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Envy.

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

As in the hot breath of the desert blast
The hardiest flow'rs are stricken in their bloom,
So droop the purest souls and wither fast
When fanned by Envy's searing touch of doom.

An Article in Favor of Submission.

BY PARKE P. DEANS.

AFTER years of mature consideration, the voice of the
people has called into existence a deliberative body to
enact a new Constitution, to take the place of the defective
one under which we have lived since the dark days of recon­struction. Never, perhaps, in the history of our grand old
State has such a distinguished body, drawn from all the
honored walks of life, gathered in our beautiful and historic
capital city. After many months of diligent application,
their faithful labors are nearly completed. A Constitution,
the product of giant minds, is about ready for our State.

What shall become of this Constitution? We answer that
we trust it may soon be the organic law of our Common­wealth. We are all agreed on this proposition, whatever dif­ferences of opinion may exist on minor points. Give us this
Constitution as our chart and guide, and Virginia will enjoy
greater prosperity than in the past. But with all our confi—
dence in the wisdom of our Constitutional Convention, we are unwilling for them to proclaim the Constitution. Let them submit their work, for ratification or rejection, to the same people whose suffrages called them into existence. If thus they shall do, they will be honored by their fellow-citizens, and the pages of history will record it to their praise.

*It is not a question of mere sentiment.* I know it has been the longing aspiration of our noble white constituency that we should so restrict the right of suffrage that the reins of government may remain for all time securely in the hands of the intelligent white voters of our State, thus guaranteeing the control and supremacy of our Anglo-Saxon citizenship. These weary labors point to a successful issue. Let us not rush too hastily to grasp this boon, regardless of the means by which it is obtained. Let us not lay aside reason and judgment, which unerringly point to the only right way—viz., submission to the vote of the people.

*It is not a question of simple expediency.* I know how easy it is for us to persuade ourselves to believe that it is expedient to proclaim this Constitution, whereby we will securely hold the vantage ground we now have. There is a popular notion that we should follow the path of expediency in our actions. Expedient things are desirable, provided they do not antagonize higher laws of nature. Casual expediency may point to the proclamation of this Constitution as the safest and easiest way, but such an action will be confronted with serious difficulties.

*It is not a question of power.* We will all agree that the Convention can proclaim their work. It is a body of great powers. What a dangerous weapon is power when used to oppress the weak. Our subjection for a generation to our present Constitution was the result of our inability. We fear, hate, and despise despotic power. Let us not have a Constitution imposed upon us regardless of our consent.

*It is not a question of party supremacy.* We owe a debt
of gratitude to the party in power for its fostering help. The prosperity of our State is largely due to their supremacy and control, and long may it continue in the same patriotic hands. Shall we violate justice and right, that our noble party may be saved? We answer, No, never. We deny that party success is involved in this issue.

*It is not even a question of the success or failure of this Constitution.* I know this is a strong and grave assertion. As earnestly as we wish for its adoption, we would be unwilling to see its success attained by unfair and deceptive means. It is a false and dangerous theory that the end justifies the means. Let us not bequeath to posterity a Constitution obtained by at least questionable means.

*It is not a question of necessity in any respect.* From whatever standpoint we may view it, there is no need for arbitrary or undemocratic legislation. We have no fears for the safety of our old State. The same wise and steady Power above us, which guided her through the perils of the past, will still direct her course. Moreover, there will be no danger, as the reins of power are still in the hands of the party which has so often triumphed at the polls.

It is a great and vital question of right and justice and duty which confronts us. In our humble opinion these demand that the Constitution should be submitted to the present electorate for ratification or rejection.

*The Constitutional Convention derives its power from the people, and to them it is responsible.* They are the servants of the people. They enact laws by the consent of the people. In the very nature of things it appears thoroughly absurd that they can declare themselves independent of the people. They were called into existence by the voice of the people.

*The people never intended that the Constitution should be proclaimed.* Much was written and spoken concerning the importance of the call and the qualifications of the men who should compose the body, yet not one word was seriously
uttered implying the possibility of their action independent of the people.

*There was nothing in the act of the Legislature, submitting the call of the Convention to the vote of the people,* implying the possibility of proclamation. With every assurance of submission the election was held. With the strongest efforts used, there was a small vote. The call was sustained by a majority slightly less than 17,000. I do not think that any intelligent citizen believes that the call would have been sustained if they had suspected a proclamation of the document.

*The Democratic party, assembled in convention in May, 1900, at Norfolk, pledged its submission.* There is no possibility of misunderstanding their meaning when they said that the "Constitution, when framed, should be submitted to a vote of the people, for ratification or rejection." What has the pledge of the Democratic party to do with this question? I reply, much in every way. It was by a vote of the Democratic members of the Legislature that the Convention was called. It was made a party question, and by their votes the call was sustained. The Democratic party will be held responsible for the issues of this body. Their pledge demands its submission. They may violate their pledge, but rest assured that a deceived people will make them rue the day of their action. As I have already said, it is not a question of party supremacy, but party faith, unbroken and unsullied.

*Our leading statesmen have declared that the Constitution should be submitted.* Recall the exciting campaign of our last State election. A murmur had arisen from the mountains to the seashore that the Convention might proclaim the Constitution. So deep was this note, that it caused some fear for the success of the Democratic party. Everywhere campaign speakers assured the people of its submission. No abler, purer, or more eloquent Governor ever filled the chair of the chief executive of our State than the present incumbent. The beloved Governor Montague, an alumnus and
trustee of Richmond College, declared in the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot: "I will favor no plan which will take from the people the right to pass upon the adoption or rejection of a Constitution."

If the pledges and promises of the Democratic party mean anything, we are unmistakably committed to submission. All the power rests with the people. The people are willing that their legislative bodies shall enact common statute laws, but rightly reserve to themselves the enactment of organic laws. May the time never come when the inherent principles of Democratic government shall be wrested from the grasp of the people. It is a strong bulwark of our liberty.

This demand for submission means submission to the present electorate. We dismiss with only a passing notice the possibility of submission to an abridged electorate. We are living under a Constitution which is the law of the State until a new one is adopted. Our present Constitution knows no abridged electorate in the sense intended in this argument.

Let us pass to notice the precedents afforded us in the history of Virginia and her sister States.

What has been Virginia's course in the past? This is not her first experience.

Her Constitution framed in 1776 was proclaimed. In the very nature of things it could not be submitted. She was passing through the throes of the Revolution.

With the exception of this Constitution, born in stormy times and under the rumbling of war clouds, the other Constitutions were submitted to the people; even the Alexandria Underwood Constitution was submitted. That memorable campaign, under the leadership of Gilbert C. Walker, is fresh in the memories of many of our oldest citizens. Our fathers gave no uncertain sound as to their belief of rights. These conventions were composed of men who would do honor to any age or people. They recognized the people's right of enactment. Have we become wiser than our fathers? Or are
we drifting, consciously or unconsciously, towards centralization of power, and removing farther and farther from the rights of the people? We cannot close our eyes to the fact that that is the tendency of the times. In the march of events, our nation and our State are tending toward placing the yoke of authority upon those who have had no voice in its choice. Is not that grand palladium of republican government, the consent of the governed, in danger? Let not Virginia depart from the old landmarks.

Virginia is among the last of the reconstructed States to revise her Constitution. She has borne long and patiently the incubus upon her shoulders. Our Southern States have long felt it was absolutely necessary for them to restrict their suffrage, that they might rid themselves of the horde of ignorant voters. A majority of these States, be it said to their credit, submitted their Constitutions for ratification or rejection. They dared to do this in the face of the large numbers of ignorant blacks marshalled at the polls against them. Shall Virginia, the mother of States and statesmen, do less than her sister States?

All eyes are turned toward Virginia, not only of the States of the South, but of the whole Union. More has been expected of her and her law-makers than of any other State. Right well have they measured up to this responsibility. For many months they have grappled with the difficult problems of suffrage and kindred topics. They have solved them, we believe, to the satisfaction of their enlightened constituents. They will give us a Constitution which will stand the test of the highest judicial courts. All honor to these men who have wrought so well. We do not censure them for their long delay. Let them now put the crowning act upon their faithful labors by submitting the Constitution to the people. If so, we fear not the result, but in due time the people will render their verdict: "Well done, thou good and faithful ser-
AN ARTICLE IN FAVOR OF SUBMISSION.

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vants; henceforth you shall be enshrined in the loving memory of Virginia's sons and daughters."

I shrink from the contemplation of the opposite course, if they, independent of the people, shall proclaim the Constitution. If they shall, in substance, say to the people: "You called us into existence, under the solemn pledge of a great party to which we belong, that we would submit our work to you. When you became tired and uneasy, our great statesmen eloquently proclaimed it from the mountains to the seaboard that we would yet proclaim it. You had a right, too, to expect it, judging Virginia by her past history. You honestly thought that Virginia's Convention would not do less than her sister States. As loyal Virginians, proud of your birthright and heritage, you had full confidence in us. 'Tis true, also, you had the example of the Federal Union, with all its tendency to centralization, submitting the amendments to their Constitution to the States, their constituents. We, the members of the Convention, have calmly considered all these things, and have decided to ignore them, and to proclaim our Constitution as the organic law of Virginia. We believe it is expedient, as the mass of disfranchised and disgruntled voters may defeat us at the polls." To this methinks I hear the reply of the deceived voters: "What have you to fear? No Constitution in our sister States was lost at the polls. Follow their example."

I have no such forebodings. I have too much confidence in the wisdom and integrity of our law-makers. Our hopes and aspirations point us to the happy consummation of their work. They will soon complete their labors. I believe they will hand it over to the people. When, in the coming days of spring-time, all nature shall put on her most beautiful garb and the birds in the forest sound their joyful notes, our sons and daughters in songs of praise shall extol the excellency of this Constitution, and exhort the voters of our State to endorse it at the polls. Then victory will come. With a Con-
stitution ratified by the people, Virginia, ever great, whether in peace or war, now more fondly loved by her loyal sons, will enter upon a new era in prosperity. The blood of sires who rendered Virginia famous in the past still flows in the veins of her sons.

Gentlemen of the Convention, we beg you to give us the opportunity to vote upon this Constitution, and we will put the seal of approval to the same, and thank you sincerely for your work, and exhort coming generations to do the same.

The Confession of Sir Caleb Courtnay.

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

CHAPTER III.

_THERE_ is a sense of infinite weariness, of heavy burdens, to one just reviving from a spell of profound stupor. The feeling is, I have often imagined, as of a soul, suspended in the abyss of space, struggling into the consciousness of being and fighting back the oppressive mists that close around. One in a certain way, and until the mind is fully clear, experiences the sensation of being born. Thus it was with me when reason first lighted my beclouded brain after that memorable fight in the inn. Twice since have I felt myself thus recalled from the depths—once in a great fight off the coast of Spain, and the other after being swung by the neck in a French halter for full ten minutes—and the experiences have been so painful that I trust no power will bring me back on the fourth occasion.

There were voices near me—a mumbling at first, then finally articulate words. I had, however, no sensation of the body and the ability to move. For that matter, I had no desire to do so. I was conscious only of being, of certain vague notions as to time and space, and of talking in the re-
mote distance. The tones were clear and soft, though rather with the softness of subdued and far-off thunder. Gradually the voices drew nearer, nearer, nearer; and I took interest in what they were saying. But the blackness and paralysis of will yet held me.

"The King is furious," said one, "for Northampton was his favorite. None knew so well how to please the Hanoverian; none knew so well how to act the interpreter. His Majesty will miss him sadly when he would converse freely with his ministers."

"Aye," answered the other, "I fear 'twill fare evil with the youth, for His Grace's family is deeply embittered and will press the case before the House of Lords. If we take Northampton's dying words, it seemeth a clear case of murder. I knew the lad's father, though—and a goodly man he was, too—and trust that he may clear himself upon recovery. Would that Devonshire and the Marquis were here."

"His fate lieth upon their testimony," replied the first voice. "Unfortunately, they are in France, and a good month, at best, will elapse ere they can be communicated with."

"And why so long? A special messenger will bring—"

"Thou hast forgotten they go on an errand of state. Apparently their mission is to that wild boar, Frederick William, at Konigsberg, with no other purpose than to deliver eight giants and a sack of fine tobacco. But methinks there is a deeper meaning. Any rate, their journey's course is a profound secret."

"To the devil with his Potsdam giants; the whole regiment will break before my Highlanders. Devonshire was to join me next week for a hunt on my Scottish lands. Now here he is tramping over half Prussia, with eight Irish hulks in tow as luggage." And the owner of the voice brought his sword sharply to the floor.

At the clatter my reason came to me. The harsh rattle
startled me, the clouds rolled away from my vision, and I moved.

"Softly, softly," cried the other; "thou wouldst rouse the dead, and here we have a fevered patient in our charge. The King—"

"And by the gods," he laughed, moving toward my bed, "the dead has come back. He has opened his eyes, and moves. Jeremy's physic was all-powerful." He leaned over me and pressed a cool hand on my brow. "I give thee good evening," he said; "thou art—"

As he spoke my memory returned, the fight came up before me, and I realized the import of the conversation I had heard. "Is he dead, then?" I cried, starting from my pillow.

"Dead," answered he, pushing me back upon the sheets. No hand was needed, for I sank, all a-weakened and with a horror on my soul. "Dead," I repeated, "dead—dead!" A mist came before my eyes and I felt myself slipping again into the unknown. "Dead—dead," pulsated on mine ears. Then strong hands lifted me, and a spoon was pressed between my lips. The sinking was stayed and my senses grew stronger. "Dead," I said again.

"Thou shalt know all when thou wakest," said the voice. And then I slept.

When I waked, the moon, barely two hours above the east, was streaming brightly through the casement near my bed, and her silvery rays illumined a belt of the darkened room. Through the pane I could see the cross of gold on St. Mary's, glimmering in the moonlight. The symbol fascinated me, and I lay long with mine eyes fixed upon it.

My senses were strangely clear, and I felt in fine fettle, save that my wounded side was stiff and sore. My head also pained me, and, pressing my hand to my brow, I found it tightly bandaged. The situation flashed upon me. In tripping, I had struck my head, and hence my unconsciousness.
'Twas a blessing to me, however—that blow. I was spared feeling the humiliation of being arrested, though now, as it all came back to me, my pride wilted beneath the knowledge.

As I lay thus, motionless, and wrapped in gloomy reflections, I heard the sounds of persons talking beneath the casement. Too weak I was to draw myself completely up, but I twisted toward the window, and rested my head on the sill, with the hope of overhearing the conversation. But the sash was tight and I could not catch a word; so I contented myself with gazing at the narrow stretch of moon-lit highland which I could see glimmering between the tower and a neighboring building. Beautiful was the scene—the stately church, the ghostly house-tops, the fields beyond, and the mellow light over all. Beautiful it was, I say, and often had I watched it from my college room. But familiar as it was to me, I did not dream of my exact locality. I had a hazy and well-contented idea of being in my relative's house, and of thus remaining until Devonshire and the Marquis should return and vindicate me.

Suddenly, as I listened, I heard the tramp and clatter of armed men. Six there were in the squad, I judged. They halted directly beneath my window, their swords clanging on the stone pavement and making an unearthly din on the quiet night. The clock in the tower chimed three. I heard a quick salute given, and then a marching away. With a groan my head slipped from the wood to the pillow. For the first time I realized my position. I was in jail, in the keep, the castle—the upper right-hand corner room, facing the river—and by the King's order. Small comfort that I was not with the common herd below! It was enough that I was jailed. Then the conversation came back to me, the charge of murder, the King's angry displeasure, and my kinsman's prolonged absence. I rose to my elbow and cursed my fate.
"Didst thou call, my lord?" came a gentle voice from the shadowy side of the room. "I was sleeping."

In my surprise I sat upright, and straightway fell back, weakened by the attempt.

"And who the devil art thou?" I exclaimed.

"I am Sally," was the answer, simply.

I could not help smiling. "Thou art definite, sweet Sally," I said.

"Sally, the jailor's girl," she replied.

"Then come closer, my lass," said I. "I would see the owner of such a silvery voice." She crossed the room and stood in the bright path near my bed, a large bunch of keys by her side jingling as she moved.

"Is there aught thou needest?" she asked.

As the girl stood in the moon-beams there I verily thought an angel hovered over me. She was tall and slender, yet with a good figure, and was clad in a loose-fitting dress of white, gathered prettily in around her shapely waist, but carelessly open at the throat, and disclosing a perfect neck and a snowy bit of shoulder. Her features were clear and sensitively drawn, though classical in their regularity, and her forehead, broad and lofty, surmounted a pair of eyes that, even in the dim light, I could see were extraordinarily beautiful. And streaming down her back and freely over her bosom, enshrining her lovely face in a frame of gold, her wealth of tresses hung. For a moment I gazed at her.

"Dost know thou art beautiful?" I said. I expected her to answer boldly and with a retort, like a jailor's girl, although her countenance was refined. But a startled expression flashed in her eyes, and instinctively she drew back.

"Dost thou want anything, my lord?" she repeated.

"Aye," said I, cursing my affrontery, for I perceived she was of a delicate mind; "a glass of water. I am perished of thirst, and too weak to reach yon jug upon my table."

She poured the draught, then turned to cross the room.
"Stay," I said; "draw up thy chair and talk with me."

She did so, as if obeying a resistless command, and sat near the table, never speaking a word.

"Is it long that I have been sick?" I asked.

"'Twas last night thou wast wounded. But Jeremy predicts thou wilt be well ere a week's time."

"Good," I said; "I hate confinement."

A sad smile flitted across her face. Its meaning was plain to me.

"Ah!" I exclaimed bitterly: "I forgot that I am jailed."

The smile deepened in its sadness, so I thought to cheer her, and said, "But thou wilt prove a gentle jailor," and capped it with a quotation.

"My father has the ague, and my mother is with him, so I was sent to watch thee," she answered simply. Then she added, "The King is very angry."

A tear glistened on her cheek as she spoke, and she turned her head. The girl's sympathy touched me, and, as her talk proved her a wide-awake lass, I thought to question her, for my anxiety, fanned by suffering, was well nigh unbearable. A second tear-drop followed the first.

"Why weepest thou?" I asked. I have often wondered at the reason. Maybe, by woman's strange gift, she divined my future; or maybe it was that she feared the King's influence and pitied me, for she knew that I was of noble birth. In after years I questioned her, but she always gave the same old answer. At the time I marveled that she, used to such scenes, should so pity a stranger; but subsequent events threw a light on affairs. But that is to come hereafter.

"I am sorry for thee," she said, confused at her emotion.

"Thou art a kind girl. Has His Majesty given indications of what he intends doing?"

"Lord Carrington, who was with thee this afternoon, said he was raging and swearing to have thee sent to the block."

"The block!" I exclaimed. "He cannot at his will!"
“That is what vexeth him,” she answered. “He has roundly abused the waning of kingly power, and sweareth that no stone shall be left unturned to secure thy conviction. But thou wilt be tried before thy peers. His Majesty has been in consultation with His Grace’s brother this very evening.”

“And the Duke?” I asked.

“His body was taken home this morning. Pri’thee,” smiling, “thou hast raised a turmoil, and art the subject of much gossip.”

“Thou art a wise girl—”

“Not wise,” she interrupted; “mine ears are keen, my memory good, and our noble lords of Carrington and Duffield made no secret of their discussion.”

“And speakest well for a jailor’s wenches,” I finished.

“My mother was a lady, and had lofty thoughts for me,” she answered. The words were spoken sadly, and with a singular sweetness of tone. “My mother was a lady,” she said again. But I was lost in painful musings, and paid little attention to her. So she sat silent.

As I lay and thought over my position my gloom grew deeper. Northampton had been all-powerful at court, being the King’s favorite, and had possessed many friends. His Majesty was enraged against me, and, besides, my chiefest danger, circumstances strongly pointed to my guilt. Devonshire and the Marquis alone could save me. On this I hinged my hope, comforting myself that their return would straighten matters. After an hour’s reflection, so convinced was I of this that my certain expulsion from college became the uppermost trouble on my mind. Maybe the wild-goose chase on the Continent would terminate sooner than expected, and my release but awaited the Earl’s return. And it was possible that my father could bring pressure to bear at court, and obtain permission for me, as soon as my wound grew better, to travel home, and there remain until the inquiry.
Though these reflections soothed me somewhat, yet I was in a terrible state, my mind being borne down by the consciousness of having killed a man, and continually picturing the Duke as he lay, all bloody and dying, amid the upturned furniture. The sight of blood was new to me then.

As if following my thought, the girl said, "The doctors meet to-morrow to consider thine expulsion from college."

"Their decision has hardly to be questioned," said I, bitterly. "Has my father been sent for?" I had taken it for granted.

"A messenger," she answered, "set out in hot haste for him this afternoon, but he cannot reach thee before two days."

"Not ere two days? Well, then, canst thou have Master Lonsdale to visit me on the morrow?"

The girl cast her eyes to the floor.

"'Tis painful," she said, apologetically, "but thou canst see no one. The King has spoken, and my father is a strict man. Moreover, he dare not break the King's will. Master Lonsdale, with good two-score of thine other classmen, called this evening to see thee. But the King has ordered otherwise."

"So there is nothing to do but wait," I broke forth peevishly; "though curse such unwarranted—"

"But thou art compelled to remain abed at any rate, sir," she said, hoping to soothe me.

"That altereth it not that I am jailed. Yet, hear! Canst thou not remove that tramping guard beneath my window? I need no reminder."

"'Tis his regular beat," she smiled, "and 'tis the King's order."

"Damn the King!" I cried excitedly, for my wound had begun smarting me freely and I was grown feverish. Horrified, the girl drew back. Never shall I forget her expression.

"Thou wouldst curse the King?"

"Pardon me, sweet Sally; I am troubled and ill," said I, "and my brain is wild."
“Then rest thee, sir,” she said, rising. “Thy pulse is quickening and ’tis not a good omen. Drink of this.” So saying, she pressed a mixture to my lips, and, with the memory of that gentle pressure on my brow, I dropped off into a dreamless slumber, and slept soundly until the next morning, when the sun, shining directly in through the lattice-work, awakened me. But my fair nurse had disappeared.

All that day long I tossed restlessly on my bed, anxious and curious concerning the trending of events, and wished for the girl, that I might gain some information. But in vain did I wait, for I was attended by two louts, who knew less concerning a sick room than so many swine, and who were absolutely silent when I put questions to them of outside affairs. Thus, in a state of nervous suspense, I passed the night and following day, and not until the third morning did I see the jailor’s girl again, when she brought me my breakfast.

“Canst thou not stay?” I said, as she turned to go.

“Where hast thou been?”

“My mother has kept me. I am sorry, but I must hasten.”

Then she called back, cheerily, from adown the corridor: “Thy father will see thee in another hour.”

And sure enough, ere the stroke of 10, my good parent was seated at my side. But a guard stood without, and listened to our talk, commanding us to speak louder when we attempted to converse in low tones.

(To be continued.)

“Seven Deadly Sins” in Literature.

BY W. P. POWELL.

NOTHING is more common in the writings of old authors than a description of “The Seven Deadly Sins.” It furnishes, perhaps, the most striking example possible of the
We find this conception of seven deadly sins implanted in many of the religious beliefs of the past, though often vague and superstitious. The explanation of the preference in number is probably found in the mystical and symbolical use of the number seven both in the Bible and among the principal nations of antiquity. Seven days in creation, seven spirits before the throne of God, "Seven Graces," seven ages in the life of man, "the just fall seven times a day," &c. This frequent occurrence in sacred use is perhaps due to astronomical or rather astrological causes, since observation of the seven planets, the seven stars, and of the phases of the moon changing every seventh day, together with the supposed influence upon human life, would naturally hallow it with a sanctity and mysticism which otherwise it would not have.

Especially did this number play an important part in the superstition of the Middle Ages, and it is consequently here that the description of "The Seven Deadly Sins" figures most conspicuously in literature.

The most notable instances of its occurrences prior to this time are in the Bible and in Xenophon's "Memorabilia." In Proverbs, Solomon makes definite mention of them as follows: "These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto Him: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood; a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations; feet that be swift in running to mischief; a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren."

Numerous are the instances in the Bible from which the idea of seven special sins may be inferred. For instance, the seven penitential psalms, the command given to the leper to dip seven times in Jordan, &c.

It is of special interest, however, to note the fact that in the "Memorabilia" we are told how Socrates, the great
philosopher and "Christian four hundred years before Christ," was accustomed to tell the Athenian youth of seven cardinal virtues and seven deadly sins.

Although this idea has long been prevalent, the categories in which it has variously found expression were never identical until after the time of St. Augustine, who enunciated the seven deadly sins as follows: Pride, lust, envy, wrath, avarice, gluttony, and sloth. These were those sins for which formal ecclesiastical penance was necessary to save the sinners from everlasting punishment, and were opposed to venal sins, for which he might obtain forgiveness by prayer and fasting. Henceforth, especially during the centuries immediately following, this list of the seven deadly sins was to furnish a special subject for the skilled touch of poetic genius, and play an important part in many of the masterpieces of literature.

The distinction of entering into the works of Chaucer, the father of English poetry, would be sufficient to immortalize the account of the seven sins, but the story of them likewise has claims to life and attention; for not only is it stamped with the genius of Chaucer, but with the genius of the reformer, William Langland, who, in the "Vision of Piers the Plowman," voiced the well-nigh hopeless cry of the people against social evils and a corrupt Church. Also it has been treated by Spenser, and by Marlowe, the great dramatist, who adapted blank verse to dramatic purposes, and by many more whose names are linked with achievements in verse and prose.

Of the seven deadly sins, pride seems to have been regarded in every instance as the chief—the root and spring of all the rest—expressed in Shakespeare by ambition, when he said: "Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels"—thus accounting for the origin of sin in the world through the intense pride of Lucifer.

In the "Parsone’s Tale" Chaucer gives us, in a pleasing
and picturesque prose style, a description "de peccatis mortalibus," not so much in their effects as in their active manifestation. The most distinguishing characteristic of his treatment is that, having, with the parson's characteristic verbosity, described each sin in its most repulsive aspect, he offers for each one, with the true instincts of a parson, a special remedy, which, in each case, is a condition opposite to the one expressed by the name of the sin. After a magnificent descant upon the relative rank and importance of pride, he informs us that there are two kinds of pride—one of them within the heart of a man and the other without. The "spices," or manifestations, of the former are disobedience, hypocrisy, arrogance, irreverence, impudence, &c. The latter is manifested in many ways, but chiefly in speech, countenance, and outrageous display of clothing. Pride springs sometimes from the good things of nature, sometimes from the good things of fortune, and sometimes from those of grace. It is, however, extreme folly to let these things cause pride, since they oft prove curses instead of blessings. Understanding, therefore, what pride is, you may understand the remedy, which, of course, is humility.

It is interesting to note that in these descriptions reference is frequently made to the interpretations of the philosopher Aristotle, and in every instance the definition of St. Augustine is given. So, in the description of envy, the Parson says: "According to St. Augustine, 'envy is sorrow of other men's fortunes and joy of their harms.' " Envy differs from all other sins in that it hath no delight in itself, but ever sorrow and anguish. Since envy gives sorrow on account of the prosperity of others, it is a sin against the human race, and, as it causes rejoicing on account of their misfortunes, it is like the devil, who ever rejoices in the sufferings of men. Envy is, therefore, a sin despicable and dangerous, and the only remedy is to love God, your neighbor, and your enemy.

In the description of anger the Parson is particular to dis-
criminate between wrath proper and what is commonly termed "righteous indignation." The latter is wrath without bitterness—wrath not against the man, but his misdeeds. Wrath, however, is not a deadly sin, except when it comes from a wicked heart and has the full consent of reason.

Sloth is represented as making a man gloomy and peevish, and as an enemy to every state of man, since constant activity is essential to the highest existence.

The remaining sins are discussed in substantially the same manner and in entire consistency with the character of the Parson as pictured in Chaucer's "Prologue."

Although there are many points of resemblance between Chaucer's description and that of Langland, the latter is far richer in variety and dramatic incidents.

In his dream "William" sees Reason haranguing "a field full of folk," and attributing to their sins the famine and pestilence which had been infesting the country. And then he sees each of the seven deadly sins come out, and hears them make their confession. Strange to say, no other description is given of pride except that it is represented as a woman, which, no doubt, was deemed sufficient. It is, however, the only one of the entire group thus personified. The treatment of the others is excellent, both in its simplicity and magnificent imagery. In a friar's frock and with a knife by his side, Envy comes out, trembling and "pale as a pellet." His eyes were bleared, and every word that he uttered was of an "adder's tongue." His confession is perfectly candid, attributing to himself the discord among his neighbors, and acknowledging the grief which the prosperity of others caused him. He says, in substance: "If I had my will, God only knows what I would do. When I go to church, and should kneel and pray for the people, then I cry on my knees that Christ will give him sorrow who stole my trinket. Away from the altar then I turn my eyes, and behold how some one has a new dress, and I wish that it were mine. Thus I live loveless,
like a vicious dog, and all my body swells on account of the bitterness of my gall." Continuing in this strain, he enquires whether any but the most violent means could cure him of his moral sickness. This, however, can give us but a faint idea of the merits of Langland's treatment. Only when the original is read in full can it be fully appreciated. It is probably the most comprehensive of them all, representing the sins both in their effects and in their manifestations.

Spenser's treatment of the "Seven Deadly Sins" is too familiar to require from me any detailed account. Suffice it to say that, when read in the spirit of appreciation, there is nothing grander in the English language. In the beauty of its imagery, and the suggestiveness of its allegory, it beggars all description. What more picturesque than the description of the house of Pride, in all its gorgeous glitter and endless riches, and, above all, the magnificent throne on which, clad in royal robes, sat Pride herself?

"A maiden queen that shone like Titan's ray,"

whose beauty dimmed the brightness of her glorious throne, and whose aspirations reached forth to higher than the highest. How dramatic in its action and suggestive in its allegory the procession of the seven deadly sins. When Pride, coming down from her throne, enters the royal coach, drawn by six beasts, on which rode her six sage counsellors, as a guide to all the rest, Idleness rides first upon a "lazy ass," and by his side, on a "filthy swine," rode Gluttony—

"In shape and life more like a monster than a man."

And then comes Lust upon a goat, Avarice upon a camel, Envy upon a ravenous wolf, Wrath upon a lion, and Satan upon the beam, brandishing a whip with which he lashed the lazy team, when Sloth stood still in the mire.

Marlowe, in the "Tragedy of Dr. Faustus," treats the subject of "The Seven Deadly Sins" in a purely humorous
strain. He represents them as summoned directly from hell by Lucifer himself for the amusement of Faustus, whose mind he is trying to divert from contemplations of heaven and repentance. Pride declares that he has no parents, and compares himself to Ovid's flea. Realizing, however, his environments, he disclaimed further to speak unless the ground be perfumed and covered with "cloth of arras." Avarice expresses the desire that the house and all the people in it might turn to gold, that he might lock it up in his good chest. Envy declares that he is lean with seeing others eat.

Gluttony complains of the poverty in which his parents left him—only thirty meals a day and ten beavers. He boasts of his royal parentage, saying that his grandfather was a "Samon of Bacon," his grandmother a "Hogshead of Claret Wine," his godfathers "Peter Pickle Herring and Martin Martlemas Beef," and his godmother was mistress "Margery March Beer."

Again we meet with the seven deadly sins in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," where they figure as noblemen of the "Town of Vanity" and honorable friends of the noble Prince Beelzebub.

Although not attainable, we find mention of an excellent poem entitled "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," by William Dunbar, the greatest of the old Scottish poets. Alexander Smith says of it that, with its fiery rush of imaginative energy, its pictures finished at a stroke, it is a prophecy of Spenser and Collins, and equal to anything they have done.

Among other writings in which this conception finds expression may be mentioned an anonymous poem called "Gye Me Lysens to Lye in Ease" and a poem of the "Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life."

In close connection with the same idea is the work of Dekker, entitled "The Seven Deadly Sins of London," as
also the "Enquiry into Vulgar Errors" of Sir Thomas Brown. "The Seven Deadly Sins," therefore, in connection with literature, is of as much importance as the story of the two noble kinsmen, Palamon and Arcite. Of course the most famous stories in English literature centre around King Arthur.

BUSINESS, THE DOMINATING POWER OF THE WORLD. 283

Business, the Dominating Power of the World.

BY J. P. M'GABE.

SINCE the breaking up of the Roman Empire there have been three ruling powers of the world. From 900 to 1517 the Church was the world's master. By the year 1517 the Church was so corrupted and undermined, and the State had so advanced, that the Church was compelled to give the State the first place in controlling the affairs of the world.

The reign of the State lasted from 1517 to 1776. During this period the State assumed control of both the Church and business.

The year 1776 marks the time when both the Church and State were forced to give the first place to business. From 1776 to the present time designates the business era.

Since the beginning of the business era, labor has entered the contest for the management of the affairs of the world.

At present there are four existing estates in the world. Business holds the first place, the State holds the second, the Church the third, and labor the last. The question now arises, Will the same conditions continue to exist as they are now? Of the four estates, it is least probable that the Church will again predominate. The Church is divided into too many denominations. The Christian sentiment is growing more and more against the Church managing the affairs of government. The Church is not desirous of supreme management of secular affairs, because she now realizes that her mission is
spiritual, and the more spiritual and the less secular she becomes the greater will be her influence for good in the world.

Labor has made rapid progress, and will unquestionably exert a prominent influence in the affairs of the world. But when we consider that the laborer is dependent upon the capitalist for his daily bread; that he must have a number of the wisest and ablest leaders; that he is restless and given to riot when unemployed, we must conclude that it is not probable, if possible, that the laborer will hold the first place in government for centuries to come.

The main contest at present is between the State and business. Business has triumphed in every part of the world except Russia. The State, with the help of a million bayonets, has maintained control of affairs in Russia. The world is against Russia in her position with regard to business. The sentiment of the people of Russia is against her form of government, and it is a question whether or not her million bayonets will fight for her.

Business rules the world. The function of the State is to keep order and protect business. At one time all the wars were fought in behalf of the Church. Later they were fought in defence of the Church. Now they are fought for the benefit and promotion of business. England is fighting in South Africa for the protection of her merchants. Business enterprises are controlling the presidential administrations in the United States.

The Church and State became too tyrannical and fell. Will business become too tyrannical and lose its power? So far business has made the best ruler. The people have enjoyed more freedom, liberty, and happiness than ever before. This would be almost an ideal world if the affairs of the United States should remain as they are and the affairs of the other governments were the same as those of the United States. But business is being organized into trusts. They have a
tendency to oppress labor. Oppression of labor causes riots. What will be the final outcome of business? Will business advance beyond the State's power to keep order and protect business? Will business, in its greed for gain, bring all the world into war? We hope not, and we base our hope in the fact that in almost all the ups and downs of the ages they have resulted for the best interests to the world at large.

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**The Wood's Ventriloquist.**

**BY ROBERT SCOTT HUDGINS, JR.**

There is a sound that greets us  
As we listen in the night,  
Which floats across the moon-lit fields,  
Fair fields of snowy white.

At first it seems as if the note  
Were made by Robert White,  
And swells as if his little throat  
Were bursting with delight.

But, list again! the note is changed;  
And now there seems to be  
Another birdie in his place—  
The wiley Chick-a-dee.

And hark! once more the song is changed,  
His notes now wildly rush;  
This time he calls his closest friend,  
The lively dark Brown Thrush.

His song is changed with every breeze  
That stirs through bowers and trees;  
He calls to all his friends around  
Now hidden 'neath the leaves.
Jester, buffoon—aye, even clown,
Are his titles, great and small—
But of all the birds that fill the grove
You are the wisest of them all.

Dear mocking-bird, with cheery song,
Through wind and rain and mist,
To you alone the name belongs—
The wood's ventriloquist.

The Poetry of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BY JOHN T. DE HART.

Of the long list of authors who have enriched and ennobled American literature by the work left behind them, none are, perhaps, as unappreciated as Ralph Waldo Emerson. Yet of hardly any other American author can it be so confidently assumed that he will hold a place among the universal classics. The class whom he addresses, and whom he directly affects, through his works, are the best. An idealist himself, he is the friend and counsellor of those who hold to the ideal as to the only absolute reality, and who, through the power which they draw from the source of life, have virtue to lift the world from age to age to high levels of thought and action.

He adds but little to the store of thought. His appeal is not so much to the understanding as to the soul of man. He regards thought as an endorsement, not as good in itself, but good for its uses and means. He seeks for absolute values, for what underlies and gives meaning to thought, for the universal of which the individual is the imperfect symbol and representative.

He looks through shams and masks and illusions to the substance beneath them. In this idealistic turn of mind his nature is that of a poet; yet, considering him a poet alone,
there can be but little doubt of great deficiency here. Emerson's poetic genius seems as little modified by conscious will as the genii of the field and wood he loved so well.

His inspiration comes from ideas rather than from actual life. There is nothing in it of a lyrical or dramatic quality. The emotions and interests of individuals do not appeal to him in such a manner as to lead him to seek to give expression to them in his poetry. None of his poems are, in a proper sense, studies of character; none of them are narrative or have to do with events and stories. They are, consequently, not poems of delight or rapture so much as poems of invigoration and strength. It is not men, but man, with which they are concerned—not human nature, but Nature, the mother of us all, whom the poet has studied, and whose aspects and influences he reproduces in his poems.

His poems are peculiarly characteristic of the man—meditative, moving, massive. They are as passionless as the rock-ribbed coast of his New England home.

Especially in poetry do we require pure thought to be well diluted with the human, emotional qualities. In the writing most precious to us how little is definition and intellectual formula, and how much is impulse, emotion, and will-character.

The master minds of the world have seen man, and him not abstractly. Emerson sees him also; but he is not interested in him as a man, but mainly as a spirit, as a demi-god, or as a wit or philosopher. Not an interpreter of motives or passions is he, but rather does he search for their origin.

We have said that the personality of the man was typical of his character. An admirer has said: "Everything about a man like Emerson is important. I find his phrenology and physiognomy more than ordinarily typical and suggestive. Look at his picture there—large, strong features on a small face, no blank spaces, all given up to expression; a high,
predacious nose; a sinewy brow; a massive, benevolent chin. In most men there is more face than feature, but here is a vast deal more feature than face, and a corresponding alertness and emphasis of character. Indeed, the man is made after this fashion. He is all type; his expression is transcendent."

Emerson was, even from the first, more of a speaker and a lecturer than a poet. His peculiar style is subtile; but likewise sharp, firm, and unmistakable. Herein comes that absent quality—I cannot call it fault—the presence of which would make him a great poet. His muse loves to dwell on heights which are the resort of calm and noble thoughts, of pure fancies, and generous sentiment. Yet to one whose taste is gratified and soul respondent, it must be of the utmost good. It will make his ideals more precious and more beautiful to him. If Emerson is anything, he is a moral poet. Yet he writes not to draw a moral, but because he is possessed of a moral sentiment. His strength lies not in the power of his imagination and the vivacity of his fancy, so much as in the dignity of his sentiments.

His poetry comes from a large and pure nature, and it will always be prized most by readers who are most in sympathy with qualities which gain for its author the respect and gratitude of those whose respect and gratitude are best worth having.

"A Good-Night Kiss for Uncle."

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

O fierce the storm is raging from without the inky skies! And I fancy that its wailing is a demon, as he cries To all the hosts of darkness that, in fury breaking out, Traverse the fens and mountain peaks in answer to his shout.
Hour of hours for truant ramblings back beyond the great divide—
Soaring on the wings of fancy far above the shimmering tide!
For the by-gone years are pressing, and I cast aside the law,
As eager as a school-boy at the first sign of the thaw.

The lamp is dimmer burning through its shadings by my bed,
And it tints the upturned faces of the pages I have read;
And the fagot-pine is sputtering, while weird figures on the walls
Are leaping and are grinning as the flaring yellow falls.

So I wrap my robe about me and I drop me in my chair
With that easy regal motion and that self-contented air
One feels when, in the winter, out of doors the wind mounts higher,
As one smokes and dreams one's fancies just before a roaring fire.

Sweet life would lack its essence if 'twere robbed of all its dreams,
And living own but half the golden glory that it seems;
For a retrospective glimpse enjoyed while trudging on the mile
Oft serves to light the pathway and to gladden with a smile.

E'en through the mellow fancies that come trooping in review
Are ghosts of happier moments and of skies that once were blue;
So I wrapped my robe about me, and a sigh the silence broke
As the genii of tobacco bowed their entrance in the smoke.

'Twas many a year ago that on the Rappahannock's bank,
Where grow the weeping willows and the daisies deep and rank,
My brother Joe and I were wont to roam the whole day through,
And tempt the chary sun-fishes, as only boys can do.

Our lives were free and happy, as all country laddies' are;
We fished, we chased the rabbit, and we bathed upon the bar—
With never thought for morrow save the planning of more fun,
And slept the sleep of youngsters ere the night was scarce begun.
But one day a little lady came a-floating down the stream
From where the snow-tipped rapids in the sun-rays leap and gleam;
And she beckoned to us, laughing, as we stood upon the shore,
And told the great black servant, who was dallying at the oar,
To shove the bark in closer, for she wished to have a word
With those beside the river; and we, wondering, stood and heard.
Thus it happened that we met her, in that summer long ago,
Beneath the weeping willows where the merry waters flow.

A neighbor's girl that lassie was, with eyes so big and brown,
And golden tresses dancing 'neath a rose-wreath as a crown—
A neighbor, who but shortly had, upon Culpeper's shore,
Bought large estates, and lived with all the elegance of yore.

Well, after that—it isn't much, and hardly worth your while;
'Tis just the same old story of a tear-drop and a smile—
My brother Joe and I would never let a bright day pass
But that together we went down to meet that little lass.

So passed those happy days as clouds go, fleecy, o'er the sky,
And Joe he loved the little lass—God's help! and so did I!
Our lives are, after all, strange things—'tis useless to debate;
The current swings around a log, and lo! we know our fate.

Those years were swift in flying, were those golden years of yore;
And Joe and I each loved the girl, and so we talked it o'er,
And finally concluded that we'd rest it all with her—
It wouldn't have done for Joe nor me to leave things as they were.

But Joe, my brave old comrade, swore that I should be the first
To cast the dice that fate had wrought in anger so pervers'd;
That even love for her should never come between us two—
The chums of twenty summers and of skies that once were blue.
It happened one commencement night—ah! 'twas the final ball!
For Joe and I through four years' work had roughed and shared it all;
The plaintive music throbbed and swelled, and on its dreamy roll
I floated 'round the floor with one last moment's peace of soul;
For she I held as priceless looked up to my passionate face,
And through a misty veil of tears smiled with her Southern grace—
With a woman's eyes she'd seen the love that was consuming me,
And smiled and wept because she knew that it could never be!
"My love," I whispered, and I drew her closer to my breast,
While surged the waves of passion from my wild heart's deep unrest.
O, the glory of her eyes! And O, the infinite pity there!
In those dim depths I read my fate—and groaned in my despair.
"O, John, forgive!" she murmured, and the cornet caught the phrase,
And I saw as one sees grayly, wrapped about with morning haze;
And the music swelled and deepened and in sobbings died remote,
And my life passed out and skyward on a lingering violin note!
"God help you, John, my brother," said dear Joe to me that night,
When he saw my hard-set features—and he gripped my fingers tight.
The way was rough, I own it, but I faced it for their sakes,
And said "God bless you, Joe, lad!" when one evening, near the lakes,
I saw him standing proudly 'gainst the crimson of the skies,
With one strong arm around the lass, and gazing in her eyes.
O, Joe, my lad! twelve years have flown since that October day,
And I have learned that sorrows have a meaning—in their way!
But hark! there comes a rapping—just a gentle little tap,
That calls me back to earth again from out my semi-nap.
So I heap the merry fagots with an arm of seasoned oak,
And bid farewell to memories and the genii of the smoke,
For my door is gently opened by a little maid in white,
Whose eyes shine deep and tender in the flickering fire-light,
And whose golden tresses streaming with a glory leap and gleam
Like those that brushed my forehead in the passing of my dream.

"A good-night kiss for uncle," says the little lass to me,
As she nestles on my shoulder from her perch upon my knee.
And I press the lassie closer, for comes softly from below
The voice that was of dreamland's realm, a-talking unto Joe!

Hopkins Celebration.

An event of unusual importance in the educational world
was the celebration, on February 21-22, 1902, of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore. That it marked the change of presidents—Dr. Ira Remsen succeeding Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman—may, or may not, mean a great deal for the future of the institution. That it called to one place the presidents and many distinguished scholars of nearly all the great American universities and colleges was a feature of great interest to those who attended. And though it was hoped that the occasion would set influences at work that would restore the institution to its former position of affluence, from which it has declined through the reverses of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the real keynote of the occasion was historical. And such a history has this great institution!

I might speak solely of the revolution which it has wrought in Southern colleges, had it not more significantly, perhaps,
revolutionized the universities of the whole country. Before 1875 there were universities in this country, it is true, but the Hopkins founded and propagated the university in the new sense. By this is meant "the philosophical department, dealing with philology, philosophy, history, economics, mathematics, physics, geology, chemistry," etc., which meets the needs of those who have "a good general training and wish to go forward in the paths of learning, and to become masters of some special branch." The good old days, when a professor could "teach any branch with equal ease," have passed, and the days have come when it is believed that he is a genius who can teach one branch with success. This has been done by the Hopkins. Listen to the words of Dr. Charles Elliott, president of Harvard University, perhaps the proudest institution in America: "Yours is not only a strong and potent school, but one that has lifted every other institution in the country to a higher standard. Harvard did not elevate its graduate school until Johns Hopkins forced her faculty to concentrate its efforts there. And this is true of every other institution in the country." Such ungrudging words of praise speak volumes for the esteem in which Johns Hopkins is held by institutions which are far older and far wealthier.

Dr. Gilman himself, in a recent article in Scribner's, speaks of his own vain endeavors to secure in this country, just after his graduation, an opportunity for advanced study. And consider further these figures, furnished by the United States Commission of Education. In 1850 there were only eight graduate students in all our colleges; in 1875, only 399; in 1900, the number had risen to nearly 6,000. Significant, when we remember that the Hopkins was chartered in 1873 and begun work in 1876.

It has been the rare honor of Dr. Gilman to head, and, in a sense, create this great University. Now he has become the director of the Carnegie Institute, at Washington. As some one has said, he will hold the unique position of having di-
rected the launching of two great departures in American education.

Space forbids that I speak of the celebration in detail. The retiring president’s commemorative address dealt chiefly with the conditions under which Johns Hopkins was founded. Dr. Remsen’s inaugural address concerned certain problems in the relation of universities to colleges and the country at large.

There were present a large number of distinguished visitors, and to be able to come close to such men as Elliott, of Harvard; Angell, of Michigan; Patton and Wilson, of Princeton; Harper, of Chicago; Butler, of Columbia; Hadley, of Yale; Hall, of Clark; Mallett, of Virginia; Alderman, of Tulane, and scores of others, was no common pleasure. Most thrilling of all, to an old Hopkins man, was to meet again Hopkins teachers at whose feet he had sat in former years, and to greet and share the enthusiasm of old comrades in arms, with whom he had wrought when “oral exams” were yet to be encountered.
With this issue The Messenger is taken charge of by the new board. May the gods continue to smile as in days gone by, and grant that it be a prosperous one!

There are responsibilities to be borne, duties to be faced, in the editing of a college magazine. That these duties are arduous and call for power goes without saying—if evidence is demanded, the outgoing management will gladly testify—and it is, therefore, with a feeling of extreme diffidence that the present editors begin their work. There are obstacles to be surmounted—obstacles too numerous for mention in this brief space—the chief of which, we are compelled to say, is lack of support by the student body. But we hope for better things, and propose to face the difficulties manfully, and, remembering that some one has said, though it is not always possible to command success it is always possible to deserve success, give our best efforts to the support of The Messenger. In past years our magazine has attained to high degrees of excellence. It is possible for the students of Richmond College to do yet greater things. The possibility is the force that nerves us to the undertaking of our work, and makes us forget the weakness of our own powers in the effort to
arouse appreciative support and stir dormant literary activities. It is our aim that *The Messenger* not only measure up to past standards, but surpass them. We would see our magazine the criterion of our contemporaries. Improvement is the watchword of the age.

There are—with reference to *The Messenger*—three classes of students in college: (1) Those who support the magazine. (2) Those who are capable of doing so, but who do not. (3) The so-called critics, whose single aim seems to be the making of adverse comments, and who, for some reason or other, never contribute in any manner to its publication. In passing this third class it is somewhat comforting to reflect that critics are often critics of necessity. Only last week the writer heard the January issue severely criticised. Upon inquiry it was found that the displeased one had never handed in a line for publication, and had never—he was at the moment reading a *borrowed* copy—permitted his name to be added to the subscription list. These facts need no comment.

*A college is often judged by its magazine.* Students—trustees as well—should take this fact to heart. Several articles which the editor wished to appear in this issue are crowded out. Editors are powerless without material and money. There may be reasons for the deficiency, but the future rests upon what is.

Excuses, however justifiable, count for naught in the balancing of results.

"The world, which credits what is done,  
Is cold to all that *might have been.*"

"The survival of the fittest" is a doctrine universal in its application. In it excuses find no place. We have hopes for the future. Therefore we make our appeal.

Fellow-students, arouse your dormant spirits! Some one has said all things are possible. *The Messenger* is a maga-
EDITORIAL.

zine of the students. Rally to its support! Loyal and enthusiastic work on your part will make it a real magazine—a monthly that will be sought for and eagerly read. This is the possible. Its probability rests with you. Let warning be taken lest some cynic be entitled to head his history of the 1902-'3 Messenger "The Improbability of the Possible."

SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

We are to celebrate at the coming finals the seventieth anniversary of our College. The trustees of the College have left the matter in the entire charge of the faculty, and from their midst they have appointed a committee to prepare a suitable programme for the occasion. Every one interested in the College will look forward to this occasion with much joy. We are proud of our institution and the sons that have left her classic walls. We can boast of our past and present, and now let every one in any way connected with the College do all in his power to aid those at the head of this movement to carry it to success.

In the first place, let every student remain at the College through the commencement. We can make a better showing if all will stay. In previous years it has been the habit of the men to leave as soon as their last examinations were over. Break down this old precedent. Remain at the College, and lend your aid to the carrying out of the idea. You will derive pleasure therefrom.

In view of this celebration, let every representative on the finals have his mind fixed upon the central idea when he goes to prepare his part. While the "boys" of previous years are celebrating, let us join them, and help to make the affair a great success, for in years to come we shall be proud of the fact that we were students at Richmond College when this seventieth anniversary was celebrated, and especially will those of the graduating class be proud.
We entreat you, fellow-students, to co-operate with the faculty, and aid them in whatever manner possible. If all will do this, at the last moments of the closing session we can justly say it was the greatest year in the history of the old institution.

PROPOSED TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR WINSTON.

With the coming of next session we can boast of something that few institutions of learning can. We have in our faculty a professor who, thirty years ago, linked his fortune with that of the College. That man is Charles H. Winston, M. A., LL. D., of the Chair of Physics. There is no need to tell you, his students, that he has toiled hard for these many years to shape toward noble ends the destiny of so many young men. Since 1857 Professor Winston has been connected with the educational interests of this city. It was in that year he accepted a professorship in the Richmond Female Institute, now the Woman's College. The next year he became its president, which position he held until 1873, when he was elected Professor of Physics at Richmond College. From that time until now he has been connected with this College. We can well say that in this man there is embraced the educational interests of this State from the days of reconstruction to the present time. He has been prominent in much for the public good. His connection with the Foreign Mission Board, of which he is president, has been of much benefit. His labors at Richmond College have been those of which we are justly proud. A Northern publication rightly says of Professor Winston: "As Professor of Physics, he has given his department prominence and popularity in the College and with the public, and at the South is regarded as one of the leading scientists."

We feel that the College should, in some appropriate manner, celebrate this event at the finals of 1903. By all
EDITORIAL.

means some notice should be taken of this event. We know that there are hundreds of our alumni and Professor Winston’s former students, as well as other friends of the College, who will gladly aid in the movement to mark in some way this notable occasion.

“Honor and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit
Be unto him whom we salute.”

Suggestions in reference to the above proposal are invited. All communications should be addressed to the editor of THE MESSENGER.

THE BROAD-STREET PARK. What is the future of athletics at Richmond College? We ask this question with all sincerity. Unless we rally to its support, it is doomed to failure. Let not that be. We must continue to maintain our reputation upon the athletic field. We must support our teams. If we cannot in one way, we must in another. The financial side must be looked after, and the student body must bear the brunt of this burden. We have and can place winning teams on the field, but we must have better support from the student body at our games. Otherwise our finances will continue to be in arrears. If the student body will do more for the support of athletics, we can rightly call on the trustees for more aid.

At this moment our manager of the base-ball team is embarrassed about a park. The one on Broad street is soon to be a thing of the past, as the owners intend clearing the property for building purposes. Where are we going to give our exhibitions? We must have them.

A few years ago this matter of an athletic park was agitated, and it was thought then that we would soon own one on the College property on Lombardy street. But nothing came of it. Let us suggest to the Athletic Association that
a committee be appointed to wait on the trustees and see if they will not secure a park. We earnestly trust that our future managers will not be troubled by any such condition. The University of Virginia has just completed its grounds. Why not Richmond College?

Later on in the season teams from a distance are to play here. Guarantees must be met. How are we to meet them? The management cannot depend on subscriptions taken hap-hazard on the campus. The games will have to be cancelled unless grounds can be secured. This is an affair of utmost moment to the College, and we earnestly insist that the Athletic Association, acting with President Boatwright, take immediate and vigorous action.
Up to the present writing our base-ball team has played three games, and in them they have demonstrated their ability to play clean, fast ball. The team work is not all that could be desired, but hard practice is improving the boys every day in this respect.

Our first game was played with Fredericksburg on March 29th. It resulted in a victory for the “Spiders” by the score of 10 to 4. W. D. (Harry) Cox, who pitched his first game for us, surpassed all expectations by his excellent work, striking out eight men and allowing but seven scattering hits, and, but for costly errors in the latter part of the game, he would have had a shut-out to his credit.

On Easter Monday, before a large crowd, the “Spiders” crossed bats with the strong team from the University of Pennsylvania, in Broad-Street Park. White did the twirling for the Collegians. He pitched an excellent game, which he would have won but for the fact that our boys went to pieces in the first two innings. After the third inning Pennsylvania did not score. Stupid base-running lost the “Spiders” several runs. The final score was 8 to 5 in favor of Pennsylvania.

A few days after this game the College was surprised by the resignation of Captain Kerfoot. At a meeting of the team Staples was elected as his successor.

The first championship game was played on April 5th, in Broad-Street Park. The “Spiders” won in a walk. William and Mary was not in the game at any stage. They were clearly out-classed. The “Spiders” hit like veterans, knocking out of the box three of William and Mary’s “crack” (?) pitchers. Cox pitched a good game for Richmond College, allowing but four hits. William and Mary was shut out until the ninth inning, when, by two errors, they scored one run, while the “Spiders” batted out ten.
The interest manifested in tennis in former years has taken a decided slump. But it is hoped that the boys will renew their interest in this sport, so that a good showing may be made on Field Day.

A movement is on foot for the holding of a triple athletic meet between Richmond College, Randolph-Macon College, and the Richmond Young Men's Christian Association. As Field Day approaches the boys are beginning to train for the various contests.
APRIL 5th the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society elected the following officers: C. A. Sinclair, Final President; Julien Gunn, Term President; C. H. Dunaway, Vice-President; R. S. Hudgins, Censor; R. O. Gilliam, Recording Secretary; L. R. Tindal, Corresponding Secretary; G. W. Fogg, Treasurer; Lane Lacy, Critic; J. T. Fitzgerald, Chaplain; E. P. Buxton, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Philologian Society also elected the following officers: E. H. Williams, Final President; S. T. Mathews, Term President; W. P. Clarke, Vice-President; B. P. Alley, Secretary; W. D. Bremner, Treasurer; W. H. Ham, Censor; P. W. James, Critic; O. B. Falls, Chaplain; R. A. Jordan, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The joint oratorical contest of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies of Richmond College was held Friday night, April 25th, at 8:15 o'clock, in the College chapel. Julien Gunn, President of the Mu Sigma Rho, delivered the welcome address. The speakers of the evening were as follows:

R. A. McFarland, on "The Triumphs of Perseverance"; John T. De Hart, on "What is Truth?" C. A. Jenkens, on "Tendency of the Present Age"; T. V. McCaul, on "The Progress of the South"; Lane Lacy, on "Great in Failure."

S. T. Mathews, President of the Philologian Society, made the closing address.

SEVERAL of the professors at Richmond College went to Hampton April 23d with the party that left here to meet the Educational Association. Among the number were President F. W. Boatwright, Professors S. C. Mitchell, W.
S. Foushee, J. A. C. Chandler, and Dr. Charles H. Ryland. Dr. Mitchell went with the party to Athens, Ga.

President Boatwright has received a letter stating that Dr. A. Mitchell Carroll, of the Schools of Latin and Greek at Columbian University, in Washington, D. C., and Dr. W. O. Carver, professor at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, will attend the seventieth anniversary of the founding of the College, which will be held during the finals in June. These gentlemen will represent the institutions of learning with which they are connected. It is interesting to note that these gifted professors are full graduates of the College, and Dr. Carroll was for some time a member of the faculty.

President Boatwright returned April 22d from New York, where he went to attend the inauguration of Dr. N. M. Butler as president of the Columbia University. He represented Richmond College on that occasion. On his trip, he stopped over in Washington to look after the College claim bill that is now before the House of Representatives.

The ball team has returned from their trip South. The boys at the College are rejoicing over their victory in the game with the University of North Carolina. The team, speaking for each man, played magnificent ball, and this, coupled with White's phenomenal pitching, gave the victory to old Richmond. The "Spiders" played Fredericksburg College Saturday, April 26th, at 3:30 o'clock, at the Broad Street Park. The game was one full of hits and runs, and resulted in a victory for our team by the score of 25 to 18. The team went to Ashland on the following Monday to play Randolph-Macon. A large crowd of the student body went with the team.
Dr. J. A. C. Chandler, of the English Department, has accepted an invitation to take an important part in the commencement exercises of the Fork Union Academy on May 28th.

The Annual Field Day will be May 9th. Dr. J. A. C. Chandler, president of the Athletic Association, appointed the following committee to make all arrangements: Prof. W. A. Harris (Chairman), Prof. W. S. Foushee, Parke P. Deans, Robert O. Gilliam, L. M. Ritter, C. C. Bowe, T. V. McCaul, and W. G. Williams.

The College Y. M. C. A. elected the following officers for the coming session: L. M. Ritter, President; J. M. Thomas, Vice-President; J. H. Rowe, Secretary; F. W. Putney, Treasurer.

Rev. Mr. Fogg (Senior Latin): “Then, Doctor, I am, in writing this treatise on the life, characteristics, and inherited tendencies of Germanicus, to cut encyclo. out, and infuse my own personality into its composition.”

Dr. Mitchell: “You are right, Mr. Fogg.”

Mr. Fogg: “In other words, I am to make it as Foggy as—”

Dr. Mitchell: “I have no doubt, sir, but that it will be as foggy—”

But “the mists had rolled away.”

Along Religious Lines.

P. W. James: “Say, Burt, loan me a quarter?”

Burt: “Can’t. It’s Lent.”
Exchange Department.

In *The Chisel* for this month we find an excellent article, entitled “Music and Art Notes,” written by Miss Mamie Belote, who seems to have some very clear-cut and lofty views of the function of music. Nor is it in this article alone that she expresses these views. She puts them into practice when she sings:

“My soul like a swan doth float,
Upon the silvery waves of thy sweet singing.”

*The Buff and Blue* is before us, and our general criticism is that the magazine is very good. We would make special mention of the article on “Darwin and Evolution.”

*The University of Virginia Magazine* comes to us dressed in a fine Easter suit; nor is the magazine lacking in material becoming the occasion. Especially numerous this month are the stories, which is not a bad feature in a college magazine. “Unc’ Zeke’s ’Fession Meetin’” is an article worthy of attention. It shows that a right close study on the part of the writer has been made of the negro dialect. But, despite the study, in some places there seems to be an unnaturalness about the dialect. It does not swing along in those rhythmical expressions so characteristic of the dialect of the Virginia negro. But probably this is a correct representation of the Alabama dialect, which is intended to be reproduced. On the whole this article strikes us as being good—very good.

“Ted.” needs to make a study of those turns of expression of which Thomas Nelson Page is such a master—those expressions which are so full of pathos that they force tears to the eyes of the reader whether he will or no. Such passages are found in “Marse Chase,” “Unc’ Edinburg’s Drownin’” and in many other places in Page’s works.

The March number of *The Winthrop College Journal* comes
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

to our desk full of bright, breezy, interesting matter. A little poem, entitled "Our Privilege," is deserving of special mention, if for no other reason, on account of the spirit which the composer breathes.

The William and Mary College Monthly for March is good. The review of "Audrey" strikes us as being specially good.

Though not so large as many of our exchanges, The King College Magazine is one of the best in its make-up and contents that comes to our desk. The last issue is no exception to the rule.

As usual, The Southern University Monthly reaches us with its radiant smile diffusing its kindly influence along its pathway. The article on Mrs. Browning is interesting and instructive reading indeed.

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