

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 33
Number 7 *The Messenger*, Vol. 33, No. 7

Article 1

4-1907

The Messenger, Vol. 33, No. 7

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



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

(1907) "The Messenger, Vol. 33, No. 7," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 33 : No. 7 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol33/iss7/1>

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

The Messenger,

RICHMOND COLLEGE,

—PUBLISHED BY THE—
MU SIGMA RHO AND PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. XXXIII.

APRIL, 1907.

No. 7.

CONTENTS.

Nature—(Poem).....	J. B. Miller..	279
An Icy Grave—(Story).....	W. J. Young..	280
Hawthorne's Art in the Short Story.....	O. B. Ryder..	283
The Opal Ring—(Poem).....	W. J. Young..	288
How the Senate Impressed Me.....	S. G. Harwood..	289
Castles in the Air—(Poem).....	John K. Hutton..	293
Goldsmith.....	W. R. D. Moncure..	294
Contentment—(Poem).....	S. H. Ellyson..	298
Fred; or, Tales from the Farm.....	S. G. Harwood..	299
Lament—(Poem).....	H. M. Bowling..	303
The Aim of History.....	Edwin M. Heller..	303
With the Aid of the Kid—(Story).....	"George Layne" ..	305
Editorial Comment.....	Robert N. Daniel..	311
Campus Notes.....	C. B. Arendall..	315
Alumni Department.....	Benjamin C. Jones..	321
Exchange Department.....	W. Grattan Payne..	322

ten per cent. discount to students.

why buy a ready-made suit when
we'll make you one to order from

\$15.00 up?

headquarters for college penants, pins, etc.,

kirk-parrish co.,

hatters-tailors-furnishers,

no. 412 east broad street,

richmond, va.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

PHILOLOGIAN.

DANA TERRY.....President.
E. M. LOUTHAN.....Vice-President.
B. L. RHODES.....Secretary.
W. G. COLEMAN.....Treasurer.

MU SIGMA RHO.

J. B. WOODWARD, JR.....President.
LANEY JONES.....Vice-President.
H. B. GILLIAM.....Secretary.
J. S. TILMAN.....Treasurer.

CHI EPSILON.

Miss GAY BROADDUS.....President.
" HATTIE SMITH.....Vice-President.
" BERTHA KNAPP.....Secretary.
" MATTIE BROWN.....Treasurer.

THE MESSENGER.

R. N. DANIEL.....Editor.
J. B. WOODWARD, JR... Business Manager.

GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

DR. W. L. FOUSHEE.....Presiden
F. L. HARDY.....Vice-President.
G. T. WAITE.....Secretary.
E. M. LOUTHAN.....Treasurer.
ROBT. N. POLLARD...Graduate Mgr.

FOOT-BALL.

H. H. GEORGE 3d. Student Manager.
O. R. THRAVES.....Captain.

BASE-BALL.

F. P. DAVIS.....Manager.
O. M. RICHARDSON.....Captain.

TRACK TEAM,

J. H. GWATHMEY.....Manager.
S. D. GOOCH.....Captain.

Y. M. C. A.

E. M. LOUTHAN.....President.
R. N. DANIEL.....Vice-President.
J. H. TERRY.....Treasurer.
J. F. CROPP.....Secretary.

The • Messenger.

VOL. XXXIII.

APRIL, 1907.

No. 7.

Nature.

BY J. B. MILLER, '08.

I love to be with nature,
To ramble o'er the hills,
To catch the scent of buttercups,
And kiss the daffodils.

I love to be with nature,
To wander 'mid the trees,
To hear the song of happy birds,
And watch the busy bees.

I love to be with nature,
To hear sweet waters flow,
To muse upon their murmurings,
As ever on they go.

I love to be with nature,
To be there all alone,
To ponder over mysteries
Behind the dim unknown.

I love to be with nature,
To study out her ways,
To marvel at her grandeur,
And give to God the praise.

An Icy Grave.

BY WALTER JORGENSEN YOUNG, '07.

THE rain beat down in torrents on the paving of the streets, or spattered in a thousand scattered puddles in the inequalities of the highway. The lights from the arc lamps glistened in between the shadows, like dull reflections upon a murky glass. The roar of the descending rain upon the roofing, and the dreary rattle of the branches in the sigh of the soughing wind, lent an air of bleakness to the almost deserted streets. The damp atmosphere of the cold March rain chilled the bones, and caused the occasional pedestrian to hump his shoulders, put his hands in his pockets, and, with muffled chin, hasten on his way. In a mansion with high portals from the open arched windows set with plate glass, there glistened from the prised chandeliers the cheery light of the dining-room, in which a handsome feast was spread.

From under the doorway issued a young man. His neat dress and refined appearance bespoke him as an inmate of the palatial residence from which he had just come. Carelessly he scanned the sky, shoved his hands deep in his pockets, and bent his head and shoulders to breast the beating of the rain. Something shambling in his gait showed that his wandering was aimless, and his mind not on the direction of his steps. Each little while he muttered to himself, and shook his head in an abstracted way. He seemed not to mind the soaking dampness of his clothes, nor to notice the puddles in which he splashed his boots as he trudged along; neither did there seem to be any definite business toward which he was bent—only business of greatest importance could take a man out on such a night. As he passed from the dense darkness of the trees which bordered the paving into the light, if one stopped to watch his visage, he could have seen written in his glassy

eye and furrowed brow an agony of trouble, such as to make the thin sensitive lips quiver at times like the warm raw flesh of a freshly-quartered deer.

These outward signs of a restless spirit were but the merest indications of the inward agony of that soul struggle, and the desolation of the streets had the same uncanny dreariness as the temper of his despondency. The affinity of the elements and the human soul often draws man in his hours of intensest suffering back to the sympathetic heart of nature. It was evident that this man's passion had drawn him into the depths beyond all power of human sympathy. Faith in humanity had departed as the day, and a torturing hell of dark loneliness, like the hungering pangs of a devouring tiger, gnawed at his heart, and ate its way through his stupefied senses like a canker-worm in the heart of a tree. The gall of self-disgust stole through his soul like some numbing opiate, palliating the better sense of right and embittering sweet hope with the nauseating tincture of despair. He was tired of life, yet he did not even care to die. His belief in man had been abused; he had never believed in God; and now he ceased to believe in himself. This supreme misery was the tragedy of his soul.

As he walked on up the street, he nearly ran over a miserable, wet little cur, which crept, with its tail between its legs, across his path. It paused and lifted one paw, snarled and showed its teeth, cast its beady eyes of wretched hate upon him, and slunk away into the darkness. Misery meets its kin sometimes in animal, sometimes in human form. The man, unseeing, held on his way, and kept hugging to his soul this consuming evil, as Cleopatra hugged the asp to her snowy bosom.

As he trudged block after block, the water in his shoes began to give a sopping noise at each tread, while streams poured from his clothing, until the neat appearance of his dress was completely transformed to the uncouth, mud-bespattered form of a tramping wayfarer. A little street

gamin ran out from a sheltering doorway to ask him for a match, but when he came close to the forlorn figure he shrank back in timidity and quitted his original purpose. He gazed upon the retreating form of the man with sincerest pity, and then ran back to the sheltering darkness of the deserted doorway.

The wanderer had now come to the outskirts of the city, where the houses were more scattered, the streets muddier, and the arc lights farther apart. He passed by the corner of a dangerous alley, and a thug stepped out, brandishing a pistol, with the evident intention of robbery. Even in the lowering darkness the robber recognized in the bent figure the companion of his own self, an outcast, revolting against the state of society, in the one case self-inflicted, in the other overtly wronging his fellows. The brute, therefore, stepped aside and let the man pass unconscious of the impending danger and the rude pity of even this knight of the road upon his anguish of mind and bedraggled body. Even the robber could not rob a barren soul.

In this state of trance, the wanderer proceeded on and on. He was now in the open country where, the road was rocky and miry by turns, piled up in a high and dangerous embankment from the gully beside it. Several times he stumbled, but regained his balance. The lightning struck suddenly, and revealed a tree fallen across the road a few yards ahead, but he noticed it not. He walked full tilt into a projecting limb, and fell headlong upon the sharp edge of a projecting boulder, striking on his forehead just between the eyes. The prostrate man moaned and rolled over, then lay still. The warm red blood oozed from the gash, and mingled with the spongy clay of the road. The huddled figure lay enmeshed in a tangle of branches, one hand thrown forward and the face downward, half buried in the mud. The wind veered from the east to the north, and the rain changed to a clinking, beaded sleet, which encased the branches and trunk of the

tree in a sheet of ice. The sullen dawn came in with a leaden gray, and showed the world a frozen corpse, entombed in a sheath of ice. A heart of stone had found a frigid death.

Hawthorne's Art in the Short Story.

BY O. B. RYDER, '08.

AS might be expected from his Puritan ancestry, in his writings Hawthorne is, first of all, moral. In everything he did there is visible a high moral purpose. He imagined a moral situation, and made his characters and his plot to fit it. He felt the overwhelming—the crushing—weight of sin. This feeling was inherited. It flowed in his veins. He could not escape it. It followed him wherever he went, and throughout his works we see the word sin on almost every page. He saw us all enmeshed in it, and regarded it as a part of our being—an unescapeable inheritance, which, striving however we may, we cannot rid ourselves of, though the burden be well-nigh unendurable. This feeling is well illustrated in "Goodman Brown," in which the utterly sinful nature of even the best of mankind is powerfully typified. After his vision of humanity bowing down to sin, the Goodman could never take part in worship again. The preaching of his sainted parson seemed blasphemous. The sight of his wife praying made him scowl to himself. "There is none good, no not one." Then why seem so? Are you not thereby a hypocrite?

Again, Hawthorne is a spiritual psychologist. Yet he rarely analyses. His art is that of a painter. His subject is the human soul, which he portrays in all its mystery, its contradiction, its depth. He gives us shadowy glimpses of our inner selves—glimpses which awe us and make us shudder.

With him we penetrate into the innermost recesses and see behind the veil, if but for a moment and that dimly.

But our author does not paint in detail—that would be to analyze. He suggests rather than states. The suggestiveness is subtle and spiritual. By it he creates an impression at once vivid, intangible, spiritual, real. We cannot put it into words, but it is felt none the less strongly. It is inexpressible—evanescent. If we try to grasp it, it is gone. "The White Old Maid" may be taken as a rather exaggerated example of this.

All is pervaded with a certain morbidity and melancholy—a gentle, meditative gloom, which seems a part of Hawthorne's nature. He invests his stories, too, with an air of mystery and unreality, which is a part of their charm, and aids greatly in the power of suggestion. They are otherworldly, romantic, Gothic. Indeed, he is among the greatest of the Goths, and probably the foremost American contributor to the romantic movement which swept over the world in the first years of the nineteenth century. Yet he never became wild or fanciful. He is eminently sane. The greatest restraint and suppression is manifest in his works. Nothing is inconsistent with our deeper nature. He uses the unreal only to reach the real. He is, therefore, in the last analysis, true to life.

Then, too, our author delights in symbols. His works abound in them. He takes a symbolic figure—a veil, a snow image, or the like, and constructs around it an impression—a bit of soul life. Even his titles show this—"The Scarlet Letter," "The Old Stone Face," "The Birthmark," and many others. The characters are also typical and representative. They are idealized from real life. The stories themselves are largely allegorical, though the allegory, like the moral, is rarely ever thrust over-prominently into view. It is rather implied than forced upon you, working naturally and imperceptibly into the story. Everything is done with

the greatest skill and art, and in a way that appears inevitable. Effect follows cause. His correspondences, therefore, seldom seem mechanical.

Perhaps in no other of his short stories has Hawthorne so united symbolism, high, moral, and ethical purpose—some of these probably to an exaggerated extent—with gentle, permeating gloom and deep spiritual suggestiveness, as in "The Minister's Black Veil." So it may, therefore, with propriety be taken as an illustration of these elements of his literary workmanship, and be analyzed as to plot, characterization, style, diction, etc.

The story is, briefly, as follows:

To the great astonishment of the people of Milford meeting-house, Parson Hooper appeared in his pulpit one Sabbath morning with a black veil "swathed about his forehead, and hanging down over his face, so as to be shaken by his breath." This black covering, with which the minister forever afterwards hid his features, had a mysterious effect on all who saw it. It seemed to throw its influence over the preacher's whole person, and to make him ghost-like from head to foot. The timid shunned him, the suspicious accused him of secret sin, and the wise judged him insane. None dared to ask him wherefore he did this thing, except his plighted wife, Elizabeth. To her he confessed that the veil was a symbol, which he had vowed to wear throughout his mortal existence. None were to look behind it, not even his beloved. As to why he had thus pledged himself he would not say, though his refusal lost him Elizabeth.

The black veil gave Mr. Hooper peculiar force as a preacher. He had an awful power over souls in agony for sin. Its gloom enabled him to sympathize with all dark affections. Dying sinners sent for him, and would not depart until he appeared. Shunned in health and prosperity, he was eagerly sought after in death and distress. He lived on to a great old age, known far and wide as Father Hooper.

Even in the delirium of his final sickness he was ever careful that the sable veil should not slip from his face. At the moment of death, when urged by the attending minister to lift the sombre mask, that he might not go into eternity with a shadow hanging over his name, he raised himself with his last energy, and, clasping the veil to his face, said, in whispered, dying tones: "Why do you tremble at me alone? Tremble also at each other. When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friends, the lover to his best beloved, when man does not vainly shrink from the eyes of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin, then deem me a monster for the symbol beneath which I have lived and die. I look around me, and, lo! on every visage a black veil!"

And so they buried him with his features still covered by the black veil, and now good Mr. Hooper's face is dust, but it moulded beneath the black veil.

The first thing that may be noticed about this story is that there is unity of impression. Not an extraneous incident is brought in; not a word, phrase, or sentence is used unnecessarily. Everything contributes to the making of a single, unified, vivid impression. The subject matter is completely mastered, and the events wisely selected. Even the title suggests the plot. The black veil is the story.

The purpose of the narrative is moral, and the subject, if such it may be called, is secret sin, which is symbolized by the black veil. The concealment, the hypocrisy of our soul, is laid bare. By the power of subtle suggestiveness we get glimpses of unthought-of depths, at which we stand awed—appalled. The story is then not realistic, but idealistic and allegorical. The moral is in solution. It is subordinate to the impression, which is profound, subtle, unescapeable. The appeal is to our inmost selves—our deepest, most secret emotions.

The plot is simple, there being no episodes. There is little

description, and the progress of the story is steady—in fact, it gets deeper and deeper until the climax at the end, the death of the minister. There is but one sub-climax, and that when the parson parts with his Elizabeth rather than tell his secret.

Interest is kept up, for one thing, by the mystery as to why Father Hooper thus veiled himself. The reason is never stated, and remains to the last unsolved. Thus a mysterious air is imparted to the tale, and the power of spiritual suggestion is enhanced. Without it the story would be a failure.

The characterization is good, though the characters are stationary. The only person of importance, with the possible exception of Elizabeth, is the minister. They are both well drawn and life-like, though the preacher is exceptional. He is of ordinary mankind, yet above it—a type of it. Many other characters are introduced, but are used merely to bring out the personality of Mr. Hooper, and to show the effect of his dark mask on different classes of people. They are, then, representative also, yet they are true to life and all talk differently. They cannot be confused, but are distinct individuals.

“The Minister’s Black Veil” has local color. The spirit, the air is of New England. Such a story could not well have been set in any other place. It reflects truly the Puritan spirit prevalent in Massachusetts. Nowhere else would we find such characters except in a Puritan meeting-house.

The author’s style has strong individuality. It is his own—no imitation. In fact, Hawthorne is one of the few masters of English prose. He lacks humor, except of a melancholy sort, but, as in our story, has slight touches of genuine, subdued pathos—never long and gushing, but short, restrained, and suggestive. He is even at times epigrammatic. The diction is simple. The words are

subtly suggestive. They are often used for color—to heighten—to produce an impression. Sometimes they are symbolic. Two favorite words of the author are symbol and sin, the one representing the other.

Most writers of fiction have been content to imitate life. Their art is galvanized. Hawthorne sought to create life, not to photograph it—to give us the real thing, not a substitute. His stories live. They are life-deep and profound. There is a soul in them. Being of the soul, they stir the soul, stimulate the imagination, and uplift morally.

The Opal Ring.

WALTER JORGENSEN YOUNG, '07.

I have her tiny opal ring
 Upon my little finger,
 Round which dear thoughts and memories cling;
 Thoughts of her presence linger.

I catch its prised radiance
 In a greenish-golden shower,
 As sunset clouds reflect, perchance,
 The Queen of Sheba's dower.

A flash, an instant, then is gone,
 Alas, I know not where to—
 No cherub smile, no elfish fawn,
 Can her fickleness compare to.

Her smile of favor, frown of chill,
 Doth all my soul discover,
 Whilst I go on, petulant still,
 A folly-inviting lover.

In woman's soul the opal shines
 In its capricious fullness,
 Now with an eager love entwines
 A cold and stony dullness.

O, heartless woman, Circe's crown
Of witchery beguiling,
Brings hell to men with just a frown,
And heaven with her smiling.

How the Senate Impressed Me.

BY S. G. HARWOOD, '06.

THE first thing that impressed me when I walked into the gallery of the United States Senate was the fact that I was not impressed. Not that I was disappointed; I had looked upon legislative bodies before, and so had some idea of what to expect. But, inasmuch as this was the most important assembly in the governmental machinery of our land, I was in a condition to receive impressions. I did not know what to look for. The common reports against the honesty and dignity of the body had destroyed any conceptions especially flattering to it that I might have entertained; while at the same time it was my desire to lay aside such previous ideas and to give that assembly a chance to appear in its true nature. Well, after so long a time the Senate was before me. I looked about curiously. All around me were people doing likewise. Below, in the chamber, were rows of seats arranged in semi-circles around the rostrum of the speaker. Here and there a seat was honored by having an occupant, though the majority were empty. One senator was speaking; a few listened, some were writing, while others read the papers or talked. As I looked down upon the scene, I felt as if I had seen that situation before, and, after thinking a bit, somehow the memory of the west end of Virginia's capitol crossed my mind. There was nothing strange, or unusual or awe-inspiring in the appearance of this National Senate. I was neither disgusted nor charmed; very ordinary emotions ran in their customary courses.

After a little while I turned my attention to the members of the Senate. I wanted to get an idea of the men in it. But, in addition to the difficulty that might naturally be expected by reason of the fact that I knew none of them individually, and that I was merely seeing them from a distance, I was at the further disadvantage of looking upon only a few. Where the others were I am unable to say. I do know where one or two were, but then there were more than one or two absent. However, I shall touch upon that again.

Judging as best I could under the circumstances, I found that the majority of the members were middle-aged men. One or two had the appearance of being young men, as, for instance, Senator Beveridge. Others were well along in years. I do not know how old Senator Depew is, but he seemed to be an old man. Mr. Bacon seemed to have experienced the vicissitudes of many years. So had Mr. Proctor, of Vermont, and in addition to that he possessed, and frequently made use of, a most sepulchral voice. It was harsh, loud, and grating. It was like what I imagine an elephant's bass would be. The Senators, then, were all men old enough to act advisedly.

As to the calibre of the men I could scarcely judge in so short a time. I did not hear enough speaking. But they looked like other men. There was no evidence of extraordinary ability. From the speaker, who seemed to be a thorough gentleman, even if a mediocre statesman, to the one-time witty and humorous Senator from New York, there were the usual variations of mental make-up. There were men practically wise—Hemenway and McCumber, for example. Others were enthusiastic and determined, as La Follette. Mr. Raynor is a new man, but he evidently has ability and incisiveness above the average among his colleagues. His influence is likely to grow. There are some strong minds and personalities, though, in general, it seems

that the country has sent to the Senate men who are not so much statesmen as law-makers.

Leaving the question of the ability of these men, we come to a consideration of their characters. Some rang true, in speaking; some did not. I remember distinctly the afternoon when Senator McCumber spoke. The question under discussion was the Civil Service administration. McCumber rose and in a strong, resonant voice pled for light on the subject. He did not object to an increase in salaries, but he did want to know something about why the increase was made. He had noticed that some positions were to be paid so much more, others only this much more; and he wanted the reasons for the variation in the schedule. He seemed to be a plain-spoken, fearless, business-like man. So also Senator Tillman. I did not hear him speak, except when he cast his vote for Reed Smoot, but a "No" against the amendment for expulsion came emphatically from his lips. La Follette is a good man. But I have not time to mention others. Even what I have said was drawn from limited observation, though I do not think I have erred greatly. The pity is that the character of the body, as a whole, is not that of its best members. One feels that there are unworthy members also.

It was interesting to observe the manner of procedure in business. Especially was I surprised to see how little attention was paid to absence from the sessions. Evidently attendance was a matter of minor importance. Let me give an instance. One day I had been through the Treasury building. On coming out, I looked at my watch and found that it was about 1 o'clock. So I went into a restaurant and ordered something for lunch. While waiting for the order to be filled I amused myself in looking around at the people. Presently my eye fell upon the well-fed visage of Senator Spooner. He was enjoying a delightful little repast, entirely forgetting the fact that the

Senate was called to order at noon! This is only one case. It is true that some members are kept busy in the capacity of committee-men, but I cannot see how that accounts for all the vacant seats I observed.

When a member arose to speak, if he had an interesting subject and a good speech, he would have hearers; but if this were not the case, he had a lonely time of it. Newspapers were taken up and read for the fifth time. Conversation between certain friendly comrades would start up. Others would saunter out into the lobbies to rest themselves and see their friends. Even Mr. President would find it necessary to leave the room for a few moments, and thereby give a friend the opportunity to recline in that high-backed chair. It seems to me that attendance should be compulsory and order more a matter of pride. But then they are their own masters in that regard.

Fairbanks had a pleasant way of ruling. He was very polite and refined. I still see him as he was during the Smoot discussion. When 4 o'clock came, and the debate was stopped in order that the vote might be taken, he gave the clerk instructions to call the roll. This was done, each Senator voting "aye" or "no" or "pairing" with an absent Senator. When the final vote was counted, and he found that the amendment to expel Smoot was lost, he simply said: "The amendment is disagreed to." It took the galleries some time to realize how much was wrapped up in that little phrase. I myself did not realize it at first.

So much for these external observations.

The relation between our executive and legislative departments is not what it ought to be. I noticed when the Forestry Commission was under discussion, and it was moved to appropriate six million dollars for its running expenses during the coming year, that the members could not come to an agreement because they did not know what the situation was. Newlands argued that the Commission was the very

thing, and that it needed the money in order to keep up and enlarge its work. Hemenway, on the other hand, said that the Commission ought to be self-supporting, inasmuch as it got rent for pasturage ground and sold a great amount of timber. He said that a corporation, or business man, under like conditions, could make money. Nobody seemed to know the exact status of the Administration. Proctor did submit a statement from the Secretary of Agriculture, but that was brief and not comprehensive enough. It would have been the very thing, if the Secretary himself could have been there personally to explain the working of his Commission and to answer questions. The business could have been better done and in less time.

These are some impressions resulting from four days' observation of our Senate. The time was short, too short for any elaborate treatment here. Suffice it to say, in closing, that while the United States Senate is a great, growing, and important body, yet there is room for improvement. The improvement may come in our time, if we will.

Castles in the Air.

BY JOHN K. HUTTON, '08.

In my fancy I have builded
Lordly castles in the air,
And I've peopled them with angels,
Beings radiantly fair.

Angels were they in my castles,
I can see them now as then,
Maidens pure, and true, and lovely;
Yes, and there were gallant men.

Some have dreamed of lands of beauty,
 Worlds of wonder, dance, and song ;
 But their thoughts in nightly reverie
 Fled before the rising sun.

The creations of their fancy,
 Ere the night was o'er and done,
 Melted as the wings of Ic'rus
 Soaring toward the burning sun.

But this world I saw in dreamland,
 Filled with all the sons of light,
 Did not leave my youthful fancy
 With the passing of the night.

For I saw in every object,
 Born of Nature's hand so fair,
 A reflection of the splendor
 Of my castles in the air.

And in every youth and maiden,
 Boys and girls with charms as rare
 As the angels in the castles
 I had builded in the air.

Goldsmith.

BY W. R. D. MONCURE, '09.

IF one wants to see a life of child-like simplicity, with its incompetency to take care of itself, and with its marvelous credulity, Goldsmith's is as good as can be found to illustrate such—a poor blundering scribe, “ who talks like an idiot, and wrote like an angel.” Walpole dubbed him “ an inspired idiot,” a most cruel and unjust dub ; the subtle, but contemptible Garrick said, “ He wrote like an angel, and talked like poor, poor Poll.” This latter characterization of “ poor Poll ”

came from the lips of a man who wounded our hero's feelings, which were as sensitive as an infant's, more than any other of the literary, ambitious, jealous upstarts who were so multitudinous in his day. These men, sensible of their inferiority, and the lack of gray matter to associate their genius with that of the immortal club of Johnson and the rest, wreaked their vengeance upon the poor harmless Goldsmith, who never did anybody harm, but was persecuted for his harmlessness and weakness of heart.

Goldsmith was born November, 1728, (most likely on the 13th, as his life-long fortune would indicate,) in Pallas, Ireland, of English parents; and, as we would now term it, in the backwoods, for Pallas is almost beyond the approach of man. In wet weather it is surrounded by a lake, and the duration of the sunlight is not sufficient to dry the land in the intervals between the rainy spells. The literary pilgrims of to-day who seek his home will find this true, and will venture their word that the poet spirit is no respecter of man; that it is found in the soul of an humble curate's or blacksmith's son as well as in that of a king's or nobleman's son; neither is he a respecter of place—in the cabin or in the palace, he does not discriminate. Thus, here did Goldsmith rise, under Orion as his guardian and constellation, whose rising and setting is attended by storms.

While yet a child, his father removed to Lissay, the

“Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering bloom delayed.”

This is the little hamlet of the “Deserted Village,” a poem which touches the heart of man, especially elderly persons, as much as any other in the English language; and the reason is clear. It is realistic—one can easily see that village in which one's youthful days were spent,

“The hawthorne bush, with the seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.”

In fact, all of Goldsmith's great masterpieces are sketches or confessions of his own life. It is in this village that we first hear of him as distinguishing himself for dullness and stupidity, a reputation which he diligently held through his whole scholastic course. But little did those with whom he then associated dream that he was getting more out of his dramatic experience, with all of its blunders, than those men who superficially achieved wonders in the student's hall; for, when he put it down on paper, in his attractive poetical and narrative style, it immortalized him. We know when we read his writings that all of his characters are portrayals of himself, or of some one with whom he is familiar. For example, in his novel, “The Vicar of Wakefield,” the old Vicar is his father; credulous Moses, who took his father's colt to town to sell her, with the expectation of a great bargain, and came back with a bunch of blue spectacles to stand for the colt, is Goldsmith's identical self—a far better picture of himself than that which Reynolds painted of him on canvas. The Vicar's eldest son, who wandered through Europe, earning his bread by blowing his flute, is only Goldsmith himself, who had tramped over the whole of Europe, the flute being his only companion.

Goldsmith's literary life in London is woeful to behold, now debased, now lauded; to-day buffeted, to-morrow praised by Johnson, the literary demi-god of his day. Goldsmith's childlikeness served him well as a salve for his wounds, and, if he had not had a forgiving spirit and a forgetful heart, bitter would have been his life, for Boswell, Garrick, and the like took advantage of every chance to cast invectives and sarcasm at him.

He was perpetually in the mire of debt, caused by his generosity to his dependents, beggars, vagabonds, etc., and his

tailor's and grocer's bills. Yet, nevertheless, we cannot but admire and love him, though it was a weakness on his part. He knew no more how to take care of himself and to use his money than a lunatic. Four hundred pounds sterling a year was his income, which in those days was considered opulence; but still, as Macaulay said, "All the money Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith." So old Noll went to his reward, leaving behind him a debt of £2,000, which he bequeathed to his tailor, who had supplied him with numerous suits of clothes—pink, green, and yellow—and his butcher, who had kept his table supplied with venison for his multifarious banquets.

Goldsmith to-day is beloved by all Englishmen who understand him. His biographers generally speak of him with reverence and love. Irving writes of him with tenderness, and all who read his books cannot but leave them with love in their hearts for poor child-like Goldsmith. Thackeray in an essay treats him with a vein of pathos. But Macaulay assumes a somewhat counter position; he says that his weaknesses were contemptible, but, in vindication of such a charge, no man can say that Goldsmith lacked honesty and straightforwardness. Credulity and over-generosity are minute sins compared with suspicion and craft, so often admired in men as shrewdness.

So, in conclusion, it is to be hoped that the lines which defame him will melt away, and that the lines which do him justice will be household knowledge from father to child.



Contentment.

BY STILES ELLYSON, '09.

The childish praise of the negro's song
 Blows to me across the field,
 But the breeze that bears it gently along
 Can never make even a leaflet yield.

* * * * *

When the sun beamed out in the morning,
 While the sun shone hottest at noon,
 There was never lost the contented note,
 In his rollicking happy tune.

Ah, the soul of the negro then,
 How bubbling it must have been
 As he sang as the lark in the morning,
 And sang it again and again.

Then the land was not lacking for poets,
 For deep in each negro's breast
 There brewed the sweetest of nectar
 That ever shall woo me to rest.

Deep in the tangled forest,
 I hear them as they go,
 Each to his humble shanty,
 To his log-cabin, meek and low.

And as they are trudging onward,
 A swinging, far-carrying tune
 They offer in simple gladness,
 Because of the harvest moon.

And so, in drowsy contentment,
 I lay me down to sleep,
 And faintly over the tree-tops
 They lull me to slumber deep.

Fred ; or, Tales From the Farm.

BY S. G. HARWOOD, '06.

PART II.

“**I** wuz skeered nigh unto death.”

We were up in the new-ground tobacco lot. The August sun shone upon us ; and, as we worked slowly along the long rows of the weed, just now in top, we were keeping up our spirits and trying to ignore the heat by telling our personal experiences. First one and then another had told some wonderful yarn. Finally, old Fred straightened up, and, in an impressive manner, gave utterance to the above words. I was a little ahead of him, and, turning around, I looked that way. There he stood, without the sign of a smile. The air was stirring gently, and the last few dew-drops sparkled, and were on the point of vanishing before the advancing sun. A lone jar-fly in the neighboring wood registered, through a long-drawn-out song, its judgment as to the heat. We all rested a moment, and glanced at Fred rather humorously. I knew there was some rich experience behind that remark, and so I spoke :

“ Well, Frederick, what came so near to scaring you to death ? Tell us about it.”

He relaxed a little. “ Yas, suhr, I wuz skeered nigh unto death.” He seemed to like the “ unto ” particularly. I do not know where he struck that expression.

At this point my brother spoke. “ Haven’t you heard Fred tell about that time he went to the circus ? If not, you surely ought to hear it. Go ahead, Fred, and tell it.”

The old man looked carefully over a plant and pulled off the suckers. Then a funny thought seemed to strike him, and he told the following experience. It was great to hear it.

“ Well, you know, de circus com’ roun’, ’bout eight or nine

years ergo, en' I took en' went. Yer pa, he wa'nt so busy at de time, en' so I got off. I fergit whut we wuz doin', but enyhow I got off, en' me en' Brer Mose we went down dar. I tell yer 'twas a sight to see dem conj'ers an' ackerbats en' folks flyin' all erbout on ropes en' nets en' one thingernuther. I clean fergot whar I was. Goodnes' knows whut wu'der becom' of me, if 'twan' fer Brer Mose. He don' been dar befo'. But greshus er life, when dat *brok'n strick'n* com' roun', Brer Mose ner nobody else cu'der stopped me. You see I wuz makin' sich a mirashun over dem ackerbats up in de tent dat I fergot whut wuz er transpirin' right at me. Cur'us how it awuz. Brer Mose he tetched me en' say, 'Look a hyonder, Brer Fred!' I looked en' dar wuz ar 'oman wid a *brok'n strick'n* don' wrop all aroun' 'er. She had hits haid in her hand, en' hits tongue wuz everlastin' er flyin'! It skeered me sho! 'Brer Mose,' I sez, 'les' git away fum hyar.' But he say hit 'twa'nt gwine to hurt me. So I 'cluded to stay. But dat 'oman she com' on. Fust thing I knowed she was right up dar by me, en' all er sudden dat *brok'n strick'n* stretch his head in my proximashun. Lordy! Dis sinner didn't stay dar! I lit out thoo' dat crowd, en' de faster I run de skeerder I got. I wan't keerin' who I hit. I spec' I lef' a broad co'se behin'. Enyhow, Brer Mose sed ez how if de folks hadn't low dat I wuz skeered, dey wu'der com' arter me, en' gin it to me fer being so imperlite in my leavin'."

The memory of his scare made the old man chuckle. Then he sobered; and, still thinking of that "unto," he said impressively, in spite of our laughter, "I wuz skeered *nigh unto death!*"

Fred had another experience scarcely less amusing to us, though doubtless even worse than the circus affair to him. It was during the wheat threshing season. When my father had finished his own crop, my older brother would go around with the machine, threshing other crops in the neighborhood.

It was customary for the owner to see to moving the engine, while each farmer was to move the separator to the next place. Fred had charge of the team for the engine. He used to have a great time out on the trips. About all he had to do was to see that his team was well fed and in place when a move was to be made. He was determined to keep the horses fat, and many a time he visited the corn-crib after the owner had put out what he thought was enough. While serving as driver Fred felt his importance, too; not in any offensive degree, but so that when any one wanted to know his name, he would answer with satisfaction, "Me? Frederick is my name, suhr," or simply, "I'm Frederick."

One day he was in the saddle, driving through the woods, along a piece of little-used road. Here and there would be a sapling bending across the way, or a grape-vine hanging treacherously low. Just as Fred had crossed a little creek, and was driving slowly up the slight slope on the other side, a dangling grape-vine caught him under the chin. I heard a gasping, choking, gurgling sound, and, glancing forward, saw a thing comic in spite of its seriousness. With feet and legs gripping the horse, with hands sawing frantically on the lines, all the time vainly trying to utter a "whoa," with head pulled steadily back by the vine, the old darky was seeing a hard time! The situation was more than funny, so I gave a sharp command to the horses. They were tired, and stopped readily enough, and, with a little help, Fred was released. He was not laughing, either. My brother and I were thoroughly amused, and did not conceal it. But it took the old fellow some time to get over it enough to join us in laughing.

Affairs of the church and religion played an important part in the life of the colored people around home. It was a specially important consideration about the time of the annual "big meetin'." At that time everybody who possibly could managed to go at least once a day, preferably at night.

Fred and his family were no exception to the rule. If they could get a wagon and team, why they were exactly suited. They would leave about 8 o'clock, and stay no telling how late. Preaching often continued till past 11 o'clock, and then there was the solicitation over the mourners and the backsliders. Often it was midnight or later before they left the church. The next day would show how little sleep Fred had gotten. He would be out in the tobacco field working away with the rest of us, and toward mid-day, when things got quiet, he would get sleepy. Presently he would begin droning some camp-meeting melody. At first the notes came clear and strong; then a little fainter. Again he would rouse and go for a few moments, and then, as before, his voice would die down slowly, very slowly, until it ceased altogether. We got accustomed to this process, and, finally, would know exactly when he had dropped off. Then we would have some fun out of him, in waking him and joking him.

But to come back to the "big meetin'," Fred did not go to sleep there. On the contrary, he was very much awake. On one occasion he got "happy," and went into rather extraordinary gymnastics. Among other things, he marched ecstatically up to the preacher, gesticulated with a violent fervency, and commanded him to stop his preaching. "I can't stand er no longer! You is got ter ceas' f'um it! Ef you don' stop I'se gwine pull you out'n dat pulpit! Bles' Gawd, you'se don' made me too happy, en' I can't stand it no longer!"

Fred was a good old man, and I might tell much more; but this is enough for the present. In closing, I may say with the poet:

"I love to think of those dear hours,
How sweet their memory still."

Lament.

BY H. M. BOWLING, '08.

Alas, for the dead that die so young!
 For the babe on its mother's breast,
 That sleeps in death ere it knows the depth
 Of the love that within that bosom rests.

Alas, for the dead that die so young!
 For the maiden whose budding life
 Withers away ere she knows the bliss
 Of a lover's love, of a lover's kiss,
 Or is called a sweetheart, a bride, a wife.

Alas, for the dead that die so young!
 For the youth whose stalwart frame
 Weakens in death ere he grapples his task,
 Or can win him a name in the temple of fame.

The Aim of History.

BY EDWIN M. HELLER, '08.

HISTORY is like a majestic mountain. When, after a toilsome journey, we find ourselves on its lofty summit, and take a retrospective view from that imperial height, upon what do we focus our gaze? The lesser points of interest, many of which engrossed our attention during the climb, are now lost to sight, while only the great and commanding features of the landscape, the elevated promontories, the deep-cut valleys, the crystal, serpentine streams, and the dense forests stand out in bold relief. It is the same when from the apex of an era we glance backward over the stretch of time. The countless trivial events fade from view, and we see only the extraordinary happenings, the crucial epochs, the potent

crises through which the world has gone. These are the things which count for true history—not the daily doings in the capitalist's banking house or in the laborer's humble cottage, not the transient passions which signify nothing, but the pivotal points in human experience, the fruition of noble thoughts and deeds, and the constructive forces which form the axis of the historical world.

“The true historian is neither an idolater nor an iconoclast, but an interpreter.” It is his function to understand, with an impartial and unprejudiced mind, the prime motives which have influenced men to undertake grave and momentous ventures, to make a careful study of the intricate details of cause-and-effect movements, to point out the relativity of things potential, and to show whether like causes set in motion to-day would produce like results.

The ideal student of history is a cosmopolitan, who is in sympathy with any character, age, or movement. He creates for himself an atmosphere of individuality and reality, capable of variation in different climes. When studying Napoleon, for instance, he *is* Napoleon, swayed by the same impulses which influenced the career of that Titanic genius, living in the same age, and deeply conscious of the various tendencies of the period.

This is history in its deepest, broadest, and best aspect, to understand and interpret which is the duty of the real historian.



With the Aid of the Kid.

BY "GEORGE LAYNE."

HAVING seen that the last orders were entered up, and as my assistant and stenographer had gone for the evening, I decided to leave. After getting out of the office I thought that it would be a good plan to run up home and spend Sunday with my people. Not that it is unusual for me to go home as often as possible, but I like to surprise them once in a while by an unexpected visit. Then, too, the breath of fresh mountain air is the only medicine I need to keep going.

Taking the first passing car, I was soon in my room and had my grip packed with the few necessaries which I carry on my short journeys. I reached the depot in time to take the 5:50 train. The depot was packed full of struggling humanity, all trying to escape the desperate heat of a crowded city. Making my way through the crowd (I confess to almost using some of my old foot-ball tactics to get through), I climbed aboard. The car was pretty well filled. I saw near the front only one vacant seat, or half a seat. Its one occupant was a woman. The other half was filled with the usual paraphernalia a woman carries when traveling. Knowing that a traveling man, as a rule, wants a whole seat, and a woman as many as she can get, I hesitated somewhat about attempting to obtain the vacant seat. But, as I had been on my feet all day, the idea of an hour's ride standing didn't seem very pleasant. So I mustered up my courage and started forward.

I was just about to make as formal and polite a request as possible for the remainder of the seat, when to my surprise—"Why, Miss Stuart, how do you do?"

"Mr. Long, I am so glad to see you," stretching forth her hand cordially.

"It's good to see you again, but where did you come from

and where are you going?" I answered, for 'twas good to see *her* again.

"I have just come in from home, and am running out to see an old school-mate of mine. But where are you going?" she asked, smiling as of old.

"I was just going to ask you for a part of your seat."

"Oh, forgive me; I forgot that you were standing," she said quickly.

I soon had her bundles and packages safely stowed overhead and my suit-case out in the aisle.

"I am just running out to spend Sunday with the folks at home. This July weather is almost killing in the city, and a breath of pure air is a fine stimulant," I said, in answer to her first question.

And, just to think, here right beside me was Lucy Stuart! I hadn't seen her for four years, not since the glimpse I had of her at my graduation. To tell the whole truth, I had seen her everywhere every day since then, her great big laughing blue eyes, which could get *serious* at times, the two dimples, the thin red cupid-bow lips, clear complexion, dark eye-lashes, all surmounted by a mass of golden-brown hair. Gad, but she was a picture! How well I remember the last time I saw her! She was as beautiful as it is possible for a woman to be, and, if anything, more beautiful now than ever. The flower which was just budding when I last saw it was beginning to bloom and blossom into a beautiful flower.

"It's good to see you again," I repeated, coming out of my reverie.

"Yes, I'm mighty glad to get home again. One gets mighty tired of globe-trotting in four years, and longs for home."

"The same old story—no place like home after all," I said. "But tell me about yourself. Where have you been all these long years?"

"Well, there isn't much to tell," she answered. "After

graduating, father took me abroad for a year, as he had planned. While in Paris I decided to continue my drawing, and stayed there two years with my aunt. After leaving there, we traveled through most of Europe for two years; then I decided that I was tired of it, and we came on home. I have been home since then, doing nothing but resting. Just now I am running out to see an old school friend of mine, to spend Sunday with her. I get off at Millsaps. Now, that's my history for the past four years. What have you been doing?"

"Well," I answered slowly, "mine is a good deal shorter than yours. After leaving college I went to work for the V. C. Company. They have been very kind to me. I try to manage their office in the city we've just left. Looking back, I see nothing but work—just the usual grinding, the same thing every day." She was looking out of the window now. "Still," I continued, "there have been many things to lighten my labor. There has always been before me the image of one who first kindled in my heart my ambition, and, looking at it from all sides, my work has been pleasant." The view out of the car window seemed to be the only thing that interested her just then. "Why did you stop writing to me?" I continued.

She turned her head slowly. "Don't you think it was time when I didn't get an answer to the last one I wrote?"

"Didn't get an answer? Why, I surely answered every one I got. It must have been lost in the mail. You were so long about writing that I concluded that you were tired of it."

"No," she said; "it wasn't that. When one is seeing Europe and trying to study, one doesn't have much time for letter writing. Then, too, when one is not sure—"

"Lucy," I began. Just here I felt a touch on my arm. Looking down, I saw a little boy, a pretty little fellow, who seemed to be about four years old.

"Want to see wheels go round," he lisped. Miss Stuart smiled indulgently.

"Come over here and sit by me," she whispered.

"Oh, no," he answered; "I want to see wheels go round, and watches and lots of things."

I could have given him the watch for that answer. He now reached up and began to play with my old athletic medal attached to my watch fob. I took the watch out and, giving it to him, told him to take it to his seat and play with it all he wanted to. He took the watch and marched off, looking as proud as a lord.

"Lucy," I began again, "when I was a poor boy up in the mountains—"

Here I felt another touch on my arm.

"Can't open clock," said the kid, smiling up into my face. Miss Stuart smiled and looked relieved. This, of course, exasperated me all the more, but I managed to swallow the angry words on my tongue's end, and meekly took the troublesome watch, and, opening front and back, returned it to the kid.

"You were telling me what you had been doing the past four years," began Miss Stuart, smiling.

"No," I answered, somewhat shortly, "what I have been doing for the last eight years."

Just then I heard a crash, a sound of breaking glass, followed by the wail of a little boy. I knew immediately what had happened. Looking back, I saw him coming towards me with his eyes full of tears and head hanging shamefully down.

"The watch fell and got broke," he confessed between his sobs, handing the abused time-piece to me. I only hoped that nothing more serious than the breaking of the crystal had happened.

"That's all right," I answered hastily, and I might have added "Run along to your mother," but at this point he

could control his sobs no longer, and there was nothing for Miss Stuart to do but to take him on her lap and comfort him.

"I get off at the next station," she said to me.

Only ten minutes left! I must act now or give it up.

"Come here, little fellow," seeing that he had ceased sobbing, "and I'll tell you a story. Don't you want to hear a story about ghosts and princesses and kings?" I coaxed. Having dried his tears, he was ready for something new, and leaving Miss Stuart, he climbed on my knee."

"Once upon a time," I began, "when ghosts prowled around at night (here his big blue eyes opened in wonder and delight) there lived, away up in the mountains, a princess, with her father and mother and brothers and sisters."

He was all attention now, and I felt that I was making some headway. Miss Stuart looked on in an amused sort of way.

"This little princess grew to be a beautiful girl, and lots of fine princes came to see her and all wanted to marry her, but it seemed that none of them suited her."

Here Miss Stuart seemed oblivious to all that was being said. She was looking steadily out of the window.

"But she," I continued, "didn't like any of them well enough to marry them; but they kept on coming to see her. At the same time there was living in the next kingdom a poor shepherd boy. He was very happy till he met her; the reason that he wasn't happy then was that he loved her, and he was only a poor shepherd boy. But she would speak to him now and then, and was kind to him."

Miss Stuart bit her lip at the word "kind."

"But," I continued, "this poor shepherd boy almost prayed that the beautiful princess would fall into the river, so that he might save her, or that a robber would attack her home and carry her off, so that he might rescue her; but, of course, no such thing happened. Then he thought that if he went out and worked his way up—he knew that he would work his way to the top for her—he could come

back and ask her to be his queen. But while he was working she went away and seemed to forget him, and he was so down-cast that he did not know what to do."

Miss Stuart was still looking out of the window, but I could see that her eyes were nearly full, and that her bosom was slightly heaving.

"Finally, she came back to her own kingdom, but the man who had once been the shepherd boy, and who was now at the top, did not hear anything from her. One day he saw her, but still doubted; he just did not know what to do."

Miss Stuart turned, looking first at the boy and then at me. I felt the train slowing down. "Lucy," I said quickly, "won't you end the story?"

* * * * *

Rubbing my eyes, I looked up. The office clock told me plainly that it was ten minutes to six.

I had been asleep for fifty minutes.

I felt a tug at my coat sleeve, and, looking down, I saw my little boy. "Dada, mama says 'tis time to go home." He pulled me around, and I saw my wife sitting in one of the office chairs. "Why, Lucy, are you here? I must have been dead asleep; why didn't you wake me?" I said, kissing her lightly on the forehead.

"Well, I started to, but you seemed to be resting so well, and smiled so much in your sleep, that I decided not to disturb you," she answered.

The hot July weather had completely overcome me, and she and the little fellow had been admitted by my assistant when he went out.

"Did you have a nice dream?" she asked.

"Yes," was all I could answer.

The Messenger.

Board of Editors.

ROBERT NORMAN DANIEL, '07, - - - Editor-in-Chief.
Philologistian.
ELIJAH MCINTYRE LOUTHAN, '07, - - - Assistant Editor.
Philologistian.

Associate Editors:

Philologistian.

W. G. PAYNE, JR., Exchanges
S. G. HARWOOD Poem
C. B. ARENDALL Campus Notes

Mu Sigma Rho.

W. R. D. MONCURE Essay
G. L. H. WINFREY Fiction
B. C. JONES. Alumni Notes

JOHN BROCKENBROUGH WOODWARD, JR., '07, - Business Manager
Mu Sigma Rho.
NAPOLEON BOND, '07, - - - Assistant Business Manager
Philologistian.

CHANGE OF HANDS. With the current issue THE MESSENGER has changed hands, and is now under the control of the editor-in-chief from the Philologistian Society. We come into office with profound respect for the work of the editor who has so earnestly directed the literary expression of the College for the past year. We deeply appreciate the special efforts on the part of the outgoing editor and his assistant to stir up a live interest in the welfare of the magazine just before turning its interest over to us, and we venture the hope that we may profit by their earnestness, and carry the work forward in a manner that will meet the approval of the entire student body. It is indeed fortunate for THE MESSENGER that the increased interest lately shown in its work is not confined to the editors, but has been created largely by the efforts of members of the Faculty.

The in-coming editor feels that he has the moral support of the Faculty, as well as that of the student body, and promises his best efforts to insure a magazine that will be a credit to the College.

**RICHMOND COLLEGE
AND
THE EXPOSITION.**

The Jamestown Exposition celebrates the three-hundredth anniversary of the settlement at Jamestown. It is indeed a momentous affair, full of interest to all who love Virginia, to all who love our common country. It will bring together the people of our own country and those of foreign lands into a kind of vast association, where the products, the inventions, the activities of all peoples will be put on exhibition.

Aside from our interest in Virginia, and aside from our interest in the nation, we have a closer interest, one that comes to our very doors, that enters into our lives, and that will affect our lives in the future, no matter where they are spent. This is our College and its part in this great Exposition.

Richmond College is truly fortunate in the location which its exhibit will occupy. We are to be in the centre of the University and College Building. To our left will be the exhibit of the University of Virginia, and to the right that of Columbia. Just to the rear Randolph-Macon will be located. As visitors enter by way of the main entrance they will be confronted by Richmond College. So we have the advantage of most institutions by reason of our central location and ready access to visitors.

We will have on exhibition portraits of the two former Presidents of the College, Dr. Robert Ryland and Dr. T. G. Jones; of all the professors who have done work in the College in the past, so far as their portraits can be secured, and large photographs of the members of the present Faculty, together with views of the grounds and buildings. Then there are to be copies of all books and other publications from the various professors for the past seventy-five years.

A thing of special interest to the modern college student will be a handsome case containing all the athletic trophies of the teams that have represented the College. There will be

specimens of the work done in the drawing department, many of which will be the productions of men now in College.

In one feature we will be ahead of all other institutions represented. This is the Egyptian mummy in the Art Hall. It is said that this will be the only mummy on exhibition.

Then there are to be old documents from the library, bearing on the history of the College and of education in Virginia. Illustrated literature advertising the College will be distributed. A unique way of advertising will be by means of large lettered charts hung up where they can be easily seen and read. These charts will give the history of the institution in a few terse statements.

It would be hard to over-estimate the importance of this opportunity for making Richmond College more generally known. People from all sections of the State and of the country will be visitors to the Exposition, and the central location of our exhibit will make it possible for more of these to look at our work than at that of any other institution of our size and kind. So we may well congratulate ourselves on the fine prospects for making Richmond College more widely known, and while we are doing this let us not forget that it is a duty incumbent on us to carry the interests of the institution on our hearts, and during the coming vacation to let no opportunity pass for interesting others in it.

Y. M. C. A. Is the Y. M. C. A. of Richmond College doing its full duty or not? This is a question of vital interest to every member of the student body. A survey of the results of the Association's work indicates that, in some respects at least, we have not lived up to the obligations that rest upon us. In one important particular have we failed—we have not been active enough in inducing the men to join the Association. The members have not been sufficiently wide-awake in impressing upon every

student, whether Christian or non-Christian, the privilege and duty of identifying himself with this society, which stands for the religious side of college life. We anticipate with earnest desire the day when every man in College shall be a part of this praiseworthy organization.

One thing that retards the Association in its efforts to accomplish its full duty is the lack of a suitable building for its purposes. The Y. M. C. A. really has no place that it can call its own. It has been necessary to go to the chapel for the weekly meetings, on account of the little room in the quarters formerly occupied. Would it not be possible for a college of the size of ours to have a commodious building for its Y. M. C. A., where attractions could be offered that would keep many men away from resorts of pleasure, more or less harmful, in the city? We believe that if we had a larger, modern Y. M. C. A. building on the campus, equipped with baths, gymnasium, reading room, and a large auditorium for public functions, the problem of interesting men in the work of the organization would be more than half solved.

Let us not be discouraged by our present condition. Interest in this work is increasing, and it only needs to be fostered. The men in the work are in earnest, and their efforts will not be unproductive of results. Richmond College is making large endeavors to add to its capital. Perhaps some of this will be turned to the noble object in hand. Untiring effort on the part of the men of the Association is the important thing just at present. Let us be up and doing, and results are sure to follow.



Campus Notes.



BY C. B. ARENDALL.

Coach Dunlap traces base-ball to the time when Rebekah went down to the well with a pitcher and caught Isaac.

Up to this time President Boatwright has been unable to find out what those two empty beer bottles were doing in the co-ed. study hall.

"I say," said Rogers to Stringy, who has conspicuous bow-legs, "I say, don't you have to have your pantaloons cut with a circular saw?"

"Prof." McKinney (in a warm discussion about the time): "I know it is half-past six, for I have just this minute heard the town clock strike."

Our honored President will deliver the baccalaureate address for Hampton Academy, on May 23d. We offer them our hearty congratulations on securing such a man.

Davidson, passing All Saints Episcopal Church: "Say, Daniel, I have heard of the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, but pray tell me what creed have the 'All Saints'?"

Miss Betty declares that there's fire for every girl's back who would do a little flirtation. "Buz" Gilliam is the hero who put out the conflagration. They both believe in co-education.

A big "Billy" butted in at Bouis's at breakfast last Sunday. He stalked majestically among the tables. The boys offered him various bits of the best at hand. They were all politely, but very decidedly refused.

A few days ago a base-ball went through the window of our honored President's office, carrying about ten thousand splinters of glass. Boaty, who was engaged at his desk at the time, attributes his escape from serious injury to his heavy suit of hair.

The appearance and general prospects of our base-ball team is a thing of beauty and joy to all. Wright is a daisy pitcher. Lodge is a good catcher. All the boys are working hard, and we don't have to stretch our imaginations much to see the cup coming our way.

Hon. Timothy Kerse, manager, coach, captain, catcher, secretary, treasurer, and general utility man of the Rangers, says, "Every man on the team is a natural born ball player." Every word of that is so; if you don't believe it, ask Richmond Academy or McGuire's School.

THE SMILE THAT WON'T COME OFF.—Dr. Bingham to Straus: "Why is it you have eyes for everybody in the class? What is it about Chemistry that makes you laugh continually?"

S.: "Beg pardon, sir! I have eyes for only one, and I have laughed from infancy up."

One of the pleasing episodes of the Norfolk trip was the capture of the big streamer over the door of the Armory building by Coach Dunlap and a few accomplices. Six gold medals and the external decorations of the building were enough for one team to bring home.

The Southern Baptist Convention, the largest, and one of the most democratic organizations on earth, meets in our city May 16th. Richmond College will tender it a great reception. The President expects the student body to wear a universal grin and look its best. Somebody suggests that Brothers' will be the most unassumed of 'em all.

B. Davis to S. Eldridge: "I'll bet you a dollar bill you can't say the 'Lord's Prayer.'"

Eldridge: "Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep, &c."

Davis (handing over the dollar bill): "Be dogged if I thought you could do it."

The "Richmond College History Club" is a new thing under the sun. It was organized by Dr. S. C. Mitchell a few weeks ago, and is limited to twenty members. Meetings are held fortnightly at the Doctor's residence. It has already proved to be of much interest to the boys, and will doubtless be a source of great help to them. Why should not other clubs of a similar nature be formed.

We have lately received a handsome life-size likeness of Mr. W. H. Davis, of Norfolk, which is a lovely contribution to his memorial room in Memorial Hall. Later on he will send similar ones of his two pastors, Drs. E. B. Taylor and Calvin S. Blackwell. Now that Mr. Davis has set the pace, won't the others follow? Every memorial room in the building should have a picture of its donor in it.

First Young Lady: "Do you know Mr. Martin, over at College?"

Second Young Lady: "Yes, I have quite a sour remembrance of him."

First: "How is that?"

Second: "At our boarding house he let fall a pickle dish on my changeable new silk."

Even at this remote season foot-ball furnishes an ever interesting topic for campus chats. This is due, mainly, to the fact that we have prospects for one of the greatest teams the College has ever produced. Manager George has about completed an excellent schedule. The first scalp will be Woodberry Forest. Then, in quick succession, comes Virginia, Carolina, A. and M., Maryland Agricultural College, and others, with the usual championship series thrown in for good measure, the season winding up, as before, with a game at Newport News with William and Mary.

Doctor Bingham, our Professor of Chemistry, has recently been honored by having his Dissertation on "The Conductivity and

Viscosity of Solutions of Certain Salts in Mixtures of Acetone with Methyl Alcohol, with Ethyl Alcohol and Water," translated into German by Professor Ostwald, of the University of Liepzig. Professor Ostwald is among the two or three leading scientific men of Germany. Another one of his treatises has passed over the sixth edition in German. *The American Chemical Journal*, the leading scientific journal of this country, has recently published extensive articles by Doctor Bingham, and two others have been accepted and will appear soon. It is rumored that the Doctor's successful investigations will soon appear in book form.

We are happy to record that one of the many warm friendships among our co-eds. has at last culminated in the ringing of marriage bells. The glad event took place at the residence of the bride's parents, on a recent date, Mr. William Marie Fatinitza leading to the altar (as best he could under the tightness of the circumstances) Miss Imogene DeAuburn.

The wedding march was rendered by Miss Helen Trescott, and the bride entered accompanied by her maid of honor, Miss Jennie Bonheur, and six bridesmaids. The reporter, being busy (strangely) with the male contingent of the affair at this moment, attempts no description of the bride's or maids' dresses. The groomsmen were attired in "pirated" suits of unsuspecting brothers. The groom and the minister, Rev. E. G. Braxton, wore the results of a successful raid on the wardrobe of a certain benign, elderly gentleman, well known around College. It had been intended that both groom and parson should each wear the suits as their original owner did, but certain incompatibilities appeared which made permutations necessary. The final result was satisfactory and unique.

After the graceful ceremony the numerous array of presents was displayed. Later the whole party, after some changes of dress on the part of a few, enjoyed a "set up" by the groom at Polk Miller's.

When seen next morning the happy pair was surrounded by friends, and all were softly humming, to the tune of "Mr. Dooley":

At Richmond College, at Richmond College,
All our co-eds. so fine and true;
When the boys tarry and don't want to marry,
We show them, by George, what we can do.

Our track team, under Manager Gwathmey, had a most delightful trip to Norfolk on March 16th. The weather was fine, and everything propitious for the meet.

Gooch started the ball to rolling by winning the first event of the evening, the fifty-yard dash. His time was five and three-fifth seconds. Miller's countenance fell when he saw that his old friend Hefferman, of Georgetown, was entered for the shot put. Hefferman won from Miller in the meet in Richmond by three feet, but he evidently hadn't improved in his work as much as our man. Miller won the event by putting the sixteen-pound shot thirty-six feet, nine inches. The victory brought forth a great deal of applause, during which Coach Dunlap wore his copyrighted smile, used only on such occasions.

Of course, the main interest centered in the relay race with William and Mary. It seems that for a week or two before the event that venerable institution had been publishing in the Norfolk newspapers its probabilities of winning. Everybody was looking forward to our coming, and there was a death-like silence when the two teams went to the mark. William and Mary won the toss, and chose the inside track.

At the report of the pistol Richardson jumped in the lead and gained consistently for his three laps. When Waite had finished his run, a long half a lap lay between him and William and Mary's man, and he no longer had to stop, turn around, and put on his spectacles to see where his opponent was. The only interest in the contest from now on was, not who would win, but would Richmond College catch William and Mary from behind, and win the race by one whole lap? Then Louthan

flung himself into the contest, with his face beaming like the morning sun. His prominent crest was set pulsating with anxiety as he turned one sharp ear and received the order of the coach to "go after him." He did go after him and gained well.

Captain Gooch, while waiting for his turn, caught the spirit of Louthan's efforts, and made up his mind "to catch that man anyhow, or die." Around the track he flew, amidst yells and cries, coming out in the final within two yards of accomplishing his purpose of catching his man from behind.

It need not be said that William and Mary proved herself "true blue," and ran to the last as if there was hope, but no one considered her team a match for the Richmond representatives.

After the race was over the team, and numerous old Richmond College men, gathered in the centre of the building, and gave a ringing yell for their defeated opponents.



❁ Alumni Department. ❁

BENJAMIN C. JONES, '07, Editor.

“*These are my jewels.*”

Alma mater is the maker of law firms, as well as lawyers, as the following shingles, which may be seen hanging over the streets of several blooming little cities in Southwest Virginia, will show: Riley, Ross & Kahle, Attorneys at Law. The senior member of this firm is William E. 'Ross, '04, and the other members are Earl Riley, '06, and James S. Kahle, '06. This is one of the most enterprising law offices in the hustling city of Bluefield, W. Va.

Smith & Tucker, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. P. B. Smith, '05, and Linwood G. Tucker, '05.

Morton & Parker, Attorneys at Law, Appalachia, Va. George Morton, '06, and Robert R. Parker, '06.

Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y., has a representation of Richmond College men: C. L. Stuart, '94, R. S. Owen, '02, B. D. Gaw, '04, Frank H. Hayes, '06, and S. H. Templeman, '05.

York Coleman, '06, now located at Bluefield, W. Va., of the law firm of McClaugherty & McClaugherty, visited his friends on the campus recently.

Samuel H. Templeman, '05, now middle classman at Colgate University, gave us here at the College the pleasure of a visit during Easter.

C. W. McElroy, '04, at Crozer Seminary, was with us a few days on the campus.

W. E. Ross, '04, paid his *alma mater* the homage of a visit while in Richmond a few days ago.

B. West Tabb, '01, gave us the pleasure of a visit last week.

Exchange Department.

BY W. GRATTAN PAYNE.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine was a great disappointment to us. After acknowledging it to be our best exchange last month, we were hoping to find it up to the same standard this month, but, alas, how greatly disappointed we were! Besides the regular contributions of the editors, there are nine articles in this magazine, three poems—none of which deserve special mention, one story, and five articles of heavier nature. As soon as we read "A Threefold Tragedy" we drew our pen through every page of it, and did what the editors should have done—eliminated it from the magazine. We, together with other exchange editors, have already called the attention of these editors to the fact that such matter has no place in a college magazine. "A Lady's Rules for Whist" is amusing, and perhaps true, but a very poor poem. Some interesting information is given in "Agricultural Prospects in California," but the composition of the article is not good. We found several misspelled words and similar inexcusable mistakes, due to careless proof-reading. In "John Sevier" we are given a readable account of an historic event. "Some Facts Concerning Edgar Allan Poe" are, in truth, the same old facts, known to every one. "The Dual Life" is the best article, and the Exchange the best department in the magazine. Under the heading "Editorials" we find the notice of a speech and of a lecture, and the names of recently-elected officers of the Athletic Association. These are not editorials, but locals. The same criticism was made of the January issue, and applies to the March issue also. We would suggest that the writer of the so-called editorials in these three issues be put in charge of a local or Campus Notes department. In his present capacity he has certainly missed his calling.

We approached *The Hollins Quarterly* with fear and trembling. The size and neat appearance of the magazine

delighted us, but the picture of the girl on the cover dismayed us. We are always filled with misgivings by anything which savors of the opposite sex, and we always approach such things very timidly. However, this timidity was soon forgotten as we read eagerly and fearlessly on to the end of this magazine. And then we wished for more like it. On the second page is an error, due to oversight. The heading "Contents" appears twice. The material is well divided and tastefully arranged. The student body, as a whole, does not seem to be doing enough of the work in the literary department. Over half of the articles were written by the editors, but, to be sure, these latter did not hurt themselves in the other departments. The Exchange Department is unworthy of the name, while of the three headings under the Editorial Department only one is really an editorial, and possibly two could be forced under that department, but under no considerations is the simple outline of a book to be taken as an editorial. "In and About College" is entirely too indefinite to be of any interest either to the Hollins students or to others. Allow us to quote some examples: "Miss S—— was away for a few days in Lynchburg, Va." "Miss C——, of B——, was at Hollins for a few days." "Mr. D—— visited his daughter for a few hours." All of the poems are above the class generally found in our exchanges. The thought expressed in "The Gift Divine" is grand, but the rhyme is very poor. For instance, in one stanza "hand" is supposed to rhyme with "grand," and in another with "blend." The stories are short and shallow as to plot, but the charming manner in which they are written atones for their defects. If all of us knew as much about the Chinese question, and could express ourselves as well as the writer of "Is the Popular Estimate of the Chinese Just?" the oriental problem would soon be solved.

There is enough material of a certain sort in *The Winthrop College Journal*, but the sort is not extra good. It is entirely too light and unsubstantial. Not one of the stories has a plot

of any depth, or one which is worked out well enough to keep the reader from being certain how it will end, and this conclusion can generally be reached when only half the story has been read. There is a general tendency to force the action. The proof-reading of the whole magazine was worse than poor. In fact, it looks as if it came straight from the printer to the reader, and from an extremely careless printer at that. There is a lamentable lack of paragraphs, incorrect quotations, and an appalling and absolutely inexcusable number of misspelled words. We do not approve of printing debates in college magazines, unless these debates are particularly good and contain something not already known to every one in general. The characters in "After Twenty Years" are not natural. This applies especially to Carroll, who knows that he looks very much like his chum Brice, that Brice was lost in Texas when a boy, and that his own mother had lost a son in Texas, and yet he says nothing of it, and does not even try to find out if Brice is his brother. The line, "Breathing promise of flowers unborn," taken from "Morning and Evening," sounds dangerously like plagiarism.

We sum the Exchange Department up thus: Everything in "this number" of "this magazine" for "this month" is either "interesting," "good," "simple," "disappointing," or "very interesting," "very good," "very simple," "very disappointing." The Social Department is, if possible, worse than the Exchange Department. Its general sentiment runs as follows: So-and-so visited So-and-so, or somebody spent a few hours with somebody else, either last week or at some unspecified time. The two poems, "My Rose Lady" and "Ah, Woman!" are the only redeeming features of the whole magazine.

"Man," in *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, is the best poem we have read this month, and there are some very creditable ones in our other visitors. "The Tempter, Gold" is also good. We seldom read any college magazine containing two poems as

good as these. The article on "Thomas DeQuincy" is interesting and well written, but the subject is rather worn. There is something weird and also fascinating about "A Vow," but, after all, it is only the narration of the ravings of a maniac. All of us have felt the sensations and enjoyed the experiences described in "The First Note."

The first half page under the Editorial Department is filled with college hits and attempts at witty sayings. We are sure that the printer made a mistake, and that the editors intended these to go under Campus Notes, because they are in no sense editorials. "The Proper Spirit" is good, but the other editorials are mainly pleadings for the men to support *The Monthly*. We do not think that the announcement of a debate can be classed as an editorial.

The poetry seam is the only place at which *The Gray Jacket* fits this month. The story seam is too loose, while the editorial seam doesn't touch at all. The Literary Department front is not arranged well. At the top there are two stories, while at the bottom we find two heavier articles. The sleeve of general interest is not large enough to balance that of local interest. Taking everything into consideration, *The Jacket* is not a credit to a school of the size of V. P. I. "Philosophy" is one of the very best poems we have read. "Why Join the Literary Societies" is particularly good, and is applicable to every student body. It is the best article in the magazine. In "Polly" the old soldier is a superfluous character, and it would be better for both the reader and the writer for these to be always avoided. The author seemed to be trying more to philosophize than to tell a story. "I'm Sorry" is spoiled by the addition of the last sentence. When the girl is clasped in the boy's arms, and has murmured "Yours always," it is best to say no more and to leave them alone.

The Red and White begins with a very readable and highly interesting treatment of the dry and scientific subject, "Pro-

tective Inoculation." We fully agree with the writer of "Help! Help!! Help!!!" that the Literary Department is just as important as the athletic feature of a college, but he seems to be having the same trouble in getting his fellow students to recognize this fact as is being experienced at other schools. It appears that A. and M. has but one writer of poetry, and all three of his productions might very profitably have been placed under "In a Lighter Vein." We do not blame "The Levelman" in the least for making love to the Panama girl nor to the American woman, but we do blame him for neglecting important work to that end. May we suggest that the editor-in-chief of this magazine write some editorials? It would improve his magazine. The Exchange Department is good, but too many of the "locals" refer to "last week."

The Davidson College Magazine has a nicely-arranged table of contents. The articles of light nature are not too light and the heavy ones are not too heavy. We could read every one of them without having to stick a pin in ourselves, and we really believe we should have enjoyed the contents of the magazine had it not been for the inexcusable carelessness of the editor who read the proof-sheets. "Democracy or Despotism" shows a thorough grasp of the subject by the author, and is both instructive and readable. The good qualities of "Echoes" make up for the bad points of the other two poems. "Artie" is simply a narration of the life and work of a man and woman who were willing to sacrifice everything for the betterment of their fellow-men. The editorials are written in long, disconnected sentences, which fact detracts very much from their interest.

We have had the pleasure of reading our first number of *Ouachita Ripples*, and we must say that we enjoyed it very much, in spite of the fact that nearly everything in it is of a very light nature. It seemed to be wrapped in the wild, inviting atmosphere of the great Southwest. It appealed very strongly

to us, and we hope it may come again next month. "The Folly of Preserving Niagara" is a splendidly-written article, but we do not agree with the views of the author, and we don't hold stock in any Niagara Company either. With the exception of the editorials, the remainder of the material has no depth. The plots of the stories are thin. The rhyme of "Why be Content?" is by no means perfect. "My Latest Love Experience" is the best article of this lighter class, perhaps because it is not so much the experience as the result of it which is told about. The editorials are the best we have read this month.

The Bessie Tift Journal is a new visitor in our midst, but we give her a most hearty welcome, and sincerely hope she has come to stay. "Heart Rest" and "Consolation" are calculated to make a boy sit up, and think that, after all, there are a few girls who can write real poetry. "Michel Angelo" is a well-written article. "The Old Field School" carries us back to happy experiences, and "Autumn Woods" is so natural that while reading it we imagined that the other many-colored exchanges on our table were leaves on the ground, and began looking around among them for nuts.

There is not much in *The Buff and Blue*. The poems, however, are good beyond the ordinary. The two stories have very simple, or no plot, and the other articles are short. There is not enough reading matter of general interest.

We offer our thanks to the editors of the following magazines: *The Furman Echo*, *The Pharos*, *Niagara Index*, *The Eatonian*, *The Lesbian Herald*, *The Campus*, *The Mountaineer*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The News-Letter*, *The Winthrop College Journal*, *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The High School Student*, *The Gray Jacket*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, *The Bessie Tift Journal*, *Ouachita Ripples*, *The Red and White*, *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Hollins Quarterly*, *The St. John's Collegian*, *Isaqueena*, *The Harvard Payne Monthly*.

As we go to press our mail brings *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* for March. We have no time at present to attempt a criticism of its contents as a whole. One thing we wish to mention, however. In criticising THE MESSENGER this esteemed magazine says: "To be really plain, THE MESSENGER for January is a sad failure. It is full from cover to cover with words of praise for the various branches of athletics at the school, and gives no space to literary matter. Now, it may be a good thing to let other people know what we are doing in our schools in the athletic line, but the college magazine is more concerned with literature and the literary development of the school than it is with sounding abroad the triumphs of our athletic teams."

An excellent piece of criticism, were the statements supported by facts. We are indeed sorry to learn that the sting of defeat has so blinded our friends that they do not know the difference between articles on ideals in athletics and those in praise of athletic teams. In answer to the statement that the college magazine is intended to encourage literary development (which we take to mean improvement in writing) rather than to sound abroad the triumphs of athletic teams, may we venture to say that it is just about as difficult to write up a good article on athletics, and brings just about as much improvement to the writer, as to produce one on any other subject?

The Randolph-Macon Monthly ignores the facts that athletics form a principal feature in college life, and that a college magazine is supposed to reflect the various activities of the students. We considered athletics of enough moment to deserve an issue of the magazine given up to athletic interests, and in doing so only carried out our ideas of the true object of a college magazine.