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Inspiration.

A thought from God's great heart of love,
Fell to this world of wrong:
A poet made this thought his own,
And breathed it forth in song.

—E. B. K.

Virginians in Modern Fiction.

With this issue of "The Messenger" is presented the first of a series of articles on "Virginians in Modern Fiction." It is proposed that the series shall consist of four sketches of the lives and works of Virginians who have made and continue to hold well-recognized places in the literary activities of our country. They are as follows:

I. Thomas Nelson Page and His Place in American Literature.
II. The Literary Life of Marian Harland.
III. Ellen Glasgow—Her Work and Future.
IV. Mary Johnson's Career in the World of Fiction.

I.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE AND HIS PLACE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Certainly the most widely read and characteristic of all the Southern writers which have appeared since Edgar Allan Poe is Thomas Nelson Page, of Virginia. It
was sixteen years ago that Mr. Page first came before the public in the capacity of an author, when that exquisite and pathetic story, "Marse Chan," appeared in the *Century Magazine*. Since that time he has been almost continually in the public eye, as a writer of delectable short stories, and two years have not yet passed since he won for himself the deserved title of novelist, in its broadest significance, when he placed before the novel-reading public one of the greatest works of fiction which has appeared in the last decade. In spite of the many delightful stories which have flowed from his pen, and in spite of the popularity with which "Red Rock" was received, both in the North and in the South, there are those who still hold that Mr. Page's chief claim to the literary distinction which he now enjoys rests upon his first production—that charming tale of love and sorrow, in connection with the war between the States. However that may be, certainly no more artistic and pathetic story has found its way into the literature of our country, and by this one story, if by no other means, Thomas Nelson Page should have endeared himself to every heart that pulsates with the warm and loyal blood of Virginia.

Mr. Page relates how the story was first suggested to him. Some four years before "Marse Chan" appeared in the *Century*, he was shown by a friend a letter which had been found in the pocket of a private in the Confederate army, as he lay dead upon the field of the battle of Fair Oaks, only seven miles from Richmond. It was from the dead man's sweetheart, and told how great was her love for him, and how great her sorrow for having treated him unkindly. If he could only come back to her, it went on to say, she would be kind to him; but she could not marry him unless he should get a furlough and come back to her honorably. It was a poorly-written and badly-spelled manuscript, scratched upon a scrap of Confederate paper; but the infinite tenderness of the heart which prompted it could
be read between its illiterate lines. It touched Mr. Page's noble heart, and the sad, sweet theme found expression in a story which has brought the tear to more than one eye and softened into pity more than one stony heart.

"Marse Chan" was written in 1880, but was not published until four years later, the delay having been caused by complications arising from the change of the old Scribner's Monthly to the Century. In the meantime, Mr. Page, discouraged by the seeming failure of his first attempt, suffered a season of literary apathy, and wrote scarcely anything. When "Marse Chan," however, finally made its appearance, he at once began work again, and soon became the most talked-of writer of the day, producing many other stories of a similar nature to the one on which he had made his reputation. In 1887 a collection of these stories was printed in book form, under the title of "In Ole Virginia." There is a strain of quaint humor and winning pathos running through the whole series, with the exception of "No Haid Pawn," where Mr. Page made somewhat of a departure into the weird and uncanny, and did not meet with the same success which attended his other stories. "Meh Lady" is a plaintive tale, much after the order of "Marse Chan." It is said that Mr. Page himself regards "Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'" as the best picture of old Virginia life which he has yet drawn. Shortly afterward "Two Little Confederates" began to appear in St. Nicholas, and was afterwards published in book form. In 1891 "On Newfound River" was published, while Mr. Page continued steadily to make pleasing contributions to the magazines.

Nobody but one who has sprung from Virginia, and has been nurtured upon the soil which saw his father's birth, could have written the stories which Mr. Page has given us, so truly and characteristically are they Virginian in their very warp and woof. Those of us whose fathers and mothers saw the light amid just such scenes as his stories depict can-
not but feel that they are peculiarly our own. We feel our hearts beat with something of a race pride in them, and our souls go out with something of a race interest to the chivalrous men and matchless women who people his stories.

Then, too, we find in them much of enlightenment in connection with the negro. We see vividly drawn the true relation which existed between master and slave in those good old days before the war—a relation which we find some difficulty in reconciling with Harriet Beecher Stowe’s description of it in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” granting that she intended her story to be representative of the existing conditions.

In his desire to treat the question of the war in a fair light, Mr. Page has made many bitter enemies among his native people. One is scarcely safe in making any assertion as to how much justice is to be found in such statements. Certainly he has seemed at times to smother those instincts and feelings which should have been very dear to his heart; but how far he has been guided in this by the desire to show justice, and how far by the desire for national greatness, one is not safe in declaring. We must not forget that he has chosen to treat the tenderest of all the spots in our country’s history, and that he should have pleased all and made no enemies seems unreasonable to suppose.

When “Red Rock—A Chronicle of Reconstruction,” came from the press of Charles Scribner’s Sons, about two years ago, it met the novel-reading public at an opportune moment. No novel of the Civil War had been forthcoming for some little time. In fact, the public had been rather over-gorged with love tales of a Bohemian character. So, in spite of the fact that the critics were not entirely with the author in his appearance as a novelist, “Red Rock” became easily the best selling book of the day, and Mr. Page found himself once more the lion of the hour. It was one of the few cases where critics and public disagree. “Red Rock” is by far
the greatest work that Mr. Page has given us. Its chief fault is its lack of concentration of plot, but the delightful delineations of character more than compensate for any slip he may have made elsewhere. Not a few eminent critics of the North, while acknowledging the greatness of the work, took occasion to score Mr. Page, in no uncertain terms, for his inability to enter into his characters without personal like or dislike, because he refused to let us see any good in the carpet-bagger or his accomplice; and it is just at this point that the critics have fallen into the very trap from which they are endeavoring to lift their victim, for there was nothing of good in the carpet-bagger, and it is that same personal feeling on their part, in desiring to have the good brought to the light, of which they accuse Mr. Page in seeking to conceal that good. On the other hand, there was a feeling throughout the South that Mr. Page had been most magnanimous in choosing, as he did, a very moderate instance of the condition in which society and politics in Virginia found themselves in the trying days of reconstruction.

"Red Rock" will live when most of its contemporaries in the world of fiction shall have been forgotten.

His Life.

Thomas Nelson Page is descended from a long line of distinguished Virginia ancestors. It was during the first half of the seventeenth century, when the American colonies were in a state of infancy, and long before our nation was even in embryo, that John Page, a wealthy squire of England, set out to establish himself in the New World. This was seven generations before the birth of Thomas Nelson, but almost without exception the names of those who intervened have come down to us as worthy progenitors of a noble family. It was Mann Page, the grandson of John Page, who became one of the two wealthiest land-owners in the colony, his plantations covering twenty thousand acres. It was he, also,
who built upon the plantation of "Rosewell," in Gloucester county, the most magnificent mansion which the New World had yet seen, having imported all the material from England. In one of the spacious rooms of this stately house, which is preserved to the present time, Thomas Jefferson is said to have drafted the Declaration of Independence; and it is certain that, during the Revolutionary War, the lead from its window-casements was used to make bullets for the Continental armies.

Mann Page's grandson, John Page, who was born at Rosewell in 1744, and died at Richmond in 1808, became conspicuous in the politics of the day, holding a seat in the Congress of the United States for three terms, and subsequently succeeding James Monroe as Governor of Virginia.

Later members of the Page family served faithfully under the Confederate flag. Thus it can be seen that Thomas Nelson Page came into the world endowed with manhood and nobility, which had been the distinguishing features of those who had gone before him bearing his name.

He was born on the old "Oakland Plantation," in Hanover county, April 23, 1853. He was raised amid those very plantation scenes in which his stories are laid. At the breaking out of the great struggle between the States he was but eight years old, yet he can hardly fail to bear in mind some memories of the troublesome times through which his people were forced to pass. He was educated at Washington College, now known as Washington and Lee University, and subsequently studied law at the University of Virginia, where he graduated with the degree of LL. B. In 1875 he opened a law office in Richmond, and began the practice of his profession, in which he proved eminently successful. It was while a resident of this city that he became famous in the literary world. In 1893 he moved to Washington, taking up his residence at 1708 Massachusetts avenue, where he still resides.
Mr. Page has the honor of belonging to several of the most exclusive clubs in America, including the Authors, Century, and University Clubs, of New York. He is at present touring Europe with his family.

When the Moon is Shining Brightly.

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

When the moon is shining brightly, and her beams are tripping lightly
In a golden pathway shim're ring o'er the sea,
Ah! 'tis then, sweetheart, I know it, yet how feebly can I show it,
That the full tide of my being sets to thee!
In the golden gleaming, gleaming,
Of the moonlight I lie dreaming,
And I fancy in my musing—that bright kingdom next to Sleep—
That your tresses, love, are fairer than those moonbeams on the deep.

When I gaze into the sky, love, and my dreams of things are high, love;
When my thoughts go roaming on beyond the skies,
Then it is some mystic pow'r charms me in that voiceless hour,
And my soul thrills at the memory of your eyes!
For thee, love, a yearning, yearning,
In my breast is ever burning,
And it seems to me, my sweetheart, when I tell thee of my love,
That your eyes grow brighter—deeper than fair Venus far above.

When the East with rose is flushing—while the queenly Dawn is blushing
As her liege-lord Day salutes her with a kiss,
O'er me steals my soul's pure passion, and I'd sing thee in a fashion
Of my joy, love, and the fullness of my bliss!
But not all the singing, singing,
Of an angel chorus ringing,
Could express the heav'ly rapture of the pressure of your lips,
When together we are watching the out-going of the ships.

The Quick and the Dead.

BY W. RUSSELL OWEN.

We fell to telling ghost stories! A little informal smoker had been tendered us by one of our college-mates, and we were circled around the great blazing fire, blowing clouds and shooting rings of sweet old Perique and Turkish among the rude rafters of the log-house. I say log-house, for we had especially designed to be where we were. Out in the country, about three miles from the college, at an old darkey's cabin, was the appointed place for our meeting on a Saturday night in December. We walked briskly out, and 10 post meridian found us as I have described. It was an ideal place to tell ghost stories of the most harrowing nature. The wind was strong to-night, and, as one would muse with a retrospective turn to his thoughts, many a sigh would he heave, thinking how poorly a four-masted bark would fare off Hatteras a night like this. The old door strained and creaked on its hinges, and a slam against the sills of the window told us in no indefinite style of the storm without. Uncle Hez had worked all day, "getting ready" for our coming, and mistletoe and holly were tastefully, though primitivesly, hung from various pegs in the walls. And then our spirits were enlivened by a good taste—or, I might say, and fearless of spoiling my respect for the truth, four,
or perhaps five, "good tastes"—from Hezekiah's punch-bowl. The room was a perfect maze of white smoke, streaking, floating, and then whirling in eddies as it drifted to a crevice and was caught by a draft of wind. If you had seen the smoke and the smokers, surely you would have risked to wager that we were concluding a treaty with a hostile tribe of red skins; but you would have wagered vainly, for we were only on pleasure bent, and, as I warned you, fell to telling ghost stories!

My turn came. It seemed to me as if the very roof would leave its fastenings. The wind was blowing coldly, and I was in a perfect frame to throw a very gruesome spirit into my tale:

"In the Christmas of '96 Jo Carney and I had planned a week's hunting trip among the fastnesses of the Dismal Swamp. Jo never drank a drop, and I had sworn off until the 25th. We spent a successful week, and this was our last night in the swamp. Game had been scarce, and we had done a good deal of walking, and were now in our hunter's hut, beside the 'feeder' leading to the lake. We were stretched on the floor, both of us gazing straight into the open hearth, crackling with cypress and juniper logs—dry, indeed, as chips. I sat up for awhile, and fell to dreaming—day-dreaming in the night. It did seem that every evil thing that night was sleeping. 'Twas Christmas night. A note to the mythical old fellow, that I had written years ago, came to me. I saw his sled slipping through the village, and then I saw a star—a holy star—in my dreams, and once, as I nodded, I saw a cross loom up and fade away. The low whistle of a whip-poor-will was singing monotonously, and the legend about the 'bird of dawning singeth all night long' rang through my mind, and rendered this night in the swamp a hallowed and gracious one. I could see the long bosom of the 'feeder,' stretching toward Drummond, and it was a lovely thing to behold. I mused
at once that it was the path to some fairy’s home, and this was molten silver slipping into his coffers.

"But our dogs—they bothered us. They were barking restlessly. Jo looked at me, not with a look of fear, but with a strange, wondering glance.

"'Better see what’s up!' he said to me. 'I am afraid that wounded black fellow is after them.' He alluded to a bear we were unable to capture two days before.

"We went out, and there were our three dogs, chained as usual, fixedly gazing Drummond-ward. Whining all the while, their barks became piteously sharp. With one fore foot lifted, they would shrink back, as if some spirit was coming toward them; then, regaining courage, they would tighten their chains and leap, with a desperate plunge, toward the waters of the lake. They whined and pawed the earth with their feet, and, standing with every muscle tense and trembling, would turn to us with appealing eyes.

"'Oh,' said Jo; 'they see

"The lover and maid so true,
Who oft at the hour of midnight damp,
Cross the lake by their firefly lamp
And paddle their white canoe.'"

"Maybe there is something in Sir Thomas More’s poem after all. You know he sings of the demented lover, who came to the morasses of the swamp to hunt his lost love, and, while in a storm, his birchen bark was carried far off from shore, and his boat returned no more; and they say now that from the Indian hunter’s camp these two—the lost and found—cross the lake at midnight by light of their lamp.

"Now my day-dreaming had grown into an uncomfortable feeling of awe. It seemed to me as though the silence in the forest was the unbreathed breath of the dead. A distant sound of splashing came to me, and I would have sworn that
I saw a light; but I was prone to laugh at my fancy, for I never put faith in ghostly visions.

"'Let's into our canoe and join the two moon-struck wanderers,' suggested Jo; and really I was about to propose a measure similar. We agreed to hunt every spot on the lake, and have a hilarious Christmas with the pair of lovers.

"We pushed out in our huntsman's canoe. As we left the hut the dogs howled, and a bolt of sympathy struck far into my heart. 'Twas cruel to leave them frightened, shivering in the cold; but then we were off on a reckless errand, and cared not whether they froze or were captured by the devils themselves. Before we were in the centre of the water a whirring in my head rendered my upright position in our craft unsteady, and a fear came over me. The atmosphere was heavy, my throat was dry, a choking sensation came over me, and a hot breath blew against my cheeks. In turning sharply from the 'feeder,' I was partially thrown into the stern, and my hand fell upon the body of a fish, newly leaped from the lake. Oh, a clammy, scaly feeling ran over me, and I shuddered from fear. I grew cold, and felt my flesh slowly tightening on my bones, and my hair was stiffened by some feeling of dread. Slowly from the water arose two forms, dead and lethargic. They were two men—twins—and dead. The waters rippled, and my breath came slowly, and my blood, I feared, would curdle in its course. I seized my Winchester, and, with a deliberate aim, fired at one of the forms. My shot hit its mark, for immediately the figure on the left was energized, and began to flit here and there—first receding, then advancing, and shooting its gleaming, demoniac glances at me. Then it began to sing an incantation, and a mist arose from his water grave, and he was lost. But the song—I hear it to this day. The voice was high and shrill, and it was shouted with a demon's accent. He sang a doggerel like this:
'I am the quick!
A fairy's wand has changed my name to legion;
My soul burns up and perfumes this region.
I am the quick! I am the quick!'

"He was gone, but oh, such an odor rose before me, and I had fainted had not my fear retained my senses. The dead—for surely was the double—was advancing straight for our canoe. Again I raised my rifle, and I pierced my victim's breast. From the wound blood oozed—dark, venous blood, clotting as it flowed—and, should I live through the century, I shall never eliminate from my sense the ghastly set of those features. The eyes were glazed, and a flickering gleam flashed behind a dull grey pupil. His cheeks were as hewn flint, and his skin was whitened as marble. As an automaton, he closed his eyes, clenched his teeth, smiled a ghastly smile, pinned his arms to his side, and, as a heavy bolt of lead, dropped into the lake. The waters rushed to fill the space; a whirlpool formed about it. Slowly our boat was drawn toward the whirling waters, and I was frightened so that now my blood, I was sure, ceased flowing. Quickly our light birch canoe was caught, and around and around, at a fearful rate, we swung. I felt a convulsive gurgle, and I know not that which followed. I heard from the distant bottom of the lake a dirge still moaning:

'I am the dead!
Securely rests my cold, cold form,
And lies beneath the waves and storm.
I am the dead! I am the dead!'

"An odor of a dying soul nearly suffocated me, and I was still in a lifeless faint.

"I knew next morning why I had battled so royally with the ghost twins. Jo awoke me. 'Poet, it's the twenty-sixth,' and, slapping me to awaken me, held, with a teasing smile, a
pint flask of 'Old Hunter Rye.' He had found it in my pocket, as I lay fainting from fear. I'll swear that ghosts are on that lake!"

Alumni in the Race for Governor.

While it is a matter of which we may be justly proud, that two of the most distinguished alumni of Richmond College will be candidates for the nomination for the governorship of Virginia at the next Democratic convention, yet we cannot but regret a little that "Greek must thus be divided against Greek" in the great political battle. Moreover, though, we cannot ignore the fact that success will not crown the efforts of both of these illustrious men, nevertheless we are confident that during the next gubernatorial term one of them will be chief executive of our noble State. In so far as we are able to see how matters will shape themselves before the meeting of the great convention next summer, none of the candidates who have yet announced themselves is to have a walk-over in the matter of nomination. It is generally conceded, however, that the great fight lies between Ellyson, Montague, and Swanson. Naturally, the constituency of each of these gentlemen is loudly proclaiming the certainty of its candidate's nomination, yet there is a lurking suspicion, even in the hearts of the most sanguine, that there is nothing certain about the whole matter.

At the last Democratic convention, which met at Roanoke, Va, the name of Mr. J. Taylor Ellyson was placed before that body for nomination for the governorship, but, before the final vote was taken, his name was withdrawn. It was the general understanding at the time that, if Mr. Ellyson's name was withdrawn, he would assuredly be nominated at the next convention. Many, however, even of
those who grant the existence of such an understanding, claim
that circumstances have arisen which materially alter the
situation in regard to Mr. Ellyson. The true state of affairs
is not easily arrived at, but the friends of Mr. Ellyson are
very confident of his ultimate success, and it is certainly true
that his constituency is large.

Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson was born in Richmond, was edu­
cated at her schools, at Richmond College, and, finally, at the
University of Virginia, and during his long and brilliant
career as a public man has lived in the city of his birth. His
public career was begun in the Common Council of Richmond,
where he served for eight years, being for four years its presi­
dent. He was then elected Mayor of the city, in which
capacity he served faithfully three terms, declining to run for
the fourth. For four years he was State Senator from the
Richmond district, and for many years he was chairman of
the City School Board and a member of the Board of Trus­
tees of Richmond College. Some of the most successful
campaigns of the Democratic party in Virginia have been
conducted with Mr. Ellyson as chairman of the Democratic
Committee, which position he has held for eight years, without
the loss of a single battle.

His career has been brilliant in politics and eminently suc­
cessful in business, while he occupies a most enviable social
position. Mr. Ellyson is but little over fifty, and is to-day,
with untiring energy, doing some of the best of his life's work.

In marked contrast to the long political career of Mr.
Ellyson is the almost phenomenal success of Andrew Jackson
Montague. Mr. Montague is still a young man, having not
yet reached his thirty-eighth birthday. He had only a short
time been following his chosen profession, the law, when
Grover Cleveland was nominated for the presidency for the
third time by the National Democratic Convention of '92.
Mr. Montague took the platform, and stumped the State in
behalf of Mr. Cleveland, doing such excellent work by his
A REVOLUTION IN MODERN THOUGHT.

BY H. LEE MC BAIN.

At Shrewsbury, in England, on the 12th of February, 1809, was born a man whose destiny it was to revolutionize modern thought. Nor was this end, unconsciously such on his part, accomplished by any startling discovery or ingenious invention. To Lamarck, in 1811, is very probably due the discovery of the hypothesis which it was reserved for Charles Darwin to make famous and to present to the world in an elaborate and brilliantly-conceived theory. So much has been written and said, both in approval and in condem-
nation, of Mr. Darwin and his work, that it has become no easy task to sift and assimilate the vast budget of matter on the subject, so as to gain an adequate and just idea of his gift to the world at large. But the very fact that Darwinism, at least in part, has enlisted in its behalf the pens of many of the leading thinkers of the century, and has raised a storm of opposition among some of the more orthodox, would certainly go far to proving that his conception is something more than an idle dream, or the product of an abnormal imagination, as some would have us believe. To deny that evolution is a living issue in thought, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, were fraught with as much folly as to deny that the earth is round or that an unsupported body falls. The great fact of universal experience is that the universe exists, and the great problem which naturally presents itself to the human mind is to account for its origin. "Whence our race has come," says Mr. Huxley, "what are the limits of our power over nature, and of nature's power over us, to what goal are we tending, are the problems which present themselves anew and with undiminished interest to every man born into the world." An approximate solution of these problems is what Mr. Darwin's doctrine presents. Hence its interest; hence its importance.

We cannot here attempt any account whatever of the life of the great scientist, or any very satisfactory outline of his theory. We can hope to lay down only the cardinal points of his cosmic doctrine, and thence reluctantly hasten to the effects of his teaching as shown in modern thought.

Darwin is not a speculative philosopher, by any means. In no single instance throughout his works can there be found any idle speculation anent the origin of the universe. His role is that of a naturalist, a careful and accurate observer, possessing remarkable synthetic ability and brilliant descriptive power.

In his work on the "Origin of Species," Mr. Darwin
begins with the following fundamental assumptions: First, the existence of matter; secondly, the existence of life in the form of one or more primordial germs; thirdly, the existence of a Creator of matter and germs; and lastly, that from the primordial germ or germs, by growth, organization, and development, have descended all living organisms, vegetable and animal, on the earth, through all the stages of its history. How this descent has been made, Mr. Darwin thinks, can be best accounted for by the operation of four fundamental laws—the Law of Heredity, which, briefly stated, is that like begets like; the Law of Variation of Offsprings within narrow limits; the Law of Over-Production, giving rise to a struggle for existence; and finally, the Law of the Survival of the Fittest, or of Natural Selection. Such, in brief, is the outline of Darwin’s doctrine.

Omitting here any discussion whatever of its wonderful probabilities, it is sufficient to say that, so thoroughly has evolution permeated the intellectual fibre and sinew of the world, the general aspect of almost every branch of thought has been completely re-organized.

Let it be clearly understood that Darwin’s hypothesis has not yet been absolutely established, and probably never will be. This much Mr. Darwin himself admits, with characteristic frankness and honesty. It is, however, undeniably true that evolution has probabilities on its side, and gives, to say the least, a rational and not a mythological account of things; and should not reason be the first condition of an approach to truth? Moreover, barring the materialistic phase of evolution, which is claimed by many to be involved in Darwinism, the theory of natural selection is in no way contrary to the spirit of the Holy Scriptures. As deep and inexplicable creation is in process to-day as ever was. Is not the embryogeny of the veriest insect, or the conception of the merest bird, as essentially and infinitely divine as the making of a world or the
ordering of a universe, in that both are absolutely beyond all human understanding or independent accomplishment? With characteristic adroitness, Mr. Huxley, in his "Man's Place in Nature," announces the position which he takes toward evolution. Although vehemently asserting the entire lack of indisputable proof of the theory, he adds:

"Now, Mr. Darwin's hypothesis is not, so far as I know, inconsistent with any known biological fact; and I, for one, am fully convinced that, if not precisely true, that hypothesis is as near an approximation to the truth as, for example, the Copernican hypothesis was to the true theory of planetary motions. I adopt Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, therefore, subject to the proof that physiological species may be produced by selective breeding; just as the physical philosopher may accept the undulatory theory of light, subject to the proof of the existence of hypothetical ether; and for the same reason precisely, that it has an immense amount of prima facie probability on its side."

We have endeavored so far to give, in as few words as possible, a comprehensive view of the great conception of evolution. Let us now take a rapid glance at its influence on subsequent truth.

Biology is the science of life, and therefore it is scarcely to be wondered at that evolution made its coup de maître here, becoming, as it has, one of the two basal conceptions of modern biology, and thereby striking at the very heart and core of all thought. For biology stands at the root of philosophy, since philosophy seeks an explanation of the phenomena of life. Passing over the problems of biology, whose very essence evolution is, let us take a cursory view of its effect in sociologic, psychologic, and ethical thought.

History repeats itself, they tell us, and the reason is not far in finding, since it is almost axiomatic that the same general causes, without fail, produce the same general effect. It is in the light of this glorious truth that the study of general
history brings into view the slow and gradual progressive evolution of humanity as a whole, giving us an expanded comprehension of the law of causation in historical events, freeing us from natural and individual narrow-mindedness, and proving that all nations, at all times, have sought to trace those laws which are pervading our human nature. For example, contrast Eastern and Western civilizations. Almost without exception the germs of man's highest conceptions may be found in the East, yet it was reserved for the West to evolve the fructifying trees of science and philosophy. The present of the East is an analogy, while the present of the West is the evolution of its past. But to what is this difference due? It is due primarily to the difference in their conceptions of the destiny of man. What reason is to be assigned that progressive evolution in philosophy, in science, in politics, and in morals, however unintentional, is the distinctive characteristic of Western civilization, while immutable stagnation distinguishes that of the East? It is this: "The two forces eternally working in every human individual, morals and intellect, have never been properly balanced in the East, while an attempt to do so is continually made in the West." The organic development in different epochs, which can be clearly comprehended only by a thorough knowledge of the social and political conditions of a people, was pointed out far earlier than was the same general truth found to exist in all nature. Beginning with Bolingbroke, in England, through the Dutch Grotius, the French Montesquieu, the critical Voltaire, the skeptical Hume, the specialist Gibbon, the idealistic Fischart, the realistic Kant, and an innumerable host of others, the idea has been carried, gaining in momentum as each great thinker added something to its ever-increasing mass.

"Has the great-man theory then no meaning?" you ask. Absolutely none. Luther, Napoleon, Shakespeare, Bismarck—did not each make his own age? By no means.
They were, without doubt, integral parts of their own ages, but they were made possibilities by circumstances and by those formative events which preceded them. Each in turn was but the greater genius, which, catching the prismatic rays of the lesser lights about him, became the focus of their glory and his own, and unconsciously dimmed their radiance by the greatness of his own. The great-man theory is a sentimental fallacy.

Evolution has not had the effect of broadening the subject matter of psychical phenomena, as might be expected, but of more vitally re-organizing the science on the basis of modern biology. The new psychology, as it is called, has given rise to the establishment, in recent years, of psychological laboratories, where special attention is given to psycho-physical phenomena, and the effect has been to highly differentiate the old psychology from the new. The method of psychological study by introspection has possibly been relegated too far out of reach, and will need something of a revival before complete equilibrium is again restored.

The provisional acceptance of evolution in its broadest sense has necessitated a recasting of the bases of morality. To account for our moral nature, from an evolutionary standpoint, is merely to base morality purely on intellect, and to ascribe its origin to utility, environment, and heredity combined. Some one has described these new moralists as holding “that sensation, elaborated in the process of development, and ancestral experience, organized into intuitions, are merely the vehicle of our moral nature, which on its part is able to take on higher forms as its apparatus becomes more adequate.” It is a fact worthy of notice, however, that, in whatever way we account for the origin and development of our principles of ethics, they are none the less real, and none the less binding upon us. Conscience is still the moral sense, whether it be a God-given faculty or an intellectual development. Thus no cardinal point in the efficiency of ethical
principles has been altered by the application of the doctrine of evolution to them.

We have briefly and unsatisfactorily outlined the far-reaching effects which evolution has had upon the thought of our own day. What are the possibilities of its own development can be partly judged by the enormous prestige it has obtained since its birth, in 1859. It has already reached that point where many fearlessly assert that there is no single object or phenomenon which is absolutely independent of the process of evolution.

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The Thrush’s Song.

BY ED. B. KENNA.

Soft through the forest when twilight is falling,
Clear as the sound of a fairy-swung bell,
plaintive and low as Eurydice’s calling,
Sweet as the breath of the fay Asphodel,
Ringing and singing, caressing and swinging,
The dim-lighted aisles of the forest along,
Lilts through the forest the wood-thrush’s song.

Breath of the wild-wood and perfume of flowers,
Murmur and whisper of low lisping streams,
Love that the nymphs knew in violet bowers,
When life was all loving and troubles were dreams;
Love’s life in the strain of it, hope in the pain of it,
Down through my soul drifts the song from above,
Falling and falling, and evermore calling,
“Sweetheart, I love you! Love you, my love?”

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The Mystery of the Midnight Limited.

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

At half-past 4 o’clock, on the afternoon of Monday, the 21st of February, 1917, Baron von Stult, the Prime
Minister of Germany, was seated in his private office, busily engaged in writing. There was a frown upon his care-worn face, and ever and anon he would cease writing and tramp slowly up and down the richly-carpeted room, running his slender, nervous fingers repeatedly through his iron-gray locks, muttering to himself and gazing fixedly on the floor—the very picture of intense concentration of mental energy. Baron von Stult was the most powerful man in Europe, and the history of his rise to the Premiership in the great upheaval of 1913, reads like some fairy romance. As Prime Minister of Germany, he swayed the nation, for William, weakened by a malady of the brain, was a mere figure-head in the affairs of state. The Prime Minister was deeply moved by something—and that something was of importance, for it was rarely that emotions, either of satisfaction or disappointment, ever found expression on his Sphinx-like countenance. For an hour or more he paced before the fire; then, crossing the room, he touched a button in the wall, and resumed his walk.

As the clock in a neighboring tower chimed the hour of 6, a coach drew up by a private entrance to the palace, and a man alighted. Passing the sentries, he entered the door and hurried on to the little room, where Baron von Stult was engaged in such profound meditation.

"Is that you, Herr Bragmen?" asked the Prime Minister, without raising his eyes or ceasing his walk.

"I have come," was the answer.

"How long have you been in from Paris?"

"Since 9 this morning."

"Have you rested?"

"I have slept five hours, sir; it is enough for me."

"Then be seated; I have work for you." And the Prime Minister continued his beat with the precision of a soldier on guard.

Herr Bragmen was accounted the shrewdest and most
energetic agent of the German Secret Service. In all his trips between Berlin and the foreign capitals wherein the ambassadors of his Majesty resided, on no occasion had the keen-witted officer ever been entrapped. Lithe, wiry, perfect in athletic development, with piercing blue eyes under heavy brows, and a profile at once denoting bull-dog determination along with acute reasoning powers, Herr Bragmen was what he appeared to be—a man of marked ability. He was a favorite with the great von Stult, and the most important missions were entrusted to him. It was a boast of his that no diplomatic secret had ever slipped through his fingers into the prying hands of the foreign agents—he was superior to the best of them. His life was spent on the train and steamship, travelling to and fro, bearing those communications of his Majesty’s ministers which were too important to transmit by mail or wire.

Since the dawn of history the destinies of nations have been determined, to a great extent, by the keenness and ability of diplomatic agents; yet in that period of war and intrigue which followed the struggle between England and Germany, in the year 1904, the secret agencies of the great dominant powers, fighting each other with the marvelous aids given them by modern science, may be said to have attained the greatest degree of perfection and influence in the record of the world’s secret service.

Before the thread of the story is again taken up, let us recall a bit of history:

At the great battle of the Channel, which occurred in the year 1904, Britain was humbled before the rising strength of Germany, and, in that disastrous conflict, her navy was swept from the seas, never again to uphold England’s once-vaunted supremacy on the ocean. By the treaty of Paris, in the early part of 1905, Britain ceded to her conqueror the whole of her vast possessions in China, in addition to an indemnity of several million pounds sterling. During the early part of
March, 1906, Germany, aflame with a war-like fever, also seized a large portion of the French territory in China, and defeated France twice in the short war of two months which followed. In the meanwhile, Russia had pushed down from Siberia, and the United States had also made a bold and successful entrance into the Chinese arena. At the time our story opens China was about equally divided among Germany, Russia, and the United States. A common hatred for Germany bound France and Russia together in sworn alliance, and Germany and America were acting in concert in regard to the Chinese situation. Such was the condition of affairs on the 21st of February, 1917—a veritable tinder-box, which but required a spark to kindle it. In the strained conditions which existed at that time among the four great dominant governments, this spark was likely to be struck at any moment. France was wild to regain her lost possessions, and her ally was seeking every pretext to seize more territory; but their advance in China was checked by America and Germany, and thus, each side resting on arms, they watched each other with ceaseless activity.

"Herr Bragmen," said the great Minister, seating himself at his desk; "Herr Bragmen, draw up your chair—the very devil's to pay." The Premier snapped a pencil into several parts as he spoke, and his strong face showed the marks of anxiety.

"And the cause of it?" asked the agent.

"I fear we shall have to deal with consequences, not causes—grim consequences."

"Explain yourself, my lord."

"I mean that within forty-eight hours Russian and French troops may be pouring across the frontier!" Herr Bragmen half rose from his chair. "And," continued the Minister, slowly, calmly, "Germany leaves it with you to prevent it." There was a silence. Baron von Stult leaned forward, and his hands rested on the shoulders of Herr Bragmen. In the
presence of his trusted chief of agents, the mightiest man in Europe cast aside all reserve.

"Give me full particulars, my lord. If I fail, I shall not live to report it."

"At 2:30 o'clock this morning the American Minister and myself were in consultation as to the Chinese scheme—"

"And you were overheard," said the agent.

"Exactly," exclaimed the Prime Minister, rising and pacing the floor. We were overheard, and more! After Mr. Stetson had left, while I was standing by the mantel, I was seized from behind and chloroformed before I could make outcry. When I came to, the rough draft of the agreement had been stolen!"

"Ah!" said Herr Bragmen, rising. "What steps have been taken?"

"The spies have been captured and shot, but not before they had handed the draft to a third person."

"And that third man—"

"Was a woman," snapped the Prime Minister.

"Proceed," said the agent, quietly.

"The men were captured by Schmidt, and he ascertained that they had forwarded the draft to Paris, also giving a verbal account to the messenger."

"Therefore, if captured, she must die!"

"It is absolutely necessary."

"Has she left the city?"

"It is believed she leaves to-night for Paris."

"Why do you believe this?"

"Schmidt says one of the captured men let fall a remark which would seem to indicate that such was the plan."

"Do you know anything at all of this woman?" asked the agent.

"Nothing, save that she is of France."

"Then you have absolutely no clue as to her identity."
“None whatever; though every suspect is under surveil-

lance.”

“Is it known that the men were captured and executed?”

“The arrests were made in strictest secrecy.”

“Then there is no reason why her plans should be

changed. We will assume that she leaves for Paris to-night.

In that case she will either take the train here in Berlin, or

it is possible that she has driven into the country and will

get aboard some stations below. I am inclined to think that

she will take it here—the very boldness of it would aid

her.”

“I am certain of one thing,” said the Prime Minister.

“The woman has not been operating very long in Germany.

Every person upon whom is laid the least suspicion of being

in sympathy with the French is under watch, and none of

them have attempted to leave Berlin. I have had a squad of

agents at every station, and no one has been allowed to leave

whose passports were not correct in every particular. The

men have acted quietly, for we do not know the woman, and

any detention of trains or wholesale arrests would put her

doubly on guard. Remember, it is possible that she has

already left Berlin; it is possible that she will not attempt

to leave this evening. If we arrest all passengers to-night,

and fail to take her, after that her apprehension will be next

to the impossible. When the Limited leaves to-night no

suspects in the city will be allowed to leave, and the pass-

ports of all passengers will be subjected to the closest exami-

nation. From the sentence which Schmidt overheard, we

assume that she leaves to-night; but since we have absolutely

no knowledge of her, it will not be difficult for her to pass if

her passport is correct. If we should arrest the whole train

to-night, and not succeed in our quest, the affair would gain

publicity, and our utmost endeavors hereafter would be frus-

trated. You see the only course left to us. Be at the train

this evening, and prepared to leave for Paris.”
"Have you no further instructions?"

"I do not instruct you, Herr Bragmen; I advise you. Germany leaves it with you. Remember, if that dispatch reaches Paris to-morrow, war will be declared within twenty-four hours by both France and Russia." The Prime Minister and Herr Bragmen stood, with hands clasped, in the middle of the floor.

"It is 6:35," said the agent, looking at his watch. "The Limited leaves at 7:30, and reaches Paris to-morrow morning at 8:05. The chance is a slim one, my lord; but if that woman gets aboard to-night she will never live to reach Paris."

"Run no risk of her escape, Herr Bragmen; the authority of his Majesty is behind you."

"One word more," said the agent, as he started toward the door; "the names of the men who were captured?"

"One was unknown; the name of the other, Jean Valaze."

"Jean!" exclaimed Herr Bragmen, seizing the Prime Minister by his arm. "Jean Valaze, did you say?"

"Why—" But the agent had gone. Jean Valaze was the brother of the woman he loved.

"Strange," muttered the Premier to himself. "As bad as Herr Bragmen hates a Frenchman, he loves a French woman. Jean Valaze—well, it may be." The next morning, when the daylight stole through the curtains, the gray-haired Minister was still seated at his desk.

Herr Bragmen was standing in the shadow of the station gate when the Limited pulled in that evening. The face of every passenger was scanned by him as they filed by to be examined by the inspector. The passports of none were rejected, and one by one they entered the train. There was not a woman among them. The agent stood by the porter and assisted him. The last person to enter the coach was a slightly-built youth, of medium height, and a thrill of recognition passed over the officer, but he could not place him or
remember ever having met him. Herr Bragmen was puz-
zaled, and, when the stranger spoke to the porter, there was
something so familiar in his tones that the agent started.
His first impulse was to arrest the man, but he stepped over
to the inspector and inquired about the youth.

"Name, James L. Turner; age 23," replied the official;
"residence, Eton, England; occupation, buyer for the crock-
port correct in every way, sir."

It was 7:30 by the clock. As the express moved out from
the station Herr Bragmen stepped aboard. The train
rattled on over the switches, and in a few moments attained
the speed which had made famous the Paris, Cologne, and
Berlin Limited.

When he entered the sleeper the young man was sitting
about half way down the car, and the agent was more than
puzzled as he slipped into the seat behind him. The crock-
ery buyer's passport was correct, and he had answered all
questions readily enough, yet Herr Bragmen determined to
watch him. The officer was in a disturbed frame of mind.
Aside from the fact of the heavy responsibility which rested
upon him, the news that the brother of his promised wife was
one of the men executed that morning had upset his nerves
badly. When the Prime Minister had told him that Jean
Valaze had been captured, a horrible suspicion flashed into
his mind. What if Jeannette were the unknown woman? The
idea had staggered him, and he was hardly himself when he
reached the station.

Herr Bragmen kept his eyes fixed upon the young man.
The young man kept his eyes fixed upon a newspaper. The
train flew on, and the agent became absorbed in thinking.

The Prime Minister had told him the messenger was a
woman. As the officer searched the faces of the passengers,
he came to the conclusion that, if there were a woman among
them, she deserved to escape, so complete was her disguise.
The express stopped twice, but no passengers left the train and none were taken on.

Herr Bragmen shuddered when he thought of telling Jeannette that her brother was dead. He knew that he would see her when he reached Paris, and he dreaded the interview. He cursed himself for loving a French woman; then he blessed her, and cursed himself again for having suspected her. "But after all," he thought, "suppose she is the messenger; she is but doing for France what I do for Germany." Herr Bragmen loved the sweet Jeannette. He had planned the time when they should possess a cottage together in the Valley of the Rhine, and he smiled when he remembered how she had sworn, with a stamp of her pretty foot, that the cottage which they would occupy would be built one half in France and the other half in Germany.

The more Herr Bragmen studied the young man in front of him the more puzzled he became. Where had he seen that poise of the head? Again he thought of Jeannette; but her hair was a golden brown, and the stranger's was a jet black. There were dyes to be sure—but the moustache! If it were a woman, the disguise was a clever one, and the agent settled back in his seat to watch the unknown, at least until something should develop. The Prime Minister had stated positively that the messenger was a woman, but there was a chance that the Premier was at fault. Perhaps the woman had passed the dispatch to a man. At any rate, if the stranger should turn out to be a woman in disguise, it would indicate that something was wrong somewhere, and the agent made up his mind to solve the sex of the stranger at the first opportunity.

Station after station was passed; then the berths were prepared for retirement. Herr Bragmen's was one to the rear, and on the opposite side to the stranger's. The agent pulled off his shoes and coat and then stretched out, with his eyes pressed close to an opening he had made in the curtain. For
not an instant did he take his gaze from the berth just ahead. By some strange intuition he felt as if he were on the right track, and his every sense was on the alert. Perhaps the fate of Germany hung on what he should accomplish that night, and Herr Bragmen loved Germany.

After the usual delay on the frontier, the express passed on, and Paris became nearer and nearer every moment. And then an incident occurred. As the train sped around a curve, the stranger in the berth opposite lost balance, and for a second a shapely foot and ankle was thrust without the curtain. "By Jove," said Herr Bragmen to himself; "if that ankle belongs to a man—well, my theory is upset."

All thought of his love for Jeannette for an instant fled from the agent's mind. He was an officer on the trail of an enemy of his country, and everything must be swept aside from the path of duty. He seemed to have forgotten the fear that Jeannette might be the spy. Why should he remember it? There were women in the Secret Service. His gentle Jeannette would never be called on for such a dangerous mission.

Herr Bragmen lay silent. After an hour had passed the regular breathing from across the aisle told the agent that the stranger was asleep. Save for the rumble of the train the car was quiet, and Herr Bragmen stepped softly from his berth and tipped down to the water-cooler. He glanced anxiously at the porter, but the fellow was sleeping soundly. In a small cup containing a white powder, the agent let drop a small quantity of water. Creeping back, he paused at the berth of the unknown, and listened intently for a moment. Then he quickly pulled aside the folds and attached the cup to one of the rods. It was but a step to his berth, and for five minutes he remained standing behind the curtains. Then he re-crossed the aisle and stood by the unconscious stranger. The fumes of the chemical had done their work, and the man was wrapped in heavy slumber.
Herr Bragmen worked swiftly, but noiselessly. His eyes gleamed, and his face appeared ghostly in the shaded light of his pocket lantern. For a second he gazed on the sleeping man, and then he moistened the curling moustache and the heavy black eyebrows with a few drops from a vial he held. The result was instantaneous. The eyebrows changed to a dark brown, and Herr Bragmen lifted a false moustache from a woman’s lips. He tore the collar from her neck and wiped her cheek with his moistened handkerchief. The transformation was complete. The face that rested upon his arm was the face of his beloved Jeannette. For a moment Herr Bragmen pressed his lips to hers, and then, with a whitened face, he straightened and commenced his search. The agent was an adept—in five minutes he held the fateful dispatch in his hand. He bent closer and read it in the dim light. “Oh, Germany!” he murmured. There was no doubt left. The agreement was written in the bold handwriting of the Premier, and contained his signature and that of the American Minister.

There was a struggle in Herr Bragmen’s mind. Should he be true to country or to love? What would life be without love? But a mere existence at best. If love is lost, does it matter whether that love is beyond the grave or not? If he should destroy the agreement and leave her, Jeannette would give a verbal account to the French Government. As Herr Bragmen loved Germany above everything, so Jeannette loved France. He was in French territory, and it was impossible for him to arrest her. There was but one thing possible—he must carry out the order of his chief; Jeannette must die! “My God!” he muttered, and in a frenzy of passion he buried his head on her breast. For some time he lay thus; then the porter passed down the aisle and he lifted himself. The Limited was flying onward with a steady roar. Through the half-drawn shutters the first light of day was gently stealing, and Jeannette looked like an angel in the gray glimmer. Again he looked at the dispatch. There
was no doubt of it, and his hand trembled as he burned it. The death-warrant went up in smoke and the ashes settled on her face—the face of Jeannette.

Herr Bragmen glanced at his watch. In an hour and ten minutes they were due in Paris.

“Jeannette, forgive me,” he said; “Oh, God!” In the pale, haggard face one would not have recognized him as the famous agent of yesterday. Some one was stirring in the car, and, with a passionate kiss, he inserted a syringe in the cheek of the sleeping girl. After a moment a pallor stole over her face, and, with a sigh, her breath was gone. Herr Bragmen leaned over her, and as her spirit fled the agent’s head sank in his hands, and the deadly point entered his own flesh. He drew himself up, and then fell across the berth.

And thus they found them when the Limited pulled into Paris. In the archives of the Prefect of Police this tragedy is entered as one of the great unexplainable mysteries of Paris. But there was one man who knew.

In the little cemetery at the foot of the Rue St. Louis, in Paris, are two graves. Over one of them is the simple inscription:

Herr Bragmen,
A Hero.

After Paris had been seized by the German and American troops, six months later, one night there stood a lonely figure by the two graves in the little cemetery. The man kneeled, and, as he bared his head, the moonlight lit up the face of the Prime Minister of Germany.

The Jew in Our Modern Civilization.

BY J. BILLIKOPF.

As we stop to consider for a second what an insignificant proportion of the Jews inhabit the western part of
Europe, how they have been and are still persecuted and made the victims of that vile, contemptible, and hydra-headed monster called anti-Semitism, compounded of religious fanaticism on the one hand and intolerable and oppressive persecution on the other; as we stop to ponder for a moment over the fact that it was but a very short time ago since Lord Macaulay, at the head of the Liberal party, opposed the Churchmen and the Lords in their persecution of the Jews, and finally succeeded in gaining for the Hebrews admittance to all public offices or Parliament; as we but stop to read in the pages of history how the Jews have been, and are still, driven and tossed by their fellow-men from place to place, how from age to age and from generation to generation they have been gliding amidst the vast and varied throng of nations, and have been the victims of unnatural hostility, should we not be amazed and surprised at what a prominent part the Jews have recently assumed in the various and widely divergent fields of politics, education, finance, and art?

Gambetta, that great and indefatigable leader of the French Republic—the man who, in the humiliations of his country, put forth the most colossal efforts to save her—that great statesman and orator, who surpassed the Verginands, the Gerondines, and the silver-mouthed Mirabeaus, was a Jew! So was Count von Arnim, the great German diplomat. So was Lasker, the ablest debater of his time in Germany, the Liberal leader of the Prussian Parliament, and the only man, I might say, “who ever dared to put a hook into the jaws of leviathan himself, the haughty Prince Bismarck.” Jews were several years ago the mayors of the principal cities of England, including London, while the Premier of the Queen’s dominion was the Hebrew, Benjamin Disraeli, better known to the world as Lord Beaconsfield—the very man who was so mercilessly lampooned, and who was so often the target of obloquy in Parliament. You have doubtless heard that, when he was once taunted in Parliament with being
a Jew, he immediately arose from his seat, and, in a sten­torian voice, exclaimed, dramatically: "Yes, I am a Jew! But let me remind the honorable gentleman that, while his an­cestors were savages on the banks of the Thames, mine were princes of Solomon's temple." Emilio Castelar, who was the foremost Spanish republican, and the greatest orator his country produced within the past few generations, was of Jewish descent; whereas the diplomacy of Italy, and even of Austria, is guided to-day by minds of the same race.

What have they done in education? Why, the Israelite, as you all know, is above all things enamored of education. From the days when David chanted forth his divine songs, and Solomon taught wisdom never to be forgotten, or from the time when the Hillels, the Gamaliels, the Rasches, the Jehuda Halevis, and the other learned doctors and acute rabbis of the Middle Ages, discussed and expounded the questions of mystic law and politics in Judaism, the Jew has been eager to draw forth inspiration from the pure and undefiled fountains of wisdom. This is the same race which, within the past few generations, has brought forth such distin­guished scholars as Emanuel Deutsch, Franz Delitzsch, Ewald, Herzfeld, and Neander; such masters of language as Bernays, of Bonn, Benfey, the first of Sanscrit scholars, and Oppert; such students as Frank and Traube in medicine, and Ricardo and Bloch in political economy; such philosophers as Spinoza, from whom such distinguished men of letters as Shelley, Maurice, Froude, Arnold, and Taine drew their inspiration; or Moses Mendelsohn, the distinguished author of "Jerusalem."

The majority of the professional chairs in the German University are occupied to-day by Jews. At least half of the journals of Europe are controlled to-day by Jews, and, out of the several hundred authors in the Austrian empire, the ma­jority of them are Jews. Need we be surprised, then, that Dr. Streecker, a well-known preacher of Berlin, and the leader
of the anti-Hebrew movement in Germany, should have ex-
claimed, some time ago: "At the post-mortem examination
of a body lately there were present the district physician,
the judge, the lawyer, the surgeon, and a fifth official, all of
whom were Jews. None but the corpse was a German.
Behold a picture of the present!" Yes, behold a picture of
the present!

Heine! that same Heine who, with the beautiful fictions
of his lyric poetry and his graceful melodies, enchanted
and charmed the world, was one of Israel's sweetest singers.
Auerbach and Grace Aguilar, the greatest novelists of
Germany, were scions of the same race; so is Israel Zang-
will, one of the foremost men of letters in England to-day.

But why lay so much emphasis on this? Who does not
know that the most remarkable trait of the Jews is their
wonderful devotion to mental culture, and the priceless ben-
efits they have reaped from education? Who does not know
that their higher culture shines out through every age of
darkness, and that, while all Europe fell at one time into
barbarous obscurity, while the Roman races were sinking
into indolence, and while, at a later day, "Papal Rome left
all the world in ignorance, and has ever opposed the progress
of knowledge in every land," the higher culture of the Jews
reaches back to the dawn of civilization. This has been the
instrument whereby they have for so long a time retained
their energy, which has been rendered to-day indestructible,
and whereby they have preserved themselves; and, notwith-
standing the fact that they were ever beaten and trampled
under foot, they are to-day unshaken as the mighty rock of
Gibraltar.

What have the Jews done in art and music? Why, who
does not admit that in the latter sphere they are potential?
Is it possible to enumerate all the musicians found among
the Jews? Will not the names of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, of
Moscheles, of Wieniawski, of Joachim, of Rubenstein, of
Jacques Halevy, of Rossini, and of Johann Strauss suffice? No. It would fill up a whole volume to enumerate them all. Thus again, Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, was a Jew. So is Antocolsky, the greatest Russian sculptor, the man who carried off innumerable prizes at the Paris Exposition. So is Sir Moses Ezekiel, a native of our beloved State. So are the famous actresses, Rachel and Bernhardt, Braham, Geisi, Janauschek, and Adelaide Prince.

How is it in finance? Here the Jew is unrivalled. He is the banker of the world. The banking business of almost all of Europe is managed by the Hebrews, who could ruin and foreclose many nobles who in society treat the former with contempt. The principal banker of Germany is the Hebrew, Bleichroder; of Russia, Brodsky and Poliakoff; while the Rothschilds control the diplomacy of empires. On this point the distinguished Belgian publicist writes, in the Revue des Deux Mondes: "The rapid rise of the Jewish element is a fact to be observed all over Europe. If this upward march continues, the Israelites will, a century hence, be the masters of Europe. This fact, popularly attributed to usury, rapacity, hard-heartedness, and what not of the sort, is a complete error and a baseless prejudice. When all transactions are free, no one is forced to submit to more onerous conditions than those of the general market. Christians do not neglect to profit, like every one else, by whatever favorable opportunities are accidentally presented to them. In the great financial scandals of our day, especially in Belgium, only Christians have figured. The Jews have a very keen and a very just sense of reality, which they seize and render with extreme precision, and at the same time a strong ideality and a powerful imagination. Solid good sense enables them to see the good and bad sides, and protects them against illusions. Among us, business men with imagination ruin themselves through optimism, and those without it crawl in routine."

Where, again, shall we look for greater modern philanthro-
pists than Montefiore and Baron Hirsch? Fould, Cremieux, the Rothschilds, the Seligmans, and the Perieres are also Jews.

Russian tyranny, therefore, colossal though it may be, is no less colossal than Jewish charity.

Points of View.

I.

AS A FRESHMAN SEES IT.

AFTER bidding farewell to loved ones, amid many tears and caresses, and receiving for the twentieth time the same advice regarding his conduct, the destined Richmond College rat boards the train, and is rapidly hurried to the scene of his future college actions. If from the country, the student in question will gaze, with extended eye and open mouth, at the noise and bustle of Richmond's main thoroughfare; will think lovingly of the loved ones at home, and will say to himself that surely he can never become accustomed to these strange sights. On his arrival on the campus he is wonderfully impressed with the size and majesty of this ancient citadel of learning, and he feels himself thrill with pride when he realizes that this is to be his future home. That awful first day slowly wears on, and suddenly he sees with dread that night is approaching, and along with it that bugbear of the young collegian, home-sickness.

If you will now excuse a personal allusion, my first night was anything but a period of delightful repose. My cot was the bare floor, and my downy pillow the inverted back of a borrowed chair. I had just about fallen into the kindly arms of Morpheus, and slumber was about to drown in sweet oblivion all my recent cares and trials, when suddenly, across the hall, there arose
the plaintive voice of a melancholy violin. With a sound
that resembled the wail of a lost soul, it lingered over the
notes of "Home, Sweet Home," until, goaded to the point of
desperation, I arose and, in no gentle voice, requested that
the young fellow cease his midnight serenade, or I would
send him and his instrument to a place where the tem­
perature was higher than it even was in Richmond last
summer.

During the following days the rat rapidly becomes
acquainted with the professors and many of the students.
His backwardness gradually leaves him, he regains his appe­
tite, and does not fail to ask for what he wants at meal times.
He now begins to realize that these are the happiest days of
his life. Here he is free from all cares and responsibilities,
except, of course, those of his studies—and, by the way, these
are no few. He has doubtless been told by some old "bull
rat" how impossible are the examinations which he is
expected to stand, and that, if he wishes to stand well in his
professor's eyes, he must study exceedingly hard for the first
month.

Foot-ball season arrives, and, if he is athletically in­
clined, he dons his paraphernalia and determines to uphold
the honor of his college on distant gridirons. This feature
serves to put him on a friendly footing with many of the
students, and before a great while he begins to feel as much
at home as if he had been here for years. Finally he ceases
to look on the institution as a strange mass of brick and
mortar, with great grey-eyed professors, ready to pounce
upon any victim, and there comes to him a love and admira­
tion for everything in connection with it. Perhaps this is
the sentiment which, in future years, when surrounded by
the cares and worries of a business life, may cause him occa­
sionally to look back with joy in his heart to the memory of
those happy hours when he was only a rat at old Richmond
College.

M. L.
II.

AS A SOPHOMORE LIVES IT.

Nothing could be more different than the feelings which crowd into one's heart on the first day of his second year, as contrasted with those which found lodgment there just one year previous. The fear, the awe, the abashment of the simpering Freshman have given way to something of a feeling of familiarity and ownership of everything connected with the college. It is the same spirit of restive freedom which one can imagine in a bird which has been allowed to fly forth from its dreary cage and drink in the sunshine and pure air of God's great universe. The exuberance is almost contagious among those men who for the first time are returning as "old students." It is such a satisfying feeling to know that you are well acquainted with the ways of life, while there are so many about you have those ways yet to learn. You are more impressed, moreover, with the real aim and scope of the college course than you were a year ago; and though you have not reached that Utopian place where you can work for the love of it solely—Heaven grant that you may some day—nevertheless you have dropped very much of the prep. school method of studying, and have begun to delve with an earnestness and work with a sincerity which will result in making a man of you, if not an encyclopedia. The fact of the matter is that you already begin to feel yourself emerging from the hobble-de-hoy stage, and flatter yourself that the college would find some little difficulty in getting along without you. It is fortunate, however, that this feeling is only transient.

The four years of one's college course are a mighty evolution in the making of his manhood. The metamorphosis which each year brings carries him nearer to the desired end, and the year in which one finds himself a Sophomore is not to be despised. Though he is in the college life, yet is he
not of it. The stage is a necessary step in his development, and all of us are better men for having passed through it.

J. H. D.

III.

AS A JUNIOR THINKS IT.

It is with a strong feeling of the "don't care" in life, mingled with a vague desire to make something of one's self some day in the far future, that one enters the third year of his college course. He is then starting on the home-stretch for a bit of sheepskin, which he hopes some day will be presented him, 'mid the eternal profusion of flowers, music, and mad applause, and which he expects to bear triumphantly home to his native village and exhibit to the admiring gaze of the natives, and then fold carefully away in the bottom of a well-worn trunk, feeling very much smaller in his own estimation than he felt just four years before that time, when he pulled out, fresh and bright, from the academy. Those who have gone over this third-year track before will tell you that it is just here that you need to begin the brace which some time you must take if you would win the race. They urge you not to wait and trust to success in a final sprint, if you would not be forced to pull up lame behind the flag. But somehow one has such difficulty in getting from under that "what's the use?" feeling.

It is in his Junior year that one begins the active development of that quality of leadership which he should exert as much as possible before his departure from college. Here he begins to become something more than a mere voter in college politics. He develops an opinion of his own, and even begins to supply opinions for some of those who are not so far advanced in the knowledge of things as himself. Occasionally he may become a candidate himself, and well he should, for it must be remembered that it is upon his shoulders that the burden of student affairs is to fall, and
how can one who is utterly inexperienced hope to successfully conduct those affairs.

Does the Junior student hold the same relation to his professors that the Freshman or even the Senior does? As his position in the college course would indicate, he holds a relation somewhat intermediate between the two. He has outgrown the alternate antagonism and fear which characterize the Freshman's relation to his professors, and yet he has not reached that near place of intimacy and friendship which only the Senior enjoys.

But his life is not to be despised, for while he feigns to give the world and its joys the cold hand, yet, in reality, he is very happy that he is alive, and is not half so blase on the world as he would have you suppose.

C. H. D.

IV.

AS A SENIOR KNOWS IT.

My impressions upon making my initial appearance within the walls of our historic institution are vivid still. Many associations connected with my debut will never fade from my memory.

I recall that awe and reverence for those individuals called Seniors were potent factors in my thoughts. When I strained my neck to look at the dizzy height to which they had risen, I felt that, if I could ever reach that eminence, if I could be accounted a Senior Philosopher or Senior Mathematician, all truth would be my dowry—nothing worth knowing could then exist without my pale. But now, standing on another plane, and looking at things from a different point of view, all is changed. It has dawned upon me that knowledge is infinite, and that my share of it is a very small fraction. Instead of being satisfied, I become more discontented every day, when I think of those vast, beauteous fields through which I not only cannot roam, but into which I may not even peep. Perhaps the greatest change that has come over me is the
way I feel toward my instructors and great men in general. I recall the heart-failure that oppressed me when, as a wee small rat, I set my foot in the college lobby and looked into the searching eyes of the Professor of Mathematics. How appalled I was upon being told that he would send me to the board! I felt as did the fox in the fable when confronted by the lion. As a Senior, I still retain something of that feeling, and ever shall, for it is a wholesome one; but I view these men now in the light of friends and helpers, and my dread has passed away.

I feel more independent now than when I was a Freshman; I am more at ease with my fellow-student in the various relations of college life. I have learned better how to deal with him; I no longer experience that shy, shrinking sensation which can be detected in most Freshmen.

As a Senior, I feel that I have gained in every particular. I have become accustomed to handle problems. Not only have I learned to concentrate my faculties upon any subject with greater facility, but I can perceive that my intellect responds to the call of my will with greater alacrity, at the same time involving a larger lease of power and activity. I am conscious of a change of feelings—of new tastes and ambitions unfolding from within, as it were—for I am not the same man I was when I was a Freshman. Yet I am in no way inclined to pat myself on the shoulder, nor to be puffed up with pride that I am a Sophomore. On the contrary, I look back with regret upon the opportunities not only for self-improvement, but for helping others, that I have allowed to elude my grasp. I reproach myself with the imperfect and desultory character of my work. I realize that precious, fructifying moments have passed, never to be recalled, and I could almost wish to be a Freshman again.

I am resolved to profit by the mistakes of the past, and to apply myself with a new diligence, so that when I become a Senior in life I may be likewise a Senior in those qualities that constitute true character. H. M.
A PRAYER.

BY ED. B. KENNA.

I would not make thy life one whit less glad
By sighing of what might have been,
Nor of the wild despair that makes mine sad
And harries me to paths of sin.

But all the great round world is word of thee;
The pale moon brings me memories
That sting and torture, for they are to me
Wild mockers of the agonies

That come to fill the place where hope once dwelt—
Fair hope that ever knew thee dear!
Weep not, for despair so deep ne'er felt
The sweetened solace of a tear.

O winds, that wail through all the dreary night!
O stars, that mock my helpless pain!
O God! bring joy to her and deep delight;
Let not my suffering be in vain!

Bring Thou to her the happiness of love!
Make Thou her life a paradise!
Hear Thou and grant, O Lord, great God of love!
And I! The memory of her eyes!
HERE was once a maiden sitting on the roadside of Memory crying, and a young man came along and said, "Do not cry, but come with me into this beautiful palace near by, and we will ask the giant Friendship, who lives there, to show us through"; and the maiden stopped crying, and said, "I will." The giant met them at the door and gave them a hearty welcome. He took the maiden on one side and the young man on the other, and they commenced their journey, and everything was so bright and cheerful that the maiden wondered how she could have sat on the roadside crying; and the young man questioned Friendship thus, "Whither shall we go when we leave the palace?" and the giant answered, "Few, very few, stay here always; those that leave enter the Field of Estrangement, by yonder open door," and they knew not what he meant.

So they wandered along, day by day, enjoying the beautiful pictures on the walls and the lively chat of the giant; but finally the pictures became less beautiful, and the laughter rang less merrily, till one day a tiny insect fastened itself on the maiden's dress, and the giant said, "It is the Insect of Circumstance"; and she tried to brush it away, but it only flew a little distance away, and alighted on the giant and stung him so it caused him to howl with pain; and another came and fastened itself on the young man. He tried to kill it, but in vain; it only flew away, and it also alighted on Friendship and stung him again and again.

By and by, these little Insects of Circumstance became so numerous, and had stung poor old Friendship so frequently, that he became pale and sickly, and one day he sank before the open door and said, "I am dying." They tried again and again to revive him, but they could not; he was dead. And
they said to each other, “We shall still be together, and shall go into the Field of Estrangement”; and they entered together, and tried so hard to remain near each other, but they could not. The crowd surged between them, and they smiled sadly at each other over the heads of the others, and neither blamed the other.

One day they met again, each journeying back towards the palace, and the young man asked the maiden, “Whither goest thou?” and she answered, “Back to the road-side of Memory, where thou foundest me”; and he said, “Another will find thee, and I shall find another, and thou and I will meet again on this Field, but always journeying back towards the palace”; and she answered him sadly, “It is true.”

THE ORIGIN OF THE WATER-LILY.

BY W. RUSSELL OWEN.

The passing of souls is the sweetest of music,
And the dying of souls is a dirge;
But oh, what beautiful sounds in the gloaming!
As over the waters the spirits were roaming,
There came to me from over the sea,
That was ghastly and red from reflection.

And some of their eyes were as fiery as torches,
And some were as horrid as blood;
Intruding themselves on my dreams in the rushes,
Piercing the gloom, and then through the bushes,
Their howlings of pain came over the main,
That was ghastly and red from reflection.

Then came three demons, reflecting a fire—
Three demons glistening from hell—
And they bore in their arms an immaculate maiden,
And her mantle of white with aroma was laden;
She came as the blest from over the crest,
That was ghastly and red from reflection.

And they told me a tale of wonderful terror,
And they told me a story of sin—
None purer on earth, nor purer in heaven,
Save mocking the virtue the angels had given.
Then came a groan and the waters did moan,
That were ghastly and red from reflection.

Then I felt me arise from where I was sitting,
Then I felt me arise from my seat;
Some demons were singing, some demons were laughing;
From sulphurous vessels red sanguine were quaffing;
And the blood ran free to fill up the sea,
That was ghastly and red from reflection.

A sabre of iron was held o'er the maiden,
And a sabre of iron was above;
But the arch-fiend held out his sceptre preventing,
Thus once from implacable slaughter relenting;
And the maiden's blood swelled not the flood,
That was ghastly and red from reflection.

But they tossed the maid in the smoking red river,
But they tossed the maid in the stream,
And her garments outspread, unfolding and looping,
And her hair in the centre as golden was grouping;
And thus was her grave on the crest of the wave,
That was ghastly and red from reflection.

And a demon came, and he stopped me from dreaming,
And a demon came and woke me again—
At my feet a beautiful lily was growing,
From the west long rays of sunset were flowing,
And painting with red the stream as it fled—
A stream ghastly and red from reflection.
THE SUNSET AND THE PESSIMIST.

The silver clouds, just touched with gold,
Through heaven their spectrum masses rolled.

Such beauty gilds the gates of night!
Such radiance reigns for our delight!

Despite it all—the charm of day, the beauty and the bloom,
Some men their little sunsets see in darkness and in gloom.

—Graphy.
It is said that one of the great disappointments in the life of the late Stephen Crane was his failure to find anything in actual warfare that equalled his description in the "Red Badge of Courage."

The following four lines by W. J. Lampton, in the November Bookman, reveals the unenviable reputation which the Blue Grass State has acquired:

"The Reign of Law"
Well, Allen, you're lucky;
It's the first time it ever
Rained law in Kentucky."

Not long ago the famous trio—Richard Harding Davis, Charles Dana Gibson, and John Drew—strolled into one of the swell restaurants on upper Broadway to order up a cold bottle and a hot bird. They were seated at a table near the centre of the hall, that the hungry eyes of the rabble might be feasted, and, as usual, were immensely overcome by the feeling of their own greatness. Shortly after they were seated, three jolly fellows from Princeton came into the hall, in their good-natured but noisy manner, and settled down at the next table, utterly unconscious of the honor they were enjoying of sitting at the table next to America's celebrated trio. Mr. Davis, who was probably the most bored of the three, ventured that the Princeton boys might prove an interesting addition to their party by reason of the amusement they might offer, and, the others agreeing, he went over to their table to invite the boys to join him and his distinguished friends. In his usual pompous manner, he looked down at them and said:
LITERARY NOTES.

"I am Richard Harding Davis. Those are my friends—Charles Dana Gibson and John Drew. We should be pleased to have you gentlemen join us at our table."

One of the Princeton boys, who at once took in the situation, but who could not resist the opportunity of a shot at the great men, rose, and with a smile that spread over his jovial face, answered:

"We shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation, Mr. Davis; but first let me introduce to you my friends. This is Patrick Henry, and this other John Randolph, while I am Henry Clay."

The decision that Longfellow is to occupy a place in the much-talked-of Hall of Fame of the University of New York, while Edgar Allan Poe is to be denied a similar honor, has not only provoked the indignation of the leading literary journals of America, but has been received with a shock abroad which will certainly go a long way toward unsettling the established reputation of some of those jurors who had the selection in charge, and to inspire a deserved distrust of the ability, even of educated Americans, to think with unbiased minds. Especially among the French, where Poe is regarded as by far the greatest literary genius America has yet produced, was this news received with incredulity and horror. A late issue of one of the best-known magazines in our country asks:

"Is it possible that the old prejudice against Poe, on account of his way of life, is still so strong? Or do our teachers ever really read the works of the men they are supposed to teach?"

Surely there is no comparison, except in matter of quantity, between Longfellow and Poe, and the only argument that could at all be brought in favor of the former is that he is possibly the more popular. But if popularity was to deter-
mine the matter, it should have been left to a newspaper con-
test, where all might have fair play, and where Laura Jean
Libby would undoubtedly have had precedence over either.
To say the least, the decision is a blot upon our national
judgment, and deserves every jot of the censure it is receiv-
ing.

THE REIGN OF LAW—By James Lane Allen.

Of all the recent works of fiction (and they are many)
without doubt the most popular, as evinced by the number
of copies sold, is "The Reign of Law," from the pen of
James Lane Allen.

As in the "Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath" the
author has introduced the Kentucky red bird as the centre
about which the story revolves, so in the "Reign of Law"
he has placed the hemp-field as the sombre background of his
picture. It is, indeed, rightly called a tale of the Kentucky
hemp-fields.

The book, despite its faults, (and we do not deny that it
has many,) is a work of art. We believe that, for purity of
doctrine, charm of style, beauty and vividness of description,
it cannot be excelled. Those who have read the book will
recall the unique and, withal, vivid description of autumn, in
which the author says: "One day something is gone from
earth and sky; autumn has come, season of scales and
balances, when the earth, brought to judgment for its fruits,
says, 'I have done what I could; now let me rest!' " And
again, what can excel the beauty of the thought, when, after
describing the sowing, growing, reaping, and breaking of the
hemp through the entire round of the seasons, he says: "Ah!
type, too, of our life, which also is earth-sown, earth-rooted;
which must struggle upward, be cut down, rotted, and broken,
er the separation take place between our dross and our
worth—poor perishable shard and immortal fibre. Ah! the
mystery; the mystery of that growth, from the casting of the soul as a seed into the dark earth until the time when, led through all natural changes and cleansed of weakness, it is borne from the fields of its nativity for the long service.” Could such a sublime thought be more beautifully expressed?

When we come to consider the story in itself, it is rather difficult to characterize. There is no plot to be unravelled; it is surely not a love story, because the young lady, Gabriella, does not appear until quite late in the story, and the few love scenes which are depicted are rather cold and colorless, and lacking in the fire and passion which should characterize true love. The object of the story seems to be to give us the struggles of a soul, naturally deeply religious, against doubt and unbelief, which originate in the new learning, as it is called. The story, in brief, is as follows:

A simple-minded, deeply-religious Kentucky lad is seized with the desire to attend the Bible College soon to be opened in a neighboring town, and to study for the ministry. After months of saving on the part of his parents and himself, he at last has sufficient money to defray his expenses. He starts for the college, full of hope and determination to be a shining light in his chosen calling. But he is doomed to bitter disappointment. Soon after entering the school he hears his pastor preach a sermon against various other sects and denominations, attacking their dogmas and creeds, and declaring that his church is the only true church. Hearing this discourse, he is seized with an ardent desire to visit these churches and learn for himself their true character. He does so, attending service now in this one, and now in that one, and what surprises him is that each of them claims to be the only true church, and each hurls defiance and scorn at all others. A change now comes over him—he no longer enjoys the service in his church, as formerly; he is perplexed, and goes to his pastor for help, who, instead of counselling him wisely, and leading him gently, sternly
rebukes him, and, on the following Sunday, preaches a sermon for his especial benefit, in which he calls attention to several books, which he claims are responsible for a great part of the unbelief among young men. Immediately the young man is seized with the irresistible desire to read those books for himself. He purchases the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man," and eagerly devours them. These are followed by others. New thoughts and ideas take possession of his mind; he beholds the universe through new eyes, his horizon is broadened, and he perceives that a relation exists between himself and the rest of creation, both animate and inanimate, of which he never dreamed and which he is now unable to reconcile with his preconceived theory of the universe, acquired through the reading of his Bible. Now begins the struggle in his mind between doubt and faith, between belief and unbelief, between his early training and religious nature on the one hand and the new learning and his expanding intellect on the other. Fiercer and fiercer grows the conflict; slowly but surely doubt gains the upper hand, and now the change in him is readily marked by others. He absents himself from the church service and from religious services altogether. But soon the crisis comes; he is summoned before the faculty, and the result of his trial is his dismissal from the Bible College and his expulsion from the church. Relieved of the terrible suspense which he had borne for months, but sad and heavy of heart, he turns his face again towards home. It is the Christmas season, time of joy and gladness; but, as he slowly walks on through the darkness, he feels none of the joy which time and again sounds forth on the night air, in the merry voices of children. As he is passing one of the churches he finds his way blocked by heaps of evergreen, which is to decorate the interior. A young lady stands in the doorway, directing the efforts of the children, who are carrying it into the church. She notes his predicament, and, as he glances at
her, he receives a bright smile which seems to illumine the dark path for him as he continues onward.

The young man now settles down to his farm work, but a new power has come into his life—he finds himself in love with the young lady who has come to teach the district school, and who is none other than she who cheered him with her bright smile on that night, when his heart was so sad and heavy. The story ends with the avowal of his determination to enter a Northern school, study science, and prepare himself for teaching it.

The book has been much criticised, especially the religious aspect of it. One critic has maintained that the author has presented a false view of the different sects and denominations. He claims that they are not at dagger's points with each other, as the author would have us believe. But we must remember that the amicable relations which exist to-day among most of the Christian denominations have been established in only comparatively recent times, and that in the days in which the story is laid, just after the close of the Civil War, the conditions were not so very different from those portrayed by the author.

Another criticism is that he has led the young man deeper and deeper into the mire of doubt and disbelief, and has left him there, instead of bringing him triumphantly through it, all the stronger for the trial. We believe this to be a better ground for criticism than the other. It is true, as one follows with interest the story of the young man's intellectual struggle, that he feels disappointed when the story ends without making his faith and belief in God again triumphant. Truth is truth, whatsoever may be the form in which it is revealed, and the truth revealed in science is not antagonistic to the truth revealed in the Christian religion. Yet, let us be generous, and not criticise the author too harshly, because, although he has not expressly stated it, yet I think he leads us to infer that there is a brighter future before the young
man, David, when his faith will again be triumphant, in that closing sentence which he causes him to utter: "Ah! Gabriella; it is love that makes a man believe in a God of Love!"

L. H. Walton.

Joan of the Sword Hand.—By S. R. Crockett.

The announcement some months ago that a new book by Mr. Crockett was to be placed before the public was greeted with pleasure by those who know the author through his delightful stories. And so it was with lingering thoughts of the tenderness and sweetness of "Lad's Love," and of the power and pathos of "Kit Kennedy," that his work, "Joan of the Sword Hand," was taken up. Mr. Crockett seems to have caught the fever for the historic novel, which has been running riot among his contemporaries for the past few years, and, in consequence, has gone back to the much over-worked days of chivalry for the theme of his new work. That he has taught us nothing new is certain—he more than probably did not attempt to do so. Chivalry offers so few phases of living, and, in consequence, so little individuality in character, that the writer of fiction who would present something new on the subject must needs draw upon a vivid and elastic imagination. Every hero was all gallantry, honor, bravery; every heroine all beauty, grace, love. Society invariably moved in circles—a sovereign lord or lady as the centre, the nobility circling closest about these, while the peasantry swarmed in homage about the latter. Such life, to men and women of our day, cannot but smack of the unnatural, and, as Mr. Crockett presents it, even of the fairy-like.

"Joan of the Sword Hand" is an interesting and readable story, much after the style of "Via Crucis" of Marion Crawford, while there are passages which at once recall to our minds memories of Anthony Hope and his romantic novels.
In the substitution of Maurice von Lynar for the Princess Joan, we are reminded of Rudolph Rassendyll's impersonation of the king. Again, where Joan tells Prince Conrad that she will remain upon the Isle of Rugen, and that once a year he shall come to see her, we recall Queen Flavia and the yearly rose she was to receive from Rudolph. Von Orseln reminds us of Colonel Sapt.

Mr. Crockett has succeeded in making us thoroughly love Joan, while Margaret only interests us. Theresa von Lynar is possibly the finest character in the book. A vein of genuine humor we find in Boris and Jorian, while we despise at once the imbecile Prince Louis and amorous Prince Ivan. The plot is intricate and well-woven, though somewhat strained.

The book is well worth the reading, though holding little which might profit one to remember.
A COLLEGE SETTLEMENT FOR RICHMOND.

In *The Messenger* of corresponding issue, just one year ago, appeared an article on "The Settlement Idea," from the pen of a gifted alumnus of Richmond College, then at Chicago University. Naturally the writer of the interesting but brief sketch could hope only to touch lightly upon the origin of the great movement and its functional position in the sociology of the century which is fast drawing to a close—a century marked at once by unprecedented revolutions in religion, thought, and politics. It is not our purpose here to elaborate upon the subject in any of its interesting details, or to trace the unbroken history of its development in England and our own country; but our object is to thrust the matter directly and forcibly home, with the question: "Why Not a College Settlement for Richmond?"

None of us is utterly ignorant of the fundamental motives underlying the settlement idea—motives which found birth in long-felt social and economic needs. It is not so much the ignorance, poverty, degradation, and immorality of the lower
classes which has appealed to the originators and subsequent workers in this broad field of labor, as their absolute inability to understand those better phases of life which they have never known, or to rise above the circumstances of their being, even when a faint spark of desire for better things has been roused in their unyielding breasts. It is this inability which the college settlement seeks to remove, in order that those conditions for the operation of natural economic and sociologic laws may obtain, and the yawning gulf between rich and poor, learned and ignorant, blest and accursed, be abridged, at least to some extent. The foundation-stone of the whole movement is the recognition of the principle that to uplift one must get underneath. And it is right here that the distinction between the work of the Church, the Mission proper, and the Settlement is found. The Church fosters the spiritual life of those who are born with their faces to the better side of life; the Mission, while administering to the temporary wants of the inhabitants of the slums, offers them a change of heart, and sometimes removal from the polluted atmosphere which they have breathed from birth; but the Settlement, while it incidentally carries on the work of both Church and Mission, goes far deeper than either in attempting to remove the very causes which bring about the existing circumstances, and to place subtly in the hearts of the miserable wretches a tangible desire for a nobler and better life. So much for the Settlement conception.

There is a prevalent fallacy, even among many who are in a position to understand the fructifying influences of the College Settlement, that the movement should be confined to the great cities of our land, where there is a vast population to be uplifted; but such a view is surely born of a misconception of the true facts of the case. If the movement has had such untold success where there are many to reach, and the difficulties in consequence are great and numerous, how much greater must be its success in cities where degraded humanity
is confined to a limited area, and the influence, in consequence, is more far-reaching?

Many people, who are uninformed on the subject, have an idea that Richmond, with its abundance of aristocracy and conservatism, has no need of reformation. He who thinks so will not have far to look to see the error of his way. Richmond manages pretty successfully to cover its vice and rottenness from the unobserving eye with a robe of fictitious respectability, but behind her sham of righteousness is a heart black with sin and wickedness. The very social geography of the city seems to indicate its character, its eastern hills representing its former glory, its western hills that of to-day, while between them, and in the very centre of its surrounding civilization, is a sheltered and hidden valley of sin and corruption. This dark valley, running from Fifteenth street between Broad and Main to Twenty-First street, in local parlance, is known as the “Bottom.” It contains the dives and dens of the city, where desperate highwaymen and women of all nationalities, drunken and sin-cursed human beings, swinish and conscienceless creatures, many of whom have again and again been under the ban of the law, breathe a polluted and poisonous atmosphere through the day, and come out into the world for their deeds of desperation and immorality after the pall of night has lowered over the city. We are almost startled when we are told that within this valley of corruption and sorrow lives one-tenth of the population of our city. The average citizen of Richmond, passing to and fro, as he daily does, through this section of the city, has little idea of the lives which its tenements shelter. Within this valley is the famous Girolami oyster-house, where, even in our own day, more than one hapless victim has been sent to his reward by the bullet of a drunken beast. Not many blocks away is the notorious dive of Buck Spottswood, “The Morning Star Saloon,” and another of similar reputation, with the name in flaunting yellow on the windows, “The Golden Rule Saloon,”
where bunco games are the order of the night, and where men and women alike benumb the little humanity left them in deadly drink.

Will any one, in the light of such facts, deny that Richmond is in need of just such a work as a College Settlement might carry on? The city is honored by having one of the leading colleges in the State within its limits. Again, on its outskirts is to be found one of the foremost theological seminaries of the country. Both of these institutions are annually sending out men who have consecrated their lives to the service of God. What nobler service of God than the uplifting of fallen humanity! What better field for work than our own beloved city!

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**OUR POLICY.**

When The Messenger made its initial appearance, on all sides was heard the remark, "It is not large enough," and in consequence we have determined to explain to the inveterate fault-finder exactly what shall be our policy in publication.

As we understand it, the sole raison d'être of the college magazine is to establish a literary standard for the student who desires to attain some little excellence in the art of expressing his better thoughts. If, then, the college magazine is to become a receptacle for all the hurriedly-written and really worthless articles which many of the students see fit to hand in, it has certainly failed in the very object of its being, to say the least. And what worse calamity than that in the life either of man or of undertaking! Do not understand that we are complaining of the class of matter that is handed us. Far from it. We are only too glad to get any kind whatever, and are more than sanguine in believing that even the worst of it may not have been entirely without its good effect upon the author. But we do contend that
because a man has done his best—and the instance is rare, indeed—is no reason why the magazine should suffer by the publication of his article.

There is nothing that is more necessary for the literary aspirant to learn than the use of his waste-basket. It is the college publication which assists in the teaching of this necessary lesson.

Now, any one who knows anything at all about the internal working of the average college magazine knows that to get a sufficient number of readable articles is next to impossible. Either quantity or quality must be sacrificed, and, as we see the matter, it is the quantity which should suffer. In this we are not alone, for there are institutions many times our size which do not publish any larger magazine than the recent issue of The Messenger.

When we have placed before you an up-to-date magazine, every article of which is at least readable, we shall have succeeded in all that we have undertaken. And the size?—well, we are sorry.
FOOT-BALL.

Our foot-ball eleven has left the gridiron and laid aside the pig-skin. We have no reason to hang our heads in shame, but, on the contrary, we expect a bright future for the team of '01.

We note the following from the Richmond Times: "Richmond College has played a heavy schedule, and has met with crushing defeats, such as would have put a less determined aggregation of pig-skin punters out of the game; but they have stayed, and, under the able coaching of Kenna, have developed fine points, which will tell in seasons to come."

On Monday, the 12th of November, the foot-ball team, with about fifty of the faithful rooters, left for Ashland to contend for honors with Randolph-Macon. The team was on its metal, and went in the game to win or die.

The rooters did all that could be done in their line. The game was very pretty and well played. Promptly at 3:30 the ball was kicked off. After about five minutes' play, Wilson, of Randolph-Macon, broke through the interference and made a touch-down. Haden then kicked goal. The first half was closed on Randolph-Macon's thirty-yard line. In the second half our boys took a considerable brace, and, by fast work, Pollard went over for a touch-down, and Owen kicked goal. Then, after a few plays, White was given the ball, and, supported by fine interference, made a beautiful seventy-yard run for a touch-down. The playing of White, Sanford, Owen, and Pollard deserves special mention, while 11 to 6 is the story of the game.

We were completely out-classed in the game with Hampden-Sydney. Nevertheless our boys put up a very fine game. The score was 34 to 0.
Great interest was manifested by the students of Richmond College in the recent presidential election. The Democratic Club, organized in the early part of the session, was a means of spreading the enthusiasm of its members throughout the College and vicinity.

Under the auspices of this club a joint debate was arranged to take place on November 3d, in the College chapel, and despite the inclemency of the weather, many were present to hear the two distinguished gentlemen discuss the issues of the campaign. Colonel George W. Anderson, acting as chairman, explained the regulations agreed upon and introduced Mr. Miller as the first speaker. Mr. Miller eulogized the McKinley administration, and charmed his audience with his eloquence. Hon. S. L. Kelley spoke in behalf of the Democratic platform. He was greeted with great applause, and proved himself quite equal, in logical presentation, to his eloquent opponent.

The enthusiasm, engendered chiefly by this club, reached its climax on the night before the election, when many of the students, robed in white, paraded the streets in martial procession.

The faculty have instituted a new exercise, which promises to be interesting and instructive. It is proposed that on every Wednesday morning the professors and students meet in a conference to discuss some subject of interest. The first of these conferences, so called, took place on November 29th, the subject being "Education Outside the Class-Room." Professor Gaines represented the faculty in the discussion and Mr. Cammack the students.

In the academic class of 1900 there were twenty-two. Richmond College is justly proud of this class, and its members, on the other hand, are proud of the honor of carrying
from "ye classic walls" a sheep-skin. With the foundation work laid here, we find that they are making a reputation which will reflect credit upon their alma mater.

The season for stump-speaking and foot-ball is over. Richmond College has been well represented in both. Many of her alumni have taken a prominent part in the late campaign. Among them we find A. J. Montague, S. L. Kelley, J. T. Ellyson, J. T. Lawless, J. H. Whitehead, W. C. Pulliam, M. B. Booker, and many others.

"The bi-monthly orators’ night" of the Philologian Society, on Friday, December 1st, was an enjoyable occasion, both to the members and the many visitors. The speakers, inspired by the strains of the Richmond College Mandolin Club, acquitted themselves with credit. Among the many visitors at Richmond College during the Baptist Congress were Drs. W. H. Whitsitt, of Louisville; George E. Horr, of Boston; E. H. Johnson, of Chester, Pa.; W. L. Poleat, of Wake Forest; J. F. Deans, of Windsor, Va., and M. E. Broaddus, of Isle of Wight.

The week set aside by colleges as a time of special prayer was observed by the authorities of Richmond College. Notable among the speakers participating in these exercises were Drs. Cooper, Thomas, and Derieux, and Rev. M. Ashby Jones.

Mr. B. B. Minor addressed the same group of ladies at Professor Gaines’s, on his experiences as editor of the Southern Literary Messenger. Mr. Minor was an intimate friend of Edgar Allan Poe during the life of that great writer.

At a meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, December 7th, Messrs. B. Mercer Hartman and John S. Eggleston were elected to represent Richmond College in the intercollegiate debate to be held at Ashland in March, 1901.
Mr. Poindexter, ex-State Librarian, spoke before a number of ladies, on Edgar Allan Poe, at Professor Mitchell's residence on the campus. His address was full of information and showed careful research.

Prof. S. C. Mitchell spoke before the Randolph-Macon Circle, of Danville, Va., November 16th, on "Julius Caesar." He also made an address before the Teachers' Institute of Halifax county on the 30th.

Mr. Anderson, a traveling secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who is visiting the Southern colleges, addressed the Y. M. C. A. of Richmond College on Saturday evening, December 1st.

On November 9th the Annual Association elected the following officers: Henry Martin, President; B. West Tabb, Vice-President, and J. Peter McCabe, Secretary.

We are glad to note that Mr. C. N. Smith, who was recently removed to the Retreat for the Sick, is convalescent, and expects soon to resume his work at College.

Professors Gaines and Hunter attended the General Baptist Association of Virginia, which held its session in Bristol.

P. B. Bostic, of Ashville, N. C., who was at College last session, was on the campus a few days ago.

Fred. W. Moore has accepted a very flattering position of associate principal of the South-Side Female Institute.

Rev. Mr. Sowers spent a few days of last month at the College, visiting his son, Mr. M. O. Sowers.

J. Emerson Hicks has entered Chicago University, doing graduate work in the Divinity School.

Claybrook Cottingham is assistant principal of Chesa­peake Academy.
Wallace S. Boatwright is at his home, Batesville, S. C., teaching school.

J. P. Scruggs has entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

S. M. Sowell is taking a theological course at the Seminary in Louisville.

W. N. Trader is taking a medical course at the University of Virginia.

Edwin A. Armistead is teaching in his native State, North Carolina.

A. T. King is principal of an academy in Middlesex county.

T. B. E. Spencer is in the insurance business in the city.

J. L. Hart is assisting King in the school in Middlesex.

H. Lee MacBain is an applicant for his M. A. degree.

G. T. Lumpkin has accepted a call to Weldon, N. C.

Edgar L. Allen is teaching in Fork Union Academy.

H. C. Leonard is at Crozer Theological Seminary.

J. W. Cammack is back at College for his M. A.

A. C. Harlowe is teaching in West Virginia.

J. Day Lee is a tutor in New York city.

Cullen S. Pitt is applying for his M. A.

J. W. Shepard is teaching in Tennessee.

Josiah Moses is at Clarke University.

A. A. Yoder is in Lynchburg.
Exchange Department.

It has become almost next to an impossibility for a college to publish a magazine of any reasonable size, and at the same time entirely exclude from the contents laborious, uninteresting, and badly-written productions. The question has resolved itself into which is preferable—limited quantity or second and third rate quality. For example, take *The Red and Blue*, of the University of Pennsylvania. The magazine contains in its Thanksgiving issue only thirty-eight pages, yet every article is well worth the reader's time, while the *tout ensemble* is up-to-date, attractive, and thoroughly pleasing. Has its editor made a mistake in the policy which he has thus mapped out for his magazine? Surely no one who has had the opportunity to view the opposite course will dare affirm that he has. To establish a literary standard of excellence is the primary object of the otherwise worthless college magazine, and when we adopt the miserable policy of publishing, indiscriminately, to fill up, surely we are failing in the very motive of our existence, and allowing the college magazine to degenerate from an efficient means of broader education to a hapless bugbear upon those innocent victims who would "read and grow wise."

We are always interested in *The Chisel*, which represents the one college so closely and vitally related to our own. Our readers had looked for the accustomed story in *The Chisel*, and were not a little disappointed when that magazine appeared without such a production. Where there are so many young ladies, it would seem that some of them would be striving for a deserved place in the literary world. However, we shall not find fault with *The Chisel* on account of the absence of the story for which we had looked, for the admirably-written essays which it contains are well worth
the position they occupy, and show plainly that the magazine is supported by writers of whom their college might well be proud. The essay on "Schuman" deserves special notice. It is characterized by graphic description, clearness of thought, and beauty of style, which show a marked ability on the part of the writer.

The William and Mary College Magazine for September shows very plainly that there is a lack of interest in literary work. This is manifest from the small number of productions which the paper contains. But this magazine is not alone in this respect, for in some of our leading college magazines, where one would expect to find many splendid essays, stories, and poems, there are but few. The William and Mary Magazine contains several well-written productions, and the magazine reflects credit upon the college which it represents.

The Southern Collegian contains a well-written essay, entitled "History, True and False," which deserves favorable comment, and which reflects credit upon its author. He shows a knowledge of some of the striking characteristics of history, and seems to have gotten more out of it than a mere collection of dates. We shall be glad to hear from him again on the same subject.

Colleges and universities in many cases are judged by the magazines which represent their student bodies. To judge Bucknell University by the magazine which represents it, one would naturally say it was of high standing. The Mirror is a splendid periodical, and its supporters have our highest congratulations on the work they are doing.

The Amherst Monthly is conspicuous on account of the low-grade productions which it contains. Very likely this is due to the boys just being in from their vacation, and not in
the best trim for writing. We shall look for a better edition next month.

*The Gray Jacket* for November is well arranged and interesting as to contents. Its supporters seem to be striving for excellence, and we are hopeful of their success. They manifestly show that they are not all "militaryism."

*Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, as to the prose productions it contains, is excellent, but the poetry could be greatly improved. There is one exception, however—"My Pilot," which is better than the average college poem.

The first issue of *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* speaks well for the college. We congratulate its editors on their choice of matter and nicety of arrangement.

*The Buff and Blue* looks as though it were in its infancy. But it is good—what there is of it.

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**Clippings.**

**MOTHER'S TEARS.**

When temptations steal upon me  
And I'm torn with moral strife,  
When desires come rushing o'er me  
Strong as death and dear as life;  
O, then let me think of childhood!  
Of the by-gone happy years,  
And the evils often conquered  
By the thought of mother's tears.

Ah! the vices that allure me!  
What can break their iron spell!  
Like grim devils they pursue me—  
Seek to drag me down to hell!
Lo! their magic charm is broken;
Vanished now are all my fears,
For the infant is a giant
At the thought of mother's tears.

Hark! I hear the angels singing,
And the great white throne I see!
Standing near a radiant figure,
Clothed in light, doth weep for me—
'Tis the one I knew in childhood
Who among the throng appears;
And I'm drawn up nearer Heaven
By the thought of mother's tears.

—The William Jewell Student.

The dairy-maid pensively milked the cow,
And, pouting, she paused to mutter:
"I wish, you brute, you would turn to milk";
But the animal turned to butt (h) er.—Ex.

His head was jammed into the sand,
His arms were broke in twain;
Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone,
He ne'er would walk again.
His lips moved slow; I stopped to hear
The whispers they let fall;
His voice was weak, but this I heard:
"Old man, who got the ball?"

—Exchange.

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