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THE MESSENGER

Vol. XXXVII.

APRIL, 1911.

No. 7

MY LOST VERNORA.

W. V. H.

(With apologies to all writers of college love poems.)

Take thee back, thou wan and wicked vision,
The unearthed form of a dark and tear-stained past;
Hast thou come to mock me in derision?
Wilt thou not hide thy ghastly face at last?

Alas, I feel thy dank and death cold fingers
Grip close about my aching, throbbing heart;
Before my eyes again the vision lingers,
Once more I see my fleeting hopes depart.

Fair Vernora, gone from me forever!
When shall I reap those hopes so gladly sown?
I shall reap them only—ah, but never—
Ne'er will those longings be my own.

Back through the lifting mist of transient years,
Those laughing, loving eyes again I see;
But for that love I reap now naught but tears,
Since vain Vernora lavished love on me.

Now others drink thy cup as once did I,
Yet all who taste thy bitter dregs but grieve;
And at thy love they sicken and so die,
For thou, false one, dost heartlessly deceive.

Ah, take thee back, thou ghost of days long fled,
The haunting hopes of idle dreams long past;
Fly! fly! to haunts of the grim and silent dead,
And leave my bleeding heart alone at last.

* * * * *

Alas, those eyes—those fiery, glaring eyes—
How I shudder with that unearthly thrill:
The specter pales—it glows—it glims—it dies;
But ah—the vision—the vision lingers still.

"BOBBY."

W. B. Miller, '12.

EVERY chair in the main library was occupied. The tables were stacked high with books and magazines, and absolute quiet prevailed. Every one seemed to be in the spirit of earnest study, and even in the reading room adjoining there was not so much as the sound of a folding paper.

At length the stillness, which had become almost oppressive, was suddenly broken by the sound of faltering footsteps. Looking up I observed a typical old farmer, bent with age, with bared head and long white hair, plainly clad, his leather boots enameled with mud, and the lash of his whip trailed along on the floor. None else took note of him as he glanced about the walls anxiously and with hesitation, and the sound of the faltering footsteps slowly died away as he turned an angle and passed to the farther side of the reading room.

I dropped my eyes to the page before me and had almost lost myself in the depths of its lore when the stillness was again disturbed by footsteps, not faltering now, but accompanied and guided by a firm but gentle step. They crossed the library and paused near my chair, in a corner which the old man had not seen as he entered. Glancing up I saw him gazing intently at a portrait on the wall. One moment he looked in silence, then the sound of his broken voice brought every one to attention: "Ah, that's him! that's him! O Bobby, Bobby, many's the day I've followed you when bullets flew like hail! Looks just like him—the greatest man the Lord ever put breath into! O Bobby, Bobby, how we loved you! And there's Jackson—Stonewall Jackson!"—and the old man moved a step nearer another portrait—"O, if we hadn't lost Stonewall!"

He stood a moment before his martyred leader, examining the portrait in detail, then turned again toward Lee, the teardrops

flowing freely down his own and other cheeks. It was a holy silence. Every eye was on him and every heart beat in sympathy with his. A full minute he stood and wept, then dried his tears with his big bandana, and the very breathing almost ceased when his voice, which was steady now, broke the stillness as he turned away: "It is enough. I drove long miles to get here but I've seen him. Now I am ready to go."

Budora Woolfolk Ramsey '11

I am studying the German drama, we must remember that we are approaching conditions widely different from those with which we are familiar in this country. For this reason a drama that would be impossible in France or America may be staged with success in Germany. The French do not enjoy life as it is, but they want to see life as it ought to be. Keatsian is sought; hence the aesthetic French nature revolts. The theater must uplift they claim and, failing to do this, its failure is complete. In America we are too busy, too tired, too un-nerved when night falls. It is then we must be amused. Don't give us a problem play; don't make us think; we want to enjoy. In place of Sudermann, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck give us a comic opera—"The Merry Widow," "Filly Ruffles" or "Madam Sherry"—and we will pronounce it excellent. And why? Because it has satisfied, it has tested us, has made us forget for a while the rush of business, the whirl which carries us on day after day. But in Germany, all this is changed. They take their drama seriously. They are willing to be taught. This is why Hauptmann and Sudermann have been able to gain a hearing, and to gain a general popularity that might seem to us incredible. At the time their plays first appeared the glory of Lessing, Goethe and Schiller was declining. A new school was ushered in by Sudermann and Hauptmann. Their plays easily fall into what we shall have to call for lack of a better term—problem plays, though a deep seated problem is not always their raison-d'être. Sudermann thinks too much of his art to place in the foreground harassing, unanswerable questions, but Hauptmann so far forgets himself

TWO OF GERMANY'S GREAT DRAMATISTS, HAUPTMANN AND SUDERMANN.

Eudora Woolfolk Ramsay, '11.

IN studying the German drama, we must remember that we are approaching conditions widely different from those with which we are familiar in this country. For this reason a drama that would be impossible in France or America, may be staged with success in Germany. The French do not enjoy life as it is, but they want to see life as it ought to be. Realism is sordid; hence the aesthetic French nature revolts. The theater must uplift they claim and, failing to do this, its failure is complete. In America we are too busy, too tired, too un-nerved when night falls. It is then we must be amused.

Don't give us a problem play; don't make us think; we want to enjoy. In place of Sudermann, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, give us a comic opera—"The Merry Widow," "Fluffy Ruffles" or "Madam Sherry"—and we will pronounce it excellent. And why? Because it has satisfied, it has rested us, has made us forget for a while the rush of business, the whirl which carries us on, day after day. But in Germany, all this is changed. They take their drama seriously. They are willing to be taught. This is why Hauptmann and Sudermann have been able to gain a hearing, and to gain a general popularity that might seem to us incredible. At the time their plays first appeared the glory of Lessing, Goethe and Schiller was declining. A new school was ushered in by Sudermann and Hauptmann. Their plays easily fall into what we shall have to call—for lack of a better term—problem plays, though a deep seated problem is not always their *raison-d'etre*. Sudermann thinks too much of his art to place in the foreground harassing, unanswerable questions, but Hauptmann so far forgets himself

at times, becomes so completely carried away by his theme, that we have a social, economical or moral problem superseding characters, action—everything. This is true in *The Weavers*. The play is a reproduction of a strike that the author has witnessed. The characters are only important in so far as they bring before us the main issue—that between capital and labor. The play is a succession of disconnected scenes which are so powerful, so masterfully drawn, so vital that we are able to overlook their faults.

The problem play undoubtedly has its place in literature, a place that *must* be filled, and yet the true artist must make the problem subservient to the life-interest. In other words, he must not abstract the issue from the individual; he must not leave the realm of naturalism. This Sudermann never does. Just as Hauptmann is the apostle of realism, so Sudermann is the apostle of naturalism. Between realism and idealism he says there is that realm which we call the *natural*. Thus Sudermann touches the vibrant cords of our natures, reaches the sympathies and plays upon them, brings us into harmony with his characters, makes us sympathize and love where we cannot approve. This is realism, you say. It is realism, but, unlike the grosser realist, he does not disgust us with the sordid in life. Hauptmann was thought by the earliest critics to be a realist of the worst type. In his first plays little of the poet was evident. *Before Sunrise* is a morbid story of a succession of horrors; *Lonely Lives* shows the inevitable effects of heredity and environment in the production of social evils; *The Weavers* deals with all that is horrible in strikes of the worst character. But later came *Little Hanna's Journey to Heaven*, *Our Colleague Crampton* and *The Sunken Bell*. Critics began to scratch their heads and think. Possibly they had missed the point in Hauptmann, and they were not long deciding that they had. He is an idealist, they say, who through realism is trying to bring about the ideal; by depicting the real, he is trying to inspire disgust with existing evils. At first the critics missed the symbolism in Hauptmann. His combinations of uncompromising realism with uncompromising fantasy puzzled them. They accused Hauptmann of not knowing the meaning of his plays.

They saw that he was driving at something, but they were at a loss to discover what it was. In *The Sunken Bell* the symbolism is quite apparent. Heinrich is the artist following his ideal. The bell which he has moulded and which is to ring out his achievements is hurled to the bottom of an abyss by the prank of the wood sprite. Heartbroken, he finds in nature calm and repose. Routerdelein in her native beauty represents the spirit of nature that enchants the poet, giving him new life. But for man, nature is not sufficient. Human ties cannot be so easily severed and the poet is claimed by his dead wife, Magda, who from the bottom of the abyss rings the sunken bell. Routerdelein, the spirit of nature, is claimed again by the earth, the hoary Nickelmann, and is drawn down into his slimy well. Without its symbolism *The Sunken Bell* is nothing more than a beautiful fairy tale breathing forth the spirit of the German forest in all its mysterious grandeur, peopled with its elves and wood sprites, its trolls and dwarfs, and the beautiful maiden who combs her golden hair by the moss-grown well. In this play we see Hauptmann combining realism and fantasy. Here is the skeptic's view of life and the poet's love for the ideal. Here is the real Hauptmann, Hauptmann at his best.

Pippa Dances is also the work of a poet. Here we have the bestial Huhn, typifying brute force; Michel is the exponent of the idealist who follows beauty; Pippa is the beauty, which ever dances and dances before the poet, the unattainable bubble which bursts as the wine glass in old Huhn's hand. Brute force conquers beauty, conquers the ideal but the poet must go on searching, blinded to the brute.

When the critics found that symbolism was "Hauptmann's second love" they carried the idea to an extreme. In *Griselda* symbolism is not apparent. Possibly it was intended. The critics at least have tried to put it there. Certain it is that Hauptmann employed symbolism, but we err if we apply this to all his plays. However, *Little Hanna's Journey to Heaven* is most typically symbolic. The schoolmaster who befriends the orphaned child is Christ, the brutal stepfather, the sin of the world, the Sister of Mercy, her dead mother. Death appears on the stage and claims his victim, standing by while

the Angels dress her in a white robe and place the glass slippers upon her feet. The poem is redolent with pathos and beauty. In one European city the actors were so affected by the first production that they refused to give it again. Here Hauptmann shows human sympathy and deep love for suffering mankind. It is not the suffering of the man but of the child. In *Our Colleague Crampton*, a little girl is again the heroine. Through the love and devotion of Gertrude, her fallen father gains strength to rise again. This play sounds the note of optimism, and shows Hauptmann not the pessimist that the critics of the earlier plays had styled him.

In depth of human sympathy Sudermann is akin to Hauptmann; in power to depict pathos they are brother playwrights. The suffering of the proud old father in *Magda*, when he realizes that the paternal authority for which he has always stood is broken, the author draws with a master's hand. To the old man, *Magda* is not the woman whose voice sways multitudes, she is not the magnificent creature whom throngs adore; she is merely his wayward child who has sinned against his home and himself. Broken in mind and body he dies, dies of the grief that is sharper than a serpent's tooth.

In his two greatest novels Sudermann places pathos in the foreground. *Regina* lives and is tolerated, even loved, because her plight is pathetic; Paul, in *Dame Care*, is morbidly pitiful, while his mother's life and death wrings our very soul.

But why was Sudermann able to gain the popular approval of the German people? Simply because he dealt with subjects that were rife among them, because he touched his countrymen where they could respond. The Teuton has ever valued his personal freedom above all else, and, though for a time his individuality seems to be submerged, it will inevitably rise again. Individuality versus convention is one of Sudermann's themes, the one versus the narrow confines of a society that was made to suit the needs of the many. Sudermann does not condone crime as crime, but he shows us the sin that is brought about by tendencies that a man is not able to overcome. Sudermann does not seem to advocate a breaking down of society, a complete disruption of the old order of things. He merely asks us

not to censure a special case until we know the nature of the offender, not only the nature of the offense. When Fred and Thea, loving each other in a negative way, each desiring to live a life apart from the other, each promising to overlook the life of the other, are married, we are dubious about the outcome; we are wondering what attitude the author will take. Thea has lived a restricted life and the freedom of Fred's wild existence appeals very strongly to her.

Fred (offering Thea his cigarette case): Have a smoke?

Thea: No, I won't touch them.

Fred: Why not?

Thea: God knows whose hands have been fumbling with them.

Fred: You are an insolent girl. Do you begrudge me my young life?

Thea: Bah, I *envy you!*

. . . And how is your friend from the Apollo Theater, I mean Cora?

Fred: A crazy girl. She sings celebrated duos with her lover. The other day at noon she shot at him. In the afternoon he dealt her three thrusts with his knife, and in the evening they sang love songs together.

Thea: By Heaven! this is life! These are passions! What a wild, frantic existence! We parlor puppets can have no idea of it.

This was the life that Thea longed for; this was the nature that must be tamed. Fred soon grows weary and Thea laughs him to scorn when he uses the expression "fetters of liberty." It is clear that Sudermann does not condone *this* desire for freedom. Thea goes on a little further; Fred has quieted down. He says to her: "Do you realize that we two belong together because we have breathed the same life from the very first, because we can exercise the same indulgence towards each other. We need each other." But Thea is still rebellious. "I do not need you, Fred. I am strong, strong because I am cold," she says. Later when trouble comes, when she realizes that woman is not all-sufficient in herself, that marriage means more than she has imagined, then she calls out to her husband:

"Stay with me, Fred, I need you. In life and in death, I need you." He takes her hands and looks searchingly into her eyes: "An end to all this?" he asks. "Yes, yes, Fred," she murmurs. And the curtain falls. Here Sudermann is no anarchist, no socialist. The law is on the right side but special cases must be condoned.

One of Sudermann's greatest individualistic plays is *Magda*. We see the old idea of paternal authority coming face to face with a daughter's desire to "live her own life." We see the home first, Magda is away; for twelve years they have heard nothing from her. This little home is apart from the world. The father says of it: "Here is no talk about heredity, no argument concerning individuality . . . modern ideas have no entrance here. In this house, old-time ideas of paternity rule, and always shall rule so long as I live." This is the home that Magda has left to "live her own life." She comes back after the twelve years, not a destitute prodigal, but a magnificent creature. She has sinned; she has loved; she has suffered; and through it all has come the joy of success, the joy in the realization that she has tasted of life. Yet the power of the home is felt throughout. Magda, glorious and defiant, fearing her father, feeling the old chains tightening again about her nature that she had no right to curb in all its depths and richness, asserts herself, and we are left to conjecture that she finds her way back into the world that appreciates her art.

Sudermann's women are of the highest type. Like Magda, his true heroines are women that feel and think, love and suffer. Strange to say, the moral action of the play centers, as a rule, around a woman. Beata in *The Joy of Living* is one of his greatest creations. Here we have a bitter struggle between individuality and society. Beata is convinced that she has a right to an existence apart from the one that society prescribes. Her power to feel, to suffer, to abandon self and work for the man she loves accentuates the great tragedy of her life; yet life to her was sweet, joyous, exhilarating. For Richard's welfare, however, she laid it down and with the words, "Let us drink to the joy of living," swallowed the poison.

We find Sudermann drawing back the veil from the lives of

the nobility, yet he is a champion of no party. It is fraud and hypocrisy that he fights; it is the narrow confines of any group that he berates. Catherine in *Honor* loves her father's clerk. He is worthy of her and the affection is mutual. She has become sick of the foppery of the rich; she has strength to defy it all. We can hear throughout the verdict of the author. Honor, military honor, family honor, the honor that money may appease, the honor that suicide or a duel may satisfy, all the hollowness of the word and the suffering it entails, Sudermann derides.

It is by boldly facing the issues of the day, by fearing not at all the disapproval of their class, by not catering to the tastes of the casual theater-goer, that Hauptmann and Sudermann have been able to accomplish their great work for their Fatherland. In the final analysis, whether a man be playwright, novelist, teacher or reformer, whether his task be great or small, he accomplishes little who attempts little; he accomplishes naught who fears the public and the press. Germany was just falling heir to her heritage when Sudermann and Hauptmann came into prominence. Certainly these men had much to essay and certainly they have taken up the work fearlessly. As apostles of Ibsen and Zola, they are indeed, not lowering the standards.

EVENING HYMN TO RICHMOND.

(Winner of second prize in song contest.)

Above the twilight's deepening shroud,
 'Gainst somber mists and dim,
Thy cloak of gray, now kissed by cloud,
 Upstands in silence grim.
Now dies the day within the West,
 Now fades its pageantry,
But afterglows along the crest
 Seem gathered all in thee.

On Thee, beneath the southern skies,
 The shadows softly lie,
For countless sacred memories
 And echoes glorify.
The days gone by a halo shed
 O'er futures yet unborn,
And in the dusk, old glories dead
 Thy ageless youth adorn.

From earth's remotest, ancient marts,
 From ev'ry homing sea,
As one heart turn a thousand hearts
 To thee, eternally.
In manhood's morn, in midday strain,
 In even's fading beam,
Where'er thy sons, there lives again
 The splendor of thy dream.

“SHAPEN IN INIQUITY.”

T. H. B.

HE was a great deal older than she—old enough, in fact, to have been her father—and she knew full well that somewhere back in the North he had a wife and children. Moreover, she herself was engaged to a young preacher who did all kinds of work among the poor and had given his brilliant young life to the task. She loved the preacher devotedly and was proud of him.

But this man had a powerful personality and a certain compelling way, which fascinated women. When he fastened his gaze on a woman, those cold, calculating eyes took things for granted, and they were usually right. Therefore, although this afternoon was the first time she had seen him, she flirted just a very, very little bit, for she was a woman still, even if an engaged one, and at summer resorts, little unconventionalities are deliciously allowable.

As he left he observed, “I shall see you tonight on the porch.”

When alone she clenched her delicate little fist and shook it in half-laughing anger:

“So you think you will flirt with me, do you, old married man? Well, you just wait.” Then she remembered the preacher and was sure she loved him more than ever. She tried to think of him alone, but this man would not leave her thoughts. That expression in his steely eyes when he had said he would meet her—and it was not pleasant to remember that he had not asked her to meet him, but merely said he would see her. There was a tone of finality in that voice which set her nerves tingling. The preacher was forgotten now.

And then the girl had a consciousness that somewhere in the past, years before, she had met this very man and had lived

through this very experience. She was frightened, for try as she would she could not remember how it had terminated. She knew that she was not dreaming, knew that this was not imagination; the thing was a horrible reality, admitting of no denial. She had been through it all before. Confused and uncertain, with an indefinite fear clutching at her heart she left.

All this time the orchestra in the reception room was playing "Traumerei."

She was too cheery and optimistic to allow this to haunt her long, however, and after tea in a joking vein, she told her mother of her innocent flirtation. For they were comrades, the young mother and the girl, and the older woman always laughed with the child. But now the mother turned very pale:

"Oh, don't, dear, don't. I saw him here, but I didn't know he would ever be thrown with you. I am afraid of him—for your sake, dear. Listen; you are just eighteen now, and it was nearly nineteen years ago when I saw him one night at a ball. He turned and looked at me just once, while the orchestra was playing "Traumerei," and it seemed that all the strains of the music poured from his eyes. I did not see him again, never spoke to him, and never came near him, but I have never forgotten that look. I think I was under a spell. Oh, God! he could have beckoned once, and I * * * * * your mother * * * * * would have followed."

A deep blush was on her cheek and her breath came in gasps. The confession was excruciating to her refined nature and her blood boiled from very shame. Then the little girl remembered that she thought she had lived through it all before. She dropped on the floor beside her mother and pressed the hot mother-hand fiercely to her lips.

A little while afterward she went out into the hall, and, through a window, saw the man on the veranda, calmly puffing his cigar. The sight shocked her. He had come for her, and there was only a door between them, but, thank God it was closed! She steeled her heart—she must be strong—must not go. Somehow she felt unseen forces pulling her toward the door. She did not understand these and she knew she was near the

danger line, but all her ability, all her womanly instincts were aiding her. She was fighting, God! how she was fighting!

On the inside the orchestra was playing "Traumerei" and the music brought back her mother's words, "He could have beckoned, and I * * * your mother * * * would have followed." Then it came to her again that she had lived through it all before and now—now she knew how it had all turned out.

And the music still floated up to her.

* * * * *

It was some months later that a young preacher sat in his study, thinking it over. He did not know of the fight the little girl had made, only of the outcome of the struggle. It had hurt him of course, but—

"It's all in the Divine Plan, I suppose," he observed, and turned to his Sunday sermon.

ONE NIGHT.

Macon E. Barnes, '11.

I PAUSED on the piazza and turned to view my new estate as it lay under the first long shadows of evening. Rugged it was in some places but fairly level in others, and covered with a dense growth that bespoke fertility. It had lain long uncultivated; long had the dwelling behind me been untenanted and a prey to the decaying effects of the elements.

A horror surrounded the house and clung to the land around it. I, a newcomer, had heard the weird stories told concerning the Bush place, had laughed at them and settled there to experiment on the rich soil. I was from the practical East, a searcher for health who had taken advantage of the physician's orders to come west and try to establish some of my new theories about farming. What was it to me if the building upon whose threshold I stood *had* once been the headquarters of a band of robbers, if people had been known to climb the road hither and never been seen to return, if the last owner had suddenly disappeared and no searching could ever discover his body or any trace of the manner of his disappearance? Most of the gruesomeness of these stories arose from the imaginations of those who related them. Perhaps there was a foundation of fact; but the robbers had long since disappeared and the other occurrences could be easily accounted for. There was nothing forbidding about the mansion except the air of desolation which hangs over any house long deserted.

Evening shades brought no thrill of horror to me. The valley below was peaceful under the crimson glow of the setting sun, and I turned to go within doors filled with golden hopes of what I would do in the future. I was alone. None of the neighbors were willing to stay in the house and it would be several days before my men from the East would arrive.

Supper was soon over. I had no newspaper and not even a dog for company. How lonely it was! I wished I had walked over to the village to stay until bedtime; anything would have been better than the oppressive feeling of loneliness that hung over me. Hitherto I had been sufficiently occupied, but now the minutes dragged by so slowly. I looked at my watch. Bedtime was still several hours off. I resolved to go over the house for the second time and explore every nook and cranny; it was still interesting enough to dispel restlessness.

I began at the top story, going through large, ghostly chambers, gray with the dust of years; next I descended to the ground floor where all sorts of odd little closets met one at unexpected places; then, continuing my explorations, I went down into the basement.

The unpaved earth underfoot was damp; the brick walls, crumbling away in places, were covered with a mouldy coating; an opening above had long allowed rain to trickle in. I stood in the circle of light around my lantern and looked about me. Darkness hovered outside the bright spot, long eerie shadows were cast by the upright timbers, and away in the gloom of the distance some animal scampered to and fro. What dark deeds had been witnessed by these crumbling walls? Was it ever possible for departed spirits to revisit former scenes? It seemed just the time for the ghost of some unlucky victim to come stalking from the blackness. Was that anything unusual in the distance? No. I turned, half expecting something uncanny to loom up behind me.

My imagination was getting the better of me. Ashamed of the nervousness I restrained an impulse to go up to more congenial quarters and, picking up my lantern, resolutely entered a door which led into another chamber. This was not so damp as the one I had just left. There was no visible opening through which water could find its way and the floor, instead of being bare earth, was paved with square flags of stone. I put the light down and walked around. It was such a secure, well protected place I might be able to utilize it later on. The floor sounded hollow; I rapped with my foot on the stone. Heavens! My footing slipped from under me! I clutched wildly at the

pavement as I fell through, slipped into an abyss of blackness, and landed without injury on the earth beneath.

With horror I caught sight of the stone, swinging back into place. Was that fleeting glimpse the last ray of light I was ever to see? I might die in this trap and disappear as completely as had my predecessor. This, then, was his end. The thought chilled my blood. I struck a match. Nothing to be seen beyond the little circle of yellow light but blackness, thick blackness that crawled nearer and nearer as the match sputtered out till it seemed to clutch and smother me. There was only one more match and that must be saved.

I screamed. The sound penetrated the black horror scarcely to the roof. I walked with hands groping around me, at first cautiously, then, as I came into contact with nothing, faster and faster. I changed my course. Still there was nothing but the hard ground underfoot. My straining eyes saw nothing but shadowy arms that seemed to reach for me, now on one side, now on the other, now in front. I cast a terrified glance behind; they were there, the air was full of them, thousands of them beckoned me on and on.

I stumbled over something. My hands closed around dry bones. A human skeleton! In the pitchy blackness I could see the ghastly, grinning skull staring up at me as if illumined with a pale, dead light. I turned and fled from the awful thing. The skull still grinned at me from the darkness, the clawlike fingers clutched and clutched till they almost raked the flesh from my face. On and on I ran. My foot struck something; there was the same rattle of bones. I staggered off again; the skeleton rose and followed. All the demons of the universe bore down upon me.

I fell and started wide awake to find myself still sitting in the chair by my supper table, the lamp burning low. Great beads of perspiration stood on my face. I wiped them off with a hand that shook, and went to my bedchamber.

THE RACE.

S. H. Ellyson, '12.

We rise and fall on the waves of time,
On its ceaseless surge and its restless face,
And our lips are parched with the salty rime
As we pilot our boats in the race.

And the winds of God that blow us on
Have roughened the sea with their might;
From the crest to the trough of the wave we have gone,
And the sky has faded from sight.

And our souls have rushed to our lips in the slack,
And the helm was loose in our hand,
Till the winds of God have blown us back
To the sight of the ultimate land.

Send us, dear God, Thy winds alway
And make the waves go high—
'Tis but from the highest crest we may
That far-off land descry.

THE TALE OF A COW.

G. W. B., '12.

“MANDY, Mandy,” called Ma Collins, shrilly.

“Where air ye, Mandy?”

“I’m a comin’,” answered Mandy as her bare feet pattered around the corner of the back porch on which Ma Collins sat, peeling tomatoes.

“What is it, Ma?”

“I just seen Cy Lumford stop at the mail box; go out an’ see ef he left anything. I reckon the *Journal* and yer Pa’s farm paper air thar. This is the day fer them to—ouch! O Lordy!” as some tomato juice spurted up in her eye. “Run along, Mandy,” wiping her eye with the corner of her apron, “En hurry back, thar’s heaps to do an’ the sun’s a-gettin’ powerful low.” Mandy was half way to the box by this time and soon returned with the papers and an advertisement.

“Wonder what do the letter say?” queried Ma Collins. “Run, git me my specks, Mandy, they’re inside the Bible on the mantel-piece.”

“It’s to Pa,” she continued, “but he won’t mind me openin’ it. Let’s see what the printin’ on the outside says; ‘Eureka Dairy Machine Company,’ mus’ be some kin’ of a milk concern.”

Mrs. Collins opened the letter which contained a good deal of printed matter and illustrations, glibly setting forth the advantages of a suction milking apparatus that could do the work of four men, and was simple, easily worked and possessed numerous other advantages, all of which were set forth in the most picturesque manner, calculated to tickle the ear of even the most skeptical. Ma Collins became very much interested in the machine.

"It says a child twelve years old kin run it well as anybody," she commented. "That'll suit ye, Mandy; we'll talk it over with Pa when he and Sam come in. Run an' get the chicken's feed, Mandy. I'll put this up here on the—Land o' Goshen!" in an exasperated tone, for in attempting to lay the letter on the shelf, she had upset the kettle of peeled tomatoes in her lap. "T-t-t-t-t-t-t," clicked Ma, making a noise like a sewing machine, "I do hev the worst luck, and right on my clean apron too. Bring me the broom, Mandy. Here I've been a peelin' fer an hour an' what hez it amounted to, I'd like to know. Most sundown an' nothin's done. The milkin's to do an' supper's to git, I'd just as well quit here."

As evening drew on, the frogs in the meadow pond began their "peeping," the crickets around the old maple stump began tuning their fiddles. Across the hill came the musical clink of the trace-chains, as Pa Collins and Sam rode in from the day's plowing in the fields. From the kitchen came the clatter of the pans and the delicious aroma and "sizzling" sound peculiar to good country bacon. Mandy trotted back and forth with dishes of warmed-over vegetables from dinner, delicious gravy, fluffy biscuit and other evidences of her mother's skill, for skill she had, and fame had wafted her achievements even beyond the confines of the country village in which she had lived all her life.

The meal was relished with an appetite that only out-door life on a farm can give, and after supper, Ma Collins produced the letter and again read through the glittering statements advanced by the company, not even omitting the testimonials, some of which were truly marvelous.

"It do beat all, Pa," said Ma Collins, looking over her glasses impressively, "Here we've been a needin' this thing fer fifteen years an' never had one."

"It air powerful high priced," objected Pa Collins. Pa Collins always seemed to feel it his duty to object to the price of anything to be bought, from a fire-back for the kitchen stove, up to the parlor organ.

However, Ma Collins, reenforced by "Answers to Possible Objections," argued her case so ably that in the end Pa Collins

yielded and the machine was ordered. It arrived some days later and was unpacked, scalded out, and coupled together. Pa and Sam had quiet work a little early in order to watch the machine at its first performance and be at hand in case assistance was necessary. It was decided to try it on Cherry as she was the most difficult to milk by hand. Cherry resisted all attempts while standing free, so she was put in the "cuppin," and Pa Collins stood at her head, holding her by a rope. Ma Collins attached the milking apparatus and Mandy was stationed at the pump. Sam had a bar pole between Cherry's hind legs in case she tried to kick the machine over. The cow began switching her tail in a nervous way, so Ma Collins grasped the offending member, and Mandy began the pumping. "Woah here, y' brute," yelled Pa, as Cherry began to blow and shake her head. Finding remonstrance useless, the cow aimed a blow at the machine with her foot. It struck the bar pole and upset Sam at the other end. Cherry snorted and kicked back, and Ma Collins, who had forgotten to let go the tail, let it go suddenly and rolled beyond the "cuppin" fence. With another kick Cherry disengaged herself from the milking apparatus and made a bolt for the bars. Pa Collins was bowled over and his foot caught in the loop in the end of the rope.

The excited cow crashed through the bars and careened around the barn-yard at a gallop, bumping unfortunate Pa Collins over rocks and debris which lay scattered here and there. Pa managed to get hold of the rope with his hands, and rose to a sitting posture, so that his progress resembled the antics of a frenzied kangaroo, as the old cow bumped him around after her in erratic circles.

"Woah, yer pesky critter, Woah, yer gosh durned ol' hateful beast!" roared Pa Collins, forgetting in the excitement his connection with the Perkinsville Baptist Church, in which he held the office of deacon.

Sam attempted to catch the cow, which caused her to wheel suddenly and start off in another direction, Pa Collins executing a series of somersaults to which all his former gymnastics were tame, and which effectually prevented him from shocking the ears of his agonized wife by expressing himself more forcibly.

Cherry seemed fully possessed of the spirit that once agitated a certain herd of swine, and making a bolt, she headed straight for the worm fence that divided the stable lot from the meadow. She cleared the fence at a bound, and Pa followed in a parabola that put to shame the flaming arc described by the flashing brand, Excalibar, and away down the field they went, the two-hundred-pound Pa making dents in the earth as he hit it at intervals of fifteen feet. They might have been going still had not the rope passed over a forked stump in the meadow. The knot at the end with the slip-noose caught, and the sudden check whirled the old cow over as the rope snapped. Sam, Mandy and Ma came running down the hill. Sam bent over his exasperated sire, who was groaning, "She's killed me, drat 'er hide, I'll beef her tomorrer, gol darn 'er, shore's my name's Collins." With the assistance of Ma and Sam, the much battered Pa was enabled to rise and to painfully make his way toward the house. They had to take down a panel of the rail fence to let him through, and as he passed the milking machine, he wrathfully shook his fist at the innocent cause of all his troubles. "Drat ye!" he roared, "Ye hunk 'er hateful pizen, just ye wait till tomorrer, confound ye, an' I'll smash y', by golly, inter ther middle uv next week; I'll make—ouch! O Lordy! my laig—dad burn ye, I'll fix ye, see if I don't."

HIS CONSCIENCE.

Mary F. Barnes, '14.

“**W**HAT profiteth it a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” came in sonorous tones from the preacher. The congregation received each word with the usual attentiveness. From the gray-haired deacon to the tiniest tot there was not one whose face did not reflect these words as a mirror. They were uttered by the minister and heard by the congregation, what more was necessary? They would be laid away carefully and not thought of again, but was not all done? Sermons are for Sunday and Sunday for sermons, so thought the inhabitants of the little village.

Again, in the course of the sermon the same question was asked, and a close observer might have perceived a slight change come over a face near the rear. Ralph Morgan, moved by a sudden, new sensation, aroused with a start from the reverie in which he was indulging. Perhaps he had not heard a single word of the sermon before, but this question seemed to force itself upon him whether he wished it or not. It seemed to be said just for him and to demand from him an answer. “What right has he to be preaching to me?” he thought, and then a chilling fear crept upon him. Suppose Dr. Holton knows? Who could have told him? But there *was* no one to tell him. No one in the whole world besides himself knew, how could it be told? Then the words came back, “I say, what profiteth it a man?” and again the horrible fear stole into his heart with its sickening accusations. No! he would go away and would never come in this church again. Dr. Holton was preaching his sermon directly at him and it was not right; he would not stand it.

He looked into the brown eyes of the girl by his side and they

seemed to ask the same question. The faces of all his friends echoed it. He had never been so wretched before. The closing hymn was sung and even the music accused him. The benediction was utterly dreary; he longed to get out, to be in the open air again.

It was finished at last and the pews became slowly emptied. The people, as usual, collected in little groups to exchange pleasantries and to gossip for a few minutes. His guilty conscience told him, "They are talking about you; they are saying you did it and it was such a dreadful deed. Ah! that is the judge; he is coming to see that justice is done. What will Lillian say?" Then he looked again at the gentle girl. She does not know, O, never! How happy she seemed, chatting gaily with a group of girls who had collected around her! An awful tide of remorse swept over him as he thought how pure and innocent she was, and how black the soul of the man in whom she had placed her trust. He became strangely silent and preoccupied as they went home. Her pleasant chatter seemed scarcely to be heard, but she attributed it all to some outward circumstance, and was as radiantly happy as ever.

He was home again, but still that never-ceasing voice was with him. Alone in his room he reviewed the early days, when he was as innocent and as pure as the girl. Before him lay the old orchard and meadow beyond which he had spent so many happy hours. How often as a care-free, romping boy he had climbed those hills, or, with his dog, hunted in the distant woods! Ah! all was happiness then. His little school-boy escapades were as vivid as though he were still living them, but each one seemed to say "and after all, what has it profited you? Oh, it was not worth while, it was not worth while" was echoed over and over again in a mournful refrain. How could he escape it?

Then came those bold, dashing, college days. They were good old days, could he ever forget them? Those vacations—what a world of merriment they had brought to him with his long walks with Lillian beside the brook and in the woods. There was the old fence and the hickory tree where he had first told her he loved her. What might have been! What a

life of happiness he might have lived! It was not meant for him, others could enjoy it, but not he; he had played with sin and what was the reward? What does it profit a man—?

With the words of Dr. Holton trembling on his lips, he fell asleep. The faces of all his friends rose before him, a terrible tribunal, judging him according to his deed. Lillian's eyes were turned toward him pleadingly. "Tell me you're innocent," they said, and a great lump rose in his throat as he tried to answer. Now she was slipping away from him and only the stern faces of his accusers remained. He was dying, dying, dying. No! Such relief could not come to him. He dare not die with such a spot on his soul.

He awoke to find a brilliant stream of sunlight flooding the room. It was only mocking him, telling him what this day was, his wedding day. What a contrast to the heavy cloud that hung over him as he thought how he had deceived her! There remained only a few brief hours, but he *must* tell her all. It might break her heart, but she must know first. Resolute now, he determined to go and confess all before it was too late. Trembling he hurried down to the hall, preparing to leave before his courage should fail. On the table lay a note, and as his eyes fell on the handwriting, he gave a violent start, and almost staggered to a chair. "Just to congratulate you," was all it said, but—he read it again and again—it was the work of a hand he had thought stilled by death, and it proclaimed his innocence.

THE CASE OF THE POSTAL SAVINGS BANK.

R. C. D., '11.

THERE has been a movement for the Postal Savings Bank System for more than a hundred years, but its adoption by the leading countries of the world has been much more recent. England established the Postal Savings Bank in 1862, under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, and it worked so satisfactorily there that since that time thirty-seven countries and dependencies, including France, Austria, Italy, Sweden, Russia and the United States, have followed her lead. In none of these countries has the system been abolished and twenty years after its adoption by the British Parliament Mr. Gladstone said: "The Post-office Savings Bank is the most important institution which has been created in the last fifty years for the welfare of the people and the State. I consider the act of 1861, which called the institution into existence, as the most useful and fruitful of my long career." On the other hand the report of the Postmaster-General of Great Britain states that the postal savings banks of that country have been run at a loss for every year, except three, since 1895. The rate of interest in these banks is $2\frac{1}{2}\%$, and the total number of depositors is about eleven million. The system was established in France in 1881, and in 1904 there were 7,883 branches with 4,345,000 depositors, and a total of \$272,000,000 on deposit. The average deposit there was \$54.95, while in England it was \$70.95, and in Canada, \$289.88.

The first bill to establish Postal Savings Banks in the United States was introduced in Congress in 1783, and since that time no less than eighty such bills have been before that body. All of them were defeated until the second session of the Sixty-first Congress, which passed a bill entitled "An act to establish postal savings depositories for depositing savings at interest with the security of the Government for repayment thereof, and for other purposes." This act provides for the establish-

ment of a postal savings bank system under the management of a board of trustees, consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General, and allows the system to be extended to all money-order offices. The present purpose though, is to establish a bank in each State, thus giving the system a thorough trial under all conditions before extending it to every money-order office.

In the plan provided for, any person ten years of age or more may deposit not more than \$100 a month nor more than \$500 in the aggregate, and there must be a deposit of \$1, or more in multiples thereof, before an account can be opened. But, for the accommodation of depositors, ten-cent postal savings stamps will be sold, which are to be attached to a card and presented for deposit when ten of them have been purchased. The depositor shall be paid 2% interest on his deposit, and the latter may be withdrawn at will. The funds received by the Postal Savings Banks shall be placed in any solvent bank, whether State or National, subject to State or National supervision, at a rate of interest not less than $2\frac{1}{4}\%$ per annum, nor more than enough to meet the interest paid to depositors and the expenses of the system. These banks must give an indemnity bond or collateral security subject to the approval of the Board of Trustees, and if the banks do not accept the money, it can be deposited with the Treasurer of the United States to be invested in government bonds or other securities.

This bill passed the Senate on March 3, 1910, and the House a little later in the Session, after being reported on favorably by the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads. The next few months were spent in perfecting details, and the system was put into operation January 1, 1911. At that time one depository was established in each State, locations being chosen with reference to the proximity of alien residents and others who have been distrustful of our private banks, and who have been sending their money to postal savings banks in foreign countries.

The success of the system may be estimated by the statement of Postmaster-General Hitchcock, made the first of February, when the banks had been in operation for one month. He says the total deposit at the end of January will approximate \$60,000,

or about \$1,200 for each depository, more than the average in England for 1908, the most successful year in the history of that system. A large majority of the depositors are foreign-born Americans, who have been in the habit of sending money to be deposited in the postal savings banks of their native country. Others have never used a bank before. In Ash-tabula, Ohio, a woman depositor called with \$20, saying she had resolved never to trust a bank again because she had lost money in one, years before. Rural carriers report that patrons on their routes are inquiring if they are authorized to receive savings for deposit, and later carry the certificate to the depositors. A postmaster in a Western office writes that he is returning many letters containing amounts for deposit because the regulations require the signature of the depositor on the certificate kept by the postmaster. These are mere details, to be worked out as the system becomes better known and other minor defects will undoubtedly reveal themselves and be corrected.

The argument has been advanced by the advocates of the post-office savings system that it will be a benefit to the school children, teaching them to save their pennies and cultivating thrift and economy. This has certainly proved to be the case in Brunswick, Georgia, where the Postmaster reports that the interest of the school children is so great that he has asked the school authorities for permission to address all the children on the subject, to explain to them in detail the workings of the institution.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock was so well pleased with the success of the Postal Savings Bank for January that he recently said: "If necessary appropriations were available, I would establish postal savings banks tomorrow in five hundred additional towns and cities in the United States." He thinks, in view of the long success of the system in other countries and its cordial reception here, that it has already passed the experimental stage and we are ready to adopt it generally. It is said that Congress will be asked to appropriate a half million dollars to extend the system to other cities which are clamoring for the banks. Its success in the United States seems to be practically assured.

SHADOWS.

B. R. F.

THE only light in the room was that of the glowing fire. As it flickered from time to time, it cast fantastic, dancing shapes on the dark panelled walls. The walnut furniture of antique design, the delicate tapestries and rich carpeting gave the place a look of refinement, wealth and comfort.

In a comfortable chair at the right of the fire sat a man, looking questioningly and intently at a woman opposite him. She was speaking, and as she spoke, gazing with a far-away look, not unmixed with entreaty, into the glowing embers of the fire as if reading there the record of the past.

"Not tonight, love," she was saying, "ask no more; let the past remain forever buried in the recesses of my own heart, lest in its resurrection it cast a shadow which the light of love cannot dispel. Tonight, at least, ask me no more. Do not break the charm of this, our life, so full, so sweet in its forgetfulness. The beacon light of truth may dispel the distant shadow only to bring another to our feet. Yesterday is gone; tomorrow is not. Let us live tonight, love. Drink your full of its cup of love, unmixed with the memory of yesterday, and free from the shadow of tomorrow. Let us live tonight.

See the moth, love, wooing the flame. Light for it is death; so for you and me. Let us turn our eyes from it, close our eyes from the light. You shall see tomorrow, and shall know, but tonight let us live. Take me, possess me, be satisfied, live. I am yours, all, only yours. If your will were mine, the shadow would not fall."

The look in her eyes deepened, as if not only the past, but also the future lay open to her gaze. As she continued, her voice lowered as if speaking to herself. "But it grows, and it must fall, not only this shadow, but another; but that shall

be tomorrow, then the essence of this shadow shall be no more.'

A deep silence followed, broken only by the ceaseless ticking of the clock. The gong sounded the hour; it was growing late. The fire had burned itself dim, its outside shell fell noisily into the hollow centre. The shadows deepened, and all was silence. Outside, the air was clear, frosty, and invigorating. In the heavens the moon rode in full-orbed splendor, moving irresistibly in its appointed orbit. It regarded with unchanging appearance life's drama, apparently indifferent to the tragedy being enacted by human beings, who like stars, had lost their controlling influence and were whirling around in chaotic orbits of their own. The hours dragged slowly by; on the earth the shadows were giving way to the light, the day was dawning.

In a luxurious home a woman's heart had ceased to beat; she had passed into the darkness, but the darkness for her was light; the shadow had passed. With her weakening breath a tale had been told, and into a man's heart the light had brought darkness. The shadow had fallen.

THE CONVICT.

Frank Gaines, '12.

Faint dawn across the long gray wall—
(Stone floor, steel cot, and the prison bars.)
Oh, to see once more free sunlight fall!
(Strip'd suit, keen whips, and the prison bars.)
And this unending, dead'ning fear—
And God made me for slavery here?

And the morning bell sounds shrill overhead,
"Roll out, you dog, you must earn your bread."

Arms, oh so tired, and weary back,
(Strip'd shirt, brute clubs, and the prison bars.)
And work and work till the night is black.
(Dull eyes, heart-aches, and the prison bars.)
Here images of God do dwell
In these, my daily dreams of Hell.

And the evening bell is heard on high,
"You cost us bread. Oh, hurry and die."

THE MESSENGER

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EDITORIALS.

To give to the *Messenger* all we may possess in the way of time, thought and ability; to make it the product of the student body, representative of every phase of student activity and student thought; to make it the best magazine possible.

Our Ideal.

With this issue the incoming board of editors comes before the public and makes its initial bow. We come with due humility and reticence, but with a certain pride which gives us firmness of purpose, a pride which results from the fact that the *Messenger* is a representative of Richmond College

The Incoming Editors.

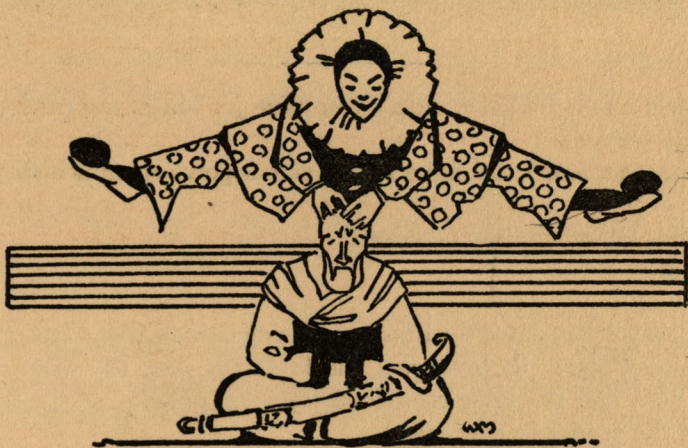
with all her various organizations which make up that complex whole, the modern college. The preservation of this attitude toward the magazine, and what we do not esteem we despise, means the fostering and the maintenance of that spirit of general representation so vital to every enterprise which belongs to our little college world. To do this we must have active representatives. This means you. It means you who have never written for the magazine before; it means you who have already done well, but whose best is yet to be attained to, for better things are ahead of every man, or else, worse. There is no middle ground in which we may linger and dally away our opportunities.

It is necessary to say nothing farther to the band of the faithful, but to those who are willing to write, yet have not done so, we have a message. If you can impart your thoughts to others, give to the world the products of that mind which alone must distinguish you from lower creation. If you have dreams and visions, lift your fellow creatures to your level that they also may obtain a view of what lies beyond. If you see beauty, let mankind be subjected to its refining influence. If you can picture life, paint where all may see. Write what you think, feel, believe. First convince yourself, and you will impress others, but the voice without conviction is only an echo in a vast and hollow tomb. Your first article may not be published, write another better than the first, and you will be heard. The world has no place small enough to be filled by the quitter.

The task of the editor is a proverbially difficult one. We must confess that we have entered his realm with some fear and trembling and a great respect for the magnitude of the undertaking. We will make mistakes, even blunders; humanity is nothing if not fallible. But most mistakes can be corrected by the mutual effort of those sinning and those sinned against, and we earnestly desire that this may prove true in the present case. If there is need for criticism, and there is and will be, let us have the benefit of it and you will render a service which will tend toward improvement. Adverse criticism which reaches the criticised is largely constructive: that which does not is purely destructive so far as future betterment is concerned.

No one is so despicable as he who drags down and destroys, and never turns a finger to build anything nobler to replace that which was counted lacking.

We have ever tried to respect the opinions of others, and this policy will even be intensified in our connection with this magazine. Our aim is to maintain it as an open forum, which will remain open as long as its privileges are not abused. In this lies mutual safety for the editor, contributor and reader.



CAMPUS NOTES.

"Dick" Richards.

"Wit is the most rascally, contemptible, beggarly thing on the face of the earth."

Mr. O. J. Sands, President of the American National Bank of this city, favored us with an address a few days ago. His talk was very much enjoyed by all the students of the college. The subject, "Our Financial Development," while somewhat beyond the grasp of our imaginations in some instances, was nevertheless very interesting, as we feel that the United States is a part of Richmond and Richmond College.

Sumpter (preaching at the Home for Aged Women): My text today is the following passage from Proverbs, "Train up a child in the way he should go."

Durrum: O'Flaherty, what is your favorite book?

O'Flaherty: Why, Anderson's Fairy Tales. ? *Question*

The Sophs: Have sailed their ship into "The Port of Missing Men."

Crist: I say, Johnson, didn't you have Jr. Math. the first part of this session?

Johnson: Yes, I did have it but saw a good opening and got out.

Crist: What was the opening?

Johnson: The door.

"Casey" Kershaw (in library, tearing leaves from Saturday Evening Post): She loves me, she loves me not; she loves me, etc., etc., and the issue contained forty-six pages. (I therefore leave the reader in suspense.)

On March the tenth, the Mu Sigma Rho and the Philologian societies met in the Thomas Art Hall for the second of the inter-society debates of the session. The latter society carried off the honors of the evening.

We wonder if there are any Seniors that happen to have a "Grain of Dust" in their eyes. If so, we would humbly advise them to remove same at once, as the days of reckoning draw nigh. In connection with this, let us say, for Mr. "Buzz" Gilliam's sake that there is also such a thing as becoming Sand(s)-blind.

Matthews (somewhat worried): I say, Craft, I received an urgent call from the President's Office this morning; I wonder what I have been doing now.

Craft (on general principles): Oh, I suppose it is simply another "Call of the Wild."

Dr. Gaines: Mr. Gresham, how much time did you put on this Math. for today?

Gresham: Why, one or two hours; I forget which; Professor, as I was studying Latin at the time.

A Tragedy in One Act:—Three male and one female character.
Place, library steps. Time, six o'clock, P. M.

Simpson: Please, Miss Morrissette, may I take your books?

Benton: Please, Miss Morrissette, may I take you?

And now we would ask the Glee Club to give us some sad melody while Mr. Eckles takes poison.

Deitz' soliloquy: To say or not to say, but I do often wonder why we never see any more of those delicious poems by "Fairy" floating around.

Barnes (just entering criminal law): I have heard of and known some mighty mean people, but this man Rex and his wife Regina must have been rounders for fair.

Koontz (after taking a Bible exam.): Who was Jericho anyway, and what did he do?

Corley (on train coming from Washington, after listening to the conversation of his relay team): This is no place for a minister's son.

Duval: I wonder what will be done with our campus after the College is moved.

Arnold: I understand it will be changed from a *winter resort* to a summer park.

Cawthorne (very poetic): It seemed to me the other night as I was passing the ruins of Ryland Hall that I heard voices as from the spirits of the departed dead.

O'Flaherty: That was only murmurs from dead letters. (Nothing personal to Mr. Durrum.)

I was standing near the library steps a few days past, about six o'clock in the evening, when a motherly looking lady rushed up to me, and said that I must show her the way to get to the second floor of same building, as she heard her boy's voice coming from thence, and he seemed to be in great pain. She

supposed that some upper classmen were hazing him. I told her to have no fear, as it was only the glee club practicing, and her son was singing high tenor.

The past month has been full of good things in the way of faculty lectures. We note the following:

"George Washington as a Man"—*Prof. D. R. Anderson.*

"Conservation of Available Energy"—*Prof. E. C. Bingham.*

"The Natural versus the Artificial in Education"—*Prof. T. A. Lewis.*

From nine o'clock until twelve the law classes meet under the library. From three until six o'clock court(ing) takes place in the library. And there is also a drawing room near by. (Continued in our next).

Acree (preparing to go to French class): I say, Moore, what did you do with my powder puff?

Brown: Well, Meredith, it will be only a few more months and we can put up our shingle to the effect, *Attorneys-at-Law.*

Meredith: Let's adhere to the truth and put, *Attorneys-at-Rest.*

Riley: Have you met any of our Professors yet?

Haines (who has just entered): Why yes, I have met Mr. "Tip" Saunders and Mr. Cochran and they seem to be mighty fine gentlemen.

Serpell: I saw Mr. "Lanky" Lodge on the campus today. Goodness gracious, but he must have been a smart fellow and carried away a lot of medals. Everybody seems to know him.

Winfrey: Medals nothing, that man caught on the baseball team.

"Baby" Benton (going up Library steps meets Eckles): Say, Eckles, are they in there?

Eckles: Yes, all three of them. (They both go in.)

If someone will propose a financial scheme the Junior Jollification is one of the biggest, assured successes of recent years. Come forth, some Napoleon of Finance!

Just as we were going to press, Coach Long blew in with his breezy smile and cheerful voice. Here's hoping the baseball team will be the best ever.



ATHLETICS.

G. W. S.

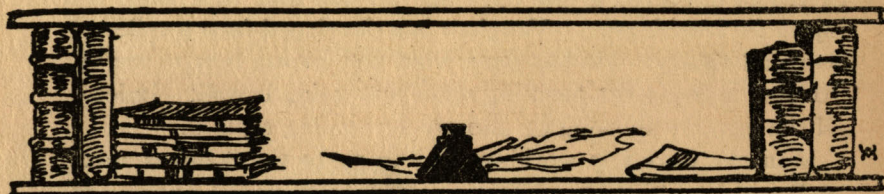
OF course the whole college community was disappointed when it was learned that the relay team which went to Washington recently, went down in defeat at the hands of the Maryland Agricultural College quartet, but when the facts in the case were known, some of the gloom disappeared. The athletes were in splendid trim when they left Richmond, and the supporters of the Red and Blue expected great things of them. But, alas! Meredith who was entered in the fifty-yard dash tore loose a ligament and when the time came for the relay, he was unable to race. The team ran, but had no chance to win as, Meredith was one of the fastest men in the bunch. The same old Richmond College hard luck! It does look like we have been having more than our share of tough luck. The "hoodoo" has been in our midst for a long time. Here's hoping it disappears at the very beginning of the baseball season.

The Blues-Richmond College meet is an assured fact. The sanction of the A. A. U. has been obtained, and all athletes will be duly registered. The college squad is practicing daily at the Blues' Armory, and the men are showing up well.

Meredith appeared a few days ago for the first time since his injury in Washington. Vaughan has developed into a miler of no mean ability. He has good wind and knows how to use it. Strother is doing the hurdling stunt and doing it well. Indeed, all the men are showing up and are developing rapidly.

Manager Corley is working hard to make the open-air meet at Broad Street Park a success. He has extended invitations to many of the big schools. Some of them have already signified their intention of participating.

The whole college was delighted the other day to see the smiling face of Coach Long. He soon had the squad out telling them a few things. The men appear to be in good trim. Captain Gill has had them practicing on all the fine days recently and they show the effects of it. The prospects for a winning team are very bright. With Captain Gill, Taylor, Guy, Meredith, Gwathmey of last year's team, Snead of the 1909 team, Brown who had a place cinched last year when he was injured, as a nucleus, and such men as Baldwin, Gresham, Valentine, Conant, King, Beale, Vaughan, Clarke, "Dick" Taylor, Wiley, Haislip and others to pick from, it looks as if the Spiders should hold their own when pitted against their rivals.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

S. H. Ellyson, Editor.

WE exchange editors have many peculiar sensations to experience at each review. The reading of a mass of literary material of all kinds and qualities implies as much. Frequently I find myself at odds with myself as to my duty to criticise a particular writing, for I like an article, and don't know why, since when tried by all known standards it has fallen short. I presume that this is true with most people, certainly with the matter-of-fact every-day people. For this reason, be of good courage, my plodding rhymster, my ambitious author of prose tales, for though your productions may not attain to perfection, it may yet reach some one heart. But halt! Do not think I am decrying the excellent standards of good literature. Far be it from me. I am merely giving encouragement along the way.

I note a paucity of good poems and essays in all the exchanges for this month. February *is* a trying month, we are sick and tired of winter, and spring, like a silly young lass, pouts and refuses to be coaxed in a most exasperating fashion. I suppose this accounts for the lack of inspiration. I shall therefore criticise only the stories from the exchanges for this month.

I want to acknowledge the receipt of the usual amount of good reading in the *University of Virginia Magazine*. As an admirer of Poe, I admire such a good imitation of him in the "Shortest Distance between Two Points." But "Slippery's Soul" is a far more human story and I like it the better. "The Aeroplane Wins" might have been

published in Munsey's. Where did your poets go last month?

The *Chisel* is weak. It lacks virility. It lacks snap. It is not a chisel. The stories are too drawnout.

The Chisel. In "Her Soul's Awakening," whole paragraphs of musings or of explanations kill the interest and delay the action unparadonably. Never, never explain a situation. Make it explain itself. The story "A Belated Answer" is very natural, since it is put into letter form. It sounds like a sure-enough school girl letter. I think it would have been better told without the letter. There would have been no necessity for so many irrelevant details and the climax could have been at the end as it should be in all stories. But in the form of a letter the writer was correct in putting in all those unnecessary details. Next time be careful in what form the story is put.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* has the horrors. A suicide, a near hanging and a ghost story thrill,

The Randolph-Macon Monthly. or are intended to thrill. I would suggest to the writer of "The End" that he read the death scene of Javert in Hugo's *Les Miserables* to get the delicate touch necessary for such

a tale. I wonder if it is customary to bury men with lead pencils so that they may write their "post-biography" on their cuffs? But I realize I must not be so literal and ruthless. "Papa's Boy" is well constructed, if it is a bit melodramatic. I like "The Goblin of Shanoc Creek"; it is a well told tale. This much can be said of the magazine—it is readable and interesting, and though the matter is sensational it is well done as a whole.

The *William and Mary Literary Magazine* is "funny." But

The William and Mary Literary Magazine. I would suggest that it be not designated as wit or humor. It is a most childish affair. That freshman's letter, and so is the old Captain's tale. But "Tim" is worth reading,

being told in a gentle, simple style and in a manner well suited to such stories. I like it because it is strong enough to withstand the temptation to become melodramatic.

The *Mercerian*, as the editorial remarks, is weak in poetry. That "Valentine Letter" is a question. It evidently means something. I can see the old bachelor clearly enough and as a character sketch it is fairly good. But is it a character sketch? I don't know. "A Week Day Jonah" has merit, in that it stops at the right place. But the appreciative criticism of O. Henry is the best thing in the issue. It showed study and skill in handling and is far above the average. The *Mercerian* on the whole is not exactly disappointing this month because it is better than last month's issue.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

W. B. Miller, '12, Editor.

WE have all heard that "distance lends enchantment." This seems to be especially true with the man who has gone out from a college, via the cap and gown, with reference to the friends and scenes of his college life. The pleasant experiences of today are the hallowed memories of tomorrow, and one of the chief purposes of the Alumni organization is to cherish these memories and continue these associations.

The interest of the college in a worthy student does not cease when the direct connection between them is severed, but as a true *mater* the college desires to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." In order to foster this spirit, a Faculty Committee on Alumni was appointed last year—Professors Loving, Bingham and Harris.

There is need for further organization of the Alumni. The General Society of Alumni is under the management of George Bryan, President, Prof. W. A. Harris, Secretary and J. Aubrey Saunders, Treasurer, all of Richmond, Va., and the eight local chapters are as follows:

The Kentucky Chapter, organized in May, 1898, Louisville, Ky.; the Norfolk Chapter, organized in February, 1899, Norfolk, Va.; the Peninsula Chapter, organized in April, 1903, Newport News, Va.; the Richmond Chapter, organized in November, 1905, Richmond, Va.; the Maryland Chapter, organized in November, 1905, Baltimore, Md.; the Southwest Virginia Chapter, organized in April, 1906, Roanoke, Va.; the Lynchburg Chapter, organized in April, 1906, Lynchburg, Va.; the West Virginia Chapter, organized in October, 1910, Hinton, W. Va.

The most active is the Kentucky Chapter, which has had good meetings every year since its organization. Various Professors of the college have been honored with invitations to speak before them. They have thirty-five or forty members, and the present officers are S. E. Woody, M. D., LL. D., President, and W. O. Carver, M. A., D. D., Secretary and Treasurer. Many pleasant conferences have been held by other chapters. The newly organized chapter in West Virginia is full of promise, and may be very effective in maintaining the interests of the college in that growing State. They expect to hold their meetings in connection with the sessions of the Baptist General Association. Some of the active alumni could do a great service by agitating organization of local chapters in Fredericksburg, Va., Bluefield, West Virginia, Atlanta, Georgia, and some points in each of the Carolinas. In New York city, where there are thirty-five or forty of our distinguished alumni, a chapter is especially needed.

The question might well arise: "What part do the alumni expect to have in the new college?" There are some material things among those that endear a college to its students, and when these bricks and stones and the present campus cease to be known as Richmond College, how will the alumni bring themselves to feel that they are a part of the new order of things? It has been suggested that they should have a definite part of the new buildings to call their own—Alumni Local Headquarters—where they can feel as much at home as they ever felt in Memorial, Ryland or Deland.

Men have been coming back for a brief visit to their Alma Mater, to find themselves outcasts—yes, plainly, outcasts. The old room is occupied by strangers; the President and those members of the faculty whom he knows are engaged; and when in the Library, perchance, he finds one familiar face, there comes the rap, rap, rap, from the desk to interrupt all conversation. Surely there is a welcome for him in the empty society hall, so he climbs the stairs—but the door is locked! Disappointment is written plainly on his face as he turns away.

Such things ought not to be. We who are students will try to make the alumni feel welcome while we are here, but when

the construction begins at Westhampton, why should this defect longer exist? The dormitories there will be built in sections, having about six rooms on each floor, and from two to four stories high. What an admirable opportunity for arranging a "den," comprised of a floor in one of these sections, for the returned alumni! Some student would be glad to take charge, and then there would be at least one man through whom the alumnus could come into closer touch with the college. When the new college has been completed this will be one of the greatest institutions in the South, and since some of the others have already installed this feature, why should we not be the next in the reform?

