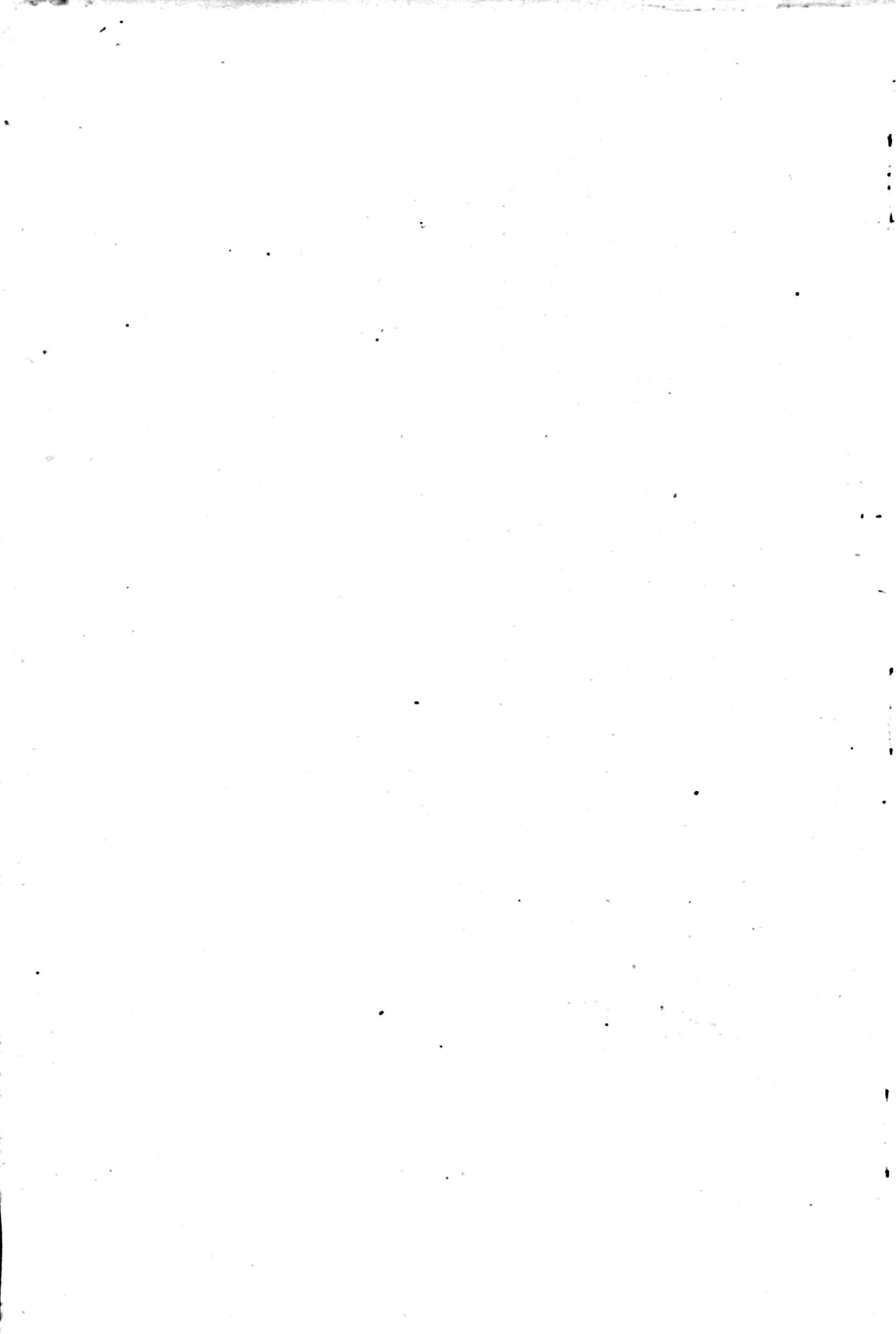


# The Intermont Index

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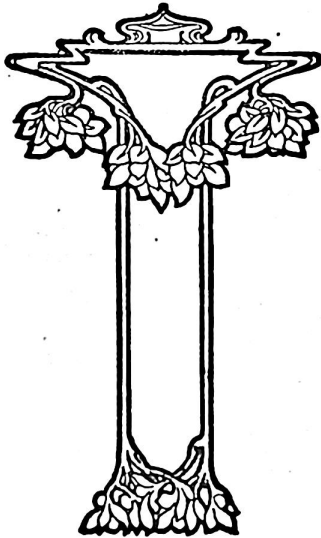
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# The Intermont Index

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## The Call of Freedom

*Genora McFaddin, '18*

"Wake, oh nation, cease to slumber,"  
'Twas the voice of Freedom's cry,  
Sounding like deep peals of thunder  
Bursting from a cloudless sky.

"Long have I, with Peace, that precious  
Gift of Him who rules above,  
Spread my tireless wings above you,  
With a spirit of true love.

"Blessings each successive season  
I have freely show'ed on thee;  
Other nations bondage-burdened  
Envied thee thy liberty.

"You must serve us, say the hostile  
In their autocratic pride;  
We have power to take your nation,  
All the world we'll rule beside.

"Wilt thou yield to them thy birthright,  
That for which thy fathers fought?  
Shall I pass forever from thee?  
Dost thou value me as nought?"

We have heard thy call, oh Freedom,  
And are daily heeding thee;  
See our men "Old Glory" bearing  
On towards fields of victory.

Thinking of our country's motto,  
Asking Him our guide to be,  
We will strive to make all nations  
Safe for pure democracy.

## Over the Enemy's Lines

*Kathlyn Allison, '18*

A big new American fighting plane propelled by the highly successful Liberty Motor, flew swiftly into sight, slowed a little, and began to descend, turning several loops and then zig-zagging to the ground. It came to a full stop on the large aviation field. A young man, tall, straight and clean looking—a cadet of about twenty-odd—climbed down from the pilot's seat and began looking over the plane with evidence of great satisfaction. The instructor, an older man, and a former captain in the Royal Flying Corps, with whom this young cadet was a favorite, climbed down also. One noticed immediately that one eye was closed, and there were several scars on his face. Men who knew him said he could see better with his remaining eye than a Hun could with both, but, nevertheless, regulations were such that he could not be allowed in active fields. And so, it was that after a long service, and a successful one, Captain Thurman was honorably discharged. Finding it impossible to serve longer in the "Corps," he had come to America and had been aiding as best he could in the training of American aviators.

As the younger man finished his inspection of the plane, Captain Thurman turned toward him and said: "Well, Harvey, you won't need me much longer. First thing you know you'll be in France, shooting at 'Kaiser Bill' for all you're worth." Then in a more serious tone he continued: "I tell you, boy, I envy you! What would I give to be able to go back! But no, I will be content with helping you boys to prepare—you, who will have to take our places."

The young cadet looked at his instructor with eyes full of admiration. "I wonder if I shall ever be as brave as you, Captain? It has been an inspiration to have you here. We will leave soon, but I want to tell you now that what you have taught me, outside of aviation, has been, and will be, of much value to me, more, in fact, than you can ever know. You have given me an entirely new and clearer idea of what a soldier must be. I go to fight now and I hope some day you may be proud of my record. The best I do will be largely due to you."

Then he grasped the Captain's hand, gave it a boyish squeeze and was off to the barracks.

Philip Harvey was a well-known athlete in a middle-western university. When war was declared in April, the college called off all inter-collegiate games, and the men began to join different branches of the service. The day that Philip was twenty-one his father received a telegram from him saying he would be home that evening, and added—"Don't tell mother." About train time the father made some excuse to go to the station and asked his wife to go with him. The train rolled into the little city, and from it tumbled a boy in uniform. The father understood in a glance—Philip had joined! On the way home he told them that he had joined that day in order to celebrate his attainment of "man's estate." Then followed a short period before he left for camp, days of preparation, sadness even, yet they all kept a stiff upper lip and sent him off with flags flying and pride glowing in their eyes. They never suspected that Philip knew how it hurt them, and how thankful he was for such true-blue parents!

He had gone into training with youthful enthusiasm—with visions of conquering—coming back a hero. It had remained to Captain Thurman to instill in him newer and better ideas of his duty. He had taught him what war really meant and, especially, what this war meant to Philip, to every American, as well as to the world. Thus it was that now after several months of training Philip Harvey was ready to go to France. Orders were expected any time—orders that would mean the leaving of his native country to do battle, in a foreign land, in the name of Humanity. Knowing this, Philip had taken this chance at thanking his Captain, and it proved best that he did.

That night the mysterious orders came to move to New York. The next few days were spent in making final preparations. Philip had only one more chance of seeing Captain Thurman during the moving. It was only a moment then, but Captain Thurman held Phillip's hand in a hearty grasp. "I will hear of you soon over there, I am sure! You will cover yourself in glory. May it be that we meet again after it is all over."

That was all, for Philip had to move on with the advancing column, the line that was going to brave the perils of the deep to

insure peace for the world by overthrowing autocracy on the blood-stained battle fields of France.

It was several months later—American troops were in the trenches in No Man's Land. Troops were coming in rapidly, for the big drive was expected soon. Germany was known to be massing her men, and the Allies were ever on the alert. The drive was coming, and coming soon; that was the conviction of every statesman, as well as every soldier. Each hour it grew more imminent. Toward dusk one day in the early spring, Philip Harvey was summoned to headquarters. The officer, with military abruptness, proceeded: "The enemy is known to be getting greater numbers each day. The attack will be soon. A new detachment is believed to be coming up to reinforce them by an unguarded road. It is necessary that we get information concerning this road, the supply stations and all other available knowledge. The work must be done quickly and quietly. Tomorrow, before day-break, is thought to be the best time. You have been recommended by your major as being best fitted to go. It is a perilous journey, of course!"

Philip's heart seemed to jump to his throat for a minute. He had been many times on trial trips across, but never alone. This would be different. The officer was continuing—"You will go before dawn, about four o'clock, and your going must be secret, for accurate information you must keep close to earth. You must work fast and bring information back here to headquarters immediately. That is all now. Report here in the morning."

Philip Harvey saluted, whirled and withdrew. Outside the air was clear and cool. The new moon was well up in the sky. Across No Man's Land great holes showed dimly, holes torn by shells and bombs. It was unusually quiet tonight, thought Philip—the quiet before the storm. Only once in a while did a volley ring out. Philip began to dream—so different was his first real fight to be from what he had imagined months before that it would be. He had seen himself going out in the big plane amidst the cheers of his comrades, crossing successfully the enemy's lines, executing his orders, shooting down the enemy perhaps, in a fight with superior numbers—coming back then possibly wounded, but a conqueror and hero—heralded over the world as a daring aviator who had accomplished wonderful things.

But tonight it all seemed different. He felt stealing over him some inexplicable sensation of strength and courage—not the excitement he had expected. Instead of cheering comrades there would be only the cold gray dawn to see him go. No spectacular fight would there be with the enemy, for he must get back with the papers. He could not risk them, even to fight. No one would know he was going, and he could tell no one. Then came thoughts of home. He could see his father and mother sitting there now thinking of him, and praying that he might return. Then thoughts of his care-free youth, his college chums, his enlisting, the farewell with his mother and father after a few days at home gripped him, and something hard welled up in young Philip's throat. The scene changed—he saw Captain Thurman, with his devotion to the cause, his silent suffering, his longing to be back in the thick of the fray. Philip could feel his warm hand clasp, and hear him say: "You will have to take our places."

"Yes," said Philip to himself, "and I'm going to do my best to make him proud of me. If a Hun gets me he'll have a *sweet* time doing it, sure!"

The misty gray dawn had come. Quietly Philip left his bunk and went to receive further orders.

"Keep high in the air till you are well over their trenches, then go a little southwest. We believe the road to be in that direction. Get every bit of information regarding this and also the station near there. You will have to work fast. If you are seen, and there's not a chance in a thousand you won't be, they will try to catch you. Don't waste time trying to fight. Start back toward here. If a fight is inevitable just keep a cool head and do your best. If brought down—well, you are not expected to come down alive. We are relying on you. Make good! It is time to go now."

Again Philip left, got into the waiting plane, started it, skimmed over the ground and began to rise, going up, up, up through the mists, and over No Man's Land toward the Huns.

The rising sun was beginning to dispel the mists when an airplane shot suddenly across the German trenches. It was so high up that it was not noticed for a while, and it was well over the back trenches before clear day revealed its identity. On it flew,

then southwest, and began to descend. When close enough to earth to get an accurate account Philip found that his officer's information had been correct, for there was the road, highly camouflaged, but visible to Philip's discerning eyes. He took time enough to get a correct estimate of the road, then began to look for the supply station, and found it not far away from the road. Having gotten the information he wanted, he headed his plane for an open stretch and brought it to the ground. Hastily pulling out a note-book he made a rough sketch and added several bits of information, then tucked it away and started the engine. But the Huns had discovered him. Hearing the noise of his engine and seeing him in the morning light flying high above them, they were soon in pursuit, and as Philip started to rise they swooped down on him. Nor was he unprepared, but with a singular coolness, shot his plane straight up into the air. Shells burst forth from the enemy's guns but he heeded them not, and with many a curve and a dash broke forth for the open with the enemy close behind him. It was, Philip realized, the exact moment he had anticipated in his dreams, except that instead of fighting a glorious fight he was fleeing. But he had no more time for thoughts of this nature. His orders were to get back with the information, and this he must do. So, while the shells burst around him, and the enemy circled above dropping bombs, Philip guided his plane back across the territory he had crossed only a little while before. Yet the enemy was in superior numbers and gained on him, tearing holes in the plane and making it careen through the air. Still Philip guided it on, now shooting upward and dropping behind the enemy, now cutting a zig-zag course toward the ground and each time that he did it, knowing he was losing his fight. The enemy's trenches were being crossed and the guns there were shooting at him. Yet by some supreme effort he kept on. Blood was flowing from his forehead, and his left leg had a stinging sensation in it; his plane had caught on fire at one end. He had not used his machine gun 'till then, but aiming carefully, now, he shot and one enemy plane fell to the ground, its pilot dead. There was a moment's lull then and during it Philip cleared the enemy's lines and was on his way over No Man's Land. After him came the enemy—closing in on him

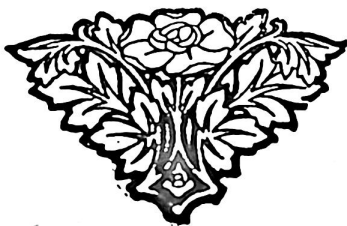
again. On he went, making for a place midway between the opposing lines—if he got there—

The flames were licking closer and closer, the plane was sinking. A shot hit Philip in the shoulder and his arm fell powerless. Down he was going—down lower and lower. The world reeled before his eyes, then with a mighty effort he gathered all his strength, and holding with one hand propelled his craft toward safety. He knew it would be all over soon, but he must save the papers! But how? There flashed into his brain one thought—if just before he hit the ground he jumped clear of the plane the information might be gotten to headquarters. It would kill him but perhaps when they came looking for him they would find the papers. He saw the midway goal near. The enemy, fearing, perhaps, the on-rush of the Allied planes, and believing Philip and his plane doomed, dropped slowly back. Philip felt the sinking of his machine; flames were scorching him; they were eating up the plane—another moment it would be too late. Therefore, leaning far out, and feeling the flames catch him almost up, he jumped, flung himself clear of the burning mass in its downward course. All was still and black.

The enemy's long delayed assault began soon. The much heralded offensive was on, yet as days turned to night, and nights became day again, the enemy was being held back. Though he broke through at places, his "great offensive" was a failure and the loss of men was great. Slowly but surely he was driven back. Supply stations, roads over which reinforcements came, guns, all were subject to the Allied fire. Havoc was wrought in the Hun lines, and defeat came—came at last to the barbarous enemy of life and liberty. Beast though he was, he could not know that there was an American pilot who would not quit even when beaten; who, wounded and almost unconscious, had crawled over the shell-torn stretch of No Man's Land, bringing to the American lines, the information so desired. He had crawled back and it had taken hours for him to do it. The night had fallen when he pulled himself up to the front trench and rolled down into it. Regaining consciousness for a minute, he had given up the papers and immediately passed off again

into darkness. He was a horrible sight! Blood covered his face and coat; great gashes were open on his forehead and shoulders. He was simply a broken, bloody, blackened mass, hovering on the edge of eternity.

Somewhere behind the lines in an American Base Hospital months later, a patient was being discharged. One arm was in a sling and his face had deep scars on it. As he walked, one noticed that he limped, though the doctors said that would be gotten rid of, and on his uniform was an American War Medal, given for "coolness and bravery in action." He was going home now on a furlough, but Philip Harvey knew that even though his home was dear to him, he would never be satisfied till he had come back and helped finish the struggle—of the world—for Liberty, for all Humanity.



## Stevenson, the Essayist

*Kathryn Lee Langston, '19*

"And this is the particular crown and triumph of the artist—not to be true merely, but to be lovable; not simply to convince, but to enchant."

Stevenson's pen is much like a comet: in whatever paths it travels, delight, charm, pleasure and their kin make up its tail, but particularly is this true when it journeys in the orbit of the essay. The power behind the pen toiled in many fields of literature, introduced himself as a poet, an author, and a correspondent, but though he has produced much delightful and refreshing work in these lines, he looms up greatest in my mind's eye as an essayist.

Often when one thinks of essays, a huge mountain of dry detail towers before him and he finds it more to his taste and pleasure to have some important engagement on hand or else a "blinding" sick headache rather than to wade helplessly and hopelessly into the deep and lurid waters of some dissertations. This is not true, though, if he has the essays of Robert Louis Stevenson in mind. They are too full of life and nature expressed in too awakening a way to even allow one time to search for labored or dull parts. The craftsman has interwoven originality, personality and a whimsical manner and has produced articles that delight the world. "Next to finish and brilliancy of execution, the most remarkable quality of his work is its variety," and we find an example of this in his various styles of essays. His literary treatises are handled with "success and freshness." The ones that are found in the collections entitled "Familiar Studies of Men and Books" and "Memories and Portraits" are models for the study of pure English, but instead of stiffness and formality, whimsical and wide-awake discussions are presented. Neither does our essayist fall short in the art of picturing characters of real life to his readers. In "The Manse" he vividly sets forth the traits of his grandfather, and "Prince Otto" is sometimes classed solely as a charming study of human lives. Then, Stevenson

has chosen another line in the wide scope of the essay to show his superb art. From personal experience, from his own travels, he gleaned inspiration and material for the jewels found in "An Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes." These are neither railroad folders nor guide books, but interesting and often laughable accounts of his journeyings. Some admirer of Stevenson has said that the touch of the moral philosopher was never deeply hidden in his lightest production, and this fact is certainly verified in the work under discussion. Many times he closed his essays with a bit of philosophy, especially in the collection "Virginibus Puerisque," "in which he preaches with captivating vigor and grace his gospel of youth, courage, and a contempt of the timidities and petty respectabilities of life."

This Scotch writer had a style that no one else could claim. "The 'love of lovely words' was one of his passions" and one of his strong points; it was the secret of his "exquisite and finished style." He worked hard even when just a boy for a full and rich vocabulary and an attractive manner of expression. Indeed, "he was a conscious artificer in words." In his endeavor to work harmony into his prose productions, he never lost sight of originality of expression, and, although occasionally he would be led off by his vivacity into queer and possibly disappointing adventures in writing, he never failed to carry them off with buoyant and gay spirits. Some one has gone so far as to say that his manner of expression was perfect, if not plus-quam-perfect, and though many will hold that such exaggeration is beyond all reasoning, all will have to admit that this frail man was the possessor of an exceptionally beautiful and charming style.

If you are interested in the chronological happenings of Stevenson's life, when he was born and when he died, my advice to you is to consult one of the innumerable encyclopediae; but should you desire an intimate acquaintance with his personality and insight into his thoughts and feelings, in short, his attitude toward life, I gladly recommend you to any volume of his essays. "Never was a man more frankly autobiographic in his writings." He was a lover of life and of living more than anything else. In one place he writes, "Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity

to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality." In the collection of essays entitled "Memories and Portraits," almost every other sentence reveals some part of the author's character and often his very selections of subjects are apologies for and explanations of himself. If there is any question how he could plead so effectively for the idler, just remember that he himself was considered a fit pattern for one when a boy. When he sat around and dreamed or walked about and dreamed, always carrying, as he tells us, two books with him, one to read and the other to write in, he easily won the reputation of a "do-nothing," of an idler. How could his acquaintances know, though, that he was destined to fill a conspicuous place in literature? Stevenson's favorite haunt was his imagination, and from it he handed forth many charms and delights, always, whether conscious or not, accompanying them with himself.

It would be unkind and most useless to even attempt to compare Stevenson with other writers because he might be hidden beneath accomplishments of others that he never strove to attain. His originality, his extraordinary treatment of subjects and his personal charm as revealed through his works might be lost sight of; and so, let us give Robert Louis Stevenson a platform of his own where his works, his essays in particular, may stand forth as an heirloom to humanity.

## Fixing the Fix

*Pearl Huff, '20*

"Great Cæsar, now I am in a pretty mess; exactly what you would call a predicament," burst out Peg as she dashed into her room where her room-mate was quietly studying.

"For goodness sake, Barbara, don't sit there and look so unconcerned. Put that book on the table and help me solve a problem more difficult than your wise head has yet tackled," burst forth Peg, emphasizing her remarks by a tug at Barbara's dark, thick locks.

"What is it now?" asked Barbara, who was used to Peg's sudden out-bursts and her "problems." "Come and 'fess up and we will try to fix it."

Peg drew up a stool at Barbara's feet, settled herself comfortably, then took a letter from her middy pocket.

"Of course it's that everlasting Bob," she began.

"Oh don't blame Bob now. You know you wouldn't let anyone else do so," smiled Barbara.

"Well, it's this way, Barbara. I received this letter from him this morning and he springs one on me by saying he will be here tomorrow afternoon, but will only have a little while because his troop will stay in town an hour.

"Seems that wouldn't be a predicament. Everything is pleasant enough, unless it is the short time," answered Barbara.

"But listen, I am not through yet. I went to Mrs. Windsor and she says positively that I cannot see him, because it will interfere with my chemistry lesson." Here Peg began to show distinct signs of a shower, for the tears certainly were very near falling. Then she hid her face in Barbara's lap and sobbed out. "I can't bear to see Bob leave and not tell him good-bye. He may be shipped to France any minute. Oh, I wish I had never heard of "Windsor's Select School for Young Women," then I wouldn't be in such a fix."

"Well don't cry, dear; we will try to fix the fix. What time do you have chemistry tomorrow?"

"From 3:30 to 4:00, but why do you ask? It doesn't help the situation any and that is the very time Bob will be here. And as

he is on the train now I can't get him word not to come; not that I would get him that word though. It would kill me not to see him—maybe for the last time, too," and with the last words Peg began to tune up again.

Barbara paid no heed to Peg's ravings this time, but began to think. "Let's see," she mused, "tomorrow is Wednesday, Mrs. Windsor's calling day, but doubtless she has instructed Miss Higgins to see that you are in class. There is one teacher absent, isn't there? Which one is it?"

"Miss Pelham, the art teacher."

"Chemistry class will not recite tomorrow," stated Babara decidedly.

"What, who, how are——" began Peg aghast, albeit hopefully.

"Chemistry class will not recite tomorrow," repeated Babara.

"Barbara Irwin, you the reserved, sedate, model school girl for us all, how could you accomplish the non-recitation?"

"Wait and see, Peggy dear, and in the meantime don't worry about not seeing Bob."

Late that same evening, Mrs. Windsor was very much surprised, as well as flattered, to receive a Special Delivery announcing the fact that the learned instructor in Art from—— College would visit the school the following afternoon on his tour of inspection to collect statistics as to the work in modern arts being accomplished in the Southern colleges. Mrs. Windsor was in a predicament now. She had promised, and she was renowned for never breaking one, a certain Mrs. Trustee to whom she was under obligations (owing to the fact that she had donated a large amount to Modern Arts Department), to accompany her on a visit to the New District Library. What could she do? She must decide between a greater name for her school, the result of wide advertisement through the Professor, and her reputation for never breaking an appointment. Of course, she needn't give up either. Miss Higgins could pass as her representative and receive the Professor and she could keep her appointment, one to which she had looked forward with much pleasure. It was true Miss Higgins knew more of Modern Art than she herself. Miss Pelham's absence was a great misfortune. She would not be so quick to give her a week-end holiday next time.

Peg heard the news, that chemistry class would not recite, with a joyous skip and hop and a vigorous expressed "Thanks for the day, comrades." She could see Bob, and Barbara would not have to puzzle her head about a plan. Singing happily a popular ditty, she ran to tell her room-mate the good news. Barbara was digging among some old clothes in her trunk, but when Peg entered she let the lid fall with a bang. Peg did not notice her occupation, but began to explain that it was all right and not to bother about a plan, as Miss Higgins would not have her class. "And aren't you relieved about the plan?" she ended.

Babara smiled. "That's nice," was all she said.

Peg scowled, "You don't seem one bit glad about my good fortune, Barbara, and your answers to all of my "oratorical interrogations" are as laconic as those of some of your silent old Greeks from Sparta.

Barbara took Peg's face between her hands, "Nobody is gladder than I am, honey, especially as that small matter has troubled your pretty red head."

Peg impulsively threw her arms around Barbara's neck, "You are the best 'roomie' ever; it's a pity you call a boy such a small matter."

The next afternoon promptly at 3:30, the door bell of Windsor boarding school rang, and to Miss Higgins who answered the bell stiffly, a fussily attired gentleman of artistic appearance presented himself. He was of medium height, had a bushy head of iron grey hair, cut in the style peculiar to artists, wore a Van Dyke beard, a monstrous pair of colored spectacles bestrode his nose and his plain black-cloth suit was characteristic of his quiet manner.

"Miss Higgins, I believe?" he asked, handing her his card bearing the inscription, Prof. Percy Maurice, Instructor of Art, Sculpture, etc., at —— College.

Miss Higgins was impressed at once, as she led him up the stairs to the art studio. She wished she had worn her grey taffeta, which became her so much better than this plain blue serge.

They entered the Art Studio, where Prof. Maurice was at home. He began to examine drawings, paintings and models of sculpture. He commented on the nice work done on this, the fine shade of

that, sometimes offering a criticism, while Miss Higgins assented to everything, not being well versed in art. At last she felt compelled to say something definite. She called his attention to the picture of a group of horses. "Do you think this copy of Joshua Reynold's "Horse Fair" really meritorious, Prof. Maurice?"

Prof. Maurice coughed and blew his nose violently. "Uh, er—as, yes, yes, very, very," was his rather spasmodic reply. Miss Higgins was startled at the agitated manner of the honored Professor, and decided that she would venture no further remarks on the subject. How could she know that Joshua Reynolds painted portraits in preference to animals? She became silent, while he continued to inspect, jotting notes and references.

Finally he was through. Miss Higgins heaved a sigh of relief. Now perhaps she could claim his attention for a while. Being only thirty-nine, she had not yet given up hopes. She would lead him into a field of conversation on a subject with which she was familiar.

"Prof. Maurice, perhaps you would like to investigate other departments of the work carried on here, Science for instance."

"Yes, certainly Madame, glad to, glad to," and he followed her to the chemistry laboratory, where she let her powers of eloquence flow on the many good points of the department, which was her favorite. But the Professor seemed to be as well informed in this line of education as with Art, and Miss Higgins became filled with more admiration every moment at his scholarly attributes, and secretly wished he would say something personal. Her wish was soon fulfilled.

"Time flies," quoth the paragon as he glanced at his huge watch. "If I succeed in catching the evening train to Washington, I must depart. I cannot express to you the pleasure I have received from this visit and the excursion through your different departments. The report which I make to the State Board of Education in regard to the splendid work being done here will be most favorable, and again I wish to express to you my personal pleasure derived from this visit," and with a sweeping bow, "not a small part of that pleasure was afforded by your presence, Miss Higgins."

Miss Higgins beamed, "My dear sir, I take great pleasure in returning the compliment, and I extend to you a cordial invitation in behalf of the school to come again. You will always receive a most hearty welcome."

"Thanks, thanks, and I shall remember, and take advantage of the next opportunity to do so; and the Art Department will not be the only source of attraction, I assure you. Now, adieu," and with another profound bow he left.

Miss Higgins in a great flurry, ascended to her room, and it might be guessed that the pink in her cheeks was not caused entirely by the exertion of mounting the stairs.

It was time for room bell that night, almost seven o'clock, and Barbara was in her room studying as usual. Her study was interrupted this time by Peg again, who entered in her characteristic manner, but a bit more explosive than when she had entered the previous night. She ran to Barbara, snatched her beloved Horace from her hand, took her around the waist and dumped her on the bed. "Oh, I am in an ecstasy of joy! Bob stayed a whole hour, and the funniest little gentleman came while we were in the parlor. Miss Higgins conducted him over the building, and when he left Miss Higgins blushed something awful. Think of her having a beau! And what is more, I looked all over the building to find you so I could introduce you to Bob, but you were nowhere to be found."

"Something must be said in favor of your physical prowess, Peg. You treat me as if I were a creature without any feelings," and though Barbara said this coolly enough she seemed uncomfortably warm, for she freed herself from Peg's arms and walked to the window.

"Something must be said for your coolness, too," retorted Peg, as she came to Barbara's side. "Why, I do believe you are crying, or laughing, which?"

Barbara's coolness and calmness suddenly deserted her and she burst out in a regular gale of laughter.

Peg stared. "What in the world; it seems it must be the rowdy who becomes a reminder that this is study hour. Better slow down or Miss Windsor will pounce upon us. Hush long enough to tell me the joke anyway."

Barbara at last controlled herself. "Don't be shocked, my dearest Peg, I have not gone insane, but it has been so long since I indulged myself in a good laugh that I had to break loose just once.

"There must be some real, rock-bottom cause for that laugh. There is for most of your actions, and you haven't told me what it is yet."

For answer Barbara drew Peg to the window, and showed her the end of a string tied to the bed-post. "Pull that, and keep on pulling," she directed. Peg obeyed, wondering meanwhile what the mystery could be. Suddenly a dark bundle was drawn over the window sill. She examined it. A black coat, trousers, cane, silk hat, grey wig, and beard composed the bundle. She turned to Barbara.

"I am in the dark; please explain."

"Do not those clothes look familiar?"

"No; can't say that they do."

"Remember the little gentleman who visited the Art Studio this afternoon?"

"Yes, I do, but—"

"What would you do if I told you I was that gentleman?"

Peg jumped. "You," then a faint, "O, I begin to see light."

"Do you think I looked the part of the distinguished artist?"

A gasp answered her. "Was it you?" Then she dashed at Barbara and caught her in her arms. "Well, I will be John Browne. I am about to understand now; it was all your make up, the special delivery to Miss Windsor, and all. But tell me how you worked it?"

"Peg, you take my breath away. Give me breathing space anyway."

"Here, sit in this nice cushioned Morris and tell me all about it."

"It was very simple, nothing to rave about."

"Simple," Peg sniffed, "but go on, I am impatient."

"Well, as I said it was very simple—no great problem involved at any rate. I could not bear to see you disappointed about not seeing Bob on account of just a half hour class, so I resolved to make the way clear. It happened that I had no classes this afternoon

after 2:45. You remember I asked the time of your class. I succeeded in getting Mrs. Windsor's permission to visit Cousin Margaret in town. It happened that the black coat and trousers were in my trunk, left over from last year's masquerade. The rest was easy enough. I could use the suit when combined with a few other little accessories in disguising myself. I dropped the clothes out of my window so no one could notice me carrying such a large package from the building. Everybody was in class on the other side of the house, so I was unobserved when I picked it up on my way around to the gate. Arriving at Cousin Margaret's, I explained my plan to her and she helped me. First of all, I sent the special to Mrs. Windsor. Of course, it was supposed to be sent after the professor reached town. I purchased spectacles, wig, hat, cane, etc., in town, then returned to Cousin Margaret's to dress. I proceeded on my way to the college, and after it was reached all went well. I certainly seemed to make a hit with Miss Higgins."

Then she related in detail her inspection of the studios and laboratory.

"It is fortunate that I have a deep voice, and that I am not in any of her classes; otherwise she might have recognized me. I just barely escaped betraying myself, anyway, when she asked my opinion concerning the merits of that copy of "The Horse Fair" by Joshua Reynolds. I thought surely everyone knew that Rosa Bonheur painted that picture. But I won a place in her good grace, I am sure, because of her urgent request of me to call again."

Peg gave her room-mate an affectionate squeeze. "I must say you certainly are a brick of a 'roomie.' What in this world caused you to do all that? If caught you surely would have been in a mess."

"I had nothing else to do, and I couldn't bear to see you so disappointed about Bob."

"Who would have guessed that my quiet, precise, conventional 'roomie' would have attempted such an escapade. Verily, verily, quiet waters run deepest; and you are not so immune from the attractions of the opposite sex as one would suppose from your

brave and dignified manner. Otherwise, you would not have risked so much for Bob."

"For you," corrected Barbara.

"I know something," hinted Peg.

"Evidently you do. Would you consent to communicating that knowledge to your humble co-convict in this benighted cell?"

"No red-tape, please. You might as well 'fess up in turn, and admit you have a knight-errant somewhere. Tell me where and who."

"An aviator, somewhere in France."

"Were you able to tell him good-bye when he left?"

"No."

"Now, I see why you were unwilling for Bob to go without seeing me."

"Let's get to studying, Peg."

"Anyway," ventured Peg, "I bet Miss Higgins will be looking for Prof. Maurice this time next year."



## To The Fountain of Bandusia

(Translation of Horace Ode III, 13)

*Maud Wallace, '18*

To thee, Bandusian Fount, I sing,  
Whose crystal waters flow so clear,  
Deserving all that I could bring  
Of flowers or wine from far and near.

When fair Aurora ushers in  
The splendor of a new-born day,  
I will my sacrifice begin,  
Thy placid beauty to repay.

For thee a tender kid I'll slay  
Whose horns foretell of love and strife;  
They're useless to him from this day,  
For soon he'll be deprived of life.

Thy bubbling waters, pure and mild,  
Will soon be changed to crimson red  
By this young dweller of the wild,  
Whose guiltless blood for thee I'll shed.

The sultry summer's stifling heat,  
Thy cooling shades fore'er repel:  
The oxen, tired, with weary feet,  
The wandering flock rest in thy dell.

The giant oak that stands so strong  
O'er rocks 'neath which thy waters sing,  
Shall I now celebrate in song  
To make thee famous, joyous spring.

## The Spy

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*Isobel Virgin, '20*

Dave Redding took out the note book once more, read it over carefully, and then tucked it back into his vest pocket. As he did so his hand came in contact with a metal substance pinned to his vest. It was his official star! A warm glow of pride thrilled through him. He recalled the happy moment when he had been accepted as one of Uncle Sam's secret service men. This note meant that they would watch him carefully to see if he were worthy of the position. It was his first case and he'd have to show them what kind of stuff he was made of.

And so a German spy was on her way to Clay City. So read the note. He wondered what was before him. Well, at any rate, he'd make a good start.

As he turned and walked toward the principal hotel, he pictured her as an eagle-eyed woman of about forty with an evil face and snake-like movements. He hated to work against a woman, but when Uncle Sam's interests were at stake, he was equal to anything.

He stopped before the imposing sign of the "Imperial" hotel, entered and walked up to the proprietor's desk. "Morning, Mr. Johnson."

"Morning, Dave, glad to see you, boy. Where've you been hiding yourself?"

"Oh, I've been very busy," answered Dave with an important air. "By the way, Mr. Johnson, I'd like to see you a moment about a very important matter, if you will."

"Certainly, certainly," replied Mr. Johnson cheerfully. "Just step in here." And he led the way to his private office wondering what on earth this mysterious young man could want with him.

Dave seated himself in the proffered chair and explained his mission. After he had finished and Mr. Johnson had consented to "keep an eye open" for any strange woman who might register there, Dave departed with a satisfied confidence in his detective ability.

He made a similar visit to the other less important hotel, and returned home to pore over volumes of intrigue and crime, of detectives and criminals. The clock chimed twelve. Still he read and read, until his head drooped, his eyes closed, and he dreamed of Dave Redding of the future—supreme commander of Uncle Sam's secret service forces.

All the next morning he sat by the telephone with one of his precious volumes in his hand, waiting for the ring of the phone which would mean a beginning of his work.

Late that afternoon the call came. As he took down the receiver Mr. Johnson's voice came to him over the wire.

"Hello."

"Hello! Any news yet?" queried Dave eagerly.

"Well, you might call it that. Anyway, there's a young woman here, just got in, that you might be interested in."

"Thank you sir. I'll be right down."

Dave hung up the receiver and capered for joy. He'd show them now. Grabbing his hat he rushed out of the door.

Mr. Johnson met him at the hotel entrance. He explained that a young woman had registered there by the name of Laura Belleau who acted rather mysteriously, but she didn't look like one of those German spies.

Dave secured a room next to hers, entered, and saw with satisfaction that there was a door between the two rooms. He tried it softly. Locked! Then he applied a big brown eye to the key hole.

There she was! But how helpless and lonesome she appeared! A tiny blond thing curled up in the depths of a big chair—crying. Dave's heart went out to her at once. Even if she was a spy, she looked so miserable. This was dangerous business for a woman. He wondered if she had anyone to help and take care of her.

The girl arose, crossed to the window and sat down.

Dave also went to his window and sat down to think it over.

This girl certainly didn't look like a spy. (He hesitated at the word. It didn't seem right to apply it to that pretty little thing, but appearances are sometimes deceiving.) He recalled the many instances recorded in his beloved volumes in which the criminal, by means of an innocent-looking make-up, had completely de-

ceived the forces. He wondered where the girl was from, what her name was, and what had brought her to follow such a trade.

His rambling reveries suddenly stopped. He had heard a window raised. He leaned out of his own window. The girl was bending forward, intently watching a dark-skinned man on the opposite sidewalk. By pure will power, she drew his eyes to meet hers. He started, hastily crossed the street, and stood beneath the girl's window.

Dave drew his curtain more closely. Presently a note fluttered down from the girl's window. The man read it, glanced hurriedly around, and then started spelling words on his fingers. Dave, by observing carefully, had caught the words, "eight o'clock." The man turned and went swiftly away. The race had begun. His first important discovery had been made. And yet, there was no doubt of the girl's guilt. Somehow he had hoped it was not so.

He returned to his post of observation, the key-hole. The girl was packing a small suit-case with fluffy garments, harmless enough in their way, but able to conceal any number of papers and documents. The draught thru the key-hole went up his nose. He grabbed wildly for his handkerchief, but it seemed to have disappeared. Then the room re-echoed with a tremendous "Ka-choo-oo!"

The girl jumped and turned suspicious, frightened eyes toward the door. Dave knew this would never do. He must be more careful in the future or all his work would be in vain. He must make some excuse, and in the meantime, he might be able to discover new evidence. He went around to the hall door and knocked. He heard her tip-toe across the room, and his heart beat furiously. Then she opened the door, and Dave found himself gazing down into a wonderful dew-wet pair of eyes, just like velvet pansies. He reddened a little, cleared his throat, and made a start. "Er—a—excuse me, but my friend in there has a very bad case of grippe, in fact he is really very ill, and I wondered if you had anything, smelling salts, or something that might relieve him."

The frightened eyes overflowed with sympathy. "Why yes, I think I have," answered the sweetest voice Dave had ever heard. She dug down into the suit case and extracted a delicate cut-glass

bottle. Dave took it out of her soft little white hand, thanked her, and returned to his room.

Another discovery! There was a monogram engraved on the bottle, P. H., but these initials did not fit the name registered. Yet that was to be expected. Sp—, people in that trade always did register under assumed names. "P. H." he muttered. "It ought to be Pansy. That just suits her. But that "H." I suppose is German," and putting the bottle into his pocket, he started reviewing all the German names he could think of, yet all seemed too harsh to belong to such a lovely girl.

After dinner he returned to his window to watch. Nothing happened. Everything was as quiet as the grave. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the soft, creeping tread of someone in the hall. Dave was alert in an instant. He listened. It passed his room and went on down the corridor. He tip-toed to the door, opened it softly and peered out. It was the girl, dressed in a blue traveling suit and hat with the suspicious suitcase in her hand. She crept on down the hall, then suddenly turned into an unoccupied room. Dave grabbed his hat and followed. He peered around the door of the unoccupied room, and saw the girl just disappearing thru the window, out upon the fire escape. He waited until he thought she would have time to reach the ground, then he cautiously began the descent. She was hurrying along, two blocks down the street when he reached the bottom. He followed her, keeping in the deep shadows of the buildings, for there were few street lights in Clay City.

Every now and then she glanced over her shoulder. Once she caught sight of him and broke into a little run. Suddenly she darted down a side street. By making a short cut thru backyards and over fences Dave succeeded in diminishing the distance. On she went with Dave always close upon her heels.

She came to a sudden stop at Jefferson Park. Softly she called "Julius." The tall, dark man of the afternoon emerged from the shubbery. She gave a little cry, and flew toward him. Dave's teeth clicked. He crept up behind them. His revolver and flashlight were ready.

"Did you bring the box?" he heard the man ask.

"Yes, but oh, Julius! I've been so lonesome. Why didn't you meet me?"

"It couldn't be helped, my dear. But come, no more of this. Let's be going. First, let me have the box."

"Oh no! It's way down in my suitcase, and I can't get it now. I'll give it to you later. Is everything ready?"

The man plainly angered, gave a growling assent, and they started off, Dave still following. He was determined to get that box. It must contain something of value to him.

The couple had taken the way to the little station. It was a lonesome street. On one side stood a long line of empty freight cars with the locomotive at the end.

Dave slowed up to see which direction the man and the girl would take. They were hidden for a time in the shadows of the cars, and he thought for a moment that he had lost them.

Suddenly he stopped short in horror. A girl's shrill scream of terror pierced the air. Dave dashed forward, and came full upon the dark skinned man, whose fingers grasped the girl's throat. She struggled feebly. Dave's automatic was out, spitting bullets wildly in every direction. The man releasing the girl, who dropped limply to the ground, dodged swiftly among the cars and disappeared.

"She's dead!" groaned Dave.

He had no thought now of German spies, he only knew that he must protect this tiny, flower-like girl. He tore away the suitcase which had tumbled over her face, and tenderly picked her up. Then he hesitated. What should he do? He felt utterly helpless. He only knew he must bring aid to the girl. His gaze rested on the line of empty freight cars, and his face brightened. He placed her on the floor of one of the cars, and turned to seek help. Then he paused. How pitiful she looked with her waving yellow hair tumbled over her shoulders, with her face so small and pale. Suddenly he bent and kissed her white forehead. Blushing at his own audacity, he turned, caught up the suit case, and stated on a run for the nearest help.

He had gone but a short distance when the rumble of a train made him turn. The freight cars were moving. He rushed back just in time to swing aboard before the increasing speed of the freight could have prevented it.

The girl was lying just as he had left her.

"Here's a pretty mess, he thought. Why was I such a fool as to put her in a freight car?"

But matters could not be helped now. He must make the best of it. He remembered the bottle of smelling salts, and thanked his stars that he hadn't left it in the hotel. He held it to the girl's delicate little nose and rubbed her hands until the eye-lids fluttered. She looked up at him, then came to a sitting position with a little scream of terror. "Where am I? What has happened?" she gasped with wide, pleading eyes.

"There now, it's all right. You just got a little hurt, and I had to put you here in this car, and then the blamed thing started going. Don't get frightened; I'll take care of you," soothed Dave.

The past rushed back to the girl, and she sank down against the side of the car with a moan.

"But here, I'd better close this door, or one of us'll be rolling out on our head. Can you hold the flashlight? That's it."

After the car was closed Dave sat down and explained the state of affairs more fully to the wide-eyed girl.

"But who are you," she queried, "that you followed me from the hotel and all the way down here? Did Daddy send you after me?"

Dave looked at her in astonishment. Then his face became a little stern. "Look here!" he said. "Tell me the whole thing and I'll make it as easy for you as I can. Don't try to side track me with any of that talk."

The girl stared at him blankly, and then said, "Well, I'll tell you. You see, I'm Pansy Hargrave. ("I knew it," said Dave under his breath.) You've heard of Hargrave & Company of New York, I suppose," she went on swiftly. "Julius, that man, was, I thought—well, he seemed wonderful to me at first, so different and distinguished, and —I—I think I fell in love with him. Daddy had never met him, and so when we were secretly engaged, Daddy found it out and was furious. He didn't like Julius. He didn't know anything about him. Julius had just appeared out of nowhere, and I was introduced to him at a dance just two weeks ago." She stopped and choked back the tears that were filling her eyes. "O, Daddy," she whispered, "I do want you so."

Dave was wildly attempting to collect his scattered thoughts. He could only gasp, "Go on."

"Well," continued Pansy drying her tears, "We decided, or rather Julius did, to run away. I was to meet him at Clay City so he would not arouse suspicion by coming home, and I was to be sure and bring the family jewels that mother left to me."

"Wait," commanded Dave, "you said the family jewels? What were they in?"

"A little brass box."

"Then that's what that skunk was after?"

"Yes," she admitted, "he didn't care for me at all. I don't have to be told that. I found it out myself. He's just a common thief who posed as a Frenchman, and fooled 'most everybody. But, oh, to think that he should deceive me so! And what will Daddy say?"

Here she broke out sobbing. It seemed only natural that Dave's arm should creep around her, and only more natural that her bright head should rest confidently on his shoulder. Thus it was that she sobbed herself to sleep, and Dave, not daring to move lest he disturb her, kept watch thru the soft April night, as the long line of cars swept thru the peaceful country.

Just as dawn broke Pansy stirred, rubbed her eyes, gazed vacantly around, and then glanced up at her traveling companion. His head had fallen back against the side of the car, his eyes were closed, his black hair tousled. He was fast asleep.

"Poor thing," she murmured, "he's had a tiresome job."

She gently loosed herself from his encircling arm, slipped over to the little suit case, and took out a tiny gold vanity case and a comb. After her little nose was as white as she desired and her wavy hair was arranged to suit her taste, she returned to her sleeping companion and softly drew the comb thru his tousled locks. He came out of his dreams with a start. She drew back, laughing at his confusion. He got up, stretched, and smiled down at her. "How nice, Dearest, to be prepared so soon for my wedding day." He tilted her downcast head and kissed her rose-bud of a mouth. "For it is our wedding day. Did you know it? There's a bully parson somewhere along this road who's going to marry us just as soon as we can get there."

As Pansy was too deliciously confused to answer, Dave took for granted that silence meant consent.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later, in a big swing on the porch of a cozy bungalow, sat Mr. and Mrs. Dave Redding. Opposite in a comfortable wicker chair was Mr. Hargrave, proudly observing his new son-in-law. Next to him sat Tom Channing, Dave's old college room-mate.

Dave, an entirely new Dave, a boy no longer, but a real man, was bending his head to catch his wife's soft little voice. "And Dave, you never did tell me why you followed me from the hotel," Pansy was saying.

"Well, you see, it was this way," began Dave desperately. "When I first set eyes on you I said to myself, 'That's the girl for me,' so I just naturally kept after you."

Pansy cuddled up closer with a contented sigh.

"And what became of that German spy?" asked Channing after a pause.

"W—why, I've never given her a thought," gasped Dave.

"Pshaw, then my April fool joke didn't disturb you any after all?"

"What joke?"

"Why, I sent that message just to get you to doing something. And all my trouble for nothing," groaned Tom.

"Why, I can't say that I think it was," protested Dave, as he gave his little wife's hand a loving squeeze.

## Milton's Satan

*Evelyn Wyatt, '19*

As it originally appeared in the Hebrew language, Satan meant an adversary, and from the very beginning, Milton's Satan portrays himself as a verification of this definition. Our first glimpse of him is just before his downfall. Satan, the leader of a host of archangels, proved an opponent of the Almighty's because of his jealousy and conceit. There burned in him the desire for supremacy in power, and he was deeply hurt to think that there was one who excelled him. Thus realizing that God was his superior in every way, he waged war in heaven, and, as a consequence, he, with his followers and supporters, was cast from heaven into the burning lake.

Satan was the first one after the fall to regain consciousness. He, the leader of the band, instead of being a little, wiry, homely man, such as we often picture in our minds, was a giant of almost inconceivable stature, towering above even the greatest of his fellows in disgrace. The spear he wielded was as tall as the tallest Norwegian pine. Nor did his brightness fall short in comparison with his height. Even through his fall he retained a great part of his original brilliancy, and we are led to believe he had evidently been one of the highest in heaven for yet he shone above all his companions.

As is true of mortal man, on Lucifer's face might be read his chief characteristics. His cheeks were scarred by that weapon, thunder, the only thing which God possessed with which to overcome him. At least, so thought Satan, who, in his conceit, attributed Jehovah's superiority to only one thing, and that was thunder. In the depths of his huge eyes shown cruelty, pride, hate, and remorse and passion over the thought of being compelled to an existence in pain and darkness.

When we think of his greatness of stature, it seems only natural that Satan should possess the desire for power. At the first glimpse, he appears really not so demoniac as we usually imagine him; in fact, there is a feeling of disappointment because no evidences of his horribleness appear. His speeches show clearly

that he is intellectual, but the further we read the more we find against him. All his mental power is used to avenge his downfall. Every plan is guided by and based upon outlines formulated by his "obdurate pride and steadfast hate." Through the tumult of thought, wrath, disappointment and bewilderment, which he feels when the realization of what has really happened comes over him, rises his great pride. In spite of his undesirable change of position, rather than try to get back to his former home, his pride tells him to seek revenge. His Satanic majesty is disappointed, disgusted and wholly discouraged with the outlook of his future, yet through his pride and his desire for revenge, he keeps a brave heart.

Satan, while still in heaven had so long ignored his conscience that when he falls, he loses it entirely. We find him consequently possessing no such moral guide, but instead, the motto:

"To do good never will be our task,  
But ever do ill our sole delight,  
As being contrary to his high will  
Whom we resist."

The fall of this host of Satan and his followers was great, and now that novelty is ceasing to exist in the change, plans must be made for the future. War, war against Heaven is at first suggested by the leader but the idea is immediately discouraged by his companions. Various schemes are presented, but Satan wants power. His philosophy is that:

"To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell;  
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

After a debate among the chief of the fallen angels, it is agreed to find, if possible, a verification of the prophecy rumored in heaven concerning the earth on which God had placed some creatures whom he termed "darlings" and who were deemed most high. Satan's spirit raged. He thereupon decided to wreak vengeance on the Almighty by harming his pets, on earth. Here we find

how courageous and dauntless he was, and see how much persistence he possessed in living up to his motto.

Satan came to earth, and his visit did play havoc. The effects are seen each day. And now it occurs to us that much is to be missed if a second Milton fails to rise up from the masses in this day in order to keep an account of this demon's second visit to our world. If it is not Satan himself who is living today in the person of the universe's enemy, it is surely one of his colleagues.



## Intermont War Department

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The following program given at Virginia Intermont College, April 6, 1918, commemorated the first anniversary of America's entrance into the world's great war. The beautiful service flag presented to the college by Miss Nunnally contains thirty-three stars. One of the features of the meeting was the announcement of the address of every "Intermont brother" now in any branch of service.

- 1—Song, "From Over There"
- 2—Reading, "America For Me," Estelle Dudley.
- 3—"Whistling Mother," Grace McKinney.
- 4—Song, "America," by All.
- 5—Summary of what America has done during the past year, Kathryn Lee Langston.
- 6—Presentation of Service Flag, Miss Nunnally.
- 7—Song, "Our Brothers," by All.
- 8—Reading, "Song for the Flag," Agnes Riser.
- 9—Presentation of American Flag, Bess King.
- 10—Song, "Star-Spangled Banner," by All.

## Our Brothers

*Lucy J. Robertson, '18*

Our brothers true, a noble band, who went forth brave and strong  
One year ago, to do their bit, to fight against the wrong.

Our brothers dear! Our brothers true! Brave men in freedom's  
name,

Protect the right, suppress the wrong, and free the world again.

Our brothers true, where'er you are, our thoughts around you weave,  
While battle smoke enshrouds your forms, may God our prayers  
receive.

Our brothers dear! Our brothers true! You left us with a smile;  
How brave you were! God keep you so, and shield you from all  
guile.

Our brothers true, we think of you and keep the home fires bright;  
We have the faith, we trust in you, we know that you are right.  
Our brothers dear! Our brothers true! Oh, we have missed you so,  
Come back to us, victorious, triumphant o'er the foe.

Our brothers true, what can we do to help the cause along?  
We'll work for you, we'll pray for you to bring the vict'ry home.  
Our brothers dear! Our brothers true! Be strong unto the end,  
'Til Peace and Right, o'er all the world, their joyful tidings send.

# The Intermont Index

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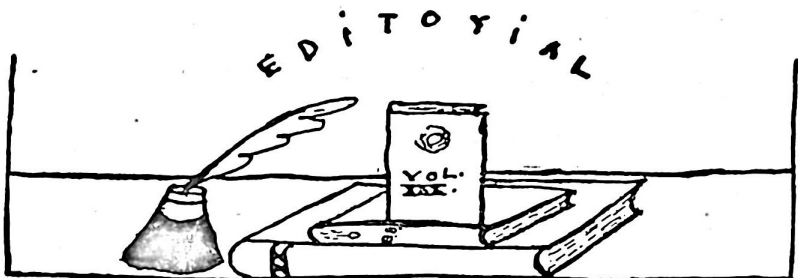
*Edited by the Junior and Senior Classes of Virginia Intermont College*

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The time is drawing near for us, the present INDEX Staff, to lay down our pens, push back our chairs and yield our places at our "Round Table" to our successors of 1918-19. We have enjoyed the work the past few months, and it is with a tinge of sorrow that we realize our days of active service will soon be over.

Many of our number will pass out from Intermont in May, never more to return as students. We extend to them our hearty congratulations on their attainment to the last rung of the ladder,

and hope that the future holds something dear for each one. To our other school-mates, the future Seniors, Juniors and Preparatory members, we bequeath to you THE INDEX, and trust that with each year greater progress will be made towards making it an ideal college magazine. Now, to each and everyone, a merry and useful vacation!

American girls, your country has called its men to protect humanity on the battlefields of France. What are you, as an

**DON'T BE** American, doing to help? The time for the soft, fluffy, little belle is over. The world calls  
**A SLACKER!** you, and you must answer. You cannot go to the trenches, but you can do your part here,

and you must! Soon the summer vacation will be here and American college girls will be free to go to the various fields of service. Perhaps none of us will be able to go to France, but in our own homes we can do our work. There are Red Cross duties to be done, positions left vacant by men who have answered their country's call, and which you can fill, and homes left sorrowful by boys who have gone to fight to be cheered. Go into some summer work with cheerfulness of spirit and faith in God to make all things right. Don't spend this summer as you have your care-free vacations of old, but go away from school with a determination to give the best that is in you to whatever field you are called. Don't be too easily discouraged but fight on and upward, and you will be a true soldier of your country.

"A rose by any other would smell as sweet." This quotation, we are sure, is familiar to all of you. We make use of quite a good

**WHAT'S IN** many of Shakespeare's unconsciously modern sayings. Perhaps we don't often stop to consider, however, this passage's application in the  
**A NAME?** present day. And that reminds us (if we may

be permitted to side-step to ask this question), did you ever stop to consider how very many time-worn sayings, old prophecies—made even in jest, and ancient traditions clearly fit the present world situation? Surely history repeats itself.

But we wonder if ever in times past there was a school, which,

by the names of its faculty, seemed so thoroughly opposite to its true convictions as ours. Perhaps no other school the size of ours even now has four members in its faculty with German names—"Noffsinger," "Schroetter," "Pflug," "Zeigler." If the whole universe were not involved and wrapped up in the Great War, this fact might be considered merely a coincidence. As it is, one cannot help but perceive the supreme irony of the situation: four loyal, patriotic American citizens, designated from their fellow beings by German names.

Have you enrolled in the Blue Ridge unit? Are you going to let this summer slip by and find you at its close idly rocking back and forth in a big arm-chair with a smile of contentment on your lips?

ON TO  
BLUE RIDGE!

This is our second vacation in war times, and already the American woman has begun to realize that responsibility upon responsibility is settling down upon her shoulders. She sees now that she must be up and doing, and naturally she bewilderingly asks, "What can I do? How can I learn?" That is just the case. Before leadership comes preparation, and before preparation there must be ideals. And so, if you are perplexed along this line of serving and service, go to Blue Ridge.

Two years after her entrance into the war, Canada doubled her number of summer conferences, and in our own land we are convinced that 1918, more than any other year heretofore, is calling women and girls to meetings of inspiration where the right kind of visions can be gleaned, where the best foundation for future service can be laid.

Every June conventions are held from California to Massachusetts under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association. Intermont is called to report at Blue Ridge, North Carolina, a place heavily endowed with the most beautiful gifts of nature. Some of the most prominent speakers and successful workers of the country gather there filling the few days full of helpful instruction, besides joining in the other many activities offered to every guest.

If you have been chosen as a delegate by any organization of your college, consider yourself highly honored. If you can

arrange by any "hook and crook" to take this trip into the majestic mountains of North Carolina, consider yourself equally as blessed. There you will be thrown with the "hand-picked" men and women of our nation, and when next year Intermont organizes her Blue Ridge Club, you will be only too delighted that you are eligible to membership.

Intermont's Blue Ridge list of attendance is growing week by week. Will your name be added next?





## Y. W. C. A. Notes

*Katherine Statler*

Are you going to Blue Ridge this summer? If you have not decided yet do not fail to read the editorial on page 38. The Y. W. C. A. is making an effort to raise funds for our own Blue Ridge delegates, and we are hoping to have money enough to send ever member in our cabinet. We have already raised some of this money by selling ice-cream, and we are contemplating an automobile ride, and also to have our night at the Isis theatre.

All girls who are going to Blue Ridge will spend the intervening weeks after college closes on a house-party at Camp Junaluska.

Our cabinet in its meetings is studying Student Standards of Action under the leadership of Miss Kathryn Lee Langston, Chairman of Bible Class. We have found the study very helpful and inspiring.

Miss Agnes Riser, chairman of the Missionary committee, has appointed the following members of the faculty and student-body to represent three denominations in college: Baptist, Miss S. Parr and Thelma Coney; Methodist, Miss E. McCoy and Eleanor Pond; Presbyterian, Miss M. Pflug and Naomi Galloway.

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## Student Government

*Stella Henderson, '18*

On the morning of April the first the faculty and student-body had one of their greatest surprises of the season. Upon awakening from a night of undisturbed slumber, they discovered that the beautiful large campus was dotted here and there with black-eyed Susans and that every bush had bloomed during the night, with the "Orange and Black."

Of course, everybody immediately began to wonder who the nightly visitor could have been, but this problem was soon solved—on one of the green encircling banks, in large yellow letters were to be read the following words: "*Student Government.*" So this explained who had stolen out during the early hours of the morning, while the moon was still to be seen in the heavens, and placed for us the surprise of April's Fool Day.



## Special Department

EDITH RICH

### *Assistants*

<i>Expression</i> .....	BESS RHYNE
<i>Stringed Instruments</i> .....	MONA WASSOM
<i>Art</i> .....	MINNIE SMITH
<i>Voice</i> .....	ISOBEL VIRGIN

The interesting recitals given in the various departments of music show well the good work that has been accomplished in the department this year.

The recital given by the pupils of Miss Amis was a very meritable one and showed plainly the artistic training of the pupils.

Another recital enjoyed very much was given by the voice pupils of Mrs. Schroetter and the piano pupils of Mr. Schroetter. Each pupil rendered her selection with fine feeling and technique, the result of excellent training on the part of both teacher and pupil.

There will be a greater number of diplomas given in music this session than has been given for quite a long time.

The recitals to be given by Miss Millikan and Miss Russel, who are taking post graduate courses, are expected to be exceedingly entertaining.

Two of the recitals by Seniors in Music have already been given, the first being April 11, by Miss Ruth Henderson, pianist, assisted by Miss Erline Howard, reader. Each number was well given and appreciated thoroughly by the audience.

## PROGRAM

- 1 (a) Romance.....*Philipp*  
 (b) Second Mazurka, Op. 54.....*Godard*  
 MISS HENDERSON
- 2 Thekla, the Victor.....*Caroline Atwater Mason*  
 MISS HOWARD
- 3 (a) Romance.....*La Forge*  
 (b) Minuet.....*Barowski*  
 MISS HENDERSON
- 4 The Star-Spangled Banner.....*Mary Shipman Andrews*  
 MISS HOWARD
- 5 Cachowcha Caprice, Op. 79 .....*Raff*  
 MISS HENDERSON

The second of the graduating recitals was given April 22, by Miss Edith Rich, pianist, and Miss Ruth Lamb, reader. The program was enjoyed by everyone.

## PROGRAM

- 1 (a) March Mignonne, Op. 15, No. 2.....*Ed Poldini*  
 (b) Ase's Death, Op. 46, No. 2.....*Edward Grieg*  
 MISS RICH
- 2 War Poems:  
 (a) America First.....*Denis A. McCarthy*  
 (b) Spring in the Trenches.....*Edgar A. Guest*  
 (c) The March of the Dead.....*Robert W. Service*  
 MISS LAMB
- 3 (a) Grandmother's Minuet.....*Edward Grieg*  
 (b) Blooming Meadows.....*Julia Rive King*  
 MISS RICH
- 4 Monolog—A Real Lady.....*Marjorie Benton Cooke*  
 MISS LAMB
- 5 Capricanta.....*Paul Wachs*  
 MISS RICH
- 6 Dramatic Reading—A Maker of Men.....*Alfred Sutro*  
 MISS LAMB

Miss Ethel Dulaney gave her graduating recital April 29. Miss Dulaney also gave several very entertaining readings.

## PROGRAM

- 1 Piano:
  - (a) Madrilena.....*Wachs*
  - (b) Spring Song.....*Liebling*
- 2 Dramatic Story:
  - The Swan Song.....*Brooks*
- 3 Piano:
  - (a) Ich liebe dich.....*Grieg*
  - (b) March Fantastique.....*W. G. Smith*
- 4 Pianologues:
  - (a) Ode to a Manikan.....*Mary Parker*
  - (b) The Renaissance of the Kiss.....*Mary Parker*
  - (c) Some Little Bug is Going to Get You.....*Roy Atwell*
- 5 Piano:
  - Recollections of Home.....*S. B. Mills*

Miss Elizabeth Bachman, a graduate in piano, will give her recital the latter part of May.

The Curry Club has met every two weeks and each time very interesting programs were presented. Among them "A Patriotic Program" and "An Afternoon in Dixie."

There have been three recitals by our members, Misses Erline Howard, Ethel Dulaney and Ruth Lamb's graduating recital.

The Dramatic evening on April 8th was public. Three one-act farces were presented and the repertoire was well-chosen. The program was skilfully rendered by the pupils of Expression.

On May 7-8, the Elsie Herndon Kerns Shakespearian players gave three plays on Intermont campus, under the auspices of the Curry Club—"Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," and "The Tempest," were the plays presented.

The play to be given commencement is "Green Stockings," with Miss Agerter playing the leading role. The cast of characters is very interesting, and the play a splendid one.

## CAST

Admiral Grice.....	KATHERINE ALLISON
William Faraday.....	NAOMI GALLOWAY
Colonel Smith.....	MISS NUNNALLY
Robert Tarver.....	AGNES RISER
James Raleigh.....	MARY ELIZABETH CLOUD
Henry Steele.....	BESS RHYNE
Martin.....	CLARICE MCGEE
Celia Faraday.....	MISS AGERTER
Madge, Mrs. Rockingham.....	LOUISE BYRD
Evelyn, Lady Trenchard.....	THELMA CONEY
Phyllis.....	ETHEL DULANEY
Mrs. Chisholm Farraday, "Aunt Ida".....	RUTH LAMB

## ACT I

Room in Mr. Faraday's house—February—evening.

## ACT II

Same as Act I. Eight months later—about six o'clock.

## ACT III

Morning room in Mr. Faraday's house.—Evening of the same day.

The commencement Recital which will consume an entire evening will be rendered the latter part of May.

The Violin Department this year is the largest in the history of Intermont.

The first recital in this department was given on the evening of April 26, by Miss Martha Flippo, violinist, accompanied by Miss Oretha Eure, and assisted by Miss Maude Wallace, pianist. Each number was thoroughly enjoyed. Miss Flippo played with unusual feeling and fine shading. The two selections by Miss Wallace showed excellent talent and technique.

The Art Class and a few guests were delightfully entertained on Saturday evening, March 23, by the President of the class, Miss Eva Stephens. A very clever imitation of college life was

the chief amusement of the evening. The studio was beautifully decorated with paintings, Japanese lanterns and flowers.

The Art Class has the largest number of students it has had for several sessions and the work this year has been exceedingly creditable and worthy of exhibition. The exhibition will be Saturday, May 25, 1918.

Mingled with the steady work of this class has been one romance, the marriage of Miss Millicent Stuart to Officer Gordon Tunstead.





GRACE CRENSHAW, '18

BASKET BALL

The spirit of enthusiasm in the field of basket ball reached its height when the Senior, Junior and Sophomore teams met in their final games for the trophy cup.

The first of this series was between the Junior and Senior teams, April 3, in the college gymnasium. The result was a score of 26 to 16 in favor of the Juniors. On the following afternoon there was witnessed another game between the Seniors and Sophomores, with a resulting score of 14 to 12 in favor of the Sophomores. This left the final struggle between the Junior and Sophomore teams.

April 6, in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium the two teams presented the following line-up:

SOPHOMORE		JUNIOR	
Jared.....	Forward.....	Virgin.....	Virgin
Love.....	Forward.....	Hesse.....	Hesse
Ewing.....	Center.....	Flippo.....	Flippo
Virgin.....	Center.....	Riser.....	Riser
Price.....	Guard.....	Pattison.....	Pattison
Park.....	Guard.....	Wassom.....	Wassom

The Sophomores won by a score of 6 to 5, thus winning the trophy cup.

One of the most unique events of the basket ball season was the game between the Faculty and Senior teams. The Faculty players were somewhat out of practice, but in spite of this they were defeated by only a small score.

### TENNIS

The tennis courts have been put in order and are the scenes of several early morning callers. A large tennis club has been organized and the number of its members seems to forecast the success of the organization.

### SWIMMING

A very valuable and enjoyable addition to the college is a handsome swimming pool which is now in use. Practically all of the girls are doing their best to become efficient swimmers. This form of athletics affords a means of exercise which is available to everyone. Those who could swim before they came to school have become more proficient in the art, and the beginners are getting along splendidly. The greater part have reached the stage of diving.





## Campus Notes

RUBY ELIZABETH WASSOM

MARY ELIZABETH CLOUD

EDNA MAE HARRISON

TEACHER—"Name an island in the southern Pacific."

WYLMAR—"Oh, Palmyra, of course."

MARTHA (on way to Big Stone Gap)—"What is all the excitement about?"

CONDUCTOR—"We ran over a cow."

MARTHA—"Oh, was it on the track?"

CONDUCTOR—"No, the engine chased it up the mountain."

JEANNETTE (declining "your hand" in Latin)—"Tua manus."

MISS LINN—"It is rather out of the question to get a masculine and a feminine hand mixed up."

HUGH GODWIN (President's small son)—"Bet when I leave he'll kiss you."

MARY ROBINSON—"You bad boy, leave this parlor at once."

A conversation heard at Liberty Loan parade.

"Aunt Terry, is yo' over at Sullins dis yeah?"

"No, I'se at Intermont."

"Why Aunt Terry, yo' ought to be 'shamed ob yo' se'f to desert Sullins."

"Dat's alright, Aunt Terry didn't desert Sullins; she jes' got promoted."

MR. WARWICK (gallantly)—"Catherine, anything you say goes."

CATHERINE (instantly)—"Mr. Warwick."

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