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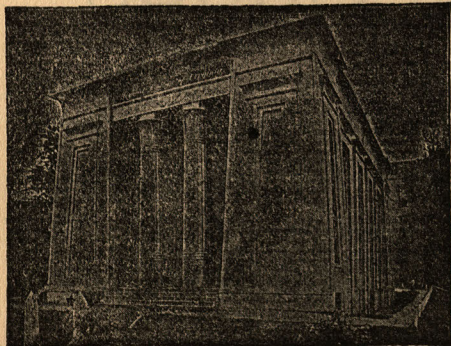
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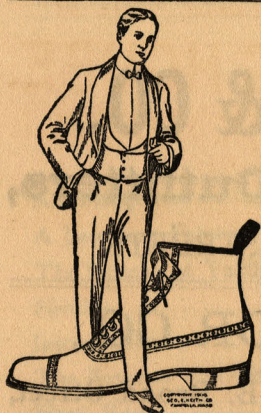
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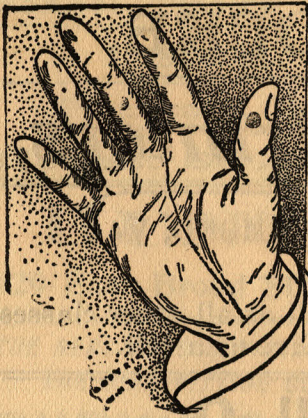
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VOL. XXIX.

APRIL-MAY, 1903.

No. 7 & 8.

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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XXIX.

APRIL-MAY, 1903.

Nos. 7 & 8.

Knowledge.

BY L. W. L. JENNINGS.

As swoops the lonely hawk in sober gown
A moment's course beneath the mighty sea,
So dip our minds in soul-born hunger down
In that vast *truth* which is Infinity.

A Layman's Point of View.

BY PROF. R. E. GAINES.

AN invitation from the editors of the *Seminary Magazine* gives me the opportunity, which I esteem a great privilege, of speaking to those who are soon to be our teachers. I think I had better say in the outset that, instead of undertaking to give a logical and adequate discussion of a single theme, it is my purpose, in an informal way, to throw out several thoughts, not necessarily very closely related, and by no means fully developed, but intended merely as suggestive. I desire to speak chiefly to the present student body of the Seminary, some of whom went there from my own classroom in Richmond College.

You have undertaken the serious business of teaching people. It is all the more serious because you are to teach concerning those things which are of transcendent importance in human life. If you are to be a teacher, you must, through-

out your whole life, be a learner also. The moment you cease to learn you cease to teach in any but the most perfunctory way. You are to be learning, then, all your life; and this, by implication, means that there is much that you do not yet know. It will be a wholesome, though probably humiliating experience for you to realize this now.

There is much to be learned between the Th. D. and the D. D.—I mean when the conferring of the latter degree is not unworthy or premature, as sometimes happens—and it will probably surprise you to find that much of this will be learned from Deacon Jones, who does not possess the tithe of your knowledge. There is much difference between knowledge and wisdom. It is not what we *know*, but what we have *experienced* that determines the course of our lives. A man twenty-five years old may have acquired much knowledge, but he cannot have a large share of wisdom. A man's wisdom depends upon the experiences he has passed through and the use he has made of these in constructing his philosophy of life. Some quiet summer afternoon (while his daughter has gone to prepare supper) Deacon Jones will tell you in thirty minutes more than you can learn in the next twenty years. Divide time between the daughter and the Deacon, therefore, and his words of wisdom will greatly aid you in interpreting the experiences that are sure to come.

If you have formed anything like an adequate conception of the dignity and importance of your calling, you have realized that it will be a life of incessant care and labor. To occupy such a position of leadership in a community as is generally accorded the pastor of a strong church is not only a great privilege, but brings with it correspondingly grave responsibilities. It is a mistake to suppose that this position of honor is accorded to one because of any sanctity which attaches to his divine call. It is rather in recognition of the service which he renders to the community.

Preachers sometimes forget this tacit agreement that they

are to serve their church and community. For example, the time of five hundred people for a half-hour, when we count it up, amounts to something considerable; and it is criminal for you to occupy that time when you have nothing really worth saying. I speak from sad experience, for preachers have taken advantage of me in this way several times in my life. Long before the discourse is ended I find that the preacher is not even pretending to have anything to say, and I am soon aware that there are twenty other things I'd rather think about than his sermon. I have to watch myself every step of the way along that dreary road, on to the end, to keep myself from getting over the fence into these inviting fields.

You may after a while grow weary of the ceaseless labor which your office of teacher and leader demands. Of course, you will then change some of your definitions. You will define pastoral work as enjoying the hospitality of Sister So-and-So, flattering her by admiring the baby and the like; and you will define preaching as uttering a few pious platitudes on Sunday. Even if you do this, I hope you will not fall into the habit of branding as a heretic your brother in the ministry who has honestly and courageously gone on with his work and studies. Of course, if he keeps on thinking and growing, and you continue to stand still—or, rather, to retrograde—the difference between you will sooner or later be amazing, and you will be sorely tempted sometimes to try to even up things a little by suggesting that he has more brains than orthodoxy.

These heresy hunters are a despicable set any way, and sometimes it is hard for a layman to keep from losing all patience with them. To begin with, they are, as a rule, the last people you would pick out as competent judges of such matters. They have crawled into their little cast-iron shell of theological orthodoxy, and would go quietly to sleep but for the fact that now and then some stirring, stalwart soul, out in the busy world, comes along and stumps his toe against

the thing, when they all swarm out on him like so many hornets. They at once begin to test his orthodoxy, being, as they suppose, divinely commissioned to attend to such business, and their test is that he shall be able to crawl into their little shell and go to sleep with them. As long as a man construes Christianity to mean subscribing to a set of formulas, making professions of orthodoxy, and spending the rest of his time in looking out for heretics, a very small shell will accommodate him indefinitely; but as soon as he really enters the Christian *life*, he begins to grow, and will soon outgrow any shell you may construct for him. Christianity is not a shell at all, but it is a life—a life capable of infinite expansion and development.

I trust that what I have just said will not be misunderstood. I should be very far from saying anything against genuine Baptist orthodoxy and those who defend it. It is the sham article I am talking about, and the unhallowed way in which its advocates champion their views.

Preachers often have ground for complaint against their congregations for bad behavior in church. On the whole, they exercise a good deal of Christian forbearance in this respect; and, when they are driven to administer a rebuke, it is usually richly deserved, and is accompanied with no more severity than the circumstances require. Laymen, on the contrary, rarely have occasion to complain of bad manners in the pulpit. We sometimes see preachers who pay too little attention to the proprieties of the pulpit. At ordination and dedication services, where several ministers take part, they sometimes distract the attention of the whole congregation by whispering to one another, deciding what is to be done next and who shall do it. Such a service ought to be prearranged in every detail, so that it will proceed in as quiet and orderly a fashion as if it were conducted by one person.

While one of them is preaching, the others, sitting in plain view, will be looking around over the audience to see what

effect the sermon is having. Instead of contributing to the unity of the service by being sympathetic listeners, they are actually distracting attention—they are disorganizers of spiritual force. While in the pulpit, the language, and in fact the whole bearing, of the preacher should be characterized by quiet dignity and reverence. Undignified and irreverent expressions, or even pronounced awkwardness of manner, will sometimes destroy the effects of a sermon for delicate, refined people.

A minister's preaching and teaching are not confined to the pulpit, though by far the greater part of it is done there. For one who writes with clearness and vigor, the religious paper also offers an important field for teaching. Here, too, as well as in the pulpit, there are certain proprieties which should be observed. The great majority of contributors to our papers—a long and distinguished list it is—may be relied on not to forget these, even when they are making a vigorous defence of their most cherished convictions. A few forget them, but these few are enough to mar our religious papers dreadfully. When two such dyspeptic brethren get into an ugly fight over some trivial matter, each one tries to sustain his reputation for saying sharp things, and they apparently forget that the paper is read not exclusively by preachers, but by a great company of laymen and their families, who feel little interest in the subject of controversy, and who are disgusted by the unbrotherly abuse which the writers heap upon each other.

The paper goes into many homes, where it is read by young people, who ought thus to be kept informed about the work—and not the quarrels—of the denomination, and stimulated to more active participation in it. Instead of tying on these young people to the denomination of their fathers, as the paper could and should do, it often is the means of disgusting and driving them away.

There is too much of "taking the other side" merely for

the sake of getting up an exciting fight. Week after week, till everybody else is sick of it, Dr. A. and Dr. B. pound *each other*, instead of *seeking the truth*—which would have the very opposite effect of bringing them together. Meantime Deacon Jones, who had hoped to be enlightened on a subject of deep interest to him, finds that “argument for argument’s sake” is not very edifying, and sometimes not even candid. He is driven to the conclusion that Dr. A.’s articles, even on the most sacred of themes, must be taken with a grain of salt. And the fact that what they lack in salt is usually more than made up in pepper does not mend matters much. A man who has earnestly and prayerfully pondered any great living issue until he has convictions, and who is accorded the privilege of speaking his message through a large religious paper to the brotherhood, will have no time for personalities.

When a man reaches the point of recognizing that religion is his main business, and that it ought, therefore, to dominate all the relations of life and direct all of his energies, secular as well as religious, he begins to have some hard questions to face, and naturally turns to the spiritual leaders to help him solve them. This is a very important, but a most delicate duty laid on the preacher, and it opens to him one of the greatest opportunities for being of use to Christian men and women, and especially to those who are yet in the forenoon of life.

It is not difficult to cut loose from the world and its ways altogether; it is easy enough, on the other hand, to go into the world and to drift with the currents, ignoring all higher obligations. The hard thing is to go into the world and discharge one’s obligations in commercial, political, and social life in such a way as to foster and encourage everything in them that enriches life, that enhances the joy of living, that makes for righteousness, and to help stay the currents which are running counter to the best interests of the higher life of mankind.

Some of us have real difficulty in choosing our amusements. That overworked men and women, who are staggering under burdens and responsibilities, need frequently to restore the equilibrium by seeking recreation in amusements of some sort, there can be little doubt in a sane mind. One must not only recognize this fact, but must be in real sympathy both with the serious life of toil, and with the character and purpose of the recreations, before he can venture to advise his congregation on the subject.

Unfortunately, it sometimes happens that the preacher who picks himself out as the one to render this service to a city or community is the one least fitted for the task; because he has never rubbed up against the world, and knows nothing about it. His advice is very simple, but amounts to recommending one of two evils—I will not say the less—that is, of letting the entire category of amusements severely alone. The wholesale condemnation of amusements never does any good, and frequently does immense harm. All work and no play not only makes Jack a hopelessly dull boy, but it may make him a very wicked one.

It is the popular opinion, I think, that preachers are freer from temptation than any other class of people. This, however, is far from the truth. In fact, there are certain temptations to which they are peculiarly liable. There is one of these that I venture to speak of—it is the temptation to be lax in money matters. The reason for this is not far to seek. A poor boy gives his life to be spent in preaching the Gospel. He has none of this world's goods, and yet much is needed for the years of preparation necessary for his work. Institutions of learning, boards of education, and generous friends unite in seeing him through his education. Then comes the pastorate, with small promise of salary, and sometimes less payment. This is supplemented by gifts and provisions, by the merchant discounting his bills, and what not. All the favors he receives are usually richly deserved, as

they are paid back several times over in his unselfish labor for the community. But unless he has some force of character he will, by the time he is thirty-five, be evading the payment of his ordinary debts. That this happens only in exceptional cases is proof, not that the temptation is not real, but that our preachers are a noble set of men, with not only pure motives, but with resolute will and enduring character. But the exceptions! ah, how they bring the blush to their brethren and reproach upon the cause of Christ. They are condemned all the more mercilessly because, as I have said, they are not supposed by the average person to be exposed to much temptation. In spite of all his strong and peculiar temptations in this direction, a minister of the Gospel should stand out before his people and before the world as a model of business integrity and honesty.

The Sorrows of Youth.

BY L. W. L. JENNINGS.

There is a touch of sadness that doth thrill
The first dim lifting of our youthful years
With a strange bitterness of pending ill
And mad protests against the need of tears.

The griefs of older moments are upborne
By reason's essence and a well-found trust,
And their broad calm is never tossed and torn
Of things that in their nature breathe of dust.

Theirs the repose that of a summer's day
Doth veil the tide for sweeping *from* the land,
After the storm has spent its useless sway
In chill, fierce beats upon the angry sand.

But to the soul first gazing out upon
Life's rough'ning sea, with all its reefs abreast,
And wondering that the morning's happy sun
Should go ere it has touched the radiant west.

The sorrow—Oh! the clear sight is unreal!
How needless, and the wailing that doth rise!
Within his heart a stinging he doth feel
That life so soon should lie 'neath leaden skies.

So, bitterer are the sorrows of our youth
Than those that are of loftier tempered age,
For they know not the strength of spirit-truth,
But rather keen resentment tinged with rage.

Nemesis.

BY B. D. GAW.

IT seemed an innocent enough assignment, one that did not promise anything in the way of excitement, and yet it proved to be the most remarkable that I had ever been given during my connection with the editorial staff of one of the New York dailies. The city editor asked me to go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and write up a description of a collection of paintings recently bequeathed to the institution.

I was tired and chilled when I reached the Museum, and so, after glancing at the pictures, I sat down in a comfortable seat near a radiator, in an unfrequented spot, and began my report. A feeling of drowsiness stole over me, and before I knew it I was fast asleep.

The next thing I knew was that a distant clock was striking the hour of eleven. For some moments I could not collect my senses. Then, suddenly, I remembered where I was, and I sprang to my feet with a start. It was pitch dark.

Slowly I made my way in the direction in which I imagined the entrance must be, for, if I remembered rightly, it was not far from where I had been sitting. At every other step I would scrape my poor shins against some obstruction or other.

After much groping and stumbling, I reached the great doors, only to find them tightly closed. I felt in my pockets for some matches. I had only one, but that was enough to enable me to discover that I was close to several cases containing mummies. This most assuredly did not serve to raise my drooping spirits. Still, I was not nervous, although I could not help thinking that being shut up over night, a prisoner, with nothing but mummies for companions, was not the greatest pleasure in the world.

I shook the heavy doors. I shouted myself hoarse. But all to no effect; there was no response of any kind. In my excitement I did not think of trying to escape through the windows. At last, observing how futile were my efforts, I decided to make the best of a poor situation, and sought another seat, to settle down for the night and try to pass the time in some sort of comfort. After several trials I found my way to a bench and sank down exhausted, for the shouting and the shaking of the door had played me out. I pulled off my overcoat and rolled it up to do service for a pillow.

Hardly had I stretched myself out when a small light caught my attention. Again I sprang up and shouted, thinking that it might indicate the coming of friends to my assistance; but only the echo of my voice answered. An uncanny feeling came over me. Soon the light disappeared, and it seemed gloomier than ever.

Once more I settled down and tried to comfort myself with the reflection that the night would not last forever. A moment later I again beheld the light. This time I remained silent, for the glow was no ordinary one. It was of a pale bluish tint. At first it flickered faintly, then slowly increased

in brilliancy until it became as bright as an arc lamp. It was directly over the case nearest me, and it was so strong that I could read the inscription. It was "Iounafirte."

I became interested at once. The mummy moved. Did my eyes deceive me? No! Once more it stirred. Slowly the cloth in which it was wrapped began to unwind. Around and around the body whirled until it emerged a brown, skinny, shrivelled, parchment-like object. Gradually it increased in size, and the brown tint gave way to a slight flush. First the feet became perfectly normal, then the whole body assumed a healthy hue. The cheeks filled out and grew round and ruddy. The few wisps of hair which still adhered to the skull were replaced by luxuriant jetty locks. The eyes unclosed and gazed around. The figure sat up. The glass tops and sides of the case gradually dissolved. The brownish cloth in which the body had been wrapped was moving and whirling as though turned with human hands, until to me it resembled a gorgeous golden robe. Quickly the figure arrayed himself in this beautiful costume, and then, stretching himself, stepped out upon the floor.

I have never before or since beheld his equal in appearance—over six feet tall, with jet black curls hanging over his shoulders; large black eyes; long aquiline nose; full red lips, parted in a half smile, showing a set of perfect teeth; a rich olive complexion, and a fancifully-plaited beard.

He stood silent for a moment, peering about.

"Ar-Shepia! Ar-Shepia!" he finally said, softly, with a look of expectancy in his eyes.

I heard a voice in answer, and, as I turned to see whence it came, the figure of a woman, arising from another case, met my eye. She fairly glided toward him, her robes glistening and scintillating.

"Iounafirte!" she cried.

He held out his arms toward her. With a little cry of joy she flew into his embrace.

Although they spoke in the ancient Egyptian tongue, I found I could understand every word they said.

"Ar-Shepia, my own, lovest thou me?" murmured Iounafirte.

She threw back her head and looked into his eyes.

"Iounafirte, thou art my King! 'Tis thou who reignest in my heart alone! I am but thy humble slave. Thy word, master, is my law."

Tenderly he caressed her. As she shyly turned her head away I caught a glimpse of her face, and was startled by her loveliness. She was a blonde, with perfect features. Never yet has artist, however skilled, been able to paint a portrait that could compare with this peerless woman. Her voice was as sweet as the music of an Æolian harp.

She lifted her eyes to his face again, with a look of adoration in their sparkling depths, as she murmured plaintively:

"My King, knowest thou thine enemies are pursuing thee? They wish to slay thee, and will, unless thou wilt flee beyond their reach. I will go with thee, if thou wilt but permit me. I can disguise myself in some manner. Am I not thine obedient servant? Never shall I forsake thee, beloved! I will follow whithersoever thou leadest me—even unto the end of the universe!

"My King, 'tis the Queen, thy wife, who plotteth against thee. She hates thee fiercely, and wishes to dethrone thee, so that she may rule in thy stead. She would place her own people in power and crush thy subjects in the dust! She hath truly high ambitions to be the head of the Egyptian empire. Thou, her husband, art an obstacle to her desires; therefore wilt she slay thee!

"She little imagines that I, the captive slave out of Chaldea, have dared to raise mine eyes to thee, my Iounafirte; yet am I not a Princess of the House of Chaldea, who hath suffered degradation through the seizure of my father and his throne! Did not thy Queen make me to be her

favorite hand-maiden because of my rank? But does she not make me feel the sharp claws of the tigress under the velvet covering of her soft, white hands? She knows not, as I stand beside her couch and wield her fan, that I, Ar-Shepia, ever listen and watch to learn all that occurs, for thy sake! Sorely hath my head ached, beloved, as I heard her taunt thee and say thou lovest her not. I held my peace. But yester-night she gave audience to thine arch enemy, the Prince Osarsiph. They whispered low at first. When they noticed no one was nigh but me, the Chaldean, they conversed with more freedom.

“‘Keturah,’ said Osarsiph, angrily, ‘if thou lovest me as much as thou sayest, then must thou heed me! This can go on no longer! Time and time again hast thou promised to be mine, but, when the crucial moment arrives, thou ever seekest an excuse. Nay, Queen Keturah, I shall accept no more excuses!’

“She smilingly held out her hand to him. He seized it and pressed it to his lips. Again she smiled, in her cruel, cold manner. Then she placed her arms around his neck, and murmured:

“‘Osarsiph, I love thee truly! When I am free thou shalt be King. Together we shall rule the world! See, even now I have that which will give us freedom and happiness.’

“From the folds of her robe she drew forth a tiny golden case which contained a whitish substance.

“To-morrow night, Osarsiph, thou shalt act. Take this with thee, and at the feast slip a small portion into thy King’s goblet of wine. He will fall asleep peacefully, never to awake! The guests will imagine he hath received a sudden stroke. This potion leaveth no trace and acteth in a moment. Take it and leave me now, my love. I would see if everything is arranged rightly for my noble spouse’s birth-night. ’Twill be a pleasant one for him, I trow.’

"Then, my King, Osarsiph bent over her and kissed her long, whilst she sighed and cast soft glances at him.

"Osarsiph, fail not in the task I have allotted thee, for, as now thou ownest my heart, then shalt thou own my very life—even my soul shall be thine."

"Osarsiph left her, with a glance of triumphant passion in his black eyes. She sat for a moment with that same slow smile, then she laughed in scorn, and, calling me to her, bade me bring her a bowl of perfumed water. She laved her face long, then rubbed her hand where Osarsiph's lips had rested, and exclaimed in a low voice :

"Fool, fool, blind fool ! Doth thou dare dream that thou could'st win my love ! Thou art but a tool in my hands. When thou hast served my purpose thou shalt rejoin thy King beyond the shadow ! I use thee only to rid me of an incubus. I hate him ! I hate thee equally as well ! Oh, how I detest thee, yet I let thee kiss me with thy polluted lips ! Thou hast kissed my beautiful flesh ! Could I but wipe out that stain !"

"She bit her lips, my King, until the blood stained them. She looked as a beautiful tigress about to spring upon her prey. She called for a hand-mirror, and sat and gazed upon herself until her lips smiled and her eyes resumed their usual expression. She seized me and shook me roughly, saying :

"Girl, hast thou listened to the conversation between the Prince and myself ?"

"Nay," I replied. "I was busy upon thy purple robe and heard me nothing, most royal Queen."

"She scrutinized me closely ; then she let me go, saying :

"If thou hast lied to me, and speakest one word of the Prince's visit, thou shalt die ? Hearest thou me ?" she hissed.

"Oh, my King, I trembled, for I was much frightened and wished to seek thee at once, to warn thee of thy danger. But I dared not. Ever hath she watched me, until this afternoon,

when she bade me go. She spoke pleasantly, as though she believed in me.

“Wilt thou not flee now, my master?” pleaded Ar-Shepia.

“Ar-Shepia,” said the King, caressing her tenderly, “thou art truly a brave maiden. When I am rid of mine enemies thou shalt be the Chaldean slave no longer. Thou shalt fill the place of thy Queen, Keturah. I love thee, Ar-Shepia, a thousand times more than ever, for thou art true and loyal, my beloved. I should be no King—much less a man—if I fled from my foes as a cowardly craven. Nay, I shall face them boldly! We shall see which winneth—the false wife or I, her husband, who, although bitterly hating her, yet hath not betrayed her in either thought or deed, for, Ar-Shepia, in the words of love I have spoken to thee hath been no wrong. I have ever remembered thou art a pure maiden, and I would not open thine innocent eyes to the sinfulness of life, for, Ar-Shepia, no man can have two wives. Thy Queen is but a wife in name only. Thanks to thee, she shalt not be even that much longer. In the feast to-night is also the end of the farce which hath been played under mine eyes, and the chief conspirators to-morrow will truly have new parts to play. But, Ar-Shepia, return thou to thy Queen, and leave her not until she departeth for the great hall.”

* * * * *

I beheld the maiden quickly disappear in the shadows, whilst the King Iounafirte paced up and down, a deep frown upon his brow.

It became dark again, and I wondered if this were the end. No, for even as I thought the light re-appeared. Brighter and brighter it shone, this time illuminating a scene of great brilliancy. Many figures were moving about in an immense banqueting hall, with beautiful pillars of onyx carved in Egyptian style. The ceiling represented the heavens, and contained myriads of golden and silver stars, which twinkled and shed tiny sprays of perfume over the flowering

plants. Lotus lilies were everywhere; small birds were fitting hither and thither, with sweet songs. In the centre of the room was a fountain, spraying a shower of rainbow-colored waters. A table of solid gold was brought in by several stalwart Ethiopians, who began to decorate it with plates of priceless metals, goblets encrusted with jewels, fruits piled in pyramids, an immense golden wine bowl, platters containing I know not what, but something emitting savory odors, then dishes of small birds and fishes. It was truly a vision of fairy-land. Around the table were placed long benches of onyx, with magnificent lion and tiger skins thrown over them.

When all was in readiness several shrill blasts were blown on silver horns, and there was the sound of laughter in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came. Soon there appeared a procession of royal servants; then a number of dusky maidens, bearing gorgeous feather fans. Next came the harpists and cymbal-bearers, followed by six powerful men carrying a divan, upon which rested the figure of a woman.

As the men gently deposited their burden beside the table, the dusky maidens gathered around their Queen. Languidly she arose from her couch, and for a moment surveyed the scene. How beautiful she was—tall, gowned in a royal purple robe, which hung in soft clinging folds from shoulders to feet and girdled at the waist by a string of pearls; soft, white, rounded arms, encircled by bracelets—in the form of jewelled serpents—which reached from wrists to dimpled elbows; hair of rich black, that fell in rippling masses almost to the hem of her gown; eyes large, of a peculiar purplish shade—one moment wide open, flashing to a blue-black, then narrow, languorous, and soft, with the color of the hearts-ease; delicately-arched eye-brows and long, heavy, black lashes. On her head was a jewelled circlet.

If Ar-Shepia was lovely, this woman was divine—a goddess whose glance would draw a man's soul to Hades. I gazed at her breathlessly, my senses fairly reeling, as the

light from numerous heavy bronze lamps fell full upon her. Still, in spite of all her beauty, there was a chill; she reminded one of a tigress, even as Ar-Shepia had called her. Around her neck she wore a narrow green band, and, as she now and then put up her hand and caressed it, I was startled to see that it was a living chain. It reared its tiny head, a red, forked tongue shot out, and two eyes blazed with baleful light. It was a serpent—surely a fit companion for this strange creature.

She bowed her head gracefully and extended her hand as the King entered, followed by his retinue.

"My Lord," she said, "I welcome thee on this most auspicious occasion, thy birthday."

The King took no notice of the greeting. The Queen bit her lip, and a dark flush dyed her cheeks. She seated herself, and the King, without looking at her, sat down beside her. He wore a costume of white; glittering silver sandals upon his feet; a golden crown upon his noble brow. He was followed by the lords, ladies, and lesser dignitaries, all to do honor to him upon his natal day.

As the party took their places around the table I noticed a look of intelligence pass between the Queen and a guest who was attired in a many-colored robe and appeared to be of high rank. He was undoubtedly Prince Osarsiph.

Presently the Queen called for music. Several maidens, dressed in pure white and each holding a blue silken scarf, immediately appeared. Among them was Ar-Shepia. The King looked at her with his whole soul in his eyes. Prince Osarsiph also appeared to be enraptured with her beauty, and when she danced alone, her pure face upturned, a sweet smile on her lips, a delicate flush on her cheeks, and her blue scarf waving in unison with the music, he became so engrossed in her graceful movements that he failed to hear a remark the Queen addressed to him.

The Queen was truly angry, and I heard her utter to herself:

"The girl is beautiful, even more than I, for she hath youth. She shall die! I will not allow her to live and be near me; Osarsiph admires her too much."

Then, rapping sharply on the table, the Queen said aloud: "Let this nonsense cease at once! I am weary of such an exhibition of ungracefulness."

"She must love me," muttered Prince Osarsiph, smiling complacently, "for she is truly jealous of the dancing girl. I shall soon reign as King, then shall I seek out the fair maiden. 'Twill be joy to possess the love of two such divine creatures!" Then he moved over to the Queen, who had beckoned to him.

"Now is the time!" she hissed.

He paled, but merely bowed in assent.

"Let us drink to the health of thy most noble King!" exclaimed the Queen. "The Prince Osarsiph shall do the honors and fill our goblets with the choicest wine."

The Prince proceeded to obey the fair lady's bidding, and, amidst much laughter and gaiety, the wine was passed around.

As Osarsiph approached the King he was nervous and his hand trembled. The King noticed this and saw him slip something into his goblet. The King raised the wine as if to drink, and the Queen watched him with eyes brilliant with triumph. But before touching the glass to his lips he paused and turned to the Prince.

"My good Osarsiph," he said, "thou hast ever proved thyself my faithful friend. Now I, thy King, shall honor thee, as a slight reward for thy favors. Pray accept this goblet from my hands and drink in its sparkling contents to my health and prosperity, also to thy bewitching Queen Keturah!"

Osarsiph's face grew ghastly as he mechanically took the wine from his royal master.

"Why turnest thou so pale, Osarsiph? Have I thrust too much honor upon thy innocent head?" said the King.

The guests glanced at each other in amazement. What could this mean?

Osarsiph tremblingly raised the wine to his lips, a look of despair upon his features.

"Drink!" commanded the King.

"Oh, most noble sire, I feel me deathly sick. I cannot drink," he stammered.

"Drink, I say!" thundered the King.

There was no escape. The guilty wretch cast one reproachful glance at the cowering figure of the Queen, then raised the wine again and drained the contents in one gulp. Remorselessly the King watched him.

A moment later the Prince lay cold and dead upon the floor. The guests sat overcome with awe and wonder. The King arose, saying:

"Friends, to thee shall I now relate the strange meaning of the scene thou hast just witnessed. First, gaze well upon thy Queen; see the guilt in her cringing form and treacherous face. She hath lost her accomplice and knoweth not what to do, but she shall sink in the dust lower than the Prince Osarsiph. There are those among ye who have warned me, long since, and done thy best to dissuade me from marrying the daughter of the King of Assyria, because of her wickedness, of which thou knewest, but to which I was blind. I only beheld her beauty. She ensnared me in the meshes of her loveliness. I worshipped her. I wedded her in spite of all opposition.

"One evening, soon after our babe was born, it wailed, and this woman—minus the instinct which arises in the maternal breast even in the lowest of animals—strangled her child. I shielded her, for I feared the scandal and kept silent, hushing the rumors which arose. How hath she repaid me? By plotting my death, that she might raise Osarsiph to rule over

thee. Providence whispered to me of the fate which I was to meet at this, my birthday feast, which she, in her mockery, hath gotten up for my benefit. The craven Osarsiph hath met his dues. Now let his accomplice have the evil recoil upon her own head. She shall go forth to wander, an outcast, a companion for the beasts of night which ever prowl for prey. May they seize and rend her tender flesh, then cast it to the four winds; thus may the anger of the gods be avenged.

"Go!" the King concluded, pointing his finger at his wife.

The Queen crouched down, wringing her hands; and the guests shrank away from her with loathing, as if fearing contamination.

"Iounafirte," she said at last, raising her eyes, "listen to me, I beg of thee!"

"No; not one word. Go!" and he pointed to the door.

She rose to her feet and flung back the masses of her hair, a look of unutterable hatred in her eyes.

"Thou biddest me, the Queen Keturah, to go forth—I, the daughter of the King of Assyria? Fearest thou not the wrath of my father when he learneth of this?"

The husband smiled.

"No," he replied, "for thy father is a just, good man, and were he to learn of all thy wickedness he would spurn thee as a viper which crosses his path. But we waste words. Go! I demand it!"

The Queen gave a wild laugh.

"Ah, thou hast spoken truly of my father. He and thee are weaklings, not worthy of occupying the two greatest thrones in the universe, thou noble King of Egypt and my father, the childish King of Assyria. I go now to do thy bidding, yet I shall return to thee! For evermore shalt thou enact this scene. No matter where thou art, I shall come, even after the gods have called thee home into the depths of Hades! I shall be the death's head in the midst of thy festivities! I

shall be beside thee in the shadows of the night! My cold hand shall rest on thy fevered brow in thy slumbers! In thy dreams thou shalt behold me beside thee! In the beauty of the day my cold grasp shalt be on thy arm! When thou hast placed another in my stead, then shall I twist and twirl thy heart in endless anguish! I go now to lead the way through the darkness which hath no light for thee or me. I shall join Osarsiph! Together we shall plot thy downfall. As for these good friends present this delightful evening, farewell, one and all, until the time comes for us to meet again in the garden of the gods, where we may once more become boon companions!"

She raised her jewelled hand to her lips, then pressed her fingers upon her neck; the green, living chain encircling it grew tight and her face became purple. Again and again the tiny fangs sank deep into the soft, white flesh. With a sardonic laugh she fell upon the body of Osarsiph.

Slowly the serpent uncoiled from around her throat and glided away unmolested, for all were too stunned by the tragedy to move for some moments.

The King glanced scornfully at the dead Queen as she was carried back to the chamber she had so lightly quitted, with brilliant smiles on her lips and murder in her heart.

* * * * *

Again the scene dissolved, to be immediately replaced by another. This time it was a long hall, with stately marble columns supporting a beautifully-carved ceiling, with fretwork of turquoise and gold. In one corner was a raised dias, upon which rested two golden chairs, one occupied by a man and the other by a woman.

The hall was filled with people in rich attire, each carrying some gift, for this was the introduction of the new Queen to the populace.

Surely the Queen was Ar-Shepia. How beautiful she had become; how lovingly her eyes met those of the King.

One by one the subjects came before them, and, after kissing the royal hands, deposited their presents upon the throne. When all had gone the King turned to Ar-Shepia, and said :

“My wife, my Ar-Shepia, art thou happy now thou art truly mine, queen of my heart? At times, Ar-Shepia, I fear me whether thy love I can always claim. Wilt thou not in course of time tire of me?”

Tenderly Ar-Shepia met his eyes, and murmured :

“My King, have I not loved thee truly, even when it was a sin to dare to raise mine eyes to thee? Have I not comforted thee in thy time of woe? Have I not been thy loyal slave? And, beloved one, if I loved thee then, I worship the space thy feet rest upon now. See!” and she softly glided from her seat and kneeled at her husband’s feet. She bent her golden head and pressed her warm lips to the carpet.

“Ar-Shepia, verily I am not worthy of such adoration,” he answered, raising her.

He was about to clasp her in his fond embrace, when both turned deathly pale. Between them arose a slight, almost invisible mist. Slowly it developed into the form of the dead Queen, looking just as she did on that last night on earth. She calmly stretched out her arms, as though to hold them apart; her lips curled into a sneer, and a heavy frown crossed her brow.

The King and his wife gazed upon the apparition, positively fascinated. They stood spell-bound. Suddenly the apparition pointed a silver dagger, first at the King, then at Ar-Shepia.

The new Queen sank down exhausted.

“Ar-Shepia, let us leave this accursed spot; let us go yonder to my palace in a far country. We will give up our rank and live there as only Iounafirte and Ar-Shepia. Perhaps that may vanquish this shadow. Oh, Ar-Shepia, we shall go mad!”

A vacant laugh greeted him.

"Ye gods, she hath gone so already!"

Ar-Shepia jumped to her feet. Her beautiful blue eyes had lost their light, and the wild glare of insanity had taken its place. Madly she began to dance and sing. The King rushed to her and attempted to embrace her, but with a wild laugh she eluded him.

"See, my King, the dagger hath pierced thy heart and mine! See the crimson stain! It grows, until now, my King, 'tis a rushing, running, bright red stream, which cannot be wiped out! My King, take thy little Ar-Shepia to thy dead heart, and let mine beat for us both until that, too, is consumed by the scarlet flame. Ah!" she cried, "I see the birds and hear the music of the harps; methinks the gods must be in good humor to entertain us thus!"

"Oh, Ar-Shepia, my Queen, art thou truly mad?" exclaimed the King, sadly.

"Yes, she is mad!" spoke a clear voice; "and thou art touched by the hand of death; feelest thou not its icy clasp? I need thee both to join my revels, to sit at my feast with its fleshless guests. Our dishes are bones, our goblets skulls. Truly, a merry set are we. Have I not kept my promise? Have I not always come between thee and all thy hopes and ambitions? Come! Thou shalt meet Osarsiph! but not the Osarsiph thou hast known, for he truly lacketh his fleshly figure; 'tis a skeleton thou shalt see. Hadst thou behaved in a different manner and not flayed my pride through the dust, I should not have caused thee this woe. Thou hast cast me from the pedestal of my queenly honors and shattered my soul into fragments! Hadst thou entombed me alive I should have felt it was my just due. I vowed vengeance upon thee for disgracing me openly. Truly I have it! I have caused thee woe, even with Ar-Shepia, my former slave girl. Now she is mad! Dost thou understand me? Ha, ha! Thou shalt go with me below."

Again I saw the Queen Keturah in her purple robes. She

menacingly approached the King and laid one hand over his heart. He shrieked. She laughed aloud. Her royal spouse's head sank back; a ghastly pallor crept over his face. The dead Queen stood beside him.

"Thy soul is mine! Now begins the never-ending feast of death. Hasten to join the revels of our merry throng!"

For a moment she stood and gazed upon Ar-Shepia, then said mockingly:

"Poor fool! who hath looked for happiness in serving thy kingly master, who hath raised thee to fill my place and now calls thee Queen. Ha, ha! but thou art not Queen! I am the only Queen of Egypt. The daughter of a hundred kings; the sister of a king; the wife of a king. Thou? Thou wert but a slave, sold to the highest bidder. Hast thou not worn the chains of bondage? Yet this dead monarch hath dared to raise thee to a high position and fill my place with a Chaldean slave. Could I rest in my tomb and see thee reign in my stead? Nay! for I hated thee! Still, I shall show thee this much pity—I will also take thee with us to complete our pleasant party!"

Ar-Shepia did not heed her, and kept on dancing wildly. Suddenly, with a fearful wild cry, she fell lifeless.

The Queen stooped over her a moment and then over the King. When she arose she held two bleeding hearts up over her head, gave a laugh of ghostly glee, and disappeared.

* * * * *

I sat faint and weak, wakened by the janitor opening the door; and I then passed out into the chill morning air and turned down the cheerless street, still shuddering at the tragedy I had witnessed—scenes of ages long since passed, many hundred years ago, when the earth was young and its people little more than savages.

Just a Memory.

BY LANE LACY.

As the traveller in a desert,
To a fountain he has passed,
Longing glances backward casting,
Fearing each to be the last;
As the boy to manhood growing,
When he leaves his early home,
Toward it turns his longing glances,
Though he's forced away to roam.

As a wanderer o'er a mountain,
From some happy, quiet shade,
Where his weary limbs have rested,
In the distance sees it fade;
As the deer, by hunters followed,
Towards the river turns his way,
So my heart is ever turning
Backward, backward, night and day.

All the promise that the future
Holds for dauntless, striving youth,
All the beauty and the pleasure,
All the goodness and the truth,
Cannot turn my eyes, averted,
To the things that are to be—
Cannot make the future's promise
What the past has been to me.

Let the men of every climate,
Every land beneath the sun,
Work and strive for fame and treasure,
As the world has always done;
I have something more than money,
Something more to me than fame,
Dearer far than all the grandeur
Man can wish or man can name.

'Tis a simple store of memories
Of a day that's passed and gone,
Of life's purest, happiest hours—
Memories of what long has flown;
Memories of a shining ringlet,
Witching glance and waving curl,
Sweetest thoughts and tenderest feelings—
Just the memory of a girl.

The Function of a Literary Society in a College Career.

An Address Delivered Before the Literary Societies of Richmond College, on
Monday, June 9, 1902, by Rev. W. C. Bitting, D. D.

IT is interesting to see the convergence of the world's efforts to produce the normal man. The idea of normality pervades every realm of life, and is the explanation of many of the effective methods of our time, though their justification is but dimly perceived. Sociology aims to discover the actual relations between men and to reveal fraternity as the only normality. The science and practice of law deal with normality of conduct in civil, commercial, and personal relations, the statutes of the State being the standard. Lawlessness is abnormality. Medicine is concerned with the normalities of health and sanitation. In its preventive and remedial branches, it aims to preserve and to correct physical abnormalities. Economics seeks to expose the abnormalities of industrial relations, and to lead men into such adjustments as will express normality. Religion is also pervaded by this conception. No better definition of the Christian ideal can be had than the statement that the Christian life is the normal exercise of all the native human faculties God-ward, man-ward, and self-ward, Jesus the Christ being the norm. Sin is abnormality. Educational con-

ceptions to-day have wholly surrendered themselves to this idea of normality. John A. Broadus once defined an educated man as one whose widened mind is capable of persistent thinking to right conclusions, and who can express his thoughts clearly and forcibly. That is, the educated man is the normal man intellectually.

In all orders of being, from protoplasm to God, structure indicates function. Relations also are fixed by qualities, and qualities are structural. Every organism does best what it was made to do. The will of its Creator for its functions, relations, and destiny is expressed in its constitution. This is true of man, as of all created things. We have powers of reception and of expression. Both of these must be considered in any system of education that aims at the development of the normal man. To ignore the culture of either the inner mental processes or the powers of expression is to set aside a true ideal of education and to produce imperfect results. The college course is organized on this conception. It busies itself with widening the mind to cover all possible factors in a situation, and with cultivating the sustained and accurate use of mental powers. The best gift of a college to a student is not its diplomas, nor the vast amount of information contained in its professors, text-books, laboratories, and libraries, but the mastery of the exact employment of his own native intellectual energies. The class-room is really a mental gymnasium, not a warehouse where facts are kept in cold storage.

EXPRESSION ESSENTIAL TO THE EDUCATIONAL IDEAL.

But the ability to express one's thoughts clearly and forcibly is scarcely of less importance than the production of thoughts worthy of expression. The college studies may roughly be divided into two classes—those that specifically relate to the culture of the intellectual processes—such as mathematics, philosophy, and the sciences; and those that

directly concern the art of expression—such as rhetoric and the study of the languages. Culture is the high priest that marries noble thoughts to worthy forms of utterance, whether in literature, music, art, or oratory. Language—that is, expression—is the sacrament of the intellectual life. It is the outward sign of the inner mental grace. Literature is the architecture of the pen, that exhibits ideas in linguistic edifices that vary in elegance according to the culture of the writer. Speech is the music that makes audible the otherwise unknown oratorios of the soul, and varies in melody according to the education of the man. Expression is revelation. God himself is divinely discontented with the adjective “unknown.” Revelation is the expression of Himself in the physical universe, in history, in the constitution of man, who is His image, and in an incarnation. He is the great norm, both in the use of his powers and in their expression. All educational processes are, therefore, essentially moral, since they seek normality for the image of God, both in its inner workings and its outward revelations, and they are successful only as their results approach that goal. The perfect use of all our constitutional powers, both of acquisition and expression, is the only true educational ideal. Life is not suppression, but expression. Vitality demands both root and fruit. True education, therefore, cares for all the functions of being, the expressive no less than the acquisitive.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY CULTIVATES THE ART OF EXPRESSION.

The college literary society has its place in this ideal. It supplements class-room work by providing an opportunity for cultivating the art of expression. It is the sphere where mental absorption is balanced by intellectual radiation. The tree is the medium of the revelation of physical energies. Its leaf, bloom, fruit, and growth are manifestations of the chemical energies of light, heat, soil, air, and water, transfigured by its own vitality. The higher organism of the

man, in his intellectual laboratory, likewise transfigures the mental richness of his environment, and reveals it and himself in the foliage of language, the bloom of æsthetic expression, the fruit of ripened thought product.

BY MINISTERING TO VERSATILITY.

The literary society ministers to versatility of expression, because it is a society. "Expression" is both a personal and a social word. It is personal in its source, and social in its object. But its greatest practical value comes from its social significance. Loneliness provokes no revelations. The presence of another compels them. The more numerous our human contacts are, the more varied must be the forms of expression, if we are to accommodate ourselves to the idiosyncrasies of different personalities. The relations of life necessarily call for versatility in self-utterance. The principle of adaptation demands it. The whole wardrobe of linguistic idiom, illustration, and armor must be worn by a thought in the revelation of itself to all men. Imagine one thought made universal, accurately possessed by every human being. Now collect all of its expressions. What varieties of language, figurative illumination, and vehicle there would be in the statements, oriental and occidental, scientific and pictorial, poetic and prosaic, and each statement moulded by the individuality of the person who made it. It will at once be seen that, for one who wishes to be widely understood, the area of intelligibility is largely dependent upon versatility of expression. This is the reason why God's expressions of Himself have not been made in terms of creeds and philosophies, but through nature, history, human personalities, and a life. The great Being who desires universal knowledge of Himself speaks, not philosophically, but biologically; not in systems of truth, but in forms of life, cosmic, historic, individual. The rhetoric of the infinite life is not in human speech, but in the protean forms of life.

Revelation is expression, and the ranges of it for any one truth are as varied as the persons who comprehend it. No man who goes through the world with a single formula for his idea can expect general comprehension, much less wide acceptance of it. A single suit of clothes becomes the man for one function, whether business, social, or ecclesiastical. But to dress in the same suit as baby, youth, and veteran, in nursery, shop, parlor, and court, and to try to make it serve as swaddling band, wedding garment, and shroud, is no more absurd than to expect a truth to wear the same linguistic garments during its eternal career. Clothes, whether of men or ideas, wear out, are outgrown, change fashion, vary with nationality and latitude. It is inevitable that time, environment, and the peculiarity of the hearer, as well as the development of the speaker, compel infinite versatility. It is normality that forces the modification, re-statement, and variation of all our formularies, scientific and theological, social and personal. Death has the monopoly of monotony. A really educated man deals with thought forms as Paderewski handles a piano. The ninety-six keys of an eight-octave instrument furnish him with limitless possibilities of melody. It is only the marvelously stupid man who finds them exhausted in the dull tune of "Old Aunt Rhody," played with one finger. Themes limitless, each with variations inexhaustible, lie in the mind of the real musician. The piano is his instrument, not his wire prison. The genuinely educated man reveals in the wealth of language, analogue, figure, and finds in them what the master discovers in the instrument—the opportunity for endless variety of expression. There is, and can be, no universal language. There are universal thoughts, and these the cultured man is swift to dress in all the habiliments of his time, refusing to believe that the forms of the past or those of his locality can be universal. Literary, scientific, or theological shibboleths are only provincial, and are themselves the evidence of

tongue-tied speech. Education with regard to expression is emancipation from bondage to any set form and mastery of all methods.

Now, the literary society, just because it is a society, in a limited way compels this versatility of expression. Conversation deals with one type of mind. A society presents different types. While the selected membership of a college literary society by no means exhausts the varieties of the wider world of human life, it reveals to the intelligent user of its opportunities the fact of variety, and is the prophet of the necessity that will confront him in the presence of the greater social body of mankind. There he will surely learn the vanity of stereotyped forms, and find an incentive to the mastery of every possible method of making himself understood. His very effort so to present thoughts that they will easily be received by the minds of others will re-act upon himself in producing a versatility of expression that throughout life will be a most useful accomplishment.

BY MINISTERING TO LUCIDITY.

The wise use of the opportunities of the college literary society ministers to clearness and elegance of expression, because the society is literary.

In one sense, lucidity and elegance are identical. There is no elegance like that of simplicity. Fine writing is spectacular. It draws more attention to the scenery than to the play. It gives more care to the decoration of the dish than to the food. It serves vile wine in glittering chalices. It violates taste by dressing dignity of thought in linguistic tinsel. It is the vice of the impressionist. We repeat that elegance consists in simplicity. The pure water of the mountain spring needs no aeration. The pungent carbonic drink may be pleasant occasionally by way of variety, but for a constancy a thirsty man wants wetness, not gas, in his water. It is a great accomplishment to be able always to mean

what we say, and to say what we mean. Misunderstanding is more often a matter of the tongue than of the ear. It may be a cloud over the sun, instead of a cataract in the eye, that makes the day look dark. The fault in the food is more often with the cook than in the palate. The flower is its own revelation of beauty.

There is scarcely an indication of culture so significant as the use of words. The test of pronunciation is sufficient to shame most of us. The selection of nouns shows the nicety with which we make mental distinctions. The use of adjectives—which linguistic pigments are the most dangerous words with which we play—shows our artistic feeling. The exact employment of verbs to express the movements of our concepts accurately, without exaggeration or subtraction, is the achievement of an expert. To combine the form in the noun, the color in the adjective, and the action in the verb, with the aid of adverbial, prepositional, and relative assistants, in such a way as to convey to another precisely the thought of our own minds, is a high and rare accomplishment. “By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned” is true educationally. Absolute limpidity of utterance is attained by few. Preachers talk in public more than any other men, except college professors in the class-room, and, if practice makes perfect, it ought to be true that they acquire lucidity and elegance of expression beyond all others. And yet it is not true, as is proven by the impressions made on their congregations and on professional newspaper reporters. It is said that only two English preachers of our time—Archbishop Magee, of Peterborough, now dead, and Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester—spoke such clean and simple English that their public extemporaneous utterances did not need revision before being put into print. That orator is a prodigy who, without timidity, would face his speech in type, set by a compositor exactly as the merciless phonograph caught it. And the marvel

is that this is true of ordinary conversation as well. The eye is the relentless detective that quickly uncovers the slovenliness of the tongue and the carelessness of the ear, which are concealed by the cunning magic of personal address. There is nothing so common as speech, and so rare as simple lucidity. Watch the words of another, if you cannot do the more difficult thing of watching your own, and you will soon discover the truth of what has been said. We seem to be only half-educated, so far as clearness of expression is concerned.

The literary society fosters clearness in three ways: First, it helps to introduce us to the best literature, and so makes us acquainted with the experts in the art of lucidity. We read the noblest writers to full purpose only when we study their forms of expression as well as their thoughts. Second, its duties compel us to become creators of written and spoken literature, and so force us to the practice of all rhetorical virtues. Third, the censor corrects our faults with an official plainness that would be branded as boorish impoliteness if exercised upon ordinary conversation, as it doubtless needs to be. All honor to the censor! If qualified for his position, he is by far the most important functionary in a society whose prime object is the cultivation of the art of expression. His qualifications should be—one eye a telescope, to discover remote suggestions of fault, the other eye a microscope, for the detection of every trifling blemish; one ear a phonograph, to record accurately all utterances, the other a stethoscope, by which our verbal discords may be appreciated, and his tongue a scalpel for keen and relentless surgery upon our linguistic abnormalities.

BY MINISTERING TO FORCE.

The literary society also cultivates force of expression, because it is a field for intellectual tournaments. The orbit of a normal life is an ellipse, whose two foci are, first, the

perception of selfhood, and, second, the perception of the other man. It is the mutual interplay of self and the other person that calls for forcefulness in defence and in aggression. This is none the less true in the purely intellectual life than in military, commercial, and political realms. Expression at its best must be not only versatile and clear, but also impressive. The dynamics of expression are too often assigned to expletives, or vehemence of articulation, or gesticulation. But these are the cheap external devices of ignorance and weakness, not the normal fruits of culture. They are lion's skins worn by braying animals. Genuine power of expression lies more within the man himself than in his vehicles of utterance. A weak personality uses the facilities for strong expression much as a baby would wield a Mauser rifle. Concerning few revelations of personality is it more true than, with regard to forceful expression, that the style is the man. Strong speech can no more come from a weak soul than a volcanic eruption from a sand-hill. It is more a matter of character than of vehicle. The energy is in the powder, not in the gun. The power is in the lightning, not in the thunder. All men have access to the dictionary, and possess vocal organs and facial features. But the difference in forcefulness of expression lies so largely behind these that deficiency in native power can never be made up by tricks of elocution or the artificialities of schools of oratory. As each bird sings its own note, each flower breathes its own perfume, each tree bears its own fruit, each energy of nature performs its own function, and none of these finds power of expression save in the normal product of its own nature, so every man is to express simply and wholly himself. Therein lies his power. Imitation is limitation. The old question, forever asked about men who dare to be themselves, is, "Wherein lies the secret of his power?" And the simian theory of our descent finds support in the ease with which weaklings imitate the blemishes of great

men, which are always conspicuous, and fail to realize that power is, and must ever be, cultured peculiarity. Unfortunately, a great preacher had a nasal whine. Forthwith many devoted admirers inferred that his oratorical excellence lay in his nose, and put that organ to vocal uses for which nature never intended it, to be the destruction of their own powers. Another great orator wore long hair. Immediately his adorers regarded that Samsonian ornament as the secret of his public effectiveness. Their consequent neglect of the barber was not only ruinous to their own power, but brooded a bevy of womenized men.

Remember the foci of the orbit of life. Settle down to the fact that if God had wanted you to be like the other man He would have made you so. Prefer to be yourself rather than any one else in the world. Therein lies your power, which will energize the ordinary avenues of utterance and be the dynamic that will turn the dead metal of language into live wires. Remember that there is another man in the world beside yourself. That is the other focus of your life orbit. Respect his power, as you desire your own to be respected.

Gentlemen, it is in the literary society that we meet the other fellow. There you first came into contact with him in the mental life. Athletics introduces you to him for physical comparisons. Business will introduce you to him in the competitions of trade. But you have met him in debates, in rival declamations, and writing contests. That competition has helped to develop whatever power you have. With things all your own way, your mental strength would decline into imbecility. It is the other fellow who has helped you to realize yourself, who all through your society career has forced you into expansion of ideas and imperialism of self. Do not forget him. You will meet the other man constantly during the rest of your life. Well, it is for you if you have

learned that he so largely holds the key to all that is most versatile, limpid, and forceful in your self-utterance.

Time has not permitted either literary or biographical illustrations of the thoughts that have been so scantily stated. All life is a parable of these things, and all literature is their outcome. It seemed best to state a few necessities of effective expression, and to trust both the experience and the common sense of college men to discern the function of the literary society in supplying them. That pleasant duty is done.

Dear old Mu Sigma Rho! How I failed to appreciate her when she was my literary nurse! How I loved her more as the noble rival of the worthy Philologist than for what she was doing for me! Her censor dug me with daggers until he wore them to the hilt. Sometimes he perfumed the rapier, but that was only his prelude to a vital thrust. At my maiden debate he had no pity for the trembling voice that soon issued in the wet eye. The weeping retreat from a rising floor and whirling walls, that threatened to crush my dizzy head, produced a hilarity among the boys that fattened her treasury with fines. But what a sweet revenge I had in inflicting raw rhetoric and cruder reasoning upon the suffering hosts! The monument for patience does not belong to Job, but to those dear boys of twenty-five years ago who with superlative self-control listened to at least one ambitious incompetent. He did not strike oil then, but he did not stop boring. Perhaps he is engaged in the same process to-night. At any rate, let him here and now pay the debt of an affectionate child to Mu Sigma Rho, and confess that the introduction received to Mousa, Sophia, Rhetorike has been a factor in whatever has been accomplished by the vocal part of a quarter of a century of public life. It was not appreciated at the time. Most of our blessings are prized only when they are gone. Yet there linger with me the memories of Cabell, Abraham, Steele, Witt, Swann, Nicol, Gore, Taylor, Eager, Wildman, Acree, Miller, Pitt, Groton,

Pugh, Nock, McManaway, Riggan, Ellyson, Cocke, Long, and a host of others. They became stars of the first magnitude in our theological, legal, medical, political, and mercantile heavens, evolved into their brilliance by the same period of whirling that sent out this satellite. Many of these have gone beyond my simple words of undimmed and loyal friendship. Time and life have scattered the boys over our beloved land, but memory of our *alma mater* and the ties of Mu Sigma Rho are the untarnished links of the chain that still binds us all. The dear old Muses are yet our common nurses. We are still unanimously loyal to our queenly Sophia. And still we pursue Rhetorike. Our hearts are palimpsests, written over by many kinds of chirography; but distinct and legible to us all are the lessons, memories, and inscriptions that Mu Sigma Rho inscribed upon our plastic boyish souls. May her hand continue for many years to write her blessings there!

Mary Kerr.

BY DUNCAN DRYSDALE.

There dwells in bonnie Teviot dale,
Beside its limpid stream,
A leal true-hearted Scottish lass,
Perfect as poet's dream.

Her face so fair, her eyes so clear,
Her cheeks of rosy hue,
Match ruby lips of sweetness rare,
Like flowers bedecked with dew.

Her winsome smile, so free from guile,
Would captivate the heart
That ne'er before had felt the touch
Of daring Cupid's dart.

O, would the Fates roll back the years,
And youth on me confer,
I'd lay my hopes of future bliss
At feet of Mary Kerr.

Gems.

Here is a ruby, my heart,
That has bled for you;
Here are white pearls, the
Tears I have shed for you;
Lo! here are diamonds,
Prayers I have said for you.

Yes, here are opals, the
Thoughts I have thought for you;
Here are dear moon-stones, the
Dreams I have dreamed for you;
Set in the gold of my love,
That is naught to you.

Marguerita.

(Continued from March No.).

BY D. S. FREEMAN.

“THE next day I was better; my burns were not as severe as they had thought, and my leg was not broken at all, only sprained. Then they told me of the tragedy; how old Jacques had died, hunting in vain amid the flames for his daughter, and how our manager also had perished. Marguerita, they said, had been crazed by the shock of these events and by her terrible experience on the stage. I cannot say but that these sad facts pierced to my heart, but I nevertheless had a feeling of joy that Marguerita would now be

mine for always—for who would want a crazy orphan actress except I!

“Two weeks later I was on my feet again—weak, but comparatively well. The company—or what was left of it—had gone back to Norfolk, to take the boat for New York, and Marguerita and I were the only ones left behind. The leading man, who now took charge of the company, left behind a letter, saying that if I came on when I was well he would start another company with me. Of course, I could not do this with Marguerita; so we stayed on in Richmond. The people were kind to us, and I was offered a position in the counting-house of a gentleman tobacconist. I accepted the position, and left Marguerita in his family. I would have married her, imbecile though she was, had not the court refused us license, on the ground that she did not know her own desire.

“And now I come to a bright period in my life—and I must hurry, for I feel myself getting weak. Will you give me another glass of that brandy?”

I gave him the glass full, and, after a pause, he began anew :

“’Twas some six months after that sad event that I started to my employer’s house one night to see Marguerita, and was met by the girl herself at the street corner. ‘Don,’ she cried; ‘Don!’ I started. That was her own natural voice. ‘What, Marguerita?’ I queried, full of hope that she would answer reasonably. But she wandered off again. Yet I was full of a new hope. Suppose she should again receive her reason! I thought no more; that very hope was my life from that moment on. I spoke to Mr. —,* my employer, of this flash of reason. He, too, was delighted, and bade me consult Dr. Howard, a famous physician of those days. I went to him, and he told me there was hope. ‘Not unfre-

* Because this gentleman’s descendants are still residing in the city, I thought best not to use the name.—D. S. F.

quently,' he said, 'the reason is lost by some quick shock, and when this shock wears off—sometimes in months, sometimes in years—the reason will gradually return. But bring me the girl, and I can tell you more of it.' Perhaps you can explain, Doctor.

"We took Marguerita to him, and, after a complete examination, he said she would get well. I cannot describe the joy I felt. I had only hoped before, but often, that she would live for me to worship; but now there was the assurance she would receive her full faculties again, and I thought then how bright would be the future.

"I lived in heaven in those days, as I gradually saw a change come over her. The stare left her eyes, the blank expression vanished from her face, and soon she was in the bloom of health. She seemed to take it quite as a matter of course that I should be near her, and gradually became accustomed to her new environments.

"But the full tide of her consciousness came on her quite suddenly. 'Twas a September afternoon, and she had been out walking with me. We had stopped beside the river, in a grassy place, to rest. She understood already the daily occurrences, and it was of this day's happenings we were talking, when suddenly she stopped. I looked up, and she met my eyes. For a full minute we looked at each other. Then, in a voice well modulated and natural, she said:

"'Don, that was an awful night.'

"So at last, *at last*, she remembered the night's happenings. I couldn't help weeping. She looked at me with understanding. Then spoke again:

"'Yes, I know I have been under a cloud somehow; but I am awake now, and I want you to tell me what has happened since we came off the burning stage.'

IV.

"Perhaps it was God's will, perhaps it was a mockery of

fate, but that very night, ere I could tell her how I loved her, I was snatched away. My employer informed me that he wished me to leave the next day on a long European trip in the interest of his business. I opened my heart to him, and told him how Marguerita was, as I thought, perfectly sane, and how I wanted to tell her the whole story. He told me to ask Dr. Howard, and, if he gave consent, to tell her. I went with her immediately to him, and he examined her. She was, he declared, absolutely cured, but must be told of the past six months' happenings very slowly. So it was decided to let her stay at Mr. ——'s, and, while I was gone, she was to be told what had happened.

"In the early morning I arose and prepared for the journey. When I had completed my breakfast, and was getting my final instructions from my employer, she came in.

"'Good morning, Don, dear,' she said, with perfect frankness.

"'Good morning, Marguerita,' I replied. 'Did you know I was going away?'

"'Yes; Mr. —— told me, and I am so sorry; but I will await your coming, Don.'

"I was amazed at the way she acted—as sanely as you or I; as calmly as if nothing had ever happened.*

"It was just sun-rise when the negro came around to the door with my horse, and I began my journey. My employer was to accompany me to the stage, so my only farewell was with Marguerita. It was the parting of a brother and sister, from her standpoint, though it was a lover's leaving his all with me. She wept a little, and kissed me prettily, bidding me take care of my health and return as quickly as I could. I held her in my arms a moment, then mounted. At the

* At this point of his discourse my grandfather took a wide digression and gave a medical view of the unusual mental conditions which made the young girl part with O'Connell without great sorrow. As this is not of interest to the reader, I have left it out.—D. S. F.

turn of the street I looked back, and saw her standing there against one of the tall pillars. She had assumed an attitude she had in one of our old plays. One hand held her hat, and the other was waving her 'kerchief to me, while her hair was blown over her face and the breeze played with her dress. I waved my farewell in return, and the next moment she was lost to sight.

"From the very moment I left her I felt sure I should never see her again. As I passed down the valley of the James a vision of her dead body was before me, out at sea. As I looked at the waves, I sometimes started, as I imagined her floating lifeless in the water. Even after I landed in England, and was hard at work, I would sometimes wake up weeping, because I had seen her die in my dreams.

"So you can appreciate how tiresome these months on English soil were, and how glad I was the next spring to set foot aboard the good 'Roger and John,' bound for home. After five weeks' sailing we sighted Cape Charles, and the next morning I landed in Norfolk. With only a few hours' rest, I procured horses and started for Richmond. The first night of my journey was passed at the old 'Gate-Post Inn,' and when I awoke the next morning it was raining. My servant did not want me to start, but vague fear was gnawing at my heart, and I would have ridden on had the devil himself opposed my way.

"We changed horses twice during the day, but when darkness came on there were still ten miles between us and home, besides the river to be crossed. John* begged and begged that we stop at the tavern, but I was for pressing on; so on we went—on through the beating rain, on through the black night, while the horses panted and splashed mud as high as our saddles—on and on, till at nine o'clock we reached the

* John must have been the servant, though there is no mention of him elsewhere in my patient's story. (My grandfather's note).—D. S. F.

ferry landing. The boat was on the other side of the river, and there was no way to get over to it. I was not to be balked, however, and sent John along the bank to look for a boat, while I carried the horses back to the farm-house, whose light we just could see. My impatience made my walk there seem a year, but it could only have been a few minutes, for when I got back to the landing I saw nothing of John. At last came his halloo, and he yelled out for me to come to him up the bank. I ran as fast as I could through the darkness, and presently found him with a little boat half full of water. He swore he would not venture in, but, when I took the oars and would have shoved off, he jumped in, rather than be left behind alone.

"It was by no means easy to cross the river, for it had been raining up the country, and the James was high. But the negro was a good oarsman, and, with my help, finally made the other side, though considerably below the usual landing place. Perhaps it was the darkness and wetness of the night, but anyway, when finally I was ashore, my fear drove me almost mad. I found a horse standing near a house, and, without a word of explanation, or even a thought, I jumped on him, and left my man standing howling in the rain. The empty streets clattered a strange echo to my horse's feet as I turned into Cary street at its lower end and put my horse to the gallop. The houses flew by like phantoms, but I met not a single living person until I turned up Twelfth street. Here was a watchman, but I passed unchallenged, and soon drew up at my employer's house. With one bound I was off my horse, and a few steps brought me to the door.

"It was strange, but from the very moment I sounded the knocker I gave up all my hope. I *knew* by the sound it made that Marguerita was not there. In a few moments I heard old Uncle Junius fumbling with the lock. He opened the door and saw me by the dim light of his candle.

“ ‘Where is Miss Marguerita,’ I cried; ‘where is she?’ He did not answer, but only gazed at me.

“ ‘Fo, Gawd, Mars Don, whar you come from?’

“ ‘Where is your Miss Marguerita?’ I cried again. Just then the sturdy door opened. I paused. A vague hope came to me, for I could not see the form. ‘Marguerita!’ I cried; ‘Marguerita!’ But a well-known voice said, ‘I, O’Connell.’ It was my employer. ‘Marguerita, where is she?’ I queried. He took a candle and merely said, ‘Follow me.’ Blindly, hopelessly, I went up the steps behind him. He came to Marguerita’s door, and unlocked it. I rushed in—empty. He pointed to the dresser, and there I saw a locket and a folded note. I ran to them and took—”

My patient’s voice had been growing weak for some time, and he had stopped often, so I merely waited for him to continue; a pause, and then I looked at him—he was dead. I had fully expected him to expire when his story was concluded, but his ending at the very height of his narrative was a surprise to me. With a sigh I turned from him, and at that moment the candle gave a last flicker and went out, as the city bell slowly tolled three. Dead!

I went to the fire-place and put on another log. After awhile this blazed up, and I went back to the bed. I had never noticed until that moment the noble sorrow of the face before me. There was an awfulness of desolation I never saw equalled, and a fearful abandon on his whole countenance. It was a noble face, too—a high forehead, an eloquent mouth, a strong chin, and good nose. What was his secret, I thought, as I returned to the fire. For a long time I sat there, thinking over the strange story I had heard and wondering about—the letter he had told me of. Suddenly an idea struck me. He had made mention, on one of my visits, to a bag around his neck. Perhaps this contained the secret of his story. I went to him and unfastened the bag. I pulled the little table in front of the fire, and poured the

contents on it. A ring, set with a diamond, a few gold pieces, and a little leather case were all I found in it. I hastily opened the case. A little locket and a piece of paper fell out. I opened the locket. It contained a miniature picture, done on ivory, of a young girl with dark hair and great gray eyes. It was his Marguerita. A pressed forget-me-not was in the other side. I laid it down reverently, and took up the folded paper. A scent of rose leaves clung to it, though the sheet was old and yellow. It must be the letter he found on her table. It rustled as I unfolded it. I saw, dimly in the light, some faded girlish writing. I could not read it where I sat, and so I moved near the fire. I strained my eyes and made out the first words, "Dear Don." Bending closer, I tried to read on, but, by some mischance, the sheet slipped from my hand and fluttered toward the flames. I snatched for it, but failed to catch it. A moment more and it was burning. I gazed fascinated, and, just as the flames reached it, I caught sight of the name signed—'twas "Marguerita." No more I saw, and the mystery remained unfathomed.

Affinity.

BY L. W. L. JENNINGS.

There is no love like unto mine for her—

Her whom my spirit greets and claims its own,
And whose deep eyes doth leap with flames that stir

A passion in my bosom—drear and lone!

So wild, so deep, so vast, that I am caught

Beyond the gray material and hurl'd,

Wrapped one forever with her soul, and taught

That love—God! only love is in the world!

Sometimes my passion slumbers like the deep—
Fair shimmering 'neath the gaze of Evening's star,
After the storm has moaned itself to sleep
And sobs along the stretch of rock-ribbed bar;
Then, then, it knows the clear serenity
And strength of that far beaming orb of light,
And feels within itself the mighty sea
Half dreaming in the misty zone of Night.

Yet come there moments when my life is torn
Like angry oceans on the sullen sands,
Or when down stern-faced mountains there is borne
The rush of tempests over fairer lands—
So wildly doth my spirit long to greet
And mingle with its co-self that is hers,
And drink the sweeten'd mystery that is meet
For souls wherein such heav'nly passion stirs.

Does a College Education Pay?

BY J. EDWARD OLIVER.

THIS very practical question is quite frequently asked. To a mother and father of moderate means, who have a son to educate, the answer to this question is of the utmost importance. To a boy who, from necessity, must pay for his own education, the answer is of far greater importance. Four years in a Southern college will cost from \$1,000 to \$2,000. Is it wiser to spend this money in educating the son, or to use it in giving him a start in life's great battle for existence and success? The answer is so important that it ought not to be given without much previous thought and thorough investigation. Personally, I am not in a position to give the answer, but I have collected a number of facts (gotten together by men who are in a position to judge of this ques-

tion), and I shall give these as proof that a college education does pay.

President Charles F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, had an examination made of the six volumes known as "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography," which contains sketches of 15,142 American people. This collection is supposed to represent the most conspicuous 15,000 persons of our American history, which, of course, to some extent may be an imperfect list. The object of this investigation was to find out the per cent. of college-bred men among this number. It was found that 5,326, or slightly more than one-third of the whole number, were college men. The whole number of students of American colleges from the beginning until the present day does not exceed 200,000. Dividing the 200,000 by the 5,326, we find that one man out of every forty college men has his name recorded as one of the most distinguished men of his country. If we assume that there have lived in America one hundred million (a fair estimate) of people who have not had a college training, and divide this number by the 9,816 distinguished persons who did not receive a college course, we find that only one out of every 10,000 non-college men have deserved to be mentioned among the men of the greatest fame of our land. To emphasize these figures, suppose we choose 10,000 children and look up their records at the end of their days. We will find that only one of this great number has so wrought as to be mentioned among the most noted of his countrymen. If we choose only forty college men on the day of their graduation, we will find that one from this small number will be ranked among the most famed. Thus you can see that the college man's chances for great success are two hundred and fifty times more than those of the non-college man. Surely these figures are astounding, even more than might be expected of the college-bred man. Old President Quincy, of Harvard, said that a man got a good deal

out of college if he just rubbed his shoulders against the college buildings. I am somewhat inclined to believe this rather extravagant statement.

It is certainly fair to say that only about 1 per cent. of our young men who reach the college age really graduate from our colleges. Ninety-nine per cent. never graduate. Mr. John Carleton Jones, of the University of Missouri, has made investigations as to the per cent. of college men that have occupied the highest places of honor in our Government. To this gentleman I am indebted for the following facts:

"The 1 per cent. of college graduates in our male population of graduate age are furnishing 36 per cent. of the members of Congress, and has supplied 55 per cent. of the Presidents, 54.16 per cent. of the Vice-Presidents, nearly 55 per cent. of all the Cabinet officers, nearly 69 per cent. of the Justices of the Supreme Court, and 85.7 per cent. of the Chief Justices. The proportion of graduates increases in direct ratio to the importance of the office, if we consider elective and appointive offices separately. In the latter class the order of officers, arranged according to percentage of graduates, is as follows: Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, Justices, Attorneys-General, Secretaries of State, and other Cabinet officers, where the margin of difference is quite small. More college graduates than formerly are being chosen to the Presidency, to the House of Representatives, to the most important positions in the Cabinet, and to the Supreme bench."

From these facts it is plain to see what a great advantage the boy has who takes time to prepare himself for his work by taking a good college or university course. Nearly every youth is ambitious to rank first among his countrymen. The greatest and surest help to a position of honor in our land is undoubtedly the college course.

Mr. H. E. Kratz, while a professor in the State University of South Dakota, requested fifteen of the largest cities and

towns of that State to make out a list of the five leading men in each of the following professions: Teaching, the ministry, law, medicine, banking, journalism, merchandise and manufacturing, the last two to be considered as one class. Out of 533 of the leading men of South Dakota in these pursuits, 293, or 55 per cent. (more than half), were college-bred men. If the college man had no advantage over his fellow-man we would find that only six of the 533 leading men would be college men. Are not these interesting and convincing facts?

A prominent business man of forty years' experience, who has many young men in his employ, writes as follows: "The more education you can inject into a human being the better fitted he will be to enter any business. I find that the work of those having had the advantage of the studies in our elementary schools does not compare with those having had more advanced studies; that the former, while competent to perform certain duties, almost invariably fail to advance; whereas the latter are the ones that we can and do use in any kind of work, and eventually reach the positions requiring knowledge and exercise of brain power, and which the former seldom, if ever, attain."

Mr. George E. Ide, President of the Home Life Insurance Company, said: "I find that the average young man seeking employment in an office such as mine is eager to succeed, but that, after pushing such a man forward from one position to another, I soon discover that his limitations are quickly reached, and that it is not safe to put him in a position where responsibility is placed upon his shoulders, and where his thinking powers are brought into active exercise. Such a man, having reached his limitation, simply falls into a rut and becomes a mere human machine. This class is made up largely of those men who have simply a common school education, and who never paid any particular attention to the development of the reasoning faculties required in the more advanced positions. On the other hand, my experience with

the young college graduates has been that they have, in addition to the qualifications of the first class, a certain power of logical thought and analysis, which I attribute to their educational training, and, consequently, it is possible to use them ultimately in a much higher sphere than the first class. The only disadvantage in a boy of eighteen spending four years in college is that in the minds of many he is losing four years from business; but, if he has the right material in him, and has made the most of his college course, that handicap of four years at the start amounts to nothing, and he soon comes up with and passes those who started before him with limited training."

What these two business men say has been said in the past by hundreds of such men, and is being said to-day.

President Roosevelt, in an article on "The College Graduate and Public Life," clearly indicates the influence and advantage of college training. He says: "But if there is an equality of rights, there is an inequality of duties. It is proper to demand more from the man with exceptional advantages than from the man without them. A heavy moral obligation rests upon the man of means and upon the man of education to do their full duty by their country. On no class does this obligation rest more heavily than upon the men with a collegiate education. The men of mere wealth never can have, and never should have, the capacity for doing good work that is possessed by men of exceptional mental training."

In my opinion the greatest thing a college course does for a man is to broaden his vision and destroy his narrowness. Home life, whether spent in city, town, or country, has the tendency to make one narrow in all things. At home you live in too small a world. There jealousies, neighborhood gossip, narrow judgment, and false impressions reign supreme. A college course destroys these, and the student begins to realize the greatness of this world and his duty to it. As one

of our professors is fond of saying, the student is made to wake up and creep out of his shell. Here you come into competition with the minds of some of the brightest youths of our land, and you learn their methods of thinking and of work. Here, instead of simply learning when a certain battle was fought, or when that treaty was made, or when this or that incident occurred, we study the causes, the effects, and relations of such things. Here the false impressions that have entered our heads from time to time are corrected. We are made to realize our capabilities and our possibilities. The professor simply leads us into the paths of true knowledge. In other words, the college simply introduces the boy to the world and its ways, and dispels boyish illusions and replaces them with common sense. A young man who has just graduated from college says: "While I have derived much benefit from the study of books, I think it has been a greater benefit to me to study men and their methods of thinking and working. But the best thing in college is that it has set before me a higher ideal of manhood than I had before. It has made me satisfied with nothing less than the best I can make out of myself, whereas before I came to college I believe I was content with less. I have come to realize the fact that no man has a right to fall behind his possibilities." This young man expresses what a college course does for a true student. It simply fires his soul with a consuming desire to be something in the world, and to pass on to others that which a gracious God has given him time and opportunity to acquire. The various concerns of the student—athletic, social, dramatic, musical—represent fields in which he may prepare himself for winning his Gettysburg.

A well-known editor has said: "The one thing of my college course I am especially grateful for is the general broadening influence which followed the finding out of what men had done in the world in one great department of learning after another; so that by the time I had finished my college

course I had a conception, more or less well proportioned, of the great things the human race has achieved, and I had my curiosity aroused to learn something."

In whatever vocation of life you may find yourself in after years, you will realize the importance of your college course. Whether you study law, medicine, science, or any other study, a college course is almost absolutely necessary to your success. President Staley, of the Case School of Applied Science, has said: "I wish that all students, before coming to the Case School, had had a regular college course." It is a fact that medical schools are considering the importance of a college course so much that it is thought that they will soon demand that each student shall take such a course before entering the medical school. Experience has taught them that the non-collegiate man cannot keep up with the college-trained mind.

I do not feel that I ought to end this article without adding a piece of timely advice offered by one of our leading newspapers. Here it is: "Begin your college course by making up your mind very definitely what you want to make of yourself. Concentrate. Remember that you have only forty or fifty years for the creation of your fortune and your reputation, and every year you waste in running up blind alleys handicaps you in the race. Unless you inherit wealth, you will have to begin at the bottom of any profession or business you undertake whenever you undertake it, and if you do not find your life vocation before you are thirty your classmate who found his at twenty will be ten years ahead of you. Your irresolution may keep you taking orders from him all the rest of your life."

I add this last quotation because of the irresolution that is displayed by many college students. The courses in many of our schools to-day are elective—a fact which I believe is a great advantage. If when you enter college you then determine what vocation in life you intend to follow, it will be

found that one will study to much better advantage by choosing at least some of those studies which bear more directly on his intended profession. This seems to be a somewhat common error, but one that may be easily corrected by proper thought and investigation before you enter college.

Music Triumphant.

BY J. C. QUARLES.

Let all creation sound the praise
 Of Him who keeps us by His power;
 Let mortal voices sing in lays,
 And anthems ring from every flower;
 The morning stars the song repeat
 That ushered in creation's morn;
 Let sun and moon in carols sweet
 Proclaim His love to times unborn;
 Let sweetest music loudly chime,
 Where e'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Then will the nations of each clime
 Proclaim Jehovah as their God.

Back of It All.

As he went to his daily tasks his way
 Led down a lane that was mean and bare;
 He journeyed along day after day,
 Beholding naught that was lovely there;
 He went with a wish to be free to go
 Where the winds were sweet and the vistas fair.
 He thought of his tasks as he went along,
 And pitied himself for his hapless lot;
 There was hate in his heart for the rich and strong;
 He dreaded the toil that the long days brought.
 And others passed onward and up to gain
 The fair rewards that he once had sought.

As he went to his hateful task one day
Another passed through the lane, and where
He had seen but briers before, the gay
Sweet petals of flowers were blown in air;
The birds that never had sung before
Burst forth in a chorus of gladness there.

So, day by day, as he went along
A newer beauty enhanced the scene;
Day by day, with her smile and song,
Another gladdened what once was mean,
And a man passed upward and onward who
Had once done his work as a mere machine.

A Base-Ball Romance.

BY B. P. ALLEY.

“SURELY the ways of the world are past finding out,” I quoted to a friend of mine from home, who was spending a few days with me at College, as we sat on the back steps of Memorial Hall. For only a few weeks ago the eleven sturdy heroes of the gridiron were being lionized, idolized, wined, and dined, and their names were on every tongue—even the smallest boy from Oregon Hill or Sheep Hill could tell you without hesitation the name of every individual player, the place he occupied, how much gain he made, and to whom the honor should go for winning the game. Could we ever forget them? Every student in College would have answered in concert, a thousand times over, “No!” But scarcely four months have passed, the “Loving Cup” been placed in the Library (you know we won the championship this year), and old uniforms packed away for another season, than that great subject of foot-ball has been declared off, and those who have been the lords of the campus, and who could have borrowed every cent in College, find their stock suddenly depreciated

in value and they are just the same as other students. What has caused the change? Do you see those youngsters running out on the diamond? Well, for over three weeks Captain Staples sifted down the thirty or more applicants, each day making the number smaller and smaller, until the holes in the sieve were too small for these to pass through, and he said it must be these who should represent us this year with the mask, bat, and ball. Somehow or other the tide of popularity which has been flowing for the "eleven" has turned, and the old familiar cry of "Take it round the end," or "Try centre," has been replaced by "Give us a hit, Gilly," "Knock the cover off, Sandy," and a hundred other expressions which are dear to the heart of every loyal "rooter." Can they play well? Well, I guess you haven't been reading the papers lately.

"Say, you see that young fellow behind the bat? That's Spillman. We call him 'Spilly,' for short. Did I ever tell you about that trip we took up to —, and how old Spilly played the hero, and came home almost broken-hearted? It was on our last trip away. The weather was just fine the day we started off from College, and several hundred students marched down to the train with us to give us a big send-off and wish us success on the trip. Everybody was in high glee, and yell after yell resounded through the station as the train pulled out. No sooner had we gotten seated when Captain Staples began to count us, to see if all were there. One, two, three, etc., were counted, until thirteen was reached.

"Yes, all present," he said.

"What's that, Stape; thirteen of us? Something is going to happen sure," said Spilly.

Everybody at once laughed, and tried to twit him about his superstitions, but he was more pronounced than ever that something was going to happen.

"Maybe we are going to lose the game," said Spilly, meditatively looking up from the paper he had been reading

for the past few minutes. "I don't like coming away with thirteen men. It may be foolish, but I can't help wishing we had either left some one home or brought another man along."

I tried to tell him about the day of signs being past, when he settled back in his seat, saying: "All right; if you all get killed before you get back, remember what I said about it."

A few more hours, and we had arrived at our destination. A big crowd had assembled (through curiosity, I suppose) to look us over and size us up.

"Oh, they ain't so many," said a young urchin in the crowd.

"Why, there ain't but one man in the bunch," said another, as he took in Sandy's six-foot two-inches.

These and many other expressions of similar nature were heard along the way, as we hurried up to the big hotel to wash up and get ready for dinner.

"Golly dang, but hasn't that girl got a pair of eyes," said Spilly to me, as he leaned across the table in the dining-hall. "Don't look now; she'll think I'm talking about her."

In a moment or two I glanced around the room, and let my eyes rest for a moment, gazing at the young woman to whom he had directed my attention. She looked up, and our eyes met for a second only, when she dropped her dark lashes over the prettiest pair of black eyes I ever saw. For a moment I forgot where I was, and sat staring at the outline of her beautiful face.

"Come, wake up," said Spilly; "she's mine—I saw her first."

"I wonder who she is," says I.

"I don't know, I am sure; but I would give a hundred, besides a ticket to the game, to meet her," said Spilly.

"By the way, I wonder if she will be at the game."

"I don't know that either," said Spilly; "but if I only knew those eyes were looking at me I'd go to thunder before I'd let those 'suckers' beat us this evening."

"Don't you fellows eat too much; you can't get around well if you do," said Captain Staples.

This broke up our little reverie, and with a bite or two more we decided we had eaten enough, and started out the dining-hall, taking good care to pass as near her table as we thought good manners would permit. As we passed out I heard her say to her young lady companion how much she had enjoyed her dinner, and insisted that she should return her visit the next day. Our hearts fell, as we had anticipated the pleasure of again seeing her at supper.

"Well, any way, she lives in town," said Spilly, "and we will look her up after the game."

We passed on into the lobby, where a few jokes were cracked, stories told, and everybody seemed in high glee and full of confidence as to the outcome of the game.

"Hurry up, fellows; time to dress," sang out Stape.

We rushed off to our rooms, and soon our "biled bosoms" were cast aside for our uniforms. A little more bustle and confusion, and we were piling into the big wagon, to be carried out to the park, just as our rivals dashed by in a two-horse tally-ho all streaming with college colors. A crack of the whip from our driver, and we were off like a shot, soon to overtake our opponents.

At once a yell was raised from our friends in the other wagon, "Don't let them pass."

"Come, drive on, driver," says little Charlie Ford, who was perched up on the seat beside our teamster.

A few seconds more and we were both racing at full speed, each team as much interested in the result as if life and death were involved. Around corners we swung with increasing speed, until we reached Mallory Avenue, which was the avenue that led to the park. Neck and neck the race had been so far, first one in the lead and then the other; but now we had no corners to turn—only a straight stretch to the goal. Who would win? As I sat there, jostled first from one side

to the other, I thought of the game we were to play in a few minutes more, and instinctively it came to me the winner of this race would win the game. I tried to say as much to Spilly, who was sitting by my side, and after we had been tossed in each other's laps a few times I made him understand my remark.

"I was just thinking the same thing," said he, "and if only we hadn't started away with that hoodoo, number thirteen, I believe we—what's that?"

"Whoa! whoa, there!" shouted both drivers at the same time.

As quickly as possible our maddened teams were stopped, and everybody crawled over top of everybody else in their rush to be first out.

"What has happened?" came from every one at the same breath.

We needed no answer, for scarcely had we asked the question when a runaway horse, drawing a beautiful "run-about," dashed by us, the reins trailing on the ground, and a young woman, still clinging to the vehicle, calling frantically for help.

"Don't jump; hold on fast," shouted Spilly, as he flew after the frightened animal, who was running like the wind.

On flew the blooded animal, faster and faster every second, and right behind him, only a few feet from the vehicle, ran Spilly as never athlete ran before. Scarcely a square ahead was the end of the avenue, and he must turn that corner. We shuddered to think of the fair driver, as we took in the situation. What's that? As I live, he has reached the "run-about," and is climbing over the back of the seat. Our hearts sank within us, for we saw now two in peril, instead of one. We could see no more; around that corner and out of sight they flew. We had all stood as if glued to the spot, but no sooner had they hid themselves from our view than we put out at break-neck speed up the avenue to the corner where

we had seen them turn, expecting to get another glimpse of them, probably both being thrown and mangled against the curbing.

"'Twas a foolish thing," panted Cole, as we ran breathlessly on. "We'll feel like playing ball after this is over."

"Not in sight," called out Right-fielder Hayes, as he reached the corner ahead of us.

What should we do! It was nearly time for the game, and yet we could not think of going back without him.

"Hurrah!" sang out Buxton; "there he comes!"

Sure enough, just turning into the avenue came our hero, sitting calmly beside the young lady, driving the fretful horse back in a canter, as if he was simply taking his usual afternoon drive. He came up to us, and, drawing reins for a second, touched his cap and said: "What are you fellows waiting for? You can hurry on to the park; I will be there as soon as I can take this lady home, which will be only a few minutes, as it is on the next block."

We hurried to our wagon and on to the park, while Spilly drove his new friend home. What happened after we lost sight of them flying around the corner I learned the next day. A reporter happened to be on the spot, and, witnessing the whole affair, wrote a glowing account in the morning's paper—how he overtook the team, climbed over the back of the seat, then out on the horse's back, and seized the reins, and finally stopped the excited animal just in time to prevent a smash-up with another team.

Of course, Spilly was too modest to say much about it, but he whispered in my ear, as he passed me on reaching the park: "I've met her, old boy. Did you ever see anything like those eyes? Tell you all about it after the game."

"Play ball!" yelled the chorus from the five thousand or more "rooters" from the "bleachers." "Play ball!" sang out the spectators in the grand stand.

A few little preliminaries, and "Play ball!" called the

umpire, and Stape led off, smashing a beauty for three bags. Big Sandy followed with a sacrifice hit, and Stape scored. Only a few of that great multitude "hurrahed." Little Robbie next put a sky-scraper in right field, which was caught. But I must not stop to relate the whole game. The next two of our men went out, and our mighty opponents came in for their turn at the bat. At once a mighty shout from both grand stand and bleachers went up as their first man sent the ball sailing over the right-field fence for a home-run. Hats and ribboned-bedecked canes were thrown in the air, tin horns began to blow, bells to ring, students turned somersaults; the fair sex even shouted and waved the flags of their home college in the air. In short, pandemonium reigned supreme.

"Don't mind that, old boy!" shouted Stape to Woodfin, who was doing our pitching.

The advice must have been taken, for the next two men fanned the air, and the third hit an easy one to Gill, who shot it across to first base, and the side was out. We came up for our turn again, fresh and confident; but the best we could do was to get one man as far as second, when we had to give way to our opponents. They met with no better success, and so the game stood until the sixth inning, when a double and single gave them another run. Two to one stood the score, looking us in the face from a big score-board which had been placed on the back fence for the benefit of the spectators, and so it stood up to the ninth inning.

"Batter up!" called the umpire, as big Sandy stepped to the plate.

This was our last chance; if we failed to score the game was lost, and we must come away suffering the humiliation of defeat.

"Make him pitch!" was the chorus from the bench, as the umpire called "Three balls." Another, and our big second baseman trotted down to first. Our hopes began to rise, but

only to fall again as the next two men "went out," leaving Sandy on third.

"I'll swear she's in the grand stand," says Spilly to me, as he was hurriedly picking out his favorite stick from the dozen or two piled up on the ground, to take his place next at the bat.

"Remember what you said you'd do if those eyes were looking at you, Spilly," I said, trying to encourage him as best I could.

"Strike one," called the umpire, as he swung with all his might in vain. "Strike two" came from the same source a second later, as he swung again.

"Remember those eyes, old boy!" I said; "it don't take but one to hit it."

He swung again, and away went the "horse-hide" just two inches over right-field fence, while he and Sandy crossed the rubber and saved the game.

Well, it was our time to do the contortion acts, and we did them to the Queen's taste. We took old Spilly on our shoulders and trotted around the park, while a hush fell over that great crowd which only a few minutes before had been a howling, yelling mob. They came up for their last half, but we had taken all the ginger out of them, and the best they could do was to go down before Woodfin's puzzling "ins" and "outs."

We felt mighty happy as we drove back to the hotel, and Manager Smith said the world was ours; all we had to do was to give him a chance to wrap it up.

You want to know what became of the girl? Oh, I'm coming to that now. We had just gotten back to the hotel, and gone up to our rooms to wash up and look decent again, when some one knocked.

"Is Mister Spillman in here?" said the porter, holding a big bunch of American Beauties in his hand, as I opened the door.

"Yes," I said, taking the lovely roses from him. I had hardly taken them from the dusky individual before Spilly had them in both arms.

"Well now, ain't she a daisy?" said he. "I could love a woman like that to death."

"What's her name?" I asked, trying to read the card which was hanging from the white silk ribbon with which they were tied. "Mrs. Martha Davis Roberts" was artistically engraved upon the card.

"Oh, they are from her mother. I remember now she said her name was Roberts, but I was so much excited I forgot it, and didn't want to ask her over again," said Spilly.

"Hello! a note, too!" I observed, handing him a dainty envelope, which was half hid among the beautiful foliage.

He broke the seal in a jiffy, and read aloud: "'My Dear Sir,—If you have no engagement for this evening I would be happy to have you to tea with us, so we can talk over our little escapade of this afternoon. I will send carriage for you at 6 P. M., and expect you. Very sincerely and gratefully, Mrs. M. D. Roberts.' From her mother, too," said Spilly.

"Are you going?" I asked.

"Of course I am!" he said. "Do you think I would miss that chance? Tell you the truth, old boy, I'm all 'broke up' on that girl, and never said a dozen words to her in my life."

Well, at 6 o'clock sharp the carriage came, and old Spilly, all dressed up in his best, went out to sup with his fate.

Being pretty tired, I went to bed about 10 o'clock, and was just dozing off when Spilly came in. His face was pale and long drawn out. Instead of that broad smile he always had, there was a sickly grin.

"Well, what luck?" I asked. "Must have run you away pretty early."

"No," he said; "I felt a little bad, excused myself, and came home."

Noting the great change of only an hour or two before, I thought something must be wrong, and started to get up, when he turned to me with a dejected look, and said: "If you swear you won't ever say another word to anybody about it, I will tell."

Before I could answer he said: "It's all up, old boy. The woman I saved was Mrs. Roberts; she's married."

The next morning we started home. Coming back on the train I noticed a beautiful young lady, who once or twice had looked very friendly our way. I said something to Spilly about it, when he turned in a kind of dazed, melancholy way to me, and said: "Oh, no, I beg your pardon; after you, my dear Alphonse; I am done."

Dreams of Boyhood.

Kind memories dear frae days o' yore,
 Auld lang syne sangs wi' age grown hoar,
 An' legends rich in Scottish lore,
 In great profusion
 Are tumblin' tapsalteerie a'
 In sweet confusion.

At Grannie's hoose, says Cousin Nell:
 "Guess wha is here? I'll never tell.
 Eh, what, ye rogue, ye ken yersel?
 Weel, haste ye, hurry;
 Get on yer bravest Sabbath claes,
 It's Isa' Murray."

Another day: "Gang yont the toon,
 Noo dinna glunch an' gloom, ye loon,
 Tae Isa's hoose ye'll just slip doon;
 Min', dinna err,
 Say some ane's here frae far Kinross;
 It's Jamie Kerr."

Ay, Jamie lad, yer form sae tall,
Big towering over my inches small,
Soon set my claims against the wall,
 Aye there tae bide,
Within my bosom, deep till noo,
 Constrained tae hide.

Though by an by I prood could crawl
Over you in stature inches twa,
What matter? She had gaen awa wi' you—
 Wi' you, my freen';
I wished you joy, a kind, guid wife,
 An' bairns a wheen.

Noo hame returned, ah, nae mair young,
Content I sit your bairns among;
In sparkling ee an' blythesome tongue
 I fine can tell
The frank, free look an' kindly tone
 O' Isabel.

O Thou from out Thy realm above,
Watch o'er this sweet, domestic love;
Keep each one pure as gentle dove;
 Then all may see
There's nothing come so near to Heaven
 As fireside glee.

Dear boyhood's days in Devon's vale,
Full often does my spirit quail,
Aft over the sea my cheek turn pale,
 My heart grow sair,
To think that you for aye are gane,
 Will come nae mair.

A College Catastrophe.

BY "RASTUS."

IF a Ball of Black Ish Wood Falls into a Pond near James near the Sandford, and turns a Boatwright over, but every one Gains the shore and none Miss, Broadas the river is, though every Harris wet, and they thus escape from Tombs of Waters, and come through Marsh and Fog and in a Rowe go Rolling down the Alley, and ring the Bell where they Lodge in a Garrett. Ask the cause of this trouble, and one will say because he never heard a Ramsey a word in French to warn them away; another says, to be Frank, I thought it no More than a Brook to Ford; another says, the boatman Quarles because his Ham was not Dunn, and would not give a Nicol for Staples to secure his boat; and another says that the man who Digs Snead not Hunter around for the truth, for every one of "Thos." Wright pleasant fellows formerly now have their lips stuck out ready for Flipping. Thus ends my story.

The Mystery of Bill Bailey.

(A Tragedy in One Act.)

TRAGEDIÆ PERSONÆ.

<i>Jack Doliver,</i>	}	Reverend gentlemen of Memorial Hall.
<i>O. M. &erpound</i>		
<i>W. V. Raves,</i> a party of enterprise.		
<i>B. P. Byway,</i> of the House Committee.		
<i>B. D. Caw,</i> litterateur.		
<i>Long John Bricker,</i> a lawyer.		
<i>Sugarcane Wrong,</i> always interested.		
<i>Kitty Dutch,</i> fond of Mr. J. Barley Corn.		
<i>D. M. Permissions,</i> suspected of suicide.		

Mob, Students, &c.

Dr. Touhee, } Professors
Dr. Handler, }

Bill Bailey, a suicide.

Scene: A hall with two doors; light from transom marked 34½, other dark; silence in the hall. At curtain rise various groans and kickings heard from dark room.

[*Enter from 34½ O. M. &erpound, coat off, Bible in hand, much excited.*]

&: What, ho! Methinks I heard from yon dark room,
 Where shadows creep, the voice as of one in agony,
 Who cried aloud for help and vainly smote the air.
 I'll hither call my good friend Jack, and ask of him
 What can the mystery be. Jack! Ho, Jack!

[*Enter Doliver.*]

Dol.: Who calls? Ah, 'tis thyself, dear friend. What
 Can the matter be?

&: This, this—while in my room
 I sat in meditation, from yon black chamber,
 Where the shadows lie, methought I heard an outcry,
 As of one in pain; and on my ear there came a sob
 And kickings against the walls. I was sore dismayed,
 For well I knew that no one lived therein. Hark!

[*Moans and sobs heard.*]

Again, again they come. Hence away, dear Jack; away,
 And rouse the building. Surely 'tis some murder
 Or some suicide! Away; I cannot brook delay.

[*Exit Jack, in haste. Enter from other side B. D. Caw.*]

Caw: What, &erpound, my friend, so late about? Why
 already

The clock has struck, and 'tis—

&: List, oh listen,

My Caw, and hear the mystery!

[*Sobs heard. Enter Bricker.*]

Bricker : Good gentlemen, methought I heard a moment since
Muffled cries and long-drawn sobbings, as of
Some one under agony. Know ye aught of this?
[*Sobs renewed. Enter Kitty Dutch.*]

Dutch : While in yon room I sat and drank my booze,
I heard a voice sobbing. I knew not whence it came
Or what it was. But it so troubled me I dropped my
flask,
And, frightened, ran away. Tell me, what is the noise?
[*Enter Sugar cane Wrong.*]

Sugar cane Wrong : As raves the wind around Jasperdom, so
methought
A season since I heard from fair Bricker's
Room loud weeping and a sound as of the tapping of a
beer-keg.

[*Enter Byway.*]

Byway : Lack a-day ! Woe is me ! What's the sound
I hear resounding through the hall. For but
Anon, as I down kneeled to say my prayers, there
Came a screaming and a groaning.
Tell me what can the outcry be ?

[*Sobs heard again ; all approach door of dark room.*]

[*Re-enter Doliver.*]

Doliver : Break down the door ! Call out the police ! Sound
Aloud the alarum bell ! All the building's full of that
cry !

[*They advance to the door. Much disorder.*]

[*Enter Dr. Touhee.*]

Dr. Touhee : As I wooed nocturnal slumber on my couch of
ease,

To my door ran one dismayed, and knocked thereon
And lustily did smite, and cried, " Awake ye ! Awake !
Foul murder rules supreme ! " [*Sees the men.*]

Ah, gentlemen, good eve !

But what the tumult? Say.

[*Enter W. V. Raves.*]

Raves: 'Tis right, 'tis proper, that on me, who hast for nine years

Resided in the college, and who knew the whole show—

'Tis right I should first be called when danger comes

Upon the unsuspecting. Good lads, away! Give room to me.

I'll soon discover what's the mystery. Make way!

[*Enter Dr. Handler.*]

Dr. H.: The babes had ceased their crying, all the world was

Still, full gently was I snoring, when some one, as

In haste, did ring my door-bell, and, in answer to

My inquiry, did say that murder's out; that over here

A man lay dead. What, gentlemen, is the trouble?

Raves: Advance and enter.

Æerpound:

Open the door, men.

Doliver:

To rescue!

Byway: Be brave, lads, brave, while I get my revolver.

Dr. H.: I brought with me this bucket and, if—

Wrong:

She gives!

The door's opening!

Caw:

'Twill furnish me a story.

[*Door opens—a body discovered dangling.*]

Handler: Ye gods! What see I—a dangling, mangled form?

Dr. Touhee: Away, away; shut to the door!

Æerpound: 'Tis some poor unfortunate, weary of life.

Wrong: Who can it be?

Dutch: Perhaps it is poor Permissions, for he has been sick.

All: 'Tis he, 'tis poor Permissions!

Bricker: I'll settle his estate.

B. D. Caw: I'll write a poem on his death.

Dr. Touhee: I'll give him 100 on his last report.

All: Alas! alas!

[*Enter Permissions.*]

All : Why, 'tis he! 'tis he, alive!

[*Picture.*]

Dr. Handler : Bold Raves, open the door again ; let's enter.

Dr. Touhee : Perhaps there's still a spark of life. Ope again.

Raves : True—full true. Bring here a light.

[*Exit Doliver.*]

Wrong : That were a sad, untimely end for any one.

[*Re-enter Doliver with lamp; gives it to Raves.*]

Raves : Now, gentlemen, be brave. I'll lead the way.

Dr. H. : I'll follow with my bucket.

Dr. T. : While my stick shall—

Kitty Dutch : Me next.

Wrong : Then I.

Bricker : And I.

Doliver : Oh, be brave.

[*Mob opens for the column.*]

Dr. Touhee : Only mighty Raves and Handler and myself
Shall enter. Ye others stay out.

[*Enter; shut the door. The crowd stands expectant; noise heard from interior; the bucket is overturned, and the stick hits the floor.*]

All : Tell us ; tell us who it is?

Dr. H. (head out of door): Some wicked varlet hath performed—

Dr. T. (following): 'Tis only a broom-stick dressed up. Why,
'tis—

Raves (his head above all, showing the corpse): Who killed
Bill Bailey?

[*Curtain.*]





Editorial.



Editor-in-Chief.

B. D. GAW.

Assistant Editor.

E. P. BUXTON.

Associates.

Philologist.

W. P. POWELL,
P. W. JAMES,
J. E. LODGE.

Mu Sigma Rho.

M. LANKFORD,
D. S. FREEMAN,
J. WALTER KENNEY.

SOME NEW FEATURES FOR THE MESSENGER.

There is nothing more to be desired than the power of expression. One may think the most beautiful thoughts, hear the dulcet whisperings of ten thousand muses wafted gently upon all the zephyrs of the universe, may revel in a world of harmony and love, and know no discordant note, and yet, if one does not possess the power to express these inspiring visions, of what benefit are they to the world at large? True they may beautify one's own soul, but that alone is not their mission; they are given that they may be given again, and your receiving them should be but the means to an end—surely not the end itself.

Realizing the importance of cultivating the power of expression by practicing in writing, the literary societies of Richmond College established THE MESSENGER, than which no better opportunity for developing literary talent can be offered to the busy College student. The students of the College have neglected this opportunity for the past years in a deplorable measure. And to re-kindle that same spirit of enthusiasm, to which some of us allude so frequently while making our biggest campaign speeches, THE MESSENGER is

now bending its efforts. It is now bringing before the societies a proposed contest which is, in substance, as follows :

Beginning with the first and ending with the last issue of *THE MESSENGER* for each College session, a faithful record shall be kept by the Editor-in-Chief of all articles accepted by him for publication in *THE MESSENGER*, and at the close of the session the student having had the greater number of articles accepted and published shall receive as a prize ten (\$10.00) dollars. There shall be no second prize.

The rules of the contest proposed are as follows :

Only members in good standing in either of the societies publishing *THE MESSENGER* shall be eligible to contest for this prize.

The Editor-in-Chief of *THE MESSENGER* shall, as heretofore, accept or reject, at his discretion, all articles submitted for *THE MESSENGER*, but he shall in no case be considered eligible to contest for this prize.

No student shall be awarded this prize more than once.

No student having obtained a degree or being an applicant for same, nor any medalist (unless the medal shall have been awarded for athletics), shall be eligible to contest for this prize.

This prize shall be awarded to the successful contestant during the commencement exercises of the College, on the night on which the society medals are delivered.

This contest will greatly stimulate the students to greater efforts, and will consequently raise the standard of literary excellence in *THE MESSENGER*. Each society can contribute equally to the amount of the prize, and it will be seen that the gain will by far exceed the small amount of expenditure.

An Alumni Department will be introduced in *THE MESSENGER*, beginning with the October issue 1903, which will be under the direct supervision of the Assistant Editor. This department is a promising one, and we earnestly expect the students and alumni to co-operate with us in making this a most interesting feature.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Richmond College is noted for the lawyers and preachers she has produced, and now it seems she is going to create a like reputation for herself in dramatic lines. A number of students, with inclinations in that direction, possibly aspirations also, conceived the idea of organizing the Richmond College Dramatic Club. This is distinctly a student enterprise, as is the case in most large colleges and universities. After much hard and faithful work on the part of its members, they presented "Alabama" on April 9th in the College auditorium. The play has a very pretty though simple plot, and in two or three places becomes quite thrilling. To one who does not enjoy that side of life it might seem sentimental. That, however, is a matter of taste. The cast was admirably chosen, and each one seemed quite at home in his or her respective *role*. It is hard to judge which was best. Mr. Hiram Smith, Mr. B. P. Alley, and Mr. Abner Pope had perhaps the most difficult *roles* to play, and are therefore deserving of special mention. Among the ladies it is particularly difficult to award special praise to any one character. The dignity and grace of "Mrs. Page," the sweet, winning ways of "Alabama Blossom," "Atlanta's" coquettishness, and "Mrs. Shockton's" gentle lady-like deportment, all blended together in a most effective manner. The music, furnished by the College quartette, also added much to the pleasure of the evening.

The play was well attended, and every one seemed to enjoy the entire entertainment. The net proceeds were turned over to the Athletic Association, and were very gratefully received by that body.

PUBLIC DEBATE.

Since our last issue the Mu Sigma Rhonians have held their annual public debate. The selected few who furnished the evening's entertainment presented a pleasing appearance as they sat upon the

rostrum, which was tastily decorated with palms. R. O. Gilliam presided, F. G. Pollard was the reader, and D. S. Freeman the declaimer. The debate, "Resolved, That Citizens should Exercise Individual Judgment at Elections Without Regard to Party Ties," was ably handled. L. M. Ritter opened the debate, setting forth his arguments in a clear, forceful manner. G. B. Fogg, the first speaker of the negative, eloquently led his audience through all the bewildering mists of political traditions and dangers with the wariness and unerring skill of a Newfoundland pilot. W. E. Ross, the second speaker on the affirmative, proved himself a logician and a philosopher as he brought his audience to the conviction that every man had a right to use his judgment upon any question whatsoever. The debate was closed by J. B. Lightfoot, who, in humorous but weighty way, presented the argument that the professional politician had a right to dictate to other men as to how they should vote. The reception that followed in the Society Hall was highly enjoyable.



On the Campus.

MR. C. R. MOORE, of the '03 Law Class, was married on the 29th ultimo, in this city. Mr. Moore has opened his office in Weston, W. Va., where he intends following the profession for which he seems so admirably fitted.

THE meeting of the Southern Educational Conference, held in this city recently, was in every respect a success. Richmond College, through Drs. Boatwright and Mitchell, contributed to the splendid programme. We trust that e'er many years we may be enabled to invite the Conference to meet in a new auditorium on our own campus.

SINCE our last issue the annual joint oratorical contest between the Philologian and the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Societies has been held. It has long been the custom of the two societies to give a joint medal to the best orator. The medal was awarded this year to Mr. W. P. Powell, of the Philologian Society.

AT a recent meeting of the class of '03, Mr. W. G. Tyler (Law) was elected President and Mr. L. M. Ritter (Academic) Vice-President. In the Academic department Mr. J. E. Oliver was elected Historian, and Mr. P. W. James Orator. The Historian and Orator of the Law department will be chosen later.

"Over Jordan."

There is a young lady down in the Tar-Heel State that is very fond of singing. Her selections so far have been largely determined by the existing relations between herself and a certain young man at Richmond College. About the time of his third or fourth call her favorite hymn was "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand." She next

failed in trying to sing "Over Jordan" to one of her favorite airs, because her measure was some three or four feet too short. But as soon as they were engaged she sang, "Oh, Happy Day that Fixed my Choice." Judging the future from the past, within a few years after they commit matrimony we shall expect to hear her singing "Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel." But after a long life of usefulness—for he can't help living long—we expect to see them standing at the river's brink, ready to cross over together. And then she will take one long look to the distant head of Jordan, and another to the far-away mouth, and, seeing both far out of her reach, she will begin to sing :

Though my feet may stand on the cold, cold brink,
Of Jordan's stormy river,
With him I'll cross to the other side,
And sing his praise forever.

Campus Lore.

Now that summer is rapidly approaching and the young men are preparing to go North in view of business, Mr. Oliver submits the following recipe, thinking that it may be helpful to them. Mr. Oliver asserts that he knows the recipe is an excellent one, having tried it himself:

FOR KISSING.

R. To one piece of back piazza add a little moonshine. Take for granted two people, with two strong hands crushing two soft, small white hands. Sift lightly two ounces of attraction, one of romance, and add a large measure of folly. Stir in a flirting ruffle and one or two whiskers. Dissolve half a dozen glances in a well of silence. Drop in a small quantity of hesitation and of persistence, and two ounces of yielding. Place the kisses on a flushed cheek or two rosy lips. Flavor with a slight squeeze and set aside to cool.

Misce. Sig.: To be taken as often as the feeling comes on.

Comment: This will succeed in any climate, if directions are carefully followed. Perfectly harmless.

Mrs. B.—“Daughter, I am shocked that you should voluntarily let Mr. Gilliam put his arm around you.”

D.—“It wasn’t exactly voluntarily, mother; at least, considerable pressure was brought upon me.”

Mr. Williams (chairman of Field Day Committee)—“The first thing to be done is to organize. Then formulate.”

Mr. Alley—“I beg your pardon, but we have not been photographed yet.”

“What is the matter with Thraves?”

“The doctor says it is brain-fag.”

“Just as I expected. I told the dear fellow he had better let his man pick out his spring neckties for him.”

“Howard writes that he is spending a heap of time with his books,” said Mrs. Cole.

“Yes,” answered the Judge; “he was a little bit battered in the last base-ball game, and I guess they’ve nothing for him to do now for a few days but to stay in his room and study.”

“Papa” Ritter to “Son” Clark: “’Tis strange how time doth fly, my son. Ten years ago this day, but one, we entered these walls, and, now that we are leaving, history repeats itself, and our mantles have fallen upon Father Wattlington and Son Wade.”

Putney (Rat)—“There was a little man and he had a little horn—

Toot, toot, toot;

He blew it at night and he blew it at morn,

Toot, toot, toot;

He blew it at chapel and he blew it in bed;

He blew it and he blew it, till he blew us
all dead

With his toot, toot, toot.”

Jack Oliver—"Darling, I love you; will you be mine? I will give you everything you wish for. I will give you— (Peddler at the window): 'Socks, suspenders, collar-buttons, shoe-laces.' "

Julian Jones—"You have a lovely hand, Nellie."

Nellie—"Do you really think so, Julian?"

Julian (softly)—"I know it. I admire a beautiful, well-formed hand like yours, but mine is so large. I wish I had one like yours."

Nellie—"Then why don't you ask for it?" (He gasped twice and then asked.)

She (sentimentally)—"Have you forgotten the old days by this lake, love, where we watched the swans and ducks sail past, dipping their dear little bills into the water?"

J. C. Q. (reflectively)—"No; nor the dear little bills for ice-cream and caramels that I dipped into my pockets to settle for, either."

Prof. W.—"What table are you using, sir?"

Nicol—"The table for liquid measure, Professor."

Prof. W.—"Repeat it."

Nicol—"Four gills make one pint. Two pints make one drunk. Too many drunks make one bum."

Hicks (entering a barber-shop)—"I should like to have my moustache dyed."

Barber—"Certainly; did you bring it with you."

Simmons (handing waiter at Refectory a penny)—"Here, my friend, is a slight compensation."

Waiter—"Thanks, gov'nor; keep it. I was poor once myself."

Leonard listened quietly until Rowe finished reading of the collision on the road with a wild-cat train, and then quietly asked, "Did they kill them wild cats?"

Willis (who is about to leave, after spending the evening) to Miss ——'s little sister—"Mabel, are you not going to kiss me good-night?"

Mabel—"Well, Mr. Willis; can't you kiss sister in here to-night and take me out in the hall?"

Big Morgan—"An egg is so full of itself it can hold nothing else."

Alley—"Your best friend is the man who marries the girl that jilted you."

Big Hardy—"Lives of croakers all remind us
We can make our lives a pest,
And, departing, leave behind us
Feelings of relief and rest."

Ross—"The man who has himself for his lawyer has a fool for his client."

Brook—"A gem of purest ray serene."

Black—"He that blushes is not quite a brute."

Staples—"A man after his own heart."

Batten—"If conceit will make a fellow, I'm a man."

Howell—"An unreflected light did never yet dazzle the vision feminine."

Belote—"Oh, be wiser thou!

Instructed that true knowledge leads to love."

"Parson" Jones—"And don't confound the language of
the nation

With long-tailed words of *osity* and
ation."

Sowers—"Sweet memory! wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."

Tyler—"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

French—"Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn."

Sanford—"My heart's out in 'Chester,' my heart is not
here;
My heart's out in 'Chester,' a-chasing the *dear*."

Randolph-Macon—"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang oft a-gley;
And leave us naught but grief and
pain
For promised joy."

"Billy" Powell—"Time has touched me gently in his race,
And left no odious furrows in my face."

Taylor—"In idle wishes fools supinely stay."

Lane Lacy—"You write with ease, to show your breeding,
But easy writing's cursed hard reading."

Templeman—"I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip."

Bragg—"Sir, I have reached the stage where I can no
longer live without your daughter."

Her Papa—"Well, I don't consider suicide a crime, young
man; but you mustn't hang around here."

Barb—"Ho, farmers, plough your fallow fields,
And plant your corn to-day;
You'll need a scare-crow pretty soon
To keep the birds away."

Derieux—"The vast majority of people do not work them-
selves to death."

Dunn—"A man gone to clothes is a garden gone to weeds."

Toombs, F.—“It is not what a man has, but what he does with it, that counts.”

Ramsey—“There is nothing like being used to a thing.”

Hays—“As head-strong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.”

Jennings—“Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung.”

Drysdale—“Life! We’ve been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.”

Sullivan—“I saw and loved.”

Browning—“All nature wears one universal grin.”

Sublett—“Thy modesty’s a candle to thy merit.”

Habel—“Much may be said on both sides.”

Bristow—“Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.”

Bradshaw—“A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard be-seems.”

“Bob” Toombs—“Life is a jest—all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.”

McElroy—“If the heart of a man is distressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears.”

“Sugarcane”—“Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.”

Lilliston—“In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare.”

L. W. Smith—“Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind.”

Anderton—“I live an idle burden to the ground.”



Athletics.



If we may judge of our athletic spirit by the number of those engaged in various games upon the campus on a fine spring day, we can well say that athletics is on a boom.

On an afternoon when the sun is warming into life the green of the grass, the song of the birds, and the love of "Nick," the amorous Nick, the old campus takes on her wonted life, and we hear the thud of the heavy batting, and see the dash of the 'Spider' to first base, while the "scrub" is scrambling with his scrawny scratches for that foolish ball. This we see in one corner of our campus, while in another we can hear—nay, we cannot but hear—the wild and frantic shouts of those bold and brazen "giddy, giddy gouts" as they yell. Oh, my ! how they yell ! "Put him out ! put him out !" One would suppose that peace would reign in this quarter, seeing the number of flags of truce which flauntingly float to the breezes ; but Mephisto himself could hardly wish to see greater pandemonium on earth than rules supreme in this section of our gay campus. When Habel shouts, and Hardy bawls, when Hubbel shrieks, and Hudgins calls, we can well imagine that, instead of earth being between Heaven and Hades, we are in a place such that earth is between us and Heaven. But, we must let the winds howl, the storms rage, and the thunders roar, for you know after the storm the atmosphere is always clearer.

To be serious—we are more than glad to see the great interest in base-ball which has been shown this spring by our students. It takes no prophet to see the results of this quickened interest on teams for next year. The only way to make good scholars is to train them patiently for years. The only way to have good athletics is to take men when they

first come into college and train them year by year for three, four, or five years, as the case may be; then we will always have ready material on which to draw, and not be dependent upon the hope of developing raw material. The team for 1905 should be hard at practice now.

We have looked at two corners of our campus. If we look at another, we shall see the white ducks dancing to and fro on the tennis courts in merry sport, while the white projectiles trace out curves for the benefit of the observant professor on his porch, which he readily recognizes would be parabolas were it not for the resistance of the air, the twirling motion which is given the ball, and some dozen other things.

The prospects for tennis are good. There are some players upon our courts every evening who would make any comers work hard for a game. Something has been said of a tournament with Randolph-Macon. We trust that this may be held some time this spring.

These notes should not be closed without making mention of the excellent work which has been done by our base-ball team this season. They have played under very great disadvantage all the while. Several of the most important players have been hurt, and have had to stop practice for this or some other reason; yet despite these discouragements the hard team practice has been kept up, and we hope to have the pleasure of making some of our opponents use their heads as well as their nerves and muscles ere they score on us. Some will think it a wild and visionary dream, but I can see visions of a fourth cup taking its proud place besides the other three in our library, which have been placed there within the last twelve months by our team.

The basket-ball is where it ought to be—in the coal-bin in the basement. There may it rest in peace, and dust, and dirt, till we have enough “co-eds.” to play this, their fondest game.

Field Day.

Friday, May 8th, was our regular athletic Field Day. The day opened beautiful and bright, and from early dawn there was bustle and confusion on the campus, everybody stirring early to get in readiness for the events, which were to begin at 9 o'clock. Long before the first event was called the crowd began to gather, and before the day was over several thousand friends of the contestants and College were packed in the grand stand and along the ropes. Everybody seemed happy and cheerful, and the applause which rang out as a favorite was awarded the decision over his competitors gave life and interest to the occasion. At no time during the day did the interest seem to lessen, and when the last event was run and the day brought to a close, and the spectators had started home, all voted that it had been one of the best Field Days ever given at Richmond College.

While every contestant deserves his share of praise, to Mr. W. G. Williams, the gymnasium instructor, and his able committee, belongs the credit of making the day such a splendid success. The old custom of offering merchandise as prizes to the winners has been done away with, and in its stead the honor system has been adopted. Instead of now handing out shoes, pipes, golf pants, and other such articles, the winner of each track event is given a button of honor and has his name enrolled upon a specially-prepared "Honor Roll," which is kept in the Library, open to the inspection of every visitor. All of the events of the day were good, but excitement ran high when four records of the College were broken. The first of these was "Putting the Shot," which was done by Mr. Jordan, 41 feet 6 inches. The second was the "100-yard Dash," by Mr. Spillman, in $10\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. The third was the "Hurdle Race," by Mr. James, in 19 seconds. The fourth was the "One-Mile Run," by Mr. Webster, in 5 minutes 45 seconds. Considering the

condition of the track, these were especially good records in the running events, while "Putting the Shot" stands for itself. Mr. Spillman clearly proved his superiority over his opponents by winning first place in every event in which he entered, and thereby winning the "All-Around Athlete" medal and a beautiful bunch of American Beauty roses.

Space forbids a longer "write up" of the day's events in detail, but a summary is given below of winners of all track events.

Miss Josephine Sullivan was sponsor, and chose as her maids of honor Miss Gertrude Clarke and Miss Ellie Montgomery, all of Richmond. After the events were over Miss Sullivan, in her queenly manner, conferred the honors upon the winners, after which Dr. and Mrs. Boatwright tendered a beautiful reception to the sponsor, her maids of honor, the Field Day committee, and every participant, in his home on the campus.

Tennis—single, Straus; tennis—double, Pollard and Straus. Quarter-mile run, Spillman; standing broad jump, Spillman; half-mile run, Spillman; high jump, Spillman; running broad jump, Spillman; putting shot, Jordan; hundred-yard dash, Spillman; pole vault, Spillman; hurdle race, James; one-mile run, Webster.

Base-Ball Championship.

" There goes Ashland, and we've got her on the hip;
There goes Richmond, and she's sure to make a hit;
There goes Ashland, and she's never made a hit;
There goes Richmond for the championship,"

was one of the numerous songs coming from the stentorian lungs of the Richmond "rooters" that urged on to brilliant victory the boys in crimson and blue on Monday, May 4th, at Broad-Street Park. The occasion was the annual base-ball

game between Randolph-Macon College and Richmond College for the possession of the championship cup of the Eastern division of the Virginia Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association. The colleges which belong to this division are William and Mary, Randolph-Macon, Hampden-Sidney, and Richmond College. This Inter-Collegiate Association has been in existence for four years, and Richmond College has won the base-ball cup three years out of four. She is justly proud of this, for it has been no mean undertaking to wrest victory from the splendid teams that have come against her. If in any case the Spiders had had "walk overs," they would not appreciate their victories as much as they do; but they have had to work hard for what they have won, and consequently the undisguised joy each year, when their eager foes have gone down in defeat, while the crimson-and-blue flag has floated flauntingly in the breezes, telling of good old times on the campus to-night.

The Richmonders were so happy over their victory that they really forgot to be sorry for the Ashlanders. This was very remiss on their part, especially when the Bib. Litts. had along with them such a delegation of Ashland beauties. These Ashland beauties are very loyal—indeed, did the Ashland boys play ball as well as the Ashland girls "root," then Yale and Harvard should look out. Oh! how they do yell, chopping the air with their colors of lemon and black. If Randolph-Macon College doesn't win victories, 'tis not the fault of the Ashland girls. On the other hand, there are some half a dozen cups in our Exhibition Hall which abundantly testify to the "rooting" abilities of the loyal girls who have, by their encouragement, made victory easy for the Spiders, even when defeat seemed inevitable. With all due respect to the visitors, we have got them sadly beat in this department of college athletics. Oh! the inspiration to an athlete to know that a pair of eager eyes in the grand stand are watching his every movement, that a musical voice is sounding with all its

melody, and that a pair of tender white hands are making themselves red with clapping. 'Tis often thoughts of this that make a man's eye sure, his nerves steady, and his muscles resolute. All hail to the Richmond girls!

Richmond College had been rather confident of victory in base-ball this spring, because she knew she had good material, and she knew this material would be handled to the best advantage by Captain Staples and Manager Smith. Great credit is due to Captain Staples for his successful coaching and the resulting excellence of the team work.

This base-ball cup makes the third cup that Richmond College has won this session. Last fall our foot-ball team brought home the cup. Later on in the session the cup given by the Chamber of Commerce of Raleigh, N. C., to the winning side in a debate between Wake Forest College and Richmond College was won by the Richmond boys. No doubt there will be a lively fight next Thanksgiving, when the Wake Forest boys come to Richmond to carry back the cup, if they can.

—JAMES.

Prospects in Foot-Ball for '03.

Some, perhaps, will think that this is a little early to begin arousing enthusiasm for foot-ball for next session, but I don't believe it. Our misfortunes heretofore have been due to the fact that we have not begun talking and working in time, and I believe that the sooner we begin the better. It is well that the student body at large should know what to expect from foot-ball next year, so that during the summer months, when the lad runs short of a subject to entertain his lassie, he may harp on the never failing source of interest—foot-ball. It also comes in well when you run into a crowd of men representing other colleges. These never fail to toot their own horns, and it is just as well that we let our trombones loose on that occasion also.

“ So, hark my lads and you may hear
What’s doing in foot-ball lines next year.”

Never before in the history of the College have we had such bright prospects for a winning foot-ball team. All of the old stars will return, and already two or three good men from other colleges have expressed their intention of casting their lot with us for another season. The manager has been exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Fred. Vail, of the University of Pennsylvania, as head coach, who comes recommended as one of the best trainers in the country. Already several good games have been scheduled for the home field, besides a trip through Kentucky. Our big game with Hampden-Sidney will be played in Norfolk this year, and Manager Alley says he is going to give the boys a big “blow out” in his home city after the game. Most of the team will report at College, to begin training, on the 15th of September, so we can start out the season with a well-seasoned team.

—LANKFORD.



Exchange Department.

There is, in our estimation, no department of a college magazine more important, and which, properly conducted, would be more helpful generally, than the Exchange Department. The interchange of magazines among the different colleges should be regarded not as a mere act of courtesy, but as a means of bringing the students of these institutions closer together in thought and sympathy. To know what subjects are interesting to other students, and in what fields their literary talents chiefly find expression, is undoubtedly an inspiration and help. The object of the Exchange editor should therefore be to give as complete a review as possible of a few magazines each month, and, refraining alike from flattery and harshness, to render a candid judgment as to merit.

Of the magazines before us we have no general criticism. Some are exceptionally good, while others are not what might have been expected by one judging from the past issues.

The *Lesbian Herald*, published by the Woman's College of Frederick, Md., would evoke a favorable criticism anywhere, and this college is to be congratulated upon the literary talent which it evidently has among its students. In fact, the contrary can seldom be said of any college for young ladies.

The *Wake Forest Student* comes to us neat and attractive, and contains some interesting matter. We do not, however, understand why there should be such a scarcity of poets at this college of the "Sunny South." "Seneca's De Brevitate Vitæ—Modern Applications" shows for its writer much study and a maturity of thought hardly to be expected of an under-graduate. Two short stories, "Tad, a Hero," and "A Tale by the Wayside," deserve favorable mention. The

Storiette Department we found very interesting, especially the story entitled "The Old Bowie-Knife," a reminiscence of the renowned martyrs of the Alamo. Anything connected with this incident always attracts attention, since it was one of the grandest displays of heroism the world has known.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is nicely gotten up, but we must confess ourselves somewhat disappointed in its contents. With no solid matter, and scarcely any poetry, it does not come up to the standard of other college journals. Most of the stories, though not uninteresting, seem rather superficial and wanting in plot. "The Unraveling of the Knot" is right ingeniously written, but we can scarcely believe it to have any foundation in real experiences. We hope for an improvement in the next issue of this magazine.

The *University Magazine*, full of interesting matter and well proportioned in essays, stories, and poetry, is perhaps the best of our exchanges. The poems, though short, breathe the spirit of true poetry, and the stories, well conceived in plot and well written, are exceedingly interesting. The poem "A Memory" cannot but find a sympathetic throb of the heart as our minds are turned to

"A maiden in a garden old,
A spring-time long ago."

The article entitled "Will Kipling's Fame Increase with Years?" is one of considerable merit, and the deductions seem to be based on good arguments. The writer's closing words somewhat summarize the discussion: "Kipling's cynical manner of dealing with human weakness, his fondness for lingering on loathsome details, and, above all, the general tone and purport of his work, assuredly will not appeal to posterity." The stories most favorably impressing us were "A Pen Park Romance," "La Angelita," and "The Forbidden Love."

The *Georgetown College Journal*, though not especially notable for its literary matter, fully compensates for this deficit in its other departments. We were particularly pleased with the lively chat of the Exchange editor.

The little poem "Music," in the March number of *The Limestone Star*, is a sweet little poem, full of pathos. "The Turning Point" is a spicy little story, true to life. Taken as a whole, *The Limestone Star* is a good magazine.

The Monthly Maroon has no Exchange department. This should be attended to at once, as this is a very important part of the work.

We are glad to welcome to our table the following magazines: *The William Jewell Student*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Southern Collegian*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The Baylor Literary*, *The Ouachita Ripples*, *Emory Phoenix*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Journal*, and *The College of Charleston Magazine*.

Clippings.

Four Epitaphs.

"Deep wisdom, swelled head;
Brain fever—he's dead.
A Senior."

"False fair one, hope fled;
Heart-broken—he's dead.
A Junior."

"Went skating, 'tis said;
Floor hit him—he's dead.
A Sophomore."

"Milk famine, not fed;
Starvation—he's dead.
A Freshman."

—Ex.

The Song of Spring.

(Written for Successful Farming).

“O Spring, O Spring, let’s hear you sing
The song of Spring once more;
As you used to spring it in the Spring
Some twenty Springs of yore;
You’ve ofttimes sprung it by a spring,
Down in the old ravine;
But your spring was sprung at the time you tried
To spring it in the stream.”

My watch which sprang a spring in Spring
Was sprung some Springs ago,
And I could not have the spring re-sprung,
For it sprang too long ago;
I took that spring that sprung that Spring
To get a spring in lieu,
Which would not keep itself a-springing
’Till it sprang in two.

Now I’ve no wish to further spring
A thing about that spring,
Because the watch is wound with spring
Which will not spring again.
I think I’ve sprung enough of ‘Spring’
To last some Springs to come;
In fact I could not spring a thing
Aside from what I’ve sprung.”

—*Ex.*

The boy stood on the burning deck,
So far as we could learn;
Stood there in perfect safety, since
He was too green to burn.

—*Ex.*

God made the world, and rested. God made man, and rested. God made woman, and since that time neither God, man, nor the devil has had any rest.—*Ex.*

Kissing.

To miss a kiss is more amiss
 Than it would be to kiss a miss,
 Provided that the kiss you miss
 The miss herself would never miss.
 But if you try to kiss a miss
 With whom the kiss would be amiss,
 You had always better miss the kiss. —*Ex.*

And what is a girl ?

A riddle whose meaning no mortal can guess,
 With "No" on her tongue when her heart would say "Yes";
 Half artful, half simple,
 Half pout, and half dimple,
 Whose eyes would betray what her lips would repress—
 And that is a girl.

And what is a boy ?

A night-mare that somehow miscalls itself "dream,"
 Who works on your nerves till you think you will scream;
 Very unmelancholy,
 Good natured and jolly,
 And nice to have round when you order ice-cream—
 And that is a boy.

—*Ex.*

After Longfellow:

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
 With the skin he made him mittens,
 Made them with the fur side inside,
 Made them with the skin side outside;
 He, to get the warm side inside,
 Put the inside skin side outside;
 He, to get the cold side outside,
 Put the warm side fur side inside;
 That's why he put the fur side inside,
 Why he put the skin side outside,
 Why he turned them inside outside. —*Ex.*

A Full Edition.

“ May I print a kiss on your lips ? ” he said,
And she nodded her sweet permission ;
So he went to press, and, I rather guess,
They printed a full edition.

—*Ex.*

Said one Senior to another,
As the two strolled down the hall :
When we're gone, how will this college
Ever get along at all ?

Said one rain-drop to another
As they hurried to the sea :
What would happen to the Queen stream
Were it not for you and me ?

—*Ex.*

“ O, Mary Ann, come row with me upon the silent bay,
Where dancing moonbeams here and there disport themselves
at play.”

“ Oh, sir,” said simple Mary Ann, “ I hardly think I ought'r,
For I am afraid we'd seem to cast reflections on the water.”

—*Ex.*

'Tis said by the farmers who work the darned thing,
That a mule will be good as an angel on wings,
'Till he gets a good chance to do you some dirt,
And then when he does you're eternally hurt.
'Tis said by the students that use of the jack,
That it's beautiful riding upon the brute's back,
'Till you come to the tests, and then the thing bucks,
And your head feels as light as a parcel of shucks,
And you find that the jack in whom's been your trust
Has caused you to bust, bud, eternally bust.

—*Emory and Henry Era.*

Love's Vision.

Would you tell me that Love's eyes are blind, my dear ?
Why, the world's life will laugh you away,
And a thousand true hearts will leap out from the past,
Crying: Love sees as only God may.

—*Ex.*

There is beauty in the ocean,
There is beauty in the skies;
There is beauty in misfortune—
If we know just where it lies.

Classic Greek may show its beauty,
And Old English, if it tries;
But when Math. proclaims its beauty—
Well, I know just where—*it lies.*

—*Ex.*

Lives of students all remind us
We should pay no heed to looks,
But, on passing, leave behind us
Interlinings in our books—
Interlinings which another,
Toiling hard 'midst grief and pain,
Some forlorn and "flunked out" fellow,
Reading, ne'er shall "flunk" again.

—*Ex.*

He stood where the maiden stood beside
A beautiful blushing rose,
And he lovingly bent his head and sighed
As he buried his mouth and nose
Among the petals so sweet, so rare,
That the fair maid's lip had pressed,
And a bumble-bee that was resting there
Proceeded to do the rest.

—*Ex.*



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