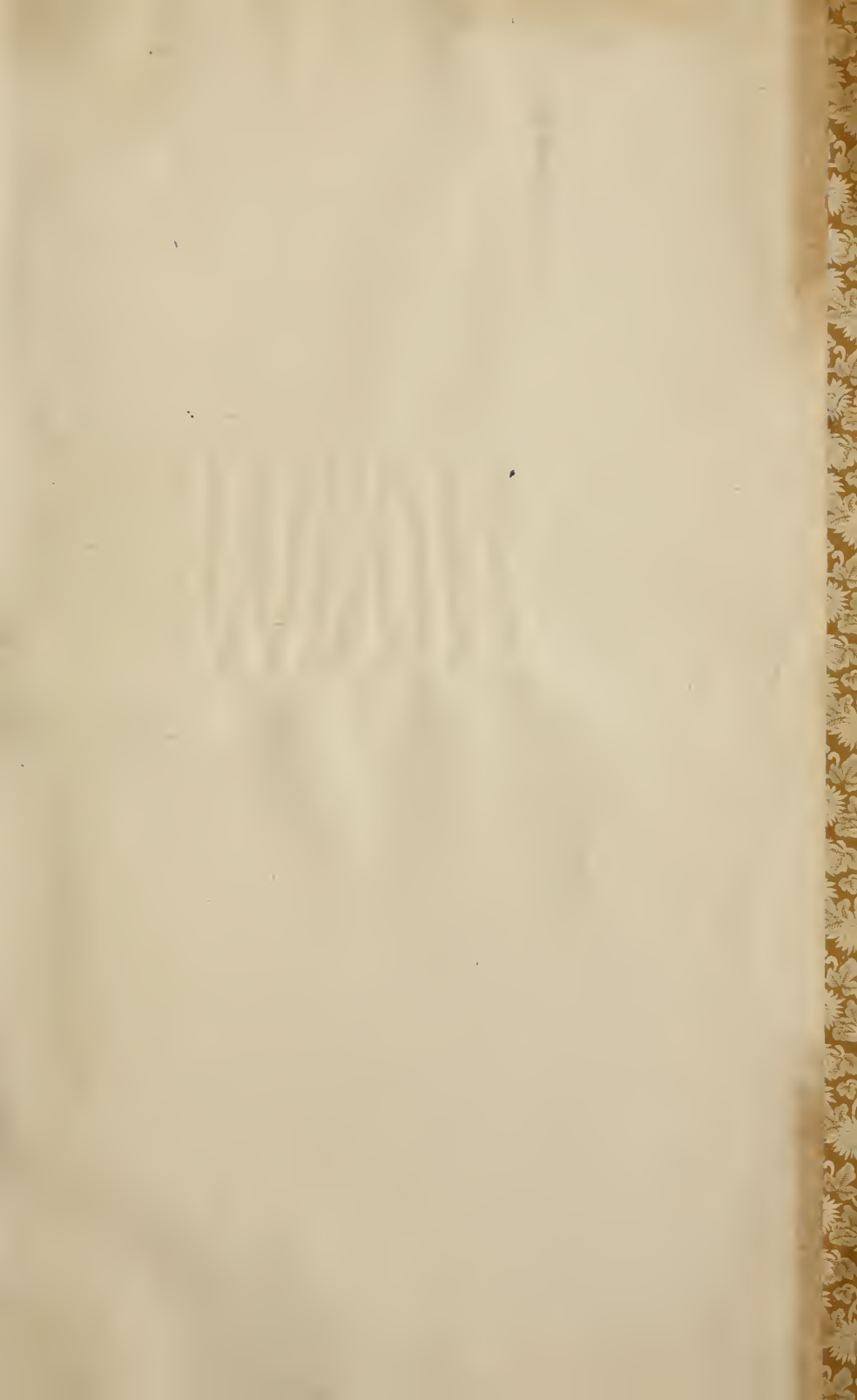
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