The Messenger, Vol. 27, No. 5

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Trailing Arbutus.

BY E. B. K.

Oh, lowly plant, 'tis thine to bring
The herald perfume of the spring.
So, silent Death, 'tis thine to be
The herald of eternity.

Virginians in Modern Fiction.

I. Thomas Nelson Page and His Place in American Literature.

II. The Literary Life of Marion Harland.

III. Ellen Glasgow—Her Work and Future.

IV. Mary Johnston's Career in the World of Fiction.

III.

ELLEN GLASGOW—HER WORK AND FUTURE.

BY H. L. MACB.

The last decade of American literature has been marked by the appearance of an unusual number of novelists of no mean ability. Some have as yet been content with the comparative success of their initial work, and the public is anxiously awaiting the appearance of a second effort, that it
may be convinced of the honesty of their claims to literary
distinction. Others have quickly followed their first publica-
tion by a second and even a third work, and the public, on the
merits of their entire work, has been able to assimilate the
good from the bad, the meritorious from the undeserving,
genius from clap-trap, and to place them at once along with
the makers of our literature, or to consign them forever to
the oblivion which they deserve. The prolific publications
of the present day necessitate an almost immediate and final
decision concerning an author on the merits of his first efforts,
since it is impossible to conceive of the survival of the vast
budget of literature which is daily being placed upon the
market in America.

Among those writers of recent years who have placed them-
selves before the public as writers of novels, and have won de-
serving laurels in this capacity, none can be said to have
made a deeper impression upon, nor to have taken more com-
plete possession of the hearts of the novel-reading public than
has Ellen Glasgow, the author of "The Descendant," "Phases
of an Inferior Planet," and "The Voice of the People."

It was in the year 1896 that Miss Glasgow first entered the
field of American literature, when Harper Brothers published
her "Descendant." The book, to say the least, was an imme-
diate success, and well it might have been, for few novels of
recent years can boast of the masterly and brilliant touch
which Miss Glasgow put into this, her first work. She chose
to deal with Bohemian life as exhibited in our American
metropolis, and we are very much inclined to the opinion
that it was this choice of subject, rather than her handling of
it, that enlisted the adverse criticism that her effort received
from some of the less capable critics. Whatever may be said
of the morality of "The Descendant," no one can deny that
the story is ably conceived and forcibly and attractively
executed. Miss Glasgow combines a delicate perception with
energy and firmness of expression seldom found in a woman
VIRGINIANS IN MODERN FICTION.

Her delineations of character are earnest and realistic, while there is a peculiar and almost subtle charm that attaches itself to everything she has written. In "The Descendant" she wove into her story some of the most important truths of modern science, and the book possesses an unusual totality of thought and narrative.

When "Phases of an Inferior Planet" appeared, in 1898, there was a much stronger outcry against its pessimism and freedom of expression than that which had greeted "The Descendant," and it is possible that there was more reason why there should have been. It is certain that Miss Glasgow hit upon a most unhappy vein, and, while one is undoubtedly interested from cover to cover, yet one is neither the wiser nor the better for having read. It is written in the same forceful and realistic style that characterized her first work, and in one sense the book may even be said to be great, for it is at once admirably conceived and well wrought out, but its coloring is too dark, its narrative too harrowing, and its close too unmistakably sorrowful. It is said that Miss Glasgow asserts that she writes life as she sees it, and we can readily believe that she does, but it is always to be borne in mind that few, if any, lives have only their dark side. An artist might paint on his canvas the blackness of a starless night, and he would conform unswervingly to nature, but all charm would be lacking, and no lesson would be taught—and it was just here, in our opinion, that Miss Glasgow failed in her second effort.

"The Voice of the People," which appeared from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co. last year, never became as much talked of as did "The Descendant." Miss Glasgow left the much-worked field of New York life, which she treated in her former books, and descended to the sunny hillsides of Virginia for the scene of her story—a portion of it being laid in Richmond. While something of the same realistic touch and flashes of brilliancy appear in its pages, the book
seems to lack that power and energy of feeling which characterizes the story of "The Descendant." The end is again unpleasantly distressing.

Not a little of the charm and grace of Miss Glasgow's writings finds its way into her books in snatches of animated conversation. Much of her character delineation is brought out in this way, and so incisive and subtle is its effect that, unconsciously, bits of its brilliancy find lodgment in one's memory.

It is next to impossible that those who do not know Miss Glasgow should be able to form any idea of her character from her writings. "The Descendant" was published before she was twenty-three years old, but its thought is that of a person of wide experience in the ways of the world, and Miss Glasgow is this in no sense of the word. From childhood she has been of a modestly retiring nature, which very nearly approached the bashful. Though next to the youngest of a family of seven children, it was never her pleasure to romp and play with the other members of her family. Even her schooling, owing to her delicate constitution, was of short duration, and her one and only delight in life seems to have been found between the covers of a book. It was her father, Mr. Frank T. Glasgow, a most cultured man, who guided the reading of this frail little lover of books, and the result of good and extensive reading upon her impressionable mind is plainly traceable in her writings. Even when she has now grown to womanhood, her manner, while pleasant and affable, is quiet and unassuming, and those who know her most intimately say that she has remained entirely unaffected by the glory and favor which it has been her lot to enjoy, while she is more than indifferent to the adverse criticism which every young author has to meet.

Both on her mother's and on her father's side Miss Glasgow is descended from illustrious Virginia ancestry, her mother's family particularly numbering among its members many famous lights of the Virginia bar.
During the childhood of Miss Ellen the Glasgow family lived in the fine old residence on the southeast corner of First and Cary streets—a house which is still standing. Not many years ago they purchased the magnificent old mansion on the southwest corner of Foushee and Main streets, and it is here that they have since resided, and here that Miss Glasgow wrote most of her three novels. Between the publications of her second and third works she spent a good portion of the time abroad, accompanied by her sister and a brother who lives in London. She travels quite extensively, but so little does she mingle with the men and women about her that her own city scarcely marks her coming or her going.

We feel that we may more justly call Miss Glasgow our very own than can we call any other Virginia novelist, for she was not only born in our midst, but has lived among us from her infancy.

We chose to head this article "Ellen Glasgow—Her Work and Future," nor was the choice of the subject without design. We have dwelt at some length upon Miss Glasgow's work; it remains for us to say a word as to her future in the world of fiction. We are aware that, while her success has been decided, she has not met with that success which has greeted more than one novelist of recent years, and the reason is not far in finding. Miss Glasgow's works are strong portrayals of actual phases of life, and they are absolutely true to life, yet they are, for the most part, so intensely pessimistic and gloomy in character that the public is not pleased. There is so much of the gloomy in actual life that people demand the pleasant in fiction. We believe that Miss Glasgow possesses an originality of conception and a force and purity of style that is unequaled by any rising novelist that we know, and we firmly believe that those books which she has published will outlive many a more popular book. There is in her the capacity of becoming the leading English novelist of the day.
"FICTION, the Highest Form of Truth," we recall as the subject of a lecture by a contemporary novelist, Israel Zangwill. As to Mr. Zangwill's definition of "truth" we will not give over ourselves, but, however it be, it is undisputed that fiction is the greatest liberator of the human mind, and in realizing the free use and unchecked sway of the faculties man enjoys his greatest breadth and scope of thought. The student of books, after years of hard toil, only converts himself into a dry storehouse of facts, and overlooks the freedom of distributive supply. And it is such a one who so far misses the real end of the highest culture. Culture aims not at a scholastic training unaccompanied by garnishment, but seeks to enter into touch with one's creative consciousness of mind and heart and soul—a spiritual and æsthetical communion with unaffected life.

Truth, the liberator of the mind! How consistently receptive is the obediently governed mind! How willingly submissive to the directions of its own governing will! An old fable tells of a granary that stood upon a hillside, and its doors and openings were sealed. The passer-by not for once conceived that it was full of grain until, in its own state of decay, it revealed the real contents. There must be, then, something external, or without, that must give up to actual life the accumulation of the mind. We once heard a logical equation, and in solving it we find the true solution of this question. This is the equation: The perfect law of liberty equals "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free." And in its solution we derive the root of the matter, and find that truth equals the liberator of the mind. But
oh, the wonderful range of truth—truth that searches the illimitable, that experiences the practical, and delves beneath the crust of life. It is at once the examiner and revelation of the beautiful. Whether in sculpture, it is the portrayal of perfect form; whether in painting, it is the discovery of the natural, and whether in literature, it is the delineation of true life. But is not the liberation of the mind oftentimes the means of seeking the ultimate end of freedom of life?

The first black slave sale recorded in the annals of early Virginia history countless times has had hurled at it the contumacious slings of the many. But hold! Did not there develop from this sale a national blessing? Virginia planters placed this black labor on his farm, and called his sons from the field to the library and gave him masters to teach him to read. It is a significant fact that from the inception of slavery in America to the burst of hostilities in the Revolutionary times more Blackstone's Commentaries upon the common law were sold in Virginia than in any other colony of Great Britain, she being surpassed only by the motherland herself. And its significance? This is inestimable. Out of the reading of these Commentaries sprang the primitive notions of organization, and the Anglo-Saxon love of institutions was again quickened. And its culmination? Ah! it was here that the liberation was apparent. Years of study, of earnest search for the truth of government, of legislation, had rendered tense the vibrant cords of a free mind, and, when the circumstances of oppression broke upon such a people, there is no wonder that the mind burst into the music of a free life, of a human liberty. And the utterances of a Henry, Jefferson, and Mason were but the aftermath of the sowing of truth in fertile minds. Slavery was but an unarticulated voice repeating the maxim of the Divine Father, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free." But, did we dare to claim that literature is truth, we should be derided. What we must accept is that literature is the
great means for the progress of truth; is the inculcator of the principles of truth. The man who all the day through sits under the antiquated arch, or at the well-worn desk, and pores into his book, is the student, the learner. But how far from life is the realm of study! Did he bring from the precincts of his hall nothing but the memory of the black-printed pages, the circumstances of the narrative, and the cold lever of facts, he would be spiritless; he would be an insipid pro­gressor in a superficial knowledge—without a soul. But if this devotee of the classics reads the satire and laughs at the parable of modern life, if he feels the fancy and absorbs the spirit of his author, he has discovered, with a mind trained in its free scope to search for truth, that all old things are new, and that the free mind is the revealer of unchanging truth.

But with what a view does literature enter into life? It enters with a view to liberalize and to render sympathetic the life. The wide avenues of history radiate from the student’s investigation, and he discovers in the long paths of history the experiences of the every-day life. He feels his imagery heightened by the flight of fiction, and, for the first time, his mind becomes creative. The student with contracted notions of his moral, his civil, and religious life is metamorphosed. He has learned that morality is a truth rather than an expedient, that religion is a fact rather than a superstition, and his mind, from careful comparison, is rendered unstifled. And his literary life stops not here in the liberalizing and freeing function. The weakness of law, the unreality of sternness as expedient, and the coldness of love are proven fallacies. The character from fiction, from the poem, has been one of real life, and the whims and sentiments have been human. And the sympathy that literature engenders! Literature gives us not merely the idea, but, further, it heightens this notion into a sensation. We learn what before the ideal of living would not permit—to feel through the scale of human emotion. If there is any new sensation of a pure joy, of a sacredness of
love, of a kindred fellowship, of a palliated crime that litera-
ture has wrought within him, may it be imputed to the
march of progressive life!

And the personality of his nature! How dormantly has
it lain, as he viewed it in his limited vision. But the wonder-
ful richness it unfolds as the soldier indomitable is met, as the
statesman patriotic, as the artist consecrated to his art, looms
up in his keen personality. Then the temperament changes
through the proper modification. Then the fibre is com-
pared and refined. Then the fabric of his mind is rendered
delicate and rich and purified by the streaming light of the
sacred past. His imagination, intoxicated by his wandering
in these archives, has soared above the primitive copyist, and
has entered the limitless field of creation. A new life has
burst upon him! A new conception of truth! And he is
free of mind and spirit.

The Mystical Land.

BY L. L. J.

In that realm just beyond the crimson and gold
Which tip the blue peaks in the west,
There lieth a land of glories untold,
A realm of sweet peace and of rest.

Oh, Memory rules this bright kingdom of dream,
The monarch of all that is past,
And his temple is built by that crystal stream
Which flames in the rose that is cast.

And those glittering clouds which flash over there
And melt in the flush of the light,
Are the snowy white domes of palaces fair,
Close bordering the bounds of the night.
And methinks that I see the stretch of the years
All mirrored anew in the glow,
And longings come back which time only endears
In all the vast sweep of its flow.

Oh, a dear land is this, this realm of the sky,
Where life is a thing of the soul;
There joy lives forever—no grief ventures nigh
To pain the sweet years as they roll.

And you who would enter this mystical realm
And dream the fleet moments away,
Should take Fancy as pilot to master the helm
And steer toward the bounds of the Day.

Fair, fair is the voyage—of pleasures untold!
So bend toward this land of the west,
And linger awhile 'mid the crimson and gold
Which hover just over the crest.

The Future of Rapid Transit.

BY CARTER ASHTON JENKINS.

LONG ago, in the primitive years of the century which
has just been numbered among the epochs of the past,
our forefathers devoted little time or attention to the great
question which at present is receiving the consideration and
best efforts of experimenting geniuses. They did not con­
ceive of the marvellous and advantageous inventions which
now accommodate the traveller, but patiently and contentedly
lumbered over muddy roads in clumsily-constructed coaches
and heavy farm wagons. We who live in this progressive
age wonder that the by-gone generations could have been
content with that slow mode of transportation, but they
clung to old customs, and their stringent conservatism baffled the early efforts of Fulton, Howe, and Morse.

At length, however, as the century rolled away, there was necessity and demand for a change; the wearisome journeys of the beasts of burden were lessened, and steam began to be utilized as a motive force on sea and land, and, in consequence, thousands of miles of track were laid, binding the nation together in all directions with bands of steel, and steamships furrowed foamy paths across the great watery plane to all foreign coasts.

At present not only steam, but electricity, petroleum, benzine, and naphtha have entered the lists against the muscle of the horse and even of human beings. Only look around and behold the wonders that have been actually accomplished within the past fifty years, and you will see no bounds to the future.

This is an age of progression, and its whole tendency is toward time-saving. It is obvious that before the twentieth century is far advanced, the restless, active throngs will demand a vastly augmented rate of transportation, and, if history is to be counted anything, we are assured that they will get it. The present facilities are already proving inadequate for rushing, time-saving Americans, and it is evident that we are approaching a crisis. A great problem is before us. The New York Central, which is the standard fast train of to-day, travels at the rate of fifty-three and a third miles per hour, and yet the continual cry of the restless throngs which crowd its coaches is "Speed! speed!"

What means of solving this problem will laboring inventors devise? Is the electric locomotive to supersede the steam locomotive as the future tractive power, and to become one of the agents for accelerating travel? We believe that it will. There is one test which must be given, and which, if it proves successful, will make the days of the steam engine numbered. It is the test of economy. The electric engine
has long since been proved a swifter transporter than the steam engine, but as yet electricity may be furnished only with a great expenditure of labor and money. From present indications, however, we predict that at a time not far distant an engine will be invented which will furnish power to the electric locomotive for much less than the coal consumption necessary to run the steam engine. This will be one of the greatest triumphs of the modern mechanical world, and one of the best solutions of the great speed problem, for it will be the means of doubly decreasing the present rates, and greatly diminishing the enormous amounts annually expended upon railroad fare.

Besides this, there will be other useful and practical inventions which will advance the enterprise, and in a great measure satisfy the public demand. One of the great number, and one which will be an auxiliary to the electric system, is the pneumatic railroad. Before the expiration of fifty years, we predict that there will be an underground pneumatic line connecting New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. This method of propulsion cannot supersede the electric motive force for all travel, because these lines will be through lines only, it being necessary that the main tunnel through which the trains run be one complete structure, extending across the country without break. Were there a net-work of branches, radiating in all directions, it would be an endless undertaking to construct the required tunnels, although Beach's hydraulic shield makes the work of tunneling comparatively easy, and, in fact, since 1868 has remained the vital factor in nearly all great tunnel constructions. This underground pneumatic road will take the place of the now existing elevated pneumatic railway, which, from recent experiments, has not proved successful, the cars being so constructed that they wedge in the great cylindrical vacuum through which they are propelled, and then offer resistance to the atmospheric pressure. The future
pneumatic train will doubtless be of circular construction, like the original, but, instead of totally filling the vacuum, it will run as if in a groove, with rows of little metal runners all around the cars. The runners will exactly fit the rails upon which the train moves, and will be used in lieu of wheels, because the centrifugal force would tear wheels to atoms in no time, the speed of the train being two hundred and fifty miles per hour and upward. Valves will admit fresh air into the rear car and thence through the others, while the vitiated air is permitted to escape into the tunnel in front. The rear car of each train will carry a shield which will almost fill the cross-section of the tunnel; and the exterior pressure of the air upon this end piece will send the train speeding through the vacuum created in front of the cars by immense air-pumping engines. We can plainly see that this locomotive will be of very simple construction, requiring no engine, its motive force being atmospheric pressure on its rear end. Its success in overcoming great distances quickly has already been assured, and it is destined to be the fastest train of the future.

The trolleys of the twentieth century will probably resemble those of to-day; some improvements, of course, will be made. Instead of running on steel tracks, in our metropolis and other large cities, they will speed through underground tunnels and rush through space at a rate far above that of traffic on the suspended electric railroad. The business portions of cities, and also the outlying suburbs, will then be free from the noisy trolleys, to be crowded with other electric conveyances, such as the motorcycles or automobile carriages, the petroleum and electric tricycles, and the electric and gasoline bicycles.

There are other modes which might be mentioned with these, but it is probable that they will never be of any practical use to a great majority. It is questioned whether the electric bicycle will be of intrinsic value to either the
traveller or the athlete, for the former will prefer a more commodious means of transportation, and the latter will choose the ordinary bicycle for the invigorating exercise which it affords. The automobile carriage is light, easy of motion, and has a recommendatory velocity. This last property of the horseless carriage is certainly conducive to American patronage, but, in addition to its many good features, it is less expensive than horse power. Without doubt, it is meeting with success in this country, as it has in Europe, and the margin of profit will be on the side of him who charges his vehicle with electric energy.

One of the most interesting and novel inventions of the century is the flying-machine, with which experiments have recently been made with a view to mastering the art of aerial balance. The experimenter has met with success, and now, in his wonderful machine, he hovers between heaven and earth, and emulates the lark and carrier pigeon. Flying tours will be most delightful to the few who may participate. The invention will also prove helpful to explorers who have much ambition and limited means, for the apparatus required is inexpensive. Were it more comfortable to the occupant and less massive in area, it might be the means of transporting many beyond the clouds, but even its impracticability will hardly retard its success.

Time and remarkable ingenuity is requisite for the invention of a contrivance designed to convey man through the ether, but who can tell what time will accomplish? The result will be an invention which will make ethereal transportation a reality. That invention will possibly be a vessel built in a very peculiar manner, consisting of a huge oblong balloon part, a large car, partitioned into state-rooms, parlor, kitchen, dining-room, cabin, &c., all built of the lightest material consistent with safety, rudders for steering the ship, and storage batteries for lighting, heating, and cooking purposes, for it would be dangerous to have fire upon the ship
on account of the inflammability of the hydrogen gas used for inflating the balloon. The hydrogen will be generated on board the ship, so that the balloon will constantly be well filled, and long journeys may be taken with the greatest impunity. When the golden era dawns and the ethereal ship glides through the attenuated air far above the earth, many will follow Nansen to the North Pole, and the trip will not be attended by the dangers and discomforts experienced by late explorers.

**TRANSIT ON WATER.**

One of the principal innovations of water transit which is foreseen for the coming century is the submarine ship—a great cigar-shaped vessel, covered with a heavy shell of aluminum, bronze, steel, or some other durable metal. The entire exterior of the ship will be so constructed that, when it is submerged, there will be no in-rush of water. Its water displacement will be sufficient to allow it to sink many feet below the surface, and in time of storm the submarine boat will steadily glide through the quiet water below the angry waves and swelling seas. Lipthalite vapor, or some other gas easily and cheaply generated, will be the motive power of this vessel. The introduction of this gas as a motive force will greatly decrease the use of coal and wood for marine propulsion.

The large surface vessels of the future will doubtless be propelled by electricity, gasoline, and naphtha, while the smaller boats—row-boats, yachts, etc.—will be driven to their destination by the electrical battery and the foot motor.

The light-draught composite gunboat, a recent and valuable invention, has already proved a great addition to our navy, and the high-speed torpedo boat is rapidly growing into favor with sea captains. Both of these are destined to greatly advance rapid transit.

Another novel boat which has lately been invented, and
which will be effective in producing a change in future transportation, is the amphibious boat. This is propelled over land by its own machinery, and by crossing a strip of land—the Isthmus of Panama, for example—it will shorten the old routes of ships thousands of miles through dangerous seas. It is now in use in Germany, and will certainly find imitators in all countries.

Recently there has been put to test a marine and land bicycle, and also a nautical velocipede. The inventors are said to have made a success of their work, but the water courses are dangerous paths for wheelmen, and few will run the risk of being unceremoniously plunged by upset wheels into treacherous streams when boats are so plentiful and accessible.

We have essayed to present the most important solutions to this great problem which we attempted to solve, but there is one more to be added to the already long list, one which some day may, and we trust will, be brought into prominence and prove to be the greatest invention of them all. This is a contrivance that will move by nature's fixed forces without any outside help from man. There are certain fixed laws in nature which are as unalterable as were ever the laws of the Medes and Persians, and much more perpetual. These may yet be used by the coming man. Energy will yet accomplish many things that are now deemed impossible; nature will produce and furnish all energy necessary to accomplish great ends, and it only remains for man to put the giants in harness and stand at the helm.

How "The Messenger" Was Established.

BY THE EDITOR.

PEOPLE in general are often prone to accept the present condition of affairs without any inquiry whatsoever into
the moulding circumstances which made that condition a possibility. It was this fact, together with the belief that the subject would prove of interest to all, which led us to prepare this brief outline of how The Messenger came to be what it is to-day.

Probably not half a dozen students of the College know that The Messenger ever appeared under any other name than that which it now bears. It was in the session 1875-'76 that the rapid growth of the College and the expansion of the spirit of education among the students led to the establishment of the first student publication at Richmond College. The periodical was an eight-page paper, about eight by twelve inches, and was known as Monthly Musings, while its quaint and curious motto, appearing in every issue, was "Maiden meditations, fancy free." As is to be expected when we look back upon this little publication of twenty-five years ago, it presents a crude and most unpretentious appearance, and yet one cannot but be impressed with the ardor and zeal which its editors have put into its primitive columns. Every issue is pulsing with youthful enthusiasm and an interest in student affairs which it would be well for those of our own day and generation to emulate. We quote the following editorial from the first issue of Monthly Musings, which made its appearance in January, 1876:

"The students of Richmond College have long felt the need of a paper devoted to their interests and serving as a medium of communication between them and the outside world. Efforts have been made from time to time to establish such a paper, but they have always been abandoned as impracticable. The literary societies took the matter into consideration during the past session, and inquired into the expediency of issuing a monthly journal in the place of their weekly manuscript papers. This scheme, like its predecessors, was abandoned, and the whole subject was dropped. At the beginning of the present session one of the students procured
a small hand press, and issued a little sheet which he called the College Mercury. It met with so much favor that he conceived the idea of forming a company to publish a larger journal. The idea was speedily carried into execution, the company was formed, officers and editors elected, and, as the result of our labor, we present to our readers the first number of the Monthly Musings.

"It is our purpose to make this paper a medium of communication between students and friends of the College, among which latter we count the alumni and all other old students, and all who are interested in the welfare of the young men attending the institution."

Elsewhere in the same issue we find:

"The first regular meeting of the stockholders of the Monthly Musings Publishing Company was held in No. 1, Cottage A, on the 10th of November, 1875. There were present the following gentlemen: Messrs. Hugh C. Smith, J. H. Gore, H. H. Gregory, Jr., W. W. Brown, S. W. Price, T. I. Gaut, Sol. Cutchins, R. H. Pitt, W. G. Hix, B. T. Davies, R. B. Lee, H. M. Whaling, and J. T. E. Thornhill; absent, Messrs. J. W. Snyder and James Lyons, Jr. The following officers were elected: Sol. Cutchins, President; S. W. Price, Secretary and Treasurer; Hugh C. Smith, Business Manager; B. T. Davies, Senior Editor; J. H. Gore, Local Editor; J. W. Snyder, Reviewer. R. B. Lee, J. T. E. Thornhill, T. I. Gaut, R. H. Pitt, and W. W. Brown were elected directors of the company.

"The company has every prospect of success. Its members are thoroughly in earnest and are determined to establish their paper on a firm basis. In order to do this, they must have the hearty co-operation of their friends in every part of the country. Let every student consider himself a special agent, and not only subscribe himself, but induce others to do so."

Thus it will be seen that the first periodical published at
the College was in the hands of a regularly-organized publishing company, and was conducted on regular business principles. From hints let fall from time to time in its columns, it is also obvious that *Monthly Musings* was in the habit of appearing at a specific time, the 10th of each month—a matter which the present editors of *The Messenger* might take very sorely to heart, if they would. It is needless to say that this little paper was more than successful in accomplishing the mission which it undertook. It gives us an actual living insight into the College life of that day, and the history which it chronicles, while of no interest to the outside world, should be a lesson in itself to every student of Richmond College by reason of the light which it throws on college affairs of our own day. From its columns we learn that it was the Mu Sigma Rho Society that inaugurated the movement toward the establishment of the Museum of which we are to-day so justly proud. We learn also that the first movement toward the re-establishment of the Law School at Richmond College was in the form of a petition presented to the Board of Trustees in March, 1876, by the students. Its columns also bear honest testimony to the fact that even as far back as '76 students of the College were suspended for misconduct. Countless other items of importance and interest, which otherwise might have been lost, are preserved to us, and the library is indeed fortunate in having in its possession this first material evidence of a literary spirit among the students of the College.

As was said, the publication was a marked success, but the spirit of growth and development which has ever characterized Richmond College began to work here as elsewhere. The students soon found the eight-page monthly inadequate to their needs, so at the opening of the session 1878-'79, *Monthly Musings*, which had been published three years, was merged into *The Messenger*. The form was changed to something like its present shape, and the first issue contained
twenty-seven pages. In March, 1877, the Monthly Musings had passed from the hands of the stock company to the management of the two literary societies, so that The Messenger from its very inception has been the organ of these societies. In the first issue of The Messenger appears the following editorial:

"The Monthly Musings is dead. The funeral took place at a joint meeting of the two literary societies, held in September. The disease of which the Musings died is not certainly known. The most accurate diagnosis given of the patient was that of general debility, aggravated by over-exertion in endeavoring to carry a motto which was entirely too much for it. As near as the attending physician could ascertain, the motto ran: 'Maiden meditations, fancy free.' This is not the first case of suffering and death brought on by this kind of meditation. Believe us, it is dangerous any way; and when, in addition to this, 'fancy is let loose,' premature death is assured. Of course there were many sincere mourners present on the sad occasion, and sympathy was freely tendered the parents of the deceased. Much comfort, however, was derived from the belief that 'their loss was our eternal gain.' Scarcely was the burial service concluded, when announcement was made of the birth of a stranger, similar in many regards to the Musings, but larger and more robust in form. This announcement was hailed with delight, and discussion immediately ensued with reference to the name of the new bantling. Some proposed to call it 'The Philo-Mu Sigma Rhonian.' This was rejected. The infant, it was hoped, would acquire some distinction, and hence its name would appear in print, and the type-setting would be too costly. Then, too, the rats would ruin their vocal organs trying to get the pronunciation correct. These and many other reasons, too numerous to mention, induced those who ruled in the matter to give it a plainer, easier name, by which
we now introduce it to the world—The Richmond College Messenger.

The Messenger was at first under the management of two editors—one from each society—while its business department was conducted by a single business manager. Messrs. R. H. Pitt, of the Mu Sigma Rho, and J. W. Snyder, of the Philologian, were its first editors, and Mr. L. C. Catlett its first business manager. Working in conjunction with these was a board of publication, the duties of which are not definitely stated, but it is more than probable that this board performed somewhat the same function as our present associate editors.

It is but natural that a periodical that changes hands as often as does The Messenger should have had a chequered history, vacillating between publications of the highest order of excellence and those which came very near to being a disgrace upon the institution. But on the whole it may be said that The Messenger has preserved at least a fair standard of excellence throughout. The best Messenger ever published, in our opinion, was under the editorship of Mr. Aubrey Nelson Bowers, during the sessions 1893-'4 and 1894-'5. We notice also that Mr. Bowers has the same complaint to bring forward that our present editor would be justified in making, for he says in the November, 1894, issue:

"It may not be the usual or courteous thing for an editor to criticise his staff of colleagues in public print; but we consider this an instance that calls for heroic treatment. The associate editors should either perform their duties or take their flags down from the mast-head, for they are sailing under false colors."

There are countless other points of interest in connection with the history of The Messenger which we might mention, but our object was only to give a brief outline of how it came to be established. There is a shelf in one of the cases of the library which contains almost unbroken the files
of The Messenger, bound in volumes. Not only do these volumes contain much reading of value, but they are almost the only chronicles of college life which are accessible to the students, and are in consequence of great interest and importance to us.

In Memoriam.

TO SAMUEL D. FRAZER.

I.

O God, we trust Thine all discerning pow'r,
    And question not Thy wisdom's stern command,
For this we know: that through each fleeting hour
    One purpose runs, and one directing Hand.

'Tis not for us to understand the end
    Toward which we draw with each succeeding sun;
It is for us with humbled hearts to bend
    And in submission say, "Thy will be done."

II.

We know not why the need of Sorrow's blight,
    Nor all the darkened presence of Despair;
E'er on the robe of Day close follows Night,
    For every joy there is a double care.

E'en as we live we feel the hand of Death—
    Together mourn the common end of man,
And wonder at the slipping of the breath,
    The part it plays in the eternal plan.

Through life the tides of joy and sorrow swell
    With depth increased in each pursuing wave:
When sweeter sounds the happy wedding bell,
    The sadder mourns the grim march to the grave.
IN MEMORIAM.

III.

Whene'er I stand above the sacred dead,
I wonder if the dear departed knows
Aught of the nature of the mingled thread—
The purpose of our pleasures and our woes.

'Tis not with us our destiny to take—
The whither of the bright ways and the sad;
Some hearts rejoice while others, stricken, break.
O Life! in varied garments thou art clad!

How fathomless the mystery of it all—
The hidden purpose of the final end!
We can but wait, but wonder at the pall,
Rejoice or weep with each well-loved friend.

IV.

Sometimes when lingering doubt would steal my rest
And loosen faith in the eternal goal,
The inner life that swells within my breast
Doth speak the deathless being of the soul!

And in that fuller truth my heart grows strong
To face the duties which lie on before;
O God, upon my lips doth rise a song:
The soul, the soul doth live forever more!

Let come what may! I conquer all my fears,
And gladly take the lot I would not shun,
Believing that, through happiness or tears,
The all-wise plan of all-wise God doth run!

V.

Scarce thirty suns have lit the passing day
Since he whom we all loved as class-mate—friend,
Passed outward and beyond the darken'd way,
A noble life swept to a sudden end.
As come the cold winds from the dreary North,
   And blight the hopes of Spring with chilly breath,
So he, to man's estate just entering forth,
   Lies dead before the cruel sweep of Death.

From campus, hall, we miss his well-known form,
   And in the passing of the future days
Whatever be our lot, in calm or storm,
   His memory will be fresh with us always!

And deeply as we mourn th' untimely fate
   Which called him hence—inexorable law!
Yet we who trust that future, higher state,
   Rejoice in one glad song together, for

This truth we know, and in that truth take heart:
   He lived and died the kindly Christian man;
Tho' dead in youth, he fully played his part,
   The end of all, whate'er the length of span.

VI.

Some moments come when words grow ill at ease
   To bear those deeper feelings of the heart;
Such moments come—such moments now are these,
   Which drown my words ere from my lips they start.

And so I still the sorrow of my soul,
   The voiceless grief that swells within my breast,
Believing, in the on-sweep toward the goal,
   That death and sadness happen for the best.

L. L. Jennings.

Friendship.

BY J. W. CAMMACK.

EMERSON insists that friendship demands a religious treatment. Again, that it is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if we could lose any
genuine love. Yet he does not treat friendship with any degree of vagueness or uncertainty, but says that when it is real, then it is neither glass threads nor frost-work, but the solidiest thing we know. Our observations in the animal world lead us to believe that friendship is natural, beautiful, and helpful.

The many false and assumed friendships may lead the weak to become skeptical concerning the whole matter, and conclude that friendship is but a name. But in spite of the thousands of deceivers and the thousands who are deceived, we have many instances which stand out prominently before the world, and larger numbers, known to smaller circles, where the bond has not been broken though it led face to face with death. In fact, in many instances the very trying of the bond made it actually indissoluble, and so no alternative is left other than that of Emerson, "Real friendship is the solidiest thing we know." This fact leads us to consider this matter of forming friendships as one of the very highest importance; and, since we conclude that the saying of the ancients—e.g., "a friend is another himself"—is at best a very narrow view, for in reality a friend is much more than another himself, it becomes of the most vital importance what shall be the nature of this other person who is to become a part of our life. He is to carry out our wishes after we have quit the stage, and even in the midst of the play is to perform for us many things which we cannot, with any degree of propriety, perform for ourselves. For these reasons, a friend is manifestly more than another self, and for the same reasons we are almost as much concerned in his character as in our own. As to the actual matter of choosing friends, it has been said that if we are a friend of our friend's thought, and not his buttons, then friends are not chosen, but self-elected. Few, at most, move wholly in that realm. Actually, we require some principles which shall govern us in forming friendships. Rous-
seau, along with his pessimism, has given us this truth: "He who at first sight treats you as a friend of twenty years' standing will very probably, at the end of twenty years, treat you as a stranger, if you have any important service to require of him." Hence avoid haste in selecting friends and forming friendships. Socrates gives the following as characteristics of men who would probably make bad friends, and are to be avoided: (1) One who cannot govern his appetite. (2) A man who is extravagant, and yet always in want of assistance. (3) A man whose heart is given to the making and keeping of money. (4) A man free from the above characteristics, but is content to always receive and never return obligations.

But how shall we learn that a man possesses these qualities or does not possess them? In this wise—a man who has formerly handled horses with skill, it is to be presumed, will handle other horses skillfully. Likewise, a man who has served his former friends will doubtless serve others, who become his friends. Just here is one superiority of old and tried friends over others who are untried, but who have many characteristics of one likely to make a real friend. To acquire friends, we are to place ourselves before those whom we would acquire in a true light. On no other ground can the friendship have lasting value. However much we may desire friends, we should more strongly desire to be worthy of friends. Beyond a doubt, real friendship is founded on real worth. Truth is primary, and tenderness and sympathy are necessary. Those who have not these qualities should strive to acquire them, or be resigned to live and die and never know the meaning of friendship.

But many perplexing questions arise even after friends have been acquired. How much may be justly demanded from us by them? How far are we to acknowledge the justice of their deeds? When are we justified in parting company with them, and how may this be done to the best
The advantage of all concerned? These and many other questions may demand an answer. Cicero would have us, if necessary to save our friend, to divert somewhat from the straight path, but not to go beyond all bounds in wrongdoing. If that was the pagan rule, what should it be to-day? The fact that we are sometimes, by circumstances, forced to part company with those who have been our friends, is a delicate matter, but one that is not to be overlooked. The steps backward are not the same as the steps forward, since it is perhaps true that “Friendship often turns to love, but love to friendship never does.”

The benefits of friendship are indeed manifold and various. There is in every man latent power which only the hand of a true friend can uncover. Friendship is the one thing alone which can open the many passages to the human heart, which otherwise would forever remain hermetically sealed. It, so to speak, taps the rock and causes sweet water to gush forth from a place which otherwise would have remained as barren as a desert.

Not only does friendship bring forth our latent powers and cause us to bless the world, but through it we are aided by others. True, men almost friendless and alone have revolutionized thought. But in the majority of instances it is true that “the world is a stage and we the players,” and if a man have not friends “he may quit the stage.”

My Mother’s Kiss.

BY E. B. K.

The kisses that her lips impress
Are sacred things, and bring to me
A sweetness that is holiness,
That lives for all eternity;
For mother’s love is like a ring,
A precious, perfect, endless thing.
TO A DANDELION.

BY E. B. K.

Laden with a wreath of gold,
Stolen from some gnome below,
White, then bald, thou growest old
With a weary weight of woe.
Thus ill-gotten wealth e'er gave
A troubled pathway to the grave.

IN LOVE'S GARDEN.

BY W. RUSSELL OWEN.

We journeyed one day in our stroll, dear love,
In a garden of roses and dreams,
And our breath in a rhythm successively fell,
Re-drinking oblivious drugs that in-dwell
Those sacred crypts of the love-rose's soul.

Ah! then we fell in a swoon, dear love,
In this garden of roses and dreams,
And naught would suffice as our souls lost themselves
In visions of dreamland and fancies of elves,
As the elm-tree sang us its croon.
Ah! naught would suffice as we feverishly yearned,
Save the touch of thy lips that longingly burned,
As they filled up completely the delves,—
Of thy lips and my lips, dear love.

But oft, too oft, did we stroll, dear love,
In this sacred dreamland of flowers,
For thou didst awake from thy passionate sleep,
But wakeless was I with an incanted steep
And lay on charmed in my soul.

Now my home is a home in this garden, love,
My resting place by the dead rose,
And so I shall be a lover of thee
Till the unchanging sleep of eternity wakes,
Till an unseen immortality breaks
In the garden of roses and dreams.

THE PLATONIST.

The Platonist sat alone in his den. His book had fallen
from his nerveless grasp, and the lamp on the table had
flickered and died. The huge oak logs in the fire-place
crackled and sputtered as the long tongues of flame leaped
wildly up the chimney and lighted his classic features with
their ruddy glow. He sat motionless, his eyes bent upon the
roaring flame.

The Platonist had often said in his heart, "Ah, yes, I
admire them, just as I admire any other beauty of nature,
and I love their conversation, for I like the intercourse of
intelligent beings; I even crave their friendship, for their
sympathies are broader and their sensibilities more intense
than those of men; but love—ah, no; there's no love and no
desire in me, but only the earnest dispassionate friendship
that springs from a heart controlled by reason."

As he sat there, gazing into the firelight, his mind wandered
off in dreamland, and he saw arise from out the flames the exquisite form of a woman. Her eyes and her hair were dark, but her neck and her arms were as white as snow. She advanced to him and twined her beautiful arms about his neck and pressed her burning kisses upon his brow. She held him close to her throbbing bosom, and the warmth of her body passed into his. His heart beat fast, and his blood rushed on. He put out his arm to encircle her, but the form vanished and left him only the memory. Then he remembered the eyes and the hair and the form were those of his dearest "friend," and knew that his remnant of happiness had passed with the vanishing form, for she was another's.

WHY SOME DO NOT COME TO CHURCH.

BY JAY EMM.

[Affectionately Inscribed to the Ministerial Student of Richmond College.]

I thought, once, that my eyes could pry
Into men's hearts, and find out why
Some went to God's house on God's day,
To sing, to kneel (as if to pray),
And, to the sermon, as it were,
To lend a close, attentive ear,
While I divined their thoughts and told
Their ears heard not—their hearts were cold.

"'Tis plain," the preacher said, "to see
Why here these saintly few should be;
But I would ask thee—tell me, pray—
Why some—so many—stay away."

"'Tis easier, still, to tell this 'why,'"
And in these words I made reply:
"Some stay at home on Sabbath day
Because the Scriptures plainly say
The Sabbath is a day of rest,
And all week long they've toiled their best.
On Sunday they must have repose,
And so they stay at home and doze.
Some stay because their shoes are worn,
Their trousers dingy, coats are torn.
Some wish a little time to read,
And some, to stroll across the mead.
Some stay because dear Cousin Jane
Has come to spend the day again,
And they have slain the fatted veal,
And must prepare a sumptuous meal.
Some lounge around the tavern door
To joke and add joke to their store.
Some say ‘The music is too bad,
And screeching seems to be the fad’;
‘The preaching is so awful poor—
Too long for mortal to endure’;
‘The house is cold’; ‘The pews too straight,’
And when, by chance, I get in late,
The preacher looks as if to say,
‘Well, what’s the matter with you, pray?’
Then, some are overcome with pique
Because the preacher didn’t speak
And shake them by the hand and say,
‘I’m glad to see you here to-day.’
Some have a grudge ’gainst Deacon Britt—
Some think he is a hypocrite.
To spite his face, each, I suppose,
Chops off his ugly little nose.
All have excuses why they stay
From church on God’s appointed day.
The faithful preacher comes and views,
And tells his woes to empty pews.”
To Our Dead.

BY J. W. S.

They may not pass unhonored from our midst, Whom we have loved and cherished many days; Though premature and unripe be our Muse Which now is called to pay this bit of praise.

The sentiment which stirs each loving heart, Which now is caused by Death's relentless hand; The sympathetic soul alone can know, Within the stifled, throbbing heart-cells hot.

We, too, were "nursed upon the self-same hills," And strolled together down the busy streets Or o'er the distant hills and many a mead, Or here engaged in learning's high pursuit.

A change has come, and now we look around For those who evermore shall absent be; From earth they now have passed forevermore, To join a happier throng in long eternity.

Transplanted now are they from earth to Heaven, Like flowers to adorn that blest abode; A void is left in many loving hearts— But God has so ordained, and all is well.

We cannot see sometimes the ways of Right— These three were gazing on life's heritage; Ambition crowned their lively, youthful hopes With promises of many helpful things.

Full many a hope was anchored in their lives By those who knew their hearts, hopes, aims, and loves; They sturdy were, and honest and sincere, And modesty— the crowning virtue— had.
TO OUR DEAD.

Weep not for them, though they may come no more
To dwell with us upon this mundane sphere;
Ambition's dearest meed they'll reap in Heaven—
For there, to dwell in endless youth, 'tis given.

When now we hear their record read, with eyes
Yet dim with mortal tears, and blinded, too,
With limitations of our mortal kind,
It is that they were true and faithful men.

What shall the verdict be when we shall pass?
The thought comes pressing forceful on our hearts,
While now we chant the requiem of the dead
And pay our last tribute to those we loved.

Shall doubt assail our friends, then, as they stand
And gaze with sorrow on our cold remains?
Shall praise then be unhampered, unrestrained,
By aught that we have done or failed to do?

Oh! let us cast our lives with one accord
Into the active sphere of God's own grace,
That, when the summons comes for us to go,
We may with cheerful heart take up our place.

Oh! tell us, you who now have gone to dwell
In those fair fields of everlasting light,
Before whose vision now the mists have rolled,
Revealing truths and sure realities!

By what bright gleaming rivers do you tread?
Upon what meads and down what golden streets
Now walk you, side by side, in converse sweet
Of former loves and friendships left behind?

Perhaps beneath new teachers now you sit,
And glean the fruitful knowledge of new things,
Revealed in that most blessed clime called Heaven!
Perhaps you now may dwell with saints of old.
Your memories shall with us yet remain,
Though vanished be your forms from mortal sight;
Ah! rest you may, thus quiet in the tomb,
Your works shall yet proclaim your worth to man.

Oh, thou Creator! wise and good and true—
Our youth, like theirs, is as the passing time;
So teach us, then, to number our days
That wisdom may most truly us incline.
In Memoriam.

Samuel D. Frazer.
Died January 27, 1901.

Whereas our Heavenly Father, in His all-wise and discerning providence, has seen fit to call from our midst our beloved fellow-student, Mr. Samuel D. Frazer, and whereas we feel that one of our choicest spirits has been taken from us, and that we have suffered a great loss; therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That we bow to the Divine Will, and, in humble submission, say "Thy will be done."

Resolved, 2d. That Mr. Frazer was a resolute, conscientious Christian gentleman—one who was eulogized by all who knew him—one who was warmly loved by his college mates and professors; and that we shall ever cherish his memory as a faithful student, a lovable companion, a true friend.

Resolved, 3d. That we extend to the bereaved family our sincere and heart-felt sympathy.

Resolved, 4th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and a copy be published in The Richmond College Messenger.

E. W. Provence,
Lewis L. Jennings,
E. P. Buxton,
Edgar H. Taylor,
T. Ryland Sanford,
Committee.
In Memoriam.

JAMES A. PERDUE.
Died February 9, 1901.

Whereas, on February 9, 1901, it pleased our Heavenly Father to take from us our beloved friend and fellow-student, James A. Perdue; therefore be it

Resolved, That we recognize, in this sore affliction, one of the mysterious manifestations of Divine Providence, yet that we bow in humble submission, saying, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Resolved further, That we, the students of Richmond College, have received his death with deep sorrow, and feel that in his removal from among us we have sustained a heavy loss.

Resolved further, That during his college career of a session and a half he has ever proved himself a young man of beautiful character, a true and noble friend, a patient, humble, and faithful follower of his Lord and Saviour.

Resolved further, That we, sharing in the bereavement, extend to his family and relatives our deepest sympathy in this, their great sorrow.

Resolved further, That a copy of these resolutions be published in The Richmond College Messenger and a copy sent to his family.

T. Ryland Sanford,
Samuel Dereaux,
C. M. Roch,
R. R. Oliver,
E. T. Smith,
Committee.
In Memoriam.

J. W. Faris.
Died March 4, 1901.

Whereas the shadow of death has hovered over us and stricken down one from our midst, Mr. J. W. Faris, we, the Faculty and students of Richmond College, desire to offer the following resolutions. Therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That we meekly accept this calamity as the dispensation of Providence, to which all things are subject.

Resolved, 2d. That we hereby testify to the irreproachable character and Christian spirit of Mr. Faris, and to his admirable qualities as a student.

Resolved, 3d. That, being deeply conscious of our own loss in his decease, we sincerely sympathize with his parents and friends in their distress.

H. Martin,
O. W. Anderton,
J. W. Shepard,
Committee.
It is said that Jules Verne, who used to stir the children of twenty years ago with his stories of thrilling and impossible adventure, is at work upon a new story of travel, although he is now over seventy years old.

Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson’s book, “At Odds With the Regent,” is in many respects far above the general run of recent historical novels. It is a story of Paris and the French Court in the second decade of the eighteenth century. Another novel that he has written is entitled “A Soldier of Virginia,” and is a story of Fort Necessity and Braddock’s expedition.

In the December Book World is published a poem entitled “The Man Behind the Hoe,” which is a reply to Edwin Markham’s “The Man With the Hoe.” The first four lines of the poem is as follows:

“Erect beneath the weight of time he stands,
And grasps with horny strength the peaceful blade;
In boundless love his glowing heart expands
To see the mighty work his toil has made.”

Recently there has been a revival of interest in poetry. Books of poetry which a few years ago were rarely sold are being issued and sold in much larger editions. But even yet the publishers are very chary about accepting any poem to which there is not a well-known name attached, and will publish books of poetry only when the author will assume the expense.

In this connection, and in contrast with the prices paid for poems to-day, it is interesting to know that, according to an
English periodical, Byron received $25,000 for his "Childe Harold" and about $18,000 for "Don Juan," while Thomas More is said to have received $20,000 for his "Lalla Rookh" and Thomas Campbell to have obtained $18,500 as receipts from "Pleasures of Hope."

Miss Mary Johnston's book, "To Have and To Hold," which met with such marked approval, and the sales of which ran far into the thousands, has been dramatized and met with great favor when presented at the Knickerbocker Theatre, in New York. Miss Johnston is a Virginia girl, and is at present visiting friends in this city. The Herald gives the following account of the presentation:

"Knickerbocker Theatre—'To Have and To Hold,' a dramatization in four acts of Mary Johnston's novel, by E. F. Boddington. Ralph Percy, Mr. Robert Lorraine; Lord Carnal, the King's favorite, Mr. Holbrook Blinn; John Rolfe, Mr. S. Miller Kent; Diccon, Ralph Percy's servant, Mr. Wallace Erskine; Pory, Secretary and Speaker of Assembly, Mr. Dore Davidson; Jeremy Sparrow, Mr. Charles Walcott; Edward Sharpless, Mr. N. L. Jelenko; George Yeardley, Governor of Virginia, Mr. Sydney Herbert; Sir Francis Wyatt, Mr. J. M. Colville; Davison, Mr. Cecil De Mille; George Sandys, Mr. Carl St. Aubyn; Peaceable Sherwood, Mr. John Findlay; Pettiplace Clause, Mr. Harry Lewis; Giles Allen, Mr. George Forbes; Captain Martin, Mr. Joseph A. Weber; Nantauquas, Mr. Robert W. Broderick; Captain of the George, Mr. Richard Disney; Lady Jocelyn Leigh, known as Patience North, Miss Isabel Irving; Lady Margaret Wyatt, Miss Isabel Garrison; Angela, Miss Florence Robinson. Maids from England—Prudence Anson, Miss Claire McDowell; Mary Beatt, Miss Etta Morris; Cornelia Wood, Miss Lottie Alter; Lucerba Lumley, Miss Maud Hosford."
"A dramatization in four acts, by Mr. E. F. Boddington, of Miss Mary Johnston's novel, "To Have and To Hold," had an elaborate and artistic production at the Knickerbocker Theatre last night. It was well acted by a company of players under Mr. Charles Frohman's management, and headed by Miss Isabel Irving and Mr. Robert Lorraine, a new-comer from England, as the heroine and hero of this stage version of a famous romance.

"As regards the reception accorded the play by the large audience, there was a rather curious episode. The Indian Nantauquas (acted by Mr. Robert W. Broderick) is one of the minor roles, but after the third act, when there had been several curtain calls for the principals, there were war-whoops from the gallery, which continued until Nantauquas came on the stage, when they swelled until it seemed as if all the tribes that once had inhabited Virginia had come back to earth to greet one of their kinsmen redivivus. It was novel, and, although Mr. Broderick had done his small role capitally, it did not exactly voice the sentiment of the house, which seemed quite nonplussed by the demonstration. Mr. Lorraine was quite puzzled when he heard the first war-whoops. He could be seen turning to Miss Irving and asking her what they meant."

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**The Penitentes—By Louis How. Bowden-Merrill Company, Publishers. For sale by Julius Meyer's Sons.**

The scene of "The Penitentes" is laid in the fertile San Luis Valley, in the western part of the United States. The date of the happenings in the story go back to the time when that country was uninhabited by citizens of the United States, save the Mormons, who had made various settlements, and occasional out-posts of American soldiers. The story deals in particular with the savage religious practices of the population of the little town of San Raphael. These people were
Catholics, who had come from Mexico to seek isolation, that they might carry out their intense fanaticisms undisturbed. But even in this thinly-settled country they were disappointed, for the opposition of both the American soldiers and Mormons, or "Saints," was incurred. The Mormons hated the Penitentes for religious causes. The United States did not hate the people at all, but interfered with their practices in the name of humanity.

The Penitentes believed that the greatest blessing that could come upon them was the miracle of the stigmata, which was the marking in some miraculous way of some one of their sect, with the marks which Christ bore after the crucifixion.

Accordingly, at their yearly religious festival, the prayers of all were invoked that a sign might be given them that they might know which one of their number was to be sacrificed on the cross. It was considered a great privilege to be thus dedicated to the Lord, and the contest for the position of cross-bearer was a spirited one. The supernatural experiences of all were heard and the question was settled by the priest.

The book is interesting throughout, and at times thrilling, but from the fact that the people in the book are almost uncivilized, it is not expected that the characters should be very strong ones.

The secret of the attractiveness of the book is the fact that the author has discovered a phase of life in the very midst of American commonplaceness, one might say, which is more primitive, more picturesque, more ingenuously passionate, and more highly colored with pure savagery than anything discoverable in the most out-of-way places of Europe, and he has told its story in a style so vivid and clear that the reader feels that every incident must have actually happened.

R. N. P.
OUR SOCIAL LIFE.

Departing somewhat from the example set us by former editors of The Messenger, we have endeavored this year to discuss editorially only matters which are in more or less vital connection with student life as we find it among ourselves; and, in so far as our efforts have been faithful to this purpose, we believe that we have missed the mark less widely than we might have, had we indulged in desultory discussions of the political situation, in religious disputations, and numerous other fields which prove so alluring to many writers of college editorials. The average student will not, and should not, look to his college magazine for his instruction in these regards. But the average student is, and should be, interested in all those things which tend to his own uplift, to the perfection of his student life, to the ways and means by which he may appropriate to himself the most of that which is good and ennobling in that life. We are all laboring with a common purpose—the formation of character; we are all struggling toward a common goal—the development of manhood. When he has once made a
careful study of student life in its numerous phases, it is the editor's profound duty, to say nothing of his inestimable privilege, to offer a hint here and a suggestion there as to how, in his opinion, that purpose may be most easily met and that goal most easily reached. And we earnestly believe that that editorial which finds birth in this fundamental idea of the advancement of student life will accomplish most readily the object of its being.

In the first issue of The Messenger, which appeared in the fall, it was our pleasure to take a general view of the course which is offered to us at college; in the Christmas issue we dealt somewhat indirectly with a moral and sociologic aspect of the student's life, while in the last issue we took up the matter of collateral reading among the students. It is the social life of the College which will now claim our attention.

We said "the social life," but we should without doubt have erred less greatly had we said the "absence of the social life" among us. We feel sure that there are comparatively few students who have been at College sufficiently long to have become enthused with the general spirit of higher education who have not felt keenly the entire lack of a distinctive social element in the College. It is appalling, when one stops to think, that, with one exception, there is not a single club or association at the College to-day which can be said to have as its aim anything whatever of a social character. The meetings of the Geographical and Historical Society, which proved such a pleasure to its members, have long since been discontinued, and the delightful and helpful excursions which this society conducted annually are also things of the past. The Glee Club is a dead issue, and with it has perished the last vestige of anything musical in the College. The Greek Club also is numbered among the unlettered dead. There is no club of a literary or scientific nature. Such a thing as a dramatic club is unheard of. Are you aware of the fact that,
outside of the usual public debates and commencement exercises, the students of Richmond College have given no public entertainment of any kind since 1896. Has all interest in such matters died? Do we not recognize the necessity of literary recreation, of the cultivation of our emotional natures, and, above all, of our coming together in closer and more heart-to-heart contact with our fellow students? We seem to be supinely willing to let matters take their own course, and in so doing we are robbing ourselves of much that might be ours for the asking, and are denying ourselves that recreation and pleasure which would prove so abundantly helpful to us. We are becoming too engrossed in the practical duties of life, and too forgetful of the fact that other things than these duties are potent factors in the rounding out of perfect manhood.

No better illustration of what we are driving at can be found than that which we have seen enacted before us within the past few months. One of the most gifted elocutionists which our city has ever had, Dr. Charles Pierson, a man of wide reputation and unquestioned ability, has made the most earnest efforts to organize a class in elocution and a dramatic club among us, but all to no effect, not a single student of the College having expressed so much as a desire to join the class. About half of the students of the College expect some day to make a living by means of their eloquence, whether at the bar or in the pulpit, and yet you would scarcely find a dozen who have the faintest conception of how to manage the human voice or how to deport themselves while speaking. Dr. Pierson is recommended by one of the leading members of the Baptist clergy in Richmond as the finest teacher of pulpit oratory he has ever known. Are we not then blind to our own interest in this matter? It was Dr. Pierson's idea to present some play in the spring, possibly the Greek play, "Edipus," and surely nothing could have been more interesting, instructive, and helpful, and it is
EDITORIAL.

a matter for serious regret that the student body should not have been responsive to his efforts.

But this is only one instance of the growing lethargy and indifference to student affairs which seems to have taken possession of us. We are not altogether convinced whether this disposition can be traced to the lack of energy on our part or to our lack of interest; but one thing is beyond dispute, and that is that things are not as they should be. We have not sufficient spirit. We are not sufficiently executive. The students alone can rectify this state of affairs, and make student life at Richmond College charming and delightful.

EDUCATION IN RICHMOND.

We often hear it said that Richmond should become a great educational centre in the South, but we are inclined to believe that those people who are given to making this assertion are entirely uninformed on this matter, for Richmond is already a great educational centre—in the South. You will scarcely find a city in the United States of less than a hundred thousand inhabitants where there are so many institutions of learning. The one thing that we lack is a big university, embracing departments of all kinds. Yet as we now stand a man can be educated in Richmond for almost any profession he may desire. A good academic education is offered at our own College, as well as at the Woman's College. An excellent law course may also be had at our College. A very fair course in mechanics is given at the Virginia Mechanics' Institute, while in medicine the choice of two excellent schools is offered. The Medical College of Virginia is an institution of established reputation, having been started in 1838, and unexcelled courses are offered in surgery, dentistry, and pharmacy. The educational interests of Richmond, moreover, have recently received a new impetus by reason of
the location here of the Union Theological Seminary. There are several excellent business colleges, while for the negro there is the Normal School and the Virginia Union University. Thus while Richmond has abundance of room to improve along the educational line, yet we feel that we may justly be proud of what she is to-day, and we fearlessly assert that she has already earned the right to be called an educational centre in the South.

CONCERNING BOOK REVIEWS.

A scheme has been put into operation by the Mu Sigma Rho Society which promises to be of inestimable profit and pleasure to its members, while incidentally advancing the cause of book reviews in The Messenger. Some time during last session an addition was made to the usual Friday evening programme of this Society, requiring a book review to be read, and subsequently to be turned over to the editor of The Messenger. In this way some very creditable notices of new books were secured, but the choice of books was unrestricted, and it very often happened that books which were quite out of the public mind were brought up for review. An arrangement has now been made with several of the leading book-dealers of the city, whereby a new book is to be given the Society each week for the review which it shall receive in the Society and the notice thereafter in The Messenger. The Society will thus be able to accumulate a very interesting collection of the latest books, while the pages of The Messenger will contain from time to time some very creditable reviews.

EDITING THE MESSENGER.

We shall have to apologize at the outset for the wholesale exposal of press secrets which we are about to make, but
we consider that the exigencies of the case require a plain statement of facts, which, while they may be unpleasant, are none the less true. To come at once to the point, The Mes­senger is not receiving at the hands of its associate editors the support that is to be reasonably expected of them. The fact of the matter is that there are only two of them who can be said to be doing anything at all, and neither of them, we wager, is spending any sleepless nights over his hard labor in our behalf. To come down to mathematical accuracy, let us take a survey of the four issues of The Messenger, including the present, which have been published. They embrace something over two hundred pages. Of our six associate editors two have contributed fourteen pages each, one, eight pages, another two pages, while two have contributed nothing. These figures speak for themselves. Now, we honestly believe that the work of one or two of these men has been earnest and faithful, but the attitude of the majority has been one of indifference throughout. We are not aware of any existing reason why this matter should be as it is, except the utter lack of interest on the part of those whose highest aim should be the interest and betterment of their college magazine.

Perhaps some light will now be thrown on the much-in-evidence question, “Why is The Messenger so late in issuing?”
INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

On Friday evening, March 1st, about one hundred students of the College, and about forty young ladies, including many from the Woman's College, boarded the special train which left Elba at 7:30 P. M. for Ashland. The occasion was the inter-collegiate debate between Randolph-Macon and Richmond College, and great interest in its outcome had been manifested on both sides for some weeks previous. The hilarious crowd of rooters reached Randolph-Macon to find the chapel beautifully decorated with evergreens and bunting representing the colors of the two colleges.

Mr. L. G. Crutchfield made a happy address of welcome, after which he introduced Mr. C. H. Dunaway, of Richmond College, who declaimed an amusing and highly entertaining selection entitled Caleb's Courtship.

The question for debate was: "Resolved, That Unit-
ed States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people.” Richmond College, in the affirmative, was represented by Messrs. J. S. Eggleston and B. M. Hartman, while Randolph-Macon was represented, in the negative, by Messrs. D. R. Anderson and Earl Riley.

The speeches were all good, but Randolph-Macon’s were the better, and the victory was in consequence awarded to them by the judges, Messrs. Jere Witherspoon, of Richmond; Randolph, of the Episcopal High School, and J. W. Ware, of Ashland.

After the debate Mr. Harry Kennedy, of Randolph-Macon, declaimed “Aux Italiennes” in finished style, and the audience adjourned to the Society’s halls, across the campus, where a charming reception was tendered the visiting students and their friends. Receiving, were the faculty of Randolph-Macon, their wives and daughters; Messrs. McCabe and Sanders, of Randolph-Macon, and Messrs. MacBain, Pollard, and Owen, of Richmond College.

The special train, bearing back the defeated, but not disheartened boys, left Ashland at 12:30.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the charming hospitality extended us on this occasion by the students and faculty of Randolph-Macon. Every one seemed to do his utmost for our comfort and entertainment, and it is needless to say that their efforts were appreciated and enjoyed. The committee who had the affair in charge are to be congratulated and heartily thanked.

BASE-BALL.

The subject of base-ball is uppermost in the minds of the student body at this season, as it is at this time every year. Prospects for a good team are far better than they have been for years. Since the middle of February Captain Sanford has had his men out nearly every day, and they are in
splendid condition, and take advantage of every element day to do some good, hard practicing.

Among the last year's men who have returned are T. Ryland Sanford, captain, 1901; Roy D. White, F. W. Kerfoot, R. F. Staples, J. W. Shepard, C. H. Dunaway, and H. G. Blundon. These names include the pitchers and the infielders, so that the most important men of 1900 are all back again to win laurels on the team of 1901.

There have been some surprising developments among the new men, and the fight for positions on this season's team promises to be a most interesting one. Those deserving special mention are Cox, Broaddus, Collier, Ritter, Pindexter, A. M. Kerfoot, Sutherland, Bowe, and Gaines.

For catcher, two men are in the race—Kerfoot, the star third baseman of the team of 1900, and Lankford, of the new contingent. Kerfoot is quick, and has a good arm, as well as a sharp eye for the ball. He hits well, and is one of the fastest base-runners, having taken several running prizes on field-day last year. Lankford shows up well. He catches well, runs well, and is a splendid hitter.

For pitcher, all the men of last year are back, including White, Shepard, and Captain Sanford.

Of the new men, Cox is the only aspirant. White shows up better than ever. If possible, he has greater speed and better curves than last year. His hitting and running are of the highest order. Shepard has wide curves and good speed, and, with a little more control, will make a splendid pitcher. Sanford will pitch as little as possible, but has a fine arm and a serpentine delivery that is the despair of batters. Cox is left-handed, and has good curves. With a little more speed, he will do good work in the box.

First base is one of the most uncertain positions on the team. Captain Sanford played first last year, and may do so again this year. Among the new applicants are Cox, Collier, and Ritter. Ritter catches well and hits hard.
Collier makes as good a show as any of the new men. He is quick, sure, knows the game, and hits hard. His prospects are good.

Broaddus, a new man, seems to have everything his own way for short-stop. He is fast, hits well, and has an excellent arm.

For second base, Staples, of last year, and A. M. Kerfoot, are the aspirants. Staples is fast, and hits well. Kerfoot has an eye for the ball, and runs exceptionally well.

Third base will be chosen out of the men named above, with Blundon as an additional aspirant. Blundon fields the ball well, and has a good arm.

Among the most promising fielders are Dunaway, of last year, Cox, Shepard, Collier, Gaines, and Poindexter.

The list of applications includes the names of White, F. W. Kerfoot, A. M. Kerfoot, Staples, Shepard, Lankford, Collier, Cox, Ritter, Broaddus, Blundon, Poindexter, Gaines, Dunaway, Sutherland, Hundley, Ford, Sinclair, Woodward, Boughner, T. E. Hughes, J. M. Hughes, Spillman, Holland, Kincheloe, Woodfin, Strauss, Bowe, and Oliver.

The trustees, at their semi-annual meeting, made an appropriation to the team for equipment, and Manager Provence has ordered an entire new outfit, including uniforms, gloves, bats, balls, and other paraphernalia.

The team this year will be better equipped than it has been for several years.

The first game of the season is with University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, on March 23d. The next important dates are four games during the Easter holidays. They are with Lehigh on Friday, the 5th (Good Friday); Gettysburg College, Saturday, and University of Pennsylvania Easter Monday and Tuesday.

The remainder of the schedule includes games with Episcopal High School, St. Albans, University of North Carolina, Maryland Agricultural and Mechanical College, University
of Maryland, Randolph-Macon, Hampden-Sidney, and a trip to North Carolina, taking in Wake Forest College, North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College, and others.

KAPPA ALPHA BANQUET.

The Eta Chapter of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity gave a banquet at the Jefferson on January 16th.

The banquet was one of the most successful they ever had. Those present were Ernest Buxton, Tyler Hundley, Douglas Ellyson, Julian Jones, M. Lankford, Abner Pope, John Swartwout, Kyle Morison, and Charlie Bowe, the men composing this year's Chapter.

The following was the menu: Lynnhavens, salted almonds, olives, chicken essence (in cup); broiled striped bass, maitre d'hôtel; Julienne potatoes; esquire croquettes with small peas; filet mignon, au madeire; pommes nouvelles; choux-fleur, au gratin; harlequin ice-cream, mixed cakes, crackers, Roquefort cheese, and coffee.

The Kappa Alpha Fraternity is the largest fraternity that is confined exclusively to the South, and has chapters in all the leading colleges and universities in the Southern States. The Kappa Alpha bi-ennial convention will be held in Richmond the latter part of June, at which time delegates from all the chapters will meet here to regulate the affairs of the fraternity at large. Besides the chapters at the colleges and universities, there are a good many alumni chapters.

PHI KAPPA SIGMA BANQUET.

The alumni banquet of the Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity was held at the Jefferson on the 9th of March. Hon. Claude Swanson was the guest of honor on that occasion and the principal speaker.
ON THE CAMPUS.

Members from the University of Virginia, the University College of Medicine, and the Medical College of Virginia were present. Besides Mr. Swanson, State Senator Joseph Whitehead and Dr. Rawley W. Martin, of Chatham, attended, as did Nelson S. Groome, of Hampton.


At a meeting of the Class of 1900, held in the Assembly Hall on February 14th, the following officers were elected: J. Harry Rew, President; Henry Martin, Vice-President; C. S. Pitt, Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. L. H. Walton was elected orator and Mr. W. Russell Owen historian of the Academic Class, while Mr. J. T. Lewis was chosen orator and Mr. R. D. White historian of the Law Class.

It pains us to have to chronicle the deaths of three of our number since the last issue of THE MESSENGER. They are S. D. Frazer, J. A. Perdue, and J. W. Faris. A gloom has been cast over the College by the departure from our midst of these beloved men. The health of the College has been unusually good during the present session, though the fatality has been larger than ever before.

R. E. Chambers, missionary to China, is now in Virginia, and we are glad of the good tidings from him. The members of the Mu Sigma Rho Society are especially interested in his success, since he was once a member of that society.

Mr. E. T. Poulson, who was elected editor-in-chief of THE MESSENGER for 1901-'02, much to the regret of his many
friends, has found it necessary to resign. His successor has not yet been chosen.

C. W. Duke, '93, has resigned at Immanuel Baptist Church, Baltimore, to accept the pastorate of the church in Elizabeth City, N. C. Dr. S. C. Mitchell supplied this pulpit a few Sundays ago.

Rev. L. J. Haley, of Louisa, who has been spoken of for the Constitutional Convention, is an alumnus of Richmond College, and was once president of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society.

Hon. E. E. Holland, who was once a student here, is now Commonwealth's Attorney of Nansemond county. He is one of the leading men at the bar in Tidewater Virginia.

Dr. F. C. McConnell held a meeting at the College a few weeks ago. His preaching was thoroughly enjoyed, and much good was undoubtedly accomplished.

His many friends are grieved to hear of the extreme illness of Prof. C. L. Cocke, of Hollins Institute. Professor Cocke is an alumnus of this College.

Rev. J. D. Harte, of Second Church, Petersburg, is aiding Dr. J. B. Hutson in a meeting this week. He was once a student at Richmond College.

Fred. W. Moore, '00, was on the campus a few days last week. From all reports, he is doing very well at the South-Side Female Institute.

H. G. Noffsinger, '99, is assistant principal of Windsor Academy, which has the largest enrollment in the history of the school.

Rev. J. P. Essex has resigned as pastor of the Beaver Dam Church, in Isle of Wight county, to accept a call from West Virginia.
R. R. Acree, D. D., '74, a pastor in Tennessee, recently declined a call to the First Baptist Church in Newport News.

J. W. Fleet, '79, was elected judge of King and Queen County Court at the late session of the General Assembly.

G. C. Smith was on the campus a few days ago. He is pastor of Newville and Black Creek Baptist Churches.

Thomas N. Jones, '68, is the Representative of Isle of Wight county in the House of Delegates.

John Jeter Hurt is in Louisville, attending the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

Mr. T. T. Belote, who has been confined to his room for some days, is again out.

Prof. S. C. Mitchell is supplying the pulpit of Immanuel Church, in this city.

Charles Reade Moses has a flourishing academy at Rural Retreat.

Mr. L. H. Walton is suffering from a slight attack of the grippe.

Judge C. E. Nicol, of the Circuit Court, was a student here in '72.

H. L. Norfleet, '99, is practicing law in Cuba.

W. T. Creath has a charge at Elmo, Va.
Examination on criminal law was held Wednesday, February 13th, by Professor Minor, in the law lecture-room, but was reduced to secondary importance by the election of class officers. Monday evening, February 11th, the fight began, and a few days before, when an attempt was made to caucus the Law Class in favor of Mr. H. O. DeShields for President of the Senior Class (law and academic), it failed. On the 11th, after a heated factional fight, Mr. Roy D. White was elected historian, and some weeks later, after repeated attempts had been made to elect an orator, Mr. J. T. Lewis was finally chosen. In the selection of Mr. Rew for President of the Senior Class, we vouch the statement that every member of our department feels that no better choice could have been made, and that the honor could not have been more fittingly conferred upon any other gentleman in the class.

Mr. E. C. Gathright, of this city, joined the class at the beginning of the second half session. Mr. Gathright is taking both classes.

Examination on Second Minor, Law of Real Property, will be held by Judge Gregory in the chapel on March 7th.

Mr. A. B. Harris, of Mecklenburg county, has also matriculated for both classes for the remainder of the session.

Mr. Cussons, better known as “Chris,” who has been sick for the past month, is again attending lectures.

Mr. G. G. Isaacs has returned to his home, in Russell county, where he will practice his profession.
The February issue of the Messenger being somewhat late in making its appearance, we have received quite a number of magazines of a contemporary issue with this, which we have greatly enjoyed reading. On the whole, the magazines of February seem to contain articles of a far higher order of excellence than those of January. The January magazines, owing possibly to the extra amount of energy which most editors put on their Christmas issue, were decidedly mediocre in quality, and we are delighted to see this obvious improvement in the February numbers. Some of our magazines are subject to wide fluctuations in the quality of their contents from issue to issue. We are well aware what a great difficulty it is to avoid this, since most editors are given only a very limited quantity from which to select; but it would certainly be of advantage to any college magazine to establish for itself a literary standard, and to always force itself to meet this standard.

The University of Virginia Magazine comes very near to being just what a college magazine should be. It is a great big magazine, attractive and up-to-date in its get-up, and full of articles which are not merely readable, but interesting, and the tout ensemble is happily rounded out in student interest. The best article of the issue is "Two Elements of a Literary Atmosphere, and Virginia's Title to Them," by John Walter Wayland. The article is nicely expressed, and contains a thought which is quite new. After dwelling briefly upon the artistic and literary spirit which prevails in such countries as Italy, Switzerland, the Rhine Valley, Palestine, and Granada, and accounting to some extent for the existence of that spirit on the ground of natural scenery and historic associations, the author goes on to show how we may find the same elements here among our
own native hills of Virginia. He cites numerous instances in our literature in which these elements have already shown their influences, nor does he think that these influences have been fully expended in Virginia, for he goes on to say:

"We may safely say, therefore, that the places in Virginia that are now most celebrated in literature, either because of their natural beauty, or because of their storied past, or because of a combination of both, will have become, a hundred years hence, still more celebrated."

"The Gargoyle," a story by John H. Powell, is curious, and, while rather lacking in point, is decidedly well written. "The Youth of King Henry V." is an interesting and instructive study in Shakespeare. "His Midnight Visitor" is decidedly the best piece of fiction of the month.

"A Sketch of the Works of Poe," in the Wake Forest Student, is an essay on a very much over-written subject, and contains nothing that we have not heard from infancy. It seems to us that about the only field in Poe’s life which has been left comparatively untouched is that of his connection with the Southern Literary Messenger. There are men in Richmond to-day who were personally and intimately acquainted with Poe during his connection with that paper, and who have a vast amount of interesting and valuable information about Poe which it would be worth any one's time to gather. Fifteen years from now, when these men are dead, such information, gleaned from a personal contact with the greatest literary genius of America, will be of inestimable value. But this only en passant. "Mr. Rocher" is an interesting character sketch in the same magazine, while "Moses, a Slavery Story," is a very superior bit of fiction. The poetry of the issue is scarce and only fair.

We are ardent advocates, as we have previously stated in this department, of never sacrificing the quality of the matter which goes to make up our college magazines for the
sake of quantity, but we are not altogether sure that the *Southern Collegian* has not been a little too particular in the February issue, which numbers only thirty pages. We must add, however, that this magazine is one of the most readable that we have received. “Parallels That Intersect” is the subject of an attack by Mr. John Treefax on an article by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, which appeared in *The Contemporary Review*, and which is entitled “The War in South Africa and the American Civil War.” The article is forceful and well written, while the argument is equally well sustained. “Tito Nelema—A Character Study” is well handled and interesting, for surely, to any one who has ever read “Romola,” its characters are ever afterward realities. “An Offer Rejected” is very humorous.

We welcome the *State Normal Magazine*, as showing what Southern women can accomplish in the line of college publications. This magazine is one of the very best that has come to us, being at once beautiful in appearance and instructive in contents. We find, among other things, an account of the Southern Educational Convention, which met in Richmond during the Christmas holidays, and in this account we find the following: “City Superintendent Fox welcomed us to the city of Richmond, * * * * the cradle of education (?).” Could he have forgotten Greensboro?

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* contains some very creditable fiction, though its poetry is by no means up to the standard, either in quality or quantity. This magazine always impresses us with its neatness, but the cover which is being used now is far from an improvement on the cover of last year, or, for that matter, of the year before that.

The *Buff and Blue* of February contains little to commend itself, but let us charitably hope for better things from our friends in Washington.
Clippings.

DOZING.

Oh, that sweet delicious moment just before we fall asleep,
When we know that faithful reason fails its constant watch to keep,
When our thoughts go slipping from us far away from our control,
And the reign of dreamy fancy holds dominion o’er the soul.
Great white ships go sailing past us on a foam-flecked sea of blue;
Fairy sunbeams dance in meadows shining with the morning dew;
Forms familiar flit before us in grotesque, fantastic shapes,
While the mystic light of dreamland all the world in dimness drapes.
Life’s a hazy, dreamy something, too unreal to be defined;
Heaven and Earth are sweetly blended, joy and sorrow intertwined,
Pain and parting are forgotten, toil and trouble fade away,
And we feel the bliss of being nor remember we are clay.

Oh, that through life’s weary hours we might all the calmness keep
Of that sweet delightful moment just before we fall asleep.
—Denison, in the Southern Collegian.

CAESARINE.

She came, she saw, she conquered,
But I was not her foe.
I came, I saw, was conquered,
And now I am her beau.

—William and Mary Monthly.
UNCLE'S CHRISTMAS.

O dey's gwine ter be a scrumpshus time
At dis hyar Chris'mus dinner,
Kaze dat possum's been a roastin'
Wid de sweet pertaters in 'er:
En de chillun on de flo'
Ez er sniffin' mo' en mo',
En de wishbone ez a-hangin' on de beam across de do'.

O dey's gwine ter be a feastin',
En it's comin' in a minute,
Kaze de turkey in de uben
En de stuffin' sho'ly in it;
En de good Lawd know
Dat de pone's jes so,
En de wishbone ez a-hangin' on de beam across de do'.

—Richard P. Whitely, in Georgetown College Journal.

LOST TRUTH.

When poverty, the maiden cries,
Comes tapping at the door,
They say that through the window flies
All love that reigned before.

But still the truth from this I fear,
Since papa failed, has fled,
For now I love the millionaire
I once refused to wed.

—Notre Dame Scholastic.

AFTERMATH.

Sadly and coldly the winter wind's blowing;
The strength and the glory of autumn are past;
A splotch of red leaves on the bare earth is glowing,
'Tis the life-blood of Nature that ebbs away fast.
Lonely, ah, lonely, in solitude sitting
Before the dull embers all turning to gray,
I dream of the hopes that from me are flitting
Like summer and autumn so swiftly away.

My life with its fulness of joy and of sorrow
Is slowly, wearily, nearing its end;
In calmness I wait for the joy of the morrow
That the Angel of Death alone can extend.

Moaning, the wild wind has sunk now to rest,
The fire on the hearth long since has grown cold,
But still I dream on the peace of the blest
That comes in the new life, after the old.

—L. R. W., in the University of Virginia Magazine.

JA GAWIS.

He was a first year normal lad,
With his own importance quite impressed.
Of all the studies that he had,
He said he liked the German best.

He strolled one day along the street,
His "girl" he chanced to see;
With charming smile, she looked so sweet;
"Hello, meine lieblichste," said he.

The lady frowned and passed him by;
The lad was in dismay;
Then turning said, with a quivering sigh:
"Mein liebes kind, good day."

At those words she turned her head,
The chilly frown had flown.
The lad felt brave and softly said:
"Aufwiedersehen, mein own."
Like pleasant dreams the autumn days
Were gone, and chill winds blew;
But his heart was warm with hope's bright rays,
Each day learned something new.

Again they met. He had grown quite bold,
And said: "Ich liebe dich."
Says she, "Why, that is a story old;
Alle Hunde lieben mich!"

—V., in William and Mary Monthly.

"Our last month's gas bill was just frightful,"
Said Mary to her beau.
The young man rose with smile delightful
And turned the gas down low.—Ex.
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